

"ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE, . . ."

Aunt Cecelia Ward lay with her eyes closed, her lips moving in silent prayer. This was not a new procedure for her. For the past fifteen years Aunt Cecelia had lain in that same bed and passed the time talking to her God. Yes, it was fifteen long years since she had had that paralytic stroke which had left her a pitiful invalid, all her limbs paralyzed. But Aunt Cecelia did not despair. She was often heard to answer those who pitied her condition, "It is God's will; it is all for His greater honor and glory." A crucifix hung above her and on the wall beside her bed hung her Rosary. She used to say her Rosary countless times a day; she would follow the beads with her eyes as she could not follow them with her hands.

It was Sunday morning around the Ward home and everyone was preparing for Mass. John and Helen were going with the little ones, Mary, Sammy, and Charlie. The only ones remaining at home were Aunt Cecelia and the twins, Tommy and Florence, aged three months, who were sleeping soundly upstairs. Helen appeared in Aunt Cecelia's door.

"Is there anything you want before we go?" she questioned anxiously. "I hate to leave you here alone."

"No thank you, dear," Aunt Cecelia answered her, "and don't you go worrying over me or the twins. They will not awaken until you get back and I will be saying my Rosary. Off with you, now, or you'll be late."

Helen went out and the noise subsided; Aunt Cecelia knew they were off to Mass. A happy smile showed on her lips. How kind Helen and John were to her! Then she remembered the twins upstairs and how cute they were when she first saw them. Yes, indeed, in spite of what some people thought, she had a lot to be thankful for, and she was thankful. She closed her eyes once more and started to pray.

"Dear Lord, . . ."

Little Sammy, who had just passed his 9th birthday, always went into Aunty's room when he came home from Mass and told her "what the priest said." But on this Sunday morning his mother was surprised to see him come

out from Aunty's room so soon. And what surprised her more was that there was a look of concern on his small face.

"Mom," he said excitedly, "Aunt won't wake up."

At this his mother dropped the pan she had in her hand and rushed into Aunt Cecelia's room. What she saw made her gasp. There was Aunt Cecelia lying on top of the bed-clothes. She rushed to her and felt her pulse. Thank God, she was alive. She turned to her husband who had followed her into the room and said frantically.

"John, call the doctor quickly."

When John returned to the room Helen had Aunt Cecelia back under the blankets.

"The doctor is on his way. He had just arrived from Mass as I called. How is she?"

"I don't know. She seems to be breathing very heavily. But what I can't understand is how she got out from under the clothes. Oh, John, we should never have left her here alone. She was so helpless."

Just then Sammy, who had been standing behind his father, pointed to the corner of the room and exclaimed.

"Look, Daddy!"

What he saw was a scattering of ashes where once had been the corner of the rug. Apparently the rug had, in some mysterious way, caught fire which had been stamped out!

Aunt Cecelia died that night without again regaining consciousness. It was then that the people around know that the community had lost a saint. They had no other alternative than to believe that Aunt Cecelia had arisen from her bed and put out the fire, thus saving the twins and herself from burning to death. They were fully convinced that God had given her the ability to do it and, shortly after, had summoned the saintly old soul to her heavenly reward.

—EVERETT CAMERON, '46

AND GOD MADE TWO GREAT LIGHTS

(Gen. I, 16)

The sun shines brightly on a waking world,
 And nature's buglers call all men to life;
 The landscape's beauty in the light unfurled
 Calls out for all who see it to rejoice.
 The daily toil starts off in spirits high.
 Who says "O Hateful Morning!" lives a lie.