

THE FIRST
HOLY CHILD NUN

A LIFE OF
CORNELIA CONNELLY
FOUNDRRESS OF THE S. H. C. J.

WRITTEN
FOR
CHILDREN

Miriam Margu?
? Viannes - d'hauss?



REVEREND MOTHER FOUNDRESS
WITH
AGNES AND AGATHA.

Cornelia learns to walk.



CHAPTER ONE.

Cornelia's Childhood and Marriage.

One hundred and forty years ago, on January 15th, 1809 a baby was born in Philadelphia in America. The new baby was called Cornelia Augusta Peacock. Her four elder brothers and three elder sisters were very glad and loved to help their Mother to bath her and later to teach her to walk and talk just as you would your baby brother or sister.

Cornelia was very beautiful. She had thick black hair which she wore loose and with a bow on the top, she had rosy cheeks, white teeth and brown eyes that twinkled with merriment. She was clever too and lively, loving fun and having adventures. She liked to do things for herself and she always knew just what she wanted. Everyone loved her because she was so kind and so quick to think of other people.

There was one very sad thing about her though - she was not a Catholic and so she missed many of the wonderful graces and helps we get from Our Lord through His Church. Although she was not a Catholic, she was a Christian and her Mother taught her about God and to say her prayers and took her to a non-Catholic Church.

When Cornelia was nine her Father died and five years later her Mother too. How she must have missed

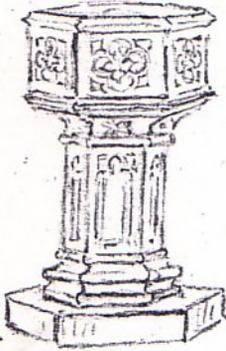
them. She went to live with her eldest sister, Isabella, who was married, and had a home of her own. Here Cornelia went on with her lessons for which she had a tutor who taught her everything at home. Her favourite lessons were drawing and music and she was very good at them.

When Cornelia was a little older, she used to go out to tea parties and concerts with Mrs Montgomery and she was a great favourite with everyone, because she was always so gay. Mrs Montgomery hoped she would marry someone who was very rich, and that she would become a great lady, and she was very disappointed when she fell in love with Pierce Connelly, who was a clergyman and quite an ordinary person with no huge house and none of the things that money could buy to give her. Mrs Montgomery was so disappointed that she told Cornelia that she must go and live somewhere else or give up Pierce. Cornelia loved Pierce very dearly and she knew that riches do not make people happy, and so she went to live with another of her sisters, Mrs Duval. From her house she was married to Pierce who afterwards took her to live at Natchez. Here she had her first child, Mercer, and later a little girl, Adeline. We can well imagine how she loved them and how she and Pierce would prepare little treats and surprises to give them joy.



CHAPTER TWO.

Two Big Graces.

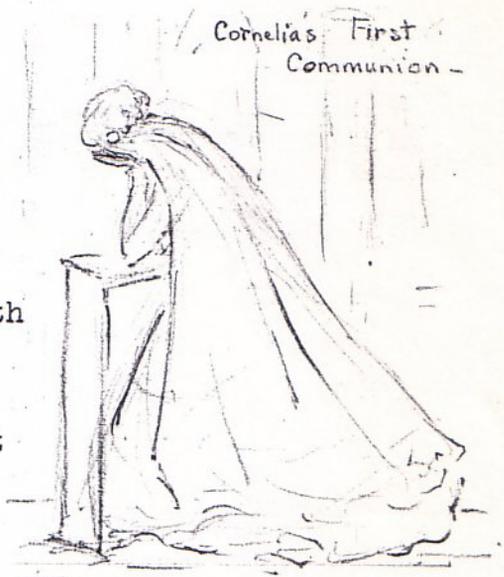


When they had been married only four years, a wonderful thing happened which was to cause them much suffering but which was for Cornelia and for us a great blessing. Once, when they were away from home, they stayed at a house opposite to a Convent. Cornelia was

very interested in the nuns and tried to find out all she could about them and about the Catholic Church. Together she and Pierce talked and read and above all prayed about it and God guided them and gave them all the graces they needed. Once Cornelia was sure that the Catholic Church was the true Church and that God wanted her to be a Catholic, she could wait no longer. The Bishop of Orleans knew that she understood all about the faith and received her into the Church. What a joy it must have been to her. First the Bishop baptised her and then heard her first confession after which they said a big prayer of thanksgiving to Our Lord for choosing her to be a Catholic and giving her the courage and love of Him to become one. The next day she made her first Holy Communion. As the Bishop gave her Our Lord tears were streaming down her face - she was so glad to have Him in her heart at last.

Shortly after this Pierce and Cornelia went to Rome where Pierce was received into the Church and here too both of them were confirmed.

Cornelia loved Rome. She visited all the places of interest there. She must have been to the catacombs, deep tunnels and caves under the earth where the early Christians used to say Mass in secret, for fear of being caught by the pagans, because capture would have meant for them certain death. Here she would see the tombs of many martyrs and perhaps that of Saint Agnes. Then there is



the Scala Sancta, the stairs brought from Jerusalem, up which Cornelia must have crept in memory of Our Lord's pains as He was dragged up and down them during His trials. She would have prayed in Saint Peter's, where the Pope offers Mass, and Saint John Lateran's, where is kept the table of the Last Supper. She would have visited the Church of Saint Clement, where the altar faces the opposite way to those of our churches so that the people can see all that the priest does, and where there are two pulpits from which the Epistle and Gospel are read. Above all she must have loved Saint Mary Major - Our Lady's most important church - where the Holy Child's crib is kept. Then a wonderful day came when she and Pierce went to see the Pope, Gregory XVI.



Cornelia wore a long black dress and a black lace veil and Pierce a black suit. How excited they must have been as they passed the Swiss Guards in their bright uniforms of red, yellow and blue and wearing fine helmets. Up staircase after staircase they went until they reached the room where they were to wait. At last it was their turn - they went in and, kneeling, kissed the Holy Father's feet. How kind and fatherly he was to them. After receiving his blessing they went, carrying with them very loving and happy memories of one of the greatest events in their lives.

CHAPTER-THREE.

Sacrifices.

While they were in Europe, Pierce's brother wrote to say that the money they had left in America had been lost. As Pierce was not earning any money in Europe, they had to go back to America to find some work to do. They went to live in a cottage belonging to the Sacred Heart nuns at Grand Coteau. Every day Pierce went to teach English at the Jesuit College nearby and Cornelia helped by teaching music and singing at the Convent. Cornelia was already a good Catholic, she was very reverent and ready to do anything for love of Our Lord. By now she had a third child, a little boy called John Henry and now God gave her another little girl, Mary Magdalen, who died when she was only a few weeks old.



Mrs Connelly was very happy and made everyone she met happy too - she loved Our Lord, she loved her husband and her children. One day she was watching Merty and Ady and John Henry playing in the garden - they were all so happy. The next day John Henry was playing in the garden with a Newfoundland dog as big as himself. They were playing near a sugar boiler when suddenly the dog sprang on John and threw him into the boiling sugar. For two days Cornelia nursed him while he suffered, until at last he died. How sad she was, yet she knew that it could not have happened unless God allowed it. She knew too that John Henry was with Our Lord in Heaven and that it was for this God had made him. This helped her to be brave and

she shared her sorrow with Our Lady which gave her great strength to offer this great sacrifice.

Pierce and Cornelia went to Mass every day and daily grew to love Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament more and more. The Holy Spirit gave Pierce a great desire to become a priest, he was frightened at first because it was such a big thing. It would mean giving up his wife, his family and everything he loved so dearly. He knew too that it was a very unusual thing, and it was only after a great deal of prayer that he at last told Cornelia. It was almost worse for her because she had no desire to become a nun. But, in spite of all the hard things it would mean, she wanted above all to do God's holy will. In the meantime another baby was born, Frank. How good God was to give her Frank to keep her busy and stop her thinking of all the difficult things He was asking her to do for Him.



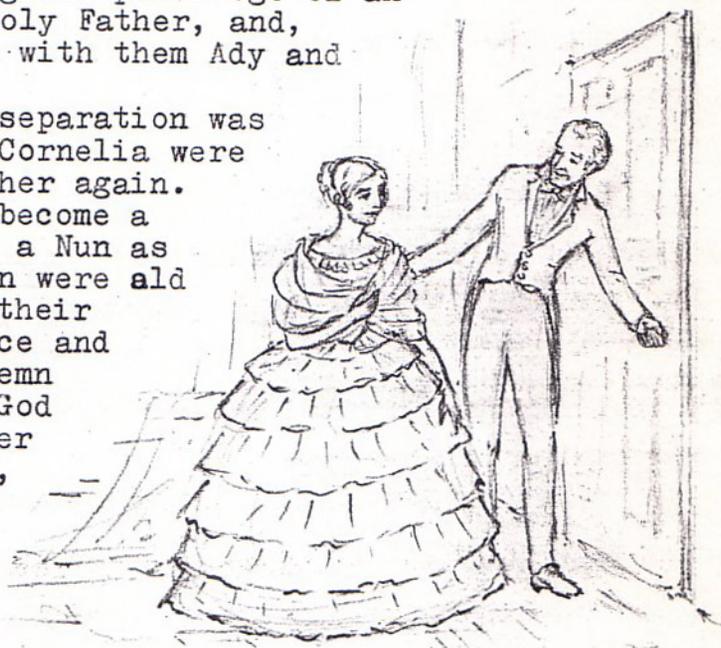
Then the partings began. Pierce went to England and Rome by himself. Mercer went to school in England and Cornelia stayed alone with the babies in the cottage in the Convent garden. Pierce and Cornelia wanted to know if they could possibly live parted from each other, but, for the present, no one except themselves and a few priests knew the reason why Pierce had gone away alone. While she was living so near to the Convent, Cornelia joined in with as much of the nuns' life as she could. One day Ady was ill and went to the school infirmary so that Cornelia could go on with her teaching - all day everyone supposed that everyone else had told Cornelia how Ady was, but, actually, no one had. Hard things like that she offered to Our Lord and He in return gave her all the graces she needed and the joy of being like Him and helping Him to carry His cross.

Cornelia often wrote to Merty. She praised him for his victories over himself, for laughing when he felt like being angry. She told him always to love God and then he could do just as he liked because if he loved God he would never want to do anything that would displease Him. She reminded him to say his prayers and told him to give himself a cross on his forehead when he was in bed for her good-night blessing to him. She told him never to sulk but to be like a bird holding its head ready to

burst into song; his song, which he was always to sing in his heart, was to be - "My God, I love You." In every letter she encouraged him, but sometimes she was cross too. Once he asked her to hide some money in a tin of cocoa - she would gladly send the money but never hide it or be deceitful in any way. She asked him to pray for her - in one letter she said:- "Pray for me for I have many crosses just now for which I thank God." In spite of these crosses Cornelia was always cheerful, offering them all to God and accepting them all straight from Him, as signs of His love for her.

In the meantime Pierce was travelling in Europe as the companion of Mr Berkeley. When they were in Rome Pierce asked for a separation from Cornelia which was necessary before he could begin his studies for the priesthood. He was told that Cornelia and he must come together to Rome and ask. So, after fourteen months of a very quiet life in the Convent, and with no intention of ever living an ordinary life in the world again, Cornelia had to pack up and go with Ady and Frank to Rome. Pierce, himself, went to America to fetch her and, instead of going straight to Rome as Cornelia had hoped, he took her to England. Here he introduced her to all his friends and took her to many parties and concerts and plays. This must have been very hard for Cornelia when she knew it was all to end so soon. Cornelia found it hard to understand why Pierce should still love this kind of life, when God was asking both of them to give all their love to Him. After visiting many cities in Europe, they finally went to Rome. Again they had the great privilege of an audience with the Holy Father, and, this time, they took with them Ady and Frank.

At last the separation was given - Pierce and Cornelia were never to live together again. Pierce was free to become a Priest and Cornelia a Nun as soon as the children were old enough not to need their mother. Both Pierce and Cornelia made a solemn promise, a vow, to God that they would never live together again, and, now that God's holy will was made definitely known to her, Cornelia's whole desire was



to give herself entirely to Him, whatever it might cost her, however hard it might be. Cornelia did find it hard; she missed Pierce and Merty, she missed her comfortable home, she found it difficult to keep the rules of the Convent, sometimes God seemed a long way away, but she turned all these difficulties into gifts to offer Our Lord, just as Our Lady had done when she stood at the foot of the cross. During a retreat she made at this time, she said, "My God, help me to know Thy will and give me the grace and strength to do it."

In 1845 Pierce was ordained, made a Priest, and offered his first Holy Mass on July 7th in the Convent chapel. The first person to whom he gave Our Lord was Cornelia and the next, Ady, who made her first Holy Communion that day. How proud Ady was because her Father was a Priest and how proud Cornelia was that God should have given this great privilege to Pierce, whom she loved so dearly. From the day of his ordination Pierce's future was settled, he was to be God's Priest for ever, that was his only desire then. But Cornelia was still unsettled. She knew Our Lord did not want her to stay in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, but she did not know what His will for her was to be. She waited, ever listening to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit. Towards the end of 1845 Pope Gregory XVI sent for her and told her that she had a great work to do for God in His Church. This work was to be the education



of Catholic girls in England, and, from England, her work was to spread to America and later other countries. The Pope wanted her to begin a new order of nuns to do this work and told her to begin to make a rule for this new foundation. From the beginning Cornelia longed to have the Holy Name of Jesus for the new society and one day, as she was praying about the Society, she heard the words, "Society of the Holy Child Jesus." From then she always prayed and spoke of it as the Society of the Holy Child Jesus and in everything she did she asked the Holy Child to help her. As she wrote the rule, she had in front of her a picture of the Holy Child in His Mother's arms, and, one day, as she wrote, the Holy Child smiled at her. His smile told her that He would bless her work. The aim of the new society was first to make each nun holy and, secondly, to help others, especially Catholic children, to know, love and serve God. Naturally Cornelia would have liked to have had the Society's first house in her own country, America, but this was not to be, as the Holy Father sent her to England.



Chapter Four.

The Beginning of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus.

In August 1846 Cornelia went to England, where her first home was with the Sisters of Mercy in Birmingham. While she was there Pierce arranged for Ady and Frank to go to a boarding school. Poor Cornelia! She felt the separation keenly! She had hoped to keep the children with her while they were so young, but their Father insisted on a boarding school, so she had to let them go. Our Lord knew how much she loved them, yet He seemed to be wanting them to grow up away from her. It was very hard. She did not understand, but she could do even this for Him. Cornelia now began to live the religious life with her first three companions. She had no money and no friends to help her as she was a

Praying -



Cooking -



Scrubbing -



stranger in England. All she had was Our Dear Lord and the blessing of His Church and she knew that these were all that really mattered. In October, Bishop Wiseman told Cornelia to go to Derby, where there was a large and beautiful Convent waiting for her. On October 13th, Cornelia and her three companions made their Holy Communion together in Birmingham and travelled to Derby. On arriving at the Convent, Cornelia was so surprised - it was so big and so unlike Bethlehem, Our Lord's first home. It was big and had hardly any furniture in it - just a few beds upstairs and only one room was furnished down stairs. There was food in the kitchen but no plates to eat it off, no knives and forks with which to eat it. However they were able to borrow a few things, after which they immediately set to work to arrange a room as a chapel. Until Our Lord came to live under their roof they could not be really happy and once He was there nothing else mattered. On October 15th, Saint Teresa's day, the first Mass was said and, ever since then, this day has been kept very specially by all Holy Child nuns and children.

Mother Connelly, as she was soon called by everyone, quickly arranged for the nuns to begin living their religious life. Each day they had times for prayer, went to Holy Mass, had spiritual reading and instructions on the rule. Each had her share of the work, one cooked, looked after the refectory where they had their meals, answered the door, called the sisters in the morning and locked up at night; others swept and scrubbed and dusted, taught in the poor school and in the Sunday School, looked after chapel, talked to visitors and all the other things that had to be done. Each evening they all met together for recreation, when they told each other all the amusing things that had happened during the day. Mother Foundress helped with all these things. She was indeed a Mother to them all. She taught them how to cook, to make their habits, turn out rooms, and most of all

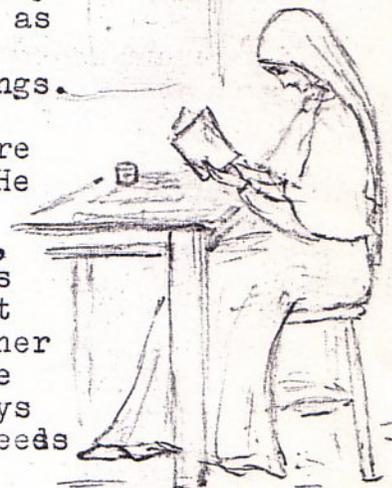
how to be always true children of their Father, God. She did not teach them just by talking to them, but by showing them. Always patient and cheerful, she was never upset by interruptions. One day she was showing the nun in the kitchen how to make pastry - there was a knock at the door - she did not say, "Oh bother!" as you might have done if you were busy, but quickly took off her apron, washed her hands and went to answer the door, not frowning, but smiling. Later she told the nuns to go quickly when the door bell rang as if it were to let in Our Lord. When the bell rang for the next lesson in school, they were to go at once - it was Our Lord calling them; and when the bell went for Church He wanted them there straight away without waiting to finish quite a tiny thing. Mother Connelly told the nuns they were always to be obedient because when they were told to do something or to go somewhere it was Our Lord speaking to them. Once, later on, a nun was sent from one Convent to another and, when she set out, she did not even know where she was going, but she did know that it was where Our Lord wanted her and that, by being obedient, she would grow nearer to Him every day. Another day Mother Connelly told them how they were to be very polite to one another - bowing their heads as they passed one another, standing by to let others pass, opening the doors for each other, looking after their neighbour at table, helping to carry things - they were to treat one another as princesses as indeed they are, because they are the children of the King of kings. They were never to argue or shout or quarrel or to be unkind because they were always to try to be like Our Lord when He was a Boy living with Mary and Saint Joseph at Nazareth. Sometimes perhaps, they would want to complain, that it was raining, or that it was too hot, or that they were too busy and very tired. Mother Connelly reminded them that God sent the weather and their work and that He always knows what is best for us. Why, the seeds



Mending a Vestment.



Reading.

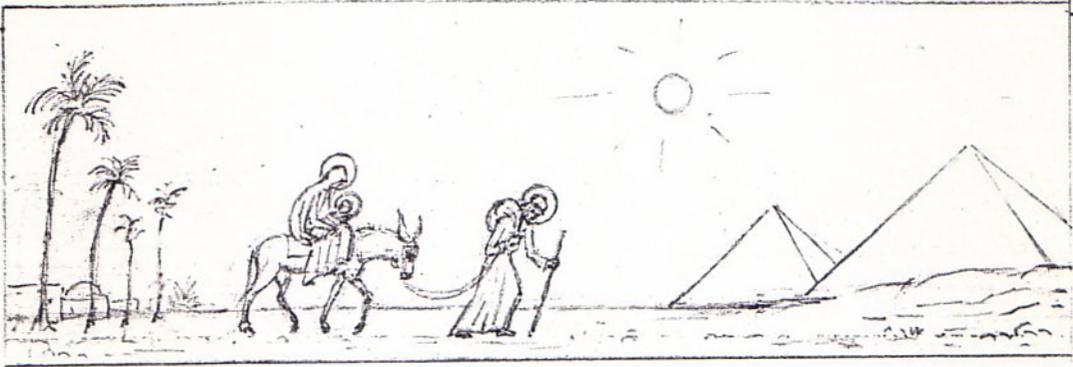


would not grow if it were not for the rain, nor the flowers come out if the sun did not shine! If they were tired and had too much to do, they must remember the busy days Our Lord had -- healing, talking to the people, teaching His disciples, telling stories and, even when He went to rest and to have a quiet time with God, the Mothers came to Him with their children or else the people all followed Him. But, however busy the nuns were, they were always to keep close to Our Lord and to remember that all that happened was sent to them by God, all they did was to be done their very best because it was for Him.

All these things Mother Ffoundress did herself. In the middle of everything she always kept a serene face and a soul very near to Our Lord. She did everything for Our Lord, with Him and with His strength, and she loved Him in everyone and everything. In December Bishop Wiseman came and gave Mother Connelly and two others the religious habit. They were now novices and it was a great joy to be wearing Our Lord's livery and it made them long to give themselves to Him entirely on their profession day. Mother Connelly loved to be like Our Lord, poor as He was at Bethlehem and as she was now; she had only patched clothes, sometimes not enough to eat and often no fire by which to warm herself. She loved to give herself to the Holy Child by Chastity and Obedience too - she was His to do with just what He wished. On December 21st 1847, she made her vows and was installed as the Reverend Mother Superior of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Each sister in turn came and knelt before her and promised to obey her - she was for them the one who would make known to them Our Lord's holy will in every detail of their lives.

Life at Derby was never very easy - the Community was always short of money and could not keep the big Convent in good repair, the Priests did not understand always and Cornelia was missing her children very much. In spite of all this Mother Connelly impressed everyone by her brightness and gaiety at recreation and by her reverence and recollection during the rest of the day. All the nuns and the children in the poor school and in the "young ladies" school loved her and, to all of them, she was a true Mother and a Guardian Angel, helping them by her prayers, example, and words, to increase in the love, the devotion for, and the imitation of the interior virtues of the hidden life of our most sweet Jesus.

By August 1848 the difficulties at Derby were growing too big and a letter sent by Bishop Wiseman at this time showed Mother Connelly Our Lord's will. In it he offered the nuns a house at St. Leonards. At

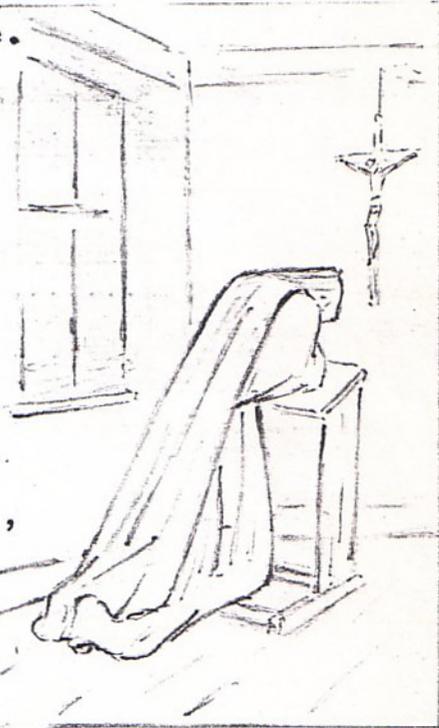


the nuns did not like the idea of leaving their first home, but Mother Connelly saw only Our Lord's will and called it their flight into Egypt. When looking over the house at St. Leonards Mother Connelly felt that she already knew it which comforted her and made her feel quite sure that God was guiding her.

CHAPTER FIVE.

A Cross.

Before the nuns left Derby, Mother Connelly had another great cross - Our Lord always sends a share of His cross to those who really love Him - Pierce, who had given up Cornelia entirely to become a Priest and who had nothing at all to do with her or her nuns, suddenly began to interfere. He pretended to the Priests in Rome, who look after nuns, that he had founded the Society of the Holy Child Jesus and he sent a rule to them which he said the nuns were to have, instead of the beautiful one written by Mother Foundress and blessed by the Holy Child's smile. He then sent Dr. Asperti from Italy to be their chaplain. Of course Mother Foundress said he was not their founder and they would not have his rule. Pierce was very cross, he was disappointed because he had not done all the wonderful things he had expected he would as a Priest, and he was beginning to wish he had Cornelia back as his wife again. Then Pierce



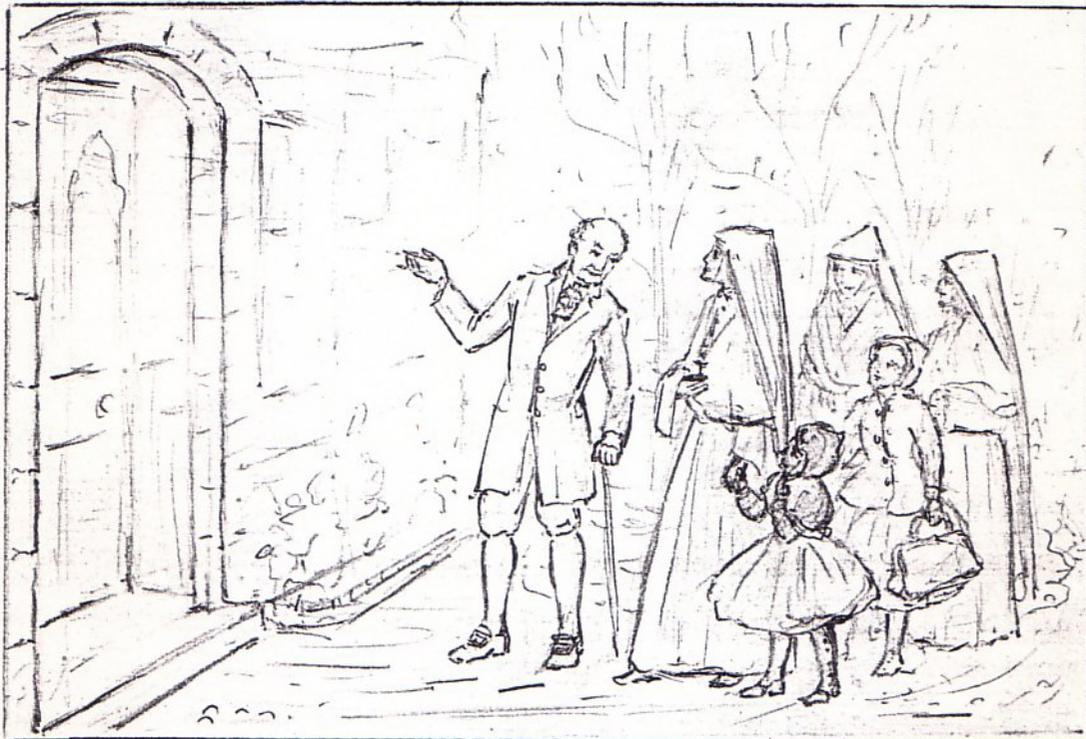


came to Derby and went to the Convent.

Dr Asperti, who was a good friend to Mother Connelly, would not let him see her. For six hours he stamped up and down the parlour getting crosser and cross-er, but still she did not come. All the time she was kneeling in her cell before a crucifix, joining her suffering to Our Lord's and asking Him to give her some of His strength. At last Pierce went, but still he had not given in. For weeks he did everything he could to get Cornelia to come and be his wife again. In the end he gave up being a Priest or even a Catholic and said the most dreadful things about the Church, which were not a bit true. We must pray for him and for all sinners, and we must not forget that when he was first a Priest he did a good work for Our Lord. Perhaps he went a bit queer in his head and did not know what he was doing, and perhaps, when he died in Italy in 1883, God gave him the grace to be really sorry for all his sins.

From the time when Pierce took them to Italy, Cornelia was not able to do anything for the children, and, as they were not old enough to go to Church by themselves, they became protestants like Pierce. Ady came to see Cornelia once and became a Catholic again. She died in 1900 of a disease she had caught from a poor woman she nursed. Mercer only wrote once. He went back to America where he died when he was twenty-one. One day, after the nuns had gone to St. Leonards, Mother Connelly heard the bell tolling.....Dong.....Dong.....Dong..... When a bell tolls like that, it means that someone has died, and it is a way of telling everyone to say a prayer for them. None of the nuns were even ill. Mother Connelly could not think why the bell should be tolling. She sent one of the nuns to ask the nun who was ringing the bell. When the nun got to the bell there was no one there, but the bell was still tolling! She ran back and told Mother Connelly - together they went to see and sure enough the bell was still tolling! But there was no one there! Mother Connelly called

the nuns together at once and they all went to Church to say a prayer for the Holy Souls. Mother Connelly felt that this was God's way of telling them that some soul was in need of prayer. Some weeks later Mother Connelly had a letter from America telling her that Mercer had died. The bell had tolled at the very moment of his death. How grateful Cornelia must have been to God for calling her and the nuns to pray for him in this very special way. Frank paid two short visits to his Mother - when he grew up he became a famous sculptor in Italy. He lived to be very old, and, though he never practised his faith, we may hope that his Mother's prayers will have brought him safe to Heaven.



CHAPTER SIX.

St. Leonards.

Just before Christmas in 1848, the nuns left Derby and went to St. Leonards. Their new home was a two storied house built in the middle of fields and overlooking the sea. At the back of it was a small farm, an orchard and a kitchen garden. They were welcomed by Mr Jones, who was a Priest. No one called him Father and he did not dress like a Priest. Not many years before Priests had had to live in hiding and say Mass in secret hiding

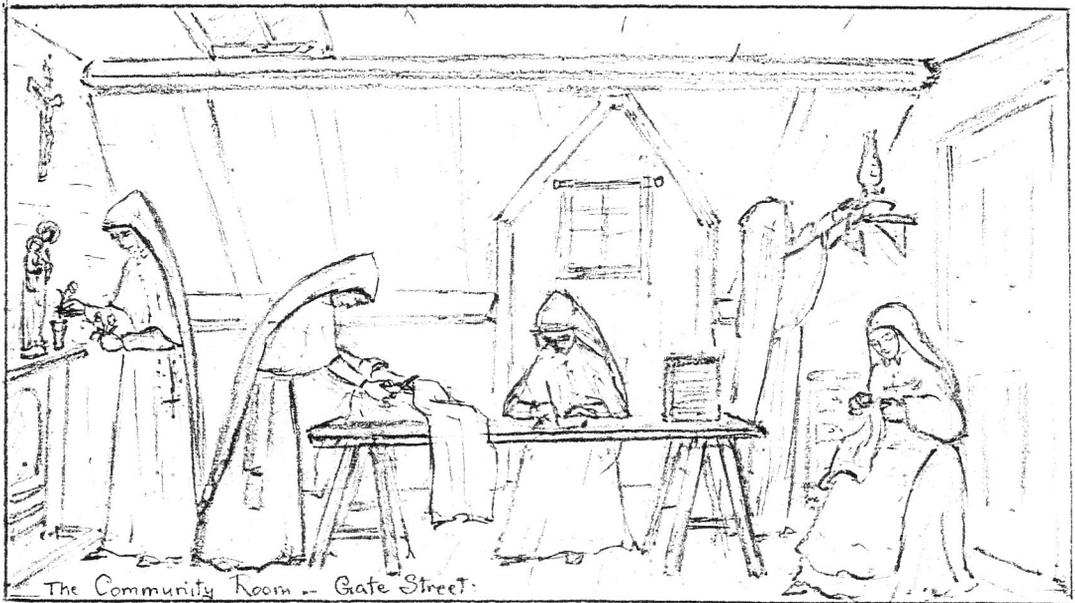
places. Even in 1848, Priests were not liked by most English people, although they no longer had to say Holy Mass in secret, or pretend they were not Priests. But they were still called Mister and dressed like an ordinary gentleman of that time. Mr Jones wore a stiff stand up collar, a shirt with a frill down the front, knee breeches, black stockings and shiny black shoes with silver buckles on them. He generally used a cane with a silver top and later the children used to run away when they heard his cane going tap, tap, tap along the floor. The children always remembered their first night at St. Leonards because there were not enough beds and some of them had to sleep on tables or on the tops of chests of drawers. The builders were still busy building; scaffolding was up; the walls were being painted; but they seemed never to get nearer to the end! Mr Jones walked around telling the men what to do; one day he said one thing and the next day he had changed his mind and it all had to be begun again. In spite of the hubbub the nuns and children went on with their ordinary daily life, prayers, lessons, recreation - all for God. When Mother Connelly came to live at St Leonards, she had only £30 left; now she had the house, vegetables and fruit from the garden, and milk and butter from the farm, but everything else she had to buy. Groceries, meat, books for school, candles and other things for the Church, and many other things. £30 soon goes! The nuns loved being poor because then they were like Our Lord in the stable at Bethlehem. But, one day when Mother Connelly was serving the dinner, all that they had was some gravy and a few bones. As she handed the dish to each nun in turn she smiled and whispered, "Bones! Blessed be God!" Mother Connelly loved best the work done for the poor and especially for poor children. She told the sisters that those were the luckiest who were chosen to teach in the poor schools. At St Leonards the first school she wanted was the poor school, but Mr Jones was impatient, he did not remember that there were not many nuns to do the teaching and no money to buy the school furniture and books. He wanted a big boarding school straight away; he was not very polite about it all and said that if they did not do what he wanted he would give St. Leonards to someone else when he died. Mother Connelly did not know what to do. They just could not do what Mr Jones wanted and it almost looked as though they would have to move once more. Mother Connelly, as in all her problems and difficulties, took to her prayers. On February 14th the whole Community began her favourite novena, the Dolour Rosary, the Stabat Mater and the Miserere-she had always made this novena in her needs and Our Lady had never left her prayers unanswered. Sometimes prayers are answered

very differently from what we expect and this novena certainly was. On February 21st, Mr Jones went to bed at his usual bed-time feeling perfectly all right. On February 22nd, the last day of the novena, he woke up seriously ill. He asked at once for Mother Connelly. His house-keeper ran to the chapel where Mother Connelly was at Mass and asked her to come quickly. Mr Jones asked her to forgive him for all his unkindness to her and told her that he had not altered his will and that he meant to leave St. Leonards to the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Then the Priest who had been saying Mass gave him the last Sacraments and he died a peaceful and happy death. The will was to be read in three months time, but where was it? No one could find it! They searched every room in the house, every drawer, cupboard, box, trunk, between the pages of every book, high and low, but still they could not find it. The hunt went on day after day, but still it was missing, and the day on which it was to be read got nearer and nearer. If it was not found, St. Leonards would belong, not to the nuns, but to Mr Jones' nearest relation. Once more the nuns prayed to Our Lady, but it seemed as though their prayers were not going to be answered. One night, when the nuns had gone to bed, Mother Connelly went to the Church to say a prayer before beginning a final search. For the hundredth time she went to Mr Jones' desk and began to go through the papers in his drawers. And there, almost on the top - was - the will.

She ran and woke up the sisters and together they went to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and sang the Te Deum - "We praise Thee, O Lord" - the Church's hymn of thanksgiving. The next day the will was read. St. Leonards was theirs. How good God had been to them! He had indeed helped them out of every difficulty and they knew He always would, for He never fails those who put their trust in Him.



Looking for the Will.



CHAPTER SEVEN.

How to follow the Holy Child Jesus Mother Connelly and her Nuns.

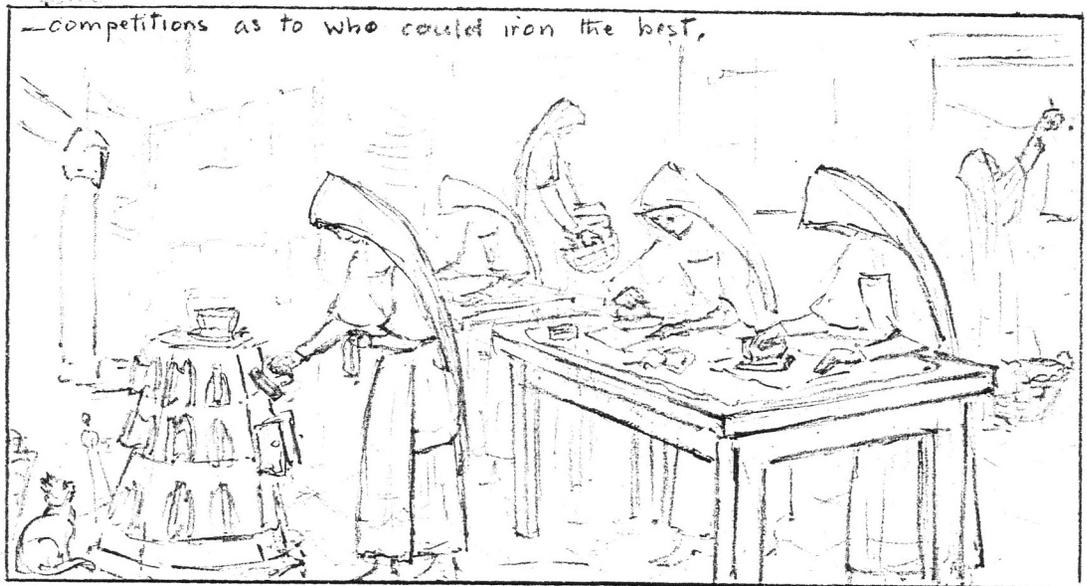
In 1850 the Bishop asked Mother Connelly if some of the nuns could come and teach the poor children in London. All the nuns were delighted and all of them offered to go. Mother Connelly chose the few who were to go and herself took them to London. The house was tall - there was no garden but only a tiny yard where no flowers or grass would grow. The nuns used only the attic right at the top of the house and the basement right at the bottom, the rest was for the children. The attic was hot and stuffy in the summer because it only had a tiny window, yet it was cold and draughty in the winter and sometimes the rain came in. The basement was so dreary. It was always dark and the sun never shone into it. Often they had to light the lamp and they would sit close together around it trying to see to correct their books, or prepare their lessons, or sew or read. The hardest thing of all was not being able to wear their habits - how they loved Our Lord's uniform - but in those days to wear a habit in London would have been foolish. The children, instead of coming to school, would have pointed at them, shouted rude things at them, and perhaps even pelted them with stones and mud. The nuns even had a laugh about their clothes. They could not afford new ones, so they got out the things they had come in when they first came to be postulants. Some of them had grown out of them;

some of them were old fashioned; all of them were crumpled and creased and they did look so funny in them. They laughed and laughed at each other, but they were glad when the evening came and the children had gone home, and they could put on their habits again.

Our Lord blessed Mother Foundress's work by making it grow. In 1854 two more Convents were opened at Preston and Blackpool. Mother Connelly's family of nuns were no longer living all together but in four different houses. She still went on being a Mother to them all and they looked forward to her visits and to going to stay at St. Leonards. She wrote to them often reminding them that they had given themselves to God to be perfect nuns, not just good teachers, cooks, house-keepers and all the other things. If they did what they were doing for the love of God, they would be good nuns. She told them that when they walked they were to love God with their feet; whatever they did with their hands they were to do it for love of Him; love Him in His little ones, love Him in your sisters, in the flowers and animals, in everything. By doing this even ordinary things could be turned into very precious gifts for the Holy Child.

Mother Connelly never told the nuns to do things that she did not do herself. She kept close to God and did everything for Him. This is the only way to be really holy and Mother Connelly was. Every-one loved her and realised how holy she was. The children especially said that they never saw her without being reminded of God. However many troubles or other things she had to think about, she always kept close to Our Lord and never let them make her sad. She told her children that it was God alone who mattered and that they must use everything to help them to keep in themselves in His Presence. They could do this by never missing chances. A crucifix should remind them of Him, a statue of Our Lady should help them to speak to His Mother, and those of the Saints to say a prayer to them. The Angelus

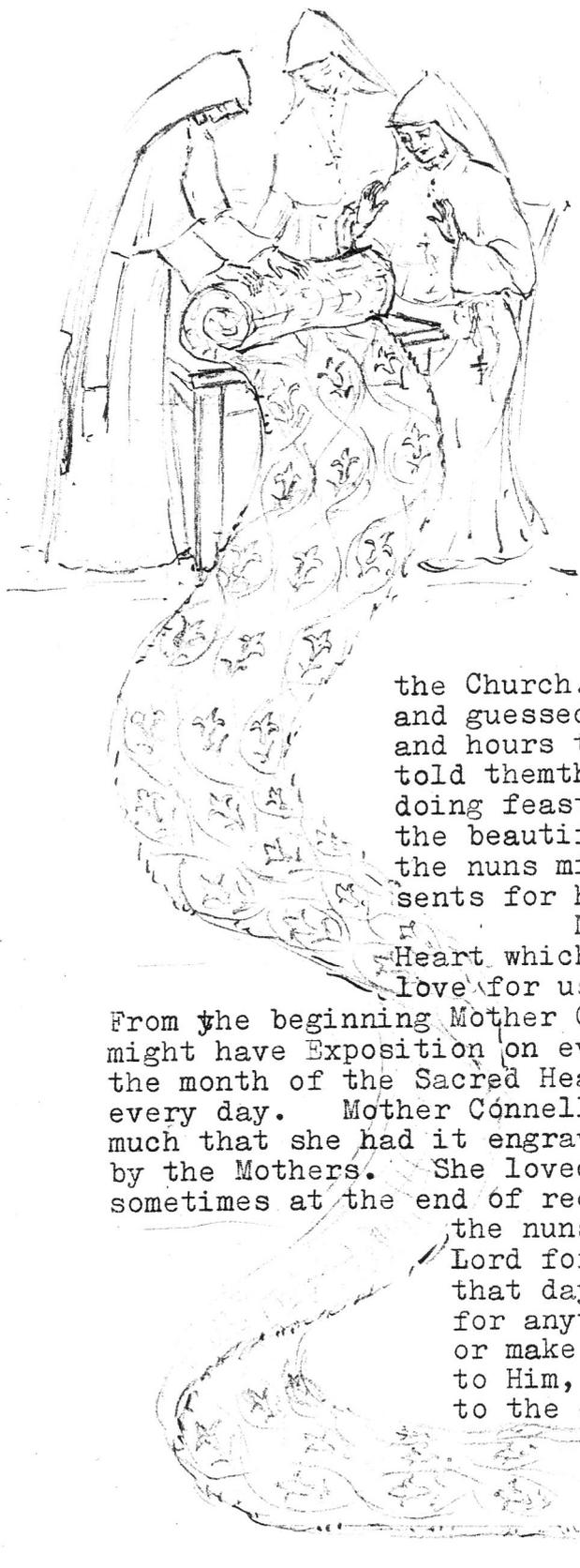




was another chance of getting close to God and best of all the Blessed Sacrament. In church they were to be very reverent - no whispering, or turning round and never a careless genuflection. Church was His House, the courtyard of Heaven. But their work could be just as good a prayer if it were done for Him, so that then their whole life could be made one long prayer because everything they did was done for Him alone.

And to the nuns she said, "Let God work and pray in you!" Mother Connelly always did everything all the other nuns did. On Monday she served dinner. She was so kind and thoughtful for the nuns, passing them the dishes just when they were ready and never making a noise with the plates or her feet so as to spoil the reading. Once a week she got up at 4.0 o'clock in the morning to help with the washing. She rubbed and scrubbed the clothes and never left a single dirty mark because she was doing it for God and, if there were dirty marks, it would not have been her best. Only the best we can do is good enough for Him. The same day, after dinner, she helped with the ironing and used to have races with the other nuns and competitions as to who could iron the best. They loved it - and so the work got done and everyone had some fun.

Mother Connelly always enjoyed all the feasts kept by the Community and the children. Once in France she rowed the children on the Moselle and said it reminded her of her childhood. She joined in the children's games and always thought of such exciting ones to play. At Christmas she saw that the poor schools had a Christmas tree and that every child had a present - very often she made some of them herself,



and helped to decorate the tree.

Mother Connelly was always thinking of others, especially her own Holy Child nuns and children. One evening she slipped in the Community room and of course the nuns were worried as they thought she had sprained her ankle. The next morning Mother Connelly wanted them to know first thing that she was all right, and so she went and called each one. How glad they were to be woken by their dear Mother's voice saying, "Blessed be the Holy Child Jesus," - that told them that her ankle was better.

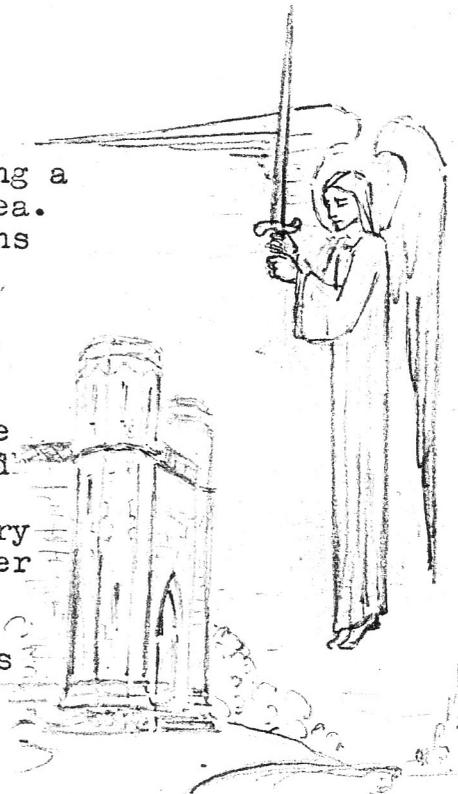
Another time they made for her feast a beautiful carpet for the Church. She was delighted with it and guessed that it had taken them hours and hours to make. A few days later she told them that they must not stay up late doing feast work. Although she loved the beautiful carpet, she did not like the nuns missing their sleep to make presents for her.

Mother Connelly loved the Sacred Heart which speaks of Our Lord's great love for us and asks for love in return.

From the beginning Mother Connelly asked that the nuns might have Exposition on every first Friday, and in June, the month of the Sacred Heart, special prayers were said every day. Mother Connelly loved the Sacred Heart so much that she had it engraved on the silver cross worn by the Mothers. She loved dearly Mother Mary too - sometimes at the end of recreation in the evening, before the nuns went to Church to thank Our Lord for all that He had done for them that day, and to say they were sorry for anything they had done to hurt Him or make Him sad, and to say good-night to Him, Mother Connelly would take them to the church steps. There, gazing

"What! yet more!"

out over the sea, they would sing a hymn to Our Lady, Star of the Sea. Mother Connelly said that no nuns were to love Our Lady more than the Holy Child nuns. Mother Connelly loved the Archangel Michael. Soon after they came to St. Leonards she dreamt that Saint Michael was standing above the Church taking care of it and keeping away the devil and all that might harm it with his fiery sword. Guardian Angels were her favourites too, and she had a picture of a Guardian Angel put over each cell where the Sisters or children slept. She loved, too, Saint Ignatius, Saint Teresa and Saint Gertrude, and indeed all the Saints of God.



Mother Connelly was always ready to help or to listen to what others had to say. She would stop what she was doing however badly she wanted to get on, and no one ever guessed that she had a great many other things she wanted to be doing. She even told one Postulant that she could go to her in the middle of the night if she wanted her. The children always remembered all the beautiful things she said to them. Some Children of Mary at Preston said that it was a talk of hers that made them want to give themselves to Our Lord, and that from that day they knew that Our Lord wanted them to be nuns. Mother Connelly never wilfully hurt Our Lord or any of His children. Often she gave the little ones treats, but sometimes she asked both the children and the nuns to give Our Lord presents that would mean giving up a great deal or doing something very hard. She was so generous herself that she could not believe that anyone who really loved Our Lord could refuse Him anything; even if it was a very hard thing to do or give. When the children made mistakes, or did things that they should not do, she was not cross but told them that now they knew it was wrong they would not do it again. She knew that mistakes could be good things because the Church calls Adam and Eve's fall



a "Happy Fault" - a happy fault because it gave us the Holy Child.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

How to follow the Holy Child Jesus Mother Connelly and the children.

Schools in those days were very different from now. The children used to spend nearly all their lesson time learning by heart. Mother Connelly said the Holy Child schools were not to be like that, but that the lessons were to be interesting with amusing stories to help their memories. The children were to act, and draw, and write about things - not just sit with their hands in their laps learning by heart. In those days children only went home once a year for four or five weeks and the rest of the time they spent at school. Mother Connelly made sure they had fun at school as well as in their short holiday. She took them for picnics, played charades and began doing plays. On Holy Innocents' Day the children dressed up as nuns and went into the nuns' part. On another feast day the nuns got up early and hid the children's breakfast in the garden. They loved hunting for it, especially as it was something rather special when they found it. One day, when the children had been out all day on a picnic, one of the nuns asked if they could have a rest the next morning. Mother Connelly thought that if picnics and parties made you too tired to get up to Holy Mass the next morning, it was better not to have them. She thought too, that when the children were grown up they would want to stay in bed always after a dance, or the theatre, and so it became a tradition that after a party or a picnic or any other special day, every one went to Mass the next day. Mother Connelly loved the children to be quiet on their way to Church, silent with their lips but talking inside to their Guardian Angels, asking them to get them ready to go to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. Another job they were to get their Guardian Angel to do was to take their morning offering to Our Lord - "Kneel up quickly as soon as you are called because your Guardian Angel is waiting to take your morning offering to Our Lord." Mother Connelly always trusted the children, she did not let the nuns watch over them like policemen ready to punish anyone who was naughty, but told the children to do everything for the Holy Child and then they would not be naughty. The children quickly learnt to love being trusted, and, if they were naughty or disobedient to the school rules, they would go and tell about themselves. From the beginning all the Holy Child children were even better when

the nun or mistress was not there than when they were . The children chose their own head girl and loved to be trusted to her care. This meant that they had a great deal of freedom because they had learnt what it meant to be trusted. Mother Connelly would never let the children wear dull uniforms, she thought that everyone should learn to dress nicely so that they would know what to wear when they were grown up and what to get for their children. You see she did not think that everyone ought to be a nun but knew that God would call some to be Mothers, some to be nuns, and other to serve Him in all kinds of different ways. But they were all to grow up good Catholics. The first uniform was a bright blue frock; Mr Jones used to call the children "blue bottles" because of these dresses. Later they wore red, and afterwards silver grey trimmed with velvet.

Mother Connelly especially loved the little ones. She remembered just what Merty, Ady and Frank liked when they were little and so she knew just what all young children liked. One day two children, aged two and four years, came to St. Leonards, called Agnes and Agatha. When they saw the nuns in their black habits they cried and cried and were really frightened of them. No one could cheer them up. Then Mother Connelly came into the parlour. She picked up Agatha and put her on her knee. She struggled to get down for a minute but as soon as she saw Mother Connelly's kind face and sweet smile she snuggled into her arms with a trustful smile, and soon Agnes had scrambled up too. Mother Connelly especially loved the children who were not clever. One feast day all the children had made something for her. One junior had made an awful looking thing out of



Mother Connelly gave the child a special thank you hug.

a number of stripes of flannel joined together. The big girls laughed at it but Mother Connelly was so pleased with it, she knew it was her best and gave the child a special thank you hug.

Here are some of the words Mother Connelly wrote for the children:-"You must take for your pattern the Holy Child Jesus, not only to love Him and His Blessed Mother, but to imitate Him as He lived in the house at Nazareth. You must follow Him as He worked with Saint Joseph, as He went upon His many and trouble-some errands, as He helped His Blessed Mother in her household labours. You must learn, then, how He looked, how He acted, and how He prayed."

When she was giving a new prayer book to a child she wrote in it:-"May you really so learn of the Holy Child Jesus, my dear children, growing as He grew, in stature and grace; and when you grew up, may you so love and follow the Man Jesus that you may be of the number of those "little ones" whom this most Blessed Lord will bring into His everlasting Kingdom!"

Still in all Holy Child schools the girls are taught to be trusted, to be kind, to be simple, to be ready to give up (sacrifice) for Our Lord and His family on earth, to love holiness and always to be cheerful.

CHAPTER NINE.

America.

In 1862 a rich American Lady called Louisa Catherine, Duchess of Leeds, came to St. Leonards. Her husband was dead and she had no children. She wanted to be a nun. Mother Connelly knew that God did not want her to be a nun so she said, "No." She did however let her live in the Convent. The Duchess of Leeds knew Mother Connelly was an American like herself, and she guessed she would like there to be some Holy Child Convents in America. She said she would give Mother Connelly a Convent and school in America at Towanda. The Bishop gave the nuns permission to go, and, the few who were chosen, set out in 1862. They arrived in August expecting to find a nice house and school but instead they found only a very old building which was all tumbling down and really not safe to live in. There were holes in the roof and rats and spiders living in it. The wall paper was hanging off the walls. The floor was covered with thick dust. There was no furniture. There was nothing. Like Saint Joseph the nuns set to work to make the best of it they could. The first days were



spent cleaning, papering and painting. They blocked up the holes in the roof and the broken panes of glass as well as they could. Then they opened the school but no children arrived. In the end, they had to go round begging mothers to send their children to them. Worse than all this was not having Holy Mass every day and not even on Sundays sometimes, as there was only one Priest and he had to say Mass in a Church too far away for them to go, alternate Sundays. In the Winter, if it snowed, the snow came in through the roof and settled on their beds. The Church was so cold that the wine froze in the chalice and on the way home after Mass they could not squeeze back the tears that came into their eyes. These tears ran down their cheeks where they froze into little blobs of ice. They had no money to buy clothes or blankets or even good food to keep them warm. One day they had to sell some old shoes to get money to buy their dinner; another day they came home from Mass knowing that there was nothing for breakfast. Of course they did not complain and Mother Connelly never guessed that they were so poor or that they were beginning to be ill. In 1864 a second party of sisters left England to go to Philadelphia, where Mother Connelly was born, to start a Holy Child Convent there. In the meantime the Bishop suggested that the nuns at Towanda should go and live somewhere else, but Mother Connelly, who had never

guessed how dilapidated the house at Towanda was, told them to stay there. She did not like beginning somewhere and then just leaving. The Bishop then wrote and told her that the Convent at Towanda was worse than a shed or a stable we would use for cows or horses. He told Mother Connelly how poor the sisters were, that they had not enough food to eat to keep them well to do God's work, and that they used old bits of carpet and their habits for blankets because they had no money to buy proper ones. He told her too, how they never complained and always kept smiling. As soon as Mother Foundress knew what Towanda was really like, she said the nuns must move at once. They went to Sharon House, about six miles from Philadelphia where the other nuns were. Soon after this Mother Connelly went to see her nuns in America and started a new house in West Philadelphia. She called the new house St. Leonards House. Mother Foundress was so pleased with the nuns and novices in America, they were just the same as the ones she had left behind in England. They had the same community customs, and, best of all, the same spirit of the Holy Child Jesus. They were cheerfully obedient as He had been to Our Lady and Saint Joseph, meek and humble and loving God and one another as the Holy Child had done in leaving Heaven and becoming a Baby for us; they were simple as the Holy Child had been in letting Himself be carried into Egypt without asking any questions at all. Like the nuns in England the ones in America were giving themselves entirely to the Holy Child to do with them just what He liked.

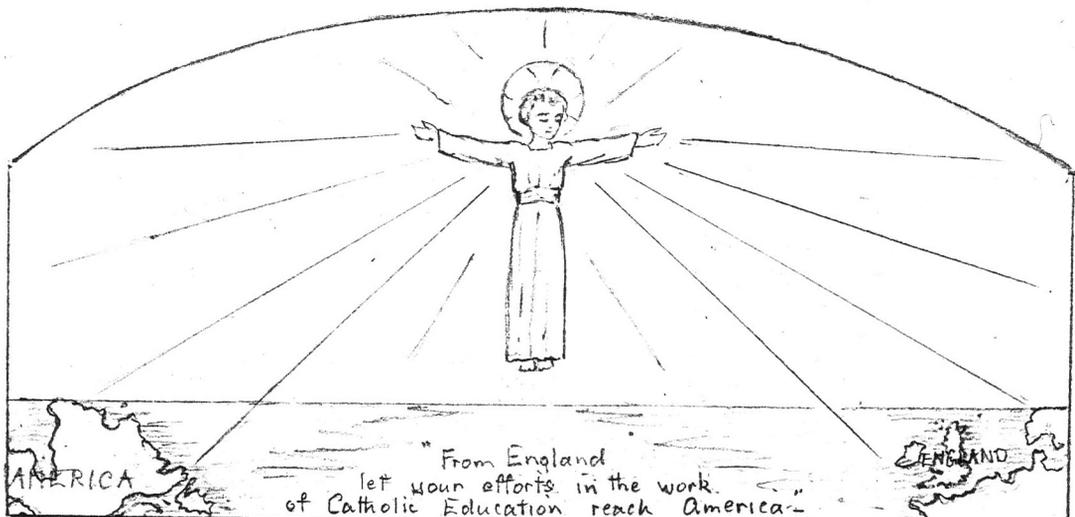
"Take myself, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.

Take my body, Jesus,
Eyes and ears and tongue;
Never let them Jesus,
Help to do Thee wrong.

Take my heart and fill it
Full of love for Thee;
All I have I give Thee,
Give Thyself to me."

Although the thousands of miles of the Atlantic Ocean separated them, they were all closely united - one heart and one soul in the Heart of the Holy Child Jesus.

Some of Mother Connelly's relations and friends came to see her when she was in America, but, although she would have loved to have gone and seen the Church



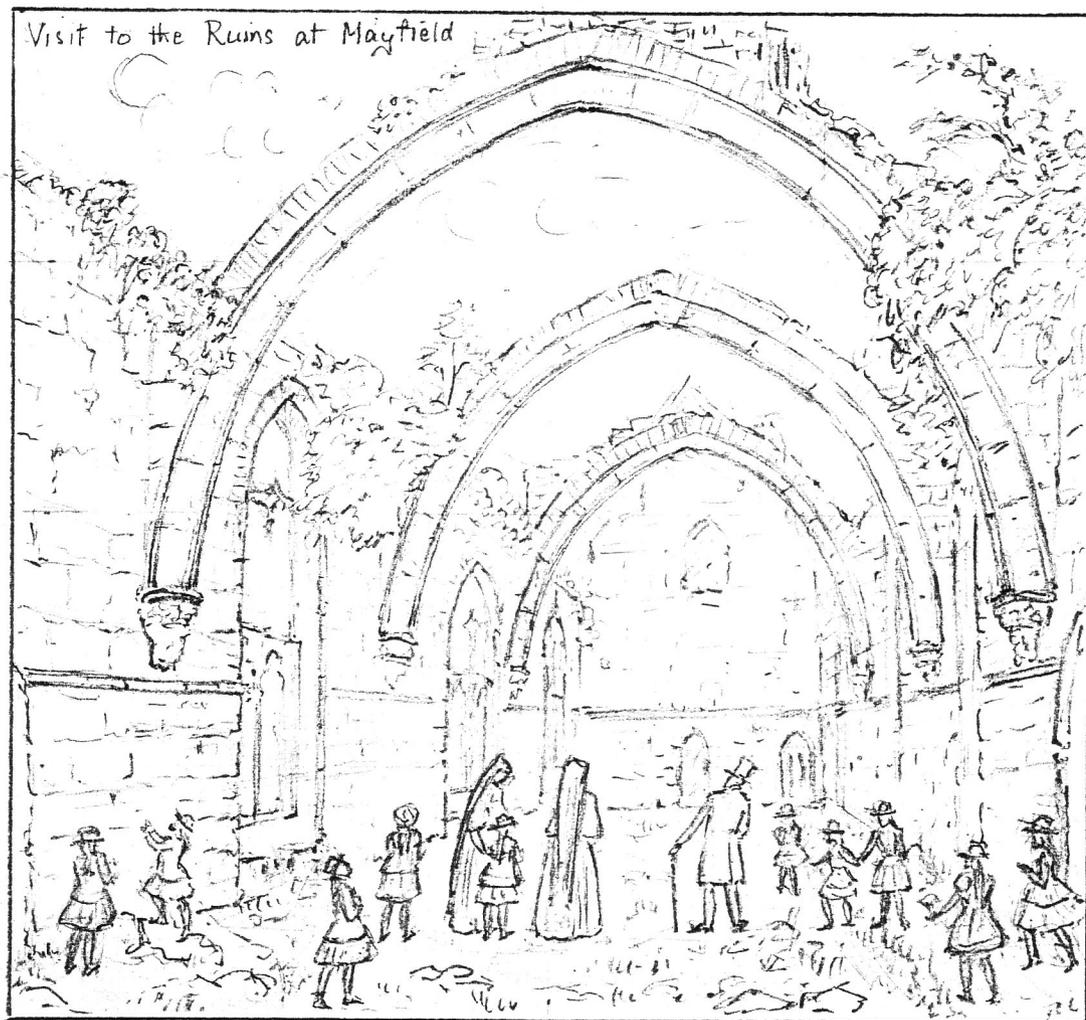
where she became a Catholic and made her first Holy Communion, and the cottage at Grand Coteau, and John Henry's little grave, she did not. She had given all these to Our Lord and she knew He would take care of them and of herself better than anyone else possibly could. After five weeks in America, Mother Connelly came back to England.

CHAPTER TEN.

Mayfield.

About six years after Mother Connelly went to America, the children asked her on her feast day if she would take them for a picnic on Whit Tuesday. As it was her feast day she could not say - "No." She always found it difficult to refuse anything. The next thing was to decide where they would go. All the places they had been to before were suggested but, in the end, they decided they would go somewhere where they had never been before. They got out a book of pictures of old buildings in Sussex and in it was a picture of Mayfield. They liked the look of it and decided to go there. On Whit Tuesday everyone was up early and went to Holy Mass. Then the picnic baskets had to be got ready - sandwiches cut, lettuce washed, buns with currants, raisins, spice and peel in them, iced cakes decorated with cherries and green angelica, sugar, milk and tea and everything you can imagine. And best of all a big black kettle because they were going to make a fire to boil the water for tea. The children had brushed their hair

till it glistened, their bows were beautifully pressed, they had on clean dresses and their shoes shone. Soon after breakfast everything was ready and waiting for the waggonettes to come. At last they arrived and, after Mother Connelly and the nuns had got in, the children scrambled up the steps. The driver put up the steps, got on the box, cracked his whip and off they went so glad that Whit Tuesday had arrived at last.



They had a wonderful day. The journey through the beautiful country side, the bumpy ride over the cobbled village street of Mayfield leading to the ruins of the Old Palace. Mother Foundress showed them everything, the banqueting hall where the Archbishop used to dine with his visitors, the ruins of the staircase leading to the room where Queen Elizabeth had slept, the well where Saint Dunstan used to get his water, the place down the road where the Archbishop had fallen off his horse.

She told them about Saint Dunstan, how he was such a holy man and that one day, as he was shoeing a horse, the devil came along and tried to tempt him. Saint Dunstan got hold of the devil's nose with his red hot pincers and threw him from him. The devil screamed for mercy and when at last he fell to the ground he went and dipped his burning nose in the water at Tunbridge Wells. Ever since this the water has tasted of sulphur. She told them a great many other things too and they picked flowers, went birds nesting and exploring and of course thoroughly enjoyed their picnic.

When the children got home they could talk of nothing but Mayfield.

Leeds heard all decided that she give it to Mother only if Mother promise to have Mother Connolly where she could from to do this, that, if God tored, He would generous and the money some longed for used for God they had bazaars but, although the worked hard and generous, they did enough money.



Telling the Duchess of Leeds about Mayfield.

The Duchess of Leeds about it and would buy it and Connolly, but Connolly would it restored. did not know get the money but she knew wanted it res-make people she would get -how. She Mayfield to be again. At first and sales of work children and nuns everyone was very not make nearly

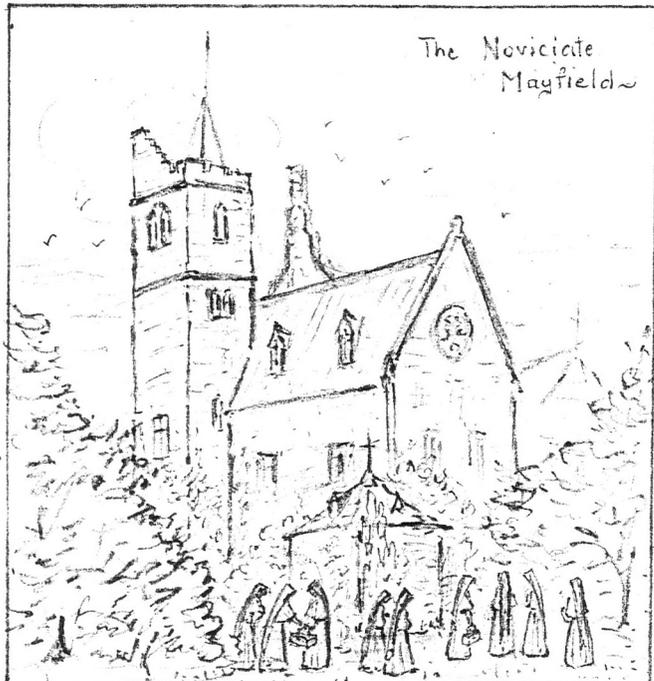
The Bishop was delighted about Mayfield too, he said he thought it would help towards the conversion of England. Because of this he said that the nuns ought to get help from the Catholics all over the world to restore Mayfield. He suggested that some of the nuns should go abroad to beg for money. Mother Connolly sent some and many people gave them money when they heard about Mayfield. Of course some people thought they were just beggars and turned them away and, although the nuns did not like this, they thought of the Holy Child being turned away from people's doors in Nazareth sometimes when He ran errands for Our Lady and Saint Joseph, and this made them feel much better.

Before the restoration of Mayfield was finished, Mother Connolly collected the children from round about and began a school. In the Summer they had their lessons outside, but in the Winter they had to be all together in one room. Mother Connolly told

them to think of the Holy Child in His one room, and such a room, at Bethlehem.

Later on Mother Connelly moved the novices - that is the nuns who have just come and who are learning to be nuns - from St Leonards to Mayfield. Here they lived in the old tower which stood near the banqueting hall of the Old Palace, and for a whole year, except for going to Church and to the refectory and to their own little garden, they lived in the tower learning to love and live very close to the Holy Child and to love and live their holy rule. Sometimes Mother Foundress sat with the novices in the garden and sometimes she took them black-berrying. All the novices loved her and loved to go and talk to her. Sometimes they went up the ladder and out on the top of the tower, so high that they felt quite close to Heaven. In the second year the novices used to come out of the tower and help in the school and kitchen and garden and in every way they could. Then, at the end of two years, they were professed. After that they belonged, in a very special way, to God; they promised to be nuns always and they left the tower and went to live with the nuns at Mayfield, or sometimes they were sent to St Leonards, or Preston, or Blackpool, or London, or even America. They no longer wore white veils, which showed they were learning to be nuns, but black ones which showed that they now belonged to God. They were so happy to have given themselves to Him. Mayfield was now the Mother House of the Society. It still is the Mother House in England, but, in 1923, the Society of the Holy Child Jesus bought a house in Rome to be the Mother House of all the Holy Child Convents in England, America, France, Switzerland, Africa and Ireland.

The last Convent began by Mother Connelly was at Neuilly just outside Paris. She was so glad about this new Convent because France was then a far more Catholic country than England. Mother Connelly wanted all the professed sisters to go to Neuilly to enjoy for a time living in a Catholic country.



Mother Foundress came back to England in 1877 and went to visit all the convents in England. She did not know at the time that this would be for the last time. Every day she found it more difficult to get about because she had rheumatism so badly, which made her very stiff as well as being very painful. By March she had to be pushed about in a bath chair. The nun who wheeled her about thought it a great privilege because it meant that she could be with Mother Foundress so often. Sometimes Mother Connelly asked her to wheel her under the shade of a walnut tree near the Church, or by the cemetery, and here the novices would come and sit with her. She would tell them all about the other houses and make them very happy. She often asked them if they were going to be good nuns. Sometimes it would be the children who were invited to come and sit with her. She would let the youngest sit on her knee and another little one by her feet. Two more she would choose to pull her chair and these she called her ponies.





CHAPTER ELEVEN.

Getting ready for Heaven.

That year Mother Connelly went from Mayfield to St Leonards for Christmas. On Christmas Day she was ill and could not get up and go to Mass, but she told the nuns that, although she could not be with them, they were to do all the nice things they always did on Christmas Day. She wrote to all the different houses long cheerful letters and the nuns never guessed how really ill she was. By January she was seriously ill and had to have the Doctor and on January 20th the Priest gave her the Last Sacraments. The nuns got an altar ready in her cell, a crucifix, two candles, some holy water and flowers. The Priest came carrying Our Lord and the holy oil. The nuns went out while the Priest heard Mother Connelly's confession. Then they came back and knelt down. The Priest prayed for Mother Connelly and then, putting his thumb in the holy oil, he made a cross on her eyes with it and said:- "Through this holy unction and through His tender mercy may the Lord pardon whatever sins thou hast committed by seeing." Then he made a cross with the holy oil on her ears, lips, nose,

hands, and feet saying a prayer each time. Our Lord gave her this beautiful Sacrament to strengthen and comfort her soul, to take away her sins and, if it was His will, to make her better. Then Mother Connelly received Our Dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and then the last blessing of His Church.

Our Lord did not let Mother Foundress die at once but she was never really better again. Mother Mary Ignatia and Mother Maria Joseph came from Neuilly to see her and nuns from the other houses too. Mother Connelly hardly gave them a chance to talk about her and how ill she had been, but asked them about themselves and the other nuns and the schools and all their other work. On Easter Sunday Mother Connelly was well enough to go to Mass for the first time since she had been ill. In the Summer she was well enough to be taken to Mayfield. She was back at St Leonards for Christmas Day 1878 and had Holy Communion in her cell as she was too ill to go to Holy Mass. She said that, when she was a bit better, she would go to Lourdes and ask Our Lady to make her quite better, but in a few days she was very ill again. Our Lord seemed to take everything away from her. He took her beautiful voice which she had used so constantly to praise Him. Now she no longer sang to the nuns but sometimes, when she was alone, they would hear her singing after Holy Communion her favourite hymns:- "Godhead hid, devoutly I adore Thee." And the last lines:-

"Jesu. Whom for the present veiled I see,
What I so thirst for, oh, vouchsafe to me:
That I may see Thy countenance unfolding,
And may be blest Thy glory in beholding."

He took her beauty too, she was covered with eczema which made her red all over and look as though she had been badly burnt. Like Our Lord, Whose Body was covered with wounds from His scourging, the cruel blows of the soldiers, the crown of thorns and the nails, she had no beauty left. But, although she suffered so much, she was not unhappy, she had no time to think of herself because she was so busy thinking of God and loving Him.

On April 14th Mother Foundress was anointed again. The Priest and nuns thought she was too ill to know what was being done to her, but, just as the Priest had finished, she opened her eyes and said, "Thank you, Father." On April 16th she received Our Lord for the last time - in a few days she would be even closer to Him than in Holy Communion. By Easter Tuesday the nuns knew that Our Lord was going to take her to live with Him for ever. Early on Friday morning the nuns came to

her cell to pray. The Priest said the last prayers. Then the nuns went to Holy Mass - Mother Connelly was not well enough to have Holy Communion. After breakfast the Priest came back and the nuns sang one of Mother Connelly's favourite hymns:-

"My God, I love Thee, not because
I hope for Heaven thereby.....

E"en so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King."

The nuns spent the morning praying, some in Church, some outside Mother Foundress' cell. At 12.30 the office bell rang - the Priest and a few of the nuns stayed with Mother Foundress and the rest went to say Our Lady's office. Just as the nuns were finishing office, at a quarter to one, Mother Foundress died while the Priest was saying the beautiful prayer, -"Go forth Christian soul" A nun held a crucifix to her lips while another sprinkled her with holy water. Our Lord had come. He who made her, Who had been her Master, her Model and her Spouse, and to Whom she had given her all, now took her to live with Him for ever. It was April 18th, exactly thirty-three years since she had left Rome to found the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Like Our Lord she had spent thirty-three years doing the Father's will.



The nuns came in turn to pray by Mother Foundress as she lay in her cell. All her eczema had gone - her face was beautiful once more and, as she lay there in her habit holding her crucifix, she looked as though she was already with Our Lord.

Her body was taken to Mayfield, and, on a lovely spring day, laid to rest in the tiny cemetery there. The primroses and violets were out and the birds she loved to feed were chirping in the trees near-by. The nuns could not help feeling sad, but they knew that their dear Reverend Mother Foundress would be with Our Lord and that she would not forget to speak to Him about them all. Afterwards they loved to come and kneel by her grave, now they pray by her tomb in the sanctuary at Mayfield, and ask her to give the nuns and the children of the Holy Child His spirit with which He filled her. They pray too that one day the Church will let us honour her as the Saint we believe her to be. "Sweet Holy Child Jesus please give us Your grace and please grant that one day we may be allowed to call our Beloved Mother Foundress, Saint Cornelia Connelly."

