

The **T B** *Saint*

BY

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ST. THERESE
OF THE
CHILD JESUS

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CAPAM

Dear Reader:

May you find in this impressive example of St. Therese inspiration and strength to bear your daily cross with a generous smile, to resign yourself humbly to the Will of God. May you be deeply convinced that what God sends you or permits to happen to you is for your own good. He is your Father, and He loves you more than your earthly father or mother ever could. You may find it difficult to see His Will in the particular cross which you have in life, but rest assured, **God knows best!** Like St. Therese, throw yourself into His arms with childlike confidence and abandonment. He will give you strength. Divine love will make your sufferings most fruitful for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, especially your own.

If you should be afflicted with the disease of tuberculosis, take courage from the example of St. Therese. God did not cure her of this disease, and yet through her intercession it has been His Holy Will to cure hundreds of her clients. He has set her up as a Model of silent and cheerful suffering for all TB patients, and, above all, as a Patroness who will surely help them. Ask her for help to bear patiently, even cheerfully, the sufferings connected with your illness. She has a special interest in you, since she went through all that you are suffering — and so very much more! She **will** help YOU! And if it is God's Will, she will even work a **miracle** for you! St. Therese is YOUR SAINT!

If you desire a full account of the life of St. Therese, order her AUTOBIOGRAPHY by writing to: Marian Action, 211 West 7th Avenue, Tarentum, Pa. Price \$4.00.

I place this booklet into the hands of Our Heavenly Mother Mary, the Health of the Sick, whom St. Therese loved so tenderly.

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I. The TB Saint

The Cross of TB

It will be encouraging and helpful for people to know that there is a patroness for those afflicted with one of America's most deadly diseases. She is the little Carmelite, St. Therese of the Child Jesus, popularly known as The Little Flower. Her story is told in her **Autobiography**. Slight glimpses of her spirit are given in the following pages.

Therese was born January 2, 1873, at Alencon, France, the youngest of nine children. Of these, four died in their infancy and five entered the convent. When Therese was four, her mother died. Her naturally happy disposition deserted her, and she became timid and sensitive. Her childlike soul was on fire with the love of God. She says: "From the age of three, **I never refused our Good God anything. I have never given Him anything but love**, and it is with love He will repay." At the age of ten she fell dangerously ill at the departure of her sister Pauline for the cloister. The statue of Our Lady in her room became animated. The gracious smile of the Blessed Mother penetrated the depths of her soul and she was suddenly cured.

At the age of fifteen she received the holy habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel at Lisieux.

Many, attracted by the sweetness of the Little Flower's words, by her cheerfulness and by her frequent expressions of complete happiness, fail to realize that her life was one long record of pain and sorrow. Of her convent life she writes: "I found the religious life just what I expected. Sacrifice was never a matter of surprise. Everything in the convent delighted me, yet from the very outset **my path was strewn with thorns rather than with roses.**"

Martyrdom had always been Sister Therese's ideal. "Martyrdom was the dream of my childhood, a dream which has grown with me in my narrow cell in Carmel . . . **Jesus, my heavenly**

Bridegroom, grant that for Thy sake I may die a martyr; give me martyrdom of soul or of body. Or rather give me both the one and the other."

The martyrdom of body began about a year and a half before her death. On the evening before Good Friday, 1896, after carrying out all the Lenten observances to the letter — fasting, abstinence, and the rest, Sister Therese was feeling very well. How greatly should we distrust that feeling of health and strength in people who are both upheld and wasted by some inward fever and — tuberculosis!

"In the early hours of Good Friday, Our Lord gave me the hope of soon joining Him in His beautiful home in heaven — a blessed memory, indeed! I could not obtain permission to remain watching at the altar of repose throughout the night of Holy Thursday, so at midnight I went back to our cell. Scarcely had I laid my head on the pillow when **I felt a hot stream rise to my lips**. I thought I was going to die, and my heart nearly broke with joy. But as I had just put out our lantern, I mortified my curiosity until the morning and slept in peace. At five o'clock, when I was called, I remembered that I had some good news to learn. I went up to the window, and found, as I had expected, that **our handkerchief was soaked with blood**. Dearest Mother, what hope was mine! I was firmly convinced that on this anniversary of His death, my Beloved had allowed me to hear **His first call**, like a sweet gentle murmur, heralding His joyful approach . . . On the evening of that happy day, I returned full of joy to our cell, and was quietly falling asleep when **my sweet Jesus gave me the same sign of my speedy entrance into heaven as on the previous night.**"

Sister Therese had always foreseen that she would die young. She knew that she had her death-blow. Because of her characteristic love of silence, and out of charity too, she said nothing about these hemorrhages to her three sisters, who were also Carmelites at Lisieux. She kept her secret for more than a year.

The summer passed fairly well. Sister Therese, who had always had a delicate throat

and chest, was occasionally shaken by a little dry cough which she could not manage to hide, and which proclaimed to the nuns who loved her the determined progress of the hidden disease of tuberculosis. Autumn came, then winter, the terrible winter of 1896.

The fits of coughing became daily more frequent, longer, and more incessant. The saint was quite glad to be in a distant cell, so that the nuns could not hear her coughing. They had not suspected that she felt the cold excessively. The tuberculosis which impoverished her blood made her very sensitive to cold.

Suffering with a Smile

The secret of her joy in suffering is divine love. Love of God is the keystone of all her virtues. "Beside myself with joy, I cried: 'Sweet Jesus, at last I have found my vocation. **Love is my vocation . . . In the bosom of the Church, my Mother, I will be love. . . .**

Before she would admit that she was beaten by the tuberculosis which had been wasting her for nearly two years, Sister Therese had continued to take her share of community duties and to be present at the Divine Office beyond what was humanly possible. When the nuns realized the seriousness of her condition, they began to look after her in real earnest. But she preferred to be left alone in her cell. She used to tell the novices who came to see her: "I am glad to suffer in solitude. As soon as people begin to be sorry for me and to pamper me, I no longer have any joy of my suffering . . . When I suffer much, when painful and disagreeable things come my way, instead of looking sad, **I greet them with a smile.** At first I did not always succeed, but now it has become a habit which I am truly glad to have acquired . . . I am convinced that no remedies have the power to cure me, but I have a covenant with God that they may be for the benefit of poor missionaries who have neither time nor means to take care of themselves."

On July 6, 1897, another hemorrhage took place, and the doctor diagnosed serious congestion of the lungs. It was, therefore, rightly

thought that the wretched mattress on which the invalid lay was too hard for her weak body, and two days later she was taken down to the infirmary.

On July 25, Mother Agnes, seeing her in such pain, told her that she had now come to desire her death. Sister Therese told her: "You must not say that, little Mother, for suffering is just what pleases me most in life . . . Don't grieve. If I do suffocate, **God will give me strength. I love Him; He will never forsake me!**" When someone asked whether it was very hard to suffer so much, she replied: "**No, I can still tell Our Lord that I love Him, and that is enough.**" She once pointed to a glass in which was some medicine of a bright red color. "Do you see this little glass?" she said. "One would suppose it contained a most delicious drink, whereas in reality it is more bitter than anything I take. Well, it is the image of my life. To others it has been all rose-color. They imagine that I have drunk of a most delicious wine, but to me it has been full of bitterness. I say bitterness, yet after all, **my life has not been sad, because I have learned to find joy and sweetness in all that is bitter.**"

At each visit the doctor could hardly find words to express his admiration. "If you only knew," he said, "what she has to endure! I have never seen anyone suffer so intensely with such an expression of supernatural joy . . . What an angel she is! She was not made for this earth."

On July 30, she received Extreme Unction. As death seemed imminent, they brought down her thin mattress to the infirmary to lay her body out on according to monastic custom. When the infirmary door was opened she caught sight of it, and understanding, was glad. She said, "You must tell people this . . . **I had a constant desire to suffer ever since my first Communion. Yet I never thought of finding my joy in it. That is the grace which was granted to me only later . . . Deep down in my soul there is, I admit, joy and transports of delight . . . but that would not encourage other people if they thought I had not suffered much . . . Oh, if they**

only knew how much I suffer! Last night, utterly exhausted, I asked Our Lady to hold my head in her hands so that I might be able to bear it . . .”

Martyrdom of Body

The strength of soul and the inward joy experienced by Sister Therese made her better able to resist the ravages of the disease of tuberculosis than others. When the doctor gave her only another day to live, she lingered on for another month. But her body was wasted beyond belief. For some weeks she had lost all inclination for food. Every afternoon from three o'clock onwards she was consumed by a burning fever, and a heavy sweat exhausted her still more. Two or three times a day she was seized by a violent hemorrhage. She was shaken by fits of coughing and terrible attacks of suffocation. Painful remedies were applied to her side. Those in attendance made her inhale ether, but her breathing was so oppressed that the remedy had no effect. The disease spared her face, which kept its roundness and its expression, yet she reached such a degree of emaciation that the bones came through her skin, and painful sores formed on various parts of her body. Tuberculosis of the intestines had resulted in gangrene, so that the little Sister could in very truth apply to herself those prophecies spoken of the Messiah: “I am a worm and no man.”

It is clear that suffering united her more closely to Christ. The more she was crushed beneath its pains, the more trustfully she surrendered herself into the arms of her Divine Master.

She also suffered from a burning thirst which, as she put it, plunged her into purgatory. Nothing could quench it, for to drink was like throwing oil on the fire. Whenever the nuns raised her to a sitting position, in order to relieve the coughing which sometimes lasted for hours, she said that “she was sitting on spikes of iron,” and begged them to pray for her.

Her greatest and dearest devotion was Holy Communion. But from August 16 until her

death (Sept. 30), she was unable to receive It on account of the frequent hemorrhages. This was a cruel privation to her loving heart. A large picture of the Holy Face, surrounded with flowers and lit by a nightlight, was placed beside her bed. "Mother," she said to her sister, "how I was tempted last night; but I looked at the Holy Face all the time, and made acts of faith . . . Pray for me! If you only knew how much I am suffering! Ask that I may not lose patience . . . I need God's help . . . **And I so long for martyrdom of every kind!**"

The Death of a Saint

Thursday, September 30, 1897, was her last day on earth. She could only breathe by uttering little cries. Her agony was terrible. Her face was wet with a heavy sweat. Yet when the community entered the infirmary, the little saint welcomed them with her sweetest smile. She had reached such a pitch of exhaustion that the least noise, talking, or whispering, was more than she could bear. Yet she was wonderfully resigned because her will was entirely conformed with the Divine Will. She once expressed it thus: "Jesus deigns to point out to me the only way which leads to Love's divine furnace, and that way is **self-surrender**; it is the **confidence** of the little child who sleeps without fear in its father's arms." With her eyes fixed on Our Lady's statue, she declared: "I have prayed so fervently to Our Lady . . . And yet it has been unmixed agony, without a ray of consolation . . . Mother, the cup is full to overflowing! **Never should I have thought it possible to suffer so much . . . I can only explain it by my great longing to save souls.** My God, whatsoever Thou wilt, but have pity on me . . . Sweet Virgin Mary, come to my aid!" And a little while after, she added: "All that I have written of my thirst for suffering is really true. **I have no regret for having surrendered myself to Love.**" These last words she repeated several times. She continued, "Mother, prepare me to die a good death."

At half-past four, as she gave signs of entering on her agony, the community was called.

From the moment she saw the Sisters gather round her, she thanked them with the sweetest smile; then, clasping the crucifix in her failing hands, she concentrated on the final combat all the powers of her soul. The sweat of death lay thick on her brow, and she trembled. As the convent bell rang the evening Angelus, she gazed again with inexpressible tenderness upon the statue of the Immaculate Virgin, Star of the Sea, to repeat the words of her last poem:

“Oh thou who cam’st to smile on me, in the morning of my life,
Come, Mother, once again and smile — for lo! ’tis eventide!”

A few minutes after seven, turning to the Prioress, she asked: “Mother, is not this the agony? Am I not going to die?”

“Yes, my child, it is the agony, but it may be that Jesus wills it should be prolonged for some hours.”

“Very well, then,” she answered sweetly. “Very well . . . be it so . . . Ah! **I do not wish to suffer less.**” And looking at her crucifix, she continued, “OH! . . . I LOVE HIM! . . . MY GOD, I LOVE . . . THEE!”

These were her last words.

A Shower of Roses

No sooner had the soul of the sufferer taken flight when the joy of that last rapture imprinted itself on her brow and a heavenly smile brightened her face. The Sisters placed a palm branch in her hand, the same green branch which thirteen years later was found fresh and intact in the coffin when her remains were exhumed. At once there began to occur in the convent extraordinary incidents such as that of a lay-sister, who on kissing the feet of Sister Therese was instantly cured of cerebral anaemia.

The eloquence of the miracles wrought by little Therese soon prevailed upon ecclesiastical authorities to begin the Cause of her Beatification in the year 1909.

Out of all this abundant “Shower of Roses,” only two miracles were needed to pro-

mote the Cause of Therese's Beatification. The first of these was a case of tuberculosis.

The miracle was worked by the Little Flower in the year 1906, in behalf of a young man, **Charles Anne**, studying for the priesthood at the Seminary of Bayeux, France. Charles was brought to the very brink of the grave by the consuming disease of tuberculosis. Medical examination revealed that the malady had reached its most advanced stage. Large cavities were discovered in either lung. The invalid had always been a staunch admirer and zealous devotee of the wonder-worker of Lisieux. He would not relinquish his hope in her, who had offered up her whole life for the sake of priests and priestly vocations. With all the fervor of his soul, he began a novena to Therese, reminding her of her promise to spend her heaven in doing good upon earth. Therese could not resist his powerful pleadings. One day, after a violent hemorrhage which announced to bystanders the coming of death, the seminarian cried out to his patroness: "I did not come here to die! I came to work for God! You **must** cure me!" Then, utterly exhausted and clutching a relic of the Saint in his hands, he fell asleep. During that sleep, Therese worked her miracle! When Charles Anne awoke, he was completely cured. A marvelous reward for his unbounded trust in the power of the Little Flower!

After this miracle and that of a cure of a malignant stomach ulcer were duly examined and discussed by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, Pope Pius XI gave his approval. Fresh showers of miracles fell upon the world on the day of the Little Flower's Beatification in 1923. Within twenty-four hours, thirty remarkable favors were recorded. This overwhelming flood of graces, together with the thousands of petitions coming from priests and people throughout the world, moved the Holy Father to promote at once the Cause of Therese's Canonization. Again two new miracles were selected and examined by the Congregation of Rites. Both were cures of tuberculosis.

The first was the cure of **Maria Pellemans** of Brussels, Belgium. Since October of 1919, she had been a victim of pulmonary tuberculosis, followed by gastritis and intestinal tuberculosis. Her devotion to the Blessed Mother prompted her to make a pilgrimage to Lourdes. The Lady of the Grotto refused to cure her, reserving that privilege to the "Little Therese of Lisieux. In March of 1923, the sufferer accompanied a band of pilgrims to the tomb of the Little Flower. While kneeling before the remains of the recently beatified servant of God, Maria was suddenly and completely restored to health.

The second miracle used to promote the Cause of Therese's Canonization was wrought in favor of **Gabriella Trimusi**, a nun of the Convent of the Poor Daughters of the Sacred Heart in Parma, Italy. Gabriella's trouble began with a lesion at the knee-joint, caused by breaking firewood across her knee. Gout of the knee and tuberculosis of the vertebrae, accompanied by curvature of the spine, combined to reduce the nun to an almost hopeless condition. The best doctors were employed and the best possible means used to restore her to health. All remedies failing, Gabriella was advised to take part in a public novena in honor of the Little Flower. At the close of the nine days of prayer (June, 1923), she took off the iron jacket which she had worn for the support of her spine and declared herself free from pain. The curvature of the spine had disappeared and Gabriella was perfectly cured. Therese was canonized by Pius XI, Sunday, May 17, 1925.

It is interesting to note that all the miracles, three of the four chosen for the Beatification and Canonization of St. Therese were miraculous cures of tuberculosis. It is almost as if the Church wished to point out that St. Therese is the special patroness of TB patients, and that because St. Therese had suffered so terribly of this disease, God would be all the more inclined to work miracles through her intercession for those afflicted by tuberculosis. She is truly **The TB Saint**.

The extraordinary abundance of favors attributed to the intercession of St. Therese

proves that she had a divine mission to perform. While still alive she said, "I WILL SPEND MY HEAVEN IN DOING GOOD UPON EARTH. I SHALL LET FALL FROM HEAVEN A SHOWER OF ROSES. MY WORK BEGINS AFTER MY DEATH . . . I COUNT FULLY ON NOT REMAINING IDLE IN HEAVEN. MY LONGING IS TO LABOR EVEN THERE FOR THE CHURCH AND SOULS. I ASK IT OF GOD AND I AM CERTAIN HE WILL HEAR MY PRAYER. EVEN NOW I KNOW IT. ALL MY HOPES WILL BE REALIZED. YES, OUR LORD WILL WORK WONDERS FOR ME THAT WILL INFINITELY SURPASS MY BOUNDLESS DESIRES."

Her prophecies have been marvelously fulfilled. Back in 1934 accurate accounts of marvels of help, healing, conversion and vision, already filled seven volumes entitled **Showers of Roses**. They form only a drop in the torrent of testimonies that have ceaselessly flowed to the various shrines of St. Therese since. And think of the countless unrecorded favors that could be added to these. Truly The Little Flower is everywhere, and her loving care reaches all who invoke her with confidence!

Pius XI said authoritatively of her Shower of Roses, "We have invoked her as our advocate and our patron because of the Shower of Roses which, as she promised, she does not cease to pour down upon men."

The nuns of Lisieux said to the Little Flower during her last illness, "You will look down upon us from the heights of Heaven, will you not, Sister?"

"No," she replied, "I WILL COME DOWN."

Various Prayers

Prayer to St. Therese

Dear St. Therese of the Child Jesus and the Holy Face, Model and Patroness of those who suffer, especially of those who are afflicted by tuberculosis, I confidently turn to you for aid in my present sickness. (*Mention it*)

Behold how much I am afflicted in body as well as in soul. Lest my courage begin to fail, and impatience and sadness oppress me, I beg your kind intercession. Good St. Therese, ask God to relieve me of this illness, if it be His Holy Will. Plead with the Blessed Virgin, who cured you with her gracious smile in your childhood and who was your constant companion in suffering, that She may help me with her all-powerful prayers and sweet consolation.

But if it should be God's Holy Will that I bear this illness, obtain for me courage and strength to accept all these trials from the loving hand of God with patience and resignation, above all, with childlike confidence and love. May suffering lead me to a better life and enable me to atone for my own sins and the sins of the world.

Little Therese, help me to imitate you in bearing my suffering. Unite me ever more closely with Jesus Crucified and the Mother of Sorrows, so that I may offer my pains to God with all the love of my heart, for His glory and the salvation of souls, especially my own. Amen.

Say one *Our Father*, *Hail Mary*, and *Glory be*, in honor of St. Therese.

Novena Prayer

*To the Most Holy Trinity through the
intercession of St. Therese.*

Eternal Father, You crown in heaven the merits of those who in this life serve You faithfully. For the sake of the most pure love Your little daughter Therese had for You — a love that all but binds You to give her whatever she desires — since she always did Your Holy Will on earth, hear her prayers in my behalf in heaven, and grant me the grace I ask. (*Mention your request*)

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be.

Eternal Son of God, You promised to reward the least service rendered to You in the person of our neighbor. Cast a glance of gentle love on Your little spouse St. Therese, who with such great zeal had ever at heart the salvation of souls, and even offered herself as a victim of love for them; for the sake of all she has done and suffered for the love of You, fulfill her wish of "spending her heaven in doing good upon earth," and through her intercession grant me the grace I plead for so earnestly from You.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be.

Eternal Holy Spirit, You made perfect with so many graces the beloved soul of St. Therese. I beg You for the sake of the fidelity she always showed in using Your graces well, hear the prayers she offers to You in my behalf, and having before You her promise of "letting fall from heaven a shower of roses," mercifully grant me the grace of which I stand in such great need.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be.



Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, who during your short life on earth became a mirror of angelic purity, of love strong as death, and of

wholehearted abandonment to God, now that you rejoice in the reward of your virtues, cast a glance of pity on me as I leave all things in your hands, especially this my request. (*Mention it*)

Make my troubles your own; speak a word for me to Our Lady Immaculate, whose "flower" of special love you were — to that Queen of Heaven "who smiled on you at the dawn of life." Beg her as Queen of the Heart of Jesus to obtain for me by her powerful intercession the grace I yearn for so ardently at this moment, and to join with it a blessing that may strengthen me during life, defend me at the hour of death, and lead me straight on to a happy eternity. Amen.

Litany of Saint Therese

(*For private use*)

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of heaven, *have mercy on us.*

God the Son, Redeemer of the world, *have mercy on us.*

God, the Holy Ghost, *have mercy on us.*

Holy Mary, Mother of God, *pray for us.*

St. Therese of the Child Jesus, *pray, etc.*

St. Therese of the Holy Face,

St. Therese, child of Mary,

St. Therese, devoted to St. Joseph,

St. Therese, angel of innocence,

St. Therese, model child,

St. Therese, pattern of religious,

St. Therese, flower of Carmel,

St. Therese, converter of hardened hearts,

St. Therese, healer of the diseased,

St. Therese, filled with love for the Blessed
Sacrament,

St. Therese, filled with angelic fervor,
St. Therese, filled with an apostle's zeal,
St. Therese, filled with loyalty to the Holy
 Father,
St. Therese, filled with a tender love for the
 Church,
St. Therese, filled with extraordinary love for
 God and neighbor,
St. Therese, wounded with a heavenly flame,
St. Therese, victim of divine love,
St. Therese, patient in sufferings,
St. Therese, eager for humiliations,
St. Therese, consumed with love,
St. Therese, rapt in ecstasy,
Who desired always to be as a little child,
Who taught the way of spiritual childhood,
Who gave perfect example of trust in God,
Whom Jesus filled with a desire for suffering,
Who found perfection in little things,
Who refused God nothing,
Who sought bitterness in this life,
Who told us to call you little Therese,
Who offered your life to God for priests and
 missionaries,
Who gained countless souls for Christ,
Who promised, after your death, a shower of
 roses,
Who foretold: "I will spend my heaven doing
 good upon earth,"
Special patroness of those afflicted by
 tuberculosis,
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the
 world, spare us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the
 world, graciously hear us, O Lord.
Lamb of God, Who takes away the sins of the
 world, have mercy on us.
V. Pray for us, St. Therese.
R. That we may be made worthy of the
 promises of Christ.

Let us pray

O Lord, since You have said, "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," grant us, we beg of You, so to follow in the footsteps of the virgin, St. Therese, in humility and simplicity of heart, that we may attain our eternal reward. Who live and reign forever. Amen.

Prayer to Jesus, the Divine Physician

Jesus, Divine Physician, You have created nature and all the wondrous functions of the human body. You are the Master of Your creation. You can and do suspend the laws of nature for those who have faith in Your goodness and entreat You in fervent prayer. You promised that my prayers would be heard when You said, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. For everyone who asks, receives; and he who seeks, finds; and to him who knocks, it shall be opened" (Matt. 7, 7). You also said, "All things whatsoever you ask in prayer, believe that you shall receive, and they shall come to you" (Mark 11, 24). Full of confidence in these promises, I beg You to help me in my present affliction. (*Here mention your request*)

Jesus, Divine Physician, during Your lifetime You cured sickness and disease, and even raised the dead to life, because people asked You to do so in prayer. I firmly believe that You will hear my prayer also, if this should be the Will of God. Through the intercession of St. Therese, who offered herself to You as a victim of love for the salvation of souls, and who was so closely associated with You and Your dear Mother of Sorrows during Your holy Passion, I ask for the grace to understand more and more the infinite love of

Your Sacred Heart for me. I firmly believe that You love me with a love that ordains all things for my own good even though this should be difficult for my nature to bear; a love that would turn to good all that I may at the moment consider evil. I love Your Heart that loves me so much.

Jesus, Divine Physician, I thank You for being my best Friend in my illness and my Companion in suffering, loving me with a Heart human like my own; a Heart that can understand my sorrows and problems since It has experienced all that I must bear; a Heart that can sympathize with me and befriend me in my hour of need; a Heart that can love me with the love of the best of friends. Like a real furnace of fire Your Heart burns all for me with a love that knows no end because It has its source in the depths of the Godhead — all for me, as if there were no other to share its infinite warmth. Not all the affection You pour out upon countless other souls lessens Your love for me. Even when I forget You and begin to complain in my illness, You pray for me. Even when I disappoint You by trying to shake off the cross You have placed upon my shoulders, You sacrifice Yourself for me at Holy Mass. When I have pain, You are ready to console and strengthen me, for Your Sacred Heart ever calls to me, "Come to Me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest" (Matt. 11, 29). Dearest Jesus, Divine Physician, behold how I am burdened with this cross of illness. I come to You and beg You to give me rest.

Jesus, Divine Physician, help me to realize that it is only through the cross that I can attain to glory; that it is only through suffering that I can possess the kingdom of heaven. Before Your own dear Mother was crowned Queen of heaven,

she became the Mother of Sorrows. All the saints suffered during their lifetime. Though St. Therese lived on earth only twenty-four years, her whole life was filled with suffering of soul and body, especially the martyrdom of tuberculosis. I, too, have been blessed with suffering. This is the only way I can follow You, for You said, "If anyone wishes to come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow Me" (Matt. 16, 24).

Jesus, Divine Physician, I unite myself with You as You offer Yourself during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and renew Your Sacrifice of Calvary. Give my heart sentiments like Your own, so that through frequent Holy Communion and prayer I may become a worthy co-victim with You, holy and pleasing to God, and that all the actions, sufferings, tears, and disappointments of my life may be thus consecrated to You as a sacrifice for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, especially my own. Everything that You send me, or permit in my life, whether favorable or unfavorable, sweet or bitter — even this illness which I must bear, is acceptable to me, for I have resolved to conform myself to the Divine Will in all things. You invite me to do so, for You said, "Take My yoke upon you . . . My yoke is easy and My burden light" (Matt. 11, 29). May God's Will always be my will! Jesus, Divine Physician, cure me! Amen.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory be.

Jesus, Divine Physician, have mercy on us.

Mother of Sorrows, Health of the Sick, pray for us.

St. Therese, patroness of those afflicted by disease, pray for us.



II. Tuberculosis

The White Plague

In 1900, one in every nine deaths in the United States was due to tuberculosis. Now the killer is being beaten back in one of the great medical and social achievements of our century. **Today tuberculosis is responsible for one in every thirty deaths among Americans.**

But TB is not licked. **Probably half a million Americans have active tuberculosis.** And half or more of these 500,000 don't know they have it. Of every 1,000 apparently healthy adults who have their chests X-rayed, three to five are found to have active TB. Without treatment, they risk much more serious illness, or even death. And they may spread the disease to others.

TB is still a vicious killer. **It still kills from 45,000 to 50,000 people in the United States each year. It ranked seventh in 1947 among the causes of death, but it is almost as bad as heart diseases or cancer in its robbery of young lives between the ages of 15 and 45.** It well earned its name of the White Plague!

For years tuberculosis was called consumption. It comes from a Latin word meaning "to eat up" or devour. **When TB germs lodge in the lungs or elsewhere in the body, they begin to "eat up" and destroy the living tissue.** Because the process takes time, TB is a chronic or long-lasting disease. The chances of recovery are far better when the disease is discovered early.

Tuberculosis is a communicable disease. It spreads from one person to another by coughing and sneezing, by kissing, or by being taken somehow into the mouth. The greatest danger of spread is from intimate contact with some one who has the disease in active form. Heavily populated cities could be expected to have more cases. One cough may broadcast thousands of germs. But TB can be spread by contaminated articles too.

You don't inherit TB. You have to catch the germ yourself. It is true, however, that chil-

dren may inherit a constitution that makes them more or less resistant to certain disease germs. But environment is also very important. If people live under conditions where they are repeatedly exposed to tuberculosis, they run a risk of getting the disease, whether or not their parents or grandparents ever had it. Children, or adults, shouldn't have to live with anyone who has TB. The TB patient should be hospitalized to prevent spread of the germ.

The Killer Cornered

The **tuberculin test** is a quick simple test which tells whether TB germs have ever attacked you. It uses a germ-free liquid made from TB germs. If there is reaction, it means that TB germs are present.

X-ray or shadow pictures of the lungs are very useful in TB control programs.

Rest is most important. A lung that is infected with TB germs needs rest in order to get well. The germs are at work twenty-four hours a day. The body has to fight them each hour. With rest, the body doesn't need as much oxygen. The lungs do not have to work so hard in doing the ordinary business of living. **They have more chance of walling off the invading germs by surrounding them in a growth of scar-tissue, and thus healing the hole torn in the lung by the TB germs.**

Good food is essential to help the body fight infection and get well. So is **fresh air**, which means air that is cool and moving slightly. That does not mean that a change of climate is necessary. **No worry or strain** should be allowed to counteract the benefits of rest.

These defenses can best be supplied in a hospital, under the care of trained doctors and nurses. There special precautions can be taken against passing along this disease to others. For advanced cases, the stay in the hospital may run for three or four years.

Physicians and surgeons have developed new ways of helping the lung to rest. In an operation called **pneumothorax**, they put air into the chest through a needle, and it becomes a cushion around the lung. As the lung becomes

smaller, so does the cavity in the lung, and hence it has a better chance of healing. The lung is prevented from moving very much when the patient breathes. But the air is slowly absorbed, and the operation must be repeated from time to time..

Another way of putting the diseased lung at rest is by removing ribs on the affected side. This operation is called **thoracoplasty**. When a few of the ribs are taken out, the muscles and other tissues in that region fall inward, relaxing the diseased part of the lung. It is collapsed permanently. This does not prevent a return to active normal life after the disease is brought under control.

Surgeons have made tremendous advances in **taking out diseased portions of the lung**, or sometimes even an entire lung. Another method of resting the lung is by paralyzing the **phrenic nerve** which controls the diaphragm, the muscle that moves up and down with each breath. The nerve is crushed with an instrument at a point where it runs through the neck. The diaphragm on that side is temporarily paralyzed, until the nerve grows back again in about six months' time. Meanwhile the lung on that side is saved from much motion and stays up higher in the chest.

Streptomycin is a drug that does not kill the germs, but stops their growth in many cases of tuberculosis, but by no means all. Another drug called PAS can be given by mouth, instead of by injection. No drugs will heal the cavities made in the lungs by the germs. But if drugs can knock out the germs quickly, the cavities may not develop. And in any event the body will be able to repair the damage more quickly and effectively, by growing new fibrous tissue around the cavity.

Teamwork against TB

Control of tuberculosis starts with finding people who are sick. It goes on by putting them in hospitals where they can be treated and where they cannot infect others. Getting an X-ray is the easiest and quickest way to check up on TB.

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The newest method of helping the TB patient puts at his side a team of specialists, working with and for him. The **doctor** runs the team; he directs the care, makes the rules of rest and treatment. **Nurses** carry out his orders and educate the patient and his family in the peculiarities of TB. Local **health organizations** cooperate in this educational work and in getting people to take X-rays and other TB tests. The **social worker** aids in handling the emotional and economic problems of TB patients. **Job training** also begins in the hospital, through state and federal vocational training services. **Agencies** help patients to go back to normal living with full-time jobs. Surveys show that most of these former patients stay well, and do well. More than half a million Americans who have licked the disease prove that.

Even while the death rate of TB has been chopped down by 11 per cent in 1947, the number of new reported cases went up by 9 per cent. This means that **vigilance against TB cannot be relaxed**. Hospital beds are needed for those stricken, and not for the dead! This country now has 830 TB institutions with about 100,000 beds for patients outside mental and penal institutions. This is not enough, for we know there are about 500,000 persons who have the disease. We must provide nurses and other personnel to keep beds fully serviced when patients are found and brought in.

Support your Tuberculosis Association. Maintain your own general health and resistance, so that you can throw off the TB bug if it attacks you. Don't gamble if you notice any of the signs that could mean you are coming down with TB, such as general weariness or loss of pep, loss of weight, a cough that lasts for ten days or more, spitting of blood, sometimes a sharp pain in the side, bad digestion, rough feeling in the throat. See your doctor, or visit a clinic. Even if you feel perfectly well, have a chest X-ray periodically. You will be playing it wisely and safely.

Information about tuberculosis and everything related to it can be gotten by writing to: Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 22 East 38th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

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