



Saint Stories

Stories by: Grace Dumont
Illustrated by: Elizabeth Kautz



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Dedicated to you
May these stories remind you of your greater calling.



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St. Agnes of Rome

Agnes of Rome, who lived from around 291 to 304 A.D., was a young Christian who refused to marry. She was made many offers of marriage, and upon refusal, was turned over as a Christian to the Roman tribunal. She refused to offer incense to pagan gods, and was sentenced to death.

Agnes looked up at the cold, stone idol before her. She knew that this idol could never replace the one true God, and she would never renounce Him, no matter what happened to her. She looked at all of the expectant faces surrounding her. If she did not offer incense to their false deities, they would know she was a Christian, and she would most likely be put to death. 'So be it,' she thought. She was not afraid. She knew that if she died, she would finally be with Jesus, her heavenly spouse. It was for Him that she had refused every marriage proposal she had received, and for Him that she would gladly give her life. She turned her face from the statue in front of her and made the sign of the cross. The crowd was shocked. The tribunal was furious. "We hereby sentence Agnes to death by beheading!"

Agnes smiled to herself peacefully as she was led to the place of execution. She was finally going to join her holy spouse in heaven.

Memorial: January 21

Patronage: Chastity, crops, engaged couples, gardeners, girls, rape victims, virgins



St. Joseph

St. Joseph, who lived from 90 B.C. to 18 A.D., was a carpenter born in Bethlehem, Judea. He was betrothed to Mary, the mother of Jesus, and was visited in a dream by an angel who told him to marry her even though she was with child, and that the child was from God. Joseph was an obedient servant of God, always willing to do what was best for his family.

Joseph walked through the desert, leading the small donkey that carried his wife, Mary. His feet were tired and covered in blisters, but he walked on. He glanced over his shoulder at Mary, whose eyes were starting to close. Poor Mary. She must be so tired. Ahead of them, the sun was beginning to set. Pinks and oranges met the sand, fading gradually into rich purples and blacks. One by one, the stars began to dance across the sky. Joseph tried his best to ignore his pain, ignore the quiet pleading of his weary legs, and keep going. This was no place to stop for the night, not yet. He had to find some shelter for Mary. He glanced back at her again. Her beautiful face was framed in starlight. Suddenly, her eyes widened. "Joseph!" she cried, "The baby!" Joseph gasped. He turned back to the path ahead of him. Off in the distance, he could see the town. They could make it. Joseph began to run. The sand beneath his feet was beginning to cool off as the last bits of light fled from the sky. He breathed heavily. Almost there. He stumbled for a moment, then got back to his feet. He looked back at Mary to make sure she was alright. The young woman held on tightly to the donkey. They reached the town, and Joseph knocked on the first door. There was no reply. He ran to the next door. The innkeeper turned him away. Joseph's urgency grew as he flew from one door to the next. Finally, the last innkeeper told him: "I'm sorry, sir, I wish I could help, but my inn is full. I do have a stable out back, though." Joseph looked back at Mary. "Anything," he said. The innkeeper led the couple to the stable by the light of a radiant star.

Memorial: March 19. May 1 (St. Joseph the Worker)

Patronage: The Catholic School of Evangelization, the Universal Church, Canada, accountants, attorneys, carpenters, educators, expectant mothers, fathers, a happy death, house hunters, unborn children

