

why I asked to die. The Pastor rose abruptly and left me without saying a word; big men don't cry, do they? If they did I would have thought he was. I did not dare ask him to bring me Holy Communion; I am going to ask Little Jesus to tell him too.

With best love from,  
Little Peter.

Dear Father,

I think I am somewhat better. I might have written you in pencil, but John would not let me, so I am dictating to him.

The Curé came back to see me the next day.

I thought he was going to scold me, but he only clasped my hand in his and said: «Peter would you like to receive Communion every day?—Oh! yes Father. —Well, I will bring you Communion myself, every day... We will begin tomorrow. Think of me in your prayers my lad...» The next morning he came very early. Mama had put lovely flowers every where, John and Kathleen knelt and held a lighted taper. Papa seemed much affected, he was on his knees and I thought he prayed also... The Curé prepared me for Communion by reciting the acts before and afterwards helped me with my thanksgiving. When he repeated: pray for dear Parents I glanced at Papa, he had his handkerchief to his eyes.

That same afternoon the Curé called again and to my delight asked: «Peter what can we do to get the children to receive Communion often, even every day like you?.. Father, you must start a Communion League like they have at S... «Well Peter, I'm going to do it right away. Pray for me. I will come again tomorrow and bring you Holy Communion.» Then Mama said: Father, do not take so much trouble, the Vicar is young... the task will