



Nearing the Crown

The valiant fighter shall be crowned.

When the harvest is ripe the Master comes and gathers it into His granary lest an enemy oversow cockle therein at night.

When the soldier has fought the Master comes and crowns him... Little Peter had fought hard he had fought with all his heart to remain faithful to Jesus...

True, he had not shed his blood like Tharcisius the Boy Martyr of the Blessed Sacrament, but he had offered it for his Father's conversion...

And now the crown is ready.

March 29.

Dear Father,

I can only write a few lines with pencil... I am sick in bed.

Mama has gone to Mass with John and Kathleen. I will not go to Communion today... I will never go to Communion again.

I am all alone in my little blue room. Friday after Communion I imagined I heard Jesus whispering to me anew: Peter do you still wish to die to convert your Papa? And from the bottom of my heart I answered yes, oh yes!... And again I besought Him to make me suffer much to expiate Papa's sins.

That night when I got back from school I vomitted lots of blood, and the same thing happened the two follow-