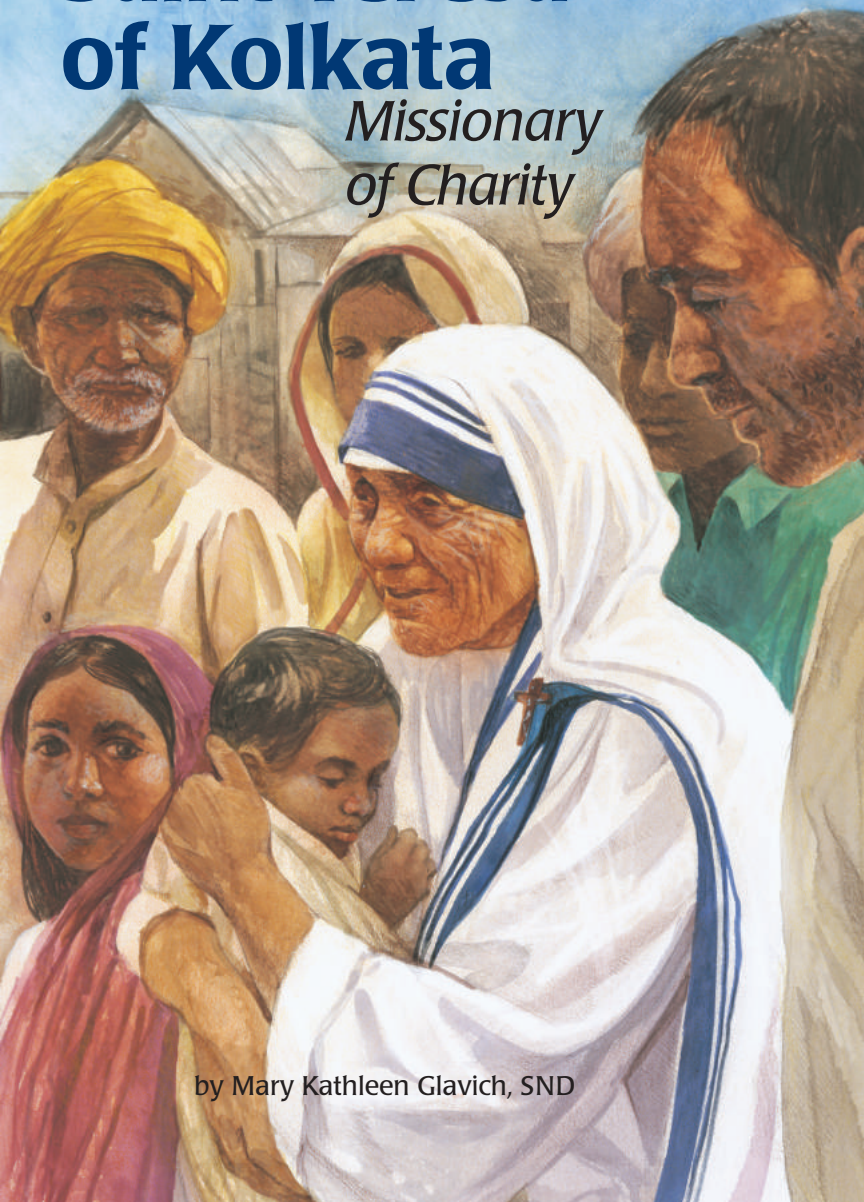


Saint Teresa of Kolkata

*Missionary
of Charity*



by Mary Kathleen Glavich, SND

Saint Teresa of Kolkata

Missionary of Charity

Written by
Mary Kathleen Glavich, SND

Illustrated by
Barbara Kiwak



Library of congress Control Number: 2016948524
CIP data is available.

ISBN 10: 0-8198-9075-8
ISBN 13: 978-0-8198-9075-7

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying, recording or by any information storage and retrieval system, without permission in writing from the publisher.

“P” and PAULINE are registered trademarks of the Daughters of St. Paul.

Text copyright © 2003, Sr. Mary Kathleen Glavich, SND

Edition copyright © 2003, Daughters of St. Paul

Published by Pauline Books & Media, 50 Saint Pauls Avenue,
Boston, MA 02130-3491.

Printed in the U.S.A.

BTOC VSAUSAPEOILL9-810067 9075-8

www.pauline.org

Pauline Books & Media is the publishing house of the Daughters of St. Paul, an international congregation of women religious serving the Church with the communications media.

7 8 9 10 11 12

20 19 18 17 16

Encounter the Saints Series

Blesseds Jacinta and Francisco Marto
Shepherds of Fatima

Blessed James Alberione
Media Apostle

Blessed Pier Giorgio Frassati
Journey to the Summit

Journeys with Mary
Apparitions of Our Lady

Saint Anthony of Padua
Fire and Light

Saint Andre Bessette
Miracles in Montreal

Saint Bernadette Soubirous
And Our Lady of Lourdes

Saint Catherine Labouré
And Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal

Saint Clare of Assisi
A Light for the World

Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton
Daughter of America

Saint Faustina Kowalska
Messenger of Mercy

Saint Francis of Assisi
Gentle Revolutionary

Saint Gianna Beretta Molla
The Gift of Life

Saint Ignatius of Loyola
For the Greater Glory of God

Saint Joan of Arc
God's Soldier

Saint John Paul II
Be Not Afraid

Saint Kateri Tekakwitha
Courageous Faith

Saint Martin de Porres
Humble Healer

Saint Maximilian Kolbe
Mary's Knight

Saint Pio of Pietrelcina
Rich in Love

Saint Teresa of Avila
Joyful in the Lord

Saint Thérèse of Lisieux
The Way of Love

Saint Thomas Aquinas
Missionary of Truth

Saint Thomas More
Courage, Conscience, and the King

*For even more titles in the
Encounter the Saints series,
visit: www.pauline.org/EncountertheSaints*

CONTENTS

1. Happy Years	7
2. Family of Love	13
3. Mission Call	21
4. Leaving Home	27
5. A Loreto Sister	33
6. Kolkata	41
7. The Second Call	47
8. Toward the Dream	55
9. Creek Street Home	61
10. First Missionaries of Charity	65
11. The New Motherhouse	71
12. Place of the Pure Heart	73
13. A Home for Children	77
14. City of Peace	81
15. Growth	85
16. Branching Out	91

17. A Family Cross	97
18. Around the World	101
19. Gratitude and Honors	107
20. Courageous Love	113
21. Final Sufferings	119
22. Saint of the People	123
<i>Prayer</i>	127
<i>Glossary</i>	129

HAPPY YEARS

"I don't know how your little one can sleep through this noise!" Sara remarked to her friend Drana as the two women arranged pastries on a platter.

"It seems my Agnes can sleep through anything," Drana Bojaxhiu laughed. She had put the two-year-old to bed as their large house began to fill with visitors. Lazar, her four-year-old son and Aga, who was eight, were allowed to stay up later than usual for the occasion. "It isn't every night that we can celebrate our country's independence," Mrs. Bojaxhiu explained to them.

The year was 1912, and Albania, the native country of Drana and her husband Nicholas, had finally won independence from Serbia. The family's home in the nearby city of Skopje, Yugoslavia (today part of the Republic of Macedonia) had often been a meeting place for Albanian rebels. Mr. Bojaxhiu also supported them financially.

"Did you notice, Drana? Even our best fighter Curri is here. Imagine how he feels today," Sara mused.

"I don't have to imagine," said Drana. "Just listen."

The sounds of laughter, singing, and the mandolin poured into the kitchen. Lazar burst into the room. "Mom," he called excitedly, "they've built a fire!"

The women rushed to see. The jubilant men had gathered matchboxes in the center of the room. A blazing fire reached to the ceiling, a symbol of their triumph and joy. The victory party lasted all night. Nicholas Bojaxhiu had seen his dream of a free Albania fulfilled.

Mrs. Bojaxhiu went to check on Agnes and found her still asleep. "Gonxha," she whispered, using the family nickname, "so pink and plump, you are just what your name means, a rosebud." The mother gently pushed dark tendrils away from the girl's forehead and kissed it. "You have a very happy father today," she said. Drana, married at sixteen to thirty-four-year-old Nicholas, called Kole for short, was deeply in love with her husband.

Kole had more interests than politics. He was in turn business assistant to a phar-

macist, a building contractor, and finally a merchant. Knowing several languages helped make him a success in the marketplace. Business trips to other countries often took him away from home.



When Agnes was five, she and her brother and sister were sitting with their mother one evening, talking.

“Mom, when is Dad coming home?” Agnes asked. “I miss him.”

Mrs. Bojaxhiu sighed. “We all do,” she answered. “I expect him this week.”

“Good!” said Lazar. “He always brings great gifts. Who knows what he’ll find for us in Egypt!”

“Lazar, is that why you want Father home—for his gifts?” teased Aga.

“Of course not!” Lazar shook his head vigorously. “But you know you like his gifts as much as I do.”

“What I like even *better* are his stories,” Aga retorted.

“Yes,” Mrs. Bojaxhiu smiled, “your father always manages to have adventures and meet the most interesting people.”

"Listen," said Agnes. "Someone's coming." Suddenly the door swung open and in strode Mr. Bojaxhiu, his arms laden with packages. "Dad!" the three children cried as they rushed toward him. Mrs. Bojaxhiu smiled as she helped her husband set the packages down. He embraced her and then hugged each child in turn.

"Aga, how's my right hand? Have you been a help to your mom?" Mr. Bojaxhiu asked.

"I tried, Dad," Aga said.

"She's been a great help, Kole," assured Mrs. Bojaxhiu. "They've all been good."

"I would hope so," Mr. Bojaxhiu went on, wagging a finger and trying to look serious. "Like I always say, 'Never forget whose children you are!'"

"Lazar!" boomed Mr. Bojaxhiu, clapping his son on the shoulder, "I think you've grown another inch."

He turned and picked up Agnes. "And you, Gonxha—you look a tad pale. How do you feel?"

"I've been sick again, Papa," Agnes admitted.

"Yes, Kole," explained Mrs. Bojaxhiu, "she had the whooping cough."

“Well, we’ll just have to make you stronger, now won’t we,” Mr. Bojaxhiu said, giving his youngest a kiss on the cheek.

“Before I forget, Drana,” he went on, “I met the new priest on my way home and invited him to dinner tomorrow. I hope that’s all right.”

“Of course, Kole. We always have room for one more,” his wife replied. She was used to hosting archbishops, politicians, and strangers.

“What about that old woman?” Mr. Bojaxhiu asked. “Has she been coming to dinner? And have you all welcomed her with love?” Mr. Bojaxhiu looked around at his children.

“Yes, Father.” Three heads bobbed up and down.

“That’s good.” Mr. Bojaxhiu looked pleased.

“Now, children, let your father unpack and freshen up,” Mrs. Bojaxhiu instructed. “You can open your presents and listen to his stories after evening prayers.”

“Yes. Wait until you hear what happened to me on this trip!” Mr. Bojaxhiu rolled his eyes. His family laughed. “I’ll tell you all about it later. I also want to

hear what you've been learning at school. I'm not sending all three of you to Sacred Heart's for nothing."

Mr. Bojaxhiu looked over the children's heads at his wife. "It's good to be home again," he sighed.

But such happy homecomings were soon to end. . . .