

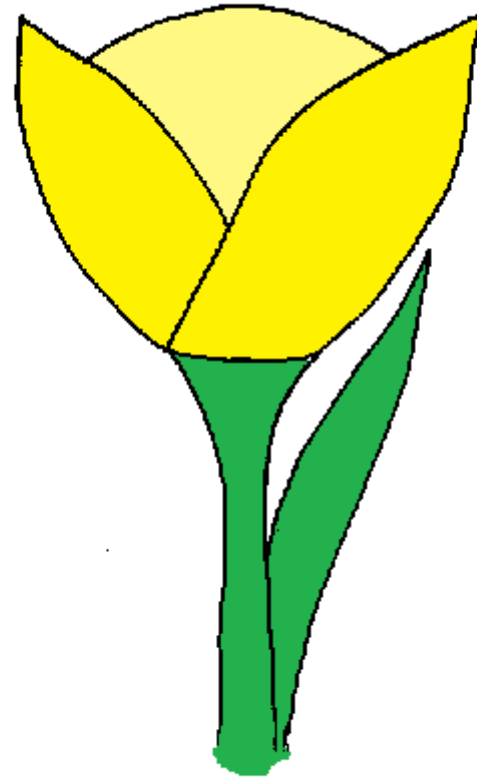
FLOWER OF HOPE



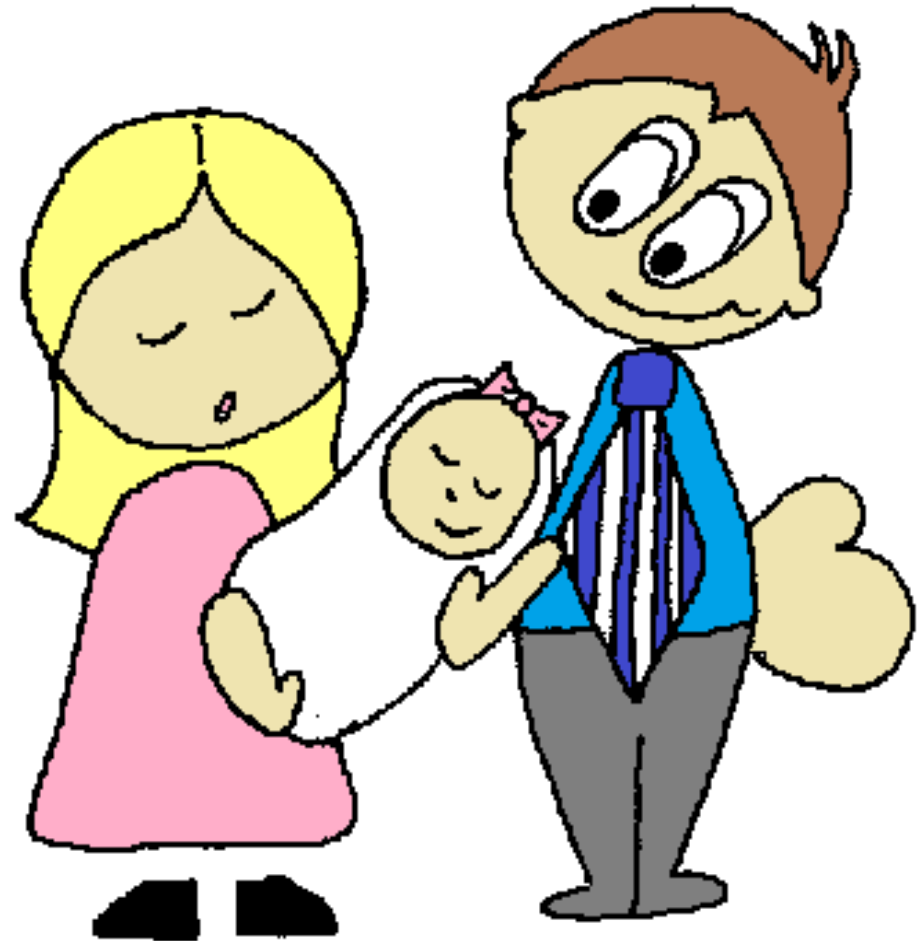
The Story of Mother Marie Dominique Berlamont

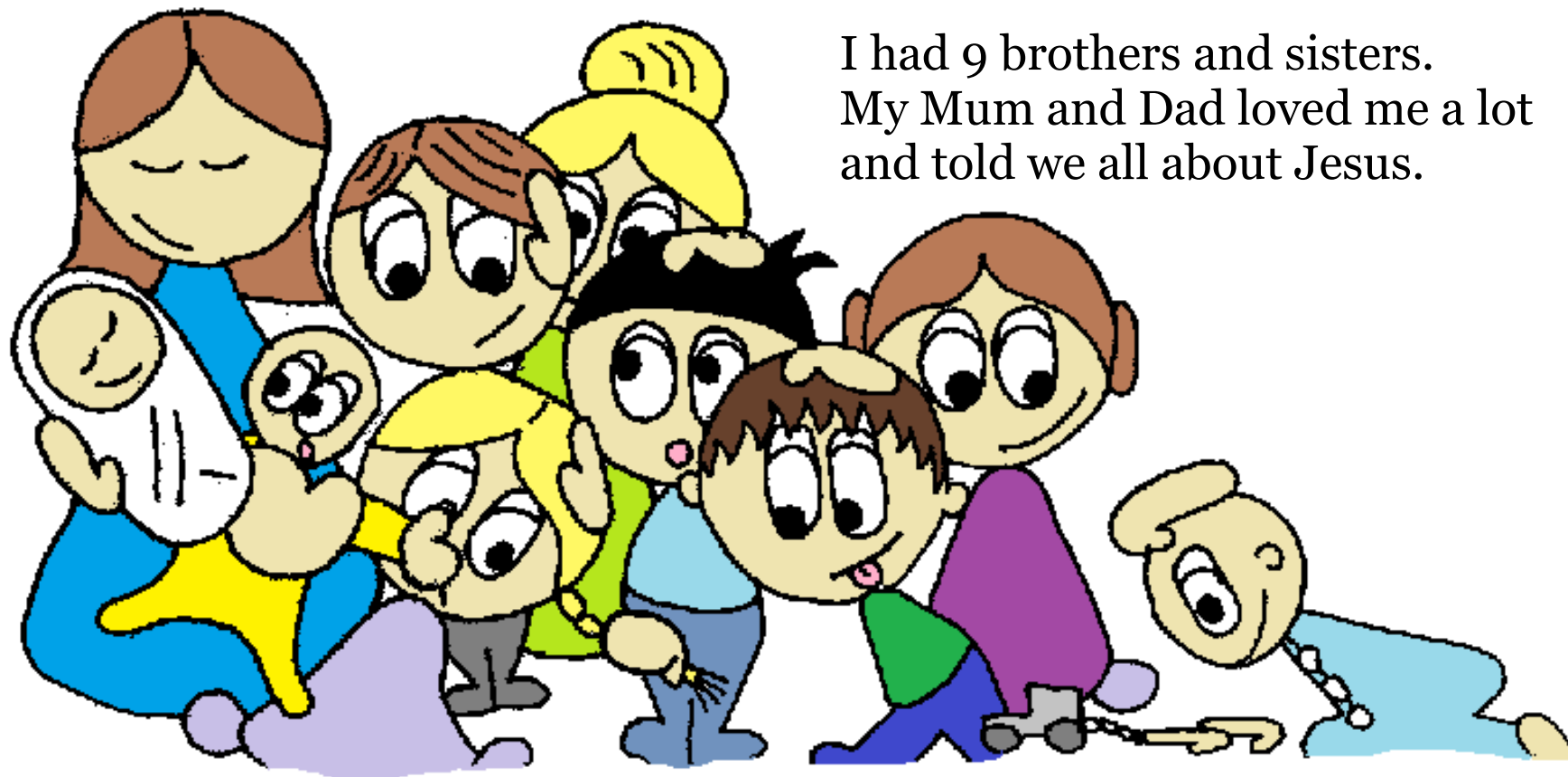
Once upon a time,
not so long ago, a baby was born
that would be a flower of Hope for
the order of St Clare.

Here is her Story



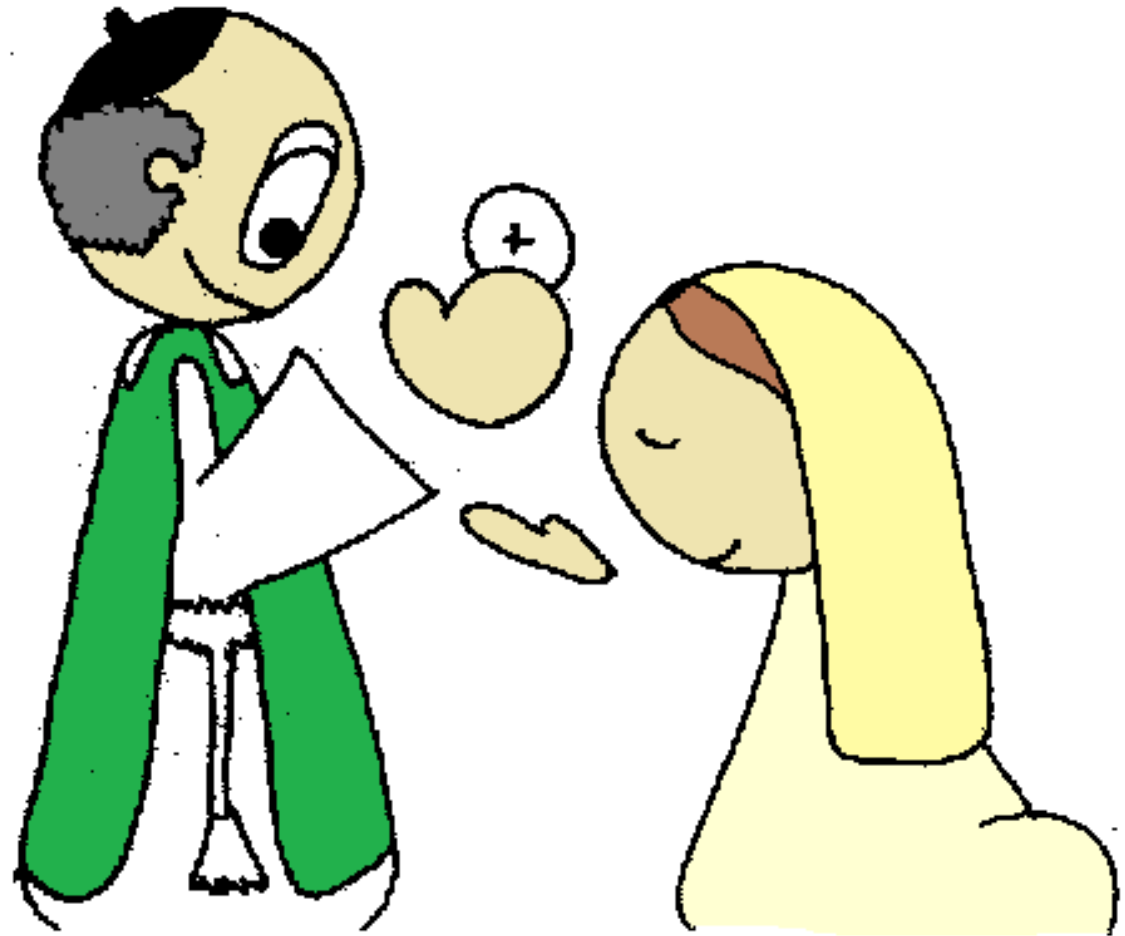
My name is Julie Berlamont,
This is me as a baby,
in 1799, in Belgium.



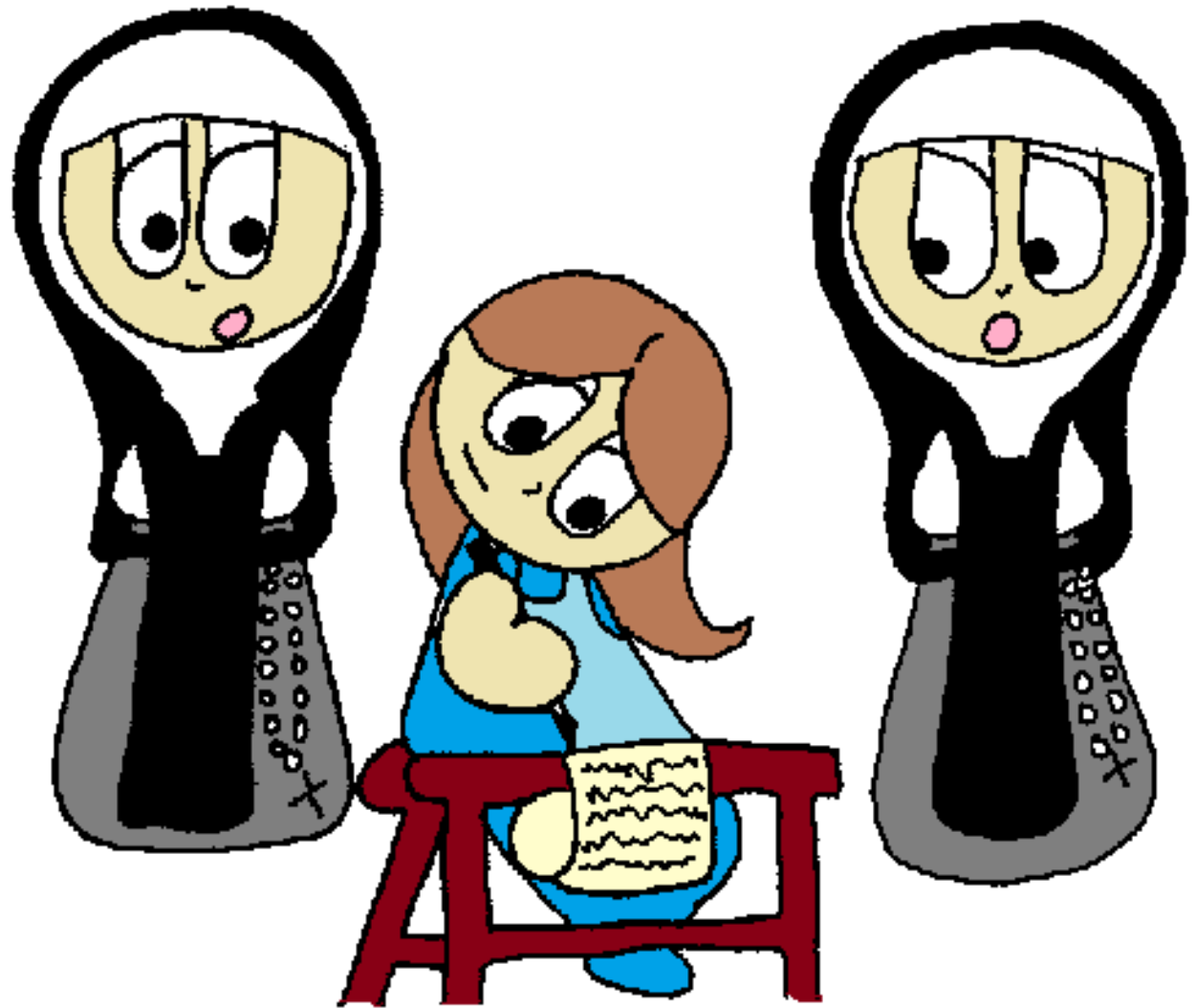


I had 9 brothers and sisters.
My Mum and Dad loved me a lot
and told we all about Jesus.

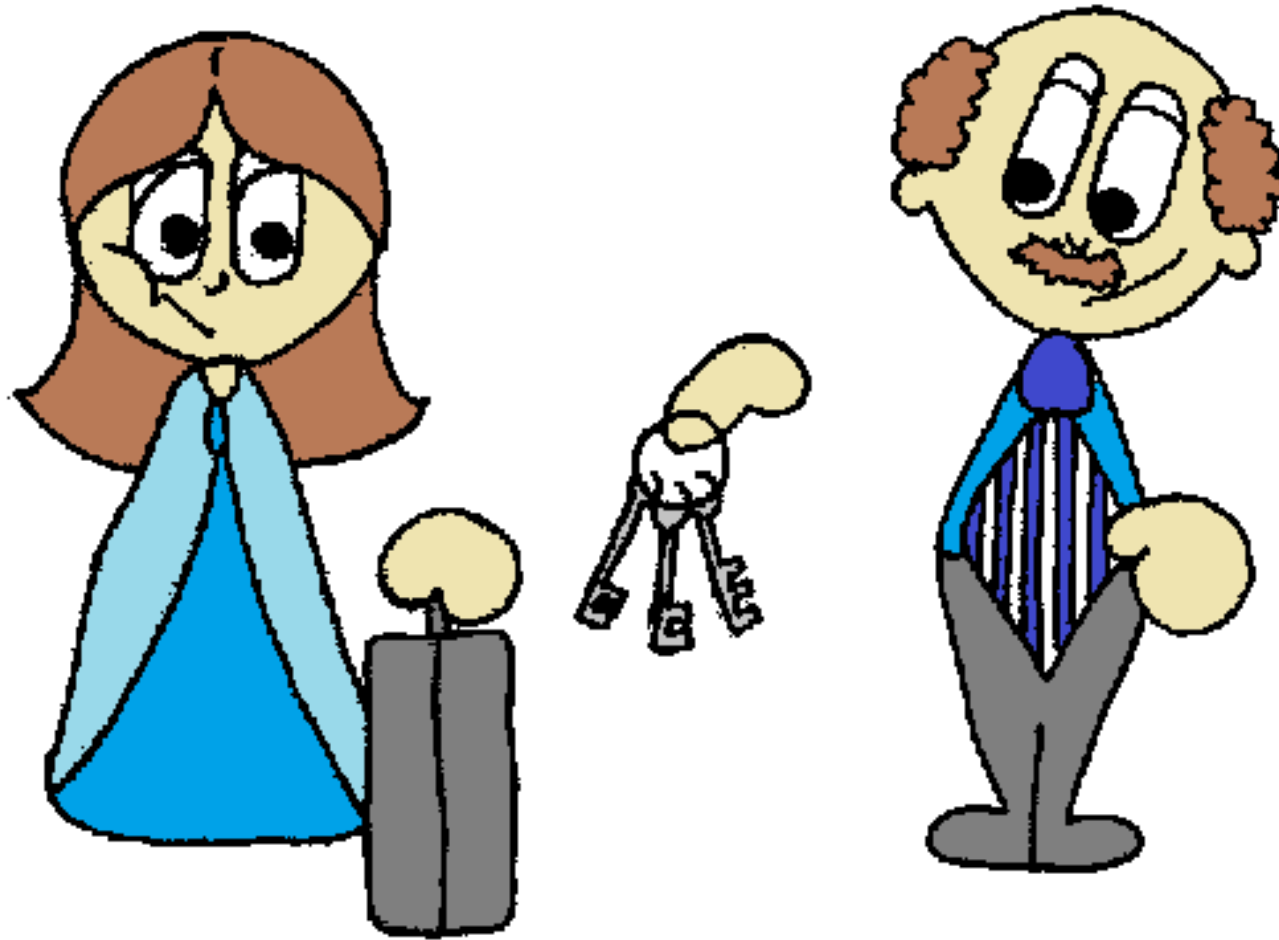
I made my
first Holy Communion at a
young age.



The nuns who taught me
were very surprised I was
so clever.

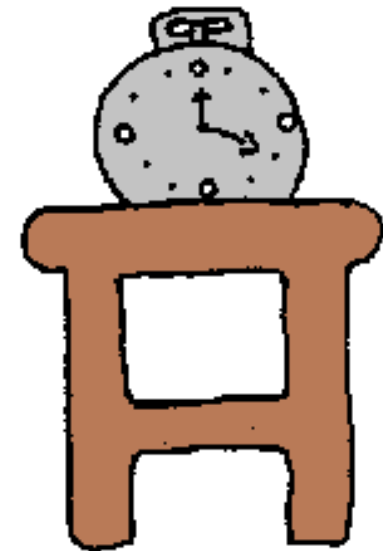
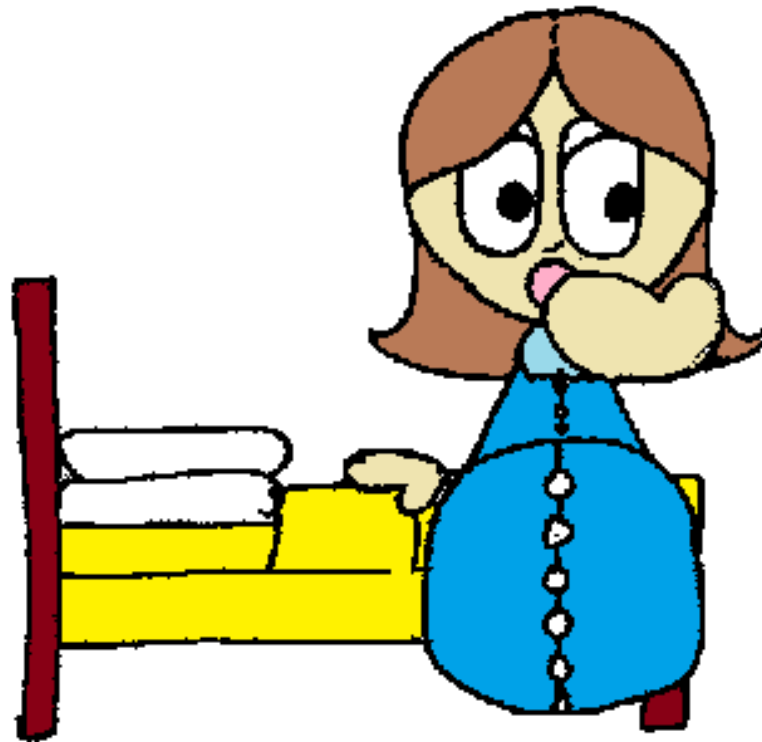
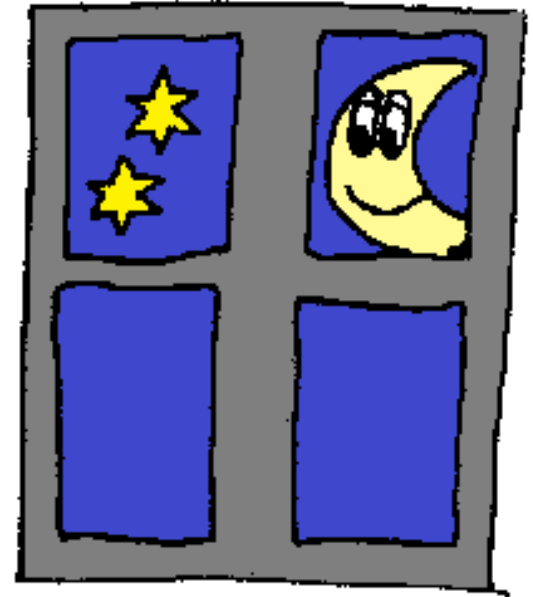


When I left school I was 17 and my Dad wanted me to work in his factory.

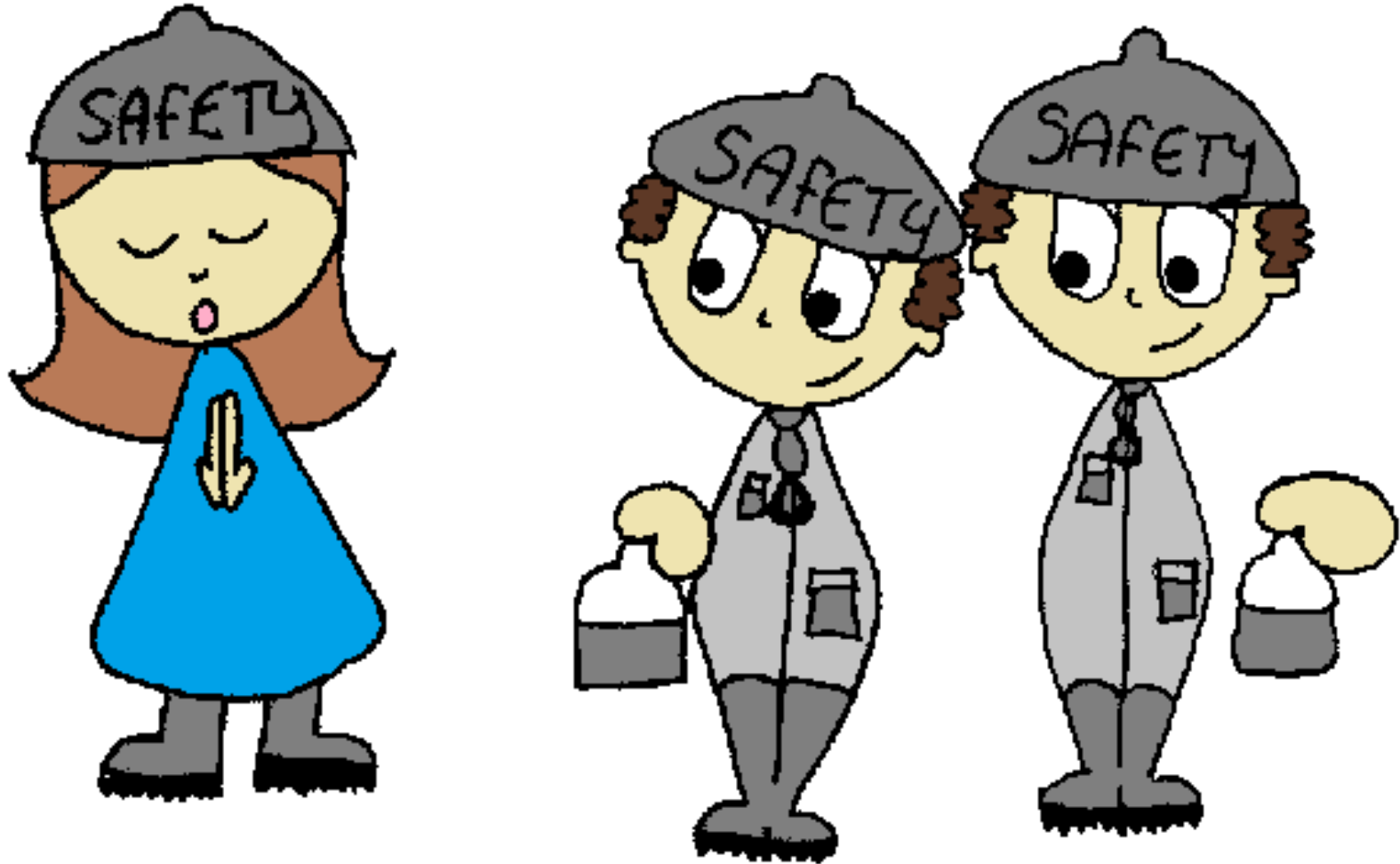


I wanted to be a nun but I was good and I did want dad wanted.

I got up very early each morning
and went to Holy Mass before I went to work.
When I got home
I helped mum with my little brothers and sisters.

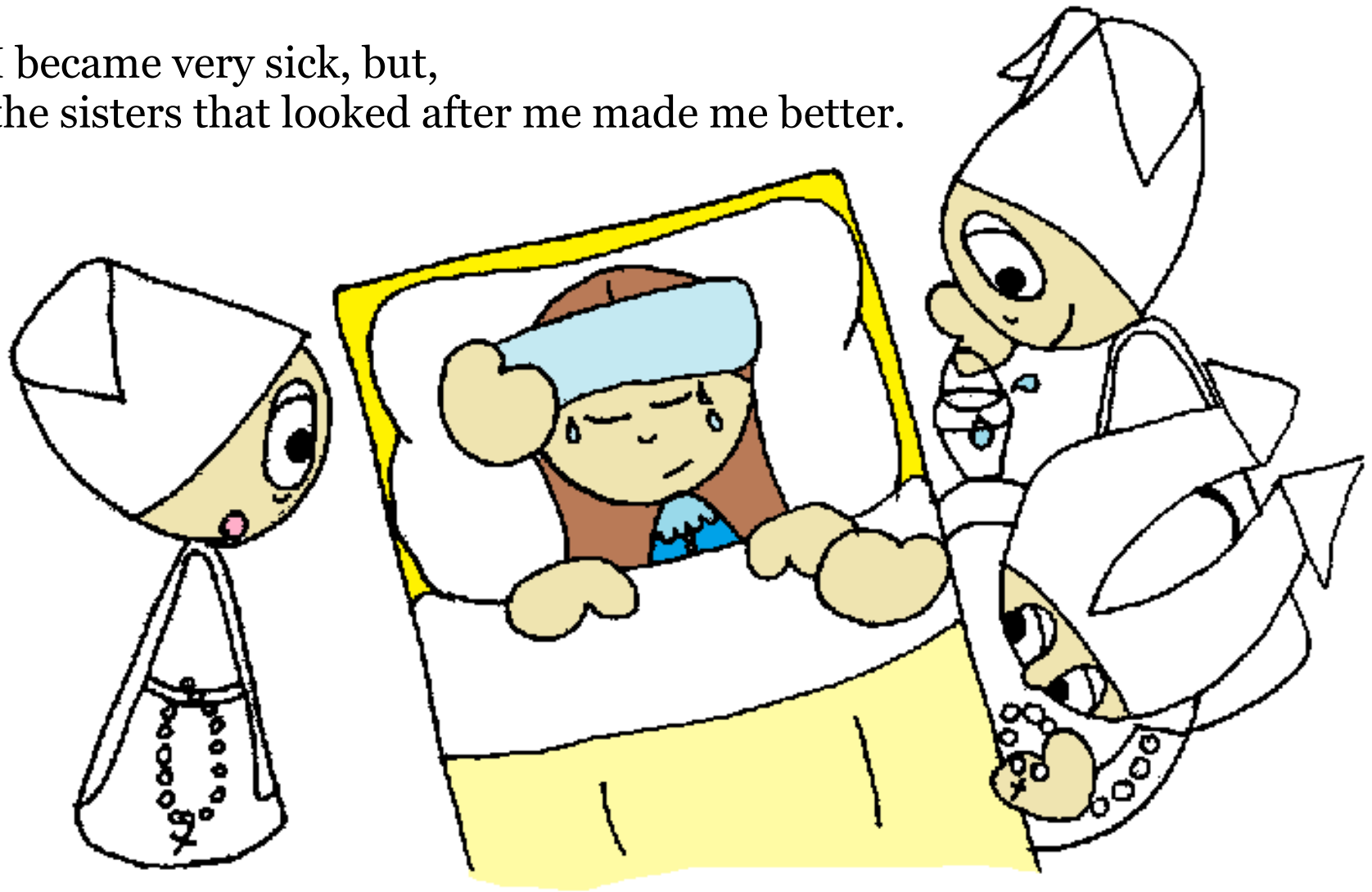


I was a good example at work,



I would always start the day with a prayer, giving the day to Jesus.

I became very sick, but,
the sisters that looked after me made me better.

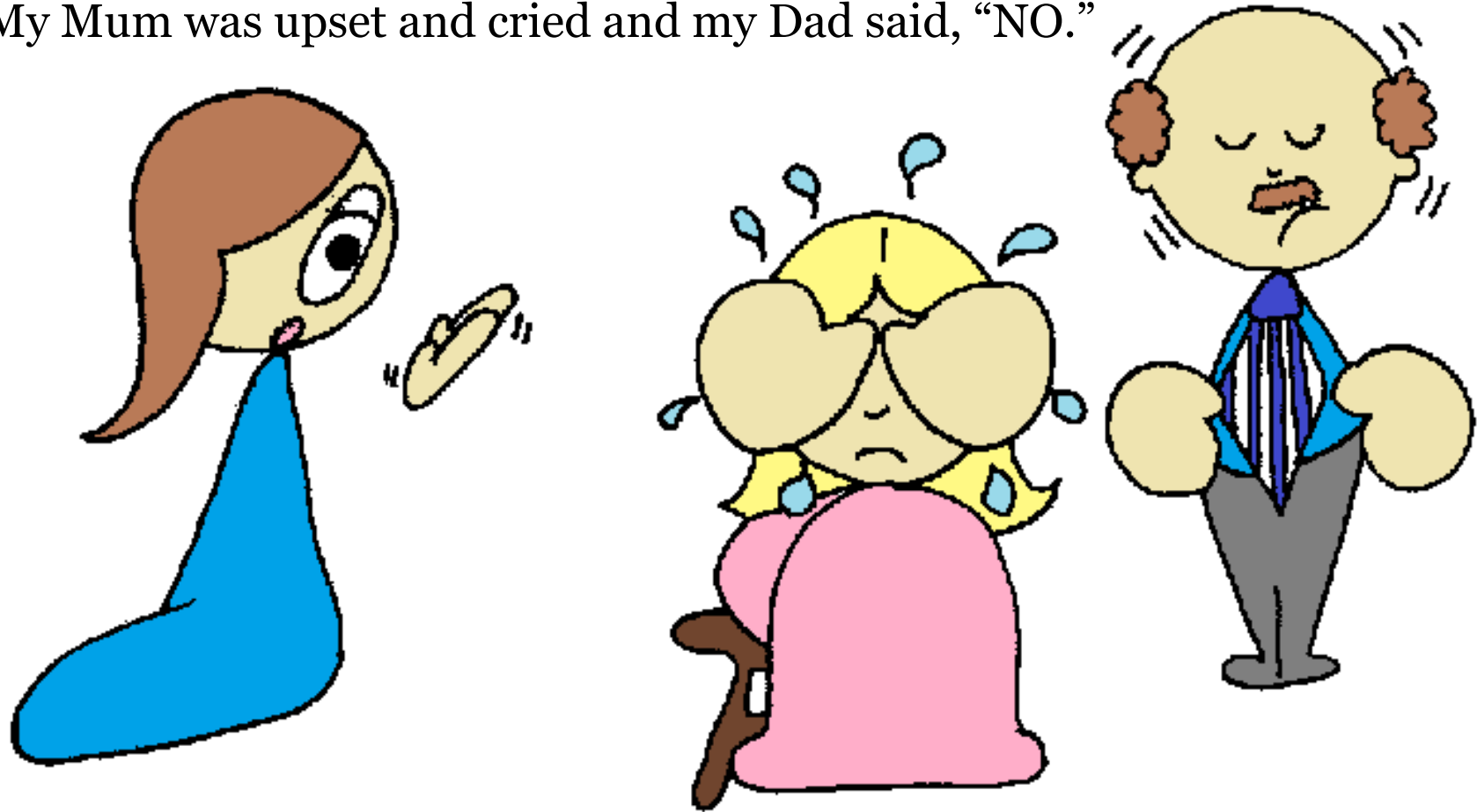


I wanted to be a Poor Clare,
but I was always sick,
so I said to Jesus,
“what am I going to do?” and He
said to me “You will find it very
hard, but it is worth it.”



I told my parent I wanted to be a nun.

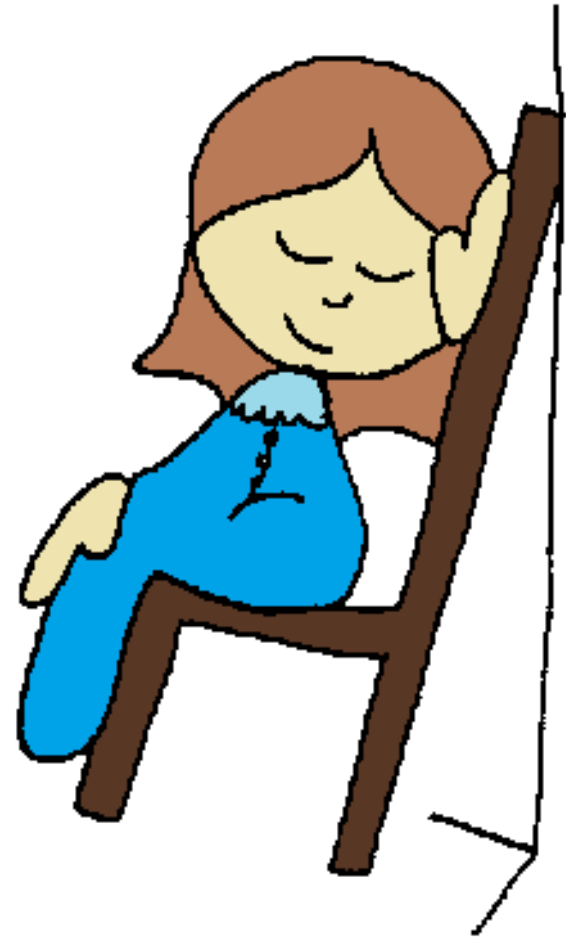
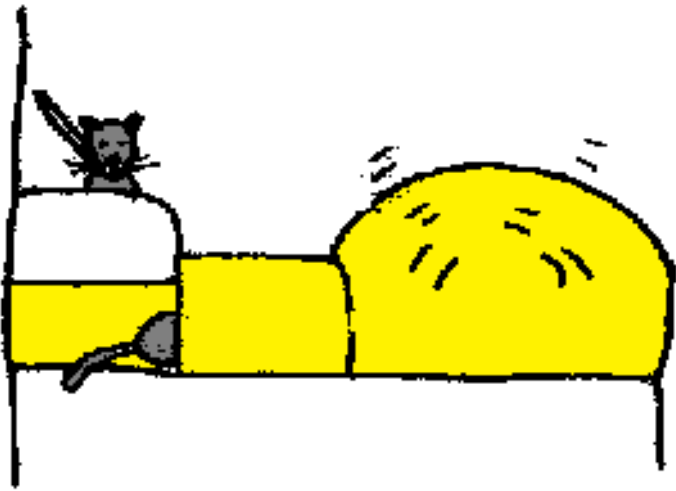
My Mum was upset and cried and my Dad said, "NO."





But I wanted to be a nun with all my heart.

So I said extra prayers
and I slept not in my bed but on a chair and it went on for so long,
that a family of mice made their home in my bed.



After a long, long time my Dad gave in and took me
to the Poor Clare's in Bruges,
but when he saw the gill in the parlour and
how humbly they lived he said,
“In no way is my daughter going to live here.”



Then one day after I had given up all hope of entering the monastery, my Dad gave in and I went to live with the sisters.



The Mother Abbess said “the lord has giving me a new daughter.”
Later on my sister Gasparina came too.

In 1826 I was clothed in the habit of the order of St Clare and given the white veil of a novice. I was so happy.



No longer was I to be called Julie, but, Sister Marie Dominique.



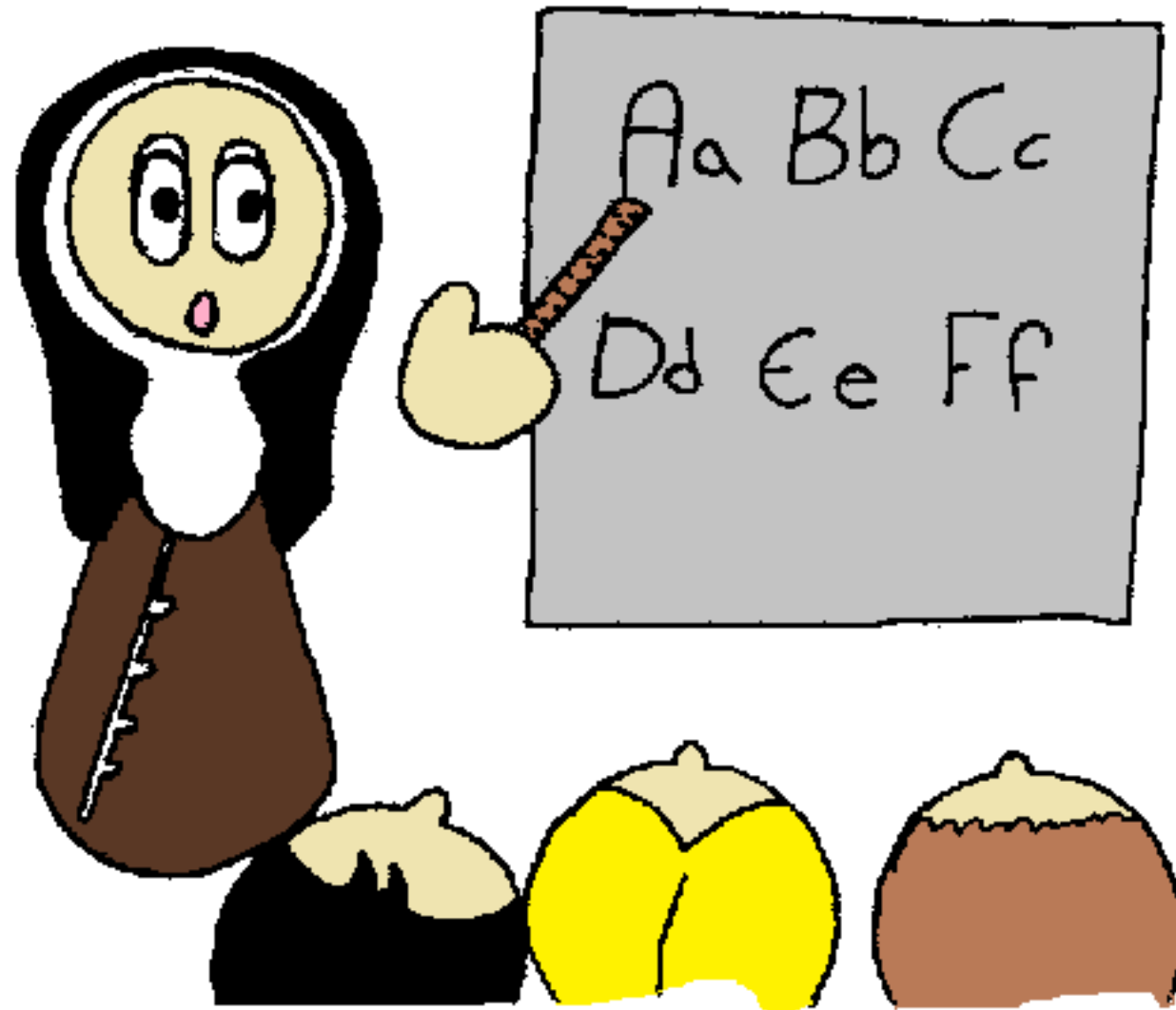
Some of my sisters thought I was stupid and lacked what was needed to be a sister. They told me I should leave but I cried “I cannot leave after overcoming So much.”

The community soon changed their minds though and I was given the vegetable garden to look after. Everything grew and grew and grew under my care.



Then I was given the task of looking after the young sisters. I taught them to be 'simple as lambs'.

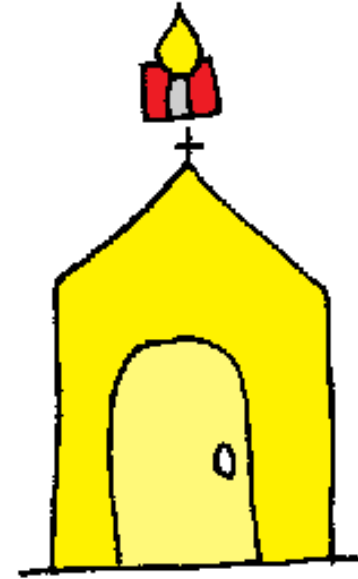
I even taught children in the parlour and gave them lessons.



One night I was praying in the chapel and Our Lady came and spoke to me.
She told me
“My son Jesus has chosen you for a very special job,
don’t be afraid, I will help you.” And so she did.

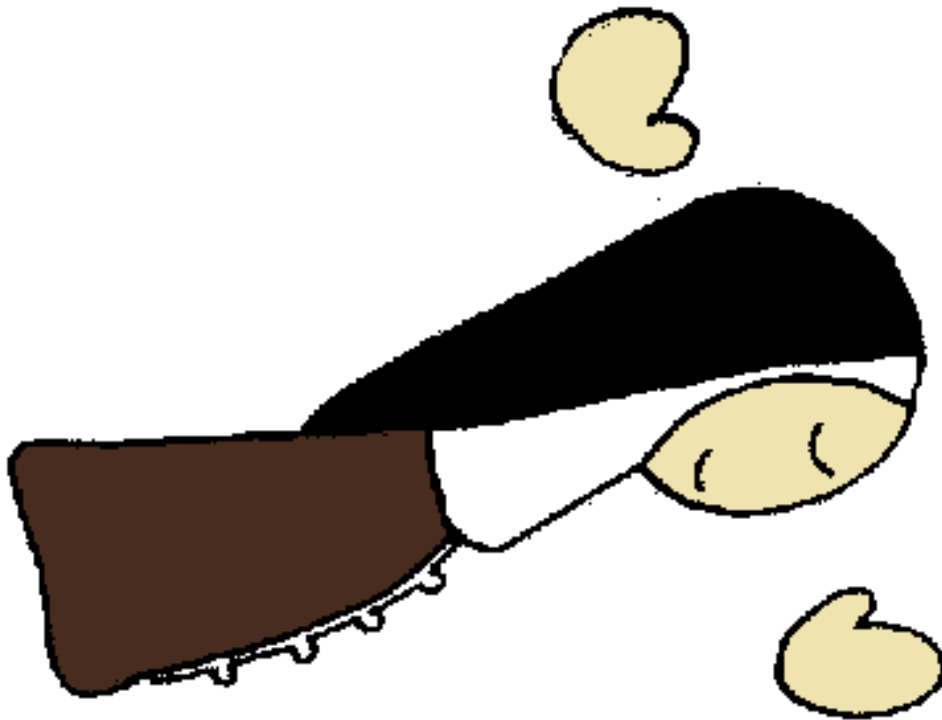


I loved Jesus so much;

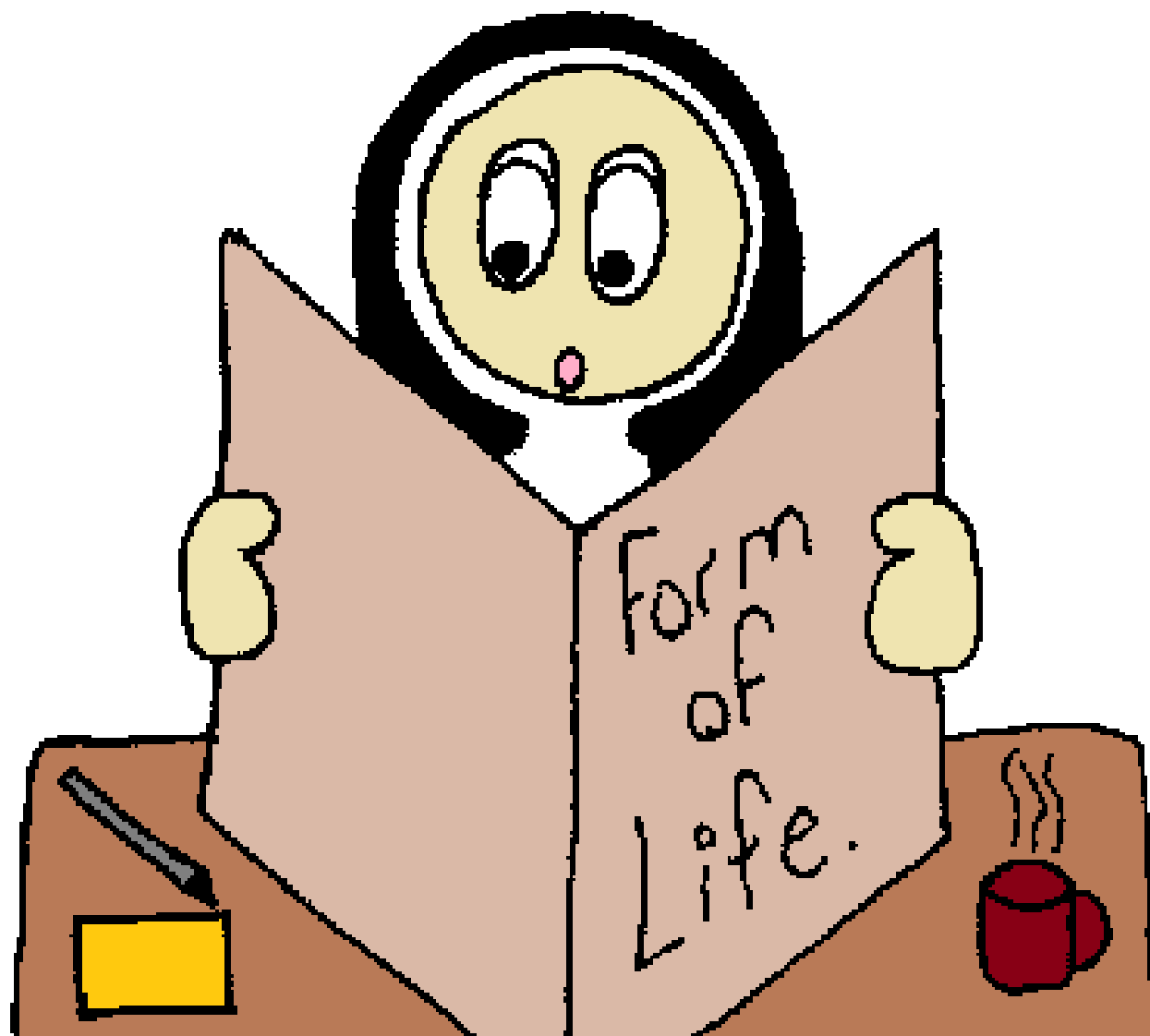


He filled my mind and my thoughts
so that I would forget everything else.

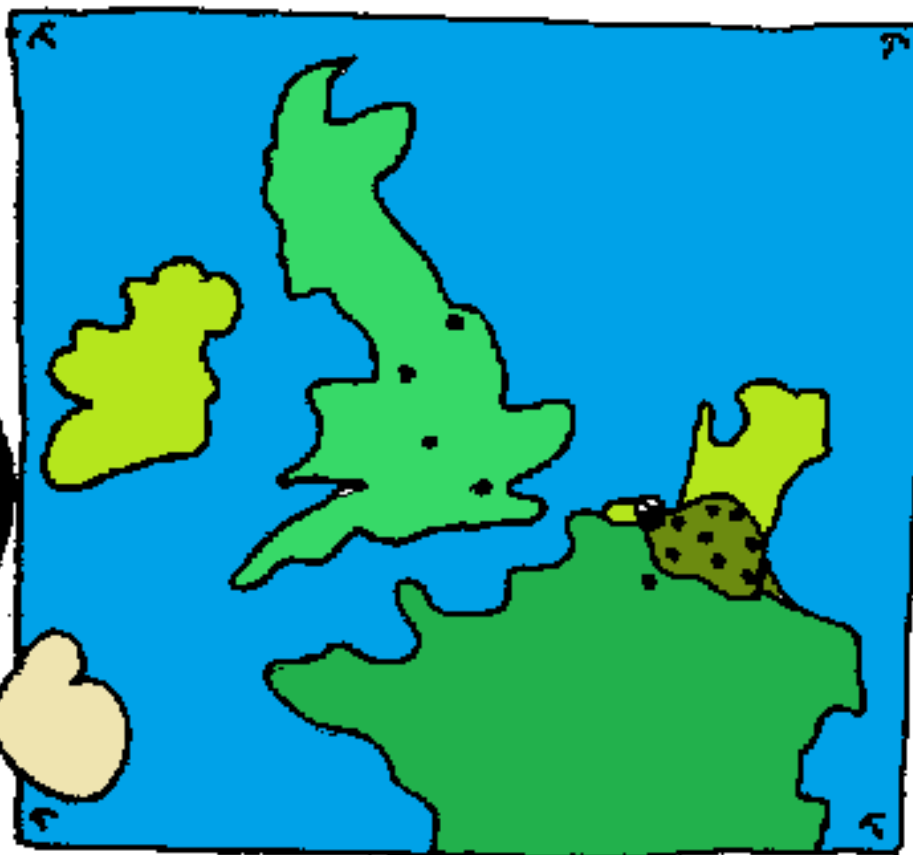
Each morning I spent time with Jesus. I prayed
for 1 hour before Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.



I became the Mother of the Community. I asked God to guide me,
so that we could live just as St Clare and St Colette did.

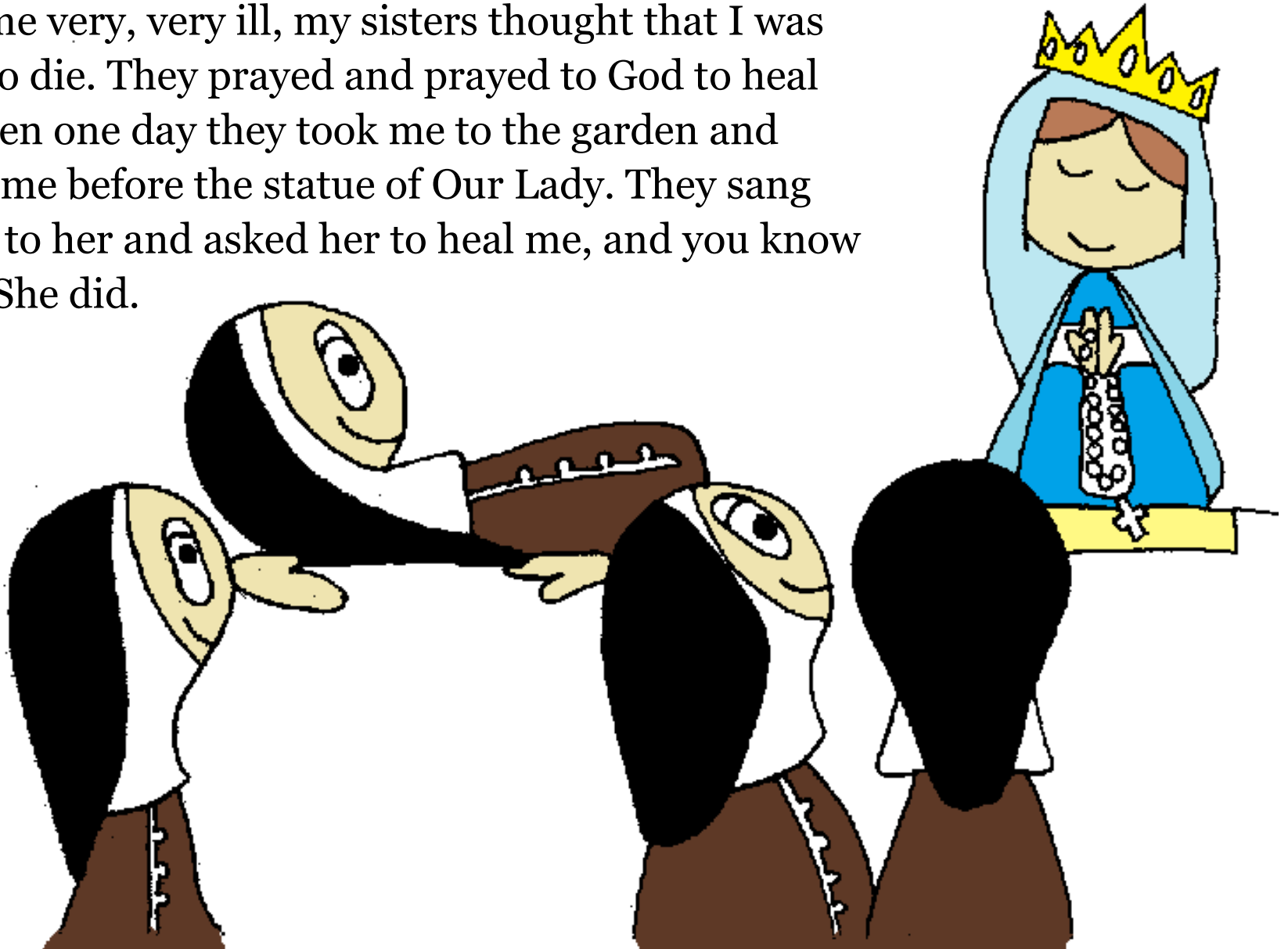


Our Community grew and grew so much that bishops came and asked us to start new monasteries.



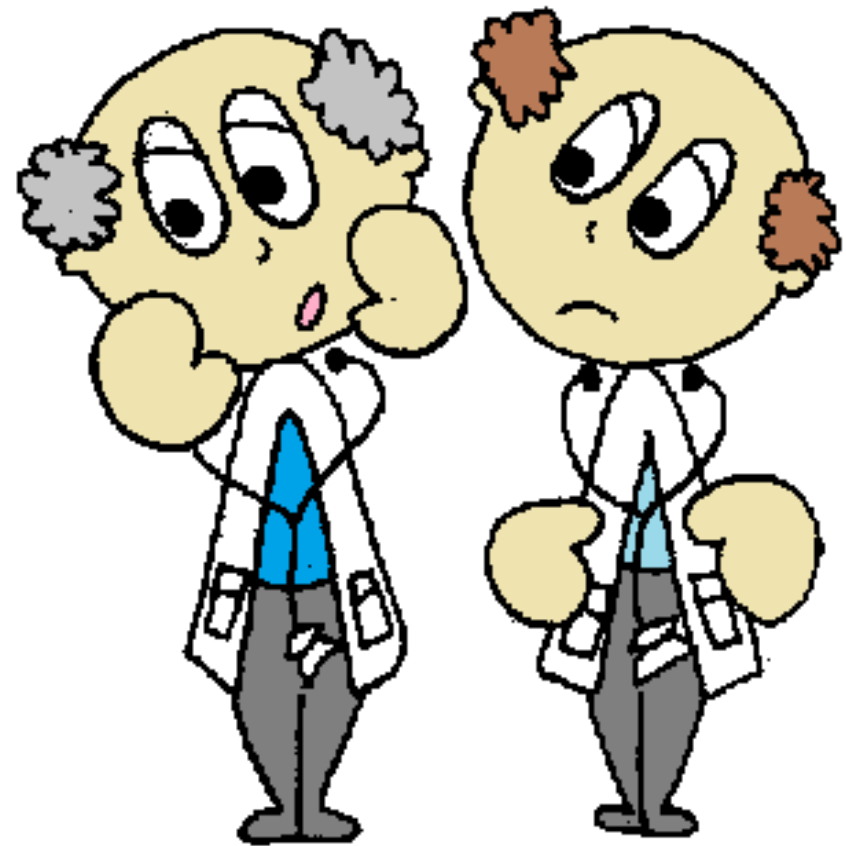
We had 9 in Belgium, 4 in England and 1 in France. We sent sisters to Ghent and they sent sisters to the USA, Ireland, Australia and even Hawarden in Wales.

I became very, very ill, my sisters thought that I was going to die. They prayed and prayed to God to heal me. Then one day they took me to the garden and placed me before the statue of Our Lady. They sang hymns to her and asked her to heal me, and you know what? She did.



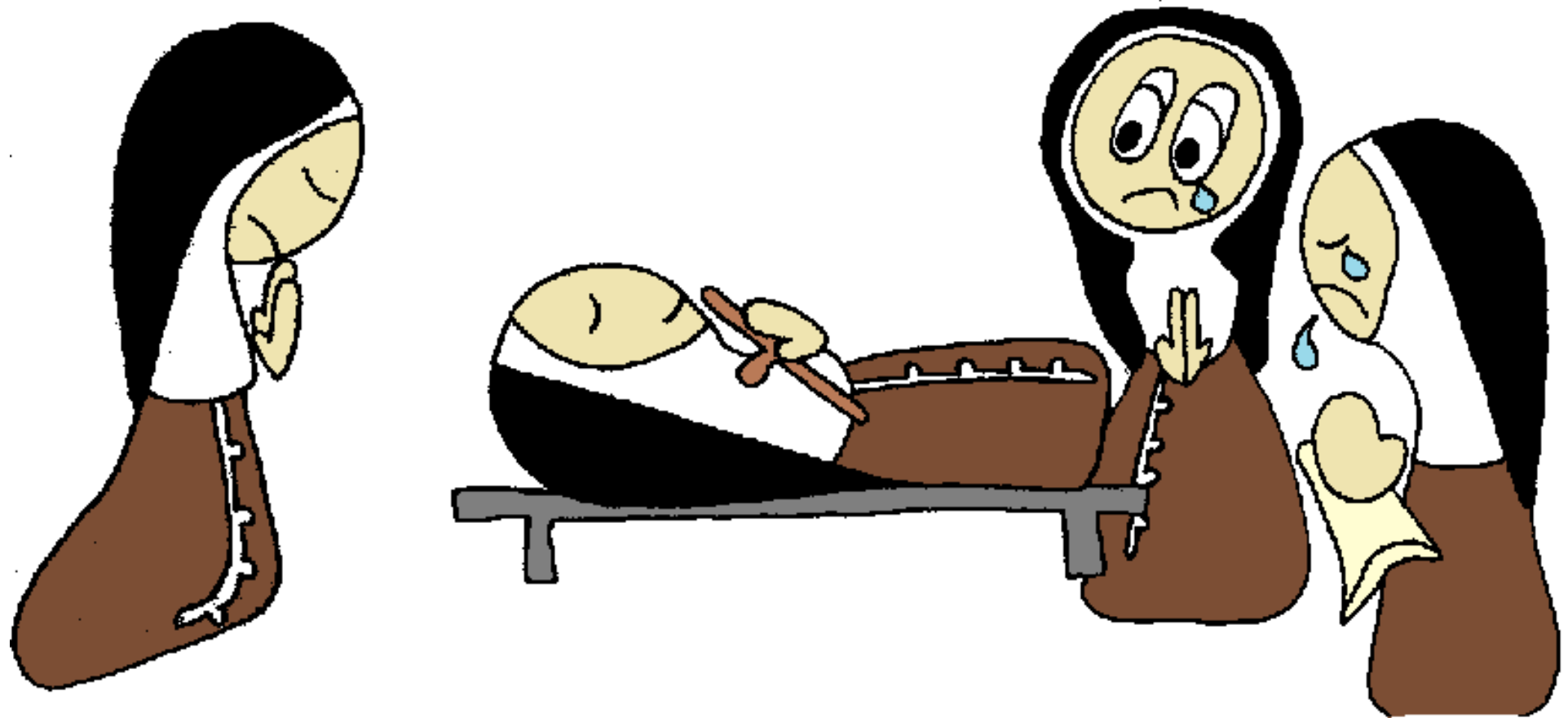
War begun in our town and people told us we should move to safety but I said “No, every ‘Hail Mary’ we say, is as good as any cannonball.” It worked, our prayers saved us and we were able to continue our good works.



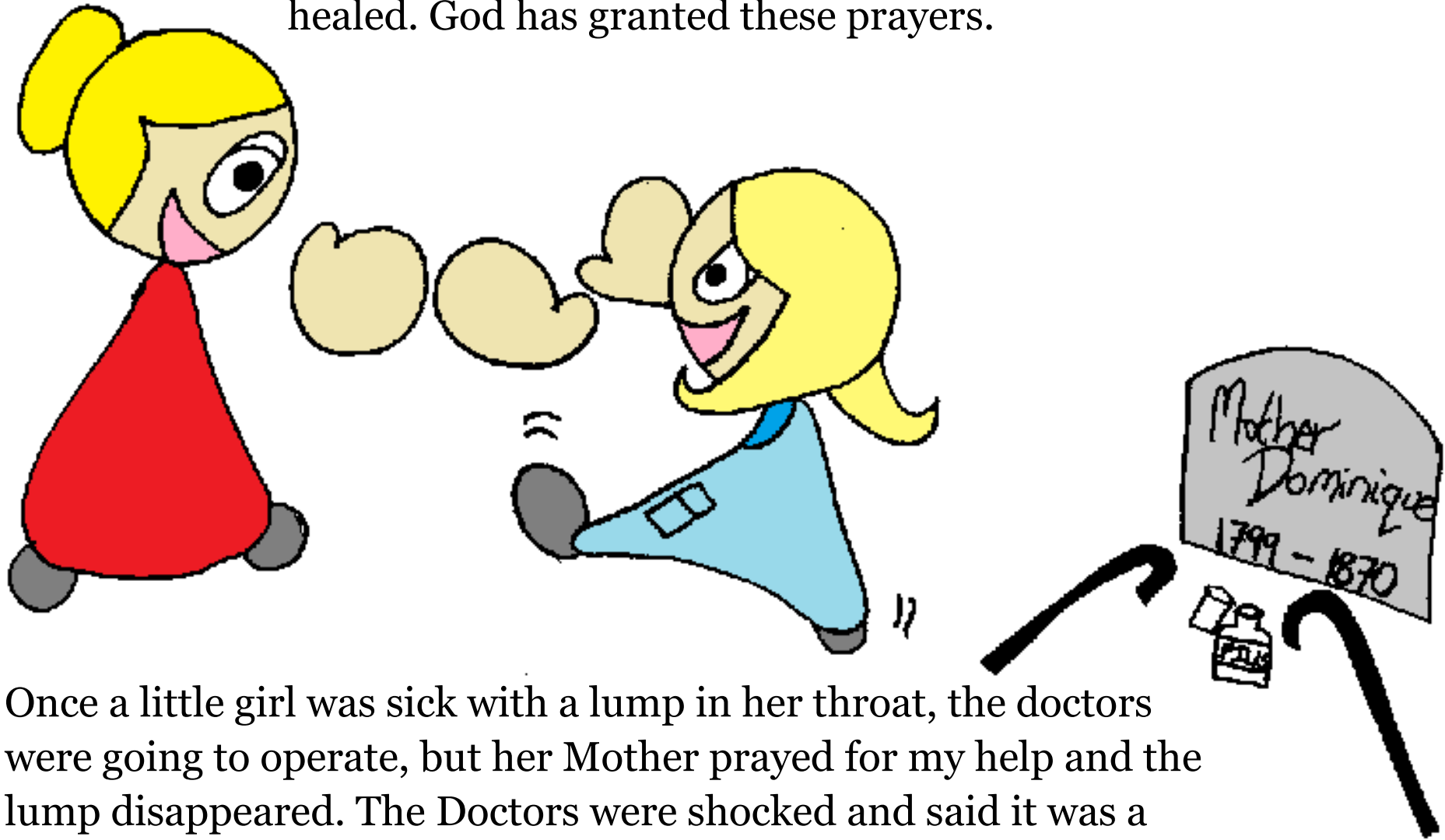


I was now getting old and I knew that it
was time for me to go to heaven.
Doctors came and told me
“Your wrong, you’re just getting over a cold.”

On the 31st August 1870 I blessed all my sisters and gave my soul over to God.
I happily went to heaven to live with Jesus. All the people of Bruges came to the
monastery and said “She was a saint.”



From then on people have asked me to pray to God for them to be healed. God has granted these prayers.



Once a little girl was sick with a lump in her throat, the doctors were going to operate, but her Mother prayed for my help and the lump disappeared. The Doctors were shocked and said it was a 'miracle'.

You can pray and ask me to tell
Jesus all about what worries for too.

Join me in prayers for all the sick children
everywhere and children in countries
where there is war.

Let us pray that Jesus' peace, love
and hope will reign in our world.



Mother Marie Dominique – Pray for us. Amen