



CATHOLIC STORY COLORING BOOKS

(Titles in this series)

OUR LADY OF FATIMA
OUR LADY OF LOURDES
OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE
OUR LADY OF THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL
OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE
OUR LADY OF KNOCK
OUR LADY OF BEAURAING
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OUR LADY OF PONTMAIN
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THE ROSARY
THE BROWN SCAPULAR

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OUR LADY OF LA SALETTE

Catholic Story Coloring Book

This is her story, written by Mary Fabyan Windeatt
With pictures for you to color, drawn by Gedge Harmon

This book belongs to

*The pictures in this book can be colored
with crayons, markers or water colors.*

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CHAPTER ONE

IT was eleven o'clock in the morning of Friday, September 18, 1846. Fourteen-year-old Melanie Mathieu, watching her four cows on the slopes of the French Alps, frowned as she saw the strange shepherd boy coming up the mountainside once again. Really, eleven-year-old Maximin Giraud was nothing but a big nuisance. And so was his dog Loulou. The two had been pestering her all morning to come and play with them, but she had more important things to do.

"Go away, boy," she called. "This isn't your field."

Maximin stopped. "Why don't you like me?" he asked plaintively.

Melanie shaded her eyes from the bright sun. "I never said I didn't like you."

"No, but you act that way. Look, I promise to be very good if you'll just let me stay and talk to you. After all, I've never been a shepherd before, and it's so lonesome up here on the mountain."

Melanie hesitated. So Maximin was lonesome, was he? He didn't like being a shepherd?

"Well, sit down for a while then," she said reluctantly. "And you can tell me about yourself if you like—where you come from and why you're here."



CHAPTER TWO

SOON Melanie was feeling more friendly towards Maximin. In fact, the next day, Saturday, the two played and talked together for most of the morning. Then, having eaten their lunch and being rather tired, they decided to take a nap. Surely their eight cows and goat would be all right by themselves for a short while?

However, it was close to three o'clock when the children awoke. As they started down the mountainside, they saw something that made them stop short. Around a little rock a bright light was shining, and in the midst of the light was a beautiful lady dressed in white, with a gold-colored apron about her waist and a braided golden chain hanging low on her shoulders. She was seated on the rock, crying bitterly.

At first the little shepherds were frightened. Then the lady stood up and beckoned them to approach. At once their fear melted away.

"My little ones, people shouldn't work on Sundays," she told them, tears streaming down her face. "They shouldn't swear either. Because they do these things, my Son must punish them. Famine is going to strike, and disease, too."

The children were overcome with awe. This lady was so beautiful! Yet why was she crying? And why had she given each of them a secret which they must not tell to anyone?

