



When her son Fred was a young man he went to an agricultural school connected with Pratt Institute. In the summer the boys worked in the fields - Fred was stricken blind while working in the sun. He was taken to specialists who agreed that his was a pretty hopeless case - there was one ray of hope however - a new operation which had been performed a very few times and not always successfully - cutting new pupils in the eyes. granny gave her permission for the operation, saying she would rather see him dead than blind.

When the great day came for the bandages to be removed - granny was permitted to see him in a semi darkened room. She stood before him and asked "Fred can you see me?" He said he could but only a white spot for her face and a blurred outline. She was heartbroken she rushed downstairs and found the surgeon - "Will my son ever see any better?" she asked -



24.  
"No" the doctor replied "His eyes may get stronger but he never see any better than he does now"

G. said she didn't know how she ever got home, she was so terribly grieved that she scarcely remembered opening her door - Then she received a message from the hospital. A great mistake had been made, she was asked to come to the hospital at once - as she tore thru the streets she passed a spot where the side walk was torn up and she stumbled and fell in the loose dirt - ~~Her hand struck a little piece of metal which she picked up - It was a~~ There before her lying in the dirt was a small Crucifix all the religion of her forebears came to her in this moment - she picked up the Crucifix and hurried on -

At the Hospital the Mr. told her that her sons eyesight was not impaired - that he had strong drops in his eyes & would soon see perfectly -

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/ She was talking to a group of doctors,  
years later - telling them of her son's blindness  
and the incident of the crucifix - One of  
them interrupted to ask "Can your son see  
now?" She thought for a minute, looked  
at him and said - "He doesn't see me very  
often" - /

A few yrs. after her son was cured a  
young priest from Newfoundland came to  
see her - He was practically dying of  
consumption and had been told he had about  
six weeks to live - He asked her opinion and  
advice in regard to his health - She told him  
that fresh air and exercise and nutritious  
food were all that she could suggest -  
She told him that she traveled four hours  
daily to and from her work -

She told him the story of her crucifix  
He was very anxious to have it - she didn't  
want to part with it but finally did as  
he looked so pathetic and pleading -

She photographed him with the crucifix  
clasped in his hands and he went away  
promising that it should be returned



eventually -

Time passed and she had no word from him -

Later she went to Newfoundland with her secretary (Miss Boykin) to visit Murray Anderson's family - (1910)

While there she inquired after her priest. Nobody knew where he was - Then she found out there was to be a dedication of an orphanage and all the Catholic Priests would be there - While she didn't want to go - she felt she might find her priest -

During the dedication her hostess pointed to a robust fine looking man and said "Is that your priest?" She looked intently at the man and said "no" - Later she walked up to this priest and told him the story of her crucifix and asked him if he knew the whereabouts of the priest she was looking for - He said, "Mme Kasibier, I am that man" She said "Where is my crucifix?" and he replied "Here" indicating the region of his heart.

He seemed afraid she was going to take it from him - so she told him he could continue to wear it. Later on he was made an archbishop and when a big steamer was wrecked he said the prayers for the dying -

He never heard from him again or her crucifix either.



## CRUCIFIX STORY

When Granny's son was born she had an Irish servant girl who was greatly upset because Granny hadn't had the child baptized. Granny had no formal religion herself, so the girl took Uncle Fred, without Granny's knowledge, and had him baptized in the Catholic faith, which gave the girl great pleasure. She told Granny of this later and Granny forgot the incident so the boy never knew he was a Catholic until he was a grown man.

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"No," the doctor replied. "His eyes may get stronger, but he will never see any better than he does now."



Granny said she didn't know how she ever got home, she was so terribly grieved that she scarcely remembered opening her door. Then she received a message from the hospital. A great mistake had been made, she was asked to come to the hospital at once. As she tore through the streets she passed a spot where the sidewalk was torn up and she stumbled and fell in the loose dirt. There before her lying in the dirt was a small crucifix. All the religion of her forebears came to her in this moment. She picked up the crucifix and hurried on.

At the hospital the doctor told her that her son's eyesight was not impaired, that he had strong drops in his eyes and would soon see perfectly.

She was talking to a group of doctors years later, telling them of her son's blindness and the incident of the crucifix. One of them interrupted to ask "Can your son see now?" She thought for a minute, looked at him and said "He doesn't see me very often."

A few years after her son was cured a young priest from Newfoundland came to see her. He was practically dying of consumption and had been told he had about six weeks to live. He asked her opinion and advice in regard to his health. She told him that fresh air and exercise and nutritious food were all that she could suggest. She told him that she travelled four hours daily to and from her work.

She told him the story of her crucifix. He was very anxious to have it. She didn't want to part with it, but finally did as he looked so pathetic and pleading.



She photographed him with the crucifix clasped in his hands and he went away, promising that it should be returned to her eventually.

Time passed and she had no word from him.

Later she went to Newfoundland with her secretary, Miss Boykin (X) to visit Murray Anderson's family (1910) While there she inquired after her priest. Nobody knew where he was. Then she found out there was to be a dedication of an orphanage and all the Catholic priests would be there. While she didn't want to go she felt she might find her priest.

During the dedication her hostess pointed to a robust, fine looking man and said "Is that your priest?" She looked intently at the man and said "No." Later she walked up to this priest and told him the story of her crucifix and asked him if he knew the whereabouts of the priest she was looking for. He said "Mme. Kasebier, I am that man." She said "Where is my crucifix?" and he replied "Here," indicating the region of his heart.

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*He was on  
the steamer  
that went to  
the rescue*