

Lives
of
Saints

Bl Pierina Morosini

1931 - 1957

Feastday: 6th April



“May I never allow myself even the smallest compromise with sin, whether in dress, speech, reading, looks, or entertainment.”

**Blessed Pierina
Morosini**

I was born in Fiobbio di Albino, Italy, in 1931. I was the eldest of eight children, and my family was poor. As a young girl, I was trained as a seamstress, and at the age of 15, I started to work in a textile factory. At the same time, I did what I could in the Parish. I helped with the Mass everyday and was active in the Female Youth Section of 'Catholic Action'.

In 1947, I participated in a pilgrimage to Rome for the beatification of Maria Goretti. I greatly admired Maria Goretti and I tried to imitate her in many ways. Like her, I lived the virtues in a simple way, and on a daily basis, at home and at work. Like her, I lived the same life of hard poverty and tried to show the same strength in bearing sacrifices. Like her I deplored sin.

I lived a humble life, led by a profound faith in God and the Virgin Mary, I trusted in the teachings of the Church and I zealously worked for the Seminary where priests train, and for the missions. I did what I could, served as a catechist, helped the sick and I supported Catholic associations. I made a private vow of chastity to God, and considered religious life, but continued to live at home to help my mother take care of the remaining children, since my father was unable to work. People got to know about my spiritual progress after my death, because I always kept a book in which I wrote down my resolutions and my inspirations.

One day as I returned home from work on my own, I was attacked by a would-be rapist. He tried to convince me to give in to him, and because I would not, he attacked me. I tried to defend myself, but he hit me harder. It was around 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I had been holding the rosary beads in my hands, because I always recited the rosary on my way home from work. My brother Santino came to look for me when I did not return, and he found me in a pool of blood. I died two days later, on 6 April 1957 of wounds received in this rape attempt.

I was beatified by John Paul II in October of 1987.

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