After completing her elementary school education, she decided to become a missionary; she sought employment with a family in Ratisbon to raise the necessary dowry. As an orphan, however, she had to return to her hometown to help her five younger brothers. On February 14, 1901, as she was working in the laundry of her employer she fell into a cauldron of bleached hot water – her legs were severely burned and, as a result, remained an invalid for the rest of her life. The family lacked the necessary resources and was unable to do anything for her. From her bed of pain, however, she offered encouragement to the many who came for advice and help. From 1901 she received the grace to see her Guardian Angel. Each time she received Holy Communion she prayed to strengthen her weakness so as to receive Jesus more worthily. She was so devoted and so loved the Eucharist that the Lord granted her a particular grace: her Angel transported her to visit distant churches where Mass was either being celebrated or adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was taking place. This Blessed tells us: On the 31 August 1918, I found myself in front of a large church where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for adoration with an abundance of lighted candles. She observed thousands of Angels in adoration before Jesus and two Angels of a distinctive majestic presence kneeling on each side of the Blessed Sacrament.

In an incident taken from her writings she tells us: On the 2 July 1919, I dreamt of a church... and the priest there proceeded to distribute Holy Communion; when he opened the door of the tabernacle, I suddenly beheld the Blessed Virgin, enthroned on the right side of the altar. There were three Angels beside her. Each Angel held a paten and offered the Madonna a chalice after placing an apron on her. Meanwhile, the priest recited the prayers before Holy Communion and thus proceeded to the altar rail to distribute the Eucharist. The three Angels proceeded from one person to another, holding the paten very close to the mouth of the communicants and, every so often, changing places, they returned to the Madonna and deposited into the chalice any particle that had fallen. The Madonna at times smiled and at times had an extremely sad countenance, sometimes she cried. At one point, Mary cried so bitterly that I rose and went to her, asking the reason for all the tears. She then pointed to the chalice and said: All my tears are shed because of the deep sorrow I feel for my Son, seeing how unworthily His most precious Body and Blood are received.