

PILGRIM

from the

MARTYRS SHRINE

Auriesville, N.Y. 12016

YEAR END
1973

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N.Y. STATE COURT OF APPEALS RULES IN FAVOR OF SHRINE

Upholds Appellate Division Decision
Exempting Cafeteria From Property Tax

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A VISIT TO ORLEANS, CITY OF ST. ISAAC JOGUES

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This article is an account of the week-end visit to Orleans, where St. Isaac Jogues was born and raised, made last April by Father Egan, Director of the Martyrs' Shrine.*

On a sunny Saturday afternoon last April the Bordeaux Express rolled out of the Gare d'Austerlitz in Paris, carrying me southward through the maze of suburbs and over the chalk plateau known as the Beauce which stretches toward the Loire Valley. My destination was Orleans, a bustling modern city of 100,000 inhabitants with a 2,000-year history. Julius Caesar had laid siege to this strategically important town located at the big bend in the Loire River and it has received its share of destruction in nearly every war in which France has been involved thereafter.

The two gentlemen in my compartment sat silent and preoccupied as they returned from the business world for a weekend with their families. In less than an hour we were approaching Les Aubrais, the busy railroad junction just to the

north of Orleans. I inquired of the younger of the two men how to get downtown. It was simply a matter of switching to a commuter train across the platform, he informed me. Graciously he offered to help me with my bags in making the transfer. He was a lawyer who had been raised in central France and had set up practice in Orleans after attending the University law school there and marrying an Orleans girl. I told him my reason for visiting Orleans, the fact that I was director of a Catholic shrine in New York State where one of his fellow citizens had suffered and died for the faith 300 years ago. At once he was interested, for though active as a Catholic he had never as

Orleans City Hall, decorated for Christmas, was begun by Francis I 50 years before birth of Father Jogues. It stands across the square from the Cathedral of the Holy Cross.



THE BLESSINGS OF THE CHRIST CHILD TO ALL OUR PILGRIMS
THE PROTECTION OF HIS MOTHER THROUGHOUT THE COMING YEAR



Ancient winding street with worn cobblestone pavement in the Chatelet quarter of Orleans near Father Jogues' birthplace.

much as heard of the Apostle of the Mohawks. Like all the Orleanais, he could tell me about Joan of Arc, the saint who had delivered his city in 1429, but as I was to learn very sadly, Jogues, the martyr-saint Orleans had given to the New World, was all but unknown in the city of his birth.

When I spoke of Serge Vannier, the young man with whom I had corresponded, my lawyer friend offered to telephone him for me at the station, but we could not find a listing for Serge in the phonebook. He had left his car parked in the Place de la Gare. Why couldn't he drive me, he suggested, to the address I had for Serge's apartment? Soon we were in his jeep-like Citroen, maneuvering through traffic toward the Place du Martroi, an imposing square dominated by a statue of Joan, Maid of Orleans, on horseback. Her sword had been shattered by an Allied bomb late in World War II, but as the townspeople proudly add, the American soldiers on their arrival insisted with great courtliness on replacing the sword at their expense. Curiously enough, the martyr after whom the square was originally named is not St. Joan, but Peter, one of France's early Christians who had died for Christ in the fourth century. In all likelihood Isaac Jogues in his boyhood must have thrilled to the story of this protomartyr of the Church in Orleans.

Around the statue we sped and on in the same southerly direction toward the river along an attractive street, the Rue Royale, with a smart arcade of shops. This quarter of the city had been heavily damaged in World War II. When the street was rebuilt, the arcades were added to restore the appearance of the quarter several centuries ago, the appearance it had when St. Isaac was a school boy. We turn left along the Quai du Chatelet with the swift-flowing Loire on our right. There on the corner to our left was the one tower that remains of the "little castle" which formed the city's riverside defenses in the days of St. Joan. One block to the east we were at the public market, and there we turned left into a narrow street, the Rue de l'Empereur, where Serge was supposed to live. At this point, although I did not learn of it until an hour later, I was within 100 yards of the house where Father Jogues was born. A housewife informed us that Serge had moved away over a year ago. Fortunately she remembered that he worked in a book store on the broad Rue Jeanne d'Arc which leads to the square in front of the massive Gothic cathedral of the Holy Cross. The greater part of my first hour in Orleans was thus taken up in detective work. Had it not been for the charity and consideration of this young lawyer, Serge and I would have never had made contact.

Serge turned out to be just a few years older than the lawyer who had befriended me. He was a writer and photographer, a veteran of six years in the French army, spent mostly with the French liaison team in Germany, still a bachelor, steeped in history, particularly that of his native city, committed to civic projects such as the internationally known Joan of Arc pageant staged in Orleans each May. The letter I had sent him two weeks before had never been delivered, yet at once he was ready to devote his entire week-end to presenting me with the on-the-scene story of Father Jogues' early days. After getting me a room in a quiet, cozy hotel, he rejoined me at five for the first of several walking tours through his town. Within a matter of minutes we were exploring the same area I had earlier seen in the Citroen, but now every corner assumed a meaning. Here on the south side of an open area called the *Place du Chatelet*, just east of the Rue Royale and one block up from the river, was a three-story building, now a furniture store, but in 1602 it served as living quarters for eight families. In that year the 30-year old widower, Laurent Jogues, arranged for a home here for his bride of sixteen, Françoise de Saint Mesmin. Already the father of two daughters by his previous marriage, he was to have seven more children by Françoise. The third of these, the future martyr-saint, first saw the light of day in this home on January 10, 1607. A passageway led to an inner court, now poorly kept and piled with packing crates,

but over against the wall was an ornately carved wooden staircase darkened with age, on the steps of which the Jogues children might have run and played.

The parish church of St. Hilaire once stood on the north side of the little square, and there Father Jogues received the waters of baptism three days after his birth. Unfortunately the church was damaged beyond repair during the French Revolution. Across a narrow street to the east, however, less than twenty feet from the Jogues homestead, the ancient church of St. Donatien is still in use. Parish lines were undoubtedly even more complex in Jogues' day than in our own, but it can certainly be assumed that the young Isaac must have slipped over next door often enough to kneel before the tabernacle, and even serve mass.

Serge brought me into the church to search for the pastor, Father André Courtial, who was hearing Saturday afternoon confessions. Though in his seventies, he had the spritely gait and twinkling eyes of a much younger man. He cheerfully interrupted his task long enough to invite me to celebrate the Palm Sunday High Mass next day at 11.

Heading into the neighborhood to the east, we visited the oldest church standing in Orleans, the monastery church of St. Aignan, constructed by order of Charlemagne in the eighth century. St. Aignan was an early bishop of Orleans, renowned for sanctity, who died in 453. A number of Father Jogues' relatives bore this

surname, as do many men in Orleans today. Turning northward we crossed the Rue de Bourgogne, still paved with the cobblestones smoothed by centuries of wear, over which St. Joan rode at the head of her victorious troops after driving off the Burgundians and their English allies who had sought to capture the city. Many of Father Jogues' forebearers had fought with the holy maid to free Orleans, and a priest-relative of the family of Isaac's mother played a prominent role in the ecclesiastical process instituted by the bishop of Orleans to clear Joan posthumously of the heresy charges for which she was unjustly sentenced by the bishop of Beauvais.

One block more and we stood in the great square before the Cathedral of the Holy Cross with so many of the sorrows and triumphs of Orleans engraved on its battered walls. On one memorable day the victorious Joan presided over a solemn Te Deum there, as she thanked God for blessing her efforts to liberate her countrymen. Nearly two centuries later another saint in the making must have prayed there, not once but frequently. Of these visits there is no record, but in the early 1620's the serious-minded young Isaac had to pass within the shadow of the great edifice daily on his way home from the Jesuit college. By his own admission the memories of this vast temple of God came back to him in prayer during his year of captivity among the Mohawks. The memories must have dated back to his student days when he would pray beside the towering

**USE THIS ENTIRE FORM FOR REQUESTS YOU HAVE OF THE SHRINE STAFF
YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS ARE ALREADY TAPED ON THE REVERSE SIDE**

CONCERNING MASS CARDS

Enclose your offering for each Mass. (The usual offering is \$2.00, but larger stipends for the upkeep of the Shrine are gratefully recieved.) Check or Money Order is preferred.

Date _____

Dear Father Director:

Enclosed find my offering for _____ Mass(es) for
M _____ (living) (deceased).

Send Card to: _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

Before mailing sign card _____

Mail to:

**FR. DIRECTOR,
MARTYRS' SHRINE, AURIESVILLE, N.Y. 12016**

CONCERNING ENROLLMENTS

In the Martyrs' Memorial Association

The usual offering is one dollar for an individual annual enrollment, five for a family, living or deceased.

Dear Father Director:

Kindly enroll _____
in the Martyr's Memorial Association for _____ year
(or years) or perpetually.

Send enrollment to: _____

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip Code _____

**SEND ME THE SPECIAL EDITION OF THE
☐ AMSTERDAM EVENING RECORDER
ON THE SHRINE**

DIRECTOR'S LETTER

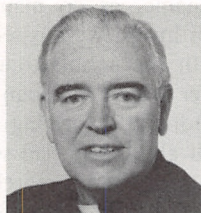
Dear Friends and Pilgrims,

Do you recall the catch phrase which appeared several times in the last issue of the PILGRIM? It ran "pray for the Shrine on October 9." On that day the New York State Court of Appeals reviewed last year's decision by the Appellate Division that the Shrine was not liable for property taxes on the cafeteria, the manor, and the ancient inn along with related buildings and land. The town assessors had appealed this decision, which had reversed the original verdict rendered against the Shrine in 1967.

As things turned out, the seven judges upheld the unanimous ruling of the lower court and on October 19, feast of the martyrs, area newspapers trumpeted the news. Thus the eight-year court battle for tax exemption ended quickly and quietly in a victory for the Shrine.

We have already shared this news with many of our friends when we thanked them for offerings recently received. The glad-tidings are repeated in this newsletter not only to enter them officially in the annals of the Shrine, but also to assure all who have shown an interest in the activities on Martyrs' Hill of our gratitude for their prayers and encouragement.

Besides thanking our friends and pilgrims, we have offered masses of thanksgiving to the Lord for relief in our plight. We have also thanked the martyrs for their intercession. Could it be that Father Schlaerth, Father Schirmann, and the other departed Jesuits once on the Shrine staff briefed St. Isaac Jogues in the heavenly courts before the final hearing? Lest we fail, however, is discharging our debt of gratitude, we wish to bring to the attention of our readers the persistence and competence of our attorney, Vincent E. Vicinanza, Jr. of Amsterdam, who represented the Shrine throughout every court action since litigation began in 1965, and the untiring assistance of Paul L. Wollman, his partner since 1969, who performed invaluable research in the preparation of the two appeals.



Winning the tax case has not entirely freed the Shrine from financial concerns. The taxes paid under protest are to be returned, but it may be a long while before we receive them. The remuneration of our lawyers, moreover, is long overdue. And finally, the cafeteria debt incurred in 1963, though greatly reduced, still stands at \$300,000, exactly at the half-way mark. Of prime consideration, though, is the fact that a well-nigh insupportable tax burden has at long last been lifted. Without the need to pay \$20,000 annually in property taxes, we should be able to make ends meet from now on.

By the resolution of our tax problem the martyrs themselves seem to have given us a clear mandate to continue telling their story for all contemporary followers of Christ in search of inspiration. We have tried to make this our mission all along, and from time to time a pilgrim will write in to tell us we are moving in that direction. Let me quote a letter which came in from Utica:

"We appreciate your kind, persevering, and truly priestly leadership at Auriesville. The shrine and grounds have been so beautifully cared for and the atmosphere so rightly maintained — holy and serious and God-like. We pray for you always, as do many others who have found at Auriesville a solid base from which to regain their spiritual strength and resume the good fight."

It is hard to say at this time what the 1974 season will be like. If gasoline shortages persist, many of our friends will be prohibited from making their regular trips to the Shrine. Perhaps more of our pilgrims will resort to coming by bus with other members of their parish for at least one day of pilgrimage exercises. Whatever be the means by which you come to Auriesville, both the Jesuits and the lay members of our staff will all try to exemplify the sort of hospitality to the pilgrim suggested by the kind author of the above letter. The blessings of Christ's birthday season to you all.

Devotedly in the Infant Savior,

Thomas Egan S.J.

Rev. Thomas F. Egan, S.J.
Director, Martyrs Shrine

THE MARTYRS' SHRINE
Auriesville, New York 12016

**KATERI
WAS
BAPTIZED
IN 1676

PRAY
THAT SHE
WILL BE
BEATIFIED
IN 1976**

Plan now for your trip to Auriesville by bus in 1974!

Remember the Martyrs Shrine in your will.

PILGRIM, YEAR END 1973 — Vol. LXXXIV, No. 4 — Quarterly publication of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs, Auriesville, N.Y. Thomas F. Egan, S.J., President and Shrine Director; Robert L. Fleig, Secretary and Treasurer; and Timothy C. O'Dwyer, S.J., Assistant Director; Edward F.X. Kennedy, S.J., Board Member.

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Gothic columns for the strength to carry whatever cross Christ, his Leader and Lord, would ask him to shoulder.

Next morning Serge brought me back to the church of St. Donatien where I vested for mass. Despite the long ceremonies of the palms, Father Courtial could not resist the chance to speak of the sufferings which Father Jogues had endured at Auriesville and compare them with the passion of Christ. Nor could I resist adding a few words of my own after the mass to assure the congregation that they would continually be remembered in the masses at the site of St. Isaac's martyrdom. Parishioners came to the sacristy to invite me to their homes, thinking that I would be able to stay in Orleans for an extended period. I was especially surprised to meet a couple from India as well as an American couple, both living in Orleans.

But there was still much more that Serge wanted to show me. We walked down to the river and out on the Pont Georges V for a spectacular view of the Loire and the sandbanks below the remains of the old Chatelet. Gazing from the bridge at the neighborhood of Jogues' boyhood, it was easy to understand how the saint became a powerful swimmer. Just as has been done from time immemorial, the older boys must have dared him to dive in and perhaps have even thrown him in. Years later he would win the begrudging esteem of the Mohawks when, forced on a hunting expedition with them in the Adirondack Mountains, he would dive into a stream swollen by spring rains to rescue a squaw with her child strapped to her back.

We visited the tower of St. Paul's Church, all that remains of the church where Jogues' parents were married. The main body of the church came crashing down after a direct hit from one of the Luftwaffe bombs in 1940. This church too was linked with St. Joan, for during her one week in Orleans, she lived in a house next to the church and prayed there more frequently than in Holy Cross.

Serge then took me to the Parc Louis Pasteur, a few blocks to the north of the cathedral just beyond the old city walls. A troop of laughing youngsters on a miniature train passed us in the park. The train was a gift from the American people of New Orleans to the city after which their own city was named. Our interest, however, lay in a forlorn, yet stately baroque facade in the northeast corner of the park, all that is left of the chapel within the enclosure of the once-famous Jesuit college where Jogues had studied for seven years as a youth. The institution was secularized following the expulsion of the Society of Jesus from France in 1762, and today the classroom buildings which face on the Rue Jeanne d'Arc house municipal offices. The chapel alone was the target of a frenzied mob during the Reign of Terror in 1792,



The Cathedral of the Holy Cross, damaged in every one of France's major wars, played a role in the lives of St. Joan of Arc and of St. Isaac Jogues.

since it was still maintained by the diocesan clergy as a place of worship. A precious reminder of our saint perished in that disaster, for it was in this chapel that Father Jogues offered his first mass in February 1636 shortly after his ordination and less than four months before his departure for the New World. His widowed mother along with his many brothers and sisters and the families they had started were all on hand, and for many of them it was the only one of his masses they were privileged to attend. Modern Orleans has made amends for this profanation by reassembling the facade at the entrance of the park and attaching a plaque to identify it as part of the erstwhile Jesuit chapel. Hopefully a time will come when the city will rediscover Jogues, one of the bravest of its sons, and recall the day that held so much meaning for him.

Next came a visit to the cathedral crypt, where as in so many locations in Rome, architectural fragments are preserved of the first church to be built on the site in the third century. Finally we climbed the 200 steps of an ancient belfrey, part of a monastery church in medieval times and now within the enclosure of the Museum of Fine Arts. There beneath us was a breath-taking panorama of the city and the Loire Valley, prompting me to try to spot all the places below us we had inspected because of their connection with Father Jogues' early life.

It was turning cloudy and a few drops of rain fell. It was time to call on Father Courtial, for he had invited us back to the rectory. As Serge admitted to me, Father was the one who had sparked his own great interest in St. Isaac. Amid his constant round of parish duties without the aid of a curate — and the French like ourselves are feeling the vocational pinch — Monsieur le Cure has found time to gather up every bit of data available on the life of the Apostle of the Mohawks, on the lives of the other saints of Orleans as well. He has amassed quite a library on these saints of his parish and his diocese. In fact, he views this work as archivist-hagiographer not as a mere hobby, but as an effective means of communicating to his parishioners a love of the Church and a pride in their membership in this glorious Christian community which transcends generations and centuries and unites the living and the dead. After a most engaging hour spent pouring over documents and the Jogues' family tree, I asked Father to come to dinner with Serge and myself. Declining, he excused himself briefly and after checking with his Italian housekeeper, who amazingly enough had spent twenty years of her life in Detroit, he assured us he would much prefer to have us take dinner with him right there and continue our reminiscences about St. Isaac Jogues.

It was already well into the evening, time for me to bid a grateful goodbye to Father Cordial and to Serge, who had provided me with one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. The latter walked me back to the hotel to pick up my bags and then accompanied me to the station where I was to take the night train to Lourdes. There at the depot four young collegians spotted their friend Serge and greeted him warmly. When they learned where I was from, they insisted on treating us both to some refreshments. I came near to missing the train and with their help I climbed aboard just in time. But this final encounter was just one more instance of the warmth I found among the townspeople of Isaac Jogues. The people of Orleans seem to be especially cordial to Americans. Until just a few years ago our armed forces serving with NATO maintained their communications zone headquarters there. Many Orleanais thus preserve fond recollections of American friends they made in years past. In gratitude for their hospitality I wish it were possible to make them exceptionally proud of Isaac Jogues, their heroic son who left the Valley of the Loire for the Valley of the Mohawk, and who now rightfully can be ranked with St. Peter Martroi, St. Aignan and St. Joan of Arc.

Need a speaker for your next meeting? Ask us to tell the story of the martyrs.

In the next issue Father Richard J. Roszel, S.J., member of the Shrine staff during the past year and veteran of 18 years in the Carolines Islands, will write of the beginnings of the Church in the islands of the Pacific known as Micronesia during the same century in which Saints Isaac, Rene and John came to Auriesville. As in the Mohawk Valley there were Jesuit martyrs in Micronesia during that period.



After ceremonies on September 18, 1910 which marked the 25th anniversary of the founding of the Martyrs' Shrine, participating clergy gathered on the porch of the building known today as the Kateri Museum, but used in that era as a residence for the priests. The Most Rev. Stanislas Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, was guest of honor at the pilgrimage, reported in the press to be the largest ever conducted at Auriesville with over 5,000 in attendance. Present in the picture, left to right, are: seated, Fathers A.N. LaPalme (Albany), J.W. Chauvin (Oswego), and Jules Burrick (Troy); standing, Father Joseph Zwinge, S.J. (Baltimore), Dr. Mallet, Father John J. Wynne, S.J., Shrine Director (1893-1909); Bishop Touchet, the Most Rev. Thomas M.A. Burke, Bishop of Albany; Father John J. Scully, S.J., Shrine Director (1909-17); Father J. Harpes, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Missions in Jamaica, and the Rev. Msgr. Joseph A. Delaney, secretary to Bishop Burke, later to become rector of the cathedral in Albany, vicar general of the diocese, and finally pastor of St. Mary's Church in Amsterdam.