

HOLY CROSS HOSPITAL
MERRILL, WISCONSIN

WE LOOK TO YOU.

Please come, Kateri, from your hiding place!
Show us the fame your ardent love desired;
Your secret life with God is gracious light
That must illumine our pathways in this night.
The signs we seek, are guerdons of His grace
That you by forest cross in love acquired;
Let Christ, in you, extol our fervent plea,
Grant thou the signs to forge your jubilee.

Rev. T.F. Kramer, C.F.P.S.

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TO OUR PATRON.

We are gathered together in peace,
Not to give ourselves the glory,
But to cherish the Maid of the wild,
Who re-lived the virgin story:

The princess Tekakwitha,
The daughter of the Mohawk forest,
Kateri, winsome Christian Lily,
Our patron, Tekakwitha.

As our spirit is youthful and brave,
And the heart is free for learning,
We surrender to heaven our love,
That repeats her earnest yearning;

Chorus--

That our lives may be fruitfully strong,
We accept our tasks as duty,
That in labor and play we may pray
By the light of Virgin's beauty;

Chorus.

December 13, 1950. TFK.

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BLUE GENTIAN.

Pleading devoutly at the Savior's feet,
Kateri laves her soul in dripping Blood;
She gave her all, consoling gaze to greet,
In constant swirl of penitential flood.

When all seemed lost in fetidlike defeat,
She clung to Him Who hangs upon the Rood,
And life revived, confirms espousal wheat,
That Maid and Master clearly understood.

Now at her shrine a skyblue gentian sings,
As she caressed its sheen in wormwood days;
And from its song such hopeful ardor springs,
As lights the goal for which her client prays;
Let flowers fade, but clip not prayer's wings,
That pleasing sainthood gift for her arrayes.
Rev. T. F. Kramer, C.P.P.S.