

"Lily of the Mohawks"

from an original oil 6' by 5' 1/2
Marlene McCauley ~ July 31, 1974



Mission San Juan Capistrano
California

"Lily of the Mohawks" was painted in Nahant, Massachusetts, a peninsula once inhabited by Indians, in gratitude for the spontaneous cure of deafness of son Peter, age four, on April 18, 1973 in Phoenix, Arizona, feast of Ven. Kateri's Baptism. Surgery advised by physicians was never needed. Peter stands under Kateri's left hand.



"Lily of the Mohawks"

Daughter of the turtle clan,
Seed of martyr's blood,
Embryo of infant land,
Bloom from sacred bud.

Cradled by a heavy cross,
Alone without her kin,
Heart-pierced with bitter loss,
Left dark by vision dim.

Uprooted from her mother earth,
Transplant to pagan soil,
Marred face could naught hide her mirth,
As nimble hands did toil.

Blind to worldly ways around,
In darkness saw a light,
Found peace in war drums' serpent sound,
Black robes brought new sight.

Rawennio... God of love,
Echoed midst the blight,
Cleansed by water and His dove,
Her soul did soar full height.

A cross weighted with abuse,
Lightened by an angel sigh,
Scorned... by her own accused,
Reborn... to never die.

The clandestine moon cast its spell,
As shadows stole away,
Kateri bid a sad farewell,
To see a better day.

Through virgin path the trio fled,
By foot and then canoe,
To a distant field where lamb's did tread,
Happiness shone anew.

Prayerfully sang the rosary bead,
To spread God's love among.
From this saintly flower seed,
A pristine lily sprung.

Barefoot babe of winter wood,
To the cross of bark did trod,
Enduring pain as great she could,
Adoring Son of God.

Radiant soul... God's bride,
Lost herself to find,
Him... wherein all life abide,
To love and serve mankind.

Soon this fragile flower fell,
Midway in passion tide,
A glow transfiguring her face did tell,
That Christ was at her side.

Just before her soul took flight,
She picked a sweet bouquet,
Of thoughts for you... so pure and white,
"From heaven I will pray!"

Kateri Tekakwitha,
Precious gift to man,
Oh, venerated Mohawk,
Breathe fragrance on our land!

© Marlene McCauley
December 19, 1979

Commemorating the 300th Anniversary
of Kateri's death: April 17, 1680.

