

*"To the great Holy White Father," he read,  
Presenting a jewelled band for the head!  
Hopi pottery. . . in sienna and white,  
Kachina dolls. . . a colorful sight!*

*Papago baskets and a peace pipe,  
A Navajo rug with a bright stripe,  
Jewelry made of brilliant seeds,  
Wampum belts of vivid beads!*

*With no concern for protocol,  
The Holy Father talked to all!  
"Little Peacock, gave a stole,  
"See the "Lily," . . . Kateri's symbol!"*

*"Look. . . the turtle, wolf and bear!"  
"Thank you for beatifying. . . Kateri fair!"  
Pope John Paul II, blessed her there,  
For all. . . a memorable affair!"*

*A beautiful Mass. . . the morning long,  
The entire Basilica broke in song,  
"Holy God, we praise Thy name,"  
Blessed Kateri forever reign!*

*After the Mass, the Pope did greet,  
Each representative gathered to meet,  
In the chapel of St. Sebastian,  
Spirit and love-light never dim!*

*The blessings complete. . . he left his seat,  
A message of love from the papal suite,  
The Angelus bells ore Rome were heard,  
"Be it done unto me. . . Thy holy word!"*

*From the Basilica to the square,  
Pope John Paul's words. . . filled the air,  
An afterglow. . . on each one's face,  
Knowing that Kateri, he did embrace.*

*In parting the Holy Father did bless,  
The Indians of Canada and the U.S.  
Oh, Blessed Kateri. . . for all mankind,  
A sweet bouquet for earth you'll find!*

*Dear Mohawk "Lily," . . . beyond compare!  
Fill us with your fragrant prayer,  
Unite us in God's brilliant light,  
Let us strive to your great height.*

*Blessed Kateri Tekakwitha,  
God's effervescent star,  
Humble maiden. . . free of mar,  
Your sainthood shines not afar!*



## PRAYER for the Canonization of Blessed Kateri Tekakwitha

O God, who among the many marvels of Your Grace in the New World, did cause to blossom on the banks of the Mohawk and of the St. Lawrence, the pure and tender Lily, Kateri Tekakwitha, grant we beseech You, the favor we beg through her intercession; that this Young Lover of Jesus and of His Cross may soon be counted among the Saints of Holy Mother Church, and that our hearts may be enkindled with a stronger desire to imitate her innocence and faith. Through the same Christ Our Lord. *Amen.*

*Our Father and Hail Mary once, and Glory be to the Father, three times.*

*The church has declared to the world that Kateri Tekakwitha is blessed; that she lived a life on earth of exemplary holiness and that she is now a member in Heaven of the Communion of Saints who continually intercede with the merciful Father on our behalf....*

*.... Pope John Paul II  
addressing the faithful at the  
Beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha  
June 1980 ~ Vatican City*

For further information on her cause:

*In the United States:*

Rev. Vice-Postulator, Cause of Tekakwitha  
Tekakwitha League - Auriesville, N.Y. 12016

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Box 70 - Caughnawaga, Que. JOL 1B0

## The Beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha "Lily of the Mohawks"



Born at Auriesville, N.Y., 1656  
Baptized at Ponda, N.Y., 1676  
Lived at Caughnawaga, Canada,  
April 17, 1680  
Declared Venerable by Pope Pius XII  
January 3, 1943  
Beatified by Pope John Paul II  
June 22, 1980



*Commemorating the first Anniversary of  
the Beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha  
June 22, 1980, by Pope John Paul II at  
St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, Italy-*

*© Marlene McCauley, 1981*



Heaven's bells pealed a tune,  
On the twenty-second day of June,  
Of a nineteen-eighty glowing moon,  
To exalt a humble maiden soon!

T'was three hundred years this soul took flight,  
To be born of eternal light,  
Her promise, "I will pray for you,"  
Heeded to many the centuries through.

Generations twelve, prayed for this day,  
Marked by God's providential ray,  
The sun delivered a golden beam,  
Kateri elevated. . . was it a dream?

Exultant hearts did overflow,  
As toward Mother Church their steps did go,  
Native Americans resplendently dressed,  
To see their sister at last made "Blest!"

Swiss guards at St. Peter's door,  
Meeting people by the score,  
Standing stately . . . sword in hand,  
Pilgrims passing from every land.

Twenty-five thousand flocked to see,  
An outstanding moment in history,  
To each a missalette . . . then a seat,  
The Kateri group. . . left transcept did meet.

From everywhere. . . all came to see,  
Five "Venerables" made "Beati,"  
Two sons of Spain. . . two of France,  
All of missionary stance.

Lived within a hundred fifty years,  
Filled with faith, they had no fears.  
Each accepted Christ's invitation,  
Peter Betancur to Marie of the Incarnation.

In their souls His grace did fill,  
Joseph Ancieta. . . "Apostle of Brazil,"  
Bishop Laval. . . the "first" of Quebec,  
Kateri Tekakwitha. . . of the Mohawk "sect."

Heroic virtue. . . their call,  
Proclaiming Christ's gospel to all,  
In distant lands and Indian soil,  
Midst suffering, they did toil!

Americans and Guatemalans,  
Canadians and Brazilians,  
Assembled for the beatification,  
A Pontifical celebration!

St. Peter's Basilica. . . awe-inspiring,  
Spaciousness. . . Wreathed columns spiraling,  
Canopied altar. . . the golden throne,  
Above which soars Michaelangelo's dome.

Imposing edifice. . . Christendom's rock,  
Crypt of St. Peter. . . under this spot,  
Antiquity-rooted. . . apostolic succession,  
Introducing the solemn procession!

One of the concelebrants of the day,  
Jesuit General. . . Father Arrupe,  
Bishops, "Arch," . . Cardinals, too,  
Took their places on cue.

Wearing red and violet zucchetti,  
Soon they knew the moment ready!  
Lights went on. . . the organ resounded,  
Pope John Paul II, to the altar mounted.

An endearing soul. . . filled with love,  
Missionary spirit. . . Poland's dove,  
Christ's vicar. . . the Spirit's prize,  
Pope John Paul II. . . with "talking eyes!"

T'was an impressive, stirring sight,  
At the Penitential rite,  
When the members did arrive,  
To petition their candidates five.

Silence reigned. . . Bishop Hubbard's talk,  
"Please count as "Blessed," . . Kateri,  
a Mohawk!"

Hearts beat in anticipation,  
For the Holy Father's declaration.

In robes of glimmering white and gold,  
The silver staff, his hand did hold,  
Just before the Gloria rite,  
Announcement made from the altar's height.

"By apostolic authority,  
Declare that Venerable Kateri,  
Will henceforth be called, 'Blest,' "  
Her life a miracle. . . severe the test!

"April seventeenth. . . the feast,"  
The day her heartbeat ever ceased,  
A thunderous applause echoed through,  
Hearty clapping only grew!

Leading to a mighty roar,  
Vibrating the massive "holy door!"  
Tears welled in many eyes,  
Ecstasy. . . hard to disguise!

Indian people burst with pride,  
To see their own beatified!  
Hearts cried in exultation,  
On this day of jubilation!

Blessed Kateri. . . God's love she'll bind,  
Gifts from Him. . . for you she'll find,  
Virtues. . . jewels for emulating,  
God-filled "Lily". . . self-effacing!

The Sistine choir. . . Gregorian sang,  
In Latin phrases their voices rang!  
"Missa de Angelis". . . ethereal cadence,  
Heavenly tones. . . mystical radiance!

A Seminarian from Albany  
Gave the reading splendidly,  
"Your love and works are your worth,  
You are the salt of the earth!"

"Princess White Dove" from Caughnawaga,  
An Iroquois mission in Canada,  
Spoke the petition in Mohawk tongue,  
Her chanting tones strongly rung!

"Let Christ's love be your leaven!"  
Her beautiful voice reached Heaven!  
For St. Peter's. . . an innovation,  
In native dialect. . . this recitation!

Our Holy Father's homily,  
Ending with our Kateri,  
Praised her faith to God above,  
His sacred cross. . . her deepest love.

"Through suffering, she did impart,  
Resignation and joyful heart!"  
"Last words as she bid adieu,"  
"Jesus. . . I love You!"

Presentation of gifts. . . a spectacular sight,  
Indians dressed in regalia bright,  
From United States and Canada,  
In line. . . approached the altar.

Fathers Bechard and Joseph Mc Bride,  
Observing this filled with pride,  
Vice-Postulators for Kateri,  
And the General. . . Father Molinari!

Director of "Missions". . . Monsignor Lenz,  
Happily watched his many friends,  
Arrayed in full ceremonial dress,  
Beads and buckskins to feathered headdress!

Potawatomi and Saketon,  
To countless tribes, they did belong!  
Cherokee, Choctaw and Papago,  
Blackfoot, Laguna and Navajo!

The Sioux, Tewa and Mohawk,  
Deafening applause as each did walk!  
Ben Black Bear and Chief Delisle,  
An entourage through the aisle.

Francis Hairy Chin and Iron Eyes,  
Cameras clicking to immortalize!  
Big Chief Jim Shot Both Sides,  
Expressing homage of the tribes.