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# KATERI

NO. 86

FOR YOUR FAITHFUL DEPARTED

EACH NEW MOON

FOR A BETTER INSIGHT

(Concluded)

LILY OF  
THE MOHAWKS

Winter • 1970

Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada





# The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha

*Kateriana obtainable from the*

Office of the Vice Postulation  
(The Kateri Center)

Box 70, Caughnawaga, P. Q., Canada

## Medals

Aluminum: 5¢ each — 50¢ per dozen.

## Pictures (prayers in English or French)

1. Colored picture by Mother Nealis. 10¢ each.
2. Colored picture by Sister M. Fides Glass. Spanish prayer also. 5¢ for two.
3. Mother Nealis' colored picture of Kateri (9¼" x 13¾") for framing. 75¢.

## Touch Relics

1. Small Kateri pictures with silk applied to relics. 20¢ each.
2. Picture with touch relic. 15¢ each.

## Ceramic Plaque

A four inch square enamel picture of Kateri on mushroom colored tile to blend into any background. By Daniel Lareau. \$2.25 (Limited Supply).

## Novena (English or French)

In the form of a short biography. 25¢ each.

## Statues

Colored 8½". \$3.75.  
A wood carving 6½". \$15.00. (Limited Supply.)

## Books

- "Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk Maid", (for teen-agers) by Evelyn M. Brown. \$2.50.  
"I am Indian" by Gualbert Brunsmann, O.S.B. 60s  
"L'héroïque Indienne Kateri Tekakwitha" by Henri Béchard, S.J., \$3.50.  
"Kateri Tekakwitha, vierge mohawk", by Evelyn M. Brown, translated by Maurice Hébert of the Royal Academy of Canada, illustrated by Simone Hudon-Beaulac. \$2.25.  
"Kateri, vierge iroquoise", by Pierre Théoret. \$2.10.  
"La Vénérable Kateri Tekakwitha, jeune vierge iroquoise, Protectrice du Canada", by Canon Paul Thône. \$1.50.  
"Kateri Tekakwitha, la petite Iroquoise", illustrated album by Agnes Richomme, \$1.00.  
"Il Giglio degli Iroquesi", by Dr. Fernando Bea, 62 pp. \$1.50.  
"¿ Una India en los altares? Kateri de los Mohawks," by Maria Cecilia Buehrle, 180 pp. \$2.50.

## Special

"The Visions of Bernard Francis de Hoyos, S.J.", by Henri Béchard, S.J., 178 pp., profusely illustrated. \$3.50 a copy; three copies: \$10.00.

## Recordings

Two Iroquois records (45 rpm), of the Mixed Caughnawaga Choir. For both: \$3.50.

## Film strip

Kateri film-strip in color; four reels with captions in French. \$25.00.

## Sympathy Cards

You will find the Kateri Sympathy Cards in perfect taste, beautifully printed and very convenient to have at hand. Try them and see. To the family of the bereaved the Vice-Postulator will be happy to send a personal note of sympathy. No soliciting of any sort will follow.

One box of twelve cards: \$1.00. Each yearly enrollment in the Kateri Guild: \$1.00.

## Subscription to "Kateri"

One dollar a year. Please renew your subscription without being advised.



How many copies  
of Leonard Cohen's  
obscene book on Kateri  
have been sold?  
More than 500,000!

How many written promises  
of one daily Our Father  
and or/one daily Hail Mary  
to hasten Kateri's Beatification  
has the Kateri Center received?  
Exactly 2705. ▼

Fill out the following form  
and rush it to:  
The Kateri Center  
Box 70  
Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada

MY PLEDGE TO KATERI

Date .....

I, the undersigned, pledge to offer up each day one Our Father and/or one Hail Mary until the second duly verified miracle needed for Kateri's beatification is obtained.

Name .....

Street or Box .....

City or Town .....

Province or State ..... Zip or Zone Code .....

Country ..... Telephone .....



## For Your Faithful Departed

This second roll of two hundred names, as yet incomplete, was named after Anastasia Tegonhatsi-ongo. She was the elderly Indian woman who became Kateri Tekakwitha's spiritual guide during the last years of the latter's life — the most beautiful of all, because it was then that she attained union with God.

In a few weeks, under the direction of the one she called her "teacher", Kateri advanced more than all the others in several months. The Venerable trusted in her completely. Anastasia had known her parents in Mohawkland. Before coming to live at St. Francis Xavier's, she had also known Kateri. Anastasia sponsored her admittance into the Holy Family Association.

When, after her death, Tekakwitha appeared to her "teacher", she called her "Mother!" This glorious vision comforted Anastasia Tegonhatsi-ongo in all her trials until her death.

How do you have a name inscribed on the Anastasia Roll? Send in five subscriptions (names, addresses of the subscribers with \$5 — one dollar each) to the Kateri Center, Box 70, Caughnawaga, Quebec, Canada. With these five subscriptions, it is your privilege to have the name of *one* of your beloved dead listed, free of charge, on the Anastasia Roll. When the Roll is filled with two hundred names, in gratitude to you, one hundred Masses shall be offered for the persons inscribed. Meanwhile they are not forgotten as the Vice-Postulator promises to remember them daily during Mass at the Memento of the Departed.

## The Anastasia Roll

1. Mr. William Addison Miller
2. Mrs. Amanda Elliott Miller
3. Mr. Robert Mellor
4. Mrs. Mary Dabney Mellor
5. Mr. Conrad Bellefleur
6. Mr. Jean Marcotte
7. Mr. William James Bernard
8. Mr. Arthur Laporte
9. Mr. Paul Vigneault
10. Mrs. Rose-Alba Fafard
11. Mr. Roger Fafard
12. Mr. John Corcoran
13. Mrs. Eugene Paradis
14. Mr. Donat Jalbert
15. Mr. H. J. Daman
16. Mrs. H. J. Daman
17. Mr. John Bernard
18. Mrs. John Bernard
19. Mr. John Scouvell
20. Mrs. John Scouvell
21. Mr. Raymond Dupras
22. Rev. Hermas Lavallée
23. Mrs. Luce Norton
24. Mr. William A. Lockman
25. Mrs. Roseanna Brodeur
26. Dr. Stephen A. Mahoney
27. Miss Katherine Fiutko
28. Mr. John Fiutko
29. Mr. Ian James
30. Miss Sophia Bizga
31. Mr. W. F. Thurston
32. Mr. E. Nadeau
33. Mr. Napoleon Paul
34. Mrs. Catherine Paul
35. Miss Jane Williamson
36. Mr. Louis Grivetti
37. Mr. Edward J. Connor
38. Dr. Gaudreau
39. Mrs. Joseph Tourigny
40. Mr. Michel DesRochers
41. Mrs. Marguerite Shenandoah
42. Mr. Frederick Shenandoah
43. Mr. Monroe Williams
44. Mr. Peter Jocko
45. Mr. John B. Cuff
46. Rev. William Kuisle
47. Mr. Lynn Crouse
48. Rev. John V. Bush
49. Mr. Joseph Marek
50. Mr. Thomas O'Toole
51. Mr. George Dill
52. Mr. Martin C. Dudden
53. Mr. Joseph Tourigny
54. Mr. John L. McDermott
55. Mrs. Louis Chevalier
56. Miss Mary L. DuBois
57. Mrs. Mary E. Whalen
58. Mr. Jules Bélanger
59. Mr. Martin O'Brien
60. Mrs. Laura O'Brien
61. Mr. Hector Gobeille
62. Miss Amanda Voioivich
63. Mrs. Eugene Parr
64. Mrs. Clara Hoh
65. Mr. and Mrs. John Jocks
66. Mr. Rodolphe Bissonnette
67. Mrs. Rodolphe Bissonnette
68. Mr. John Flannery
69. Mrs. Ellen Flannery
70. Mrs. Blanche Pierce
71. Mr. Frank C. L'Orange, Sr.
72. Mr. Gérard Vigneault
73. Mr. George Miserany
74. Mr. Patrick Lavoie
75. Sister Fernande Levasseur
76. Mrs. Catherine Loy
77. Mr. Louie Kohl
78. Mrs. Margaret Kohl
79. Mr. Camille Frenette



KATERI : No. 86

Vol. 22 : No. 1

### AIM

1. Our quarterly bulletin, "Kateri", published by the Kateri Center, intends to help you obtain favors both temporal and spiritual through the intercession of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. It is hoped her Beatification will thereby be hastened.
2. It aims to increase the number of Kateri's friends and to procure from them at least a daily "Hail Mary" for her Beatification.
3. It seeks also your donations, for without them practically nothing can be done to make Kateri known and to have the important favors attributed to her intercession examined and approved.

### CONTENTS

Each issue of "Kateri" contains :

1. One or several pages on Kateri's life and virtues;
2. News from Kateri's friends everywhere;
3. The account of favors due to her intercession;
4. News concerning the Indians of America, with special reference to the Caughnawagas and their friends.

### PRIVILEGES

Your contribution (\$1.00 a year, as long as possible) enrolls you among "Kateri's Friends" for whom

1. A weekly Mass is offered;
2. The Vice-Postulator prays at his daily Mass;
3. As benefactors of the Society of Jesus, 190,000 masses are offered annually;
4. The spiritual treasure of the good works of some 35,000 Jesuits is opened;
5. Extra graces are merited by working for Kateri's Beatification.

DECEMBER, 1970

Published with Approbation of the Ordinary and Permission of Superiors

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CAUGHNAWAGA, P. Q., CANADA





*With Kateri*  
*sing joyfully to God:*

*The Lord*  
*has made known*  
*his salvation!*

## EACH NEW MOON

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During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Kateri was known as "the New Star of the New World": this title refers to all the Americas. Moreover, she was "universally regarded as the Protectress of Canada" as Father Francis Xavier de Charlevoix wrote in 1744. Today, more than ever before, with all the kidnapping and the murdering going on in Montreal, might it not be advisable for Canadians and their American friends to turn to Kateri for help?

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Bishop Edwin E. Broderick of Albany assigned September 5, as the "Kateri Day of Prayer." A group, under Father Joseph McBride, United States Vice-Postulator, gathered at Fonda, N.Y., Kateri's baptismal site, for an hour of adoration at St. Peter's Memorial Chapel. A large delegation of St. Regis Indians were present. Fr. M. Jacobs and I accompanied them.

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Fr. Thomas Grassman, O.F.M. Conv., the founder and director of the Mohawk-Caughnawaga Museum, Fonda, N.Y., a great friend of Kateri, died on October 1, 1970. He was the author of *The Mohawk Indians and Their Valley*. As Vice-Postulator for Canada, with my good friend Fr. Michael Jacobs,

S.J., the well-known Indian Jesuit, I attended the funeral Mass at the Fonda Shrine.

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The next Kateri issue will begin once again to publish letters from our friends. When acknowledging favors to the Lily of the Mohawks, be sure to furnish details. Readers will enjoy them better than a simple "Thank you to Kateri for a great favor!"

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Be sure to sign your letters with your full name and to write down your address correctly. If you have not heard from us within two weeks, please advise us.

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In a former issue of *Kateri*, I mentioned Evelyn Brown's exceptional translation from the French into the English of the first volume of *He and I*. The second and last volume is now off the press. It will be as popular as the first one, published at Éditions Paulines, 250 N. Blvd. Saint-François, Sherbrooke, P.Q.

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To our readers — my heartfelt wishes for your happiness on Christmas Day! Kateri made her First Holy Communion on Christmas, 1678, at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, today Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada. Her smile upon you always!

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## The Kateri Sympathy Cards!

### 5 GOOD REASONS for having a box on hand all the time.

At the occasion of the death of a relative or friend all you have to do is to sign a card and send it to the bereaved family. We confirm your sympathy offering with a personal letter, and enroll the departed one in the Kateri Guild, for whom,

1. A Weekly High Mass is offered at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier;

2. An Intention is included daily in the Memento of the Vice-Postulator's Mass;

3. The Treasury of the many Masses read each month for the benefactors of the Society of Jesus is opened;

4. A Share in the good works of the Jesuits throughout the world is assured;

5. Participation in the merits gained in helping the Cause of the Mohawks is guaranteed.

Write to the Kateri Center, Box 70, Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada, for a free sample card.

One dozen cards boxed: one dollar. Each yearly enrollment in the Kateri Tekakwitha Guild: one dollar.

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## For a Better Insight

(CONCLUDED)

*Tuesday, September 23, after leaving Vannes, we went on, through the Vendean countryside, to Nantes. I was in search of new material on the missionaries who were instrumental in Kateri's ascent to the heights of sanctity.*

It was past noon when we rang at the door of the Jesuit residence at Nantes. After lunch the community gathered in the recreation room and I answered questions about Canada and the United States. Fr. Saint-Mars afterwards showed us the "Center of Catholic Documentation", the chapel and, finally, his room brightened up with a large silk lillied banner of the Province of Quebec!

Today is the good Father's seventieth birthday. He carries his years lightly. From 1963 to 1965, he preached retreats in Canada, and enjoys recalling his voyages across the ocean.

If the miser, called "time", listened to me, I would spend two weeks at Nantes. It is the oldest city of Brittany. St. Peter's Cathedral bears witness to its importance. It was begun in 1434, more than fifty years before the discovery of America by Columbus, and completed only in the nineteenth century. Other witnesses of a glorious past are the castle of the dukes of Brittany and the museum of Fine Arts, one of the richest in paintings of all France. The inhabitants of Nantes love to say that, in their

city, Jules Verne was born, and that he explored the moon long before the American astronauts. On the other hand, they have very little to say concerning Giles de Montmorency-Laval, lord of Retz, marshal of France, whose many crimes furnished Perrault with material for his tale about *Blue Beard*.

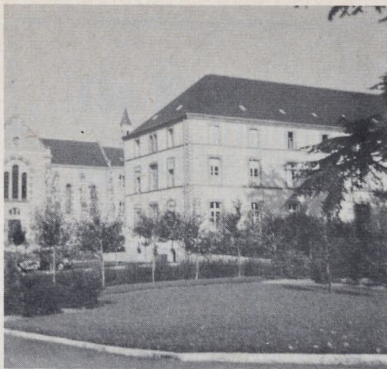
The Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph (La Flèche) put us up for the night at Beaupréau, twenty miles east of Nantes. The mother house is now located in Montreal. Besides their clinic, the Sisters conduct St. Michael's house for retired priests. Ah! these old campaigners, broken, worn out, who are peacefully ending their days, thanks to the Hospital Sisters' generosity. The old



Note the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and the Cross in La Vendée's coat-of-arms.

PHOTO H.B.

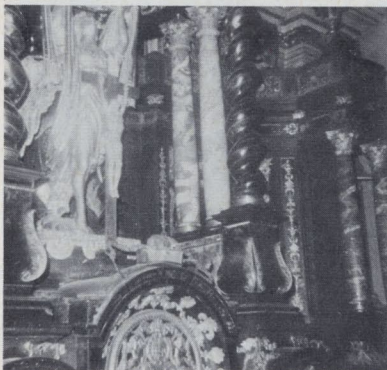




The Beaupréau clinic is under the direction of the St. Joseph Hospital Sisters of Montreal.



Fr. Claude Chauchetière, S.J., was baptized at St. Porchaire's Church (belfry in the distance) in Poitiers.



The high altar of the old Jesuit chapel in Poitiers.

*curés* were quite flurried, for, a few weeks ago, one of them went to spend a few days among his relatives. Inadvertently, he pushed his warm pipe into the pocket of his cassock. A few minutes later, he was a living torch.

### Wednesday, September 24

Today, to my deep satisfaction, I, at last, met Sister Maillé, Provincial of France, and Sister Lamarre, who are both from Montreal; also, Sister Bosque, Assistant of France. They were on their official visitation to Beaupréau. At the clinic, we greeted Sister Breton, who, also hails from Montreal; I promised her I would call on her relatives as soon as I returned to Canada.

At ten o'clock, we left for Poitiers, Fr. Claude Chauchetière's native city. He is the first seventeenth-century biographer of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha.

The St. Denis Residence, on Edouard-Grimaux Street, houses the four religious who form the Poitiers community of the Society of Jesus. These Fathers labor as chaplains for the "Student Mission"; they teach catechetics to adults; for many years now, Fr. Jean Fleury has devoted his time to the *Nomads' Aid* — in other words to the French gypsies. Father Superior, who is well acquainted with Mr. François Villard, Director of Archives for the Department of Vienne, volunteered to accompany me to his office. Last autumn, the Director of Archives had sent me three pages of information on the Chauchetière family. He was so affable that I am still asking myself how I shall ever be able to adequately show him my appreciation. At any rate, I promised that I would forward him

copies of Fr. Chauchetière's manuscripts conserved in Canada.

Poitiers was planned by the Romans. I shall not soon forget the old city with its hills and dales at the bottom of which flows the Clain River. I quietly strolled about the city, stopping at the *lycée*, a former Jesuit college, admiring its chapel and the paintings and carvings in the sacristy; I also stopped at St. Porchaire's Church, where Claude Chauchetière was baptized, and at the presbytery, where I asked for Abbé Jean Toulat, author of a best seller on Canada. He was away. A few years ago, Father Toulat visited the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, where we conversed at some length. He eventually sent me Father Chauchetière's birth record.

### Thursday, September 25

Almost everywhere in France, pilgrimages are periodically conducted to the tombs of saints, these great ancestors in the Faith. On the Sunday following August 13, each year, the faithful throng to the historic Church of St. Radegonda, which contains the tomb of the French queen, who died in 587. The government is now restoring this ancient church. Father Maxime went with me to the baptistery of St. John, one of the oldest Christian edifices in the West. Our last stop in Poitiers was at St. Peter's Cathedral, by any standard, as attractive as the churches of Anjou. It is noted for its rutilant stained-glass windows.

After Poitiers, we went to Limoges. Louis René Béchard, my ancestor, was the son of Pierre Béchard and of Anne Galet, of the parish of the Carmelites, in the diocese of Limoges, if one takes

into consideration my family tree drawn up by the Drouin Institute of Montreal. Toward 1685, Louis René was at Chateau-Richer, P.Q.; in 1691, he married Marie Anne Vailancourt, at the Church of the Holy Family, on the Isle of Orleans.

As the Carmelite parish was within the limits of Limoges, I referred to the Departmental Archives of Upper Vienne. No city records are contained there.

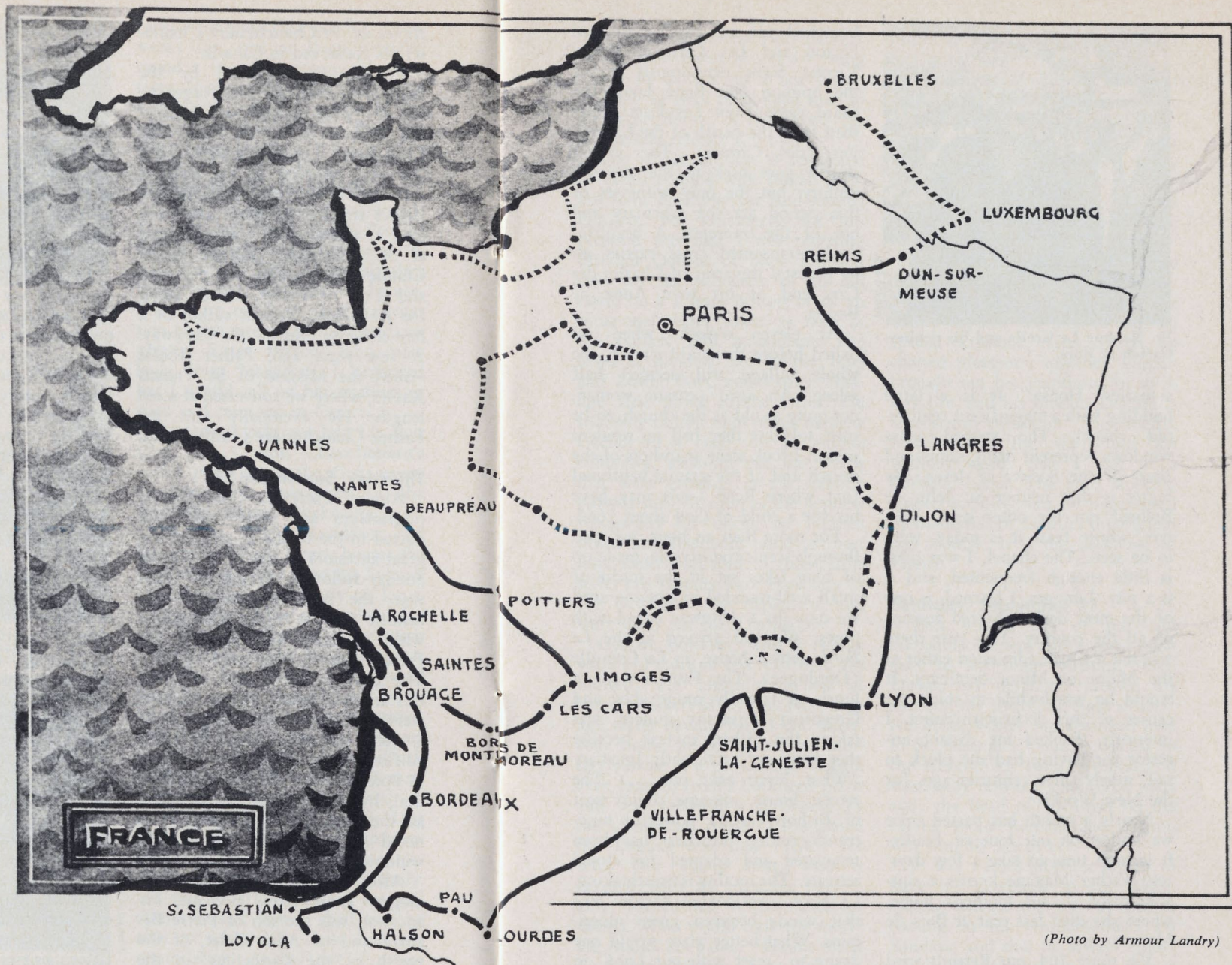
I then inquired if the Archives contained any material on the town of Les Cars, where, despite Drouin, my ancestors could have originated. But no, none of the Les Cars records dates back further than the seventeenth century. On the other hand, at the public library, Miss Martine Hautebert graciously consented to look for information about my distant forefather, Louis René. Before the end of the year, I shall send her the precise details she needs to pursue her research.

In the Limoges "registers of Catholicity", I often met with the Christian name, Martial and, in the feminine gender, Martiale. And when I learned that the relics of St. Martial, first bishop of Limoges, were exposed in one of the churches of the city, rather than visit one of its thirty-five ceramic factories, I preferred to go pray at the saint's reliquary, in homage to my good friend, Fr. Martial Caron, S.J., of St. Boniface, Manitoba.

### Friday, September 26

At Limoges, like everywhere else in France, the welcome extended to us by the Jesuit community was not only correct, but warm. The Sacred Heart Residence is composed of fifteen priests and one brother, but it is popularly known as the "Mis-





(Drawing by Studio Latreille)

Off for a Better Insight ... IV

(Photo by Armour Landry)





Fr. Maxime Le Grelle and his nephew Gaétan at Bors.

sionaries' House." It is a large building with a magnificent century-old chapel. The stained glass windows represent many saints and *Beati* of the Society of Jesus. My regret is that neither St. John de Brébeuf nor the other seven martyrs, whose feast it is today, were to be seen. The chapel, I was told, is little enough frequented, and it is a pity. Limoges, I learned, is one of the most dechristianized regions of all the country. This year there was not a single admission either at the Major or Minor Seminary. It would be worthwhile to study the causes of this dechristianization. I interiorly thanked my distant ancestor for having had the pluck to sail, nearly three centuries ago, for the New World!

Nearly a month has passed since we undertook our tour of France. It is high time to take a few days' rest. Father Maxime knows a suitable place — his mother's home, where she died last year at Bors de Montmoreau.

Via route 704, our Renault sped southward to Plaine. Here the road

branched off in the direction of Nexon and Les Cars, in Upper Vienne. Some genealogists are of the opinion that René Louis Béchard came from Les Cars rather than from the parish of the Carmelites (des Carmes). The village church goes back to the eleventh century; but the only witnesses of this period are the sanctuary and one of the transepts. A beautiful double-transomed cross carries on its pedestal the arms of Charles des Cars and of his wife Anne de Bessey.

At eleven o'clock, when we halted before the sunlit church, the whole village still seemed half asleep. An aged peasant woman, not quite as old as the church, to be sure, told me they had no resident pastor. I took some snapshots of the church and of the granite baptismal font where René Louis may have become a child of God about 1666.

For more than an hour, we sped through scenic countryside, made up of blue lakes set in the midst of small well-rounded mountains until we came to a driveway edged with pines. We had arrived at the *La Barde* retreat house, in La Coquille (Dordogne). The Fathers were at lunch. A friendly young abbé and Gregorian University student, was taking the Fathers to task because they were not sufficiently Ignatian. (What Jesuit ever is? ...) The retreat house, onetime county seat of Bishop Gay, a powerful nineteenth-century preacher, has been renovated and adapted for closed retreats. The locality is breathtaking. *La Barde* overlooks a narrow lake that winds between green mountains. What better place would one desire to "meet with our Lord" in the quiet and peace so often com-

mended by the present Holy Father? At the rate retreat houses are being closed in Canada, as a last resort, perhaps we shall be obliged soon to go to *La Barde*, in Dordogne, for our annual retreats! ...

The village of Bors is composed of farms planted with Indian corn. For some time now, the land seemed familiar. For kilometers, my impression was that I was traveling through Quebec or New England save for the silhouette of an old castle on a distant hilltop or of an occasional water tower as trim as the Bunker Hill monument. The town is divided into Upper Bors and Lower Bors, and Father Maxime first drove to the latter. He suddenly caught sight of his nephew Gaétan in a field, on an engine cultivator, cleaning out the weeds that were growing in the recently plowed soil. As soon as the nephew recognized his uncle, he jumped down and hurriedly came to meet him. Both embraced in true Gallic style. His parents were expecting us for October 5, he explained, and were away on their holidays.

Gaétan, however, who is twenty years old more or less, can fend for himself. He immediately led us home and served us tea. Not long ago, after having bailed out thirty-four times, he completed his military service as a parachutist. Gaétan even jumped from a Lockheed plane and was awarded a certificate by the American Army. I translated the English text into French for him. Our young host, who is favored with an attractive personality, insisted that we come back for dinner. Who would cook the meal? He would. As Father Maxime made no bones about accepting the invitation, neither did I. We got back

into our car and slowly ascended to Upper Bors.

The home of Father Maxime's mother has been empty since her death last year. A neighbor, Mrs. Duval, prepared the house for our arrival. Mrs. Le Grelle was certainly fond of flowers; they are growing all around. ... We washed, changed and joined Gaétan as soon as we could.

Father's nephew proved to be the perfect host, truly one of the best. Nothing was missing, not even the dainty napkins his mother uses on special occasions. After coffee, we chatted pleasantly together. Gaétan brought out his snapshots of military life, and his brother Dominic's fine stamp collection. The crucifix hanging on the wall told me without words that I was in a Catholic home. The hard working landed nobility must be represented by thousands of families throughout the country. It is the backbone of France.

#### Saturday, September 27

This was a day of rest and relaxation. It was also a good occasion to do some washing. Mrs. Duval, our neighbor, pressed my suit and my shirts. At eight o'clock, for Mass, Father and I walked over to St. Susanna's Church, erected in the eleventh or twelfth century. It was badly restored a hundred years ago: the head of an angel on the capital of a Romanesque column was stupidly sawed off.

It was Father Maxime's turn to have his newpew in for lunch. Gaétan told me that he was used to coming to his Grandmother's on Sundays, and that he always enjoyed it. Everything in the house conjures up her memory: paintings



signed by her, engravings of horses covering the walls. (As a young lady, she must have been a first-rate horsewoman.) In her bedroom, a beautiful picture of Pius XII gave proof of her attachment to the Holy See.

A new pastor was recently appointed to the parish. His predecessor had won the hearts of all the parishioners, and as soon as Father and I went out, we were surrounded by children. The new pastor resides at St. Martial de Montmoreau, and he is responsible for five parishes. We hoped to obtain his permission to offer Holy Mass at St. Susanna's tomorrow.

A half-hour drive took us to St. Martial's. Father Cesnec is just beginning to adapt to his new appointment. He had been living with a group of priests at the other end of the diocese. The contrast between the fraternal existence he had led and his present solitude demands plenty of grit. I could not but admire his obedience to the bishop. The presbytery is definitely poor, and, of course, he cannot afford a housekeeper. I felt that he was happy to converse with two priests, even though they were Jesuits. Father soon had a bottle of pineau and biscuits on the table. He was pleased that we should concelebrate tomorrow at St. Susanna's. Before shaking hands with him on parting, we visited his little church. It was simple in style and very clean.

Back at Bors, Mr. Guy Le Grelle, Father Maxime's brother, but not Gaétan's father, had us to dinner. What a fine family! Chantal, the eldest daughter, is in Switzerland; she is the French governess of the children of Her Imperial Highness the Archduchess of Austria. At

table, besides the parents, were Hervé (who did his military service on an airplane carrier), Bernadette and Eric. An hour later, we sat round the fireplace crackling and dancing with burning logs. There followed a question and answer period on life in Canada and the United States. The children were spontaneous but always courteous. I had the impression the parents were the masters of their own home. This is as it should be.

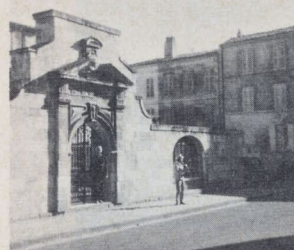
### Sunday, September 28

This must have been the first time a Eucharist Concelebration was held at Bors de Montmoreau. The Holy Sacrifice is ordinarily offered only twice-monthly at St. Susanna's and our stay did not coincide with one of the customary Sundays. Hence the congregation was not very big — thirty adults at most. There was, it is true, an abundance of altar boys. After the Gospel, Father Maxime presented me to the faithful, and I gave the homily, stressing the saints of New France and the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha.

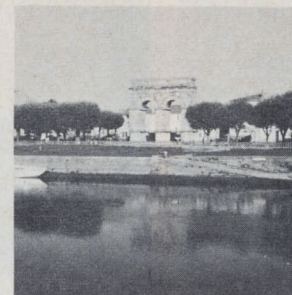
Mr. and Mrs. Guy Le Grelle invited us over for a last dinner together before our leaving for La Rochelle. Eric, aged twelve, had gone to the trouble of going out into the woods for mushrooms. I felt more at ease when I learned that he knew perfectly well the difference between the edible and poisonous species. The food was particularly good: it all came fresh from the land — no odorless nor savorless canned goods!

When the hour of farewell rang out, I was sorry to leave Bors de Montmoreau.

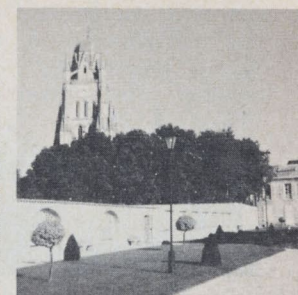
At the beginning of the after-



Entrance to the grounds of the former Jesuit college at Saintes



View of the cathedral tower from the college quadrangle



The Arch of Germanicus

PHOTO H.B.

noon, we took the road leading to La Rochelle. Our first stop was at Saintes, where Fr. Claude Chauchetière taught the classics from 1671 to 1672. Of the college, little enough remains except the doors to the main quadrangle of the old Jesuit college and the quadrangle itself now landscaped in fine taste. Outlined against the sky is the Gothic cathedral of St. Peter, where, for the first time, the Angelus was recited. It is being restored. In my hearing, an individual muttered: "It's costing too much!" Workmen were setting granite cobblestones around the cathedral. . . Facing, the doors of the onetime Jesuit college was the chapel often frequented by Father Chauchetière. Teen-agers and young adults were lolling about. We could have walked into a barn or a horse-breeding establishment; it was a gymnasium. Five years ago, in an article published in *Etudes*, Fr. Peter Antoine gave us his views on the adapting of old churches and cathedrals to the needs of the twenty-first century. Here we have an unpleasant foretaste of such a realization. As we were leaving the capital of Saint Onge, through no

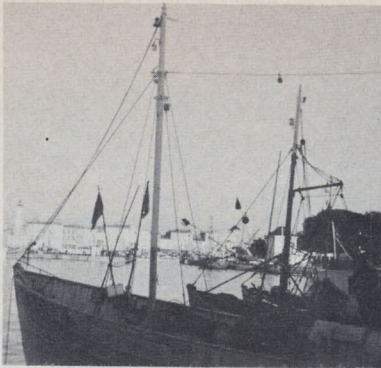
one was there to appreciate it, I waved at the Germanicus Arch, erected during the reign of Tiberius. It used to stand in the middle of the Roman bridge demolished in 1845; it was later reassembled at its present site.

The last rays of the setting sun gilded the port, the sailing boats and ships, the towers and the jumble of cars, as we hastily sped into La Rochelle. It was six o'clock. We found shelter at the diocesan Major Seminary in the superbs. There were no seminarians, only a small group of nuns. At table, the Superior, a Eudist Father, conversed with us about Quebec, about the late Cardinal Villeneuve, whose ancestors originated in the nearby Île de Ré, about the historical links that existed between La Rochelle and Canada. At the end of the meal, the Sister in charge served us preserves made from fresh figs grown in their orchard, though we were in latitude 56° North.

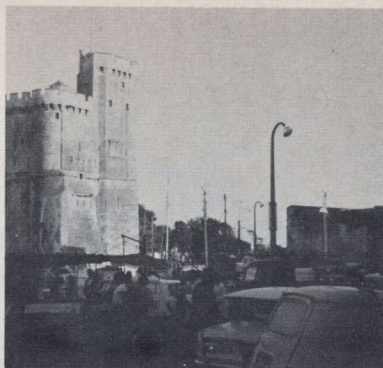
### Monday, September 29

Father Maxime intends to request his incardination in the diocese of La Rochelle, and he wished to





The Port of La Rochelle

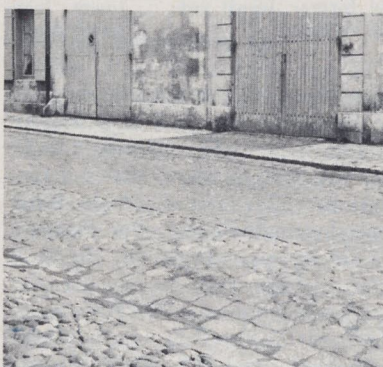


One of two towers and the jumble of cars

PHOTO H. B.

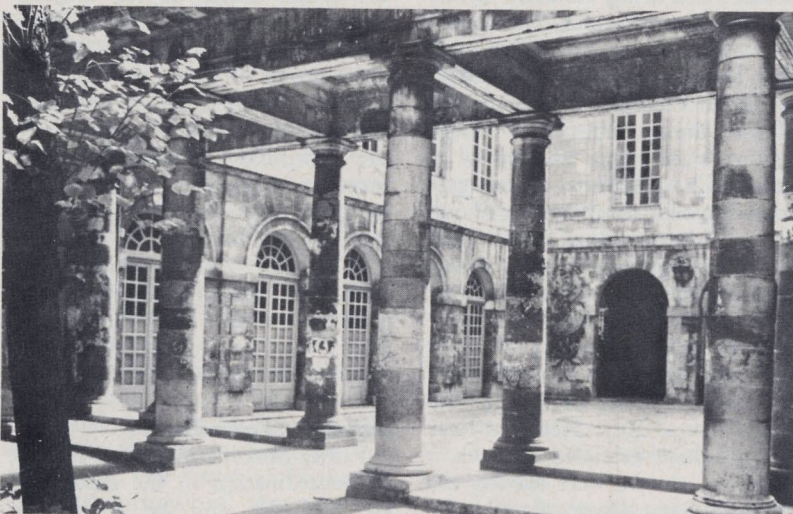


The chapel of the former Jesuit college, now a lycée



An old street paved with "Canadas"

PHOTO ARMOUR LANDRY



The Royal Exchange, founded in 1719; here are preserved the documents concerning the fur trade.

PHOTO ARMOUR LANDRY

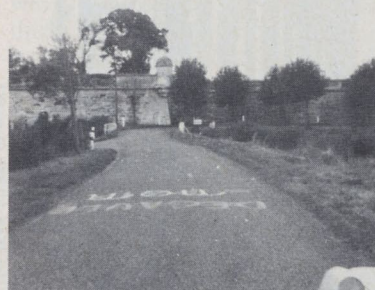
discuss it with the Bishop's representative. So, quite early, we met the Vicar General. As a result of this visit, I got the chance to venerate the relics of the 254 martyrs of Charente, priests who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the National Convention (1792-1795). Their staunch faith could well serve as a stimulant to the twentieth-century clergy!

La Rochelle saw Jeanne Mance, Maisonneuve, Blessed Margaret Bourgeoys, missionaries and hundreds of pioneers sail for the New World. Old streets of this city are still paved with "Canadas", stones used as ballast in the sailing ships of long ago plying back and forth between New and Old France.

My companion informed me that we could dispose of only a little time. They were many historical monuments I would have liked to visit: the three great towers at the entrance of the port, the magnificent art galleries and museums, the city hall with its machicolated façade embellished with finely wrought carvings, the street of

the Haberdashers (*rue des Merciers*) lined with many sixteenth and seventeenth-century houses, a fine sight with their colorful, wooden porches! . . . At all events I managed to find the Jesuit chapel of old, now part of the *lycée*, formerly the college where Father Chauchetière taught the senior high school class from 1670 to 1671, and rhetoric from 1672 to 1673.

And off we went! We bypassed Rochefort, chief town of the department of Charente Maritime, founded for military purposes by Colbert in approximately two years (1661-1664). Further on, at a little place, still enclosed within the square enceinte of its ramparts, the only specimen extant of military architecture before Vauban's time, we stopped for a while. At the last census there were no more than 256 inhabitants though it used to be a well-known seaport. Today the port exists no longer: it is completely silted over. The name of the town is Brouage, Samuel de Champlain's homeland. He was born in 1570 and founded Quebec in 1608, thus



Brouage, a little town hidden within its ramparts...



Father Maxime gazes at the Champlain pillar.

PHOTO H.B.



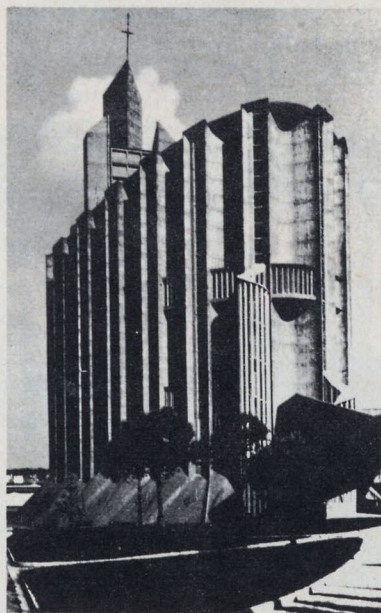
ensuring the rise of New France. Because of the ties this commune or parish has with Canada, Father Maxime is thinking of becoming its pastor. It will not be without need, for Brouage has not had a resident priest for more than three quarters of a century. No presbytery will open its doors to him; rain often pours down through the roof of the church where the founder of Canada was baptized. Outside, the Champlain pillar, erected by the Province of Quebec towards the end of the last century, seems to have grown as old as its surroundings, perhaps by osmosis.

From Brouage, we made for Royan, destroyed in 1945 by the American Air Force based in England. According to many experts, the new city is "one of the most brilliant achievements of town-planning of the present day." Particularly happy is the immense new church of Our Lady of Royan. It appeared to me as an ultramodern cathedral, a genuine successor withal of the medieval Notre Dames. It seats two thousand persons. The organ was constructed according to an eighteenth-century technique: the pipes of beaten pewter up to 85%, give a greater mellowness to the mutation stops and more brilliancy to the reed stops. Fr. Louis Cyr, a Canadian Jesuit of Acadian origin, now working on his Doctor's degree in music, at Frankfort on the Main, has often taken place at the console of this organ.

We lunched with the pastor, Father Raud, whom Father Maxime had come to consult with regard to his eventual incardination in the La Rochelle diocese. Our host thinks highly of Father Cyr, who often helps out during the vacation season

when Royan overflows with 100,000 tourists. In the living room, was a colored television, a gift from one of his wealthier summer parishioners. It was the only one I saw in France.

That evening at St. Joseph's College in Bordeaux, Father Minister opened the doors to us as thunder and lightning hailed our arrival... This institution numbers two hundred pupils in the primary grades and seven hundred in high school and what we would call college. Twenty-seven Jesuits and fifty laymen make up the staff. During supper, one of the Fathers told me that a French family, having immigrated to Canada, felt obliged to send their son back to St. Joseph's. Why? His fellow-students in a Montreal secondary school used extremely coarse language to their teachers! What could I say?



Notre Dame de Royan

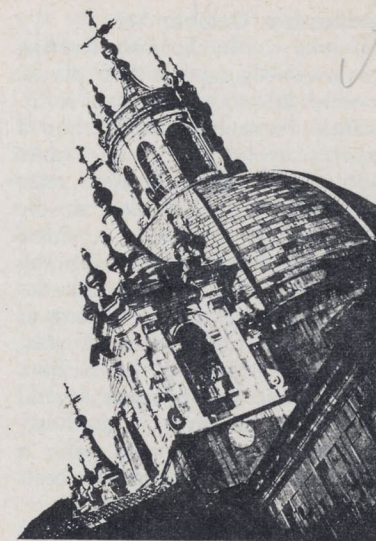
PHOTO JEAN-PIERRE DUMONT

## Tuesday, September 30

Early this morning we set out for Loyola in Spain. Father Maxime had never crossed the lines. As I intended to visit Lourdes, even though it were only for a few hours, and as Lourdes is not far from Spain, I felt that my friend would enjoy spending several hours within the walls of Loyola Castle, where the founder of the Society of Jesus was born. We drove southward in a light mist. It was a long day as we went through the moorlands (*Landes*) of southeastern France, a poor region mostly uninhabited and partially wooded with scraggy pines and sickly-looking birches. Every summer thousands of Frenchmen travel this route to Biarritz. On the way, Father did the cooking; he boiled several eggs without even cracking one. We were not destined to die of hunger.

Without any trouble, we got to Hendaye on the Bay of Biscay, but not before having passed through a curiously named village. The signpost read: *Chambre d'Amour*, (Chamber of Love), Sunday Mass at ten o'clock!

At San Sebastián, we inadvertently took the mountain road to Loyola instead of the new throughway. It was a death-trap even without the thick fog that accompanied us, a total absence of side-rails along the ravines and valleys hundreds of feet deep. At ten kilometers (roughly six miles) from our destination, we unexpectedly ran into a church dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, precariously clinging to the side of the mountain, just about at the back of beyond. We went in. It was a thing of beauty with its magnificent gilded high altar, with St. Peter



The Basilica of St. Ignatius at Loyola

on his throne holding his keys wrought in fifteenth-century style and with Madonnas splendidly clothed in silk and velvet. A half hour later, when we asked to be put up for the night at Loyola Castle, we were made to feel quite at home. Father Maxime was impressed by the monastic appearance of the building.

After dinner, for the last time this season, *son et lumière* (sound and light) were presented to recreate the life of St. Ignatius. What a perfect setting: the Basilica dedicated to him and the castle where he was born and later converted. Despite a light drizzle and a very small number of spectators, — Father Maxime, myself and a señora from Barcelona were the only outsiders — for a full hour we vicariously relived the dramatic and



inspiring existence of the Founder of the Society of Jesus.

### Wednesday, October 1st

Thanks to the Spanish Fathers, who graciously gave us their places, we were able to celebrate in St. Ignatius' room transformed into a chapel. Loyola now seems quite empty to me. Eight or nine years ago, when I first visited it, the castle used to serve as a novitiate and tertianship; it was teeming with young men. The scholastics are now getting their schooling at Bilbao or elsewhere. Radio Loyola, which reaches out to the Basques of the whole valley, keeps several Jesuits busy. As we said good-bye, I asked Father Rector to offer a High Mass for Kateri's prompt beatification.

Father Maxime wanted to see the interior of a Spanish farmhouse, so I led him to the home of saintly Brother Garaté who died thirty-seven years ago. His reputation for holiness has spread all over the country. A Spanish nun, a summer-time student in England, practised her English on me. She had come to Loyola for her annual retreat. After a final glance at the castle, we made it back to San Sebastián on a real highway, at a safer altitude than yesterday. Further on we enjoyed the sea air, and the sight of the breakers against the rock-bound coast.

Our road led to Saint-Jean-de-Luz on the Bay of Biscay, then on to Cambo and then to Halsou, a tiny village nestling in the foothills of the Pyrenees. There live Mademoiselle Luce Dupin, better known by her nom de plume of Luce Laurand, and her eighty-four year old mother. The former is the

author of more than twenty books, many of which have been honored by the French Academy. Luce Laurand has been likened to Marie Noël, and Daniel Rops had high praise for her. Mademoiselle Dupin, as she is known at home, has been interested in the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha for many years and offers up a weekly communion for her beatification. Over biscuits and coffee, I enjoyed my conversation with this distinguished Frenchwoman and with her mother, who, despite her age, manifested a fine sense of humor. When we finally said good-bye, Mademoiselle had given me several of her books which she kindly autographed and the fee for several years' renewal to Kateri.

A little later on, as we rode out of Halsou, I questioned my friend: "Where will we turn in tonight?"

"At Pau," he said, "with our Fathers!"

This city, as any Frenchman can tell, was the homeland of Henri IV, and of Jean Bernadotte, marshal of France and king of Sweden. The comfortable Residence of the Immaculate Conception houses twenty-three Jesuits. Fr. Michel Jammé mentioned two of my fellow novices, Fathers Conrad Primeau and Jean Laramée, who did their tertianship with him in France. He asked to be remembered to them.

### Thursday, October 2

What an unforgettable day! We arose at seven o'clock, had breakfast, and in the bright sunshine, set out for Lourdes. We passed by the statue of lusty Henri IV, which Father Maxime thought I should see. By half past ten, we were at Lourdes. The commercial aspect of

the Marian city is sometimes deprecated; I was not at all shocked by it. How much of an ass must one be to find anything wrong in the sale of rosary beads and of other religious articles? Stretcher bearers, nurses, invalids and pilgrims met and passed in the streets. Everyone seemed to be relaxed and good-humored, as at Expo 67 in Montreal.

On entering the sanctuary grounds, I immediately sensed it was an island of prayer. Mary is Queen here, no doubt about it. We visited the vast underground church (quite orthodox) which is now completed. I met a young druggist from northern Italy, a tall striking man. Every year, since 1958, he has been giving up his vacation to take part in the *Unitas* pilgrimage of some 15,000 faithful. He comes to serve Our Lady in her principality of Lourdes.

Both Father Maxime and I wished to offer the Holy Sacrifice at the Basilica. There were no

complications. All around the crowded nave, altars were in readiness. Father made his way to one of them, I to another. Meanwhile, at the high altar, the Bishop of Tarbes was saying Mass for the "Church Auxiliaries" of the diocese. Four of them received Holy Communion at my altar. For the first time, I placed the Host in the hand of one of the communicants, a Sister. I said the Mass of the Apparitions and of course I prayed for the speedy beatification of Kateri, for her friends everywhere both living and dead, for my relatives, for the Holy Father, the Church, and the Society. Be way of thanksgiving, we recited the rosary at the Grotto. I noticed two men, obviously part of the Italian pilgrimage, carrying on their shoulders an enormous wax candle, an offering to Mary. This custom may seem to belong to other times, but I am convinced that the simplicity of it must have pleased Our Lady. People of every race and color prayed fraternally at the feet of the Immaculate Conception, Queen of the Universe.

In 1963, I had prayed at Fatima; today I was privileged to do so at Lourdes. And I thought of Karl Rahner's words: "Anyone who has made *at least a little progress* (italics mine) in the spiritual life will say each day the rosary or a part of it; it will be a small part of what his vocation to prayer demands of him for the salvation of the world."

During lunch outside the grounds, we decided to take Fr. Jammé's suggestion — that we spend the night at the Mother House of the Congregation of the Holy Family in Villefranche-de-Rouergue (Aveyron). This city grew up around the



Here Bernadette prayed  
on February 11, 1858.

PHOTO A. LANDRY





PHOTO A. LANDRY

Lourdes

powerful bastide erected in 1252 by Alphonse de Poitiers, St. Louis' brother. An hour or so before we arrived, my companion telephoned the Superior of the Mother House. "We shall be expecting you," she told him. When we finally rang the doorbell, it was nine o'clock. The Sisters had prepared a warm meal for us and we were shown to the Bishop's suite. The welcome here goes far beyond the word itself to the living reality underlying it.

The foundress of the Holy Family Congregation, primarily dedicated to the poor (teaching, hospital work, missions), St. Emilie de Rodat was canonized by Pope Pius XII in 1950. The cult of the "Saint of Rouergue" was popular in the entire region even before her

canonization; today it flourishes throughout France, in England, Ireland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Lebanon, Egypt, the Ivory Coast, Brazil and Bolivia. Each year, on September 19, the community, the people of Villefranche and numerous pilgrims celebrate her feast-day. It is a moot question in Canada whether or not pilgrimages are on the way out: in France, however, they are definitely in.

We were privileged, both Father and I, to offer the Holy Sacrifice together in the crypt of the Mother House, a fourteenth-century Gothic gem. The modern leaded stained-glass and the Italianate mural fresco were designed to center attention on the reliquary contain-



The door of the enormous porch belfry of Notre Dame Church at Villefranche

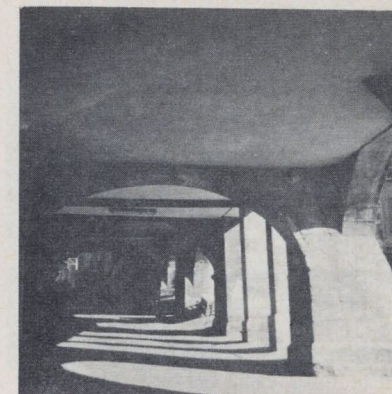


PHOTO H. B.

The covert walk

ing the relics of the Saint, her tomb and her statue. No need to mention for what intention I said this Mass. The citizens of Villefranche spontaneously volunteered to defray the cost of the exquisitely beautiful chapel contiguous to the crypt: this admirable ensemble is made up of an elegant façade flanked by an open bell-tower; a nave of chaste design, flooded with light by means of leaded stained glass in bright hues; a sculptured frieze portraying the life of Christ whose over-all effect contrasts sumptuousness with simplicity, colors with lineal proportions, all adding up to a splendid three-dimensional hymn of praise to God and to St. Emilie.

In the more distant past, too, the Villefrancois proved to be great architects and we went to visit some of their creations — a fifteenth-century chartreuse or charterhouse, "one of the best preserved monastic blocks of buildings in France" and, especially, built during the fourteenth century, Notre Dame

Church with its enormous porch belfry commanding a view on the city square surrounded by a covert walk.

As we did not set out until ten o'clock, we hurried northward, as Father Maxime intended to make Saint-Julien-la-Geneste (Puy-du-Dôme) before nightfall. At Issoire, a medieval town with its narrow streets weaving their intricate web about the famous Romanesque abbey of St. Austronimus, the Very Reverend Pastor invited me and a few other visitors to view an interesting fresco of the Last Judgment, which he had discovered under a heavy coating of whitewash. Poor Father Maxime! He in turn set about disengaging me from the spell of the distinguished medievalist to whom I would have listened for a least another hour!

It was very late at night, that the headlights of our car lit up the signpost *Les Tailles*, Mrs. Marie Anne Thévenet's farm. We instantly felt the warmth of her welcome, as



she sat us down to a tardy dinner. It began with a 'scrumptious' cream (very thick) potage, an old-fashioned grindstone sized pie of blackberries, which she had gone into the woods to pick at the risk of being set upon by wild boars.

#### Saturday, October 4

Mrs. Thévenet is the mother of three charming little girls, Elizabeth, Colette, and Odile. She is very close to them, teaching them to live as true Christians. These little ones each offered me a five franc piece (approximately a dollar) for the Canadian missions. Their father, Mr. Paul Trévenet, works in a foundry at Clermont-Ferrand. At three o'clock in the morning, he leaves for work on his motorcycle. His wife does the heavy farming, takes care of the herd of cows and of the hen-house, drives a tractor despite her bad back and cultivates a vegetable and flower garden. The flowers are for the altar of the parish church. Three dear old aunts, the Misses Combemorels, whose home is next to theirs, help her as



Mrs. Thévenet, her three children and Father Maxime Le Grelle

much as their age permits. She also teaches catechism to the children of the village, and keeps the church clean, as the pastor shows up only on Sundays. For the different feast days, she prepares the proper liturgical vestments and, with the youngsters of her catechism class, sets up the crèche for Christmas, decorates the church with flowers for Easter, and drapes it with black for All Souls' Day. With all her work, she found time to attend our Mass. Before we left *Les Tailles*, for our breakfast, she had set her table out with chicken, mushrooms perked up with just a touch of garlic (delicious!), pie, homemade cheese, cake, — genuine cake she had mixed with her own hands. (The kind Aunts hurried over to give us three small round cheeses which they had themselves made.) I could but admire the common sense, the poise of mind, and the deep Christian spirit of this Frenchwoman. Thanks to her, perhaps for the first time, I understood what kind of a woman a certain country-girl of long ago, known as St. Joan



Mrs. Thévenet with her motor-bicycle (not quite a motorcycle) standing in front of Father Maxime's Renault

of Arc must have been.

All day we travelled over good roads through the mountains of Auvergne, startling in their unexpected picturesqueness, with the profound valleys and the ruins of Disneylike castles perched on the top of ancient volcanic cones.

There exists a strong resemblance between this impressive scenery which met the eye on all sides, and the great Auvergnat crucifixes distinguished by their serenity and their mysterious gravity. . .

At Tassin-la-Demi-Lune, a motorcyclist was spread-eagled on the ground, a road casualty. With my Roman collar, I was able to get to him through the crowd and give him conditional absolution. It was not the first time I realized that a Roman collar is not necessarily the sign of a privileged caste, but rather the sign of service ready to be dispensed as the need arises. At night we were to take our lodgings at Lyons, the capital of ancient Gaul, established at the junction of the Rhone and Saone rivers. At the St. Francis de Sales House, on Sala Street, I was received by such men as Fr. Eugene Roche, a writer, and Fr. George Naïdenoff, editor of the well-known mission magazine *Missi*, whom I had met in Montreal. The latter had published an article on Kateri in one of his issues on Montreal's Expo 67. Fr. Michel Rondet, the rector, was not a stranger to me as he had presided at the session of the Jesuits of Dijon, while I was there last September.

#### Sunday, October 5

In this important Jesuit residence, the Fathers are busy at a hundred

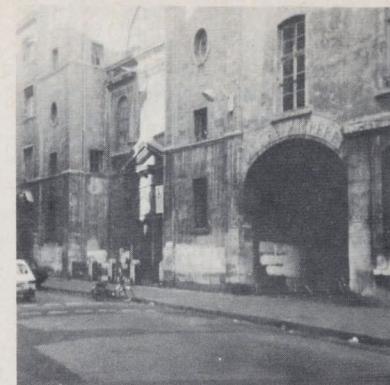


PHOTO H. B.

The Ampère Lycée at Lyons

and one different jobs. The day was quiet and pleasant. Across the street, stand the gendarmes' headquarters, where, strange to say, St. Francis de Sales died in 1622. A long walk about the sunny city, this morning, took me to a very old church in which I said my office before the tomb of St. Bonaventure.

One of the several Jesuit writers of the house expressed quite clearly his thoughts to me on the Church of today. In general he finds that spiritual leaders are not sufficiently firm in upholding their authority. He thinks that, in great part, Catholic Holland has been schismatic for more than a year and a half. Later on, he showed me a letter from a noted German author whose hopes regarding the faith of his country are far from sanguine although he still is confident that the youth of France may be relied upon.

Fr. Jacques Bruyas, a native of Lyons, landed at Quebec in 1663. With Fathers Jacques Frémin and Jean Pierron, he comprised the trio of missionaries whom Kateri first



met at the age of eleven. Their kindness touched her and eventually led her to ask for baptism. In 1681, the year following Kateri's death, he became superior of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier and, in 1683, he was cured, during the winter, of a severe attack of paralysis thanks to the Lily of the Mohawks.

With Father Maxime, I made my way to *Lycée Ampère* formerly Trinity College, where Jacques Bruyas studied as a young man. Then we strolled through the old section of the city with its huddle of narrow alleys, flights of steps and outdoor cafés.

### Monday, October 6

At the City Hall Archives, with the help of Archivist Maurice Vananino, I found Jacques Bruyas' baptismal record. Father Melançon, whom I have already quoted, correctly gives the birthday of this missionary, who became the Superior General of all the Canadian Jesuits from 1693 to 1698. I also discovered that his father, in the good Lyonese tradition, was a merchant, and that his mother was a Demoiselle Etienne Saloniér. His godfather was a Parisian merchant and his godmother, his maternal aunt.

Over this thriving commercial and industrial metropolis, Our Lady, from the summit of Fourvière, looks out towards the Rhone and other Alpine valleys. In the midst of all the problems that beset him in Canada, Father Bruyas must have often turned to her for help.

After this worthwhile visit, as we drove down the highway to Dijon, a caravan or trailer unexpectedly slowed down and our Renault bumped against it lightly. The

police showed up in a trice; fortunately no damage had been done.

At Tournus, we stopped to admire St. Philibert's abbey-fortress, now being restored. It is one of the most prestigious and complete clusters of Romanesque edifices extant. When we reached Dijon at half past seven, there was not a soul in the Jesuit residence. In a flick of the wrist, Father Maxime had a warm meal on the table. When the other members of the community arrived, we watched a T.V. program where a panel consisting of the president of the French Bar and several other magistrates and barristers discussed the antiquated process of justice in France.

### Tuesday, October 7

During the morning, which was crisp and clear, I did a little shopping. On my way back to the residence, I revisited the crypt of the cathedral. A crew of television men was preparing a feature on it for the French public and, presumably, for foreign consumption, so I had to be careful not to get my feet entangled in the crisscross of wires. St. Benignant, apostle of Dijon, several early Gallo-Roman martyrs and St. Bernard's mother sleep their last sleep in the depths of the crypt.

At my companion's invitation, I gave a talk to the members of the Prayer and Life Association, on the life and prayer of Mohawk Kateri. The group, quite large in size, of distinguished women, under the leadership of Mademoiselle Lucie Butruille, met at the *Rue du Vieux-Collège*. The meeting closed with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed

### The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha and Jeanne Mance, First Lay Nurse of North America

Jeanne Mance



PHOTO A. LANDRY

What ties bind Jeanne Mance to the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha? The saintly lay nurse of Ville Marie died a few years before Kateri arrived at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier. But her achievements left their mark on the young Iroquois maiden.

Jeanne Mance was born on November 12, 1606, at Langres (Haute-Marne), the second of twelve children. Her father, Charles Mance and her mother, Catherine Emonot, both devoted Catholics, brought up their children in the tradition of honor and integrity that was theirs. When she was almost twenty years old, she lost her mother and took over the care of the home.

Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière was then founding his Hospitallers at La Flèche for the future Ville Marie Hotel Dieu in New France. About this time, at Langres, Jeanne Mance learned of the Jesuit missions in Canada. Shortly afterwards, in Paris, convinced that she had a missionary vocation, she consulted Fr. John Baptist de Saint-Jure, author of the much-read *On the Knowledge and Love of the Son of God, Our Lord Jesus Christ*. He approved the extraordinary vocation of this daughter of Langres.

On a winter day of 1641, with Recollect Father Charles Rapine as spokesman, she was received by Madam Angélique de Bullion, widow of the Superintendent of Finances for France. A lifelong friendship sprang up between these two women and Madam de Bullion became "the unknown benefactress" of all

Jeanne Mance's endeavors.

She finally met Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière, about whom she had heard much, at La Rochelle on the eve of her departure for the New World, May 9, 1641. After an arduous trip, Jeanne Mance disembarked at Quebec on August 8. On October 8, 1645, she opened the Hotel Dieu of Ville Marie as Montreal was then called.

The little colony was to be sorely tried. The non-Christian Iroquois attacked both the Montrealers and their Huron friends. In 1649, she went down to Quebec where several letters from France were awaiting her. The news was overwhelmingly bad: Fr. Charles Rapine, her only bond with Madam de Bullion, was dead; the Society of Our Lady of Montreal had fallen apart and no one seemed interested in remote Canada. To cap it all, Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière was seriously ill and on the verge of bankruptcy.

She immediately sailed back to France where she could better protect the interests of newborn Montreal. Her ship weighed anchor in Quebec at the end of October 1649. The following month of March, she made clearly known to the ladies and gentlemen of Montreal the sorry condition of the Ville Marie settlers and promptly reorganized the Society of Our Lady of Ville Marie.

In 1651, at the threat of an Iroquois invasion, Jeanne advised Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve that he had better recruit a body of men in France and, for this purpose, she gave him the 22,000 pounds that had been entrusted to her for the Hotel Dieu.

She would make the long voyage back to France twice again, always with the special object of rescuing Montreal and its Hotel Dieu from the dire straits in which they were bogged down. In 1659, she turned over the care of the sick to Jerome Le Royer de la Dauversière's Hospital Sisters of St. Joseph; until the end of her days, however, she remained on as the administratrix of the hospital. She died on June 18, 1673, at Montreal, in the Hotel Dieu she had been instrumental in founding.

When the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha visited Montreal in 1678, she went to the Hotel Dieu, whose main support Jeanne Mance had been for more than thirty years. There Kateri found in the Hospital Sisters an example of the consecrated life that opened up new vistas to her.



Sacrament. We then took the direction of Langres, Jeanne Mance's homeland and Diderot the Encyclopedist's too. Father Superior of the Major Seminary extended us the hospitality of the institution out of the kindness of his heart.

### Wednesday, October 8

Langres, situated on a plateau, rising some thirteen or fourteen hundred feet, approximately the altitude of Mont-Laurier (Quebec), proudly gazes at the Vosges Mountains, the Jura range and the snow-clad peaks of the Bernese Oberland. "In the corset of its five kilometers of ramparts, we were informed, beautifully adorned with flowers, it offers a wide variety of monuments to the visitor or tourist." Conquered by the Romans at the time St. John the Evangelist had just completed the Apocalypse, it was destroyed for the first time by Attila and later on by the Saracens, but it always arose from its ashes.

At a school named in honor of Jeanne Mance, under the direction of the Sacred Heart Brothers, we were invited to lunch. It was a friendly meal. I spoke to them of Arthabaska and of the Magdalen Islands where I had given retreats to members of their community, of my cousin, Brother Desfossés, a former missionary in Africa. During a wave of xenophobia, he had been lined up against the wall with others, but the man who was aiming at him had only a bow and arrow. Though he was badly wounded, he survived while his companions were massacred.

I rapidly examined the Cathedral of St. Mammes. Of Romanesque Burgundian transitional style, dating

from the end of the twelfth century, its arched chancel was a sight to behold. Surrounded by eight monolithic columns of red sandstone with richly carved capitals, it appropriately completes the three austere-looking but impressive naves. Two high-warp tapestries portraying the life of the holy patron were in evidence. Jeanne Mance must have often seen them.

Last year at a square recently named after her, a statue of Made-moiselle Mance was unveiled. It is a work of art; however, I prefer Philippe Hébert's bronze statue of her at the entrance of the Montreal Hotel Dieu.

At two o'clock we departed for Rheims, into which we rode four hours later after having driven through the hilly vineyard country surrounding it. At the St. John de Brebeuf Residence, on *Rue du Petit-Four*, we enjoyed the welcome tendered us by the Superior, Fr. Bernard Leib, and the Minister, Fr. Paul Jillicot. Here the Fathers still wear their cassocks: they maintain the habits of the Society of Jesus as I had known them years ago. Even a few birettas were apparent — something I hadn't seen for years! The which awakened in me a certain nostalgia for days that will never be with us again. After dinner, on T.V., the news program highlighted the joyful reception Paris gave the astronauts, and the sorry spectacle of the taxi drivers' rioting in Montreal.

### Thursday, October 9

Once again, during the forenoon, I revisited Notre Dame Cathedral which I had seen forty years ago. I had completely forgotten that it

was so lovely with its statues extraordinarily well preserved, its royal tapestries, and its marvellous stained-glass windows, particularly the great rose window more than thirty-six feet in diameter. No Gothic cathedral is more human, and, at the same time, possessed of such unity of conception. It is called the "cathedral of smiles", because most of its 2300 statues of angels, saints and noblemen are lit up with a fetching smile. This indeed is the real "smile" of Rheims, which has charmed the world for seven centuries. The first world war had nearly ruined this great masterpiece, but John D. Rockefeller gave it back much of its pristine beauty.

My interest in Rheims, however, springs from Fr. Jacques Frémin's ties with the old city. Here he was born. He was one of the first Blackrobes that the child Tekak-witha met; years later when she when to live at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, he was its superior.

A decade ago, the late Baron de Tretaigne, then a pensioner at the *Invalides* in Paris, provided me with invaluable information about the Frémin family. Of course, I am on the lookout for more unpublished material. Mademoiselle E. T. Le-maire, curator of the Rheims City Archives, facilitated my work. Antoine Frémyn, who died in 1701, at the age of eighty-four years, was, I believe, the missionary's father. His home was in the former St. Symphorian parish for he was a member of the upper middle-class. The curator promised me, that once I had returned to Montreal and provided her with more complete information, she would do everything she could to further my

PHOTO YVES GUILLEMAUT, PARIS, COMMISSARIAT AU TOURISME



The "angel of the smile", northern, portal of the cathedral at Rheims.

research.

It does not seem to be the custom in France to demolish any building more than fifty years old as we do too often in North America. Consequently, I had the pleasure of photographing old St. Maurice's College, where young Jacques Frémin studied, and Fr. Jean Pierron taught *belles lettres* from 1658 to 1659.

Father Maxime did not want me to take leave of Rheims without praying before the tomb of St. Remy, who baptized Clovis and his Franks on Christmas Day, 496. The Basilica which enshrines his tomb goes back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries. This great bishop of Rheims lived in a troubled era, a time of transition. The Roman Empire was in its death throes and hordes of barbarians were sweeping down over the Gallo-Roman world.





Chapel of the former Jesuit college at Rheims

The *Pax Romana*, the peace that comes from Rome, and the faith, which also comes from Rome were both endangered. Before this double threat, St. Remy rose as the defender of his city and of the faith, and in this role he guaranteed to the first Frenchmen that they would enjoy security as long as they were loyal to the faith that he preached and to the law that Clovis laid down. At the Basilica of St. Remy, the ordinary tourist is soon transformed into a pilgrim. As we stepped out into the clear sunlight, a woman came running up to me: "Father! Come quick! There is an accident." Once again, I was able to be of help.

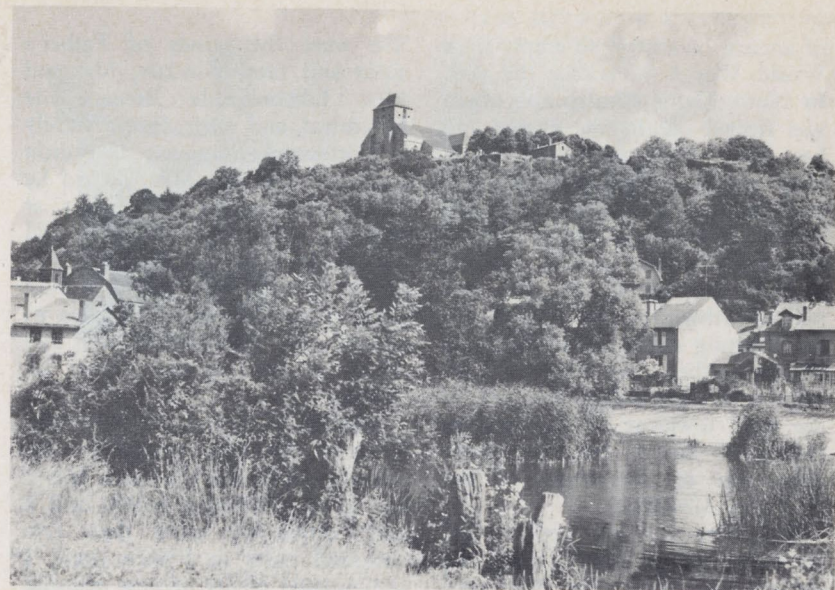
We had planned, Father and I, to include Pont-à-Mousson in our trip. It is an industrial community reputed for its blast-furnaces and its iron and steel works. In this city, Fr. Jean Pierron read philosophy from 1652 to 1655, and theology from 1661 to 1665. But a heavy mist had rolled over the countryside by the middle of the afternoon, making it impossible to obtain pic-

tures of the seventeenth-century Jesuit buildings. We decided to omit Pont-à-Mousson, and sped northward towards Father Pierron's native town, *Dun-sur-Meuse*.

We arrived at this friendly commune, which turned out to be the chief town of the canton of Meuse. The streets were practically empty: as it was the month of the Holy Rosary, many of its six hundred inhabitants had filled the little chapel to recite their beads and attend Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The Very Reverend Dean, Father Neu, a Belgian priest, received us after the ceremony. He had only three rooms adjoining the chapel and was unable to lodge us. He suggested that we rent a room at a nearby inn, run by one of his parishioners, just across the little bridge that spans the Meuse. And with the promise that he would see us an hour or so later, he went off to his other parish to recite the rosary and give Benediction again to the rest of his flock.

There are five hotels at Dun. Mr. Jean Nivoix is proprietor of the *Hôtel Restaurant du Commerce* at which we stayed. Our rooms, each one with a shower, were cheerful and scrupulously clean (\$2.20 for the night); the dining room with about twenty tables was bright and pleasant. I noticed the red and white tablecloths and an excellent wall-sized photograph overlooking the room. Father and I enjoyed our dinner and then afterwards went for a short walk through the little town. We admired the old church, which we had not yet visited, all floodlighted on the top of the hill. As we prepared to retire, Father



Notre Dame of Safekeeping at Dun-sur-Meuse

Neu rushed in with several interesting histories of Dun-sur-Meuse, which he lent me for the duration of our stay. I poured over them late into the night and took quite a few notes. To my surprise, one of the French Popes was born at Dun-sur-Meuse.

#### Friday, October 10

This morning, as I crossed the bridge over the Meuse, I noticed two inscriptions on the parapet, one in French, the other in English, which I jotted down:

*The Veterans of the Fifth Division of the American Expeditionary Forces have erected this railing to commemorate the crossing of the Meuse River and the establishment of a Bridge on the Eastern Bank by this division during the World War.*

In the little chapel we had seen

last night, my companion and I said Mass. After Mass and breakfast, the pastor offered to guide us up the hilltop to visit the early fourteenth-century Notre Dame Church where Father Pierron was baptized. This missionary was assigned to the Mohawk territory in 1667. He was one of the first priests Tekakwitha ever saw. In 1669, the Venerable Mary of the Incarnation wrote: "Father Pierron, who works alone among the Mohawks, has so completely won them over that they think he is one of the world's great geniuses." His apostolate left its mark on the Lily of the Mohawks.

With the exception of the winter months, the church is still used on Sundays by the parishioners. It has become once again the Shrine of Our Lady of Safe Keeping, and is being restored by the government. We drove up to the summit. Rows



of ancient houses — all empty since World War I — border the way. In Notre Dame Church the organ was ripped out by the enemy and has never been replaced. As an altar boy, **Jean Pierron** often must have murmured the Latin responses at Mass as the first rays of the sun illuminated the altar and the chancel.

From the church, the view was truly worthwhile: the reddish tile roofs strung along the sides of the Meuse, further away beautiful Lake Vert, which was indigo blue and, to the west, towering up higher than the church like an enormous green dyke, one of the ranges of the Ardennes Mountains.

But there was still work to do. At town hall, I asked to see the old records. What they have goes back only to 1660, whereas **Fr. Jean Pierron**, according to Melançon, was born in 1631. A Nicholas and a Henry Pierron are mentioned in 1677 and 1678, quite probably nephews or cousins of Jean.

My trip with Father Maxime lasted five more days as we travelled through Belgium and Holland.

We were the guests of Father's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Edmond de Bernard de Fauconval and their lovely family at Kortessem (Belgium). His uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Le Grelle received us for dinner at Ekerem; and his elder brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Yvan Le Grelle, most kindly opened their home to us in Brussels, showed us around this attractive capital and drove us over to the airport on October 15.

Thanks to several friends who financed my trip, thanks to Fr. Maxime Le Grelle who, as a friend and guide, during a month and a half, drove me more than five thousand miles in France alone, I accumulated plenty of new material on the seven early Jesuits who were instrumental in the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's acceptance of Christianity and in her extraordinary progress to the summits of sanctity. In 1972 or 1973, these findings will be incorporated into a new book to be called *Kateri and the Blackrobes*.  
The End.

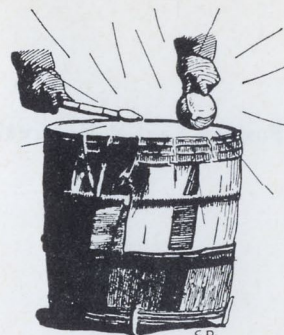
#### KATERI'S OWN

In reading about Kateri's friends, you will learn more about her than in any other book on the Lily of the Mohawks. Are you interested?

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