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KATERI

Vol. 7 No. 1

CAUGHNAWAGA, Que.

DECEMBER 1954



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Photo: J. G. Martin

THE RELICS OF TEKAKWITHA

KATERI Vol. 7 No. 1

Editor: Rev. Henri Béchar, S.J.
V.-Postulator

Art Editor: Rev. Camille Drolet, S.J.

Associate Editor:
Rev. Albert Burns, S.J.,

THE KATERI TEKAKWITHA GUILD

The sodalists of the Blessed Virgin of Caughnawaga, Quebec, who are descendants of the earliest Christian Indians in Canada and New York State, have formed themselves into a Guild to spread devotion to Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha.

Our quarterly bulletin KATERI, intends, above all, to tell her tale, to foster devotion to her and to record the favors both temporal and spiritual you receive through her intercession. As a result, it is hoped that the Cause of her Beatification will progress more rapidly.

A one year subscription to KATERI (\$1.00) will enroll you as a member of the Kateri Tekakwitha Guild for one year to share in the daily memento of the V.-Postulator's mass and in a special mass offered each week for your intentions in the old Mission Church of St-François-Xavier.

All subscriptions, remittances and correspondence should be addressed to KATERI, Mission of Saint-François-Xavier, Caughnawaga, Qué., Canada.

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Published quarterly to spread devotion to *Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha* by Rev. George Brodeur, S.J., at the Mission of St-François-Xavier, Caughnawaga, Quebec, Canada.

DECEMBER 1954

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Christus Natus Est Nobis

The Vice-Postulator



Christ was born for us all, for you, for me, no matter what may be the color of our skin. He was born for the rich and the poor, for the sick, and the healthy, for those who weep and those who smile, for the young, and the old, for the saint, and for the sinner.

He was born for Kateri Tekakwitha, who on Christmas Day, 1677, received Him, for the first time into her heart:

"...She was promised for some time before the feast that she might receive Him on Christmas, after she had been instructed in the mystery. She received the good news with all imaginable joy,

prepared herself for the great event with an increase of devotion suitable to the idea she had of it. It must be admitted, however, that it was at this First Communion that all her fervor was renewed. The ground was so well prepared that only the approach of this divine fire was necessary, to receive all its warmth. She approached or rather surrendered herself to this furnace of sacred love that burns on our altars, and she came out of it so glowing with this divine fire that only Our Lord knew what passed between Himself and His dear spouse during her First Communion. All that we can say is that from that day forward she appeared different to us, because she remained so full of God and of love of Him."

Since He was born for us all, let us go to Him. A Communion on Christmas Day, as well prepared as Kateri's will also leave our souls glowing, our hearts filled with the true joy that only Christ can give!

JUBILARIAN!

In a recent issue of *The Lily of the Mohawks*, the Rev. Thomas J. Coffey, S.J., American V.-Postulator, requested prayers of thanksgiving for Father Charles Miccinelli, S.J., Postulator at Rome for the Cause of Venerable Kateri at the occasion of his sixty years as a Jesuit. To the Jubilarian go the prayerful good wishes of the 'Kateri' Staff and Subscribers.

THERE KATERI BELONGED!

A yearly account of the foundation of the Mission of the
Sault up to 1685

by CLAUDE CHAUCHETIÈRE, S.J.

Spiritual Adviser of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha

A.D. 1673 (Cont'd.)

This¹ delighted the French who were beginning to be quite interested in trading. By means of the ill will of Monsieur the Count de Frontenac, who had changed since last year, they brought in liquor on the sly to Laprairie. One of them especially, bolder than the others, placed the bush in the heart of the village. Father Frémin's tact and his steadfastness of purpose along with his zeal stopped the flow of this wretched trading and saved his flock from the waves of the Red Sea which was on the point of swallowing it up. It is at this occasion that the Captains showed what they were by fighting the vice of drunkenness, which they had abandoned in their homeland to those who had made of it their god.

No sooner was this monster overthrown than another came along. There was in this large number of Indians three different nations, each quite numerous, the Mohawks, the Hurons and the Onondagas. A chief was thought necessary for each group; therefore the Indians gathered together for this purpose. In one of the groups, however, dissension reigned — the Hurons discussed the matter a long time; the Mohawks and the Onondagas immediately made their choice. Finally the Hurons greatly nettled left the others and established a new Mission beyond the river. This separation was unfortunate and for some time it kept the people at variance, but, at last, meeting everywhere with the same faith and the same Gospel and, especially, the union existing between all Canadian missionaries, the efforts of the devil were again upset a second time.

(1) *The two hundred persons added to the ranks of the Christians at Laprairie in less than a year or two. See the June issue of 'Kateri.'*

KATERI and CATHERINE

by
Catherine de
Hueck Doherty



I met Kateri for the first time in Auriesville, N.Y., quite a long time ago, somewhere in the twenties, while on a pilgrimage to the Jesuit Martyrs' Shrine. I met her by picking up a picture of her, lying of all places, on soft pine needles, between the eleventh and twelfth outdoor Stations of the Cross that I was quietly making in that beautiful and hallowed spot.

The picture intrigued me. I had never heard of her. Perhaps because I knew so little about the Indians, coming as I did from Russia — yet I felt a strange affinity to this Indian Maiden. She

bore the same name I did, to begin with, and then there was in her face that repose that I had met so often amongst my own people.

I wanted to find out the secret of that repose, wanted to know more about an Indian girl that is up for canonization. It was quite a task — there was so little written about her. But I persevered, from little tiny pamphlets, to fatter ones, until I finally found a rather old-fashioned life of her. Yet the old time sentences could not hide the beauty of that soul that flowered in a wilderness.

Baroness Catherine de Hueck Doherty, was introduced to thousands by Tumbleweed, a biography written by her husband, Eddie Doherty. You will know her better after reading 'Kateri and Catherine.' Write to Combermere, Ont., concerning donations to her heaven-inspired work.

I began to pray to her. First for little things... a key mislaid — a job to get, a difficulty to overcome. She helped me each time.

Then came the fateful day when, I had made up my mind, I would answer God's strange call to me — to sell all that I possessed — give the proceeds to the poor... take up my cross, and follow Christ into the slums of a big city, to work, live, and pray with the masses that slowly were leaving the Church, and listening ever more attentively to the all-infiltrating Communist propaganda.

At times it truly looked as if Kateri of America was explaining many things to Catherine from Russia. For things that were unclear, became clear... Things that were hard became easy, and the first Friendship House in Toronto, Ont., was founded in 1930. Since that day a picture of Kateri was always in my room and on my desk... She and I became fast friends.

Again, I prayed to her often; I did not know at the time any Negro Saint. When we got an invitation to cross the border (she did too) and open a branch of Friendship House in Harlem, she cleared the path of my will, mind, and heart. And I went there. All through my stay in our Interracial apostolate from 1938 to 1947, she was at my side.

When cash was nonexistent and we had to be content with a dreary mess of tea and cornflakes, mixed or unmixed — she was there, reminding me that she existed days

at a time on a little water and some herbs... When bedbugs became so bad that the hard floor was more inviting, she lulled me to sleep on it, by recounting a few of her harsh penances done for the love of God... Yes... she made hard things easy — Kateri of America did... for Catherine from Russia.

In 1947 I crossed the border back again to Canada, and to the founding of Madonna House, Combermere, Ont., our first Rural Apostolate of Catholic Action in the bush country of the lovely Ottawa Valley. Of course Kateri went along.

Here she really took things over. This was her habitat. Amongst the Algonquin Indians whose reservation is but a few miles away, she must have felt completely at home. Anyhow, she was a wonderful guide, when on rainy, sunny, cold, hot, winter, or summer days or nights, I was trying to find the road — the trail — to some little tarpaper shack lost in the "bush" to which I was called, to nurse someone... With Kateri "at the wheel" as it were, I somehow always found the place.

Then one day, Mission Sunday, 1953, a Bishop from the Yukon Territory — Bishop J. L. Coudert came to visit Madonna House. The purpose of his visit was to invite us, to found a branch of our Apostolate in Whitehorse Yukon. To work (you guessed it !) with the Indians there !

He went on to say too, that there was a ready made Mission House dedicated to Our Lady of Guada-

lupe waiting for us. Now I ask you... who but Kateri, would arrange this whole thing?

There was another strange thing too. A year before that I had contracted to go on a Western Canada lecture tour in the Spring of 1953. But every thing went wrong that Spring... and the whole thing had to be postponed till the Fall. I was to start at the end of October... **AND IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT MONTH THE BISHOP CAME TO INVITE US...** Well ! That was remarkable to say the least.

For of course I could not decide the accepting of that invitation, or the rejection of it, **UNTIL I SAW WITH MY OWN EYES THE PLACE, ITS NEEDS** — the whole set up. And how, pray, could I (a poor Lay Apostle of Catholic Action, Friendship House style, who — like all of us — lived the life of the Counsels of Perfection, which includes holy poverty) how could I get to Whitehorse, Yukon... unless there was something like a lecture tour to pay my travelling expenses?

But the lecture trip has been postponed — and was to begin at the end of October. The timetables were just too perfect ! I felt sure that Kateri had made it impossible for me to go in the Spring, simply because she knew that the Bishop of Yukon was going to visit us in October and that I had to go to Whitehorse, and that my last lecture stop would be Edmonton... and from there on just fly to Whitehouse. Yes, she knew for sure.

I went, saw the needs, and accepted the foundation... That is how, on May 8th, feast of St.

Michael the Archangel, three of our group, and Kateri, (yes I most assuredly gave them a picture of her to travel with, she is so good on trail-making and finding) left Madonna House on their four thousand mile trek in a half-ton truck, and by the time you read this, they will be established in their Mission House, which we call **MARY HOUSE**. They will be working with the Cree Indians. And Kateri will be there, I know, pitching... Because fundamentally that is all her idea... Our lonely Lady of the Yukon must have told her about her loneliness.. and that is the way Kateri decided to assuage it...

Are we glad ? No. The word is too little for what we feel. That Our Lord, and Our Lady, and Kateri should bend so low, and pick members of our humble apostolate for this glorious task of being the first Catholic Lay Missionaries to go to the vast Arctic Land of Canada and work there with our beloved Indians... seems incredible to us... And all our astonished and overflowing hearts can do... is sing their joyous **ALLELUIAS**... But listen, Kateri... of America. Catherine from Russia implores you to stay with our little group of Staff Workers. They will need you any moment, every moment. Darling Indian maid... be close to them... Guide them. Love them. Show them all the strange trails of the arctic that will bring them to souls they can help bring to God... but above all, show them the last trail, the most important one, which leads to Christ and Eternity...



Christmas Greetings

*To Kateri's friends, wherever they may be
who, during the past year
have prayed for her Beatification
have made her known to others*

*have encouraged them to pray to her
have by their sacrifices and donations
made possible the publication of the
Kateri bulletin during 1954 —*

*To those, particularly, who by their work
and offerings
have changed into a reality
the project of a bronze monument to the
Lily of the Mohawks
in her own Mission —*

*A special intention at my three Christmas
masses with my prayerful wishes
for a happy*

1955

*Henri Béchard, S.J.
V.-Postulator*

*(To save over one hundred dollars for Kateri's Cause, please consider these
Greetings as Father Béchard's Christmas Card to you)*

"Christ was a Jew" Christmas

Not far from the trail which the Caughnawaga Indians followed to their ancestral hunting grounds, there is a lake. All around the shores of the lake are gracious homes of prosperous men and women who call themselves Christians. One of the most beautiful estates, however, is owned by Mr. Green — or some such anglicized name, for he is the only non-Christian in the community. He is a cultured man who loves his home and he has surrounded himself with beauty. His house is a decoration to the landscape — his lawns are smooth and green — his gardens a riot of bloom — his trees old and tall. Some of the trees may well have seen Kateri pass in her flight for sanctuary to the mission at Sault Saint Louis.

Mr. Green has stocked his grounds with deer and, if you're very quiet, you may catch a glimpse of them picking their dainty way to the lake.

He has everything to make life worth living, or so you think until you hear his neighbors

round the lake sneer at him for being a Jew and listen to them relate with glee that all his money can't buy even one day's golf, much less a membership to the Golf Club.

Kateri would sympathize with Mr. Green's lonely hurt — for she was ostracized in her own village for a different reason. Her pagan neighbours laughed when the children cast stones at her and called at her in derision: "Christian! Christian!" They spat at her as she passed.

But Kateri gloried in the title, for to her a Christian was one who followed in Christ's footsteps — Christians were those who loved their fellow men for love of their Creator. She excused the pagans because they didn't know any better — they didn't understand about God.

What must she think of present day Christians who draw away from their neighbors with loathing because they are Jews? How can a Christian hate a Jew, just because he is a Jew, she would ask.

The Holy Family were Jews.

is Kateri's Message

By Nora Routledge



It was as Jews of the house of David that Mary and Joseph journeyed to Bethlehem to enroll themselves at the time of the Christ Child's birth. The boy Jesus, advancing in age and grace, presented himself at the synagogue with the other youths of Nazareth. Mary was never more typically a Jewish mother than when she found her twelve year old son missing on the way back from Jerusalem. And, as she sought him sorrowing, her heart was filled with anguish and her lamentations echoed the distress of other Jewish mothers down the centuries.

Christ was a Jewish rabbi with a beard as he walked the roads of the Holy Land with his voice crying out with love to all who would hear and his healing hands outstretched to all — rich and poor — good and bad — Jew and Gentile. The words that Mary Magdalen greeted him with on that first Easter morning were: "Rabboni — Rabboni".

It was as a Jew that he was crucified with the legend over

his head: "Jesus of Nazareth — King of the Jews".

Kateri would remind her fellow Christians as the Christmas season begins, that Jesus was the son of a Jewish mother and that, when his birthday was celebrated in Nazareth, it was a double celebration, for the Holy Family kept the Hebrew feast of candles at the same time.

Advent is a time when Christians prepare for Christmas and the very best way to do that is to have Christ's love in our hearts for all, without exception. Christianity is not exclusive — it is neither geographical nor racial. It is simply understanding Christ, who is love. And such loving understanding of all his children is the best — in fact the only — present He asks of us at Christmas time.

KATERI SYMPATHY CARDS
KATERI BIRTHDAY CARDS

One dozen cards boxed: \$1.00

Then, for each enrollment, send the name and address of your addressee along with \$1.00 to the V. Postulator who will officially notify him (her) of his (her) enrollment in the Tekakwitha Guild.

LETTERS TO KATERI

(When acknowledging favors to Kateri, be sure to indicate details.)

WALLINGFORD, CONN., Oct. 14: Enclosed you will find five dollars for Kateri. She has granted me a favor which I really thought would never come true. It took three years and at last my prayers have been granted. I have told many people about Kateri... Mrs. F.G.

MANCHESTER, N.H., Oct. 19: I would like to acknowledge my thanks to Kateri, "the little Lily of the Mohawks," for obtaining employment through her intercession. Enclosed you will find my remittance of one dollar to be forwarded for the Cause of her Beatification... Miss C.S.

BERLIN, N.H., Sept. 29: I am enclosing one dollar for Kateri and her Statue. The reason why I am sending one dollar every once and a while is because we are building a house and everytime I need something she seems to help. Weather especially. When I ask her for a nice day once and a while so that they could make the cement, it seems as though she's always there helping... Mrs. N.D.

UNION CITY, N.J., Oct. 17: Enclosed you will find one dollar, I am sending as an offering to Kateri Tekakwitha. I promised to remember her if she helped me find an apartment. She did and I am very grateful to her. Miss E.S.

BOSTON, MASS., Sept. 15: Here is another five for Kateri's Statue. I was to be laid off a month ago, but due to her I was not. Mrs. L.S.

FRANKLIN PARK, ILLINOIS, Oct. 25: This is a testimonial letter dedicated to Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. Our baby Christopher was born with a malady unknown and unexplained by medical science. From birth he did not respond to eating habits and consequently was starving to death. We have had numerous doctors and pediatricians on the case but to no avail. By chance I told Lt. Steve Spanczak of the Franklin Park Police Force about our case. He told me of a new Indian candidate for beatification from way up North, and gave me a relic from her grave. After about a week of prayer to Venerable Kateri, the baby started to improve and is well on his way to recovery. As our doctor once said, "Only a miracle will keep this boy alive." The doctor was right, only a miracle did save our little baby. Mr. & Mrs. M.G.

BETHANY, JORDAN, Aug. 15: Your dear cousin, Tom, and I have been receiving regularly your monthly "Kateri" magazine with great consolation... I thought of the unveiling of her statue

on August 8th and was with you in spirit, thanking God and praying for her beatification. She has undoubtedly obtained for me from Our Lord through the Blessed Mother some very big favors, and I have entire confidence in her help... The following is another case for the record.

A year ago this past July her intercession undoubtedly helped in a recovery of a young Dutch Catholic. He was riding his motorcycle in Baghdad when a momentary dizziness or blackout caused him to go head on into the side of a bus. His skull was so badly fractured that twenty-two pieces of bone were removed; and his leg was very badly broken. He hovered between life and death for four days. When it seemed quite sure he would live, I blessed his head and leg with a picture of Kateri. Of course, he got very good hospital care; a very capable and conscientious Dutch nurse was in charge of the hospital. His mind was affected, and we thought he would be rather permanently so. After two months he was able to be flown home to Holland. His recovery surprised everyone concerned. His mind cleared up so that he was able to go back to office-work after six months, and that without further hospitalization in which had been expected. When the cast was removed from his leg they found the break had healed perfectly, although they were expecting to have to reset it. The Moslem doctor who was in charge said himself that there was something miraculous about his cure. The miracle should rather be called a special Providence in answer to a prayer. In any case more credit to Kateri!

While visiting the Holy Places, I will keep your work and your intentions in mind. Pilgrims are more numerous each year since the Arab-Israel troubles subsided (a bit).

Many thanks, Father, for the magazine. I pass it on to the French Sisters of the Presentation of the B.V.M. of Tours. They have three girls' schools in Baghdad for nearly two thousand students. Please keep our little Mission in your prayers to Kateri... Rev. L.J.S., S.J.

LAKE MUSKOKA, ONT., Aug. 18: Having read in the newspapers that during the unveiling of a statue of Kateri Tekakwitha at Caughnawaga, Archbishop Panico asked Canadian Catholics to pray for the beatification of the "Lily of the Mohawks", I thought the enclosed letter might help.

You will notice by the Post Office date on the envelope and the 1938 postage stamp, this letter was written to my son in August of that year by me. Amongst other news, I stated someone had given me a medal of Kateri Tekakwitha which seems such a strange coincidence for I had just begun a perpetual novena to her for a little home in Muskoka for us... And now that we have this place — from where I am writing — the least I can do is send you this sixteen year old letter with my prayers for Kateri's beatification, to show her my deep gratitude for her prayers to God on my behalf.

When the children were small, we used to spend our summers in this spot and we loved it. There is a Catholic Chapel here where masses are said every Sunday and sometimes during the week. In those early days, we were not Catholic. I came to the Church nineteen years ago in June with my son and daughter (then thirteen and eleven) at the peril of our very lives. Rev. Fr. Chas. J. Roemer (R.I.P.) of St. Peter and Paul's Jesuit Church, Detroit, baptised us and Bishop Plagens confirmed us the following September.

To make a long story short, after being on city relief for a while we finally straightened out — the children went through Catholic schools and colleges on a variable shoestring... believe me... Then came the opportunity to buy this small piece of land, which was paid for little by little. Today I have placed a card containing a piece of silk touched to her relics, on a small piece of land back of us — asking Kateri if I am not imposing too much on her good nature, to be given an opportunity to buy and the means financially, in order that the beautiful trees on it may be saved and we have a spot to go for walks in, while here on our holidays — the place is becoming so crowded there is scarcely a spot left to be quiet. Mrs. C.A.B.

DETROIT, MICH., March 26: I am writing this letter to tell of a favor which I firmly believe was obtained through the intercession of Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. It concerns my daughter Suzanne L. V., born September 14, 1952. We had her checked monthly by our pediatrician, Dr. I. L. and up until April, 1953, we had no indication of trouble. On April 17th, 1953, Dr. L. told us that her head was a little large for her age and we should watch it closely and bring her back at the age of one year, for a check-up. Throughout the next five months her head grew at the rate of one-half inch a month, when there should have been almost no growth at all by that age. Also she was extremely irritable through that stage and was almost at a complete standstill as to progress. She did not turn over in bed or attempt to pull herself up and try to stand or walk.

On October 3, 1953, we returned to Dr. L. and her head measured twenty-one and three-fourths inches, almost the size of adults. At this time Dr. L. had advised us to see a neurologist because Suzanne's head was over three inches larger than normal. It was at this time that my husband and I began saying the prayer daily for the beatification of Katherine Tekakwitha, as distributed by the Third Order with our petition to help our baby. Approximately on Oct. 7th, we saw a Dr. G., who is a neurologist in the Kalas Bldg., Detroit, and he immediately wanted to put Suzanne into the hospital for possible surgery, seeing he had no doubt that there was some unusual cause for the size of her head and he could not give us any hope at all for good results.

This seemed too radical for us and we returned to Dr. L. and asked him to suggest another doctor for consultation. He suggested Dr. I. W. who is the Chief of Pediatricians at the University Hospital Ann Arbor and also professor of Pediatrics at the University of Michigan Medical School. We saw Dr. W. on Friday, Oct. 23, 1953, and he could see nothing except that she be admitted as an emergency case at University Hospital, Ann Arbor, the following Monday for medical observation.

Suzanne was in the University Hospital on Monday until Thursday Oct. 26 — 29. Extensive neurological tests and X-Rays were done, all proving negative, and the neurologist on consultation with Dr. W. still thought that size of the head justified further surgical examinations. As it was, Dr. W. did not allow this and discharged Suzanne to return to his office in a month for a check-up.

May I repeat that throughout this time we prayed daily to Ven. Katherine. We brought Suzanne home and from this time on, she seemed to be progressing. She soon began standing alone and then turning over and picking herself upright. After a month she again saw Dr. W. and he was so satisfied with her progress as to continue to have Dr. L. in Detroit keep a conservative watch on her.

In January she began walking and now also talks extremely well. In fact she talks much better than most children her age. In the past six months, her head has grown only one-quarter of an inch. As yet there is still a tiny opening in the bones on the top of her head not unusual for a baby her age (18 months). When that closes completely and there is no outlet for any possible pressure we shall know for sure how Suzanne will be. I give all credit for her progress to prayers... I sincerely hope in some way this letter will further the Cause of Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha... Mrs. P. J. D. NOTE: This letter was forwarded to "Kateri", August 9, by Father Lawrence, Director of the Third Order or St. Francis, St. Bonaventure Fraternity of Detroit, Mich.

THE VICE-POSTULATOR'S DIARY

The last two weeks of August, I spent at Villa St. John de Lalande, the Retreat House for the Diocese of St. John, P.Q. My two weeks' stay in the little city built on the banks of the Richelieu, thanks to the warm hospitality of the Very Reverend Father Deguire, S.J., was very pleasant. It was possible to rest and to do a little writing. A phone call from the C.B.C. in Montreal, invited me to be at the station for Wednesday, August 25, at two o'clock to talk about Kateri and her new monument. So I took the bus to Montreal early that afternoon and I had my little interview with Mlle Marcelle Barthe. The commercial announcer for Mlle Barthe's program seemed somewhat abashed; perhaps he thought that a commercial product and a servant of God didn't go very well together...

September 16, Father J. d'Auteuil Richard, S.J., who has just finished his term as Rector of the Jesuit College of St. Boniface, Man., and who is leaving shortly to teach at the Major Seminary at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, came for dinner and he brought along a good friend of the Cause, Father Réal Lebel, S.J., President of the "Messenger Press", in Montreal. Father Richard will no doubt introduce Kateri to the Seminarians, the future clergy of Haiti.

In the late afternoon of September 23, the Baron Jean de Montcascon, Mayor of La Flèche in France, and

the Baroness, accompanied by the Reverend Yvan Forest, S.J., visited the Mission and had a chance to pray before the relics of Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. La Flèche is the Angevine city where the idea of Montreal to come was born. Jérôme Le Royer de la Dauversière, royal ex-collector of taxes founded Montreal in 1642 without crossing the sea and he also founded the Hôtel-Dieu Sisters of St. Joseph to take care of the colony. The primary aim of Le Royer in this undertaking was the conversion of the Indians — the link which binds him to Kateri Tekakwitha!

Incidentally, the Baron and his wife are excellent Catholics! Besides being Mayor, he is also the President of the Separate (Catholic) Schools in that section of France.

On October 8, the Director of the Provincial Publicity Bureau, M. Raoul Baby, dropped in for a short visit. In the next issue of "*Shrines of La Province de Québec*", for the first time Kateri and Caughnawaga will take its place. This omission was corrected thanks to Mr. Alexander H. McDonnell of Bray County, Wicklow, Ireland, who wrote a letter to express his surprise that Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha had not been mentioned in this pamphlet. This beautiful, two-colored brochure, which will be going into its sixth edition, is distributed free of cost by the Province of Quebec.

On October 16, we had the delightful visit of Mr. and Mrs. Emile Brunet and their son Eric. Mr. Brunet is the sculptor of the Kateri Monument. Before returning to Paris for the winter, he wanted to come back and take one more look at the bronze image of Kateri which he had so lovingly prepared with all the great skill at his disposition. Among other things, during the winter, he is to do a statue of Brother André for St. Joseph's Oratory in Montreal. I wish all Kateri's friends could have met Mr. Brunet: they would have found in him not only a great artist, but also a fine Catholic layman and a perfect gentleman.

I promised Mr. Brunet, that when he came back next summer, the plot about the monument would be planted with flowers and that pines or cedars, possibly sixty or a hundred, would help to make a fitting site for the Kateri Tekakwitha Monument.

On All Saints' Day, I took the bus from Montreal to Plattsburg. The Adirondacks are certainly beautiful this time of year. I visited for the first time Bellarmine College which is the Philosophy House for the New York Province of the Society of Jesus. It is beautifully located on Lake Champlain. This is land upon which Kateri's eyes may have rested. Father Murphy, S.J., the Minister of the House, made me feel right at home. I had a German Sauerkraut dinner with the scholastics who had the day off. With Father Bihler, Professor of Anthropology, I talked of Indian lore and of the early Jesuit Missions in this part of the country. At

three o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard of the Catholic Daughters of America in Willsboro came to get me. Father McMahon, Pastor of St. Phillips', did everything in his power to make my stay pleasant. Dinner at Mrs. Devan's, present Grand Regent. Mr. Devan is vice-principal of the Public High School of Willsboro.

After the business meeting of the Catholic Daughters of America, at 9 P.M., I gave a short talk on Venerable Kateri stressing the Marian aspect of her life and then showed the colored slides of the Mission, the historic souvenirs, and Kateri's relics.

In *The Lily of the Mohawks* (July-August, 1954, Tekakwitha League, 30 West 16th Street, New York 11, N.Y.) appeared the first important write-up on the new Caughnawaga Memorial to Kateri. Thank you, Father Coffey!...

The Sept. 10 issue of *L'Osservatore Romano* carried the story of the Dedication Ceremonies of the new Kateri Monument at Caughnawaga. The well-known French Catholic Daily *La Croix* published interesting article on Kateri Tekakwitha (Oct. 14). The Hungarian publication *A Sziv*, 1955, (Buffalo, N.Y. and Hamilton, Ont.) devoted three pages to Kateri by Father Fodor Pal S.J. *The Torch* Vol. XIV, Oct. 1954, Victoria, B.C. has several columns of Kateri in an article by Marie Longpré.

