

Dec. 53



Auditorio S. de 9 de oct.

THE ORIGINAL CAUGHNAWAGA INDIANS

by Henri Béchard, S.J.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS' REPRESENTATIVES of Montreal take pleasure in sending you a complimentary copy of the first printing of the newly published, well-documented story of the founders and builders of the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, and of Tekakwitha's intimate friends as well as of the Indian Martyrs whose death she foretold. Ten hitherto unpublished sketches by Claude Chauchetière, S.J., who was present at Tekakwitha's death in 1689, enhance the book. We would deem it a favor if you would review this book in your periodical. We would also appreciate receiving a marked copy of your periodical in which the review will appear.

Author: **Henri Béchard, S.J.,**
Vice-Postulator for the Cause of
Canonization of the
Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha

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297th anniversary of the
Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha's death.

THE KATERI CENTER
Postal Box 70 — J0L 1B0
Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada





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NEWARK 2, N. J.

Home: 3 Reynolds Place, Newark 6, N. J.
May 27, 1953.

Confidential

My dear Father Bechard:

Your devotion to Venerable Kateri is very edifying. I too am devoted to her. Her little statue is our our room. Last time I saw H. Excellency Most Rev. Cicognani, who wrote something excellent on her in his book Sanctity in America, I spoke to himabout her cause. His opinion was something to this effect: that what we need is the proof of miracles. Or he might also have mentioned something about the paucity of materials on her life. I do not remember whinch.

As for articles I am not in a position to write. First, I do not know her enough. I shall read the French book on her. Secondly, I am wholly engaged in writing a book in jurisprudence. I am now a full-time professor of law at the School of Law of Seton Hall U., and ~~new~~ being a new school, the authorities here are pressing me to produce something on law as soon as I can. As it is I have not got enough ~~for~~ for the job.

Where I can be useful is probably in writing to the Holy Father and some friends in Rome. But you will have to furnish the materials. If possible make a tentative draft of the letter for me.

All these things I write in absolute confidence, and I feel free to do so because I am writing to a Jesuit.

Filiially yours in Christ and Mary,

John C. Hall

Even as to article, if someone who knows her better is willing to write them and show them to me, I shall be willing to sign them, if that serves any purpose. Of course you need not think of any remunerated to me.

3 Reynolds Place,
Newark 6, N. J.
October 28, 1953.

Rev. Henri Béchard, S. J.
V.-Postulator for the Cause of
Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha,
Tekakwitha,
Mission Saint-François-Xavier,
Caughnawaga, Québec,
Canada.

My dear Father Henri:

Your foolishness belongs to the the foolishness of God. I am confident that God will prosper the Cause.

I am delighted with the draft of Father O'Brien, S. J. He is not a Jesuit and an Irish in vain. The prose is beautiful.

I have made some corrections so as to make it really my own. But, as you will see, the corrections mostly consist of additions, which remind me of St. Thomas who said that the natural law can be changed by way of additions, not by way of deduction or detraction. The few little changes in the wording are made for some reason or another, which you will easily appreciate, I am sure, and so will Father O'Brien.

When your letter came (yesterday evening) I was just engrossed in my latest work on Justice Holmes, which is now practically finished. I went to bed with the Father's ~~xxxf~~ draft, which enchanted me so that I was not able to stop. So weak is human nature! I got up late this morning and missed the Mass and Communion. Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa. I beg you and Father O'Brien to offer some special Masses for me for all my negligences and sins and that I may progress in the spiritual life. Let the White Lily of France and the Red Rose of the Mohawks pull me along until I reach where God wants me to be. Tell them that I am willing to ~~be~~ be pulled along.

This morning my wife smelt a whiff of frankincense--a sure sign that the Saint of Lisieux is pleased with what we are doing for her Sister Kateri. If she is pleased, God is; and if God is pleased, O Father Henri, we can stake our lives upon it.

at

I suggest that ~~the~~ end of the article you will please add a list of reference books and pamphlets and articles in any language they have appeared. This would ~~make~~ support the article. Even academic tricks have to be used in this world of intellectual snobbishness. God knows how I despise learning. But we have to be all things to all men for the love of God. I learn this from the Jesuits.

I could not conquer my itch in underlining some sentences with red and blue, to mark my warm response to the sentiments and ideas expressed or to the beauty of the expression. These underlines are to be disregarded of course in the printing. But don't they serve to make them more my own in spirit and in letter?

*Your little son in Christ, Mary
Joe C. H. W.*

Un DOCUMENTO HECHO POR MARIA

En los jardines del Vaticano, existe un grupo escultórico que llama la atención del visitante. Representa a dos personajes. Uno de ellos es el arzobispo Juan de Zumarraga arrodillado ante la imagen de María pendiente del cuello de un indio de raza azteca. A propósito del hecho representado por esta imagen, el actual pontífice, Pío XII, se expresó así: On the Cloak of humble Juan Diego, brushes which were not from here below, left painted a most appealing Image which the destructive work of the centuries was to respect"

Ese gesto captado en el mármol del monumento, fué la culminación de una serie de episodios que cambiaron los destinos de un continente. Esa estatua se alza en recuerdo de la primera y más famosa intervención de María en favor de las razas del continente americano.

Permitámonos recordar brevemente la historia: 10 años después de la conquista de México y una vez terminada la guerra entre indios y españoles - solo quedaban los restos del que fuera el imponente imperio Azteca. Se comenzaban a levantar los cimientos de una nueva nación. Pero los indios guardaban un sordo rencor con los españoles. Muchísimos de ellos seguían aferrados a sus antiguas supersticiones. El trabajo de los misioneros era sumamente lento. Los guerreros españoles tenían la sensación de hallarse sobre un terreno minado, que al menor descuido podría hacer explosión. ¹⁵⁷¹ El 9 de Diciembre un humilde indio de Cuautitlán, recién convertido al catolicismo, se dirigía al templo de Santiago Tlatelolco en donde los PP. Franciscanos enseñaban la doctrina cristiana. Juan Diego en su camino ~~tenía~~ que pasar por las faldas de una montaña llamada el Tepeyac. Por ahí caminaba apresuradamente, cuando de pronto le pareció oír una sinfonía de voces, cuya melodía se asemejaba a la de los pájaros. Se admiró mucho de esto. Cuando aquellos cantos cesaron oyó una voz que le decía con dulzura: Juanito, Juan Dieguito; El indio se acercó al sitio de donde venía la voz y vio entonces a una Señora de celestial hermosura cuyas radiaciones maravillosas daban una hermosura fantástica a las rocas de la Montaña. "Juanito, el más pequeño de mis hijos, ¿a dónde vas?", prosiguió la Señora

Y Juan Diego con gran sencillez y respeto, explicó sus intenciones. Entonces María,-
 pues era Ella la que le hablaba a Juan Diego le hizo saber que "QUERÍA UN TEMPLO , -
 PARA EN ÉL MOSTRAR Y DAR TODO MI AMOR, COMPASIÓN, AUXILIO Y DEFENSA, PUES YO SOY VUESTRA PIADOSA MADRE, A TI, A TODOS VOSOTROS LOS MORADORES DE ESTA TIERRA, Y A LOS DEMAS AMADORES MIOS QUE ME INVOQUEN Y EN MI CONFIEN; OIR ALLI SUS LAMENTOS Y REMEDIAR TODAS SUS MISERIAS, PENAS Y DOLORES" -Quiera que vayas a ver al Arzobispo de Mexico y le trasmitas todos mis deseos" -Ve y ten por seguro que te lo agradeceré y te lo pagare porque te haré feliz y merecerás mucho que yo te response el trabajo que- y fatiga con que vas a procurar lo que yo te encomiendo...."

Juan Diego se entrevistó con el obispo, pero éste no le dio crédito. El indio, lleno de tristeza no sabía qué decir a la Señora cuando de nuevo la encontrara. La Virgen María se hizo presente otra vez a Juan Diego en esa misma tarde. El indio le suplicó que a fin de que su embajada tuviera éxito, mandara a otro más digno que él a quien podría dar más crédito. Pero la Virgen insistió para que siguiera desempeñando su comisión. Fue de nuevo Juan Diego al arzobispado y allí le dijeron que no bastaba su palabra, que era necesaria una señal que mostrara la procedencia celestial de su petición. Emisarios secretos lo siguieron, a fin de descubrir alguna superchería, pero perdieron su rastro en la montaña. Juan Diego se presentó de nuevo ante a María y le comunicó el mensaje del Arzobispo. Y Nuestra Señora le respondió: Bien está, hijito mío - volverás aquí mañana para que lleves al obispo la señal que te ha pedido" Pero al día siguiente Juan Diego tuvo que atender a su tío moribundo y cuando se le ofreció volver por su camino montañoso, en su simplicidad creyó que podría esquivar a la Señora. Pero María le salió al encuentro y le reconvió dulcemente: "No se turbe tu corazón. ¿No estoy yo aquí que soy tu Madre..? Ten la seguridad de que tu tío está ya sano. Y la Señora le ordenó cortar frescas rosas allí en la montaña, donde jamás se habían producido - Juan Diego las cortó y María las bendijo. Estas rosas son la señal. Ve, TU ERES MI EMBAJADOR MUY DIGNO DE CONFIANZA. El indio se presentó al Obispo, cubriendo cuidadosamente las rosas. Y cuando estas cayeron al suelo, apareció la imagen de María de Guadalupe pintada en la tosca manta de Juan Diego. Este fue el hecho que una vez conocido aceleró la conversión de los indios, esta es la imagen en donde ellos tienen puesto su amor desde hace más de cuatro siglos, este es el documento maravilloso que María dejó de su primer

Doctor John C. H. Wu
3 Reynolds Place
Newark 6, N.J.

Dec. 2, 1853.

Dear Doctor Wu,

Very one regret is that ~~Helen~~ ~~bulletin~~ is not a
modest publication: ~~for~~ it would have been such a pleasure to
me to be able to print "The Story of Two Souls" in a National
review!... But, ^{thanks to your sympathetic collaboration} it does add luster to the bulletin, and conse-
quently, helps to make Thiers and Kateri better known!...
The reviews will be given at the end of the fourth article.
~~I realize that the references you always generally employ~~
~~at the end of~~ ~~the~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~fourth~~ ~~type~~ ~~of~~ ~~article~~ as
~~of the~~ ~~one~~ ~~best~~ ~~and~~ ~~most~~ ~~interesting~~ ~~articles~~ are ~~The references you mentioned~~
~~you mentioned~~

time 6873 (it is already 15 yrs old.).
It may interest you to know that a solemn ^{christian} mass
) Thanksgiving was say on Dec 3, at 9:00 P.M., at the
Gen Council in ~~celebrated~~ by His Excellency Bishop
Philippe C. S.J., of Sichuan, China. He had
been two years in a communist prison. His Eminence
Cardinal Léon ^{The same way} ~~President~~ Seignier in Paris, of
the Diocese of Chine from Latin's parish.

Dear Doctor W., ~~my~~ in closing,
I am taking the liberty of requesting ~~that~~ that
you have an occasional thought for me
in your prayers.

Very, very gratefully yours in Christ.

H. B. S.



TEKAKWITHA

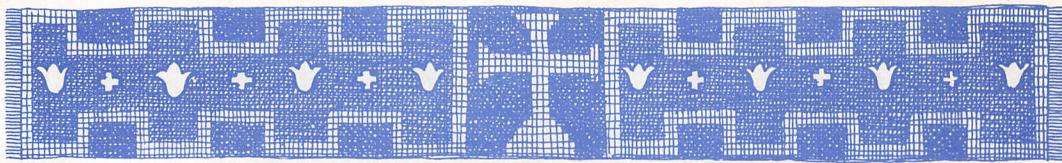
CAUGHNAWAGA, P.Q.

THE STORY OF TWO SOULS - 1.

It is the privilege of Almighty God to bestow the grace of sanctity where and when He will and on whomsoever He thinks anxious to follow His counsels *«The wind bloweth where it listeth» as Our Lord says.* of perfection in a unique way. Thus we have saints for all times, for all causes, and for almost all places. From St. Stephen, the Apostles and martyrs through the middle ages till today, the seed sown by the divine Harvester is blossoming, ^{perennially} into the pure and mature flower of sanctity. The Church, in solemn session, through the vicar of Christ, is constantly adding to the roster of the saints, models of virtue who at once command our respect and solicit our imitation. Perhaps the model who claims our subservience has not yet heard the silver trumpets sound in her honor over the tomb of the Apostle. May we hope that through the intercession of Therese, whom she so much resembles, Kateri may soon be raised to the honors of the Altar. *Such a marvelous red rose is borned to shed its radiance and fragrance throughout the world and down the ringing grooves of the ages.*

In nineteen hundred and twenty-five, only twenty-eight years after her saintly death, Therese of the Child Jesus was raised to the Canon of the saints. Her life, to the idle onlooker had been quite ordinary, ^{if not} even dull. The life of a contemplative Carmelite rarely makes the headlines of the daily press. But into this seemingly fruitless life of twenty-four short years had been packed the dynamic experience of a soul's utter and complete devotion to Christ and His cause. "God exists...He loves me...I love Him" is the lesson of the life of little Therese. She waved the magic wand of love over her simplest action and let its brilliance light and clarify every thought and feeling even to the deepest recesses of her soul. Who could know that the life of this "little victim of Divine love" would prove an irresistible attraction for the world at large?

Saints, say the wise, are unique; no two are ever alike. Certainly they all love and serve the same God but their approach to Him is diverse. If this be true, it precludes the possibility of having saints of the same spiritual family. *But the truth is,* Saints, ^{who} in their approach to sanctity, choose an identical path. They may differ in minor details with regard to their rules of life, but they will be essentially alike in their spirituality.



TEKAKWITHA

CAUGHNAWAGA, P.Q.

1 - continued

In Kateri Tekakwitha and St. Therese, we have saints of the same spiritual family. It may seem impertinent to compare Kateri to Therese, because it is to compare a venerable to a saint, a Mohawk maiden to the fair flower of France, the wilderness of America to the culture of nineteenth century Europe. But Therese did not become a saint because she was French and lived in Lisieux or Kateri because she was a Mohawk and lived in an American forest. The reason why they are sister ~~saints~~ we ignore; the secret lies with God. That they are two most similar buds of sanctity, two jewels of equal lustre and brilliance in God's crown, we intend to show.

There is a strange fascination in watching experts go about their task; they proceed without haste and anxiety but sure of foot and hand. The finished product is simple, beautiful and bears little evidence of the exhausting effort that went into its construction. So it is with our saints: we see the finished product of two souls who took the path of spiritual childhood and the finished product is a mature sanctity of surpassing beauty and excellence. Reading their lives, we feel our hearts lift in admiration and wonder that Christ, the center of their lives, could demand so much of these two; yet we should conclude that their lives had been the epitome of joy for themselves and for their immediate companions. We have come so far off normal that we do not realize that in this lies the beauty and simplicity of Christian perfection. To follow Christ is not to kill nature, but on its trunk, graft the shoots of the divine branch. The diversities of nature and culture are still there, but grace brings them to a living harmony. As Madame Chiang Kai-shek has said, "Life is really simple, and yet how confused we make it. In old Chinese art, there is just one outstanding object, perhaps a flower, on a scroll. Everything else in the picture is subordinated to that one ~~one~~ ^{alike} beautiful thing. An integrated life is like that. What is that one flower? As I feel it now, it is the will of God." This is true, of the "white lily" of Lisieux and of the Red Rose of the Mohawks.

Dear Fr. Béchard.

No doubt you have already despaired of receiving these articles but here they are. I am satisfied neither with the writing nor with the typing job. Do whatever you want with them, even if it is only to burn them. Sorry I took so long. I would like to write something sometime which would do Kateri honor.

In Christ

Gerald Brier, S.J.

The title might well be changed.—

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加達利納代葛貴達 生於降生後一千六百五
十六年 他是美洲毛合葛斯族人 四歲時
他的父母都已逝世 他的母親雖是領過洗
的教友 但他因家族還是外教 雖切望早早
受洗因許多困難阻礙 二十歲時 尚未得此
恩佑 在此特殊危險誘惑環境中 反到顯出
他的聖德非凡了 特在潔德上 更是超羣出
衆為此人都稱他是毛合葛斯族中的玉蘂花
因天主的聖智奇妙佈施 卒得領洗之恩
從此諸德更發光明 尤其是對於信德真潔克
苦 領洗後不過四年聖德之名遐邇皆聞 於
降生後一千六百八十年功全德備而終 正如
耶穌嬰孩德肋撒聖女二十四歲即到聖德出衆
之域

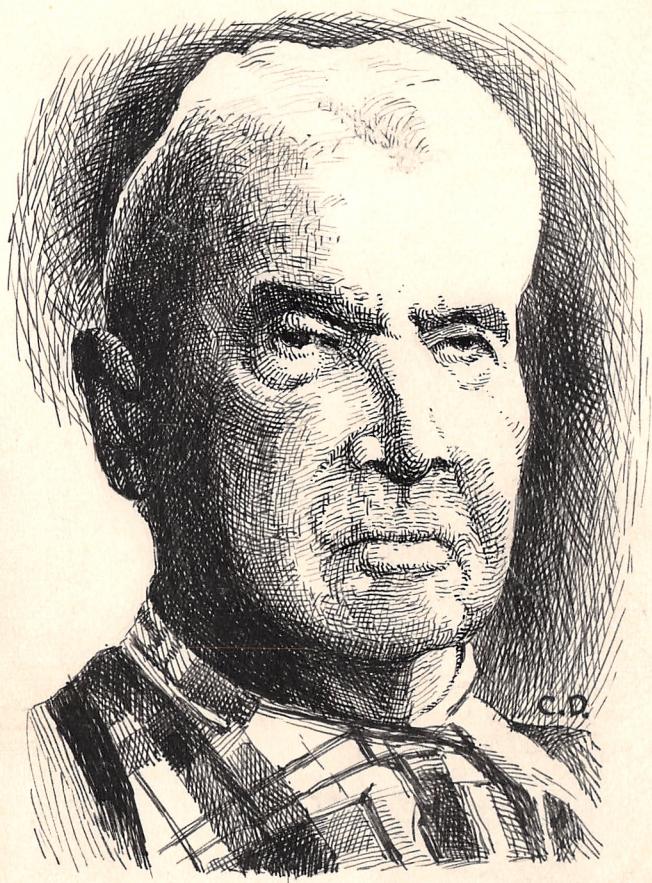
因他的轉求 各處沾恩受惠者 不可勝數
並且日多一日 現在他的列品 已入議案中
並且甚抱樂觀 為此請衆信友 特特的是在
傳教區內的信友們 凡遇艱難困苦之時 速
到此加達利納天主之婢女前 以其轉達 獲
得殊恩 獲得特助焉 並求天主 使之早登
真福聖品 按照此意念祝文如下

加達利納詠

天主爾以奇法保護爾之婢女加達利納 純潔
無染 並賜其信德之恩寵 克苦之精神今求
爾賞賜托求於他者 不虛所望 茲我虔求之
恩某某亦望爾賞賜之 使衆都知 他係爾之
所特寵者 並早列聖品與在天上之聖人聖女
為永侶 為我等主基利斯多 亞孟

天主經聖母經聖三光榮詠各一遍

Imprimatur + Patrick Cardinal Hayes.
Imprimatur + P. Montaigne



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C. appr eccl.

Luke Ch'en

TEKAKWITHA, LILY OF THE MOHAWKS

代葛貴達，毛合葛斯族的玉蘋花

C. U. P.

加達利納代葛貴達 生於降生後一千六百五十六年 他是美洲毛合葛斯族人 四歲時他的父母都已逝世 他的母親 雖是領過洗的教友 但他因家族還是外教 雖切望早早受洗因許多困難阻擾 二十歲時 尚未得此恩佑 在此特殊危險誘惑環境中 反到顯出他的聖德非凡了 特在潔德上 更是超羣出众 爲此人都稱他是毛合葛斯族中的玉蘂花 因天主的聖智 奇妙佈施 卒得領洗之恩 從此諸德更發光明 尤其是對於信德真潔克苦 領洗後不過四年聖德之名遐邇皆聞 於降生後一千六百八十年功全德備而終 正如耶穌嬰孩德肋撒聖女二十四歲即到聖德出衆之域

因他的轉求 各處沾恩受惠者 不可勝數 並且日多一日 現在他的列品 已入議案中 並且甚抱樂觀 爲此請衆信友 特特的是在傳教區內的信友們 凡遇艱難困苦之時 速到此加達利納天主之婢女前 以其轉達 獲得殊恩 獲得特助焉 並求天主 使之早登真福聖品 按照此意念祝文如下

加達利納謳

天主爾以奇法保獲爾之婢女加達利納 純潔無染 並賜其信德之恩寵 克苦之精神今求爾賞賜托求於他者 不虛所望 茲我虔求之恩某某亦望爾賞賜之 使衆都知 他係爾之所特寵者 並早列聖品與在天上之聖人聖女 爲永侶 爲我等主基利斯多 亞孟

天主經聖母經聖三光榮謳各一遍

Imprimatur + Patrick Cardinal Hayes.

imprimatur + P. Montaigne