

9/10-83

*To Father Bechar*

Diary of...

"A Phoenix Family in Roma"

(for the Beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha)

June, 1980

*In Kateri's Love  
Marlene*

© Marlene Mc Cauley  
September 2, 1981  
Phoenix, Arizona

"Native Americans Have an Audience with the Pope"

June 24, 1980

Noon

To "St. Anna's gate, all....did go,  
Where great joy did overflow,  
The Native Americans were waiting the call,  
To see the Vicar...Clementine hall!

Saw Father Béchard....Vice-Postulated,  
Before him..."Mc Cauley's Incorporated!"  
Printed on Allan's shirt....so RED,  
"A wonderful spirit!" Father said!

Gave away prints of Kateri,  
To Indian friends and clergy,  
"Our Pope will bless it," some did say,  
The gate opened....then.... on their way!

We had some lunch...then went touring,  
Around the colonnade...went exploring!  
When time to meet our friends at the gate,  
Saw "Billy Antone"...saddened by fate!

A plaque we had given in "thanksgiving,"  
He gave to the Pope for a blessing,  
Planned to give it to the Papago mission,  
Plucked by security...against his "wishin!"

"Pope John Paul blessed it...true,  
T'was HIS gift...guards did construe!"  
"There is no cause to be blue,  
Your gift will be returned to you!"

"Speak to the authority,  
Pray to Blessed Kateri!"  
Renewed hope...spirits elated,  
The Pope's talk...he related!

"Of the Saints.. is..."Blessed" Kateri,  
Interceding....in His mercy,  
Forever.... helping without cease,"  
"He greeted us in Christ's peace!"

"We are called to holiness,  
Living in His love... spotless,"  
"Send my love to whomever you reach!"  
"T'was the essence of his speech!"

"Invited to Join Indian Group  
to the Lowest Level of Basilica: the 'Scavi'"  
June 24th  
2:00 p.m.

30.

Joined this band....."Father Stan,"  
"Come with us if you can,  
To the subterranean...of the Vatican!"  
So grateful to this kindly man!

Soon...descended to depths so low,  
Of crypt-crusted forms, row by row,  
This excavation...called, the "scavi,"  
A nether world...dark and eerie!

Roman and Etruscan burial ground,  
Halls of the dead...breath naught a sound!  
Ornate sarcophagae and funeary urns,  
Cold, damp and moldy...ancient ruins!

Mausoleums...of the pagan day,  
The sign, the symbol...objects of clay,  
Revealed a tradition of a family's way,  
"Imagine, if we had to stay?"

Sepulchral pillars on carven stones,  
Crowning glory...St. Peter's bones,  
Bed of Christ's institution,  
Nero's era of persecution!

Tom Welsh, a Seminarian.."guide,"  
Whom later we met for lunch outside,  
Articulate and interesting,  
Wealth of learning...manifesting!

Ascended to level of "catacombs,"  
Popes of the ages...silent homes,  
When the tour completely done,  
We met Tom and Billy Antone!

Congratulated wonderful "Tom,"  
Who spoke so well...two hours long!  
We laughed and talked as we ate,  
Exuberant at a new found fate!

Tom said that he stood next to Pete,  
In the Clementine, where the Pope did meet,  
"I'll get some photos of Peter with the Pope,  
To the photographers, I'll go with hope!"

He kept his promise for in month's ahead,  
A package from Rome..."PHOTOS" it read!  
Took some "shots" under Italian sun,  
Bid farewell...great memories of fun!

Back to the Nord to make plans for Assisi,  
Train ticket and food...much to be busy!  
Took time to say "goodnight" to all,  
A lovely day...now, BEDTIME call!

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Prologue

"News of the Beatification of Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha  
Reaches the Mc Cauley Family...March, 1980  
Phoenix, Arizona

An angel halted the March winds wild,  
To announce the promotion of Heaven's child,  
Maid of the woods...gentle and meek,  
For Venerable Kateri...a second leap!  
"Blessed," she'll be on earth's domain,  
"Honors of the altar," she would attain!  
All earth awakened from a long night's sleep,  
The harvest of toil soon to be reaped!  
The news proclaimed from East to West,  
Reaching the Mc Cauleys' filled with zest!  
Excitement at the highest peak,  
Young son Peter...the first to speak.  
"Now that we are satisfied,  
That KATERI WILL BE BEATIFIED,  
Her soul...a lily without taint,  
Let's pray that she'll become a Saint!"  
All agreed...knelt side by side,  
Though three hundred years since she died,  
Felt her loving spirit there,  
"Thank you God," began the prayer!  
A lemon moon burst with smile,  
As oranges danced from mile to mile,  
The giant cactus seemed to say,  
"A happy end through a long, hard way!"  
Phoenix rocked with elation,  
To hear of Kateri's beatification,  
Timely for their celebration,  
Lent a demension...a big sensation!  
The sculptor's work, at last, complete,  
April 20th...the Bishop did meet,  
For...a Mass and dedication,  
Kateri "bronze"... "De Grazia's"...creation!  
St. Francis Church, packed to peak,  
Many could not find a seat,  
Indians came from far and wide,  
To learn of Kateri was their pride!  
Ethereal voices filled the air,  
Chanting tones for the "Lily" fair,  
The bell rung out for one and all,  
Time for treats in the hall!  
A four foot cake for Kateri,  
T'was her anniversary!  
Songs sung, dances done,  
At the fiesta in the sun!

"Date Set...Can We Go???"

A few days of rest...the wheels turned,  
The official date we learned,  
June 22...the beatification,  
From the Vatican for edification!

A letter from the Vice-Postulator came,  
In it, a Rome trip...did explain,  
Bishop Hubbard of Albany,  
Leader of the group, he'd be!

Arrangements made through "Triple M,"  
Limited seats..."Hurry...reserve them!"  
The people would meet at "JFK,"  
On the 19th of June...not far away!

Return on the 26th...the eighth day,  
At the "Nord Nuova," the guests would stay,  
"No chance of going," Allan did say,  
I'm swimming in "gators" all the way!"

"The court calendar is a clutter,  
I'm in a state of flutter,  
Cases are popping, trials are set,  
Still a house to be sold yet!"

"There are all types of litigation,  
June is no time for a vacation,  
Don't pressure me to bend or sway,  
Go without me, if you may!"

Went off to talk to God alone,  
"If You will us to go to Rome,  
Then You make everything just right,  
Please nudge Allan with all Your MIGHT!"

The prayer answered in the middle of May,  
Order was made in every way,  
Without the least hesitation,  
"YOU CAN MAKE THE RESERVATION!"

Soon the work with "Triple M" done,  
On time...Limit, "eighty-one!"  
The Mc Cauleys all rejoiced with glee,  
"Mom's prayer answered PERFECTLY!"

The older children...preparing for school,  
Summer learning...a great tool,  
The two youngest were left to go,  
Peter, eleven and three year "Joe!"

Joseph played, "Babe Kateri,"  
Eucharistic Congress...day three,  
Peter was favored with a hearing cure,  
By Kateri, on her feast at four!

Into high gear...departure at hand,  
Tried to stay calm through every demand,  
The "to do" list...a mile long,  
So nothing would go wrong!

A suitcase each and a carry-on,  
 Any space...soon gone,  
 Packed a gift for the Pope,  
 With cardboard, paper and some rope.

Two hundred prints in a tube,  
 A prayer thanking St. Jude!  
 "Oops, must make room for one more thing,  
 A box of chocolates we must bring!"

Car in great shape all around,  
 "GOODBYE PHOENIX...we're New York bound!"  
 Whizzed cross the States like a bird,  
 To miss the plane would be absurd!

Arrived in the "Big Apple" the day before,  
 Had some sleep then shopped some more,  
 Left for the airport in plenty of time,  
 Traffic HEAVY...weather fine!

"A BACKWAY ROUTE!" Allan roared,  
 "Soon it will be time to board!"  
 Made it by minutes five,  
 Lucky to be still alive!

Found the agent amid the din,  
 Got our tickets...heads did spin!  
 Threw the cases on the bin,  
 Last minute scrambling is a sin!

Ran in and out and all about,  
 Little Joseph began to pout,  
 Was here and there and everywhere,  
 Had not a minute left to spare!

At last we joined the boarding line,  
 "Thank You God,"...made it on time!"  
 Greeted friends one and all,  
 Waiting for Alitalia's call!

Happy to be of the "Red Button" band,  
 Symbol of Kateri's loving hand!  
 Soon seated and calmly set,  
 T'was 6:45 on the Boeing jet!



"Merry Pilgrims: Take-Off!"

June 19, 1980: JFK

New York

The merry pilgrims were on their way,  
Like "81" flavors, so varied were they,  
Most delightful group....ever met,  
From professionals to the homespun set!

T'was just like a melting pot,  
Of all races...where oneness wrought,  
Some were single...some were not,  
All were a humble lot.

Brothers, sisters, husband-wife teams,  
Of all walks of life...seems,  
From Auriesville and Fonda staffs,  
People sharing many laughs!

The Bishops of Rochester and Albany,  
The "Vice-Postulator" of Kateri,  
"Father Mc Bride,"...so happy,  
Franciscans, Jesuits...other clergy!

"Little Peacock," of the Mohawk clan,  
"Iron Eyes Cody,"...a colorful man,  
A Cherokee...in dress of tan,  
On TV...has many a fan!

Mary-Eunice of the monologue,  
Everyone engaged in dialogue,  
Peter, of "tennis," with a Good Shepherd nun,  
Sister Dorothy...full of fun!

Father Egan had a mini-session,  
Giving Allan an Italian lesson,  
Then told a joke another time,  
Of a crash on "Alitalia" airline!

During the chatter of "this and that" stuff,  
Joseph finally loosened his cuff,  
"Look, the clouds are MARSHMELLOW FLUFF!"  
"Some are like cotton puff!"

Photos snapped from the floor,  
Of happy people by the score,  
A few dozing ones...then more,  
While the plane to Heaven.....soar!

Dinner served...glad to eat,  
Roast beef...a delectable fete,  
The bright red button did each one wear,  
"Kaiatonoran"...with such a flair!

Meaning "heroic virtue" rare,  
Now...a pilgrimage of prayer!  
Silence hovered in the air,  
God's children in His care!

All these pilgrim's dedication,  
Lead to Rome for the beatification,  
Giant bird...ONWARD RIDE,  
To your destiny glide!



"Arrival at Da Vinci Airport"

June 20, 1980

Rome, Italy

After seven hours in Heaven,  
Arrived at Da Vinci...our leaven,  
Got our luggage...wait, wait, wait,  
Custom clearing..."To the bus gate!"

Director of the Martyr's Shrine,  
Father Egan's face did shine,  
Weighted with boxes and bags galore,  
Stopping to adjust before the door.

Carrying a cumbersome painting grand,  
A "beast of burden" in demand!  
Or perhaps another hand?  
This priest...in full command!

Didn't mind the stress and strain,  
A gift for the Pope...worth the pain!  
Greeted by photographer, "Anne,"  
Father Mc Bride's helper from Kateri-land!

The Roman sky was a robin blue,  
Welcoming sun said, "How do you do!"  
Whimsical waters began to play,  
Dancing hues in the morning spray!

Lifeless statues all around,  
Seemed to come alive in sound,  
The old and new stood side by side,  
To St. Mary Majors the bus did ride!

"Mass at St. Mary Majores"

Eternal city of Christendom,  
     Kateri's celebration we come!  
 Antonella and Machismo,  
     Were our guides to and fro.

Taught us what we had to know,  
     Of the Basilica...words did flow,  
 "Pope Liberius in a dream,  
     The 'Queen of Heaven,' he had seen!"

"Snow will fall on an August day,  
     Build a Church there...no delay,"  
 Its structure stands in majesty,  
     The first to Mary...fifth century!

Ornate pillars...ceilings of gold,  
     Our hands in fervent prayer fold,  
 A Mass in concelebration,  
     Thanksgiving for beatification!

To the altar of Bethlehem's manger,  
     "Dear God...protect us from danger,  
 For everything we thank you Lord,  
     Please get us safely to Hotel Nord!"

Through a discordant traffic race,  
     Our bus rode at harmonious pace,  
 Arrived weak and weary...nearly dead,  
     Hungry mouths...to be fed!

Opened the chocolates...began to munch,  
     Two pounds for Mc Cauley's lunch,  
 Soon there wasn't a stir or peep,  
     Four bodies...FAST ASLEEP!!!

"Reception at the Grand Hotel for the Kateri Group"

Evening of June 20, 1980

Up from slumber feeling great,  
Time to prepare for an evening date,  
A reception at the Hotel Grand,  
The finest one in Roman land!

T'was the 20th of June...a Friday eve,  
Soon it would be time to leave,  
Showers, shaving...much to do,  
Outfits chosen...red, white and blue!

Hurried, scurried as time did fly,  
"Wear your turtle bola tie!"  
There were many don'ts and do's,  
"Must I wear my Sunday shoes?"

The silver cross around mom's neck,  
Earrings matching...handsome set,  
After all were in clean dress,  
Joseph made quite a mess!

Chocolate over his angel face,  
Soapy water did erase,  
Boys were clean from toes to head,  
Must not forget our badges, "RED!"

All decked out in best array,  
Mc Cauleys soon were on their way,  
The President of the U.S.A.,  
A few days at the "Grand" would stay!

His body guards were everywhere,  
Felt we had them in our hair,  
Could barely make it through the door,  
Then found them pacing on the floor!

Joseph cried, "It must be fun,  
To carry around a real, big gun!"  
Ushered to the reception line,  
To meet the host and hostess..."fine!"

Honorable Wagner and Phyllis, his wife,  
Vatican ambassadors...busy life,  
Planned this elegant reception,  
Will describe it...no deception!

A sumptuous feast served "buffet,"  
To walk around it would take a day,  
On every table a rose bouquet,  
Tiny blue astors and baby breath spray!

A gilded palace hall it seemed,  
Everybody's faces beamed,  
All who attended this fest so royal,  
Loved Kateri...to her were loyal!

To the chandelier...wished to fly,  
A colorful spectacle to spy,  
Some were dressed in fuschia hues,  
Tones of reddish, purple, blues!

Cardinals...Cooke, Kroll and Baum,  
Sharing as they strode along,  
Talking, smiling to big and small,  
Their happiness filled the hall!

Tables decked in candlelight,  
Clergy wearing black and white,  
People moving to and fro,  
Voices blending high and low.

Cameras clicking, "Hold that pose!"  
Joseph picking a pretty rose,  
Indian people in native dress,  
Endearing souls..."God bless!"

After a bit of happy festing,  
Peter took a chair for resting,  
Very fine talks for some duration,  
By clergy for "beatification!"

All enjoyed the presentation,  
Of Kateri...no simplification!  
Finally bid all adieu,  
The moon fading...we were too!



"A Private Audience with the Pope and President"

June 21, 1980

A new morn promised great things ahead,  
Up refreshed, dressed and fed,  
To lose a minute we didn't dare,  
On the bus to St. Peter's Square!

T'was June 21st...invited to see,  
His Holy Father and President "Jimmy!"  
Informed of a time delay,  
The group found a place to stay.

For souvenirs...some went shopping,  
To the "horses"...Joe went hopping,  
On a "buggy," he wished to ride,  
Peter...snapped with Father Mc Bride.

Called to line up at St. Anna's gate,  
To discover more time to wait,  
While standing in the radiant sun,  
To our surprise, met Billy Antone!

The Phoenix "Mass,"...the connection,  
Greeted him with great affection,  
Dressed in a multi-colored vest,  
His sparkling eyes revealed a zest!

To meet in Rome for the beatification,  
Surpassed our wildest expectation,  
He was chosen from a selection,  
To be the Papago's representation!

While standing, chatting with Billy,  
There was so much for us to see,  
One sweet image, we'll not forget,  
Was "Father Simon," whom we later met!

Holding as if he would never part,  
A carved wood "Kateri" close to his heart,  
While involved in meditation,  
Someone took our reservation!

Soon everyone was fast ascending,  
Two hundred marble stairs blending,  
Couldn't rest...couldn't tarry,  
Joseph screamed..."Daddy, CARRY!"

T'was quite an amazing fact,  
That no suffered a heart attack,  
Soon we read a welcoming sign,  
"Papal Quarters..."Clementine!"

Thought we found our pot of gold,  
A "private" audience we were told,  
Expectation reached a peak,  
To learn, "The exalted soon would be meek!"

No one really was to blame,  
Life has its unexpected game,  
The President's arrival changed the plan,  
Extra invites for this "special" man!

Those bodyguards again appeared,  
 Taking up much space we feared,  
 Seminarians joined the fleet,  
 Native Americans in a special suite!

A packed-full room...not a space,  
 Hot and worn...took a place,  
 Standing, waiting...not one seat,  
 Holding Joseph...not a treat!

Peter...missing, where could he be?  
 Heart was heavy with this worry,  
 "The gift, the gift...what shall we do?"  
 How will it get to Pope John Paul II?"

A poem-painting of Kateri,  
 "Security" gave us the third degree,  
 "Is it original...WHO ARE YOU??"  
 Took it to see what he could do!

"Oh thank you, thank you, kindly man,  
 T'was put in the care of the Mohawk clan!"  
 Then suddenly we heard a voice,  
 At last a reason to rejoice!

"Take a photo, darling Allan,  
 It's HISTORY at the Vatican!"  
 "Sorry dear, t'would be in vain,  
 To photograph a voice...INSANE!!"

T'was not long when we realized,  
 The sound...just mechanized!  
 Mr. President spoke of peace,  
 That hunger and disease would cease!

"A common pilgrimage for us all,"  
 Though hungry and about to fall,  
 Tried to stand proud and tall!  
 A second voice filled the hall.

Of harmony, our Pope did speak,  
 "A better humanity each one must seek!"  
 "Faith, hope and love erases pain!"  
 From his study, the sound came.

At last came the awaited time,  
 "THEY'RE HERE!!!"...each face did shine!  
 There was no platform elevation,  
 Though couldn't see...felt jubilation!

Heard our dignitaries declare,  
 Highest praise for Kateri rare!  
 Pronounced her name without a flaw,  
 "Gad-e-lee...Teg-ag-quee-ta!"

President Carter did exclaim,  
 About Kateri's difficult name,  
 "Holy Father and I spent all night,  
 Practicing to get it right!"

Allan sought a Seminarian tall,  
 To take a photo was the call,  
 Joseph screamed, "I CAN'T SEE!"  
 A kind priest took him from me!

Joey was the "lucky" one,  
 Viewing from such height was fun!  
 Soon he fell fast asleep,  
 Then we heard his sleepy squeak!!

The Indians made their presentation,  
 Bearing gifts with expectation,  
 Each one to the Pope did talk,  
 Our gift given by "Little Peacock!"

Hands shaken...blessings given,  
 "Did Peter go to Heaven?"  
 The meeting ended...it was long,  
 The Native Americans sang a song!

Then like magic before our eyes,  
 Came Peter mid happy cries,  
 "The grandest thing happened to me,  
 Pope John Paul blessed me, SEE?"

"Many big arms over my head did go,  
 To touch the Pope's hand who reached low,  
 To give it to me in the front row!"  
 Happiness did overflow!

"His other hand placed on my head,  
 I'll never wash it off," he said!  
 "Shook hands with President Carter, too,"  
 Joy sparkled in his eyes of blue!

"This was a great moment rare,  
 Monsignor Lenz led me there!"  
 An unexpected gift to win,  
 Though Christ invited his babes to Him!

A prayer in thanksgiving said then,  
 Peace filled where fear had been,  
 Scripture's words in our hearts did burst,  
 "The first shall be last...the last, first!"



"A 'Trattoria' for Lunch"

June 21, 1980

Spirits soared to the sky,  
 Only wished that we could fly!  
 Trying to cross a Roman street,  
 Matched a tough Olympic feat!

Out to seek a place to eat,  
 Treading on cobblestone street,  
 We soon did find a "trattoria,"  
 Seemed each item....a thousand lira!

Sandwiches stacked in grand array,  
 "I could eat all," Peter did say,  
 Cappuccino to coconut juice,  
 Devoured by lions on the loose!

Eating "Roman"...a great deal of fun,  
 Enjoying our fare in the Italian sun!  
 Relaxing on a comfortable seat,  
 From standing all morn...a wonderful treat!

The table dressed in gingham best,  
 Pretty flowers..."fancy fest!"  
 A fountain in view, made the scene,  
 Staring at it, Joseph did scream...

"See, what the turtle is shooting out!!"  
 "Its mouth looks like a water spout!"  
 Rome...a marriage of ancient and new,  
 Of culture, art and sculpture too!

At every turn our eyes were caught,  
 Such beauty and charm by seeing...taught.  
 To pay our bill...no easy chore,  
 Since it almost reached the floor!

"I'm stuffed," yelled Joey..."can't even walk!"  
 His eyes ....closing...then his talk!  
 Homeward bound on bus "64,"  
 Happy to see the hotel door!



"The Pilgrim's Song"

(First Dinner Together at the Hotel )

June 21, 1980

Line up merry pilgrims...join the parade,  
 March to the dining hall...don't be afraid,  
 Tis the eve of the 22nd...you know what that means,  
 The next is for Kateri...UNREAL it seems!  
 T'would be difficult to remember all,  
 But will attempt a brief roll call!  
 Paul Thomas and Tom Constantino,  
 Peter and Joseph...the little bambino!  
 Mary-Eunice and Father Mc Bride,  
 Iron Eyes Cody...side by side,  
 Must not forget..."Little Peacock,"  
 And several of the clan, "Mohawk,"  
 Sister Patricia and Anne Scheuerman  
 Mrs. Angel and Gertrude Flynn,  
 Irene Ryder and Sister Eschen:  
 Mirabel Moreu came from Spain,  
 Eva Kwasny...another name!  
 Fathers Rallahan, Bogan and Kern,  
 Father Egan's secretary, "Fern!"  
 Father Schultz and his niece, "Mary,"  
 From Arizona...John Henry!  
 Helen and her husband "Barney,"  
 A great man...(with a speck of "blarney,")  
 Father "Pat" Iannotti,  
 (Far from being "haughty!")  
 Where could "Father Fleig" be-a?  
 Eating at the Cur-i-a!  
 Father Baldus...Walter, his brother,  
 Bishop Clark's charming mother,  
 Marlene and Allan of "Mc Cauley's team,"  
 The "Busch" couple...Chuck and Irene,  
 Sister Dorothy...the smiling nun,  
 "Excuse me, PLEASE pass a bun!"  
 Sister Mary Catherine Rich,  
 Sister Mary Elizabeth,  
 And the partnership..."Wallace!"  
 Mary Conley from Albany,  
 Helen Duell and Jeannie!  
 Mc Convilles, Mc Carthy, Connors and Cook,  
 Afraid these names will fill a book!  
 Melissa, Margaret, Rita and Diane,  
 Monsignor Glavin from Amsterdam!  
 Christina, Gladys and Rosemary,  
 "Hurry, hurry...pass the tea!"  
 Theresa, Miss Poodry and Loretta,  
 What setting could be better?  
 Must not forget..."Miss Lundblad,"  
 Or we would be very sad!  
 Mr. and Mrs. Hart and sweet Anna,  
 Name them all...you'll win a star!  
 Who is that...and that and that?  
 Evelyn, Mrs. Choi and the Rev. Pratt!  
 Mr. Milunski and Mr. Krenz,  
 O'Gradys....Eileen and Florence!  
 There is the pair..."Terrance,"  
 Father Latus and his mother,  
 Surely there's got to be another!

Schelsinger, Von Schelling and Eleanor,  
 The list is so long..."OPEN THE DOOR!"  
 Fathers...Powers, Sheedy and Scharff,  
 Let's end with a hearty laugh!  
 "Hurry...PLEASE MORE TEA,"  
 Whoever is missing..."FORGIVE ME!"  
 Spaghetti the fare...a pungent aroma,  
 Together we'll share the first dinner in Roma,  
 Tales to tell of the day's adventure,  
 Of happiness, weariness...nothing to censure!  
 Pick up your glass...let's have a toast,  
 To our humble Kateri, we can boast,  
 May God bless us with health and grace,  
 That Kateri's sainthood, we'll soon embrace!  
 The hall vibrated with happy chatter,  
 To be together was what did matter!  
 Food was served without delay,  
 The waiter moving with the tray,  
 Joey reached over to help himself,  
 "To say, PLEASE PASS, is manners, our elf!"  
 "But he may say NO...you can't have bread,"  
 "That's why I used my arms instead!"  
 Jolly Barney at the next table,  
 Taught Joseph a little fable,  
 When he learned the tricky piece,  
 We thought that it would never cease!  
 Desert was served with some tea,  
 "Have another cup, John Henry!"  
 This friend from Phoenix sat with us,  
 Cuddled Joey when he made a fuss,  
 Thankful for the delicious fete,  
 To the lounge went the fleet!  
 For a brief friendly discourse,  
 Before bedtime...our recourse!  
 Allan in a conversation,  
 About the bus transportation,  
 "It is an amazing situation,  
 That no one asks remuneration,  
 Why at no cost, we could travel wide,  
 Peter, Joey and my darling bride!"  
 "Now don't despair," said Father Kern,  
 When the truth, you now will learn,  
 The box for coins is in the back,  
 Now you'll be on the right track!"  
 "Iron Eyes Cody" was very emphatic,  
 About his camera...instamatic,  
 "No courage had I to "photo" the Pope,  
 Standing so close, there would be hope!  
 With "Felici" and "Mari"...Vatican folk,  
 I felt that I would be a joke!"  
 "With all my heart, I wished to click,  
 Wishing and wishing made me sick!"  
 The eve ended with the final talk,  
 "Report in the morn at eight o'clock!"  
 Last words given by Father Mc Bride,  
 "Tomorrow we'll take our memorable ride!"  
 We bid "goodnight" for the day was done,  
 Anxious for the morning sun!



June 22, 1980

St. Peter's Basilica  
Rome, Italy  
Pope John Paul II

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silence reigned...Bishop Hubbard's talk,  
 "Please count as "Blessed,"...Kateri, a Mohawk!  
 Hearts beat in anticipation,  
 For the Holy Father's declaration.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Peter, Joseph & Co. at the Beatification"

Peter's eyes fixed intently,  
Happiness rooted, sat contently,  
Kateri on his eager mind,  
"My little friend is for mankind!"

At the base of a niche....sculptured relief,  
Were marbled cherubs beyond belief,  
Without the least bit of feign,  
"SEE THE ANGELS," Joe did exclaim!

Joy blended in a special way,  
With Jesuit...."Father Bazinet,"  
Fathers "Sal," and "Fleig" shared too,  
Cherished moments...RARE few!

Sharing binoculars so we all could see,  
Pope John Paul's smile...so close it be!  
The "seventeenth" row so near the throne,  
Soon became ...."Home Sweet Home!"



"Exploring the Vatican"  
 (after beatification)  
 June 22, 1980

After lunch, t'was Peter's plan,  
 To explore the Vatican,  
 There were endless things to see,  
 Dating to many a past century.

Constantine to Cavallini,  
 Michaelangelo and Bernini,  
 Giotto and Maderno,  
 Reni and Raffaello!

Crypt of St. Pius "tenth,"  
 The Saint who went to great length,  
 Admitting children to Communion,  
 The gift of Christ's union!

The "Chapel of the Presentation,"  
 Next we saw, "Transfiguration,"  
 Then the "Blessed Sacrament,"  
 These chapels from Heaven sent!

Viewed "St. Peter's Crucifixion,"  
 Masterpiece defies description,  
 "Archangel Michael" by Reni,  
 Executed with artistry.

The "Pieta," and St. Peter's chair,  
 Canopy and crucifix rare,  
 Venetian alabaster glass,  
 The "Holy Spirit"...glowing mass!

Baroque and Renaissance combined,  
 Lasting beauty for mankind!  
 Prophetic words at the base of the dome,  
 Soaring to our eternal home...

"Upon this rock, My Church you will build,"  
 To St. Peter, spirit-filled,  
 Here on earth...a kingdom Divine,  
 Promised to last to the end of time!

"Rome from the Dome"

Winding steps we did ascend,  
     Round and round...t'would never end,  
 Joseph, leader all the way,  
     "We are flying to Heaven...HOORAY!"

Soon we were on the top of the dome,  
     Overlooking the city of Rome!  
 Like a painting on display,  
     Impressionistic...color-play!

Spent all day under sky of blue,  
     A panorama of Roma's view,  
 The brilliant sun cast a golden beam,  
     On the Papal gardens...exquisite scene!

The key shaped piazza to the colonnade,  
     Fountains Bernini and Maderno made,  
 Wonderful place to take a seat,  
     Before Reconciliation street!

Crowned cross...touching sky,  
     On top of Obelisk towering high!  
 "Trestevere"...where Roman's meet,  
     In the cold or in the heat!

The Tiber river wending its way,  
     "See, a SNAKE," Joseph did say!  
 Another glance we did make,  
     At Victor Emmanuel's "wedding cake!"

Famous "Unknown Soldier's" tomb,  
     T'was a clear view, this day in June!  
 "Via Veneto" for a shopping spree,  
     There was so much to see!

The popular "Villa Medici,"  
     The French Art Academy,  
 There's the "Villa Borghese,"  
     "The GRANDEST park in Romany!"

The "Circus Maximus" for chariot races,  
     "Roman Forum" for Tribunal cases,  
 "See the arch of Constantine,"  
     "In history books, we have seen!"

Beyond is the Palantine hill,  
     Across...the "Colosseum where lions did kill,  
 The early Christians who died for Him,  
     Who gave His life to redeem man's sin!

Example for martyr's blood,  
     From whence did bloom a sacred bud,  
 Fragile and pockmarked...partially blind,  
     Kateri Tekakwitha...for mankind!

While pondering on this lily bloom,  
     Noticed the day had passed too soon!  
 The sun setting in the West,  
     Time to gather our little nest!

"The Lost Lamb....Peter!"

"After a Day at St. Peter's Basilica,"

June 22, 1980

7:00 p.m.

Peter was lost...no where to be found,  
Searched the Vatican upside down,  
"Knowing Peter, he's homeward bound,"  
His father's tuneful voice did sound!

"Let's get on.... bus "64,"  
We'll see our son at the hotel door!"  
Soon the three were on their way,  
Back to the Nord without delay!

Expected to find the long lost son,  
Engaged in play...having fun!  
Not in the lounge or on the stair,  
Or in the room...oh where, NO WHERE???

Allan flew like a lark,  
Before the curtain call was dark,  
Onto a bus, he did dart,  
To the Vatican in a spark!

A dear sweet nun...Sister Mary,  
A day at St. Peter's made her weary,  
Searched every niche, nook and pew,  
For her friend who was lost too!

"During that time, there could not be,  
Anyone there...t'was EMPTY!"  
Spirits sank to the floor,  
"Is Peter gone forevermore?"

One of the women did say,  
"My son at twelve, did run away,  
Don't be worried, fretful, blue,  
My son came back...yours will too!"

Father Egan...of Pete's return,  
"Someone will help with his journ,  
He has a special friend, you see,  
Her name is Blessed Kateri!"

Joey thought he was minus a brother,  
Cried and clung to his mother,  
Father "Sal," took him for a treat,  
So he would not be so bleak!

Heartbeat pounded...did almost cease,  
"Must I notify the police?"  
Suddenly before my demise,  
Entered Peter...NO DISGUISE!

From the bus, what Allan was seeing,  
An image of Peter...hard believing,  
Not long on bus "64,"  
Soon he dashed out the door!

Ran faster than a ram,  
Catching up with his LOST LAMB,  
"Peter, Peter, where were YOU?"  
We looked and looked until BLUE!"



"You were beginning to cause us worry,  
 Why didn't you see the "carabinieri?"  
 "Being lost was sufficient trouble,  
 Communication would be rubble!"

A little prayer to Kateri,  
 Then like a wind I did flee,  
 Kept right on moving...never gave up,  
 Hope I'm not too late for sup!"

The Nord did rock with happy cheers,  
 His safe return dispelled all fears,  
 Peter's baby brother "Joe,"  
 Hugged him...wouldn't let him go!

While mother caressed her errant son,  
 Listened intently to a wise nun,  
 "In the temple, Christ was sent,  
 Peter, too...his time was spent!"

"One thing if I may suggest,  
 To guarantee an identity test,  
 Our friend Helen did exclaim,  
 Wearing tags with address and name!"

Uttered "daddy" with "esprit de corps,"  
 "On them, we'll write in words galore,  
 'Dear St. Anthony...to the Nord return,  
 This lost article for whom we yearn!'

After a prayer in appreciation,  
 Left the hotel for satiation!  
 Took our friends for a Roman treat,  
 Many others did we meet!

(Evening of June 22, 1980)

Laughing, joking as we dined,  
Sharing tales of every kind,  
Father Fleig displayed some humor,  
Mixed with a bit of fumor!

"Seems like such a giant bother,  
In Roman restaurants to have to order,  
When you ask for a certain thing,  
It's always something else they bring!"

"We know they are not being rude,  
We simply do not know their food,  
Must be like the Romans in Rome,  
But surely do miss the meals of home!"

When he saw the skimpy salad,  
A few tomatoes was all it had,  
"Help yourself to the salad bar,  
For a better variety by far!"

John Henry ordered meat with rice,  
Enough for only a few wee bites!  
Father "Sal" said his meal was bland,  
"Expected zip in pasta-land!"

When the meal was served and done,  
That's when the real fun had begun!  
41,000 liras BILLED,  
Knew that all were not THAT FILLED!

Allan checked it over twice,  
The waiter wasn't very nice,  
He lifted the cloth, "PANA CHARGE!!!"  
Allan blurted, "BILL TOO LARGE!"

Called the "head" to see mistake,  
Pointing to each person's take,  
Waiter pleaded, "PLEASE SCOOZEY!"  
Mistakes by waiters, did Allan AMUSEY!

We all did leave a happy band,  
Joining some sailors from Ireland,  
Outside a café, singing with glee,  
From "Paddy Reilly" to "Jug of Whiskey!"

There was "Martin Higgins" of County Sligo,  
A lilting brogue from him did flow,  
"We met with the Pope...SO LOVELY,  
To each he gave a ROSARY!"

Met a lad from Kiltimaugh,  
Hurrah for Ireland..."ERIN GO BRAUGH!"  
Homeward bound...time for bed,  
For Monday the 23rd...a BIG day ahead!

We set the alarm to be out by eight,  
The North American College...our date,  
Lost in dreamland...Mc Cauleys slept,  
Nothing could move them...not even a jet!

"A Day at the Sistine Chapel"

June 23, 1980

Alarm went off...mother did wake,  
Realizing a hopeless fate,  
All the Mc Cauleys...almost dead,  
Would not even budge from bed!

Phone rang...a voice sang,  
"Bus is ready with the gang!"  
"If an atom did explode,  
T'would not shake this sorry load!"

"Sad to be missing this liturgy,  
Honoring, Blessed Kateri,"  
First major event couldn't be kept,  
While family slept...mother wept!

At ten o'clock...dad did beam,  
"Let's head for the chapel "Sistine!"  
A few directives...regimental,  
Then a breakfast..."Continental!"

A "magic carpet"...it did seem,  
By eleven...the Vatican museum!  
Carrying binoculars and camera cases,  
Peter and Joey wore happy faces!

Dad made clear that if either got lost,  
"Meet at the fountain" whatever the cost!"  
First we entered a vestibule,  
With an ample supply of energy fuel!

Ascended the top by the spiral stair,  
Sistine Chapel...beyond compare!  
The chapel...after Pope Sixtus, IV,  
Spellbound by frescoes, ceiling to floor!

From the altar through the hall,  
Old and New Testaments...filled the wall!  
Perugino to Botticelli,  
Gerlandaio to Signorelli!

To Michaelangelo...let's take a look,  
"The Last Judgment"...from the Holy Book,  
Above the altar on the great wall,  
Enraptured...we had to stall!

Christ the Judge...dominated,  
Wherein His justice...permeated,  
Immersed into apocalyptic gloom,  
Of life and then "eternal doom!"

The curved vault...decorated,  
Magnificent achievement...all related,  
The sun and moon and the creation,  
Light and darkness...separation!

Birth and fall of Adam and Eve,  
Noah and the flood...hard to believe,  
Sibyls and prophets around the scenes,  
The summit of grandeur...one deems!



Overwhelmed, Joseph did call,  
"Michaelangelo surely was TALL,  
To paint so high on the ceiling wall!"  
"How come his people don't FALL?"

Gave many an explanation,  
Paradise serpent a BIG sensation!  
Continued through the gallery,  
Frescoes of Raphael and Bramante.

Over Rome, Mc Cauleys went fleeing,  
The rest of the day...sightseeing!  
A cozy café, we found to eat,  
Barbecued chicken...an American treat!

A bit of wine as we did dine,  
Relaxing...happily, feeling fine!  
Exhausted at our bedroom door,  
Joey collapsed on the floor!

"Mass at the North American College"

June 24, 1980

T'was the 24th of June, a morning bright,  
Breakfast was a sheer delight,  
Talk centered on the great highlight,  
Mass at the College...moving sight!

Friends related with accuracy,  
Details of the liturgy,  
Main celebrant...Cardinal Kroll,  
Philadelphia's spirited soul!

Concelebrants led by Cardinal Cooke,  
Eight Bishops and thirty priests took,  
Father Egan and Monsignor Lenz,  
Led the procession of Kateri's friends.

People described so joyfully,  
Bishop Hubbard's homily,  
"From the Mohawk to the Tiber banks,  
Tortuous road to have made the ranks!"

"For Kateri who loved the cross,  
To give up her body to her no loss,  
With Christ so eager to share,  
Led by her lights with a spirit of prayer!"

Praised those who helped her in a special way,  
From the beginning to this glorious day!  
A moving speech everyone did say,  
From Heaven, came a ray!

Happiness evoked some tears,  
Gospel by Deacon Spears,  
His eagle feathers did symbolize,  
The Indian nations...Westernize!

"Great Spirit Prayer," by Iron Eyes,  
In sign language...great surprise!  
Sister Rosita's prayer of thanksgiving,  
Native Americans joined in singing!

A buffet for the clergy and laity,  
Hail...to Blessed Kateri!  
A beautiful affair...recreated,  
While joy around permeated!

June 24, 1980

A special day...in store for us,  
Planned to take an early bus,  
With Sister Dorothy and Anne,  
"FORGOT THE CAMERA!"...Allan ran!

Mass at St. Peter's...destination,  
They left with boys...SEPARATION!  
Allan returned but t'was too late,  
Couldn't make it...our fate!

Suddenly, dejection ceased,  
When appeared a "Franciscan" priest!  
"Come with us to St. Alphonsus,"  
Soon...were riding a crowded bus!

A friendly group with Father Bogan,  
From "Fonda" shrine...a merry man!  
Explained the famous, holy art,  
Of a merciful, loving lady's heart.

A treasure to see...her presence felt,  
"Our Mother of Perpetual Help!"  
Artist..."St. Luke"...masterpiece rare,  
Abundant cures took place there!

Gazed in awe at this painting,  
Then Mass in the chapel...elevating!  
While sacred words, Father Bogan...saying,  
For our family..."mother" was praying!

Fran, Lucy and "Pat"...their little man,  
"Thank You, God for Allan!"  
Mary, Tom More and lovely Anne,  
Peter and Joseph...the entire clan!

"Mother, guide their precious souls,  
Lead them to God in their goals,  
Help our friends and family,  
Thank you...for Blessed Kateri!"

Spent more time meditating,  
On the mystical, holy painting,  
Our Lady seemed to come alive,  
"By my help, you will thrive!"

We left this chapel, full of peace,  
Aware that her love would never cease!  
Soon we were at St. Peter's square,  
Peter with Sister Dorothy...there!

Met by a fountain in the sun,,  
Joey was off with Anne Scheuerman,  
Heard that he fell fast asleep,  
On a soft lapy, without a peep!

When Mass was over...this lively lad,  
Held Anne's hand like all he had!  
"A good boy,"...all the way,  
Report from his "pal"...happy to say!

Anne returned with the little man,  
From the photographer of the Vatican,  
His little arms round "mom" braced,  
Allan told our tale in haste!



"June 25th...Assisi!"

June 25th...last day to be free,  
 Mc Cauley's rode the train to Assisi,  
 Everyone else took the bus tour,  
 Train, economical for a family of four!

Travelled the country through quaint Tuscany,  
 Green hillside farms...so lovely!  
 A picnic in style ...mama's lap, the table,  
 Chicken and fruit..."Keep the water glass stable!"

Assisi on Mt. Subasio...dancing,  
 On the Umbrian plain...a stage enchanting!  
 Like a puppet suspended in air,  
 Sparkling with wonderment...magical flair!

Crowned with a halo on the peak of the hill,  
 St. Francis Basilica.....mystical!  
 Unshakeable fortress of faith it stands,  
 Its Saint...seraphic...stigmata hands!

Warm, rosy white color...patina of gold,  
 Arches and buttresses, eyes did behold,  
 Imposing mass...towering high,  
 Caressing the clear blue Umbrian sky!

With resolute steps up the narrow street,  
 "Machismo"...our guide, did meet,  
 "Hurry, hurry, as fast as you can,  
 To the "special" Mass of Father Bogan!"

Bursting with joy, away we sped,  
 To the Basilica Chapel, were led,  
 Anniversary Mass.....forty years he trod,  
 This priest forever...rearing souls to God!

After this concelebration,  
 Offered our congratulations,  
 Then before we took a turn,  
 Was greeted by Father Kern!

Since we had three hours to spare,  
 Information...he did share!  
 "The tomb of St. Francis...one level below,  
 In the "upper,"...frescoes of Giotto."

"Clothing of the Saint in the doorway, here,"  
 "You may picnic on the hill so near!"  
 We were well fed... decided to roam,  
 The path of the "holy" man's mystical home!

Father showed the way...were at no loss,  
 "Don't forget to see the original cross,  
 Christ came alive to St. Francis, he spoke,"  
 Feelings of anxiety....did evoke!

This Romanesque Church we did explore,  
 Discovering art..."frescoes" galore!  
 The masterpieces of artistry,  
 Of St. Francis' life of poverty.

With God in the garden...in ecstasy,  
 In Greccio, enacting the nativity,  
 Giotto's art...beyond all words,  
 His masterful, "Sermon to the Birds!"

St. Francis' "Stigmata on Mt. La Verna,"  
 Captivating...with an "aura!"  
 'Miracle of the Spring,"...could almost "sing,"  
 Stirring the soul...a beautiful thing!

Lily-laden, fragrant air,  
 Altars bedecked for one so fair,  
 Everywhere...the blooms so white,  
 Smiled for the "Mohawk" lily bright!

Saw the tomb where St. Francis rests,  
 Italy's patron..."Pius XII"...blessed!  
 Soon on the main street, picturesque, quaint,  
 Spotless, alive as this nature's saint!

Craft and antique shops...tourist delight,  
 An Etruscan temple...next in sight,  
 Standing majestically..."piazza del comune,"  
 These steps, the Saint preached til moon!

Corinthian columns...elegant style,  
 A brief visit inside for a while,  
 Santa Maria Sopra Minerva,  
 Our Lady's statue above the altar!

Birth of St. Francis.....once a stall,  
 A light to the world...a babe so small,  
 Atmosphere filled with sacred mystique,  
 Where ox and ass once did sleep!

Time was flying...had only an hour,  
 From a distance, saw a bell tower,  
 "Hurry, hurry...move those feet,  
 "Faster, faster...up the street!"

Finally reached the Basilica's yard,  
 Spellbound by its lovely facade,  
 Of soft pink-rose and creamy white,  
 With an alternating stripe;

A circular wrought window...center "rose,"  
 Portal embellished by a lion's pose,  
 T'was the beautiful Church of St. Clare,  
 By her incorrupt body...said a prayer.

Bought holy gifts from a Poor Clare nun,  
 Leaflets of Kateri...gave her some,  
 Her cheerful smile shone Christ's love,  
 St. Clare's inheritance from above!

Drawn into a room by an inner voice,  
 Heart pounded...rejoice..rejoice!  
 At seeing a wonderful surprise,  
 The cross that spoke...before our eyes!

Told that it was at San Damiano,  
 Where Francis prayed when soul was low,  
 Taken to this sacred place,  
 While "Damiano" took..... a new face!

At the cross...this Saint's conversion,  
 To do God's will...full immersion!  
 Directive from Christ....given to him,  
 Meaning to help those in sin!

Before this cross, we devoutly knelt,  
 So close to God ...strongly felt,  
 "Lead us to Your home someday,  
 Please show us Your holy will today!"

Left this Church with a great lift,  
 Had five minutes to shop for a gift,  
 Went into a store...our eyes did behold,  
 Christ painted on a wood cross of gold!

A copy of the original one,  
 A prize to bring home...WON!  
 As we were leaving...outside the door,  
 Father Kern blessed it...offering "help" more!

Knowing we had to catch the train,  
 He spoke to a taxi-man..."Italian,"  
 Departed faster than a plane,  
 Bound to return to Assisi again!

Sacred beauty...all around,  
 Where roses grow...no thorns are found,  
 Where "Brother Sun and Sister Moon,"  
 Forever sing their lilting tune!



June 26th

The 26th of June...departure day,  
Time went too fast...some did say,  
Allan left early...a package to mail,  
Said it was worse than being in jail!

Joe fell asleep on "John Henry,"  
Only minutes to be friendly!  
Off to Mass...Peter did go,  
To St. Mary Majores of the snow!

To St. Alphonsus...mother did tread,  
To meet a group who went ahead,  
Praying that Allan would have time for Mass,  
Caught him passing his eager lass!

Thanked God for answering the prayer so fast,  
And for the memorable week that past,  
Back to the Nord...suitcases to board,  
Then to Da Vinci...energy soared!

A photo of the group, Anne did take,  
Mc Cauleys unseen...in the back, did make!  
Waiting, waiting...the familiar tune,  
"Be patient, we'll be leaving soon!"

Airport alive with many a vibration,  
Clusters of people ending vacation,  
Bishop Hubbard with Joseph did pose,  
Shutters clicking, "On your toes!"

Soon the line began to flow,  
To Father Hemauer, said, "hello!"  
A pack of people on their way,  
Taking seats without delay!

Next to Father Egan, did sit,  
Enjoying heartily, tales of wit!  
Joey using his lap for a bed,  
Over the Atlantic, Alitalia sped!

"Arrival at JFK"

T'was nearing the end of a hot, humid day,  
When the plane landed at "JFK,"  
Luggage waiting...concluding skit,  
Peter and Joey found a place to sit!

Met Father Egan's brother, "Dick,"  
Talked about a nun-friend, "sick,"  
Invited Father Georges Matthieu to stay,  
Whose plane...to leave the following day!

Luck never seemed to go his way,  
Suitcases, somewhere...far away!  
Allan's brother, "Pete," did greet,  
This weary clan...in the heat!

"Let's go home...the family to meet,  
An ice, cold BEER...can't be beat!!"  
This "Potawatami" priest...a delight,  
Mc Cauleys chatted with him all night!

Brought him to "JFK" by eight,  
Suitcases returned..."BIG MISTAKE!"  
How happy we were to have met him,  
Soon...on his way to Wisconsin!

## Epilogue

## "The Fifth Glorious Mystery"

Sister Mary Ignatius...sixty years a nun,  
 Irish brogue...full of fun,  
 Of the "Infant Jesus Congregation,"  
 Helping hand and contemplation,  
 Welcoming light of Martyr's Shrine,  
 Breathed her last note so sublime,  
 This dear lover of Kateri,  
 On the fourth glorious mystery,  
 Entered God's eternal light,  
 July 25th...reached her height!  
 A week before...to her surprise,  
 Her friend...Julia Egan met with demise,  
 Less than a month of "beatification,"  
 Son, "Father Egan," saw signification,  
 Both women to Kateri...a special affection,  
 Chosen by God...the grandest selection,  
 To walk on each side...hand in hand,  
 With their Blessed Indian through "Heavenland!"  
 We made a visit on July one,  
 To this holy, jolly nun,  
 She had bone cancer but did conceal,  
 "Tis only a cold...a bit weak, I feel!"  
 Our friendship began in "74,"  
 She welcomed our family at the "manor" door,  
 Her eyes as blue as the habit she wore!  
 In charge of the guest house at the shrine,  
 Her loving smile did always shine!  
 Each year performing our show,  
 Her kindness, we always did know!  
 A cup of tea...a rosary,  
 Loving tales of Kateri,  
 Her happy ventures with the poor,  
 A child's temper, she would endure,  
 Not by spanking but an Irish jig,  
 Until his face beamed so BIG!  
 Once when our Mary had the flu,  
 There was much for her to do,  
 Aspirins, towels and a prayer,  
 Soon Mary was well with her care,  
 Our visit though brief was a delight,  
 Her sparkling eyes shone so bright.  
 We spoke of our Blessed Kateri,  
 "In a short time...a Saint, she'll be!"  
 She held Joseph for minutes few,  
 "Ignatius is your middle name,  
 I, too, have the same,  
 On YOU, I have a claim!"  
 Showed her photos of the family,  
 "God bless each...so lovely!"  
 She wished to return to the "holy hill,"  
 Kateri's home...Auriesville,  
 "By the end of July, I'll be there,"  
 Peter played a jig...then we said a prayer.  
 The fifth glorious mystery,  
 For Sister Ignatius' recovery!  
 We took some photos...then kissed goodbye,  
 Promising to meet on that hill so high!



Our Lord works with His will Divine,  
He knows when is our end of time,  
"Happy Birthday...our precious nun!"  
A glowing soul...in Heaven!  
Mary, Queen of angels and men,  
Accomplished a beautiful mission!  
Memories will linger on,  
Must sing our parting song,  
"Thank you, Blessed Kateri,"  
Time to say, "Arriverderci!"  
With our heart and soul, we'll pray,  
Your sainthood...not far away,  
For now we'll say "farewell" until,  
We see you on that "holy hill!"

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