

Along the St. Lawrence River, where Tekakwitha lived and died some 300 years ago, people call her "The Miracle Worker."

On her tomb is this inscription: "Kateri Tekakwitha — the most beautiful flower which bloomed among men."

Besides this little folder on the life of Kateri Tekakwitha we now have:

1. Picture prayer cards
2. A Novena folder
3. Medals
4. A beautiful 5-inch Statue
5. A very lovely 8-inch Doll, looks very much like the picture on this folder.

FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE TO:

Tekakwitha Indian Mission

Attn: Father Leonard, O. M. I.

Sisseton, South Dakota 57262

Your Spiritual Benefits

When you make a donation to help us, in our work of helping the poor and needy, you become our **CO-WORKER** and **BENEFACTOR**, and thus:

1. Share in all our works, prayers and Masses.
2. Share in the special Holy Mass offered each day for all our Benefactors, living and deceased. (This is like receiving a membership, as perpetual as our Institution.)
3. Share in the Special Novena of Masses:

In honor of St. Joseph,
March 10 to 19

In honor of Mary Immaculate,
Nov. 30 to Dec. 8

In preparation of Christmas,
Dec. 17 to 25

N.B. Remember the Novena dates. We offer the Novenas each year. You may want to send in some petitions. The Children have prayer power. Ask for their prayers.

REVEREND OBLATE FATHERS
Tekakwitha Indian Orphanage
SISSETON, SOUTH DAKOTA 57262



LIFE OF KATERI TEKAKWITHA

**(As She Might Tell Her Story
From Heaven)**

BY MARY-EUNICE

TEKAKWITHA INDIAN ORPHANAGE
Sisseton, South Dakota 57262

The Story of Ven. Kateri Tekakwitha

(As She Might Tell It From Heaven)

By **Mary-Eunice** Of **Mary Productions**

Some people call me the "Lily of the Mohawks" . . . others call me the "Indian Little Flower" . . . but when I was on earth I was known as Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk Indian. I was born in 1656 at Ossernenon in the Mohawk Valley of now what is known as New York State. My mother was a Christian Algonquin Indian and my father, a pagan Mohawk Indian Chief. When I was four years old, an epidemic of smallpox came upon the village. It took away from me my mother, father and four-year-old brother. My mother's good friend, Anastasia, took care of me until my Uncle Iowerano, chief of the Mohawks came down from the hills to claim me as his daughter. I was brought up to do all the things that Indian Princesses are supposed to do . . . to sew, to mend, to work in the long house and corn fields.

Time went on and as I grew older, my aunts, Karitha and Arosen thought it time that I marry. I remember once when I was making a pouch for Iowerano, they broached the subject to me . . . and I answered: "But my aunts, who would marry me with my eyes so weak and the pox marks left on my face from the sickness? Besides, when the Treaty was signed, I remember how the Blackrobes came into this area . . . and they did speak about their God, the

Christian God of my mother. I would like to know more about Him . . . but marry — no, not now."

Every time they would get on the subject I would make excuses. In those days it was the custom of the Indian girl to give the man she wished to marry a bowl of corn meal and they would be considered man and wife. My aunts, with the help of my Uncle Iowerano, decided to trick me. One day while in the long house, my Aunt Karitha was brushing my hair. She mentioned casually that Blue Fox had been on the hunt and when he came to visit to give him the bowl of corn meal to refresh himself. Not thinking, I said I would. Several days previously, my good friend, Anastasia, had left our land to go to Canada, the land of the "Praying Christian Indian." Perhaps it was because I thought of her I did not realize what they were trying to do. They questioned me about Anastasia.

"Yes, she has left our village and goes to meet other relatives in Canada. . . . I shall miss her so much since she taught me many of her ways. If only I could visit the Mission and listen to the Blackrobe . . . but I know Uncle Iowerano does not wish it."

My aunts seeing Iowerano with Blue Fox coming toward the house carrying many furs, gave me the bowl of corn meal. I started toward the door to greet him. . . . Suddenly I knew what they were trying to do. I blurted forth, "What are you trying to do? If I give this bowl to Blue Fox, we'll be married. . . . This

I do not want . . . never!" I ran from the long house into the forest. My aunts and uncle lost face that day. They were disappointed and angry with me.

Now I knew I had to go to the Priest at the Mission. When I reached the place I gathered courage to speak with him.

"Father, I do not know if you remember when you came to our village and we did serve you. You told us stories about your Great Spirit . . . I want to know more. The Christian, Anastasia, told me much, but you can tell me more. I am Tekakwitha, and Chief Iowerano is almost like a father to me. He doesn't wish me to come to this place . . . but my inner self cries out. My name, Tekakwitha, means 'putting things in order.' I now must put my soul in order."

The Priest agreed to give me instructions. He told me about God, the Father, God, the Son, and the Great Holy Spirit . . . about the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph, too. Then came the great honor of being baptized in 1676 on Easter. They gave me the name of Kateri, so now I became known as Kateri Tekakwitha. My heart sang out with the joy of it.

However, my people were angry with me. At times they would not feed me, and often the children stoned me. If this kept up, my life, I knew, would soon end. My friend, the Priest, also knew this and came to me one day, asking if I would like to go to Canada. I was torn between staying with my family or leaving. They were good people who did

not understand . . . yet I knew the good Father Blackrobe was perhaps right. I explained, "They do not understand, especially when I do not work on Sunday. I tell them it is God's day. I try to work longer every day in the week to make up for it. Yef the children throw stones. My eyes are so weak . . . I'm afraid they will blind me. My head aches from the strong sun and lack of food. It is my wish to serve and love God in peace, so if you think it best I shall go to La Prairie in Canada. Please, Father, pray for these, my people, to understand as they worship the Great Spirit in their way."

The good Priest gave me a note to give to the Fathers in Canada. One night when the moon was low and all were asleep in the long house, I heard the sound of the owl. The owl sound came from the guide. I left the house cautiously and ran to the big tree in the forest to meet the Indian, known as Hot Ashes. My aunts were suspicious of my behavior, I suppose, because they soon noticed I was gone. They aroused the village. My uncle gave orders to shoot to kill.

We ran and ran. Then we heard the great sound of the gun. . . . They were nearly upon us. How could I risk the life of Hot Ashes, my guide?

"Please, you must go on. You can do much in life, but I'm just a girl — what use am I?"

He smiled, and gave me a stone. His orders were to let him go one direction as he knew the ways of the forest. When

the hunters were nearly upon me . . . to throw the stone in Hot Ashes' direction. Then I was to go the other way. This I did . . . and God spared my life. My guide knew the ways of the forest, and we met with other Christians and sailed up the river to Canada. It was autumn, 1677.

It took us several days, but there on the shore were Missionary Priests, my friend, Anastasia, and other Indians. I gave the letter to the Priest, as requested, from the Blackrobe back home. It read: "I send you Kateri Tekakwitha, a treasure. Guard her well." I didn't know what was meant by that, but my life had been spared, and now I must serve God. I went to Mass every morning, afternoon and evening services, too. I joined the Sodality of Our Lady, but more than that I knew I must do works of charity . . . and I took care of the elderly, the sick, and taught children. The people of my village watched my every move. Some did not like my not going on the hunt or not marrying. I had to be firm. I dedicated myself to Jesus, Son of Mary. . . . I took Him for my Spouse! The days seemed to grow shorter.

My life in the Mohawk Valley had been a difficult one. . . . I knew I did not have much longer to live. My head ached, I could take little food; indeed I lingered, knowing death would soon come. Sometimes my people would shed tears. They were sad. . . . It was April 17, 1680. . . . I called my people to me. They seemed as though they desired

me to speak, so I did, "Please, you must not weep for me because soon I shall be happy in Heaven. I mean, isn't that what it is all about . . . to love, know and serve God in life, and be happy with Him in Heaven? Isn't that what it's all about? This I say to you — Keep the Commandments . . . if you do not, I shall deny you in Heaven . . . but if you do . . . I shall remember you . . . Oh, my Jesus . . ."

I fell back upon the cot and my soul left my body . . . and I was free! Free! I looked down upon my people weeping. Suddenly I heard a woman cry: "Look, look at the face of Kateri! There is a smile on her lips and the pox marks are gone!"

But don't they know that God can do anything? So my story went from tribe to tribe . . . among the white people as well. . . .

In 1943, Pope Pius XII had me declared Venerable and it is hoped soon that I will be sainted and known as *St. Kateri Tekakwitha, American Indian, Saint of Ecology and Apostle of Prayer.*

This has been my story.

Monologue is written and performed by Mary-Eunice of Mary Productions, Belford, N. J. . . . For bookings, contact Mary-Eunice or Tekakwitha League, Auriesville, N. Y. 12016, or Father Leonard, O.M.I., Tekakwitha Mission, Sisseton, South Dakota 57262. (Mary-Eunice performs other LIVES OF SAINTS and historical characters at schools, societies, shrines, conventions, etc.)

You Need A Favor?

Have You Ever Asked the VENERABLE KATERI TEKAKWITHA?

Father Daniel Lord, S. J., wrote of Kateri Tekakwitha . . . "Too few people are asking her for cures, and miraculous cures. She was one whose life proved the miracle of her age, almost three hundred years ago. She is, no doubt of it, dear to God. The difficulty seems to be that her fellow Americans are not asking her to obtain for them the signs and wonders that mean miracles of healing for her clients and new proofs that she is entitled to her place on the altar . . . in the Church Kateri needs people to ask her for miracles. I understand that she is wonderfully generous with her miracles in money problems. Unfortunately these miracles don't count toward her canonization. She has helped many young people find their vocations in life. That is wonderful for them. But, it doesn't help make her a Canonized Saint."

PRAYER FOR THE CANONIZATION OF VENERABLE KATERI TEKAKWITHA

"Lily of the Mohawks"

Born at Auriesville, N. Y., 1656

Baptized at Fonda, N. Y., 1676

Died at Caughnawaga, Canada,

April 17, 1680

Declared Venerable by Pope Pius XII

January 3, 1943.

O God, Who, among the many marvels of Thy grace in the New World, didst cause to blossom on the banks of the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence the pure and tender Lily, Kateri Tekakwitha, grant, we beseech Thee, what we ask: (here mention your petition) so that this little lover of Jesus and His Cross may soon be raised to the honors of the Altar by Holy Mother Church, and that our hearts may be enkindled with a stronger desire to imitate her innocence and her faith, through the same Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Imprimatur:

Most Reverend Edmund F. Gibbons, D.D.

IN YOUR KINDNESS REMEMBER THE
TEKAKWITHA INDIAN ORPHANS
AT SISSETON, S. DAK.

Novena Prayers

You may recite your own prayers each day of the Novena.

Or you may recite the prayer for the Canonization of Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha.

You may close your Novena prayers each day by reciting

One Our Father

One Hail Mary

One Glory be, etc.

God listens to the chirping cry of a hungry bird, even of a poorly dressed sparrow. How much more will He hear the quiet prayer of a poor Indian child — whom you have housed and clothed and fed — by your alms — given from a heart full of love for God's poor.