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KATERI

NO. 85

FOR YOUR FAITHFUL DEPARTED
EACH NEW MOON
NO ABORTIONS AMONG THE IROQUOIS!
SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENT

FOR A BETTER INSIGHT
(Continued)

LILY OF
THE MOHAWKS

Autumn • 1970
Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada



The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha

Kateriana obtainable from

Office of the Vice Postulation
(The Kateri Center)

Box 70, Caughnawaga, P. Q., Canada

Medals

Aluminum: 5¢ each — 50¢ per dozen.

Pictures (prayers in English or French)

1. Colored picture by Mother Nealis. 10¢ each.
2. Colored picture by Sister M. Fides Glass. Spanish prayer also. 5¢ for two.
3. New heliogravure picture of Kateri, 5¢ each. Thirty for \$1.00.
4. Mother Nealis' colored picture of Kateri (9¼" x 13¾") for framing. 75¢.

Touch Relics

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

Ceramic Plaque

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

Novena (English or French)

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

Statues

Colored 8½". \$3.75.
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Books

In English — "Kateri Tekakwitha, Mohawk Maid", (for teen-agers) by Evelyn M. Brown. \$2.50.

— "Kateri of the Mohawks" by Marie Cecilia Buehrle (Paperback). \$0.60.

In French — "L'héroïque Indienne Kateri Tekakwitha" by Henri Béchar, S.J. \$3.50.

In French — "Kateri Tekakwitha, vierge mohawk", by Evelyn M. Brown, translated by Maurice Hébert of the Royal Academy of Canada, illustrated by Simone Hudon-Beaulac. \$2.25.

— "Kateri, vierge iroquoise", by Pierre Théoret. \$2.10.

— "La Vénérable Kateri Tekakwitha, jeune vierge iroquoise, Protectrice du Canada", by Canon Paul Thône. \$1.50.

— "Kateri Tekakwitha, la petite Iroquoise", illustrated album by Agnes Richomme. \$1.00.

In Italian — "Il Giglio degli Iroquesi", by Dr. Fernando Bea, 62 pp. \$1.50.

In Spanish — "Una India en los altares? Kateri de los Mohawks", by Maria Cecilia Buehrle, 180 pp. \$2.50.

Special

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

Recordings

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

Film strip

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

Sympathy Cards

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

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

Subscription to "Kateri"

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



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

How many written promises
of one daily Our Father
and or/one daily Hail Mary
to hasten Kateri's Beatification
has the Kateri Center received?
Exactly 2389.

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

MY PLEDGE TO KATERI

Date

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

Name

Street or Box

City or Town

Province or State Zip or Zone Code

Country

For Your Faithful Departed

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

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

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

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

The Anastasia Roll

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



KATERI : No. 85

Vol. 21 : No. 4

AIM

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

CONTENTS

Each issue of "Kateri" contains :

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

PRIVILEGES

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

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

SEPTEMBER, 1970

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CAUGHNAWAGA, P. Q., CANADA

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EACH NEW MOON

KATERI TEKAWITHA (1656-1680)

O la tatou faasologa tala lenei o ni tagata ua maoa'e o latou soifuaga faakerisiano e avea ma faaitaitai mo i tatou i nei aso. O ia tagata ua latou faatinoina folafolaga o latou Papatisoaga ma lo latou kofilimasio (Sakalameta o le faamalosi) i le amiotonu ma le agatonu. O la tatou tala muamua la lenei.

Each month, at each new moon, there is something different to be said concerning Kateri and her cause. In May, for example, *Tautai* the Catholic newspaper of Western Samoa published an interesting article in Samoan and in English on Kateri Tekakwitha. The above lines show the initial paragraph of the Samoan text.

At St. Francis Regis, P.Q., an offspring of St. Francis Xavier's of Caughnawaga, Fr. Michael Jacobs, our Jesuit Iroquois, celebrated the anniversary of the holy death of the Venerable Kateri on April 17, 1680. The celebration began with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then an Iroquois name was given to Fr. Joseph McBride, S.J., Vice-Postulator for Kateri Tekakwitha in the United States, and to Mary-Eunice, who, by her writings and recitals, has been spreading devotion to the Lily of the Mohawks. Iroquois Chief Peter Garrow and Princess Esther Phillips officially named him *Rakeni Karonhiio*; Father Clear-Skies; then Mary-Eunice was called Kateri Kasenniotha: She - glorifies - the - name - of - Kateri.

The picturesque ceremony consisted in having both dance a solo dance, in putting the Indian headdress on them and in offering them the peace-pipe to smoke. Wampum pieces were then presented to the two new honorary chieftains and to Mr. Joseph Spagnola, Mary-Eunice's husband. More than twenty years ago, the Vice-Postulator for Canada was similarly honored and received the Iroquois name of Tekaronioken, by which several Caughnawaga missionaries of the past had been called.

The celebrations continued at Hogansburg, N.Y., the American section of this international mission. Inside the beautiful Kateri Tekakwitha parish hall, the Caughnawaga Choir sang some hymns in Iroquois. The two Vice-Postulators then had a few words to say about the Lily of the Mohawks; Mary-Eunice recited one of her Kateri dialogs and expressed her gratitude for the honor conferred upon her; Miss Charmaine Cole, an Iroquois Senior student at Salmon High School, read a description of Kateri's baptism on April 18, 1676, from Fr. Robert E. Holland's *Song of Tekakwitha*.



Fr. Joseph S. McBride receiving his Indian headdress.

PHOTO BY NICK PODGURSKI

Afterwards, in front of the building, all the guests gathered about Kateri's statue. A splendid bouquet of lilies was laid before it. The Vice-Postulator for Canada read in French the prayer for the beatification of the Lily of the Mohawks; Fr. McBride did the same in English, and was followed by Fr. Jacobs who said it in Iroquois. The ceremony ended with the "Hymn to Kateri Tekakwitha", written by Fr. Alfred Bernier, S.J., first Dean of Music at the University of Montreal.

But what celebration worthy of its name is complete without refreshments? Fr. Jacobs invited the public to reenter the hall where a tasty meal was served by the women of the St. Regis Mission.

Kateri's statue standing before Tekakwitha School in Caughnawaga is the work of Canadian sculptor Emile Brunet. In his Parisian studio, he recently prepared a replica of it, for the Mission of St. Francis, South Dakota.

Already in the seventeenth century, Jesuits had labored among the Sioux. Two centuries later, a Sioux chief went to Washington and requested Jesuit missionaries for his people. They were with them by 1885 with the Franciscan Sisters of Penance and Christian Charity.

Since 1955, the Fathers have been thinking of erecting a statue of Kateri the Iroquois among the Sioux. A few years later, Fr. Joseph Karol, S.J., of St. Francis', spent a weekend at Kateri's mission where he saw Brunet's masterpiece. Last year the family of the late H. J. Birmingham volunteered to meet the sculptor's fee for a statue of Kateri to be dedicated in homage to all Amerinds and in memory of Mr.



PHOTO BY NICK PODGURSKI

Mmes. Mae Montour, Eileen Lefebvre and Mary Eunice enter into the dance...

Birmingham. Fr. Karol's thoughts reverted to Kateri's statue in Caughnawaga. Mr. and Mrs. James Stengel, both devout Protestants, gave the beautiful, polished mahogany-colored granite base. Ever devoted Brother Joseph Schwarzler, S.J., and his men even transplanted tall trees to embellish the site chosen for the statue.

Fr. Bernard-D. Fagan, S.J., Superior of the mission, invited Fr. Mi-



PHOTO BY NICK PODGURSKI

Miss Michele Cook, her uncle Fr. Michael Jacobs, and his sister Mrs. Solomon Cook are thankful that the celebrations went off well. So is Kateri.



Fr. Bernard S. Fagan, S.J., and two of his parishioners

chael Jacobs, S.J. and me to assist at the dedication ceremonies, on May 10. The day after our arrival, Fr. Joseph McBride, S.J., of Buffalo, N.Y., Vice-Postulator in the

United States for Kateri's cause, joined us at St. Francis, Rosebud, S.D.

This mission is truly a Jesuit reduction, comprising a day and boarding school, a large church and eight small parishes. It is staffed by approximately forty Jesuits, and a dozen Franciscan Sisters, whose Superior is a Sioux. Their apostolate remains unknown to the world at large and to mass media publicity, but how profitable it must seem in the eyes of God! The Sioux, poorest of the poor, earn an average of \$600. a year. . .

We visited the schools, where alongside of the Fathers and Sisters, many competent lay volunteers are doing a splendid job. These men

KATERI'S OWN

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

Write to:

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Box 70, Caughnawaga, P.Q., Canada.

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and women from all over North America have devoted two or three years of their lives to teaching young Indians. I am convinced that they compensate in part for the priests and religious, who, in relatively large numbers throughout the world, have abandoned their ministry, forgetting that they had once quit all things to follow Christ. The children, robust and intelligent, like most little ones everywhere, are *my simpáticos*.

When the original Kateri statue was dedicated, in 1954, at Caughnawaga, bright sunshine gladdened the day. So it was on Sunday, May 10, 1970, at St. Francis'. At two o'clock, in the gymnasium, each class, from the first grade through High School, entertained the visitors with songs and sketches featuring Kateri, the Lily of the Mohawks.

At four o'clock, the day's program scheduled a Eucharistic Celebration. Bishop Harold J. Dimmerling of Rapid City was the celebrant and he also preached the homily. After Mass, under clear skies, Kateri's statue was formally dedicated. Fr. Superior thanked the benefactors who had rendered the dedication of the statue possible and introduced Bishop Dimmerling. The Bishop recalled that, though this was his first contact with the mission, he had been previously made an honorary Indian chief; Fr. Jacobs spoke on the meaning of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's life, and the two Vice-Postulators urged all her friends, both Indian and White, to pray daily for her beatification. The celebration ended with a dinner and an Indian pow-wow.

"We hope," said Fr. Fagan, "that this statue will become a national shrine, a place of pilgrimage, and



Brother Joseph Schwarzler, S.J., did a splendid job. Behind the statue, the two Vice-Postulators are commenting on it.

that its presence here will hasten Kateri's cause so that we can soon call her 'Saint' Kateri Tekakwitha."

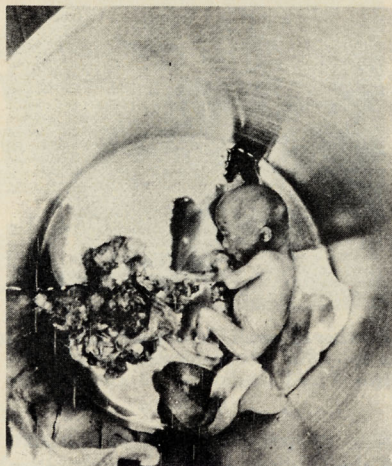
Quite often our friends send in Mass stipends, which are gratefully accepted for the missions. Just a hint to facilitate the work at the Kateri Center: always indicate 1) just how many Masses you wish to be offered and 2) whether or not they are to be low or high Masses (or the equivalent of High Masses.).

May I stress the prayer campaign (See p. 3) to obtain 100,000 pledges of one daily Hail Mary or Our Father to hasten the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's beatification? May her smile brighten up your days!



Tony Spotted Elk inviting us to come again. . .

PHOTO BY ALBERT JANKA, S.J.



Fetus in a garbage container

NO ABORTIONS AMONG THE IROQUOIS

In Kateri's time an abortion would have been unthinkable for any Iroquois woman. The murder of a girl or woman must be compensated by the death of two men so great was the esteem maternity was held in by the Indians.

Mr. René Lévesque and abortion

"Today at last, goes into effect close by in the State of New York, a new and quite revolutionary abortion law. If I am not mistaken, New York is the first State or Province in North America in which abortion will be granted legally to any woman requesting it.

"On the social plane, it is, in my opinion, an enormous step forward. I know, it gives offense to many consciences, or at any rate to very old taboos rooted in the depths of ancient atavistic tendencies. The mere word "abortion" suffices to stir up a wave of revulsion. But, after all, isn't it better to give a woman the free possession of herself (she will never misuse herself as man has done) rather than to see, as we do

here, respectable [?] doctors acting illegally in order to try putting an end to the hypocrisy that maintains illicit slaughter for the poor and the panic-stricken?"

"Journal de Montréal"

July 1, 1970

"The Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World" and abortion

"Whatever is opposed to life itself, such as any type of murder, genocide, abortion, euthanasia, or willful self-destruction, whatever violates the integrity of the human person, . . . all these things and others of their like are infamies indeed" (§ 27).

"God, the Lord of life, has conferred on men the surpassing ministry of safeguarding life — a ministry which must be fulfilled in a manner which is worthy of man. Therefore from the moment of its conception life must be guarded with the greatest care, while abortion and infanticide are unspeakable crimes" (§ 51).

Such is the doctrine of the Council inspired by the Holy Spirit. It does not in the least modify preconiliar teaching; on the contrary, it strengthens it. In this matter the discipline of the Church still binds every Catholic so much so that whoever has *anything* to do with an abortion (even simply advising it) not only commits a serious sin but also stands excommunicated in the eyes of God.

Recently, in England, a large number of nurses, among them many devout Protestants, refused to have anything to do with abortions. The Kerslake method turned their stomachs; and well it might. In this method, the uterus is emptied by vacuum; the fetus is reduced to a pulp and the blood residue falls into a jar on top of which recognizable parts of the child may be seen floating around. The Kerslake method is used for three month old fetuses and this is tolerated by the new Canadian law on murder, pardon, on "therapeutic abortions" as the Right Honorable Pierre Elliott Trudeau elegantly calls them!

SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENT

October 5 — Today my life began. My parents do not know it yet. I am as small as a seed of an apple, but it is I already. And I am to be a girl. I shall have blond hair and blue eyes. Just about everything is settled though, even the fact that I shall love flowers.

October 19 — I have grown a little, but I am still too small to do anything by myself. My mother does just about everything for me. And what is odd — she still doesn't know that she is carrying me here under her heart, and that she is helping me already, that she is even feeding me with her own blood. She is so good.

Some say that I am not a real person yet, that only my mother exists. But I am a real person, just as a small crumb of bread is yet truly bread. My mother is. And I am.

October 23 — My mouth is just beginning to open now. Just think, in a year or so I shall be laughing and later talking. I know what my first word shall be — Mama.

October 25 — My heart began to beat today all by itself. From now on it shall gently beat for the rest of my life. Without ever stopping to rest! And after many years it will tire. It will stop, and then I shall die.

November 2 — I am growing a bit every day. My arms and legs are beginning to take shape. But I have to wait a long time yet before these little legs will raise me to my mother's arms, before these little arms will be able to gather flowers and embrace my father.

November 12 — Tiny fingers are beginning to form on my hands. Funny how small they are! I shall be able to stroke my mother's hair with them. And I shall take her hair to my mouth and she will probably say "Oh! nasty!"

November 20 — It wasn't until today that the doctor told mom that I am living here under her heart. Oh, how happy she must be! Are you happy, Mom?

November 25 — My mom and dad are probably thinking about a name for me. But they don't even know that I am a little girl. They are probably saying Andy. But I want to be called Cathy. I am getting so big already.

December 10 — My hair is growing. It is smooth and bright and shiny. I wonder what kind of hair mom has!

December 13 — I am just about able to see. It is dark around me. When mom brings me into the world, it will be full of sunshine and flowers. I have never seen a flower you know. But what I want more than anything is to see my mom. How do you look, Mom?

December 24 — I wonder if mom hears the whispering beat of my heart? Some children come into the world a little sick. And then the delicate hands of the doctor perform miracles to bring them to health. But my heart is strong and healthy. It beats so evenly — tup-tup, tup-tup — You'll have a healthy little daughter, Mom!

December 28 — Today my mother killed me.

America, June 21, 1962

For a Better Insight

(CONTINUED)

Friday, September 12, we arrived at Denonville as Father Maxime Le Grelle and I travelled through France in search of new material on the missionaries who worked with Kateri three centuries ago.

Here we were, at last, at the presbytery door. It was half past eight! The pastor, Fr. J. M. Roudaut, received us with opened arms. He is one of Father Maxime's good friends. We were at least an hour and a half late. Father Roudaut has no housekeeper and had prepared dinner himself, a dinner that the best restaurateurs in Montreal would not hesitate to serve their most exacting clients. How in the world did he ever manage to even serve us a warm meal?

Father manages to do a lot of work. Besides his own parish, he is in charge of the interparochial group arrangement of Morainville, Mondonville, Maisons, Chatenay, Létuin, Orlu, and Ardelu. He also is at the head of the Chartres diocesan branch of the "Founders of the Canadian Church." Despite all these responsibilities, he is an ideal host. . . In a few minutes, I shall be fast asleep under an enormous eider-down pillow (not a quilt) covering most of my feather bed. . .

Saturday, September 13

How is it possible, in a few printed lines, to give a good idea of

the warmth of the welcome tendered us at Denonville? Of Breton origin, Father Roudaut speaks many languages, but we kept to French. In my room, I noticed seven or eight different grammars, — Russian, Arabic, Italian, etc. During his annual vacations, with a small car and a sleeping bag, he has visited many countries — Holy Land, Turkey, Denmark, Russia and, in 1967, Canada.

"At the border-line of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics," he recalled, "the custom officers were surprised that my baggage contained no filthy pictures or books, now authorized in Scandinavia, which I was leaving."

I made no comment, but I asked myself: "Are not our Montreal motion picture and TV programs Scandinavian in inspiration?"

At one o'clock, after lunch, Father Maxime and I went to Chartres. Father Roudaut would join us later on. With its narrow streets lined with ancient houses, with its century-old bridges over the Eure river, with its many medieval churches, the capital of Beauce — a vast plain quite unlike Beauce in Quebec — has all it takes to attract the most *blasés* tourists. But the city has much better to offer: its cathedral, a privileged shrine of the Blessed Virgin.

"This is the monument, all the rest is a lining,
And behold our love and our understanding,
And the poise of our heads
and of our pacification".

(Péguy)

Before entering into the sacred precincts, I admired the western royal portal, executed between 1145 and 1155, one of the best-known monuments of the Middle Ages.

The intensely lifelike heads of the tapering statues serving as columns, gazed down at me from eight centuries ago and, as I looked back at them, I felt the gulf of time between us had been bridged.

We spent three hours within the cathedral. The stained-glass windows and the rose windows of the façade and of the far ends of the transept poured a glorious light, a symphony of color into the vast nave. The sanctuary is encircled by a high wall depicting the life of Christ and of his Blessed Mother. Begun in 1520, it was completed in the eighteenth century. "An atheist," remarked Napoleon, "must feel ill at ease in this temple!" I am not an atheist, and I feel quite at ease.

Father Olier, the friend and supporter of the founding Father of Montreal, Jérôme Le Royer de la Dauversière, was cured from a lengthy sickness at the feet of the miraculous Black Madonna of Chartres. Behind the sanctuary, in a hall up to which a rather large staircase leads, after millions of others through the ages, one may venerate what they believed to have been Our Lady's veil. As for me, I was in search of something else: the wampum belt offered in 1678, by the Hurons of Lorette, Canada,

to Our Lady of Chartres. I looked here and there but could not find it. Finally I made inquiries. The wampum belt is in Paris for repairs. Not surprising, is it, after two hundred and ninety-one years? "Don't worry, Father," I was told, "in a few months it will be back in its place of honor close to Our Lady's veil!"

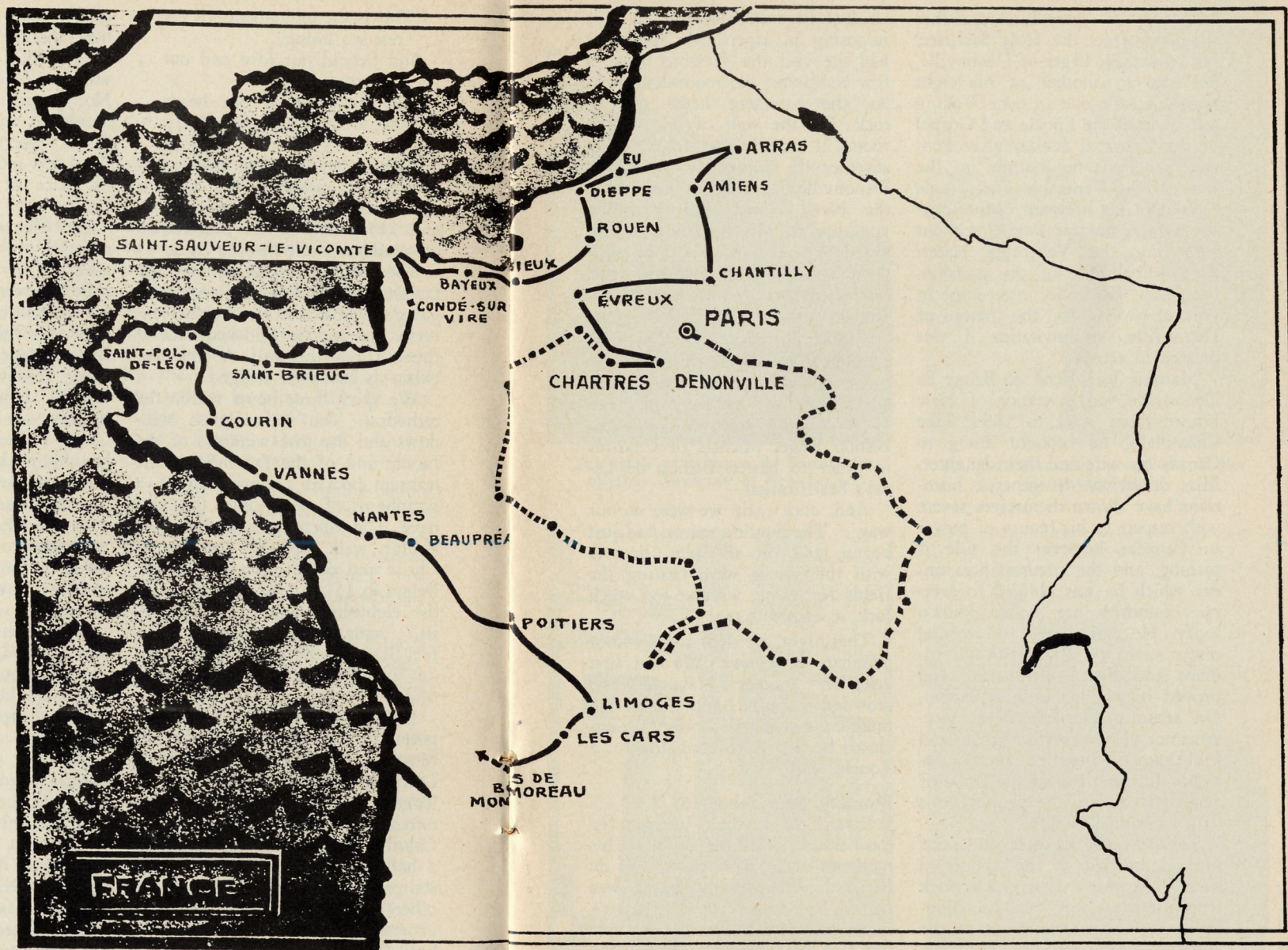
At Chartres, prayer comes as naturally as fresh air. In the side-aisle of the cathedral, to the left, children, teenagers and adults, pray for assistance before a statue of the Blessed Virgin set on a stone pillar. Burning tapers lit by the faithful of every condition — ignorant and learned, rich and poor, sick and healthy — honor the Mother of God. I can easily imagine the haughty puckered-up months of our post-conciliar witch-hunters (not that the Council had anything to do with it!) who see magic and myths in every corner, even in an in-offensive little votive light offered to Mary by a simple-hearted Christian.

After their prayers, pacified and strengthened, these clients of Our Lady, without any fear of what people might think, kissed the pillar on which her image rests. I had no reason not to follow suit.

At four o'clock, following a formal wedding, a young couple, with their relatives and guests, quit the cathedral. May the Queen of Heaven fill their days with happiness! At six o'clock, a Eucharistic Celebration, counting for Sunday Mass, was well attended. Father Roudaut then rejoined us and we returned to Denonville. . .

Sunday, September 14

At the Pastor's suggestion, we three concelebrated at Chatenay and



(Drawing by Studio Latreille)

Off for a Better Insight... III

(Photo by Armour Landry)

at Denonville. Every Sunday, Father Roudaut offers the Holy Sacrifice, not only at St. Léger of Denonville, but also in another of his eight parishes, each one in turn. Taking into account the Epistle and Gospel of the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost, I built my homily on the story of the Venerable François de Laval and his lifework (Montigny-sur-Avre is not far away), without forgetting the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. One of the parishioners, Mrs. Boutroüe, invited me to visit, at two o'clock, the château of Denonville, an invitation I was pleased to accept.

Marquis Jean René de Brisay de Denonville was governor of New France from 1685 to 1689. Like Champlain, he brought along to Canada his wife and their daughter, Miss de Brisay. In general, historians have shown themselves severe with respect to his tenure of power in Canada; however the tide is turning, and the circumstances under which he was obliged to exercise authority are better known today. He was always on cordial terms with the Caughnawaga Indians and their missionaries, and proved himself an able statesman. On returning to France, as vice-governor or tutor, with Fénelon and the Duke of Beaulieu, he was attached to the house of the Duke of Burgundy and to the princes, sons of the Grand Dauphin.

To the castle of that illustrious lord, I hurried at the appointed hour. It is only a five-minute walk from the presbytery. Mr. Jean Boutroüe, the actual proprietor of the domain, was waiting for me. Though he does not reside at the castle, he is restoring it in the hope of having it officially recognized as

an historic monument. It is truly imposing in aspect. Mr. Boutroüe had me visit the drawing room, a few bedrooms, the renovated kitchen, the basement hewn out of rock. On the wall of one of the rooms, I noticed the antlers of a seventeenth century moose, which Denonville had brought home from the New World. Before saying good-bye to Mr. Boutroüe, I promised to send him a series of well-documented articles on Denonville, published several years ago by Fr. Jean Leclerc, S.J.

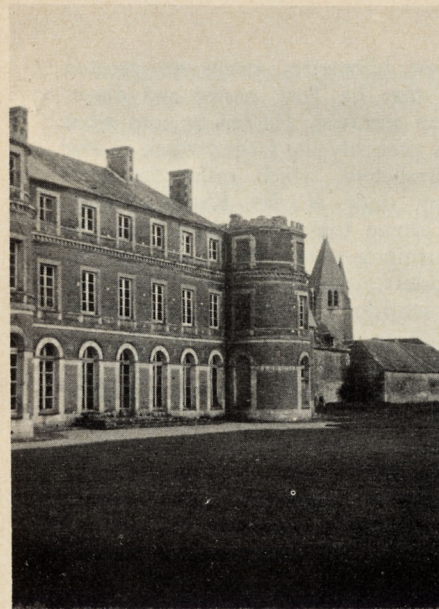
Father Roudaut, felt he must serve us a collation before we took leave. I dislike saying farewell to any friends, and he is one of them. He promised to submit a petition to Bishop Roger Michon of Chartres in order to hasten Bishop de Laval's beatification.

And, once again we were on our way. . . The hunting season had just begun, and on all sides, hunters with their dogs were beating the fields for game, without too much luck, it seemed to me. . .

That night, we slept at the Minor Seminary of Evreux. We had first attended another Mass in the crowded cathedral, and visited the museum, a secularized bishopric, enclosed by the ivy-covered ruins of a Roman wall. . .

Monday, September 15

Evreux held much interest for me because, after the death of his mother's uncle, Bishop François de Péricard, François de Laval was named archdeacon by the latter's successor. Here he devoted himself for five years; he was truly "the eyes and the hands" of Bishop Jacques du Perron in all things concerning worship, repression of abu-



The castle of Marquis de Denonville, onetime Governor of New France



Mr. Jean Boutroüe, proprietor of the Denonville castle

PHOTO BY H.B.



Father Le Tort and Fr. Maxime Le Grelle, S.J. at St. Croix de St. Leufroy



The former bishopric of Evreux, now serving as the city museum

PHOTO BY H.B.

ses, care of the poor and sick. Thus, all unknowingly he prepared himself for his future rôle as first bishop of New France.

Before going away for good, we wanted to visit the Abbey of St. Taurin next to the Minor Seminary. Its foundations were laid in 1206. Under the chancel, there is a small Romanesque eleventh-century crypt containing the tomb of the saintly missionary and first bishop of the city, who lived in the fourth century. I took my time to admire the marvellous silver-gilt reliquary of the holy patron, offered to the church by St. Louis in the thirteenth century. Visitors to Expo 67 were able to see it at the French pavilion. My last memories of Evreux reflect the clear waters of the Iton river bordered with shaded walks and beds of pink and white flowers.

At St. Croix de St. Leufroy, a

few kilometers away, we greeted Father Le Tort, pastor and diocesan archivist. He led us into what is probably the largest room of the presbytery, which called to mind my desk at the Kateri Center. Thrown together pell-mell, on the furniture were spread out books registers, documents and rolls of microfilm. Father Maxime urged him to submit a petition for the beatification of the first bishop of Canada to Bishop Antoine Caillot of Evreux. I supported my companion's proposal because de Laval was the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's bishop. Father Le Tort willingly fell in with our desires, and we then said good-bye to him.

In gray and rainy weather, we drove into Chantilly (Oise) about half-past two. We were not there to visit the magnificent castle, half-fortress, half-country-house in the

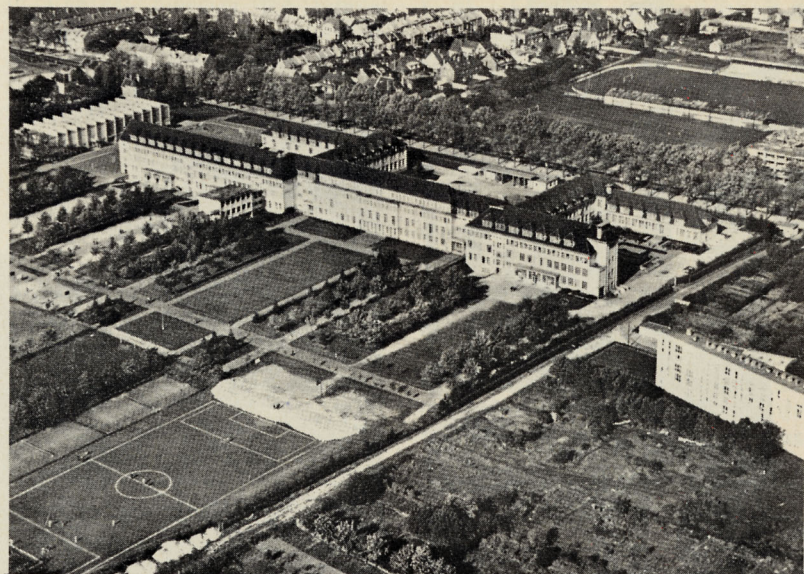


PHOTO BY RUVANT PRODUCTION, PARIS

The Jesuit College of Amiens.

Italian style, which on sunny days, with its tall trees, is mirrored in a large ornamental lake. No more were we there for its well-known golf links or its racecourse. Our destination was the St. Louis philosophy house for the Jesuits of France. I did not wish to meet Father Minister, generally snowed under by his responsibilities. Besides, I had no business to discuss with him, but with Father Joseph Dehergne, Director of the Jesuit archives for the Province of France. He was out, but one of the religious whom I took to be Father André de Bovis, agreed to hand over to him the names of the seven Jesuits, who had worked with the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha in the seventeenth century. Perhaps Fr. Dehergne has some unpublished material about them.

And once again, off we went. Showery weather followed us as far as Amiens (Somme) where we arrived at half-past five. Against the background of the rebuilt city, stands out the largest and the most beautiful of all Gothic cathedrals; the war, fortunately, spared it. The vast nave, so bright, so harmonious in concept and realization, could well hold Notre Dame of Paris. In the chancel, the sixteenth century craftsmen carved one hundred wooden stalls with more than three thousand figures. I naturally admired the *Beau Dieu* of Amiens as Christ the Teacher, a masterpiece of the thirteenth century, and the Golden Virgin noted for her graceful stance. Behind the sanctuary, the "weeping angel" sheds eternal tears over the tomb of an ancient bishop of Amiens, whose name I do not know.

The Jesuit college, La Providen-

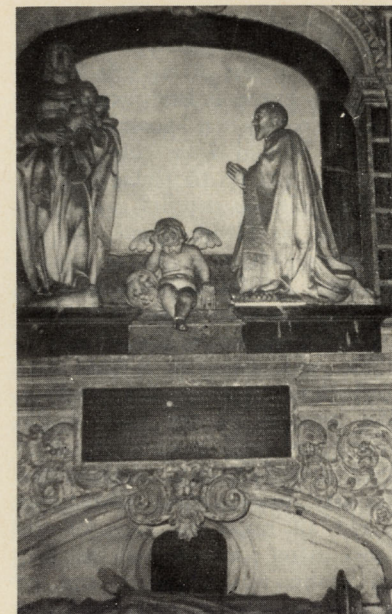


PHOTO BY H.B.

The "Weeping Angel"

ce, reconstructed with American funds after the first World War, welcomed us for the night. It recalls to my mind Montreal's Jean de Brébeuf College and Quebec's St. Charles Garnier College as they were twenty-five years ago. It was then still possible to distinguish a Jesuit from another individual. Long before the guiding rules laid down by the *Decree on Christian Education*, its norms on the intellectual apostolate were observed by the entire staff. (Please note that I am not claiming that this apostolate is not being implemented in 1969; I am simply establishing a comparison between the college of Amiens and something with which I was acquainted.)

Tuesday, September 16

This morning, a heavy fog swept

down on Amiens; it faded away with the noonday sun. Our destination today was Arras (Pas-de-Calais), **Fr. François Boniface's** native town. Nothing was known about his family. Would I be able to find new material on the subject?

François was the first missionary to labor at Gandaouagué, on the Mohawk, where a young girl of thirteen, Tekakwitha, was growing up. His devotion to the sick when an epidemic struck the village in 1673, was certainly noticed and commented upon in her presence. The enemies of the faith would henceforth speak respectfully about the Father. They even admitted that the day would come when they would all make the Sign of the Cross. After four years of this life, his health was impaired, and he went up to Quebec with the Great Mohawk and forty-two other Indians who wished to settle down in the Christian villages of Laprairie or Lorette. He died in Quebec during December 1674. **Fr. Boniface** founded the first mission in the Mohawk Valley. Kateri saw him at work; she was aware of the faith of the Christians he had instructed and she profited by it.

From Amiens we drove through Picardy, as far as Doullens with its small brick and stone houses. Father Maxime and I stopped at a church to say a few prayers. In the vestibule I noticed an ill-worded poster: "The new liturgical calendar," it read, "puts the saints in their places. The mystery of Christ only is essential!" What crack-brained cleric wrote this nonsense? Everyone knows that the saints are an integral part of the mystery of Christ. Vatican II states this clearly. Did the poster-writer ever read the

decrees of the last Council? As I left the church, I saw chalked in red on the sidewalls: "Down with the red skullcap (the bishop)!" The scribbling was no more obnoxious than the poster.

We picnicked on the way, near a British cemetery, the final resting place of men killed in World War I. An English gardener carefully tends to it. The polished granite tombstones are gay with thousands of roses in bloom. And on this clear September afternoon, I felt depressed at the thought of all those young men mowed down — for what? Besides my companion and me there are no visitors. Too many years have passed since "they died on the field of honor."

Arras, which appeared in the distance, is a very old city. From ancient times, and as late as the fourteenth century, it was renowned for its big business. When the Roman Empire held sway, its sheets, for instance, were appreciated throughout the Mediterranean world. We drove into the city about half past two. At the Major Seminary, Fathers Jacques Noyen, the Superior, and Léon Barthe, Professor of Church History, made us welcome. This spacious building is to close its doors next year.

As we had enough time, we immediately went to the Department Archives and to city hall. I want to mention that Archivist Bougard, Mrs. Bougard, head librarian of the city library at the St. Vaast Palace, and Mrs. P. Robiguet of the Chamber of Commerce, were most helpful in my research on **Fr. François Boniface**. From them I learned, first of all, that the old Jesuit college no longer exists, save a few

walls now incorporated into a deluxe hotel.

After I had explained in detail the object of my research, Mr. Bougard was not at all optimistic. However, he did what he could to help me, and I am grateful to him. Thus it was that he advised me to consult a manuscript entitled: *L'Analyse des anciens Registres de catholicité de la ville d'Arras*, compiled by a Mr. Rodière, at Montreuil, during World War I, to while away the time. To my great satisfaction, I discovered the marriage record of **Fr. Boniface's** parents. Jean Boniface, barrister, married Barbe Le Roux, on October 16, 1628. Their first child, Marie Anne was baptized on October 29, 1629, in St. Géry's Church by the Reverend Vindicien Legrand, Pastor and Bachelor of Theology; Ignace, baptized on March 1, 1631; Barbe Thérèse, on February 24, 1634, and the missionary to-be, **Jean François**, on August 1635. His godfather was François Mery, barrister, and his godmother, Jean Favier. Finally, the same priest baptized Marie Madeleine on February 5, 1637. Furthermore, thanks to Mr. Bougard, I learned that François' father, besides being a barrister, was also a "municipal magistrate."

Wednesday, September 17

Before leaving Arras, I examined once again *L'Analyse des Anciens Registres de Catholicité*, and the original register in which **Fr. François Boniface's** baptism is recorded. Mr. Bougard had a good copy taken for me and, of course, I am much obliged to him.

Today our itinerary took us back as far as Doullens, where we turned off towards Eu (Seine-Maritime). We passed by the château of Baga-

telle, built of white stone and rose brick, during the eighteenth century. This "delicious folly", with its formal French garden and its landscaped park, lent a fairy-tale grace to the countryside.

Abbeville, the next city to which we got, has a deep religious significance if one is aware that, on August 15, 1638, Louis XIII there consecrated his kingdom to the Blessed Virgin, beseeching her humbly "to take his realm and his royal self under her powerful protection", and confirming this consecration with a fervent communion.

Over and over again, since we left Paris, I have thought about Blessed Anna Maria Taigi, whose biography was written by Father Bessière, a quarter of a century ago. This poor woman, wife of a Roman laborer, was peculiarly involved, during the last century, with the members of Napoleon's family. Several days before the news reached Europe, she informed Laetitia that her son Napoleon was dead. Why did I think of Blessed Anna Maria and her imperial friends? All along the way, in every town, solemn as Tutankhamen, the Emperor gazed down at us from a large billboard advertising a well-known gasoline. To honor the bicentenary of his birth, fifteen commemorative medals of his great victories were struck and they are yours... on condition that you stop at the proper filling station.

At Eu, on the Bresle river, at the end of the morning, we called on Miss Georgette Gérard, General Supervisor of the hospital, which also doubles as a home for the aged. Quite recently the Augustinian Hospitallers of Dieppe still had charge of it. Miss Gérard in-



Henri de Guise's Mausoleum

vited us to have lunch with her in the dining-room — not a cafeteria — of the hospital. One of the help was celebrating his forthcoming marriage, and everybody was happy to join in with him. Miss Gérard accompanied us on a visit of the renovated hospital. At her request, one of the men showed us the old hospital, especially the chapel, the wards, the nuns' residence. It is one of the rare hospitals of France that has not been modified since it was built in the sixteenth century. It should be carefully conserved, even restored as a monument to Christian charity of an era long gone by.

For me, Eu is a treasure trove of history. William the Conqueror was married in this city. Henri de Guise erected its beautiful château whose grounds were planned by Le Nôtre. Later on, Louis Philippe acquired this property and often resided there. Twice he entertained within its stately walls Queen Victoria and her husband Albert Francis Charles Augustus Emmanuel, Prince of

Saxe-Cobourg-Gotha. How I would have enjoyed visiting the vast Collegiate Church of St. Lawrence, dedicated to St. Lawrence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin, who died at Eu in 1181! This is the St. Lawrence after whom the St. Lawrence river is named. This church also contains the tombs of the house of Artois. Unfortunately, the Very Reverend Archpriest was away and the doors of the Church were under lock and key.

Anguier College attracted me even more. Mr. Henri Papillon, an inmate of the hospital, accompanied us to the headmaster's office. With the latter's authorization and an antique iron key, we entered, not without some trouble, the chapel, which several seventeen-century Jesuit missionaries had often frequented. In their day, it was a noble building; today it is quite dilapidated. True, a wall has been restored. I took a few pictures of the beautiful marble mausolea of Henri de Guise and of Anne de Clèves. At daily Mass, Fr. François Boniface, who taught at the college from 1659 to 1661, and Fr. Pierre Cholenec, who also taught there from 1667 to 1670, could find in these magnificent tombs a good subject for meditation on the brevity of human life.

To get to Rouen, we went by way of Dieppe, where Mother Assistant of the Augustinian Hospital Sisters and Mother Marie du Sacré-Coeur, the community archivist, served us an afternoon snack. Of course, we discussed the cause of Mother Catherine of St. Augustine, one of the six, who are known as the "Founders of the Canadian Church."

Father Maxime did not want me

The Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha and Mother Catherine of St. Augustine



Alphonse Lespérance pinxit.

In the Mohawk Canton, Kateri Tekakwitha was exposed to the beneficial influence of several Christian Huron women, who, in Québec, had known Mother Catherine of St. Augustine. From even a purely human viewpoint, the latter had a most attractive personality. She was born in Normandy, at St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, on May 3, 1632.

The Cross spread its shadow over Catherine during her early years, without, however, diminishing her joy and childish grace.

When she was ten years old, a Heaven-sent dream wrenched her free from feminine vanity, innocent love of finery in our eyes, but which interfered with God's plans for her sanctification. Catherine consecrated herself to Mary, by a written act signed with her blood. Two years later she was admitted among the Bayeux Hotel Dieu Sisters. She was only twelve years old. At first, she was accepted only as a boarder and made to wait several years before she could become a novice.

About this time, two Jesuits, Fathers Ragueneau and Vimont, came to talk to the Sisters about the members of their Community, established in Canada since 1639. Attracted by the "land of the Cross", Catherine volunteered for New France. She was obliged to overcome her father's opposition to her project. Catherine left France for good on April 17, 1648. She was sixteen years old.

On arriving at Quebec, on August 19, 1648, she set to work to master the Huron and Algonkin languages so as to be able to help the Indians better.

Thus she won the hearts of the Huron women, many of whom later became acquainted with the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier, and exerted their influence on her. One of Kateri's friends, Marie Skarichions, often conversed with her about Lorette and the Quebec Hospital Sisters. To the Lily of the Mohawks, she proposed "that they live in the fashion of the nuns she had observed while she was ill in Quebec..." Mother Catherine's presence of mind, her charm and beauty, drew people to her. She displayed remarkable organizing ability and the finest qualities of a good nurse. Three successive times, her companions gave her the head administration post, and then named her general supervisor of nursing. Constant toil, hardship and penance undermined her health.

"The Superior of the Hospital Nuns of Bayeux, for whom she had all possible love and respect, — having heard of her constant infirmities and illness in Canada, and of different circumstances that were calculated to cause her trouble, — not only made her offers for her return to France, giving her very easy and honorable means to do so; but she also prayed her very earnestly to return, judging that she could be of very great service to the Community of Bayeux. But this noble sister refused absolutely, sending word to that dear friend of her heart, that she was nailed to the Cross of Canada by three nails; which she would never remove. The first was the will of God; the second, the salvation of souls; and the third, her call to Canada and her vow to die there. She added that, even if all the Nuns should choose to return to France, she would remain alone in Canada, — provided she were permitted to do so, — in order to end her life there in the service of the poor Indians, and of the sick persons of the country (J. R.)."

She fell seriously ill, recuperated her health somewhat, and then had a serious set-back. On May 8, 1668, she died. She had just reached her thirty-sixth birthday.

Dear little Sister Catherine! At the sight of her, so alert and joyful, who would have ever suspected what she suffered for the salvation of others? Only in the other world shall we know all the graces she obtained for the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha!

to miss the site, marked by a marble plaque, of the chapel of the old Hotel Dieu, whence, on April 18, 1639, the first three religious courageously ventured forth to found the Quebec Hotel Dieu, the first hospital in North America. Dieppe is also the native town of St. Anthony Daniel, who is the patron of my house in Montreal, and of St. John de la Lande. Furthermore, who is not aware that 6000 Canadians, under Admiral Mountbatten, took part in the first raid on Dieppe, on August 19, 1942? And who doesn't know that Canadian soldiers under Crerar liberated Dieppe on September 1, 1944?

Our route stretched directly southward to Rouen with its large port, its exceptionally fine art museums and its extraordinary historical souvenirs. Had we the time, it would well be worth our staying there for several weeks. We shall be able to give it one day.

At St. John de Brébeuf Hall, 12, place de la Rougmare — it got its name from the slaughter of many people during the Middle Ages — we asked for the Superior, Fr. Michel Boutry. He has just returned from Canada, quite pleased, it seems, with his trip. We were warmly received. The men of his house work at the Social Studies and Action Center, the Department of Sociology, the Seamen's Mission, the School and Institute of Technology, and at the Marriage Preparation Center. They also give much of their time to the Visitation Sisters, Catholic Druggists, boys scouts and teen-agers.

Why is St. John de Brébeuf, who was not an "intellectual", chosen as the patron saint of this Jesuit residence? When he was twenty-four

years old, he entered the Society of Jesus at Rouen. Two years later, he pronounced his first vows, taught for a while at the Jesuit College and was ordained priest there on February 19, 1622. He then became "minister" or bursar. He sailed for Canada in 1625, where he played the leading rôle as missionary among the Hurons and was martyred by their enemies.

In 1685, Fr. Claude Chauchetière wrote a biography of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. What prompted him to do so? "The honor and respect," he stated, "I owe to the memory of Reverend Father de Brébeuf and the other Jesuit Fathers, who began the Iroquois missions, have made me break a silence of five years which I kept concerning the events that took place after the burial of her whose life I am writing."

Fr. Arthur Melançon, in his *Liste des missionnaires jésuites jusqu'en 1800*, and Fr. Camille de Rochemonteix in his *Jésuites de la Nouvelle France au XVII^e siècle*, claim that Fr. Jacques de Lamberville was born at Rouen on March 24, 1641. He was the priest who baptized Kateri Tekakwitha.

Thursday, September 18

I spent the morning at the Archives of the Department of the Seine-Maritime. Its spacious and up-to-date offices swarmed with researchers, among whom I noticed many young folk. A military captain of very distinguished bearing put down his kepi, heavy with gold braid, beside me. As I turned over the pages of the parish registers, to my dismay, I discovered that at least ten of them did not contain the birth records for 1641.

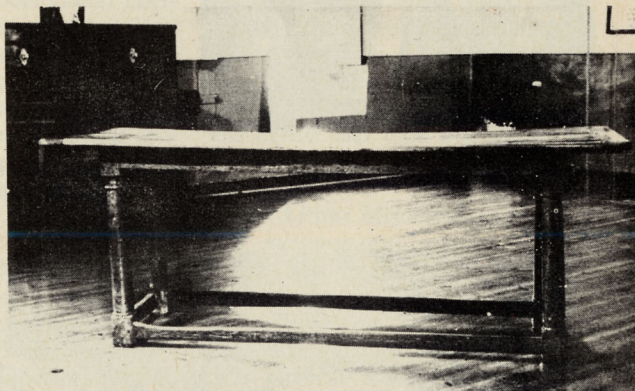


The Lycée Corneille Chapel built by St. John de Brébeuf





From the monastery at Bayeux, Catherine of St. Augustine departed for the New World.



On this table, Catherine signed her act of consecration to God.



In her parish church of St. Sauveur-le-Vicomte, Catherine was baptized.

At the beginning of the afternoon, with Fr. Boutry, Fr. Pol Virton, my companion Father Maxime, and Mr. Delahaye of the Normandy-Quebec Committee, I went on a pilgrimage to the chapel of Lycée Corneille, an old royal college of the Society of Jesus. Saints John de Brébeuf, Anthony Daniel and Isaac Jogues studied or taught there. Such famous men as Corneille, Fontenelle, Robert de la Salle, Flaubert and Guy de Maupassant are numbered among its alumni. And though the itineraries published by the Tourist Bureau of France do not mention it, Fathers James and Jean de Lamberville and Guillaume Couture were also alumni of this historic institution. A Society for the Restoration of the Lycée Corneille Chapel is now actively gathering funds to save it from ruin. This temple was built under the supervision of St. John de Brébeuf while he was "Father Minister" of the college.

The remainder of the afternoon I again spent at the archives, but found nothing concerning the Lambervilles.

Somewhat weary, I set out in the direction of Notre Dame Cathedral, one of the beautiful edifices of the Gothic period. Monet, the great impressionistic landscape painter, made it popular throughout the world. I discovered a memorial plaque within, in honor of impetuous and crochety Robert Cavelier de la Salle, who took possession for France, of Louisiana, so named in honor of Louis XIV.

Obviously St. Joan of Arc, her trial and death, dominate this old city's history. A monument on the *Place du Vieux-Marché*, adorned with flowers, marks the spot where,

on May 30, 1431, she was burned at the stake. The ancient quarters, with their houses of timber framing, erected as early as the fourteenth century, vividly recalled the bygone days when the Maid of Orleans saved her country. The last Council urged us to pray to the saints in heaven to intercede for us. Here is my prayer for today: May St. Joan of Arc soon obtain from our Lord the second miracle needed for the beatification of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha!

Friday, September 19

When the time came to say goodbye to Rouen, because of the fog and rain, I was unable to enjoy a last glance of the wonderful view it could offer, with its towers, steeples and gigantic cranes. At noon, we were at Lisieux; we lunched at the *Ermitage*, a small restaurant straddling the Touques river, and maintained by the Oblate Sisters of St. Thérèse. It was a pity that the mist still enshrouded the surrounding country. As soon as we finished our meal, we walked over to the Carmel of Lisieux. Many pilgrims were praying before the reliquary of the saint of the "little way."

Bayeux, our next stop, was providentially spared the havoc war caused elsewhere. In this city founded by the Vikings, the Norsemen later settled in large numbers. The dukes of Normandy used to send their sons there to learn Norse, the tongue of the Scandinavians of old. The city is typically Normand, built around its magnificent cathedral. It is duly proud of its *telle de conquest*, also called "Queen Mathilda's tapestry", that extraordinary piece of ornamental linen embroidery, 210 feet long. It tells the tale

of the conquest of England by the Normands: "Everything in it is alive: horses galloping, knights smiting and kings reflecting; people gossiping, navigating and killing."

However, it was not this exceptional tapestry that led us to Bayeux, but the Hotel Dieu, at which twelve-year-old Catherine de Longpré, later known as Catherine of St. Augustine, entered. Father Maxime had written to Mother Prioress that we would see her today, but she was absent, and nobody had dared to open the letter. Still, Mother Assistant herself had us visit the monastery from which Catherine of Saint Augustine set out for Canada, in 1648, at the age of sixteen. We were shown the communion table, the very table on which this young Norman woman of three centuries ago signed her vows.

The memory of Mother Marie Yvonne de Jésus, first Superior General of the Hospital Augustinian Canonesses Regular of the Mercy of Jesus, remains very much alive. Many of the older Sisters knew her. Twice, I believe, she came to Canada. During the last war she stood up to the Nazis and afterwards was awarded the *Croix de la Libération*. She died in 1951 with the reputation of a great mystic and a practical, down-to-earth woman, like the medieval Saints Gertrude and Mechthilda.

As I thought of these saintly religious, I got into the car again. We passed through Isigny-sur-Mer, a land of butter, cheese and caramel; Carentan, also known for its dairy-produce; and, at last, came to Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte, in the heart of the Cotentin region. Jules Barbey d'Aureville, "the High

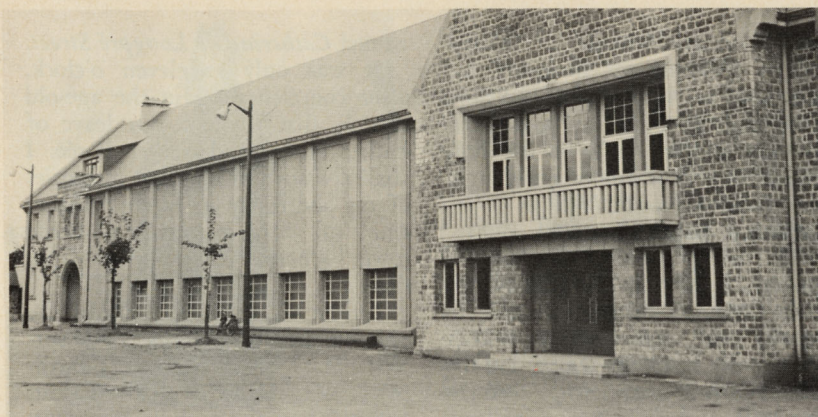
Constable of Letters", wrote that this town was as beautiful as a village of Scotland." He knew what he was talking about; he was a native of Saint-Sauveur. Long before him, Mother Catherine of St-Augustine was born there.

Father Porée, the curate, whom Father Maxime had met a few years before, did the honors of the presbytery to us in the absence of Father Adam, his Pastor and Dean. He also had us visit the interesting parish church constructed in the late thirteenth or early fourteenth century. This was Catherine of St-Augustine's parish church. The same baptismal fonts are used today as in the time of Louis XIV.

As we still had a full hour before dinner, we drove over to Mayor Cousin's well-kept farm. Mrs. Cousin, crippled by arthritis, but, even so, most pleasant, told us that her husband was attending a meeting of the mayors of the surrounding towns, but that he was expected home at any moment. As soon as he returned, she would inform him that we had arrived and he would join us at the presbytery.

At seven o'clock, with the Very Reverend Dean and his Assistant, we sat down to dinner — as excellent a dinner, as one could wish for! The mayor, who had dined, joined us a little later. The conversation soon became quite lively as we talked about Mother Catherine and her achievements in Canada.

I also learned that the spacious Benedictine abbey of Saint-Sauveur, founded in the twelfth century, had been restored after the Revolution by St. Marie Madeleine Postel, who turned it into the motherhouse of her Congregation of the Sisters of

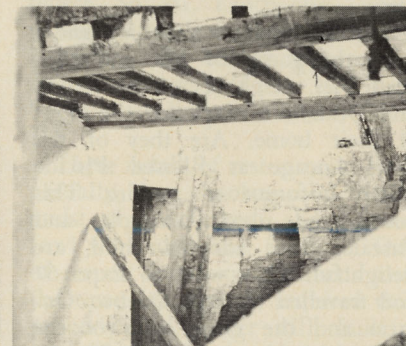


Façade of Town Hall and the Reception Hall



PHOTO BY H.B.

Fr. Ybert, Mr. René Lanchantin and Fr. Le Grelle at La Boissais



Ruins of the Assembly Hall of the Lords of La Boissais (Brébeuf Manor)

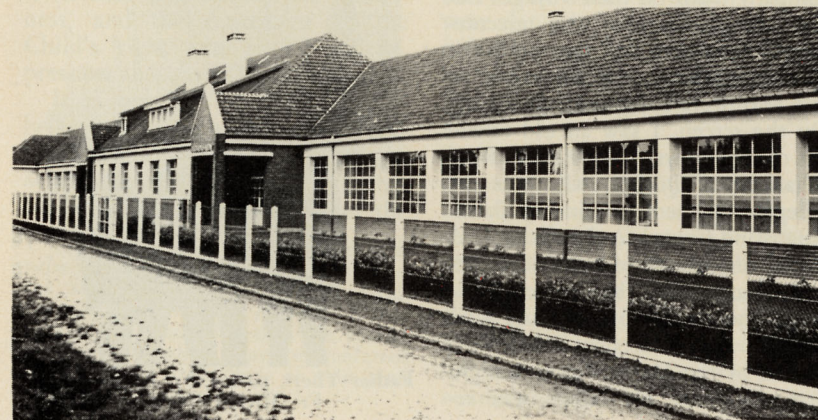


PHOTO BY STUDIO B. DERON

The Condé-sur-Vire Public School

the Christian Schools of Mercy, strictly speaking, of hospitals and missions as well as of schools. Thousands of pilgrims come yearly to pray at the tombs of the holy foundress and of one of her daughters, Blessed Placide Viel.

Saturday, September 20

The early morning sun shed a golden light on Saint-Sauveur's main street, its old stone church, its equally old castle where Barbey d'Aurevilly lived, the abbey, and the Douve river meandering through the hills and fields. The weather was mild and it was good to be alive.

Last night, my companion and I were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jean Viel, neighbors of the Reverend Dean. I even passed the night at their home. Are they of the same lineage as Blessed Placide Viel? I forgot to inquire. This young and pleasant couple, and Pascale, their adopted child, are delightful. They went to Expo 67 and travelled through Quebec, Ontario and the great cities of the eastern American seaboard. Thanks to Mr. Viel's fine collection of colored slides, we were able to accompany them on their voyage. But his transparencies of the tercentenary celebrations of the death of Mother Catherine of St-Augustine last year were far more interesting. On the screen, I saw an old friend of college days, Monsignor René Bélanger of Quebec, who was the delegate of the Catherine of Saint-Augustine Center to the festival. A crowd of persons of note were present, among them the Prefect of the Department of *la Manche*. As a result of the efforts of Mr. Viel, backed by the Mayor, the thoroughfare alongside his house was re-

named *Catherine de Longpré Street*.

It was only at eleven o'clock, after concelebrating in the age-old church, that we took our leave of Father Adam and Father Porée. I shall always have pleasant memories of my short stay in Mother Catherine of Saint-Augustine's home town. Where were we to go from there?

Father Maxime was quite of the opinion that I must see Condé-sur-Vire, St. John de Brébeuf's birthplace. We lunched with the Pastor, Father Ybert and with his Assistant, Father Michel Hervieu, and another young priest, a friend of the latter. It was the Pastor's mother who prepared a toothsome meal for us. We chatted at great length about St. John de Brébeuf and, in particular, about the monumental reconstruction of the Mission of Sainte-Marie, at the Martyrs' Shrine in Midland, Ontario.

World War II laid the town in ruins. The church was hard hit, the old church dating back to 1131. It has been reconstructed and modernized in fine taste. Mr. René Lan-



Father Ybert, pastor, Fr. Béchard and Fr. Michel Hervieu

PHOTO BY H.B.

PHOTO BY STUDIO B. DERON



St. John de Brébeuf prayed before this statue of Our Lady

chantin commented: "Restraint and chasteness of design, stained-glass windows of iridescent hues, everything in the renovated church incites one to meditation." Should St. John de Brébeuf come back, to life, he would recognize a multicolored wooden statue of the Madonna and Child, carved towards the end of the fourteenth century. From this enthroned Madonna, perfectly restored by the Department of Fine Arts, emanates "an impression of tenderness and of infinite gentleness, and the movement of the Child's right arm is full of expression and charm" (Lanchantin).

It is worthwhile mentioning, I believe, that one of the saint's forefathers, Hugh de Brébeuf, fought at the battle of Hastings and that his name is listed in William the

1. *Officier d'Académie*: holder of the *palmes académiques*, an honor conferred for service in the educational field. *Officier de l'instruction publique*, holder of a higher distinction than the *palmes académiques*, which may be conferred upon *officiers d'Académie* of more than five years' standing.

Couqueror's Memorial", and that, as a reward, he was enfeoffed in the county of Kent. Other descendants married into well-known English families. Under St. Louis, Nicholas de Brébeuf led his Normands to victory at Damietta, in 1249.

Both Father Ybert and Father Maxime agreed that it was a good idea to have Mr. René Lanchantin, *Officier de l'instruction publique*¹ accompany us to the extinct village of *La Boissais*; now the domain of *La Belinière*, acquired during the eighteenth century from the last Brébeuf lords by a Mr. de la Motte. So Mr. Lanchantin joined us and, in two cars, we went speeding along the bumpy way to *La Boissais*, whose lord once had been St. John de Brébeuf's father, Giles II.

There is talk of restoring, at least partially, these desolate ruins in the midst of which hens and guinea-fowl were scratching for food. Out of respect for its most famous son, the town has already acquired this property and, better still, built a road to what remains of the historic manor. Here it was that John spent his youthful years before entering the Jesuit Order at Rouen. As we were about to leave, Mr. Lanchantin offered me an autographed copy of his much-researched and beautifully illustrated monography, *Condé-sur-Vire*.

At the Major Seminary of St. Briec (Côtes-du-Nord), we were able to put up for the night, thanks to the Fathers' hospitality. This year, at St. Briec, the future priests of three dioceses will take either their first or second year of theology. The Bursar, who is over forty, has just completed a year's refresher course at Lille. He will succeed, I

am sure as chaplain of the public school teachers (male). As we talked, my thoughts drifted to Montreal's young teachers: would they be willing to accept a chaplain's assistance? Frankly, I do not know.

Saturday, September 21

After our daily Eucharistic Celebration, in the chapel remodeled in the modern manner, it was time to bid farewell to our kindly hosts. Once again, the highway unfolded before us. We were on our way to Brittany. And why? It is **Fr. Pierre Cholenec's** homeland, and he was the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha's spiritual director. Archivist Fr. Arthur Melançon gives Saint-Pol de Léon (Finistère) as **Cholenec's** birthplace.

It was a long ride, and we bowled (I must have met an Englishman!) into Saint-Pol's shortly before night fell. The roads were not bad. To my surprise, I discovered that Brittany is not only a land of fishermen; it also counts many big suppliers of vegetables and early agricultural products: cauliflowers, artichokes and potatoes.

The St. Pol Aurelian cathedral, with its two great spires its considered one of the marvels of Brittany, as well as the Kreisker Chapel, close by. Since the Concordat of 1801, St. Pol forms a single diocese with Quimper as the bishop's residence.

At the former bishop's palace, the Very Reverend Archpriest showed us to comfortable rooms. As the housekeeper takes Sundays off, he regretted that he could not invite us to dinner. He himself would dine at the seminary. He suggested that we

all meet there at seven o'clock.

So we made our way to the seminary at the hour agreed upon, but the young priest temporarily in charge of the institution, during his Superior's absence, was hesitant about allowing us into the dining room reserved to the clergy. We did not insist and had dinner at a nearby restaurant. This I preferred, for I had not yet eaten in a French restaurant since the day of my arrival at Orly. The waitress, steaming tureen in hand, served us a delicious soup... While the wet fog, that had accompanied us most of the day, curtained the windows, we enjoyed a pleasant meal, in the warm, comfortable dining room. An hour later, from the street, we gazed up at the illuminated cathedral towers. The heavy mist seemed to have spun a halo about them. In the eerie silence, the sight was impressive.

Our gracious host at the bishop's palace was sorry that we had not been able to dine with him. Together we discussed **Father Cholenec's** birth-place, before going to a much needed rest. Last year, I told him, I had written to the Superior of the Ursuline Convent, *rue de Verderel*, and she had sent one of her nuns to the Departmental Archives to look up the **Cholenec** family. She had not found any trace of him in St. Pol's. Did Kateri's spiritual guide come from another of the one hundred and twenty-five parishes of the former St. Pol de Léon diocese? The Archpriest thought so. But the archives of these various towns are not in good condition. To all this, must be added the fact that the name **Cholenec** is unknown today. I finally came to the conclusion that I must search elsewhere for new

material on **Cholenec**, perhaps at the General Archives of the Society of Jesus in Rome.

Monday, September 22

By dawn, yesterday's fog had disappeared. An Assumptionist Father, curate at the cathedral, invited us to celebrate with him. After Mass, I slowly made the rounds of the great nave. The recumbent stone figures of long dead prelates on the tombs conjured up in my mind St. Pol the first bishop of the city, a Welsh monk who evangelized the land during the fourth century, about the same time another Welsh monk, St. Briec was preaching on the Côte-d'Émeraude. I discovered the tomb of the Lord Bishop of St. Pol, from 1641 to 1661, a Montmorency-Laval. Doubtless he was a relative of the first bishop of New France. I got a snapshot of the ledger under which rested Marie-Amice Picard, who died when **Pierre Cholenec** was twelve years old. She was Fr. Michel Le Noblets' collaborator as he preached throughout Brittany towards the end of the sixteenth century. Fr. Claude Chauchetière refers to him in his biography of Kateri Tekakwitha, completed in 1695:

"I decided to work on that great picture that portrays the life and customs of Kateri and which at present is still in the church of the Sault for the instruction of her people. It was placed there with paintings of the four ends of man, along with the moral paintings of M. le Noblets..."

Before setting out again, I chatted with the elderly janitor. He sadly admitted that the Celtic language is fast disappearing; the youth of

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The Jesuit Chapel of the Vannes College

Brittany no longer want to speak it. Something belonging to all mankind will have gone, on the day Bretons will no more pray to God in the language with which their ancestors prayed for hundreds of years. What happened to the Hurons of Canada will happen to the Bretons. The friendly janitor then told me that the Bretons and the Welsh are first cousins; the Bretons and the Scotch and Irish, second cousins.

The early morning sun had vanished, but the weather was still mild. The moors of Brittany were calling us... Old homes of darkish stone dotted the land, but many new houses had sprung up among them. Most of the towns seemed clean and tidy; the roads that led to them were in good condition; the fields carefully cultivated until we got to the "Black Mountains." At Lampaul-Guimiliau, we marveled at the beauty of the south porch of the church, where, for the first time, the Renaissance influence was felt in Léon (1533); at the monumental Calvary with all its personages and the ossuary chapel (1667). Who knows? Perhaps young Pierre Cholenec prayed in this church?

Father Maxime is amazing. Even in the heart of Lower Brittany, he has friends. At Gourin, Mr. Jean Montaufray took us to lunch. Besides being a first-rate photographer — he won first prize at the New York Fair in 1963 — he is also president of the *Association for*

Parents of Emigrants to North America and editor-manager of the *Newsletter* for the associates. Mr. Montaufray spent several years in Canada and in the United States. After a friendly meal, we drove to his home — a new house built in Canadian style — and he introduced us to his charming wife, a French Canadian from La Salle, P.Q. We parted all too soon; a long road awaited us before arriving at St. Francis Xavier's college in Vannes — the only college under the direction of the Jesuits in Brittany.

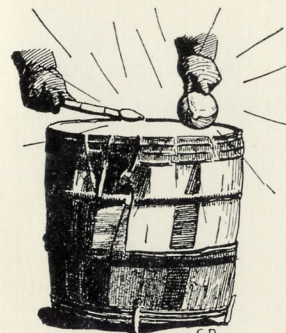
Tuesday, September 23

Yesterday, Fr. Henri Amet, the Rector of the college and the other Fathers, cordially welcomed us. We concelebrated this morning with Fr. Xavier de Goësbriand, whose granduncle, Louis de Goësbriand, was consecrated first bishop of Burlington, Vt., in 1853.

In the community room, I saw an interesting engraving of the college as it was in the seventeenth century when Fr. François Boniface taught there as a scholastic from 1657 to 1659. Some day I shall obtain a copy of it.

At the far end of the Gulf of Morbihan, — a little interior sea — Vannes has always played a leading rôle in the history of Brittany. At the head of the Armorican Confederation, its people withstood Caesar, who, however, triumphed over them in 56 B. C. Brittany was reunited to the crown of France in 1532, in the presence of Francis I. During the Revolution, one hundred and fifty prisoners were shot down. Their remains rest in the Cathedral of St. Peter close by the tomb of St. Vincent Ferrier, who preached the word of God throughout Brittany.

(To be concluded.)



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