

Kateri, smiling, receives her Client . . .

INTERVIEW WITH KATERI

— No. 2 —

CLIENT: In timeless heaven, Kateri, you will celebrate Our Savior's earthly Birthday . . . Just think! Mary and Joseph will be there also! . . . Here below, there will be shopping for me, plenty of Christmas cards, some giving and receiving of presents, Midnight Mass and a turkey dinner with all the fixings . . . Which leaves me dissatisfied! . . .

KATERI: The joy of my first Christmas at Mission Saint-François-Xavier could be yours . . .

CLIENT: Tell me how, Kateri, and I'll cut you a bouquet of snow-covered fir branches to which I'll add a few twigs of bright holly. And the pungent odor of

the fresh sap will envelop your picture like my love. . .

KATERI: God and His Blessed Mother, in their great mercy, always kept me from serious sin, but it is at Saint-François-Xavier on Christmas 1677, that my whole being, my entire life definitely veered in the direction of Our Savior! . . .

CLIENT: (Quite literary!) The frosty night . . . cold stars glistening . . . The pad of moccasins on the soft purple snow . . . Kateri muffled up in her long blue shawl . . . Kateri going to her rendez-vous with God! . . . Such a pretty picture!

KATERI: (Rather sternly.) Not just a picture, child, but an act which changed my existence and which could change yours . . .

CLIENT: Oh, Tekakwitha! I'm so sorry! . . .

KATERI: Your Christmas Communion must be a *total surrender*.

CLIENT: That will be difficult, won't it? . . .

KATERI: Look at the Manger! Our Savior's surrender was complete, wasn't it? . . .

(Enter the two little Indian angels, mentioned in the last issue, bearing the Life of Tekakwitha written by Fr. Cholenec, her confessor. With silver voices they read:

"Kateri was too well disposed and desired with too great an eagerness to receive Our Lord, to be deprived of this great grace, so she was promised some time before the feast that she might receive Him on Christmas . . . She received the good news with all imaginable joy, and prepared herself for the great event with an increase of devotion suitable to the exalted idea she had of it. It must be admitted however, that it was at this First Communion that all her fervor was renewed . . . She approached or rather *surrendered* herself to this furnace of sacred love that burns on our altars, and she came out of it so glowing with its divine fire that only Our Lord knew what passed between Himself and Kateri during her First Communion. All that we can say is that from that day forward she appeared different to us, because she remained so full of God and of love of Him . . ."

H. B.

PRAYER

FOR THE BEATIFICATION OF CATHERINE TEKAKWITHA.

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O GOD who, among the manifold marvels of Thy Grace in the New World, didst cause to blossom on the banks of the Mohawk and of the St. Lawrence, the pure and tender Lily, Catherine Tekakwitha, grant, we beseech Thee, the favor we beg through her intercession — (Insert request) that this Little Lover of Jesus and of 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 faith. Through the same Christ Our Lord. Amen.

Our Father and Hail Mary, once, and Glory be to the Father, three times.

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