



KATERI (Luke Ch'en)

IT is the privilege of Almighty God to bestow the grace of sanctity where and when He wills and on whomsoever He thinks anxious to follow His counsels of perfection in a unique way. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," as Our Lord says. Thus we have saints for all times, for all causes, and for almost all places. From St. Stephen, the Apostles and martyrs through the middles ages till today, the seed sown by the divine Harvester is blossoming perennially into the pure and mature flower of sanctity. The Church, in solemn session, through the Vicar of Christ, is constantly adding to

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# The Story

## Part I

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the roster of the saints, models of virtue who at once command our respect and solicit our imitation. Perhaps the model who claims our subservience has not yet heard the silver trumpets sound in her honor over the tomb of the Apostle. May we hope that through the intercession of Thérèse, whom she so much resembles, Kateri may soon be raised to the honors of the Altar. Such a marvelous Lily is bound to shed its radiance and fragrance through the world and down the ringing grooves of the ages.

### ● *Thérèse of the Child Jesus.*

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

# of Two Souls

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to the deepest recesses of her soul. Who could know that the life of this "little victim of Divine love" would prove an irresistible attraction for the world at large?

### ● *The same Spiritual Family.*

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

In Kateri Tekakwitha and St. Thérèse, we have saints of the same spiritual family. It may seem impertinent to compare Kateri to Thérèse, because it is to compare a venerable to a saint, a Mohawk maiden to the fair flower of France, the wilderness of seventeenth century America to the culture of nineteenth century Europe. But Thérèse did not become a saint because she was French and lived in Lisieux or Kateri because she was a Mohawk and lived in an American forest. The reason why they are sisters in spirit we ignore; the secret lies with God. That they

are two most similar buds of sanctity, we intend to show.

### ● *A flower on a scroll*

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