

"Christ was a Jew" Christmas

Not far from the trail which the Caughnawaga Indians followed to their ancestral hunting grounds, there is a lake. All around the shores of the lake are gracious homes of prosperous men and women who call themselves Christians. One of the most beautiful estates, however, is owned by Mr. Green — or some such anglicized name, for he is the only non-Christian in the community. He is a cultured man who loves his home and he has surrounded himself with beauty. His house is a decoration to the landscape — his lawns are smooth and green — his gardens a riot of bloom — his trees old and tall. Some of the trees may well have seen Kateri pass in her flight for sanctuary to the mission at Sault Saint Louis.

Mr. Green has stocked his grounds with deer and, if you're very quiet, you may catch a glimpse of them picking their dainty way to the lake.

He has everything to make life worth living, or so you think until you hear his neighbors

round the lake sneer at him for being a Jew and listen to them relate with glee that all his money can't buy even one day's golf, much less a membership to the Golf Club.

Kateri would sympathize with Mr. Green's lonely hurt — for she was ostracized in her own village for a different reason. Her pagan neighbours laughed when the children cast stones at her and called at her in derision: "Christian! Christian!" They spat at her as she passed.

But Kateri gloried in the title, for to her a Christian was one who followed in Christ's footsteps — Christians were those who loved their fellow men for love of their Creator. She excused the pagans because they didn't know any better — they didn't understand about God.

What must she think of present day Christians who draw away from their neighbors with loathing because they are Jews? How can a Christian hate a Jew, just because he is a Jew, she would ask.

The Holy Family were Jews.

is Kateri's Message

By Nora Routledge



It was as Jews of the house of David that Mary and Joseph journeyed to Bethlehem to enroll themselves at the time of the Christ Child's birth. The boy Jesus, advancing in age and grace, presented himself at the synagogue with the other youths of Nazareth. Mary was never more typically a Jewish mother than when she found her twelve year old son missing on the way back from Jerusalem. And, as she sought him sorrowing, her heart was filled with anguish and her lamentations echoed the distress of other Jewish mothers down the centuries.

Christ was a Jewish rabbi with a beard as he walked the roads of the Holy Land with his voice crying out with love to all who would hear and his healing hands outstretched to all — rich and poor — good and bad — Jew and Gentile. The words that Mary Magdalen greeted him with on that first Easter morning were: "Rabboni — Rabboni".

It was as a Jew that he was crucified with the legend over

his head: "Jesus of Nazareth — King of the Jews".

Kateri would remind her fellow Christians as the Christmas season begins, that Jesus was the son of a Jewish mother and that, when his birthday was celebrated in Nazareth, it was a double celebration, for the Holy Family kept the Hebrew feast of candles at the same time.

Advent is a time when Christians prepare for Christmas and the very best way to do that is to have Christ's love in our hearts for all, without exception. Christianity is not exclusive — it is neither geographical nor racial. It is simply understanding Christ, who is love. And such loving understanding of all his children is the best — in fact the only — present He asks of us at Christmas time.

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