

AND THEN EASTER SUNDAY...

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MRS. LOUISE A. TROTTIER had a truly touching, confidence in Kateri. "Kateri must get this favor for me," she used to say. "I can't believe that she won't do this or that for me." When the favor she requested took time to come, she would scold Kateri, and soon obtained it. In thanksgiving, she did all that she could to further the Cause of Beatification.

Three years ago, my admirable cousin began to work on a tapestry of the youthful Indian girl of long ago, from a sketch prepared by her daughter Andrée, an art professor. Affected with arthritis for the last fifteen years, she persisted in this labor of love to fight the growing stiffness of her joints. She spent many hours daily at it except when illness prevented her from doing so. In the summer of 1973, her health went from bad to worse. Andrée finished the tapestry, which was intended for the Kateri Center. Last May, my cousin died at an advanced age, assisted, no doubt, by her protectress, to whom she had so often prayed.

The young Indian's expression, stamped with seriousness, seems to have a presentiment of the struggles her nation must, in the course of centuries, carry on to maintain its cultural identity and to keep a few strips of its territory.

May Kateri Tekakwitha help the many peoples who inhabit Canada (and the United States) to accept one another with their resemblances and differences, and to live together, if not in complete harmony, at least without too much clashing of interests. For her countrymen, may Easter Sunday follow close on Good Friday, and for all of us, too!

