
Statue of Kateri
erected before the Cathedral of Santa Fe, NM



Prayer for the Lily of the Mohawks
Kateri Tekakwitha

Who died at age 24, the first Native American to be declared blessed

O Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the wind, and whose breathe gives life to the entire world... Hear me! I am small and weak! I need your strength and wisdom!

Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise so that I may understand the things you have taught my people.

Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock..

I seek strength, not to be greater than my sister or brother, but to fight my greatest enemy... myself.

Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes, so when life fades, as the fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.

Pray Card Publications

Thanksgiving Walk
with Jesus and Kateri

Indians showed me the way
Leading to a brighter day.
April love took hold in May
As I prayed in trust.

Strength anew in four days time
My stumbling feet began to climb
Step by step, and free of pain
As I walked with them each day.

Sweet redeemer did abide
Indian maiden walked beside,
Healing came as illness fled!
A year of flow was at an end!

Thanksgiving song I write this day,
A song for freedom on its way!
A thousand thanks for laughter gay,
Blessed humor for each day!

Ten years of pain yet filled with joy!
Friends so dear were with me,
Caring, sharing, Heaven-sent,

To begin each day, leave me content.
Content to wait for Heaven's way,
Content to wait for Heaven's say,
How sweet it is — it brings the tears!
The Indian way I've loved for years!

Elizabeth Kisela (Michigan)