

REFLECTION**They had Refuge from the Deluge
by Guillermo de Carndonagh**

The rain was beating against the side of the house as the man was wakened by the buzzing alarm. Fog and rain and the dark of the predawn blotted out even the silhouettes of the nearby houses. In the kitchen he switched on the coffee maker, started cereal in the microwave and bread in the toaster, shaving while the electric slaves prepared breakfast. As he ate, he dressed in the clothes laid out the night before. Then kissing his sleeping wife, filling his thermos and grabbing his knapsack he ran to the car through the rain. As he drove North the water on the roadway grabbed and tugged at the wheels and the defroster fought a continuous battle with the window fog.

About forty minutes later, a little before five, he joined his friends. Soon all aboard a larger van they started East, East to the Valley of the Mohawk. The down pour continued and the great swamp at Montezuma was barely visible as they passed by. About forty miles into the Mohawk Valley a little before their exit the rain stopped. At the shrine of Blessed Kateri Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, they were joined by others who like themselves had driven from North and South, East and West to this Holy place through the driving rain.

About nine they all knelt in the open air pavilion and prayed the opening prayers of the pilgrimage with their Chaplin Fr. Castronovo. Then, lifting their banners high, they lined up for the march. The martyrs provided them with the briefest and most gentle asperges from the leaden sky and the march commenced. Villagers gawked as the band of two hundred marched along the road parallel to the muddy rolling Mohawk singing and praying the rosary.

Three miles into the march, across the river and beyond the village limits they stopped to allow stragglers to catch up and the tired and lame to board the rescue vans. Reinforcements arrived in the form of a large giggle of young girls and their Nun teachers from Boston. The first stretch of the last three miles lead the marchers up hill over the Thruway. From the bridge one could see the blackened sky all around but still the marchers walked on dry pavement. Back down the hill and up again to the killing ground at Ossernenon right to the doors of the Coliseum Church they marched. As they reached the Church a young man, whose mother is dying of cancer, put down the cross of wood twice his height that he had carried all the way. His taller companions, who had shepherded him without comment, quietly relaxed and smiled.

Inside the great church the choral of the Priestly Fraternity of Saint Peter filled the space with the timeless sounds of Gregorian Chant. Soon the sacred ministers; Priest, deacon, and sub deacon fulfilled their sacred office for the hungry pilgrims. And four hundred were all feed with the strengthening and wholesome nourishment of Christ himself. The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered and the martyrs Isaac, Rene, John, their companions, and Blessed Kateri were honored in their shrine with the same Mass they had died for offering.

After Mass a leisurely meal, a visit with friends old and new, a walk on the grounds of the shrine and then back into the van. As the van took the man and his friends Westward to their home they drove back into the rain. The rain that had poured throughout the North East all day everywhere, everywhere, except the Shrine of Blessed Kateri and the killing ground of Ossernenon and the six mile march between them.

Traditionalist come join us next October when we march; when we march to honor the Holy martyrs and Christ our King.

Christus Vincit, Christus Regnat, Christus, Christus, Imperat