

ROSE PRINCE: REFLECTING ON AN EXTRAORDINARILY ORDINARY LIFE

Perhaps at times the figure of Jesus Christ seems too lofty and too great for us to dare to measure ourselves by him. The Lord knows this. So he has provided “translations” on a scale that is more accessible and closer to us.¹

Highway 16 starts in Winnipeg and reaches British Columbia after crossing the Prairies and the Rocky Mountains. Then, covering another 1000 km, it runs towards its goal, Prince Rupert, a small harbor on the north-west coast of the Pacific Ocean. It crosses Northern British Columbia, a region of forests, lakes, and hills which look down on infinitely long rivers, from sandy or gravel bluffs, or steep cliffs. Here and there, large meadows, corn or canola fields break the dark expanse of the spruce and pine forest. A few small towns, some villages, isolated farms spread along the road or observe it from a distance.

About half way between the Rockies and the Pacific, at a short distance of the Village of Fraser Lake, on a hillside above a path leading to the lake, appears an inscription in large letters made up of painted stones which spells: ROSE PRINCE. The place is empty. Somewhere between the road and the railway that follows the shore, in a sprawling meadow, a log structure stands, along some decorative elements, particularly a large cross, and a small cemetery containing about twenty graves. One of them, surrounded by a white wrought iron railing, which makes it look like one of those old fashioned children’s beds, is covered with bunches of artificial flowers. Dozens of rosaries hang from the arms of the cross that stands over it, and a small angel watches over the grave. This is where Rose Prince rests, since the day in 1951, when it was discovered that, in the coffin where she had been laying for two years, and which had just been exhumed in order to relocate it in this new cemetery, her body was perfectly preserved, as if she was sleeping. The flowers that the Sisters had placed on her chest for her funeral were still there, now withered. Rose had a little smile.

Rose Prince’s life is quite simple, and at first glance, rather ordinary.

She was born on August 24, 1915, at Fort St. James, on the shores of Stuart Lake. Her family belongs to the Nak’azdli Carrier First Nation, and is one of the first Catholic families of Northern British Columbia: on June 2 1868, a child by the name of Louis Billy Prince is one of the first children baptized at Fort St. James. Rose’s father, Jean-Marie Prince, nicknamed “Church Chief”, sings at Our Lady of Good Hope church; he is the interpreter for the parish priest and the custodian of the parish buildings. The small house where the Prince family lives is on a hill, at the back of the convent.

Jean-Marie Prince and his wife Agathe have had nine children, of whom Rose is the third. We can suppose that her early childhood, in their home at Fort St. James, as well as on the Izana Lake reserve, where the family used to spend long periods of time in the summer, was not different from that of other children from the Nak’azdli community, raised in the country, without a strict discipline, yet already brought up to take their part in the tasks of each new season: trapping, berry picking, preparing wild game. When Rose turned 6, her parents sent her to the school at Fort St. James, which was run by the Sisters of the Child Jesus, under the direction of Father Joseph Allard, OMI.

Less than a year later, on January 16, 1922, Rose, with those of her siblings already in school, was included in the 75 children transferred from the Fort St. James School to the brand new Lejac Indian

¹ Benedict XVI, Chrism Mass, April 5, 2012

Residential School, built by the Canadian Government at the request of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. Normally, she would have stayed there for her primary education, 10 years or so only interrupted by summer vacations. In fact, she will stay there all her life.

Jean-Marie and Agathe Prince had met in the residential school Williams Lake, an Oblate foundation, and had married there before moving to Nak'azdli near Fort St. James, 300 km north of Williams Lake, to be with Jean-Marie's family. They probably thought it normal that their children would follow the same pattern and be educated in a residential, be it far from their home. Moreover, the Lejac School was newly built, with electricity and running water, and might have seem almost luxurious in comparison with the old building at Fort St. James. Still, it was far, almost 150 km, and with the condition of the roads in those days, transportation was difficult. The journey that brought Rose to Lejac was first by sleigh – starting at seven in the morning, with 12 hours in freezing cold, to reach the small town of Vanderhoof. Once there, the students, the Sisters, Fr. Allard and the teachers took a train that left them seven hours later, in the dead of night, within 100 yards of their new school.²

At the Lejac School, the schedule is the same that regulated the life of the boarders at Fort St. James: up at 6 am, wash up and dress, prayers, mass in the chapel, breakfast, classes... The main subjects are reading, writing, arithmetic. Rose, quiet, silent, is a good student. She learns fast, and helps those who are slower. She is an artist, too: with the wild flowers she picks around the school as models, she paints birthday cards, and does needlework for the altar linens. Her artwork is similar to the traditional beadwork of the Carriers: she had learned to embroider buckskin in her Fort St. James community. She spends long periods of time in prayer.

Rose suffers from a deformity of the back, which is painful and handicaps her a good deal. She walks with difficulty and finds it difficult to kneel for her prayers. Yet, she does not complain and prays on her knees for a long time in the chapel.

Many years go by in this way. Rose is now in grade eight; she will soon leave the school and go back for good to Fort St. James, where she has gone every year for the summer vacations. But a series of unhappy events strikes her family: in 1930, her sister Seraphine, 14 years old, dies from pneumonia. A year later, her mother, Agathe, succumbs to influenza, while on the trap line. Then, in 1932, another sister dies, Lina, who is only 6 years old.

Her mother's death is a severe trial for Rose. Agathe was a woman of great simplicity and strong faith, gentle and caring, as is her daughter. Rose will stay at Fort St. James for the last time, spending long hours by her mother's grave. Then she goes back to Lejac and decides not to leave the school again.

Rose does not stay at Lejac in order to find a job there, but rather because it is a place where she can realize her wish to live in prayer. She accepts whatever tasks are given to her: she works in the office, she takes care of the linen and does needlework, she shares in the housekeeping, listens to the students who need someone to talk to, helps with homework... When there is no work to do, she goes to the chapel and prays. She attends morning mass, says the rosary, spends time in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. In this school where, as in all the residential schools for Aboriginal students, English was the only language allowed, Rose manages to create an exception: with the help of a hymnal and a prayer book in the Dakelh language, that of the Carrier First Nations, she teaches the students to sing and pray in their own language. Even the sisters adapt to this initiative, and prayers and hymns alternate in Dakelh and English.

² Based on Fr. Allard's diary, as reported by Kay Cronin in *Cross in the Wilderness*, (1959) Mission Press, Toronto

The years go by. Rose's world is a small one: the linen room, the dayroom where she interacts with the students, the chapel, the small knoll with, in early summer, wild roses in bloom, and from where she can observe the lake and the hills beyond it. It is her chosen world, a world of serene contemplation. A world where she is close to Jesus and his mother Mary.

Around 1934, Rose is hospitalized in Smithers, a small town west of Fraser Lake, and she undergoes surgery for a tumor. Later, she is diagnosed with tuberculosis. She becomes more fragile, full rest is prescribed. In August 1949, she is hospitalized again, this time in Vanderhoof, halfway between Lejac and Fort. St. James. She dies there on August 19, while the persons who had come along with her are attending a mass to her intentions, and her family, whom she asked to come and be with her, are slowed down on their way to the hospital by an unusual fog. Her nurse is the only person with her in her last moments.

*There are saints whom no man would discover if God did not discover them for him.*³

In spite of her life of prayer, caring compassion and service, Rose had never been considered as particularly exceptional. Everybody loved her: her family, the sisters, her classmates, the younger students whom she comforted when they missed her home and community. Her needlework and the little cards that she created were praised. People wept when she died. Her coffin was set in the chapel, a bunch of flowers placed on her breast and a small pillow under her head, to make her deformity less obvious. Then she was buried in the school cemetery on August 21, three days before her 34th birthday. Rose became just a touching memory.

However, her death had been marked by two unusual facts.

When she arrived at St. John's Hospital in Vanderhoof, which was staffed by the Sisters of Providence, Rose had asked that her family be informed. Her father, Jean-Marie, her brother Paul and her sister Sally were in Fort St. James. Warned by a phone call, Fr. Simpson, the parish priest, offered to drive the family members to Vanderhoof in his car. At that time, the road was unpaved and the car followed a dusty trail, a "moose trail", as it was called. A thick fog, unusual in the summer, slowed down the travelers. They could not see three feet ahead of them, and someone had to walk in front of the car to guide it. They had 100 km to go⁴.

From her bedroom window, Rose saw the thick fog and told her nurse: "They won't make it on time". And in fact, delayed by the fog, her relatives arrived quite some time after her death.

The other unusual fact may be more remarkable: a few minutes before Rose died, her nurse, Caroline Linitski, was with her as she was hemorrhaging. The attending physician confirms the death, but her nurse notices that the body does not cool down as it should, and remains flexible. She calls back the physician, thinking that Rose could be in a coma. The physician notes the absence of rigor mortis, checks the vital signs, but does not observe any. He draws her blood: it is black, which confirms that Rose is dead. Yet, this unusual condition persists, even when her body is taken to the morgue. Nobody seems concerned and no autopsy is performed. Sixty years will pass before Caroline brings to light this surprising aspect of Rose's death.

³ Alban Goodler, SJ, *Saints for Sinners*. Image Books Edition, 1959, retrieved on February 18, 2014 from http://www.piercedhearts.org/theology_heart/life_saints/claude_colombiere.htm#Act_of_Confidence_in_God

⁴ Reported by Wilma Pattison, March 11, 2014. Wilma is the daughter of Paul Prince, Rose's brother.

What will clearly draw attention to the extraordinary character of Rose's death – and as a result, of her life – will take place two years later. In an interview in July 2013, Jack Lacerte, the last witness still alive, tells what he saw in 1951:

“... They hired my dad, so he hired my brother Vic, myself and another gentleman and we were hired to dig out the other exhumed bodies in the old cemetery that was fenced in surrounded by cows. So it was really quite dirty so we were walking in mud to your ankles so I guess it would an embarrassment to the priests and the people that in such a site would be located the cemetery... so I guess that the priests and the bishop decided to change the location so they brought it down here. ...

So we exhumed the bodies, some were deteriorated quite badly and some were embalmed. We could always tell which ones were embalmed, their bodies were hard but they turned black, but anyways, we got down to almost the last one, it was Rose Prince's. So, I don't know why my father insisted on opening up all the coffins, but he did, and when he opened Rose Prince's coffin, it made a real hissing sound, like, not an explosion... just like an explosion. Pwush...and he opened it up...it seemed as if he was searching and when he opened it up Rose Prince's coffin, he found it... found what he was looking for. So he opened the lid, and I could see from five, ten feet away, and he insisted that all of us come to observe it, so we did.

When the coffin was exhumed, it was clean, even though it was there for a couple of years, it did not smell anything, it was not dirty in anyway, her blouse was still crispy and white, she had her rosary there and also had some flowers on her chest, and so, my dad, I would say, was pretty impressed with this because all the other bodies he exhumed were all deteriorated and smelly. So he said « I'm going to go down tell the priests about this » so he did. I was in charge of the horses, and we had a stone boat where we put the bodies on, so I parked the stone boat in front of the school. When the priest came out, he was astounded, and went quickly back in and brought all of the priests out to have a look at it, and all of the brothers came out, and they were all, would you say, blown away. It was really, really beyond explanation, and so they said « we have to tell the nuns », and they went to tell the nuns. At least ten of them came out, and they were just astounded because they all knew her personally. She just look as if she was asleep, and smiling. Some of them crossed themselves because it seemed that they were in the presence of someone special.

So after that it was all over, so I brought the stone boat back to her gravesite. At that time, there was no fence in, so I brought the stone boat in and unloaded her coffin. They had a new box prepared for her. Her coffin, even though it had been there for a couple of years, it was not sour, or moldy or nothing... it was just fresh. So we brought her back here and after that we just finished digging all the other stuff out, but that really stuck in my mind.

... I was utterly speechless, really! Because I just had witness all the other dead bodies, some were just bones, some were partially decayed, and when we dug hers out, it was not moldy, not smelly, not dirty, it was just really amazing! Truly amazing. I knew, even at my younger age of sixteen, I knew there was something very, very special about this woman that we had exhumed, you know. I'm still blessed today about that. My brother, my father, they all passed on, and I'm the last one.”⁵

Incorruptibility brings us near God (Sg. 6, 19)

This discovery, seen as a providential sign, caused a review, a sort of re-evaluation of Rose's life by those who had known her well. At Lejac, in Fraser Lake and, of course, in Fort St. James, the news of Rose's incorrupt body of spread rapidly. People started remembering the way she was, her compassion, her piety, her joy... All of a sudden, this did not seem ordinary anymore, it was not “normal” anymore. People

⁵ Interview of Jack Lacerte by Marie- Espérance Cerdá, July 7, 2013

started questioning themselves, wondering whether, after all, God was not intervening to open the eyes of Rose's relatives and friends et make them acknowledge the extraordinary character of her life, which may have born the seal of real holiness.

In Fraser Lake, Fr. Jules Goulet, OMI, the pastor of Saint Andrew's parish, picked up the challenge of bringing to light Rose's virtues and keeping her memory alive. But it is only in 1990, at the request of former Lejac students who wished to meet that with the help of a local elder, a childhood friend of Rose, he organizes the first pilgrimage to her grave. Some twenty persons attend it. Ten years later, coming from the region, but also from the neighboring provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, hundreds of pilgrims, aboriginal or not, gather to pray over Rose's grave for three full days at the beginning of July. Since then, these pilgrimages to the open field around the cemetery have continued, with the celebration of the Way of the Cross, lectures or round tables held in a tipi, recitation of the rosary, confessions, ceremonies with incense and sweet grass, daily mass and a solemn mass at the conclusion, and of course, the sharing of memories and meals prepared for the pilgrims in the traditional hospitable way of the Carriers

An impressive healing took place in 1991. The pain from an inoperable back injury prevented Nick Loza, a miner from Fraser Lake, from walking and moving about, and kept him awake at night. Fr. Goulet anointed him with a small quantity of soil from Rose's grave mixed with holy water, praying to Rose as he did so. The anointment hurt the miner and Fr. Goulet left somewhat disappointed. But the same night, Nick slept without waking up from the pain, and the next morning, he could walk a little unsteadily around his house. Three days later he was walking normally, with almost no pain. He went back to work after six weeks.

Since then, other events that could be seen as miraculous are talked about: a young mother explains that her little girl seems not to suffer from asthma anymore, which astonishes her doctor; a man and his wife, both cancer patients, are healed after applying some of the soil from Rose's grave that their daughter had sent them. Some, as they come near the grave smell the scent of invisible rosebushes: "She wants to thank me for the wreath I made for her," says a woman, relating that experience as she returns from the cemetery⁶.

Generally, the pilgrims who pray over Rose's grave do not report miracles, but many find there the serenity that they had lost, the courage to fight their own demons, the strength to make peace with relatives or friends, in particular the strength to free themselves from the heavy memories of their years in an Indian Residential School. Like Fr. Vincent James, the pastor of Fraser Lake and successor to Fr. Goulet since 1994, they come to "talk" with Rose. Kneeling next to the railing that surrounds her grave, they collect a few spoonfuls of the soil that covers her and leave with it, as one takes away water from Lourdes. A tangible memory of a place of peace, a cure for the aches that life brings, a protection against adversity.

In spite of the efforts of the bishops that have led the diocese of Prince George over the last few decades, the Church is not ready to make Rose a saint yet. This should not prevent us from seeking her intercession, nor from taking her as our model, if we want to more faithfully follow the path laid by Christ. Some investigation has taken place, but the consensus is that it is up to the people who turn to Rose for help to demonstrate her holiness. In the words of Bishop Jensen, in July 2013, "We don't anticipate the Church's judgement. We look to Rose for her example; and for now privately, we can ask for her intercession.

⁶ Reported by Fr. Vincent James, in an interview by Marie-Espérance Cerdá, July7, 2013

But to aid that judgment we need to help assemble the evidence of her sanctity and the effects of her intercession. Sixty-four years is a long time; those who were eyewitnesses of her life and character have died. Now we have to ask that God will make clear His will that this humble disciple be honoured in the Church.”⁷

Long before Rose, another young Aboriginal woman, Kateri Tekakwitha, humble and serene, had renounced life in her native community to be always closer to Jesus: *A silence from forests and woodlands, archetype of those young women whose life is given to prayer, to silence, persons that nobody hears, nobody listens to, but who are fire, unknown goodness... Salt of the earth, light of the world.*⁸

Thus in circumstances less dramatic than Kateri, but painful all the same, Rose turns herself into the silence of the lakes, the hills, the forests, in the austerity of a residential school, giving herself up to prayer and service, in the footsteps of Jesus and Mary.

*What would the Church be without the Virgin Mary, of whom we know so little?*⁹

Of Rose, as of Mary, we actually know very little. A few things about her life, very little about her spiritual development, since she did not leave anything in writing, and did not confide in anyone. Only two remarks have been reported by people who knew her, but these do throw some light on her spirituality.

Blessed are the peacemakers (Matthew 5: 9)

Evalie Murdock, a student at Lejac whom Rose helped practise reading, used to discuss with her the little problems of daily life in a residential school: “Sometimes I would feel resentment towards other girls or towards the Sisters, or something someone had said to me. Then Rose would talk to me. She would suggest that I pray for the person rather than feel resentment.”

Very simple advice: it is not a question of praying for those who persecute us – rather rare in ordinary life – but for those who upset us, those who hurt our feelings, those who annoy us by their presence or their manner, those we do not like. There are many more of them than of potential persecutors; it is easy to complain about them while feeling some justification for it, while not realizing our lack of charity. Yet, if everyone of us would take the time to pray for those who have just now hurt us or annoyed us, who have pained us by failing us ever so lightly, if we prayed for all these people who offend us in our daily life, would we not be able to create areas of peace and serenity, without pretending to much, but where understanding and comprehension would overcome conflicts and tensions?

Praying for others forces us to scrutinize ourselves, to become conscious of our own role in those dissensions. Eliminating resentment through praying means opening our heart, forgiving and asking to be forgiven, building peace, not at the higher level of major realizations, but at the level of everyday life, where most of our actions are performed.

My mother and brothers are those who hear God’s word and put it in practice (Luke 8: 21)

Celina John was a cousin and a childhood friend of Rose’s. After Agathe’s death, Celina asked Rose why she would never go back home with her younger siblings for the summer vacations. Rose went on

⁷ Bishop Jensen. Homely at the Rose Prince pilgrimage, July 8, 2013.

⁸ Benoît Lacroix, O.P. Homely on the feast of Saint Kateri Tekakwitha, April 17, 2015.

⁹ Id.

working, and, after a long silence, answered with a smile: “I’ve got my parents here.” Thinking that Rose meant that the Sisters had taken the place of her parents, Celina kept asking questions. Rose answered: “Our blessed Mother and her son Jesus, they are my parents. I feel so close to them here, I just don’t want to go out and I have no intention of going anywhere.”

One could see in this unwillingness to return to her family in Fort St. James a rejection of difficult living conditions. How could, on a reserve, a person with a physical deficiency like Rose’s contribute to the wellbeing of her family? Wouldn’t she become a burden for her relatives, no matter how much they loved her? What financial support could she offer? What difficulties, economic and other, could she create?

Rose was certainly aware of all this. She did not want to break up with her family, and she did not break the ties she had with her father and her siblings, who were still close to her. She simply loosened them. Lejac was more secure than an isolated village, but it probably was not particularly comfortable, with those flights of stairs that were so difficult for her to use, to the point that sometimes her meals were brought up to the linen room, so that she would not have to endure a painful trip up and down the stairs. And a school remains a school, with its schedule, its routine, its requirements, its somewhat rigid teachers, its sometimes difficult students. It can turn into a stifling environment.

If Rose chose to stay there, it is mainly because there, her spiritual life could flourish; she could freely express it through a life of service and moments of prayer and adoration. If Fort St. James could have given her the same conditions, she would have gone back, at least for her vacations. But she left her home, her father, her brothers and her sisters, and she received a great deal more. She wanted to listen to the word of God and put it in practice. Thus she became a *sister*, to Jesus, his *family*. As family relationships are reciprocal, Jesus became *family*, a *brother*. Mary, the *mother* of Jesus as well as of the Church, logically became her *mother*, her *parent*, in short, *family*, too.

This may throw a light on why her relatives were not able to reach her hospital room on time on August 19, 1949, though she had asked them to come. Her natural family being literally lost in a fog, it became the responsibility of Jesus and Mary, her spiritual family, to look after her at the time of her death. Would have she been able to entrust her soul to them, to put herself into their hands, if she had been surrounded by her grieving relatives? Would she have been able to feel the presence of Jesus and Mary at her side, if she had had to comfort Jean-Marie, Paul and Sally? She had detached herself almost 20 years ago in order to give the first place to Christ and his Mother, it was only fair that they, in turn, be with her as she was passing into Eternal Life.

The Lord is my strength and my song (Ps. 118:14)

A life such as that of Rose Prince, serene, quiet, helpful, patient and caring, may seem almost too simple, too easy. We see her smile, we hear her sing or hum, and we could almost think that she is distancing herself from reality, that she lives effortlessly in some sort of a bubble of tranquility, of quiet peace, away from ordinary worries and pains.

But in reality, Rose Prince’s life is riddled with deep traumas, physical, and probably moral, sufferings. The serenity that one sees in her and around her has most likely been gained through extreme efforts and an uncommon fortitude.

Who could suppose that a six-year-old child would leave her parents and her home, her community and her culture, and live in a residential school that, in spite of the goodwill of the sisters, had more in common with army barracks than with a kindergarten, and not be deeply and lastingly troubled? Close to a hundred years before, at 15, Ernest Renan had entered as a boarder a seminary in Paris. He suffered

violently form this life change: “Being in a boarding school was killing me. The memories of the free and happy life I had led until then with my mother pierced my heart.”¹⁰ Could it be any different for Rose at six?

She will share the pain of the other children, who miss their families and their way of life, and she will comfort them. Later on, she will teach them the hymns and songs translated by an Oblate, Fr. Morice, in the Dakelh language, maintaining a tenuous link with the culture which they were taught to ignore. Does she herself miss this culture? We do not know, since she hasn't said anything, but the daughter of the “Church Chief” from Our Lady of Good Hope would probably find some comfort in praying and singing in her own language.

The year when Rose turns 17 and is about to return home to Fort St. James for good, Agathe, her mother, dies. According to those who knew her then, her grief is intense. During her summer vacation, she spends long hours by her mother's grave. Then she goes back to Lejac, and nothing indicates that her behavior has been altered, nor that her serenity has been severely damaged.

Still a child, she suffers a curvature of the spine, due maybe to a fall, or to a congenital malformation, nobody really seems to know. This will handicap her all her life, but, as she did not like to attract attention, Rose did not speak about it and no one knows how much of a burden this malformation was for her. Yet, according to the Lejac Sisters, who placed a pillow under her head to improve her position when they laid her down in her coffin, she was “very disabled.”

Then there is this tumor, on the origin and the nature of which nothing is known, and which is operated when she is 20. Later on, tuberculosis in the last years of her life. She goes on praying, working, smiling and humming songs until, shortly before her death, she is made to rest. She does not complain, although she is aware of the seriousness of her condition: when she says good-bye to a Sister who was going on vacation, Rose tells her that they will not meet again.

No, Rose Prince's life is not simple and easy. If she had not been able to draw from the well of her faith, would she have had the strength to bear quietly all these trials? If she had not received her strength from the Holy Spirit would she have been able to go on praying, working, smiling and humming her songs in the midst of her suffering and of the myriads of small problems of her daily life?

The life of these quiet souls of the woodlands, the forests and the lakes, servants of Christ and of their neighbours, really is a profound mystery. If God did not act in his own way in an equally mysterious manner, we would not be able to know them. If God does not give us a clear indication, we don't see anything.

Daughter of a people silent by nature, Rose, like Kateri a long time ago, has not said anything about herself. The Lord has spoken in her name. It is up to us to understand the message.

Sources

Since the first pilgrimage to Lejac in 1990, many articles about Rose Prince have been published in the local press and religious publications. They cannot be all listed here, but I would like to mention four articles in particular:

Angela Levy, *The hidden Rose of Lejac*. Companion of St. Francis and St. Anthony, volume 64, n^o 8, Toronto

Mary-Anne Lewis Jamin, *This is a Holy Woman: Rose Prince*, Our Family, September 1994

¹⁰ Ernest Renan, *Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse*, 1883

Fr. Joseph Lang and Angela Levy, *Rose of the Carrier*, Oblate Missions, n° 196
Chris Miller, *Pilgrimage pays tribute to Rose Prince*, Western Catholic Reporter, August 30 2010

I am also very much indebted to Rose's niece, Wilma Pattison, and to her husband James, who very kindly shared with me their own family memories of Rose and of her parents and siblings, their way of life on the Fort St. James and Izana Lake reserves in the 1920's, Rose's last moments in the Vanderhoof hospital. I was very touched by their love for Rose and by their deep knowledge of the Carrier Nation and of the Oblate missionaries.

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