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With Kay Currie, Westmount: A Journal and Conversations Since the 1940's, Mary Catherine (Kay) Currie has been malting pilgrim? ages to Ste. Anne de Beaupre, Que? bec • a place long associated with deep religious feeling and miraculous cures. Then, starting in the 1970's, she began arranging journeys there for others as well. With great careful? ness, she has been good enough to share with us some of her life's expe? riences. This article is edited from Kay's conversations with Cape Bre? ton's Magazine, as well as from a scribbler in which she wrote out por? tions of her life. We begin with Kay's own writing: I was born in Beaver Cove to Dan and Mary Ann (MacNeil) MacMillan, July 12th, 1915. Third in a family of seven-- five boys and two girls. The second child died in infancy. I was the next child.

The doctor said jokingly, when he delivered me, "Funny you didn't lose her in the fields." He could span his forefinger and thumb around my waist, I was so small. Mother often said I was a very sickly baby; I cried most of the first two years. Mother and Father were very religious. They saw to it that we learned the catechism, our morning and evening prayers; the Ange- lus was always said before we ate our breakfast, noon, and evening meal. Rosary was said every evening. They always blessed themselves as soon as they stepped outside the door. I asked, "What prayer did you say?" They an? swered, "Jesus Christ ahead of me, ' Blessed Virgin be? hind me. Guardian Angel pro? tect me." We lived three and Left: Kay's par? ents on their wed? ding day, 1910 a half miles from church but we never missed a First Friday, Holy Hours or Holy Days of Obligation. Most of the time we walked. If we were lucky we might obtain a ride on the hand car which was used by the railway men. Father was a jack-of-all-trades, e.g., farmer, carpenter, butcher, etc. Mother and he got along marvellously. In the evening after work he would take the violin and play to his heart's content. He was a beau? tiful player. Good many an evening, we had a good square set on the kitchen floor. Our place was where the young boys and girls came to play cards, tell stories and have a good cup of tea, especially during the long winter evenings. FROM A

CONVERSATION WITH KAY CURRIE: (When) I was about 10 years (old), the homily given by the parish priest was on the children of Fatima. It left such an impression on me that I prayed that I may be able to bring souls to God. I began to realize that God places each of us in this world to do His will. I dedicated my life to God.' March 18, 1927, at the age of twelve. Mother, an aunt, and I went to visit Aunt Flora (who was expecting her twelfth child). When we entered the house, she was sitting at the kitchen table with an aura of light surrounding her. At that instant an inner voice silently said, "She is go? ing to die, pray for her. Offer up sacri? fices for the souls in Purgatory." When I told the incident to my mother she insist-