

the newly arrived Indian for her God. "This love of Kateri for her God," he wrote, "was the source of her great love for the Holy Eucharist and the Cross..."

Her love, let us not forget, was always orderly. First of all, she attended to the duties of her state of life. Then, and then only, she allowed her heart's yearning which led her invincibly to the church of logs, the temple of her God. Every day Kateri repeated the same comings and goings, the same attitudes, the same gestures before the Eucharistic King. It was her *danse noble*.

Each morning, at four o'clock, she heard a first Mass, often arriving before the bell which rang at that hour. About six o'clock, she heard the Mass which assembled the whole village.

What did she do from one Mass to the other? She remained before the Blessed Sacrament "in prayer, though her tongue played a small part in it. Ordinarily she prayed only with eyes and heart — her eyes suffused with tears and her heart incessantly giving forth ardent sighs. She was always as if lifted out of herself when she prayed and conversed with Our Lord." These tears contained such great joy that she did not feel the cold of the harshest winters. Like St. Bernadette not feeling the flaming taper at the sight of Mary! Now and then, Father Cholenec, seeing her perished with cold, sent her to her longhouse to warm herself. She instantly obeyed, but a moment later, returned to the church and there continued her loving conversation with Jesus Christ.

During the day "when she entered the church, she took Holy Water, reminded herself of her Baptism, and renewed the resolution she had made to live as a good Christian. Then after kneeling in some corner near the railing (for fear of distractions from those both entering or leaving), she covered her face with her blanket and made an Act of Faith in the Real Presence in the Blessed Sacrament. She made also many interior acts of contrition, resignation, and humility, according to the inspirations she felt in her heart. She asked God for light and strength to practice virtue perfectly. She prayed also for the infidels, above all for her Iroquois relations and friends, and ended her devotions with a rosary... She had set a time for these visits which brought her to Our Lord five times a day without fail; in fact we can say that the church was a place where one would most often find her..."



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*The monstrance dating back  
to Kateri's times*

Thus it was for the weekdays, but on Sundays and holydays of obligation? "It may be said," notes Father Cholenec, "that Kateri spent them entirely in church, since she scarcely ever left it on those days except to take refreshment." Similarly when rain or extreme cold did not allow her to work. As a first conclusion, let us take that suggested by the missionary whom I have just quoted: "Finally, her work done, she returned again in the evening, and left only late at night: the first in the morning to enter and last every night to leave!"

## II

At certain times, the rhythm of this sacred dance, the entire Eucharistic life of Kateri, became more solemn, truly splendid. For instance, at the moment of her First Communion, Christmas 1677. She had fervently prepared herself since her arrival at the Mission of St. Francis Xavier. "Because she led such a fervent and exemplary life, she merited at this time a grace not granted to those who came from the Iroquois until several years later, and