

PONDER AWHILE . . .

Tekakwitha, living in pagandom, was a good child. So was I, in my own small way. Since then, taking into account the talents which God gave to me, have I paralleled Kateri's spiritual life?

(Now turn to page sixteen and read the Prayer for Kateri's Beatification.)



Third Day

“I Have Already Decided What I Am Going to Do!”

God's loving Hand had been at work when smallpox scarred the beautiful features of four-year-old Tekakwitha. He desired her for Himself. Ordinarily young men do not think much of girls with marred complexions . . .

Her foster parents tried their utmost to induce Tekakwitha to marry. At the very early age of eight, she was given in marriage to a boy of her own age. But this ceremony was no more than an agreement, common enough among the Iroquois, which served to strengthen the ties of friendship between two families. The boy thought no more about this “marriage” than did Tekakwitha, and it was soon forgotten.

Several years later a snare was set to draw her into wedlock. An Indian brave was ushered into her lodge and told to sit down beside her. He well understood what this meant: if the girl offered him some saganité, she became his wife. Tekakwitha instantly fled from the long house and hid