



FOR KATERI LOVERS...

something new,
 something chic:
 kATERI in enamel
 on a four inch square
 ceramic tile
 mushroom colored to
 blend into any background
 by the well-known ARTIST
 DANIEL LAREAU.

(\$2.25 postpaid.)

to ever mention it. No man counted in her life. Saint Bernadette Soubirous would not speak otherwise two centuries later.

Anastasia could not get over it. The apparent lack of deference for her advice, sound and well meant, it must be admitted, displeased her supremely. She did not spare her observations for the obstinate young woman. Worse still, she threatened to complain to the *Raguenni*.

And Anastasia did go to Father Cholenec to report about Kateri. The latter, however, had preceded her by a few minutes. This, "her mother" was unaware of. Anastasia Tregonhatsiongo admitted that she did not understand Kateri. The girl was of age, and still she did not intend to start her own home.

The missionary replied coolly. Why torment Kateri for a resolution so worthy of praise? As a Christian of many years' standing, with all her experience, did Anastasia lack the insight to appreciate the beauty and the merit of the young maiden's position? And the priest waxed eloquent: "Far from objecting, if she had any faith, she should esteem Kateri all the more, and feel happy and honored herself because God had chosen a young girl from her long house to raise the banner of virginity among the Indians, and to teach them this sublime virtue which makes men like angels..."

Poor, good Anastasia! These remarks opened her eyes. She blamed herself for her conduct, and as she herself was very holy, she admired Kateri, praised her and looked upon her as a saint. Better than sentiment and fine speeches, she henceforth always supported "her daughter" in her new way of life. As in fairy tales, the story ended well. Anastasia was able to impart her new outlook on Kateri Tekakwitha to the adopted sister.

A year and a half later, during Holy Week of 1680, Kateri fell dangerously sick and died. In the account of her last moments, no mention is made of Anastasia Tregonhatsiongo. Doubtless with most of the others, gone out on the winter hunt, she did not return to the mission before Good Friday or Easter. Then it was that she learned of the death of her beloved "daughter".

The only time Anastasia had had a bone to pick with Kateri was when she tried to induce the young woman to marry. The Iroquois maiden bore her no resentment and from beyond the grave she showed her second mother gratitude for her charitable care. Her sweetest smile of gratefulness goes back to the Wednesday