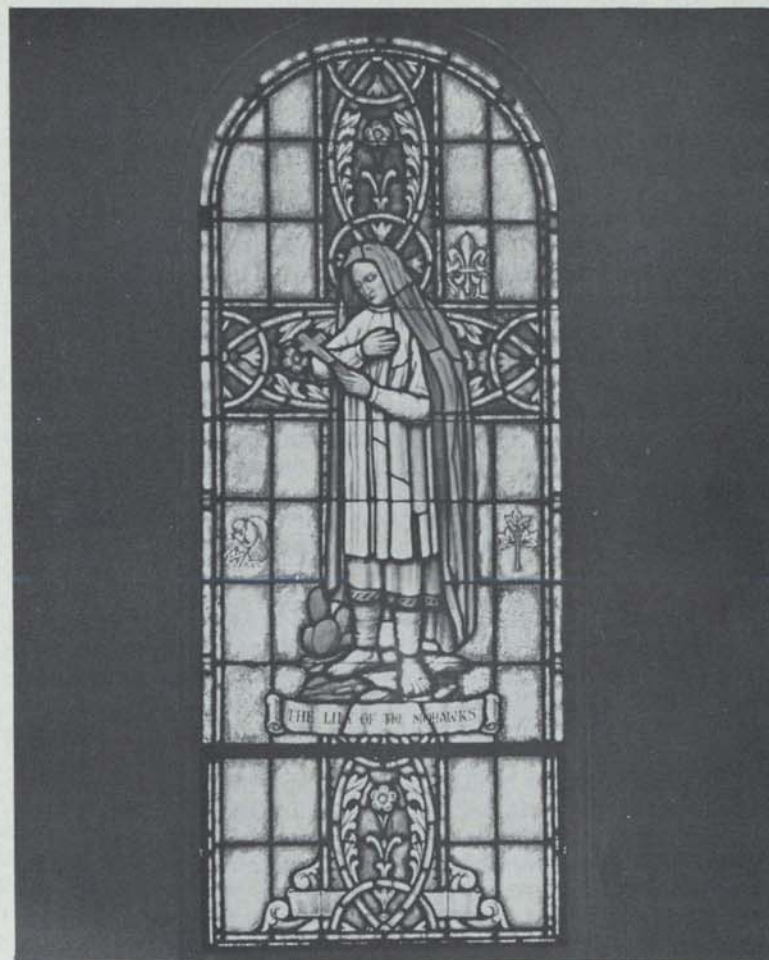


A moment later, with a pleasant smile, she would say she was no longer cold and would return to the spot where she had left her heart. After describing her devotion to the Real Presence, the missionary commented, "What have the French to say regarding this, who pass our churches a hundred times a day, without the thought ever occurring to them to enter even once to greet Our Lord on His Altar, and who are so bored in church because the Mass they are obliged to hear appears a little too long to them?"

Stalwarts like the Great Mohawk and Huron Paul Honoghag, first Christian of the mission, while wearing iron bands garnished with sharp iron points around their bodies for entire days, hewed down trees and lugged heavy loads of wood to the village. Thanks to Mary Teresa, we know that Kateri also wore one more often than not. With a heavy bundle of firewood on her shoulders, she slipped on the ice, while wearing the penitential belt, and tumbled down a steep incline on her way from the fields. The prongs bit deeply into her flesh. After laughing at herself for the sorry state in which she was, she refused to put down the load she was carrying despite her companion's insistence that she let her take care of it. When she got home, she hid her distress so well that nobody noticed anything wrong with her.

Constantly in search of new means to please God, Kateri one day asked her wise, old instructress, Anastasia, what would be the most difficult and at the same time the most agreeable sacrifice one could offer to Our Lord as proof of one's love for Him? Without being fully alive to the importance her answer would have for the young woman, she said, "My daughter, I know of nothing on earth more horrible than fire." "Neither do I," rejoined Kateri. Do doubt wishing that she could some day suffer for **lesos Christos**, Anastasia wistfully added, "The constancy of the martyrs who underwent this torture must be of great merit with God."

After the communal evening prayers, Kateri's mind was still filled with thoughts of penance through fire. She stretched out on her mat and lay motionless. The thought of her sins coupled with that of the Son of God dying upon the cross for her filled her heart with an immense sorrow. After the other Indians in the longhouse had fallen asleep, she quietly arose and taking a brand from the nearest firepit, spent a long time burning her legs in the same way slaves were burnt among the Iroquois. She wanted to show that she, too, was a slave, but a slave of **lesos Christos** like St. Paul. And that is why, in the



Kateri

From Palm Springs, California, Mrs. Mildred Malatesta writes, "This stained glass window of Kateri has been in our Church, 'Our Lady of Solitude,' since its beginning, fifty years ago. No one knows who donated the window, but God bless them, for they must have had great knowledge of Kateri." The Vice-Postulator is grateful to Mrs. Malatesta for this photo of the Lily of the Mohawks. *Kateri's* readers will surely appreciate it, too.