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never to give up. On Christmas Day 1679, she certainly received Holy Communion. As she participated in the Holy Sacrifice and in the reception of the Eucharist, suffused with bliss, in union with her Savior, she abandoned herself up completely to the Father, clay in the hands of the divine Potter. With St. Paul, she sought to complete the sufferings of Christ with all her might and main, with all her love for God and her fellow men.

At the end of 1679, as snow fell upon the little village, Kateri's health deteriorated once again and her infirmities increased from day to day. Even so, she did not intend to remain stretched out on her pallet. She could often be seen within her longhouse preparing her meal or sewing in the fashion of Frenchwomen, but much better than most of them. When she felt a little stronger, even if the cold was as sharp as the bite of a wolf, she hastened to church. There she passed a good part of the day kneeling down, and at times leaning on a pew. If she was unable to go out, she passed the time of day in meditation or in reciting her rosary, turning in her weakness, little Indian sunflower, to the Light of God. This spiritual recollection led her to the prayer of invocation, so essential in finding out where one stands with regard to the Almighty. For Kateri, wracked by pain, the starting point was what she already was through faith, and the point of arrival was what she would be in glory: a partial but steadily increasing possession of the Lord seen as in a mirror, in the expectation of the full possession of her Beloved when she would see Him face to face.

Marie Therese Tegariaguenta spent some time each day in Kateri's longhouse and, without being fully aware of her spiritual ascension, she finally noticed that her friend was becoming more and more hollow-cheeked as the days went by. She had often seen Kateri grinding Indian maize and, too, the new wheat which the missionaries had brought from France, on a large flat stone, as she often did herself. One day as she visited with her, she had the impression that her friend had become the wheat of the Lord, which the divine Miller had already begun to pulverize. Marie Therese began to worry. The feverous face of remorse leered at her. Had she not unduly taken upon herself the role of the invisible Miller?

For more than a year, hadn't she encouraged Kateri to go in for blood-red penances before each weekly confession? Hadn't she suggested that her friend insert a glowing ember between her toes, much as their pagan compatriots did to their slaves? She recalled how the pain had stung her to the quick and that she had nearly fainted. The next day she had