

The last hour of the life of Kateri Tekakwitha

at three o'clock in the afternoon,

At three o'clock in the afternoon that the bell was rung to gather the Natives, who they had desired passionately to witness the death of this great Servant of God.

sometime after three o'clock in the afternoon,

After their return that she waited until everyone entered the lodge, which I had seen this marvel with my own eyes.

When the last one had arrived, which she went into her agony and while everyone had knelt around her.

At three hours after noon, which Kateri had entered into the most gentle agony conceivable.

sometime after half pass three o'clock in the afternoon,

A short half hour after her agony, which she had pronounced the Holy Names, Iesos! Wari!

Then a slight contraction of the nerve had come about at the side of her mouth, which she had entirely lost the vigour of speech, but as her hearing was still very good and fully conscience until her last breath.

She died peacefully and as if she had entered into a light sleep, which we were for a long time in doubt of her death.

sometime after three quarters of an hour after three o'clock,

Then her face had suddenly changed, which had appeared such smiling and devout that everyone was extremely astonished.

Because of smallpox that her face was ruined from the age of four, which her illness and mortifications had contributed to ruin her even more.

The face of Kateri was such marked and having a dark complexion, which her face had suddenly changed about a quarter of an hour after her death and became in a moment such beautiful, smiling and white.

Her face had assumed an appearance of a rosy colour, which she never had and her features were not the same.

I will admit openly of the first thought that came to me, which Kateri had entered into Heaven at that moment.

Then having reflected in her chaste body a small ray of Glory, which her soul had before taken possession.

This blessed soul had left her virgin body to go with her beloved Spouse.

Thus, Kateri Tekakwitha had died in the twenty-fourth year of her life on Wednesday of Holy Week, April 17, 1680.

And was to celebrate in Heaven with Him the triumphs of the Cross, which she had much loved and attached her heart, affections, chaste and virgin body through this life of mortification.

Kateri Tekakwitha had died as she had lived, that is to say, as a Saint.

Because it was to be expected that such a holy a life, which would be followed with a most Holy Death.

Father Claude Chauchetière, S.J.

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