

# CONTENTS



Acknowledgments / xi

Chronology / xiii

The Reason for Crows: Kateri Tekakwitha / 1

Afterword / 85

Bibliography / 89

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The blackbird whistling  
or just after.

—Wallace Stevens, *Thirteen  
Ways of Looking at a Blackbird*

Do I have to love a mutant?

—Leonard Cohen, *Beautiful Losers*

And when I put you out, I will cover the  
heaven, and make the stars dark; I will cover  
the sun with a cloud, and the moon will not  
give her light. I will make the bright lights  
of heaven dark over you, and set darkness  
upon your land, says the Lord God—

—Ezekiel 32:7–8

The Indeans have smallpoxe, they fall  
downe of diseas, they lye on harde mattes,  
their sores break and runn. Their skin  
cleaves to their mattes. They are bloodie,  
they lye in the cold. Noeone to build a fire  
against the snowe or carrye water—

—Diane Glancy

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Many years ago, in New York City, I found an Indian girl on one of the panels of the front doors of St. Patrick's Cathedral. Who was she?—This Kateri Tekakwitha, this Lily of the Mohawks, who lived only twenty-four years.



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