Native American and Indigenous Adventures

“It is going to be like a story,” I said, as I heard his rich, mellow voice begin.

Story – Chapter 1 – First Meeting with Chief Seattle

‚In the ancient of times, the star elders came to my people. They brought gifts – fire, light, love for children and family, and awareness and connection to all our relations. We the people were grateful. We lived in harmony with all our relations. Oh, yes, there were always one or two, here or there, who didn't see the beauty, and because they didn't see the beauty, they didn't feel the joy and peace.‛

‚In the very beginnings, there were enough of us - the people - who could hold them in love or bind them to right behavior in some way. Such was our life for many, many, many, many cycles/seasons/times – long, l o n g, l o n g. And in this long time, the numbers of the 'dissatisfied' grew. Life is not perfect – not now and not then. Some souls could not change with the seasons, or move with the rivers and the wind. And they were unhappy. As their numbers rose, strife between the tribes and clans and families began and continued.‛

‚Most of us – the people – struggled to continue in the old ways of love and respect: do no harm, take no more than you need, love one another, enjoy the beauty of life. But even that became more and more difficult as dissension arose between husband and wife, children and parents, clans and tribes. Still we persevered. It’s the time – before all that – that we like to think of and remember. But it came to an end. Then, slowly but surely, it was pushed farther and farther west, farther and farther away by the tide of another kind of people. The people who came – most of them had already lost eyes for the beauty, ears for the songs, heart for love, taste for the sweetness of water. Their way rolled across our way, drowning it in a sea of things – hard metal things – or seas of dissatisfaction and greed, or a sea of ideas of domination – values



that had nothing to do with our way of life.‛ ‚When we died, our blood entered the earth. For those of us who remained true

and loved the earth, and loved our life, and loved creation and all our relations, it was a good thing. And we went up the milky way to the ‚Happy Hunting Ground‛ as you call it. And we watched the earth from afar.‛

‚Those of our people who were unhappy and unsatisfied and could only feel the anger and the hatred, also died and let their blood flow into the earth, and she did not readily receive it. It was painful to our Mother. It was also snatched up by the angry Elementals who were being so hurt by the misuse of their elements to make weapons of destruction. Those souls of our people who were filled with hate joined ranks with all the other hateful ones. There has been so much injustice in this beautiful world – on this continent that I know – that there is now a huge mass of angry, hateful souls that prowl and howl in this earth. And even now, there are many living who know how to direct those energies – those howling masses of angry souls.‛

‚In our world, if a human has lived a life in touch with the old ways of love and respect, and enjoyment of the earth and all the beauty thereof – then there are star beings who come at death and lead them up the stairway of the stars to the right place. ‚It’s where your beloved wolves are also,‛ he said as an aside to me, ‚and the Grandmother wolf is happy to see you.‛ So she and I shared a loving little moment. Then the Elder went on. But, if a man has lost that connection to the good, the beautiful and the true, then that souls wanders, goaded and pinched and pulled by all the other angry lost souls who have been here for so long and those many more who are coming even now.‛

‚There are medicine men and women who know these things. They know how to herd and pinch and prod those souls who are still here close to the earth – stuck by their anger and hatred. And, they do that. I want to say something to those Native Americans who are now working with the dark forces.‛

‚You, my Brothers, I salute you. (He is raising his right hand and in his left, he is cradling a peace-pipe.) You are powerful but not wise. You, too, will suffer your own ends. Is it better to be a king of darkness or a child of light? You may still choose. The choice and the battle have come sooner than expected. I would ask of you, my Brothers, to cease your activities for a time. Break your old patterns. Take space and time. Return to Mother Earth. Feel everything. Yes, pain and sorrow – yes, fear, anger and hatred. These you know well. Now, also allow yourself joy, love, gratitude and deep peace. And when you have experienced all – only then may you choose in freedom. Otherwise, you are just an old nag with blinders on – treading the traces of your old ways. You are free to choose, but you must know all the options – all potential choices. We, your brothers in the spirit world will help to make a place for you and a time for you to experience these two sides, so that you may choose freely. And I would like to say 'rightly' – but only you know what is right for you.‛

‚We bless you in your vision quest. And in the end, should you choose to join with the star elders and your people in the spirit world, we offer the peace pipe.‛

His story came to an end, and all was silent. When he spoke again, he thanked me, saying, ‚Please, tell our story – so the right people will know. So that the dark side is approached in a loving and sharing way, by those who will carry this knowledge to their brothers kindly.‛