

# He Walked the Americas

## A story about Christ in the Americas

Transcribed by a Kituwah Elder of the Cherokee Nation

what you see is the way he wrote it

Excerpted from "He Walked the Americas"

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Publisher

Legend Press~9533 Clinton Rd.~Amherst, WI 54406

WEB SITE

<<http://members.aol.com/lgendpress/>>

"In a world of jaded emotions and broken dreams this book can reopen the doorways to your heart. Taylor Hansen has created a classic work, one that honors the Christ in all of us."

Rev. Dr. Robert Ghost Wolf

## He Walked the Americas

"We are the Ancients, and our skin is red: with us, the Sacred Color. These are our legends told about the campfires on winter's evenings. When you string them together, remember our great pride. Now we are looking down and our feathers are drooping. Tell the legends so that our young men will realize that the ancestor threads run in many directions. Through the tribes we have captured and with whom we have intermarried there is a red thread which runs back to the Red Land long sunken in the Destruction. There is a thread which runs far to the south where the mountain tops touch the sky and the Thunder Bird moves through the lightning's. There is a golden thread which touches Tollan, The Mighty, and beautiful Tula, while through some of our mothers there is a white thread to the words of The Prophet. Tell my young men to listen."

--Asa Delugie, War Chief of the Mescalero Apaches.

"This is our book. May you write it in beauty as we have told it in beauty."--  
Zeahley Tso, Chief of the Navajo.

"There is evidence that some of our ancestors may have come from the ancient trading empire of Chan Chan centuries before the rise of the Incan Power in Peru. Tell my people to learn of this great power which once ruled eyes. Tell them to look up and learn."

--So-Sah-kuku, Chief Snake Priest of Oraibi.

"This is our book-these legends of Ancient times. They are of the blood which courses through our veins. We of the Seven Tribes of the Black Tortoise once had a Dream of Empire. Yet farther back through the cycles of Time we knew the Great Wakon-Tankah, but we forgot His words. These legends should help us to look up and remember."

--Shooting Star, of the Dakota Sioux.

The legends that follow are the legends of the Healer. These legends were told by the fireside of a "saintly white teacher," who performed miracles with healing and control over the winds, waters, and other natural items. All describe his eyes as gray-green like the ocean and told stories of the future. His symbol has been woven into blankets, carved on canyon walls, put on pottery and danced in dances. His name has been given to mountains and rivers.

Though the stories are many and spread throughout the Americas, they are broken into bits and pieces, hard to follow and piece together into one tale. His name varied, most names were reflective of his control over the wind and water, as he would request each tribe to name Him as they wished, stating there was no value to a name.

The information given here is given that you might see and feel for yourself see the legends for yourself the stories of the Pale Prophet from the Native Peoples of the Americas. . To determine within yourself if this prophet was actually Jesus, or some other. Is there where Jesus was going when He talked about going to other sheep with his Apostles?

John 10:16 (NIV) t "I have other sheep that are not of this flock, I must bring them also. They too will listen to my voice, and there shall be one flock and one shepherd."

\*In Etowa, Georgia, the Prophet began to mention the future after a rite of dedication (known today as Thanksgiving). His first prophecy was concerning the Puan people moving northward and a civil war taking place amongst them. His second was as thus,

"Farther off there is another invasion. In ships many bearded men are coming from across the Sunrise Ocean. Many are the ships as the snowflakes of winter. I see these men taking the Broad Land; and the Mounds which hold the cests of our cities are for them, alas!, but earth for the taking. They do not respect our trees of cedar. They are but hungry, unenlightened children, and with them the vision closes....Would that I could speak to those bearded farmers! I have tried. They do not hear me. They go on their way like spoiled children, while I return to you and the present here at the Temple at Eseecowah."

At the time of the writing of this book the author stated there were many tribes now in Oklahoma that still remember this prediction, including the Choctaw, Cherokee, Chickasaw and Creek.

\*The Shawnee told the author that this came from the Prophet....

"Do not kill or injure your neighbor, for it is not he that you injure; you injure yourself. Do good to him, thus adding to his days of happiness even as you then add to your own. Do not wrong or hate your neighbor; for it not he that you wrong: you wrong yourself. Rather love him, for the Great Spirit loves him, even as He loves you."

\*I have heard the Cherokee story a couple times now about when the Prophet was with them. It was said that there were many tales, but most were as all the other nations. The one that was unique to the Cherokee was one in which the Healer was troubled by the events of the future. His twelve disciples (all tribes say he chose twelve for his special training!) were following him through the woods for fear any danger would come upon Him. At one point, the Healer came across a fawn that was lost in the woods. The Healer asked him where his mother was? The fawn turned his head and looked down a path. Not far away was the mother, the victim of a huge cat. She had given her life to save her young.

The Healer knelt down beside the dead mother and started stroking the body. As

His hand passed over the wounds, they healed up, leaving no marks. The deer then started breathing and rose. The disciples were upset at this and asked Him why he was wasting His energy on the animals. The Pale One said, "There cannot be too many good deeds. Such is the manner of compassion. A lost lamb is my Father's business, as important as saving a nation, if one need not choose between them. More precious in my Father's eyes is a good deed than the most exquisite jewel."

\*The Prophet was known to come across a Puant city in the now known area of Oklahoma. It was the Prophet's custom to always take their established temples and change them. He would chose the twelve to teach them the priesthood and then lectured the people. This was again done here as usual. But here, the people wanted to hear about his childhood.

He told them he was born across the ocean where all men had beards. Even in the legends, he told them of his virgin birth and about the bright star that shone over his city of his birth. The heavens opened up and winged beings sang chants of exquisite beauty.

"When the University of Oklahoma was digging the Spiro Mound, they found mush pottery showing winged beings singing, and also the hand with the cross through the palm. To them, He was known as Chee-Zoos, the Dawn God, and they whisper of Him about the campfires when no white man can listen. To quote the book, "The love they bear Him is beyond measurement, for well they know He watches over them, and that when their journey here is over, He will meet them in the Land of Shadows, for such was His sacred promise.

"They smoke the Sacred Peace Pipe in His memory, and blow the smoke to the four directions, knowing that to each man comes his retribution, no matter how flows the river of history. Thus in great pride walks the Red Man, even though now dire poverty stalks him and starvation or hunger sits at his table. In the mask like calm of his expression there smiles a secret satisfaction, a something which to puzzled white men is entirely beyond understanding."

\*An interesting story told in the book is about the Great Mound Builders, Dakota (the last high priest of extinct Elks, translated and recorded by Walter Pidgeon around 1850) described them as tribes that spoke the Algonquin ~ Haudenosaunee language and they were the Ancients of the country. According to him, these mounds marked the sites of cities. They were a type of writing that recorded history. They were to be read from the inside out and one had a history longer than London. The mounds were thought to have been covered by wood and painted as the Mayans had done. It was here too that the Prophet with his gray-

green eyes and golden sandals came. They tell He was the "Great White Robed Master."

In the Spiro Mound in Oklahoma, they found the symbol of the hand with the "T" cross through its center. As aforementioned, this is where they found the pottery with the winged beings. In the Indian Mound of Pittsfield was found three pages of parchment, and according to the author, they are in "old Harvard."

"One these pages were supposed to be quotations, written in Archaic Hebrew, from the Old Testament. About 8 miles southeast of Newark, the father of Bancroft, the Native American recorder of untold legends, claimed to have the only stone pictograph of the Prophet. About His head, again in ancient Hebrew were written the Ten Commandments.

Quoting the author...."His hair and beard are well pictured as well as His flowing toga. It was a small stone, highly polished, an inch and a half thick, eight inches long, four inches on one end to three on the other. This had been placed in a casket completely watertight, and many feet above it was the burial of the Indian high priest. How many other mounds have been plowed and leveled, and their contents scattered which the Red Men held as holy, planting trees of the sacred cedar upon them to keep them safe through two millennia?

"True, the invasion of the Serpents from perhaps 700 AD onward, coming up the Mississippi in their long snake-painted dugouts, carrying their sacred fire, brought an end to peaceful living, brought with them war and pillage and the priesthood of the Sacrificers. Yet they turned away from the hills of cedar, seeing the symbols of the Healer."

\*The Pawnee tell of a Prophet who taught them of His Father, "The Mighty Holy of the Heavens." He warned them not to forget what they were taught by Him, and when they would return to warfare, they often thought about how He taught them that "war but breeds more carnage." He had also told them about the white men coming. They remember Him as Paruxti and His Father was Tirawa.

The Pawnee claim the Prophet visited them twice, the second time was out of anger. As the story goes, some young men of the Pawnee had gotten together a secret league to attack merchants and make "war" on them. One night the Pawnee was by the Mississippi River and came across a camp of worn out merchants. The merchants had not been aware these young Pawnees had returned to the old ways and thought they were safe. One of the young merchants had stated that he was sad he never got to see the Dawn God. But they smoked the Peace Pipe and went to sleep.

The wild Pawnee then attacked, forced the merchants to carry their own goods

back to the bandits' camp. They had a wild night, dancing, yelling and preparing the two men for a sacrifice to the Fire god. One old man protested, pointed to the east where the Morning Star was beginning to rise. But no one paid attention to him and carried on what they were doing. One of the prisoners was already dead and the other was dying. The Pawnee stated, "Let Him come and revive these men! That would be much better magic than stopping a wind storm or walking on water!"

"At the point, the eastern sky lit up with fire, clouds reflecting the fire ever brighter. Everyone turned toward the brightened sky and stopped in their tracks. Suddenly there He was among them! They say He shined with a strange radiance, each hair of His head luminescent, a weird glow rippling from His garments and His sea-colored eyes flashing with lightning. He stood staring at the wild Pawnees.

"He asked them if this was how they kept His commandments, insulting the Father. "I came to shield you from His anger, or lo, great wind would ignite the forest! And to ashes would be consigned the Pawnee Nation!"

"At this point, the prisoner that was still alive called to Chee-Zoos and asked to be released. The Healer told the man he was free and to walk from the fire. Those who were watching saw the man stumble toward the Healer. When he had touched the Healer's robe, the man straightened up and didn't have a mark on him from the fire. The Healer turned to the dead man, telling him that he wasn't yet for the Land of the Shadows. The fire died away and the blackened body stirred. The Healer told him to rise up. The man rose up and was completely healed.

"This story is still told sometimes by the elders at the fireside during the winter evenings."

\*The "Algonquin of the Eastern Seaboard" tell they received their name for the Dawn Light from the Pale One. They wouldn't name the Prophet as He had asked them to do. They wanted to know what He was called where He grew up and He told them a name that was strange and hard to say. But they tried hard to say it: Chee-Zoos, God of the Dawn Light, basically the same as the Puants.

\*The Chippewa remember very well the "pale Great Master." They tell He gave them medicine lodges where the signs and emblems are secret and taken from those across the ocean. And according to the author, they keep this secret to this day.

\*The Dakota (Sioux) say He gave them their rite of baptism and purification, also many of their lodges. They remember Him talking about the coming of the white man and many other predictions. "We have backslid from His teachings, but to Him we dance the Sun Dance. We remember Great Wakona well." (Speaker not identified.)

\*In the times of the Prophet, the place which is now St Louis was once the capital of the Puant nation. The streets of the city actually represented history. Each street started from the Central Hub (which is where the Crest mounds were) and grew outward like a spoke on a wheel. When a dynasty was complete, the line would end and pottery with significant pictures of the period would be placed within the mound. The crest would be closed with a Mound of Extinction. Beyond it, counterclockwise, the new crest would begin.

The capitol buildings stood on the old crest, usually built of logs and beautifully painted. Many crests had been closed at the time of the Prophet and the city was large and many imports and exports went through the streets. The Algonquin remember Him well at the time of His arrival. The fleets coming down the river ceremoniously brought Him, always greeted with flowers. Once the Prophet heard tales of the Sunrise Ocean and the Five Tribes of Warring Nations.

He wanted to go see them immediately; He was so opposed to war and left with the merchants. He came upon the Seneca's and called the chiefs into a council. Quoting....."Long He spoke to them on the ways of His Father, as He had throughout the Broad Land, handling the language with great ease. He explained His peace religion, then He asked of them quite simply: what was the reason for their warfare? The Fire Chieftains were embarrassed, for they had long forgotten the reason, if indeed they ever had a reason. Each warrior looked upon the other and none could think of a valid answer.

"Therefore He bound them ceremonially into a never-ending alliance. To each He gave a sacred duty to perform for the alliance, and then He asked them to smoke the Peace Pipe, filled with tobacco and cedar shavings, and to blow the smoke to the four directions making the sign of the Great Cross, which is a holy symbol. Never from that time onward have the Five Nations fought each other, nor has the trust He gave them been cracked and broken.

"At this Council was a Seneca chieftain who was tall, for we are a tall nation. Like many of our people he had a lofty stature, and could easily look down on the heads of the others. Indeed the Prophet was not a short man, but neither was He as tall as the chieftain. The Seneca, seeing that he was the tallest, and could look over the light hair of the Pale God, rose and waited to speak. "There was a shocked silence. Would he presume to question the Prophet? The chieftain looked

upon the Healer.

"I have been watching you while you were speaking, oh One whom the people call the Dawn God. It is true that you hold a most strange fascination over the minds of men. I know that the people call you the Dawn God. If it is true, then you can prove it. Meet me here in four days in the early morning before the sun has shot his first long red arrow, and we shall stand before this door together. If the first red arrow of the dawn light, touches your hair before it paints my eagle feather, then indeed you are the Dawn God. This I give to you as a challenge. Now, for this day, I have spoken.'

"Everyone turned to look at the Prophet. He sat quite still as if in deep thought. At last He arose. 'Your stand is well taken. I will meet you here before the dawning. When from the Sunrise Ocean arises the golden light of the Dawn Star, I will be standing here before the Great Lodge. I will use up the moments of waiting to talk once more with the people-all who care to hear me. For now, I too have spoken.'

"During the four days the Healer went among the tribes, and though He did not speak of His appointment, everyone knew that He would keep it, for the Great One never broke a promise. Accordingly, at the time appointed, great crowds swarmed about the small mound where the Great Lodge stood open to the eastward. First to climb the mound was the Prophet. As over the horizon arose the first golden shafts of the Dawn Star, the Pale God spoke to the assembled nations. It is said that He always charmed His listeners, but now there was almost a breathless silence. Indeed it seemed the very trees were listening and also the assembled animals of the forest, so softly He spoke and so well did they hear Him, because of the silence that had settled.

"Now the tall chieftain left the others and slowly climbed the small mound, taking his place beside the Prophet. The two eagle feathers in the hair of the chieftain projected well above the head of the Healer, but no sign except a friendly greeting was given by the Pale Heawahsah, who turned and began the Chant of the Dawning. This was a prayer chant He had taught the people, which has long since been forgotten. Everyone started to join in and then, suddenly, a miracle happened.

"Before anyone else saw the sunlight, a golden shaft of radiant beauty came down from some clouds banked high with firelight, and touched the curling hair of the Prophet, diffusing itself like a halo until He stood, a luminous creature, painting all the ground around Him with gold. The people then fell down saying: 'Behold He is indeed the Dawn God who has come to walk among us!' and 'He draws his power from the Star of the Dawning.'

"The tall chieftain, seeing the Great One clothed in gold light, knelt in the dust beside Him and taking the hem of the Prophet's mantle, laid his cheek on the line of creases. I know that you think this sounds something like the Legend of

Hiawatha written down by Longfellow, the poet. You are right; there is a resemblance. O

"Once he was our guest and heard us chanting. He liked our stories so well that he kept urging us onward through his interpreter of the language. We told him many stories. When he returned and began to write them, he mixed them all together; but he was not trying to make fun of our legends-he was confused. We still honor him for enjoying the chants, and even trying to get the rhythm of their language. We honor him although Heawahsah never sought a Dakota maiden. That was a much later hero, who married with a distant nation.

"The meaning of Heawahsah? It is He From Afar Off. It is our name for the Prophet, who drew His great strength from the Dawn Star. All nations know He was of the Dawn Star, and that is why, even now, no nation of the ancient people known as 'red-skins' will ever make war or fight a battle while the Sacred Star of Peace is still shining in the great heavens. They dare not, for it is the Star of the Prophet."

(Note: Few know where to reach the 'Big Tree,' the Seneca, or even if it is still alive. He once told this legend to a child to illustrate the fact that the tallest men are not always the greatest. I hope he will not mind its inclusion here. Since there is a variation of this legend in Bancroft, recorded over a hundred years ago, it seems to be quite authentic to Seneca tradition-Author.)

\*In Michigan, according to Decorah, was the center of the Giant Cross of Waters. The Prophet was known to travel this trail. No tribe was too far, too small, too poor, too war-like. If He heard of a war, He went there. He would call all the chiefs together, divide the lands, give seeds and show how them how to garden. He would teach them His principles. "Do not kill unless you are hungry, and then ask the animal's forgiveness, and explain your great need to him before ever you pull the bow-string." This was one rule that Native Americans ever violated. Before hunting, each tribe would hold a prayer-dance.

The Prophet was always called the Feathered Serpent or Eeseeecotl among the Algonquians. They tell that He always wore a long white toga, with black crosses embroidered along the bottom, and had golden sandals. Every new town He would arrive in would have a new garment waiting for Him. They would keep the old ones, treasuring them, saying that to touch them would bring healing. During the visits He would train twelve disciples, with one to be their leader, who would take His place when He left to "go about My Father's Business." After He would leave, the grieving people would carve His sign upon the walls of canyons-a hand with a T cross in it.

\*While visiting the Chinooks, the Prophet pointed to a plain laying below them, stating that He saw through the cycles of time a great city spread across this plain, named Tacomah. It was to be a white man's city. The Chinooks were confused as to why the white man would name a city after Him, Tla-acomah. He explained that they would use the name of the mountain named after Him, but they would not understand the meaning of the name.

\*It is said the hot springs of Tacobya mark the passage of the Healer. In a canyon nearby is the hand with the T cross in it, and near this the Great Cross. It is understood that He traveled to the Havasu, raising one arm in greeting meaning "Peace and Prosperity to you". He then stopped and tapped a large rock with his staff and water gushed out of it. He drank from this sacred water and today it is called the Spring of Tacobya.

\*Tacobya went on to the Pueblos where the Empire of Tula, the capital of the peaceful Toltecs. He also went to the Wallapai tribe and gathered the chiefs in a great counsel and redistributed the grain fields. He taught them more clever gardening with melons, squashes, pumpkins, mescal, and beans; he gave them many other plants which have been lost through the ages. He also taught them how to conserve water under the ground.

"He went on to the people of the White Rock. They told Him they had come here after a great war in the south. Their cities had been burnt and they were all that was left of the once great power. They were sad in their hearts and the Prophet told them of another nation that had to flee oppression in days long gone. Then He showed them the beauty of their land and taught them how to garden well.

As He was leaving the Pueblos, He told them, "In truth I give to you a promise. Keep you my precepts, forsake all warfare and you shall ever have my blessing even beyond White Man's coming. And woe to the hands that are raised against you...If to my teaching you are faithful, and to show that you have lived each day rightly, leave alight at night burning against the time I will return through the Dawn Light, and lead thee unto My Father's Kingdom." So every night a light is burning in Acoma and other Pueblos among these tribes, which we call heathen. From there He moved on.

The legends that follow are the legends of the Healer. These legends were told by the fireside of a "saintly white teacher," who performed miracles with healing and control over the winds, waters, and other natural items. All describe his eyes as gray-green like the ocean and told stories of the future. His symbol has been woven into blankets, carved on canyon walls, put on pottery and danced in dances. His name has been given to mountains and rivers.

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broken into bits and pieces, hard to follow and piece together into one tale. His name varied, most names were reflective of his control over the wind and water, as he would request each tribe to name Him as they wished, stating there was no value to a name.

The information I give here is just to let you see the legends for yourself. To determine within your own heart if this prophet was actually Jesus~ Sananda or some other.

Is this where Jesus was going when He talked to his Apostles about going to tend his other sheep?

John 10:16 (KJ) " And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.."

In August of 1918, the chief of the Chippewa, Dark Thunder, once was talking with a college student whom the tribe had affectionately adopted. He, the student, had learned to look through the tribal eyes on the reservation, as the Ancient Ones and keepers of the Olden Knowledge.

The chief told the student of a prophet that had come long ago and had asked the tribe to name him "for to Him names meant nothing." They named him Wisahco and always covered his paths with flower petals. The Prophet had told their people that He would do the same for the spirits who left them—"for those beyond the sunset." To use the old chief's answer of what He was like:

"He was bearded, and pale of feature-without doubt a White Man. His eyes were as gray-green as still green water, and just as changeable in their color. He came to us one day at dawning and the light touched His hair with the sheen or red-gold until it shone like newly-mined copper. Yet He was not as the men of your people. This one was a god, with high soul-stature. If He touched a man who was wounded, that one became healed.

"His robe was long and white down to the hemline which almost hid His golden sandals. Everyone wished to make Him white robes, for then He would leave behind the old ones, and all that He touched was enchanted with His god-like power of healing.

"He came alone. He organized the churches, changed the temples, taught the priesthood. Some say He taught them a secret language with certain signs of greeting. I know not.

"(when asked why He was called a prophet)] Because He not only walked among

us, He also walked the realms of the future.

"(when asked why He couldn't have been a Black Robe) I am sure. He came to us when we had cities more than a thousand winters before the days of the Black Robes and the Long Knives. (where are the cities?) Below the cover of the forest..."You do not believe what I am saying. You think I speak to you with a forked tongue."

"(asked to tell of the location of one city) The which we call the Sacred is not far from here. Its history is longer than that of England's London."

The student asked to find one who would tell him more of these cities. But the chief was afraid the white men would just laugh and speak lightly of the things that they didn't know of. However, the student assured him that he just wanted to write it down so the stories would not be lost forever. The chief's reply:

"My child, you speak with the tongue of the Red Man, and knowledge beyond your number of winters shines from your words. Once we had books and priests to read them, but those were times long distant in the past. Books are of stuff which can be swept to oblivion. Since then we have placed our stories in the chants of our people, but now even these are being forgotten. Your oldest books to us are but of yesterday, and how long may last these papers of your people? Yet, you are right. The chants are dying. I too would like to reach other tribes of our people and share with them our ancient history... This is one (chanter of legends still alive) ... there may be more than one, and then there will be translators so that you may not miss the beauty of the language."

The student was new to the lore, but he found out quickly that 13 was the number of the Prophet, twelve disciples plus Him, and eight and five were also important. Soon the chanting came about. Many proud old men were there, of different languages, their names long forgotten but the drama of the movements and poetry were remembered. Following are their stories, thought in poor translation, as told to this young man (also the Dakota had helped with putting together the stories of the Prophet)---

\*Marksman, an old Chippewa warrior was the first to tell his tale. He was almost eighty at this time, however it is said his body was still as a young man and his hair still had the dark sheen. Here are his some of words:

"It is well tonight that we speak of the Pale God, and fitting as well that we council with others, greeting our enemies as brothers, for such would have been the wish of the Prophet. I have heard some talk among the lodges that the Lord of Wind and Water was but a myth brought down by the old ones from times beyond our present reckoning. That is true, but it is a strange legend! If the youth among our people doubt the wide-flung strength of this ancient story, look about at His symbols from tribe to tribe across the broad land.

"Have you ever wondered about the cedar...every tribe revere it...high priests mix its shavings with the leaves of our tobacco? And why do we blow smoke across our bodies, when we are returning from the war trail? Is it not to ask His forgiveness, as was once taught by the Pale Prophet? Why do we plant these trees upon the Great Mound-those ancient histories of our cities? Was it not to warn all men that once He walked here; the Sacred One, the Miracle Worker?

"And the color of snow: among all the nations it stands for peace. Why is this so? Because He wore it., as he traveled from nation to nation He taught the people to live in peace and to speak in council, thus settling all their problems. This was His way and the way of His Father.

"Why do we raise our hands up in greeting? Because that was His sign, a tradition which we still follow."

"Why do we use the Cross as a sacred symbol? Was it not because He wore it about the hem of His full white garment, and carried the sign on His two hands, those hands so gifted in healing?...In the Wisacoo Lodge and many others there are some who still know His secret language, but those things are being fast forgotten.

"Yet to Him who walked away through the silver moon-frost, across the winter's snowy blanket, toward the North where now is Canada and many other tribes of our people, I bid you see Him as we saw this man. From the pines dripped ice like unlit candles, as He walked away. His snowy garments made Him seem wraith-like, while His long hair was silvered by His frost-breath. Two wolves followed behind Him; one of dark fur and one of silver. We knew that they would not harm Him for He had a strange power over the animals; the fiercest seeking the touch of His fingers.

"Thus He left us, and to Him I raise the Peace Pipe, the tobacco mixed with cedar shavings, and blow the smoke to the four directions, thus making the sign of His Cross. For tonight, I have spoken."

Next to speak was a Dakota Sioux. He commented on how he never remembered when the Sioux have ever been invited by the Chippewa for council. He said they all originally came from the same homeland. Here is his story:

"I was invited here to speak of Wacoma tete, the Fair God who ruled the ocean and spoke in whisper to the wind storm. Our name is not the one you gave Him, for when He came, we lived far to the southward, where the sun makes shorter shadows and our cities were built on islands, many of which have since gone down into the ocean. After He left we forgot His teaching and we returned to the ways of the Fire God.

"As our land became scarcer, due to storm and great earth shaking, one tribe among us sought to be master. They began conquering city after city. We, the dispossessed who would not live in slavery to those who had our same heritage, sought the mountains, many tribes in council. From our traders, we knew of the Mississippi, and so in our long canoes, carrying our Sacred Fire, we began our migrations. We of the Turtle, keepers of the books and learning, led the many tribes of the Serpent up the great Father of Waters. To commemorate that we built the Great Mound of the Serpent led by the Tortoise.

"It is too bad that we had to take your cities. Many years had we lived in peace and traded, but sometimes we move but to fill the belly. Such was our move into the woodland among the herds which were to be had for the taking, and when one had hungry children those herds meant life. Such was our move up the Mississippi.

"Near white man's town, St Louis, where stood your great Capitol City, we built our Capitol. We did not destroy the crests of your building where you had written your history, we but added to them. White man was the destroyer of both your histories and ours also. You realized our need and you moved northward; and there was peace between us.

"Then there grew up in the Capitol City of the Black Tortoise, Dakota who sired our tribe. He had a great dream for the Red Man. He dreamed of a mighty kingdom, solidly one from the Sea of the Sunrise to the Sea of the Sunset. Now, though you had been a peaceful nation, his pleadings, did not go unattended. Ears were opened to what he was saying. 'In the west there is much fighting. Fierce warriors come from the Northland, bringing great war-dogs with them. We call them the Men of the Coyote. They burn and plunder and carry away the women.'

"Now I would force them into cities. I would conquer them and make them peaceful. I would build one mighty nation. As in the Old Red Land which we both remember, which was ruled by two together, so I would have you rule with me this mighty country.'

"In your cities of the Northland, you listened to the Voice of Dakota. You gave him armies to train and your sons to learn the arts of warfare. Dakota was a mighty general. He conquered the Tortoise Empire, and made his own mound after the Tortoise Mound of Extinction.

"He might have succeeded in his dream except the more of the hordes of the Norsemen coming afresh down the West Coast decimated his armies, and then civil war broke out over the Dakota Empire. Cities were abandoned and each tribe took to the forest, to raid and pillage and play at war games like naughty children.

"And remembering back, our wise men told us that once Great Wacoma tete predicted that it would be so, even to the final coming of white man. Now when it is too late, we remember.

"You ask me to tell you of Great Wacoma tete. Our memory of Him is greatly garbled for so long ago was He living. We know that He prayed to the Dawn Star, and today, in His memory, our most sacred lodge carries that name. To the memory of Him, I make His symbol, and for this night-I have spoken.

(Confirmation of this migration legend is to be found in Traditions of Dakota.)

One who spoke English stood to talk next. He spoke slowly and was dressed as a white man. Here are his words for you to hear:

"We are the Southerners. Formerly we lived on the lower Mississippi; we, the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw and Creek. When white man came we had log cabins built around our wooden temple raised on a high mound. We were the last to come up the Mississippi, except for the Natchez who no longer walk the green earth. Over the Trail of Tears we were deported westward to the land of Oklahoma and there we met the men of the Osage. Our memories of the Prophet are dimmed by the ages. Among the Choctaw, He was known as Eemeshee, the Wind God, for strange are the tales which are told of His power over the heavens, and the winds which speak with the breath of the spirits.

"It is said that He told us of White Man's coming, and when He did His eyes had a sad look as if seeing about Him the scenes of the future. Once He said: 'All my life have I struggled against this thing called the Law of the Jungle. Are these bearded ones who are still my children going down war's trail to final destruction, and thus give the last human victory in death to the Law of the Jungle?'

"He was sad that day as He spoke unto us, for He was leaving us to travel northward; perhaps to you, the Chippewa Nation, for this was before our migrations when we, too, lived far to the southward where the sun makes shorter shadows... We would find out much more about Him if like this we had many councils tribe to tribe. We would learn more about ourselves also. This I know: we, too, once had secret languages, but I know not if they are still remembered. The women had a secret language among themselves. It was not taught to captive women. Then there was the language taught in certain lodges. That was the one He taught us. It would be interesting to study this language if this were possible, between tribe and tribe. It might tell us from whence He came to us, and how long ago He walked among us.

"In our land of Oklahoma where our plows turn the good earth, and our cattle graze on the brown hills, I have often seen His symbol among the women's work (who still weave baskets) as I ride to other camps trading. Sometimes it is woven with the Star of the Morning, or the Cross of Four Directions or the symbol for the

Cedar, sacred Tree of Ceremony.

"Not only this, but something else comes to my mind. Once when riding my pony to another camp, I saw some old pottery shards sticking out of the earth on top of a large hill. There was a cedar on the hill. I walked up and smoked a cigarette rolled with cedar shavings. Then I picked up the shards. One them was drawn winged beings. Carefully I put them back and then I made inquiries to all the wise old men of different tribes. They told me that the Healer had said something about winged beings singing at this birth. Do you have this memory of the Prophet's teaching?

"This is about all that I remember. Except one thing. Even today, when we hear the weird music of the wind, we whisper to one another;

"Be quiet and chant the old prayers, the Peace Chants with which He opened the councils, for that is the great Eemeshee chanting with the singing spirits in the Wind-song.'

"To His name, still unforgotten, still beloved among the people, I too, take the Pipe and send the smoke to the Four Directions where His feet trod over the wide land. For this night, I , too, have spoken."

One more than one hundred years stood next to speak. His age was known due to "almost certainty" that when white hair is attained, that person was at least one hundred. He was a high-priest of some northern tribe (unknown by the interpreter), thought to might have been Fox, Sac or Menominee. His words are as follows:

"You asked me here to speak of the Healer, and the ancient days of our people's greatness. I was surprised to receive such an invitation. Are our young men having a change of spirit? Since when have they listened to the chanting? Have they ceased their love of White Man whiskey, truly known as Devil-Water, which loosens their tongues and makes them foolish?

"Yea, it is true my heart is bitter, but I came not here to give a lecture. Let White Man keep his reason-stealer, for in time it will bewitch him. I came to take you back to the ancients and to the times of our people's greatness. I have thought of taking the legends with me even unto the Land of Shadows, but the young man who came so far to seek me, reasoned well before the fire. He said I had no right to take them, for they belonged to all our people as long as one Red Man walked the planet. They must go on past this generation and to that unborn soul who might be listening and wishing to walk back to the Ancients.

"Therefore tonight I am here to take you walking back through the Dawn Star cycles to a time long distant when the land was not as you see it; past the memories of our grandfathers' grandfathers. I take you with me to the days of the

Healer, and the times of our people's greatness. These were the days when the crests of our histories whorled through many cities, always near the mighty rivers, avenues of ancient commerce.

"Coming north from our Capitol City, where the Mississippi meets the Missouri, in the longboats of the traders, the Prophet made His journey toward the city we called Sacred. This was an ancient metropolis. Before we built its Mound of Extinction, after the Great Civil War of the Turtles, ninety-six dynasties of rulers had lived their long and eventful history.

"Like the Capitol, it too had strawberry carpets about all the buildings built upon the Great Crests, and from them the streets radiated outward among the dwellings of the people. This city was called Sacred because it was in the center of the Cross of Waters from whence ran the rivers to the Four Oceans. East to the Sunrise ran the waters, and Northward to the Sea of Dancing Lights; to the West beyond the Great Divide the waters ran to the Sea of the Sunset, while the Missouri and Mississippi ran to the Southern Sea, the Sea of the Karibs.

To this, the City of the Great Cross of Waters, up the river called the Father of Waters, one golden morning, came the Healer. The dawn cascaded down upon Him as He left the ships of the merchants, painting His hair and beard with beauty and lighting up His lofty features.

"The streets were mosaic of flowers strewn in homage to the path before Him as He walked toward the Temple. Greatly beloved now was the Pale God, known as the Lord of the Wind and Water. His every move bespoke His kindness; His very touch revealed His divinity; and before Him all the people bowed down.

"Through rows of worshippers He moved to the Temple, in quiet solemnity, holding up His hand in blessing—that hand with the strange palm-marking, for through it was engraved the True Cross which He had taken as His Symbol.

"There at the Temple He abode among us, though He often rode away with the merchants, or more often walked to distant villages, holding in His hand His great staff, and stopping to speak with all the people, from the aged to the children.

"Once there was a great stir among the villages. Messages had been flashed with obsidian mirrors and the smoke-puffs of more distant signals. They spoke of an array of nobles who were coming to the Sacred City from a land called Golden Tollan. At first the people were much frightened, for though long had we traded with distant Tollan, yet if these emissaries were to be followed by their mighty metal-clad armies, the Puan Cities would be lost!

"The Prophet was the least disturbed. He gathered about Him a council of the merchants, and soon had mastered the Toltec language. These men in peace were coming northward, He told the frightened people, and shortly the messages

confirmed His story.

"Before long well confirmed were His statements. Indeed they were coming to take back the Healer to the city of Golden Tula, a fantastic place of magnificent beauty. Grand preparations were made to receive the emissaries. Long were the lines of chanters; the dances most elaborate; and much practice went on with conch shell trumpets, flutes and tom-toms for the grand celebration.

"Then at the last day dawned and the long boats were sighted coming up the river. In the lead, as was proper, came the ships of the Puans, laden down with goods of commerce, and following them the ships of the Mayans and some other forgotten peoples. At last came the beautiful ships of Tollan. From that first ship came the guards all clothed in metal, and then a ship load of glittering musicians playing upon many strange instruments of music [harps and guitar-like instruments were pictured in Yucatan-Bancroft] The last two ships were filled with emissaries. Most lordly-stepping were these nobles, as they came down from ship's houses, and all the people were hushed with admiration.

"Long and thick were their emerald feathers, unlike any seen by the Puans, flowing backward like rippling water; their costumes were made of colored cotton embroidered with gold, with pearl and emeralds and even their sandals were shining with beauty. Proudly they walked behind their honor guard as they made their way to the Great Temple, where framed in the painted great-log doorway the Prophet stood quietly waiting with His shining hair and wearing His snow-white mantle embroidered with crosses about the hemline.

"It is said that the strangers brought many presents, among which were snowy garments and a pair of golden sandals, which indeed He wore forever after. The Mayans, too, laid gifts before Him and received from Him the Blessing. However, when after four days passed, the ships departed without the Prophet, the joy of the people was tempered with sorrow when they learned that the Pale God had given His promise to go one day soon to Tollan, after He had visited first with other nations.

"The Mayans, too, and the other peoples, all returned happily down the river, for they all carried back a promised visit. For them this was a thing for rejoicing, for it was a well-known fact that the Healer never broke a promise.

"The Prophet went both north and west with His long staff, in His golden sandals and His snowy garments, and nevermore was seen by the Puan Peoples, but word came back some four years later that He was on His way to Tollan where a kingly reception awaited His coming. He went by the way of the Chihuahua Valley, which means the Highway of Ancient Power. Then came the fabulous tales of the merchants of His entrance into Tollan, when on a day that has never been equaled since among all the nations, the earth stood hushed and breathless when that wondrous divinity we call the Pale God walked down the highway into Golden

Tollan.

"It is sad for me to retell this story, for the memory of the present comes through to haunt me as if in terrible mockery. Yet I chant it for you, the young men who listen and for generations will again retell it, on into the cycles of the future as long as a son of our blood still walks the planet.

"Thus for you of this night, and for those even more distant in time from those living this hour, I have spoken. In bitterness had I sworn that these pictures would fade with the mind which carried them forward, but it is true that I had no right to think that.

"And so I release them into the future, to that perhaps unborn soul who will listen and love them, as I when a boy would crouch listening about the firelight, and walk enraptured in spirit through a day so long vanished. I too have spoken."

The last to speak was a man from the Cheyenne. Here are his words:

"Like my brother from the Dakota, too seldom is seen the Cheyenne costume in the lodges of the Chippewa. We too look back through the vistas of history to the days of the Old Red Land when there was peace and commerce on the Mighty Father of Waters, known to men as the Mississippi.

"Like the Dakota, we use 26 poles in our teepees, which in our language means mountains, for we too think of ourselves as Men of the Mountains, who anciently brought their water from the snows of the high peaks in conduits down to our cities. The 26 poles are for each of the twins of the morning-evening star, giving each thirteen, which is its number.

"Like our brothers we remember the Fair God who foretold the coming of the White Man. Yet so long ago was He living that like the Dakota, our memories are garbled.

"Four years ago I went to the West Coast to seek work in the motion pictures where they were filming. There I met Indians from many nations, and all were courteous, and more or less friendly. One particular man, a Yakima from Washington, told me this about the Fair God.

"When he came to the Yakima people, they called Him Tacoma, and so greatly did they pay Him reverence that they renamed their highest mountain in honor of His coming.

"My friend said that when Tacoma left them, He promised the sorrowing people that one day through the light of the dawning, He, Tacoma, would return to them. Through the long vistas of the moon, the sun and the dawn star, the people still remembered this promise and always faithfully watched for Tacoma, and dying

told their children to keep on watching.

"Then one time a great ship came into the harbor. On the deck were men who were bearded, carrying rods which killed at a distance. The people were alarmed and amazed, but their chief, who was named Chief Seattle, reminded them of the Fair God who had not told them the manner of His coming. So to the ship they brought presents, food of all kinds and cool fresh water, carved work and other trinkets. The bearded ones took the presents, smiled and were friendly, but they sailed away without remaining.

"Many years later the people learned that this was not Tacoma, but Sir Francis Drake of England.

"As my friends listened to this story, there was among them a man from Hawaii. He told a similar story. Once there came to them the Fair God whom they called Wakea. This god-like one healed the injured, raised the dead, walked on water and taught the people. When Wakea left, said the Polynesian, He promised that some day He would come back to them through the dawn light.

"Through countless generation cycles the people still remembered, teaching their babes and then their grandchildren to keep watching the dawn for Wakea's coming.

"One time a great ship came to them. The people met it with rejoicing, bringing presents to the bearded White Men, fruits and food and entertained them with feasting. Yet the White Men did not remain among them. They sailed away and the people, embittered, wondered if Wakea had rejected His people. True, they had not entirely lived up to His teachings. There had been some war and fighting, but on the whole through the long, long years, they had tried to remain faithful.

"That night a great storm struck the island. Was this another sign of Wakea's displeasure? The people were hurt as they thought upon it. Then they saw the ship returning. It was running like a frightened dog for cover, heading back to the safety of the harbor.

"Now the people knew this was not Wakea. The Fair God had full command of the sea and windstorms. He had but to hold high that slim hand and the mightiest storms obeyed Him. These men were but imposters pretending with their beards to be Wakea! So the surprised White Men met an army of warriors who swarmed over the ship and killed the explorers.

"It was years later that the Polynesians learned the truth of this story of misunderstanding. These men probably had never heard of Fair Wakea. This was but James Cook, the explorer, trying to map the wide Pacific for a distant island named England. For this night, I have spoken."

Dark Thunder then arose and looked outside as the wind was singing through the trees. He finished the evening with these words:

"My heart is heavy to hear these stories. The feathers of my soul are drooping. Yet almost as if foretelling the present is the manner of the Prophet's going. He left our people one night when it was snowing. He was to go on to the Cree northward to Canada, and after seeing the People northward, would turn toward the sunset and the Western River running toward the Sunset Ocean.

"They say that as He walked onward, the snowflakes danced through the skies in patterns. There were two wolves, which were always with Him, and now they followed His footsteps. One was white and one was dark silver. He had laughed when they had offered to guide Him, for He had often gone with the merchants and He knew the country well. Thus the People saw Him leaving in an aura of dancing snowflakes where was before a living forest-like ours tonight. He faded into the whiteness like a wisp of smoke is lost in the snowstorm, leaving only millions of moving snowflakes swirling about in fantastic patterns.

"Remembering this and how He predicted the distant coming of White Man 'like the snowflakes which blow in from the ocean', I am suddenly stricken with sorrow. Once we lived in the wild free forest on a planet just as the Great Spirit made it. Now that world is changed and sullied, and the Red Man walks away sadly through millions of engulfing snowflakes-lost like a wisp of smoke in the snowstorm. For this night I have spoken."

\*In Mexico, on an island known as Triburon, lives the Seri. These peoples have long lived in poverty and neglect; however, their memories of the Ancient Prophet live on with great memory. They say that thousand of years past they were part of the Serpent People even before the time of the Great Flood. Shortly after the flood, they left to a place called Snows of the Southland. They had called themselves the "Men of the Mountain" and underneath their enormous cities were the giant caverns of the Serpent.

A long time after this, an army from the north came down upon them and destroyed their cities. They fled using ships that they had hidden in these caverns. Eventually they migrated to another place across the seas after many, many trips to move all their people. It was at this time that "Tlazoma," the Miracle Worker, came to them. It seems that He appeared to them from the sea in a sailboat type ship as they had described it as being powered by the wind. This man with red lights shining from His hair and beard appeared one morning with eyes the color of the sea. He was wearing a long white toga-like garment and suddenly they took Him on as a sacred Teacher even within an hour of His arrival.

They had heard of Him through rumors and a blind man rushed to him exclaiming how he had heard of His miracle work, begging Him to heal him of his

blindness. This Healer stopped what He was doing, bent over and picked up some wet sand and placed it over the eyes of the blind man. He told the man to wash out the sand in the ocean. Others gathered around to witness this event and waiting to see if there would be a miracle and if not, there would be a sacrifice to the Snake God!

The blind man went down to the waters and cried in anguish. But suddenly his cry turned into joy. He stood straight up and started running towards the people wildly. He fell at the foot of the Healer and exclaimed the miracle of his sight. The others witnessing too fell, worshipping calling out "Ahunt Azoma-the Lord Miracle Worker."

They say Tlazoma lived with them for many months teaching them not only the ways of living right, but also ways on how to survive, such as how to store water, how to feed weaned children and showed them many wild plant they had not known could be eaten. Before this time they had used a "population control" method in order to not run out of food, now the Prophet spoke against this law saying "Raise not the knife in bloody slaughter."

Eventually the time came for Tlazoma to leave and continue o his journey. He spoke to them of going to the Papago. Yet the people exclaimed these were their enemies and begged Him not to go there. But He claimed that His Father had many different lodges. And He was asked about where He had come from as He had never said. And very gently the Bearded One answered, "My Father's Land lies deep within you."

\*Early one morning, the children of the Papagos were out playing, louder than usual. And then Eseecotl was spotted approaching the village. The adults scolded the children for playing so rudely because they had been embarrassed. But upon His approach, Eseecotl told them not to scold the children but have them come to Him instead for this was His and His Father's will.

And every day after that , the Prophet talked and played with the children. But He did not make His home in the village. He chose a mountain known as "Bavokeevulick" which translated is "hour-glass" mountain. Eseecotl meant "the Healer." And one day the Healer meandered into a place where a child was being sacrificed. Anger overcame Him and He grabbed the baby, calling it by name, healed his wounds and revived him. The priests became paralyzed and as much as they wanted, couldn't kill the Healer.

The Healer left the building and gathered all the people around Him. He told them that this sacrificial tradition was against all of His teachings. The people then became ashamed of this but didn't know what to do as they were afraid of the priests.

Later that night a couple of the priests went in search of the Healer in order to kill

Him because He was changing their way of life. Right before sunrise, the Healer was in the entrance of His cave that faced the East praying. As the priests were nearing this cave, the Healer apparently had sat back and awaited their approach. As the priests slipped into the cave, Eseecotl stepped forward into the moonlight out of the cave and turned to them inside.

He asked the priests why didn't they go ahead and kill him, after all He did not have any weapons. He then told them that they could not do so until the Father had deemed His work upon the earth was finished. And at that point, there was an earthquake. At this point, the entire cave mouth closed, leaving the Healer standing there by Himself. He heard from within the cave the priests calling out, pleading with Him to tell the village what had happened.

When the sun came up, Eseecotl walked into the village. The people in astonishment asked where the priests were after the Fire God had shaken the mountain. He answered, "They came with knives before the trembling. They are still within the mountain, and from a great distance, you can hear their voices. My Father has spoken in the earthquake. No more am I to live among you." ... and He was never seen among them again.

\*After this, He continued on His way to the Zuni. But before this, He stayed with the Dene. Now at this time, these were not the tribes as they are known today for this was just after they had traveled to this area, yet unsettled in themselves. According to this legend, they were a part of the Serpent people and had met up with the Prophet in the red lands of Monument Valley. They were very skeptical of Him and His reputation that was rumored. They questioned Him as to what right did He have as to claim the title of "Lord of Wind and Water" and asked Him if His and His Father's power was actually greater than that of the Fire God.

In reply, He said, "My Father is a spirit who has no image. His power is greater than any other. Watch!" And He pointed upward. At that point a giant rock which was half the size of the cliff they were standing by started rising. with eyes full of terror they watched. It seemed to them a living creature, swaying and rising, knowing that if it fell it would crush them. Yet after a little, it balanced itself on another rock, so evenly balanced that a child could have pushed it over with a simple nudge.

This impressed the Dene so much they asked Him what the name of His One God was. The Prophet then asked them what name they would like to know Him as. But the Dene did not want to name this One Great God as they knew not what to call Him. So they asked the Prophet what His name was in other lands. And to the astonishment of many today, the Prophet revealed "The Great Yeh-ho-vah."

\*It is considered that when the Toltec were a great empire, the Zuni and Acoma held the most northern outposts and the Aqua lived on the general trade routes. There have been seen through modern-day flights and satellite photographs of

ancient roads that led in many directions from this general area. And according to the Zuni and Acoma legends, they had many cities along these roads and said they shared a common language, even up to the Michigan copper mines at the turn of the millennium. They say that the Acoma still speak the Zuni language but throughout the ages have forgotten how to pronounce it."

Someone once asked why Mahnt-Azoma, the Mexican Monarch had received the same title as the ancient Prophet and the reply was "When he was born he was pale of feature and in many ways resembled the Prophet.

When the monarch was grown, and the guns of the Spaniards were flaming at the gates of Tenochtitlan, he sent to the Zuni an urgent appeal for warriors to help stop the White Man's invasion. We sent many men. And though long we waited none ever again came back to Zuni. Now we know that all the Meschacan Armies were killed, and from Tenochtitlan, in the Valley of old Mesheco, our men went to the Land of Shadows.

"The Prophet? He was a great god, a miracle-worker, a pure man of dreams and visions. We called him Great Azoma. He came to us on His way to Tula, Capitol of the Toltec Empire." And sadly, this is all that is remembered in their legends told to this day.

\* A Yaqui chieftain known as Tall Sedillo spoke of ancient ways freely, probably due to the fact he knew that he would not live much longer. He said that he and his people remembered the Prophet well and talked of carrying the Sacred Fire [so well known of the Cherokee] and also of the sacrificing rituals that they had had. At least until "this quiet, god-like person. He was a man very holy, filled with love, yet His heart was heavy; for in spite of all the honors of the people, the Lord had laid strange visions on Him. His eyes could see the future. It must be so. For as He predicted, all that He spoke of has happened. Today, though we go to the White Man churches, our true rites are to the Prophet."

He continued on saying that even though he may have to go to war, he hoped the Prophet would understand after he went to the "shadows." And he agreed to talk more of the days of the Tula, the Toltec Empire, than talking about the Chihuahua Valley. He talked about how they had used irrigation, dams, conduits, sewers, and city terraces. He told how ancient his people truly were. Then he said, "Let us return through the cycles of the Dawn Star to the golden days of the Prophet, Mahnt-Azoma, or Great Kate-Zahl.....

"From the northland, where many tales had come before Him at last came the sandals of the Prophet. Yes. Long before Him had come the stories. From Seri, Puans, Papago and Dene, and many wild tribes living in the half-tamed woodland came these tales of wonder. Every merchant brought another, and they lost not one whit in the retelling. Tremendous fame had gone in advance of Him before at last He came in person down the road to Tula.

"Welcoming Him with open temples, the Yaqui streamed to meet the Healer. The women competed to weave Him mantles, to embroider the crosses about the hemline, and the men to fashion new golden sandals, knowing that He would leave the old ones, strangely enchanted because of His wearing, a touch of which would heal the body.

"For Him they stopped all sacrificing. Instead, they used but fruits and flowers to fill their temples, and then placed them on their tables, even as He directed. Indeed we still try to follow His teaching, although often it is not easy, and many are the times we have turned from Him to use the rougher ways of the Serpent, yet we know that we are doing wrong.

"The baptismal? Yes. It was the Prophet who taught this. The godfather and godmother with their names of kinship; all must last for the life of the infant.

"For Him we changed our ancient dances. We learned new chants and ceremonies. Once our costumes were laden with jewels, and the finest of plume work was worn for its beauty, but today the people are very poor, often facing gaunt starvation. When we dance now with plumes of paper and bits of glass for the olden jewel work, we know He is understanding and forgiving. And sometimes it seems a spell comes over us, and the costumes of paper and glass change slowly in the light of His Star to the olden beauty. Once more the desert becomes Chihuahua and we see Him pause on His way to Tula."

\*It is told that the Prophet then came to Tula. Their lands were abundant with slaves, agriculture, birds of rare beauty, gold, silver, bronze, copper, and wealth unheard of in other lands. Animals bred by the thousands for their furs, feathers, and meats in abundance. Fountains, flowers, perfumes and other legends told for generations and generations even after its fall. But it was during this time of its utmost grandeur that the Prophet came to them.

By the time the Prophet entered Tula, His fame had been told among Tula long before He actually walked there. People had been waiting. And when they heard of His coming to their lands, they lined the valleys and hillsides in masses so much so that most of the villages of the great land had been emptied. Knowing how much He loved flowers, they filled the air with perfumes and "rained" flowers upon Him as He entered their land. As He walked over the petals that lay on the road, people would flock to pick up the pieces that He had walked on, hoping to keep even a single petal for their memories.

When He reached the gateway into Tula, they say He paused a moment to take in the beauty of the city. The leaders led Him to the Hill of Loud Out Crying, Tzatzitepec. Here they put Him on a seat of honor where He sat to watch the ceremonial dances performed for Him. But then He started to speak and the people were absolutely amazed as His voice carried far and wide so that all could

hear Him. They say that after His greetings to all, he denounced their position of slavery asking them "do you expect to enter into the gates of Heaven carried upon the backs of your slaves?" And He continued on telling them there should not be wars or hatred as He had walked among their enemies teaching them the way of peace.

\*The author of this book believes that Quetzal Coatl (the Lord of Wind and Water) was the Prophet. He says that at the time the Prophet walked among the Toltecs, they were at their greatest height of power. During this time the "Bow String of Power" was presented to the Master. He started choosing His twelve disciples as He had done with all the other nations that He had visited. One of them would be elected the leader upon His departure. He dedicated a temple to the One God whom He called the Great Spirit, the "Mighty One Who Has No Image."

Then He started changing all the other temples over from their previous state of idol worship. He abolished the sacrifices and refinished each room with precious stones and metals. For example, the south was used silver and pearls, the west symbolizing the sunset ocean was done in turquoise and emerald. They abandoned slavery at His request. They changed their ancient dances now to become living prayers and praise. War, slavery, hatred, and sacrifices were over and the people sang in celebration.

There is a story told that a War Captain that returned after a battle afar off. When he returned, upon not having his usual welcome and sacrificial rituals, he became rather aggravated. When he and his men were gathered together, grumbling about the current conditions, they were told they were wanted in the Temple.

Upon reaching the temple, he saw how the rooms had been changed from dark and horrific into walls full of color and beauty. This was when he realized that he had not been taken as prisoner as his men had suggested. He saw the one known as the Feathered Serpent and knew something was different about Him. Everything that he thought he would say was suddenly gone, no longer applicable in this situation.

At this point, the Prophet told him that he did not need to say what he was going to, that He could read the Captain's thoughts. The Prophet told him about his fear of his country losing its power and that there would be nothing to fear as long as they left the Law of the Jungle behind and "converted" over to the new Law. Then his people would be happy and no more need of the army.

The Captain didn't like what the future would look like, his thoughts were on when his country would meet its end. The Prophet answered back in a strange tongue. "In memory, young Macoa, I am in a tangled jungle, where a little boy was clawed by a tiger...." The Captain reacted in astonishment and stared at the Healer with puzzling eyes.

Then the Healer started again, "It is not this or that nation which matters. Tribes will change; they merge and mingle. To look through the eyes of the tribe is the small view. Yea, Tula will die as will Ek-Balaam. Other great nations will grow and vanish, but their blood will go on living. The jade and pearls from this very temple will someday go into jewelry for human adornment, but among the people throughout the nations, my words will go on living.

" You think I seek the Bow String of Power. For what? Food? Fame? Carnal living? The first two I have never lacked. With the last, I have no interest because it is not of My Father. With the means of life, I am the teacher. The ends belong to the Almighty."

At this point the Captain bowed to his knees and took off his helmet, swords and laid them down with his shield. He whispered in a voice, quiet and awestruck, "Forgive a mind which has been blinded. Forgive me, Oh Teo-wahkan."

\*In the ancient days of the Tula, men who were not physically fit to fight in the army were trained to be the "jesters". One day, these men came before the Prophet. He saw into their pain behind their laughter and reached out for them, healing them with His touch. After this, they would never leave the Healer, being around Him at all times. After a short time, they realized that something was weighing heavy on the Healer. They started doing things to try and lift His spirit. But nothing seems to work. They decided to ask Him what was troubling Him so deeply. Their first questions was why was He constantly looking over in the bushes, did He happen to see something there?

He answered that He saw an earthquake that was very violent. The buildings of Tula are crumbling and the end of Tula was coming. They asked why He didn't tell the people. He replied that it was still far in the future and there was nothing they could do to stop it.

They asked when this would happen and He said He would tell on the day that He left Tula. They could not believe that He was actually planning on leaving. He answered them that there were still other tribes that needed His teachings, stating that He must continue doing His Father's Will. Against His wishes, somehow the people found out about His future leaving and a great depression came over them. His followers later asked if He was going to tell the people and He said He was at His final oration. At this point, He told them that they would not be able to follow Him no longer and they just said that they would see.

\*There are still parts of His final word to these people that have come down through the generations. He started His speech with appointing the new Quetzal-Coatl. After the rituals of ordination, the Prophet finally began His final words. He told them of His deep sadness for these people and how He loved being among them.

He then began to speak of the visions He had seen. He explained to them that most were of the future and had to do with the sacrificing. He told them of the earthquake that would happen many generations later. He talked about how there were drums inside of the mountains that the dancing Sacrificers were beating. He told them He would be but a memory and to watch for these signs. To watch Popo, the Smoker and when he becomes restless then they would need to leave their beloved Tula, taking with them their books and learning. They were to take these books and hide them in caves prepared in the mountains for future ages to find.

He then talked about another great city which had forsaken the One God and strange happenings were taking place in Tula. Then the retribution would come. The volcano would erupt and then no man would see it ever again. He talked about how the earth would shake fiercely, how the sun would be hidden in darkness and a new volcano would be seen at night, spewing lava into the air.

Everything in Tula would fall and crumble. Then the Sacrificers would reenter into the city and plunder it taking the riches that had been kept there. He said one cycle of the visions was done. Later many invasions would take place, from the restless Serpent, the Takers of Men, the Sacrificers. He talked about how He had tried to teach them, but they would turn from His teachings and return to war and sacrifices would be done again.

Then He continued on, "There is a cycle beyond this one, if they do not heed this warning. Before that cycle comes upon them, there is a man pale of feature and like unto me-bearded. Trust him not. He is not Kate-Zahl. he leads the Sacrificers into battle. he calls himself Huit-zil-po-chitli: the Bearded One Who Conquers. He shall later meet with a great warrior, and shall himself become a sacrifice to the Idol of the Tiger. Now the Sacrificers march to power. Go, my people, to the Jungles. Hide your treasures in the deep caves, especially the ancient histories. most books have gone into hiding as the cycle spirals in horror, except those spared by the bloody priesthood. Learning has been conquered by the Law of the Jungle. But each day speeds the Retribution!

"Mark you well, for there shall be portents. A strange star shall cross the heavens, and all the people looking upward, as the time grows ever closer, shall remember tonight and the words of Kate-Zahl. To one another, they shall whisper: 'I fear the time has come upon us. Woe unto the Sacrificers.'

"The year is that of Te-Tec-Patl. When the dawn star, Cit-lal-pol, sometimes called Tlauiscal-Pan-Ticutl, crosses the sun for its thirteenth crossing, after the Fall of Tula, then will you know this Cycle is ended! That you may remember what I am saying, I have caused to be carved a giant dark boulder, highly polished and marked forever with the Dawn Star's Future Cycles. This rock has been placed in the Temple.

"Massive is the rock, and well-calculated to survive the time of earthquake and pillage far into the Time of the Future. Upon the top is the thirteenth-Acatl. Remember this date! It is the Time of Warning. With the binding date comes the retribution. Stand with me in the Year of Te-Tec-Patl.

Look across the Sunrise Ocean. Three ships come like great birds flying. They land. Out come men in metal garments, carrying rods which speak with thunder and kill at a distance. These men are bearded and pale of feature. They come ashore and I see them kneeling. Above them I see a Great Cross standing. That is well. If these men are true to the symbol they carry, you need have no fear of them, for no one who is true to that symbol will every carry it into battle.

"Therefore hold aloft your Great Cross, and go forth to meet them. They cannot fail to know that symbol, and would not fire their rods upon it, nor upon these who stand in its shadow. Well they know that what is done to my people is done also unto me. When the years have come to their full binding, the metal tipped boots of the strangers will be heard in all the bloody temples. Then throughout the Broad Land has begun the Third Cycle." And it was the year of Te-Tec-Patl that Cortez arrived and the season of blood began.