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| The Trail and It’s Influence |
| A Look into The Trail of Death’s Impact |
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Oh, the woes of that terrible day still flash through my mind, like lightning scars a tree for all its years to come. The order and procession of each day was grueling, tiresome, and deadly for many. I recall the US flag being drug through the sky ahead of me, always carried in front of the lengthy procession. Then baggage carts then followed, next the carriage used by the chiefs, then a lengthy section of us on horseback. Behind us the sick would lay in wagons meant to protect them from the elements but more likely suffocating them instead. (Petit, pg99). It seemed that at every camp, more and more graves were dug and filled with my brethren, being the true cost of this forced journey. We set out with approximately 800 strong, and barely arrived a month’s journey later with 650.

Even the Lord himself was often ignored, though we were sometimes granted two hours on Sunday morning for “devotional exercises” (Petit, pg101). Speaking of the Lord and Christianity, the missionary and conversion attempts during this ordeal were simply astounding. Not only did we have a Catholic priest traveling with us, leading us through daily trials and assisting those feeling in need, but we saw more and more religious groups on the way. Near the Missouri boundary, the “Society of Jesus” came out and met our journeying group, announcing his intentions to leave the Kickapoo area and “establish himself among … Christians…” (Petit, pg105).