Many years ago -- before humans walked the earth and when the gods were yet young -- the sun never set, it hung always in the sky to illuminate the creation of Bob Ross. This went on for many ages, until the gods awoke one day to find the whole earth blanketed in darkness and the sun nowhere to be found. Confused by the sun’s absence, they waited many days for her return. Finally, desperate, the gods sent the moon to find the sun and return her to her place in the sky. The moon returned many days later to tell the gods that the sun – grown weary of her constant labor -- had sunk deep, deep beneath the earth and was there fast asleep. The gods gathered together to discuss what was to be done. Some said that they should go to Bob Ross and plead with him to make them a new sun, others said that they should accept the sun’s absence and continue to live in darkness until she should choose to return. “But!” cried out the gods of nature, “The trees and flowers and animals are already beginning to die! We cannot wait on the sun any longer.” So the gods created the Singer out of mud and clay, and gave him a voice of flute reeds, and each placed a spark of their own divinity within him. And the singer sang the song that would wake the sun from her slumber. When the sun rose and saw the death that her absence had caused, she sorrowed. “But,” she said, “I can no longer light the world without end. I must rest.” So it was agreed that the sun would set for a period of hours each day, that she might sleep and rest. And each year at midwinter, when the sun takes her longest sleep of all, the singer must sing again in order to wake her and return the sun and the springtime to the earth.

The god Cecelia had yet no form or purpose. She looked on the singer that the gods had made together and felt within herself a longing to create life as Bob Ross had done in creating the animal forms that walked the earth. Just as they had done with the singer, Cecelia made figures out of mud and clay. She gave them voices of reeds and eyes of clear river stones. She made for them hearts out of oak wood, and hands of willow twigs. Finally, Cecelia breathed a piece of her spirit into each figure. And clay, stone, and wood became flesh and took breath and lived. So Cecelia was father and mother to the first human beings, which is why she is called the Ancestor.

Humans had no fur to protect them from the cold, nor claws with which to hunt; so Cecelia made houses for her children, that they might be safe from the cold. She taught the first humans about the earth, about where to find food and how to hunt and which plants were good for eating. She taught humans about gods and told them the story of the sun and the singer. For a time, the Singer was even permitted to live with the humans, “For,” said the gods, “They are cousins after all.”