

THE THREE SISTERS

One time three sisters lived in a village. They were very beautiful and smart. But a son of a Chief who lived on the other side of the mountains and his two brothers vowed to take the three sisters as their wives. The sons were very cruel and mean. But they were skilled hunters and brave warriors.

One day the oldest sister went out to pick berries and dig roots by herself. She was the gentlest of the three. As she walked down the trail, she heard a voice call her name. It kept calling her, so she followed. The voice led her to a white rock on the hillside. "Come closer," it spoke. She was afraid at first but then a warm and gentle wind blew and made her feel at ease. Then the voice spoke again. "I have brought you here to speak with you. My child, you and your sisters are not of this world. Your people live among the stars within the wide sky. Soon the village will be destroyed by the people who live on the other side of the mountain. Lead your sisters to the edge of the forest, near the great river, whose other side cannot be seen. There you will have a vision. You must follow this vision then you will be joined to your true people among the clouds."

At these final words, she found herself upon the trail once more. The three brothers stood outside their home speaking with the young warriors of the village about their plans. They decided to leave early the next morning. The oldest sister then told her sisters what had happened that day. The next morning the village was raided, but the three sisters escaped into the dawn.

They ran down the trail all the way to the river whose other side could not be seen and stayed there. The sons of the chief searched through the captives determined to find the three sisters. The oldest of the sons spoke to the sky, "I will find them." The three sisters then began the long journey before them. The oldest sister, following her dream, led the way.

As they started, they stood at the shore-line. Then the oldest sister walked upon the waves. She turned around and encouraged her younger sisters to follow.

Mine is the Medicine of the Wind.
Send to me a vision so that I
May seek within myself its meaning.
Show to me the signs of this
Endless journey I take.
Let me pass into the other world in
peace and serenity.

Unite the Indian people the Medicine
Way,
For this circle never ends,
Nor does the wind in the everlasting
skies.

I wonder to myself many times.
I looked up to the sky...
I watched the dove and the eagle in mid-
flight.
I turned to the stream and saw
A small white rabbit leap onto the rocks.
I wonder at the earth
For she is the mother of all things.
In her, I find peacefulness and beauty,
For mine is the Medicine of the Wind.

The Spirits of my people
Linger among their descendants of today.
I can hear them sing
Their almost forgotten songs in the wind.
Emmy C. Bitt

The past speaks of the future
Does one not act wisely, The
people and all will be lost in the
wind
and scattered never to be found again
forever.

Sho-shone Bannok Northern Paiute
Emmy C.B.
--Niipe Numie - Wind Sister--

For many days they walked upon the waters until they came upon an island. It was small and they felt uncomfortable there. The next morning the oldest sister led them down a stairway into a room. From that time on they were never heard from again. When you look into the sky and see three stars in a row, they say the three sisters are home.

A story told to me by an old man who is
now gone.

Emmy C.B.
Sho-Ban-Northern Paiute

Small white bird
in the tree
let me hear your
morning prayer song
let it be heard by the
people who do sundance
in the fall
before the coming of the new moon

Time in the Earth
is forever like the Springs
which flow on and on forever

When no one looks to you,
look to the earth
then there you will find a friend
look to your mother and find love
for her children
the creatures who roam the land in
beauty

Listen
listen deep
you can hear a warrior play the flute
for the lonely maiden in the woods
She is the gentle fawn in birth
and the doe in one
let their spirits rest now,
their time is done
listen
listen deep
hear them in the winds of yesterday

Taken from "Bury my heart at Wounded
Knee."