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www.ukxenite.fsnet.co.uk/native.htm



nativeamericanrhymes.com/chiefs/luther.htm



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Silence is the absolute poise or balance of body, mind and spirit. The man who preserves his selfhood is ever calm and unshaken by the storms of existence ...

What are the fruits of silence? They are self-control, true courage or endurance, patience, dignity and reverence. Silence is the cornerstone of character.

--Ohiyesa (Dr. Charles Eastman), Santee Sioux (1858-1939)



What is life? It is the flash of a firefly in the night. It is the breath of a buffalo in the wintertime. It is the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.

--Crowfoot, Blackfoot Warrior and Orator (1830-1890)



If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian, he can live in peace...Treat all men alike.

Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The Earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it...Let me be a free man, free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade...where I choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself, and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

--Chief Joseph, Nez Perces (1835-1904)



The American Indian is of the soil, whether it be the regions of forests, plains, pueblos, or mesas. He fits into the landscape, for the hand that fashioned the continent also fashioned the man for his surroundings. He once grew as naturally as the wild sunflowers, he belongs just as the buffalo belonged...

--Luther Standing Bear, Oglala Sioux (1868-1937)



You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle, and that is because the Power of the World always works in circles, and everything tries to be round...The Sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nest in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours...Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves.

--Black Elk, Oglala Sioux Holy Man (1863-1950)

