Reflections of Contemporary Native Americans

We are instructed to carry love for one another,
And to show great respect for all beings of the earth.
We must stand together, the four sacred colors of man,
As the one family we are,
In the interest of peace...
Our energy is the combined will of all the people
With the spirit of the natural world,
To be of one body, one heart, and one mind.

Chief Leon Shenandoah (Onondaga)

The Hopi people say that we come from Mother Earth and we go back to Mother Earth when we die. Native Americans have great respect for Hopi spiritual leaders, because the word Hopi means peaceful people and Hopi are praying for harmony and balance of Mother Earth. Hopi spiritual elders believe they are caretakers of Mother Earth as do most Native Americans who follow their traditions.

The Iroquois people have been giving the messages to the world, same as the Hopi and Traditional Native Americans that our Mother Earth is in great danger; that the earth is in a crisis. The old elders are saying that the natural powers demand respect and understanding if there is to be a future.

The world around us is in chaos from western thinking and western priorities. For thousands of years natives lived in respect and in awe with the surrounding of forest and waters so beautiful, with animals, fish and life that they themselves are overcome with thanks. Natives created songs and prayers of thanksgiving to be one with nature.

Excerpts from -Healing and Protecting Our Sacred Mother Earth by Danny Beaton (Mohawk of the Turtle Clan).
The Circle of life: A Poem by Cloud Dancing-1998

The Earth is my mother
She provides for us all
Feeds all the hunger
Gives shelter to the small

There are my Mother's sisters
Winter, Summer, and Fall
But Spring is the one
I cherish most of all

But first let me tell you
About the other three
Without knowing them
Spring's wonder you'd never see.

I will start with Summer
Her sun so hot and high
Without my brother Rain
My people would surely die

Autumn is the artist
Reds, oranges, and browns
Painting all the leaves
Before they hit the ground

Winter is the frigid one
So often misunderstood
Most see her faults
Rarely her traits of good

Without Fall and Winter
And the silent death they bring
We'd miss all the wonder
Of their sister Spring

Her love brings rebirth
To a world filled with strife
Bringing a new beginning
In the Circle of Life
Echo of the Canyon
A poem by Cloud Dancing-1/4/1999

The river whispers songs
Off the canyon stone
Echoes from the past
Mournful low moans.

The words of elders past
Sound from the red rock walls
Remember the Sacred Ways
Is the message of their call.

Let the spirit soar free
Above the desert sands
Unite in the Great Circle
Of the brotherhood of Man.

Honor Grandfather
Respect Mother Earth
Revere all the Spirits
And Celebrate a rebirth.
The earth is your mother,
she holds you.
The sky is your father,
he protects you.
Sleep,
sleep.
Rainbow is your sister,
she loves you.
The winds are your brothers,
they sing to you.
Sleep,
sleep.

We are together always

We are together always

There never was a time

when this

was not so.

From Storyteller by LESLIE MARMON SILKO (Pueblo) b. 1948