Hello, hello this is Louis Bird and today is September 10, 1999 in Peawanuck, Ontario. I have prepared to tell the story here and this story is called The Women Who... The Omushkego Women Who Bring the Cree Language to the West. We can call it any name but this is the ...this is a story about, about the language... how the Cree language spread over the west in Canada.

It is not important, it is not really important thing, as with any other child that live in their own land usually they ask many questions to the Elders. And some Elders themselves sometimes ask questions about themselves. And this is the question that is one of them. The question was people always… in time passed before the European came, our people, the Omushkego speaking people have traveled far and wide. So west is one of their favorite ways of going from the point of where… where the Omushkego people lived. That is today in west coast of James Bay, in Ontario, and southwest coast of Hudson Bay. The distance between approximately 800 miles, maybe less. If we follow the coast line of James Bay, the southern tip of James Bay, and into the Nelson River or York Factory, the mileage...if we use the mileage it would come very close to 800 miles. But as a crow flies… but as a, as an airplane flies, when it flies directly that would be less than 100 miles... less than 800 miles. Now that is the area I am talking about when I say the Omushkego country, the Omushkego land. And it is about 200 miles wide from the bay area into inland… all that was used by the Omushkego people. And from this point on, in halfway between this link, is where most of the Cree stories came out from which belongs to the Omushkego people. One of them being, is the famous one, it’s the legend called Chakaapesh, supposedly have originated from the Omushkego people. And then it also include the legend called Wiisaakechaakh.
There are three others that are major legends that have been used by the Omushkego people. So when the Omushkego people are living and when they teach the children something...the life that they will experience... the children usually ask why. Every child asks, but why, where and how? All these questions been asked many times by every youngster. They always wanted to know how does this thing happen and how is thing get there and when and all that stuff. So this question was one of the main question amongst the Omushkego people… is to say, how come the Cree speaking people spread out so far West? What happened? What... How come they spread out into four different provinces today? But in the time before the white men came they have always said, how come the Omushkego language is spoken across the country right passed to the mashkotew or the prairie country? So that’s the question that people have been asking, also the young people. So in order to give an answer, in order to give a proper or satisfactory answer, the story was built... not at once. Gradually it comes into being because stories come and go. Because people who travel across country in a zigzagging or crisscrossing the country… the tribal people venturing out as far as they can go without being harassed by other tribes, they were able to cover a long distance.

So the Omushkego people, being naturally a migrating people, did migrate as far west as they can as long as nobody is trying to kill them. And so they migrate as far east that they could, from this...within the...from this territory. So each part of this Omushkego country tend to say, this is the center. The Omushkego speaking people in York Factory tend to say this is the center of the speaking country. The people in the peninsula area of James Bay and southwest coast of Hudson Bay tend to say this is the center of the Omushkego speaking country.

So we don’t know exactly where is the center because each, each, each... the Cree speaking dialect... they have different dialect, yes. There is the beginning, I guess all James Bay, west coast of James Bay, in the southwest coast of James Bay as far as Fort Severn today. They were the same speaking people; they use the same dialect. As you go west into the Manitoba border as far as York Factory and towards west the accent changes much more slower and harmonizing way.... and specialize in a few words...few syllabics... more than what the Omushkego people do. The real Omushkego people to my... to my point of view is the people who actually live in the muskeg where it's really
mossy and bogs and everything. That area fits the description between the southern tip of James Bay... southern tip... and then as far as York Factory. That’s where the real muskeg and bog land is existed. But if you go west the land begin drier and higher and as far as you can go to the beginning of the prairie. The prairie land at least is dry in summer, you don’t fall into the bottom of this muskeg or bog land.... you don’t get stuck. At least there... there are places where people can travel distance without worrying about getting sink into the mud. So to speak about the muskeg land it’s right in this land... right in this area. And these other people speak the Omushkego language. So I’m not convincing anyone, I’m not trying to convince or change the… what everybody believes to be. In my own opinion, this is what I think.

So the question was, how come this Cree speaking language is spread out right across? If you actually look at the language... if you watched the syllabics in writing language you will see it is used in the east coast of James Bay and the east coast of Hudson Bay; right close to the Labrador area. And this is the Cree speaking, supposed to be. Whatever the European calls classified, whatever this tribal people things, they have call us… included us in the name Algonquins. So the speaking... these people will speak the language, they call it the Cree speaking people... but the First Nations here they call themselves the Omushkegouk. So let us go only as that far and let me... let me begin the story about the question how, why. Why does the language, stretch across the prairie into the foothills of mountains of the Cree speaking people. So, we say, the story begins.

In order to give a kid satisfactory or somebody’s answer, the story begins gradually a long time ago. And it begin to be many different version of it. There is a kids version, and adult version of it, and then there is a version for almost anybody. So it begin as it, as this way.

In the land of the Omushkego there was a family. The family, who had a pretty rough time, who have married and wanted to raise their own family. Unfortunately, the mother seems to have problem in delivering the child. Sometimes there is a stillborn, sometimes there is a... the child would not survive. So they lost a few child that way, this certain family.

And they became so desperate because they wanted their own children so bad. And then one day the mother prays to the Creator and says, “O Great Spirit if you do give
me a child to survive I shall do my best to teach it in the proper way and that he shall remember your name as our Creator, this I promise.”

And, but she wanted to give up one time because she had already thought she would never have a living child. But the husband, the husband didn’t want to give up. He says, ”we may have yet luck. We may even have a chance to have a living child. Let us not give up; let’s try again.”

So they try again and they did have a baby, and the mother survive. The mother delivered a baby girl who was healthy and strong, as if her prayer has been answered to the Great Spirit. So she promised to the, promised the Creator to bring up the children the proper way as she had promised before. And then in time she can see even when she had this child... and when the child was born she was so happy... and then she delivered this child and, and she gave her the name and she called him, she called her the Morning Star.

She was happy and so was her husband. They both loved the child somehow... somehow the woman eventually got sick... because of this last delivery. She may have had a damage to her body, whatever it is, and then she got sick and she became very sick. It took sometime, it took sometime for her to sick. And about three years later, she died... leaving the child to the father.

The girl begin nice and very beautiful... kind-hearted child, other children loved to play with her. The mothers around her wished they could have a child so lovable as she was. All this was on every mother’s words. The girl’s mother’s mother, the girl’s grandmother that is, have had adopted her, which was the custom of the tribes. She was raised by her grandmother. Some years later the grandmother also got sick. She soon died also. Now the only grand, the only grandfather survived.

The girl knew her mother had died when she was young, too young and barely remember her. But she know her grandmother, she had gotten to think of her as... of her grandparents as her own parents. Now her grandmother died. She was broken-hearted. The only person she has now is her grandfather. The grandfather did best to love the young girl. The girl have only her, her grandfather to lean on to when she is sad. She cried on her grandfather’s chest, and a kind warm heart, for comfort.
Some years later the girl became a teenager like others in her age. She turns out to be the most beautiful girl. This story has many different versions. We use a general term. So it goes on to say all the boys who have used to play with her now wanted her to be their girlfriend. Some parents who have eligible young men tend to plan the marriage between their son to this, to this upcoming young lady. Meanwhile, the girl was known as the grandfather’s child, but her mother had called her when she was born, the Morning Star. Some storytellers say that her name was Child Star. In this version Morning Star is a more fitting name.

One summer as the tribe came to the same routine season of migration the summer camp came to life again as people moved on the open tundra. Two reason why they do this: to get away from the mosquitoes in the open country. Two, open space on the tundra provide easy lookout for enemy ambush or attack from hostile tribes. This particular area is near on the height of the land, the peninsula of the two saltwater bays. The place was known to the Omushkego tribe moshowaw... name means barren land. Here they are rolling ridges of an old beaches of receding bay. Actually these ridges are sandbars of an old seashore. They are now covered with the lichens, white moss and tundra built...tundra wild flowers, which give off sweet fragrance like a scent or perfume. On these ridges you can see a variety of colors of wild flowers, plants, local fruit plants and blossom. At this season it’s almost like a heaven on earth because during the winter months its cold as if no living thing could survive in here. But in each summer, in the month of June beginning of June and July to the month of August, these plants that produce flowers with colors and smell, the Omushkego men calls it most beautiful nature, or sometimes beautiful wilderness woman. Men seldom stay home during this time. They wanted to travel on to the next ridges, to see the beautiful colors and smells of flowers. And when they come home they would pluck a few off from the ground, some nice smelling flowers, and brought home and pin it on to their wives chest or on their hairs.

It was this time in the season that the girl live amongst the people. She blossomed like the wild flowers on the land. For that reason all the young men wanted her to be theirs. Unfortunately the girl had her own priority and that is to look after her sick grandfather. As it happened, the old man is now sick. He had a coughing disease.
Perhaps it was tuberculosis. A time a Omushkego would develop tuberculosis, when its bad, could kill them in no time. It was that kind which the old man had developed. He was going fast. It seemed to have been during this time of the season. So the old man knew his time is near that summer. He told her beloved granddaughter to be prepared in case if he goes. The girl was around sixteen by this time, there about; she had become mature that summer.

For this temporary village there had seen a routine summer life. Until one day this stranger arrived in the camp, a young man. As usual, as soon as the Elders know that their visitor is no danger they accept him as a visitor. In a matter of time some young women soon became aware of the young man of the visitor. He’s actually a mature man... fully capable of surviving where he had traveled. It was said that he has traveled from the West on the Mashkote that means the prairie, the prairie land. And he is actually beyond that land. So Elders liked to ask him about the land he has passed. How long since he left home? All this brings the fascination to the Omushkego tribe. They have heard such a land to the west, also the land of the rugged mountains.

Some young men of same age loved to hunt with the young man, young visitor, which he gladly went with them. Yes, he is a good hunter. His arrows fly straight and hit their targets. Yes, the young Omushkego’s admire him of his skills he use to hunt. The young boys like to watch him play games with the other young men. He is good sport. The girls they simply adore him. They wish he could be theirs, their husband in their future. So all young girls talk about this young visitor from the west.

In time, so, so, in time.... so the Morning Star, heard about the young man. The eligible young men unfortunately...the girl Morning Star was too preoccupied in taking care of her grandfather home, the only loving person she know. She didn’t quite know her own parents. She had missed terribly of her grandmother when she died. Now it seems like she is going to lose her grandfather also, the last person she loved most. Her grandfather, she never want to waste her time, but to attended her grandfathers need. She know he will die in a matter of time.

The story of the young man didn’t bother her so much. Although now she has slightly became aware of the opposite sex. She heard about sex but never actually experienced any of it.
One day in her busy schedule, in everyday work, she had to carry drinking water from the distance from her camp. There is a stream there with a fresh cold spring water, that’s where everybody gets drinking water. One nice day she walks there to get the water in a water bag. As she turns to walk home she saw a man… tall, strong, good-looking man, what she has never seen before. She know most of the local men and the young men out… but this person, no, she didn’t meet the man. She only saw him standing there near the lake. He was looking at something at the horizon. Quickly she had walk home carrying water bag. Water bag is made out of a skin. She forget the encounter, she raced back home.

Soon the old man get sicker, he knew that he will die soon. One day he talks to his granddaughter and said, “Child I am going to die soon like your grandmother. I am old; I will not live forever. We are all going to die someday, but you my grandchild, you are the only thing I regret of dying. To leave you here.”

The girl sit beside her grandfather’s bed, she hold his hand. She said, “No, you are not going to leave me here alone.” she said. But the grandmother [sic grandfather] said “No, I will not leave you here alone. Someone will take care of you, soon, even better than I have done.”

During the past summer seasons an old man have been approached by many parents of the local boys and wanted to adopt her granddaughter, if he dies. He never told her. He never told the granddaughter of these things. They were subjects of arranged marriages of her and for his granddaughter. These he never said anything to agree or to disagree to anyone. He had only listened to the well-intended individuals of the subject. All he had ever said was, “I will know when the time comes.”

Now is the time, that is why he talks to his only grandchild of which whom he feel more like his own child. Then the grandchild. So he said to her, “My granddaughter, you have been the only reason I wanted to live this far. Now I am old, I cannot take care of you. You have been very nice to me, you always obey me of whatever I told you. You have loved me now I want to thank you personally and I want to give you my blessing before I die or get too sick to think straight.”

He took her hand on his and one hand on her head and he said, “May the Creator bless you. May the Great Spirit bless you, and protect you. May you find love and be
loved as you have loved me and allowing me to love as my own child. May the Great Spirit protect you, may he give you a new kind of love which every woman long for. The love you had for me shall be replaced, repaid to you in many times over because you have respected me as your own parent. It would be love for you, my child, the love which you will enjoy on earth.

You will be... you will meet a man who will love you as much as I have tried to love you. But this man will be your husband. He will love you and you shall love him much more than you have loved me. Soon he will show himself to you. You will decide, that is my blessing.”

A few days later the old man did die peacefully beside his granddaughter. Morning Star, yes, their relatives who came to the last moment of the old man. These people had known the old man as kind and loving person. These relatives were nephews and nieces of the old man. Does the girl have uncle and aunt, cousin to support her during her grief? Then was... then there was a funeral ceremony, signing the mourning songs. Then the burial ceremony, all people attended. There were not that many, more like a members of the clan.

When the burial service was over on that graveyard, when people leave, the girl want to remain on the grave. She speak to her grandfather as if he was still alive. With tears in her eyes she said, “What am I going to do grandfather? What will happen to me?”

As if her grandfather actually speaking she hear his voice, “Do not weep young girl, you shall be protected as I have promised. You will be happy, take your head up look around.”

For some woman... for some woman she forget herself and feel as if her grandfather is still alive. She is aware of her surrounding. She can smell the fragrance of nature and felt secure. While she was still in sitting position sudden grief brought tears, brought tears again. She let go of her crying. In that moment she heard a voice; not of her grandfather but other man’s voice, with kindness. At this same time she felt a hand touch her right shoulder. The hand strong and felt kindness. She turn around, slowly, to see who had, who had come to her in time of her grief and sorrow. As she turned, she saw a man. Tall man, with kind voice, said, “let me help you.”
At that moment she thought she heard her grandfather assuring word of love. At that moment she remembers the man she had seen at the spring... the spring water, yes. Now she remembers the person. She remembers the girls who have describe such a man here with her at her...here with her at her lowest moment comes the word of her grandfather.

She dried her tears and said thank you to the man. With his kind smile he offered her to walk her home. Now her home what had been dislodged because she would have to move with her aunt home, at her aunt home. But she had to go home, her grandfather’s home, to get her things... to get her things out before the teepee is dismantled. She said yes to this young man. As they walk ... as they walk together towards to her home he left the door for her to walk in, again the grief threatened to come after her. She restrained from crying because the man was there. He offered to create fire to make a drink for her and she said ok. When he was doing this, warming the drink, a lady came in and asked to the girl if she wished to dismantle the lodge now or later. The girl said, “not now”.

The woman was her aunt who had taken upon herself to be a foster parent for her girl, for the girl. The girl, Morning Star, is sixteen now... fully-grown woman in body only inexperienced nature. She has not yet been fully responsible for her own life.

It was this time that she asked the young man who he actually was. Who did he...where did he come from? How long since he left home? Why and all these things. So they stayed together awhile, as he gathered her personal belongings, bundled them up and then offered her a warm drink. Soon they walked out, they walked... he walked with her to her aunt lodge. He said so long. Ask if he would be able to see her again and she says, yes.

Next day the old man’s lodge was taken down along with the help of the Morning Star. For the last time she takes down the grandfather’s home which has been her only home. Sometimes that summer season Morning Star had... Morning Star had...had her new friend, a young man from the distance land, she get to know him as a friend. One day he ask her if she would marry him. She said, “I don’t know, I have to ask someone if it’s ok.”
So the young man said, “you are on your own now. You are the only one to say no or yes.”

She actually did know what marriage is all about. She know that she will have to stay with the man and have children but besides that no more, no idea. So she talks to the aunt and her aunt said, ”it is up to you, do you like the man?”

And she said yes. So there it was. She went to see her grandfather’s grave again and speak to him and she said, “grandfather you have told me that someday I will have to marry and have children of my own. Shall I agree to marry to this... to this man who have asked me to marry him?”

She kneeled down there a moment. Somehow sweet smelling flowers seemed to intensify it on tundra. Then the voice of her grandfather said “yes, you shall marry the man. You will taken care of by him, you will find love in and with him.”

As she was ready to get up a strong hand helped her to get up. There is that man again. Without him saying a word she said, “yes I will marry you.”

She can see the joy in his eyes now and in her being seems to be washed away all the grief and sorrows she had felt since her grandfather died. Few days later they were married on the open space of tundra while the nature’s sweet smelling flowers seems to give out their intensive smell to bless their marriage. Summer seems to short soon as she had feared her husband said, “shall we return home now?”

By this time Morning Star has been more than a morning star. She love him. She love her husband dearly. Just as her grandfather has promised. She said, “wherever you go they will be my home. Wherever you go I will always follow you. I am your wife.”

A few days later, after preparation they said farewell to the small band of [unclear], which she has belonged to her young days. And then the next day the Morning Star sets out their home journey towards west.

So the story was not... the story ends here and the story begin again later in years... many years later. What happened to the both... to Morning Star and her husband... they went... they went home. He went home and brought his wife home. And they raised the children until they all ... the last one grew up to be a adult. After they had raised their last child they were now two of them again. The only thing that she have asked when she married him one time, when they travel towards...towards west. When
she returned to...in, in time, she told the story herself to her friends. She described the journey from the tundra of a muskeg into the lands of forest... the deep forest moving west finally approaching the prairie land when she describe everything vividly. When she describe her joy traveling with her husband. Where every place they stop became a home for her and learn to love as women love men and truly became a wife of her husband.

In that journey she says it seems as if it was only a few days because she was fully happy. She describe the land... what it looks like and describe how it was to travel for many days. They didn’t travel only for many days, so it seems according to her story, they have spent some winters along the way, because it’s a long distance. She described the prairie land very vividly, describe everything that was there. This was long time ago, before the European. She describe some tribes they pass, some people they pass. Some friendly, some hostile. She describe sometimes she come up on... encounters the hunters, men only. She describe how worried her husband is that sometimes he has to hide her and pretend that he was alone. And sort of lose his way back to his wife and pick up the journey.

All this she describe. And also she describe how other tribes, other people along the way they meet... she describe the tribes, their tribal names as Ojibwa, as Blackfoot, as Assiniboine, whatever you call it. She describe this huge lake that was known as Winnipeg, I guess, but is today Winnipeg. And she describe the prairie, she describe the beast.

She says, ”with the shaggy hair and the head and the shoulder. And is by, by the number.’ She says, ‘there is a huge number of them.”

Says, when they travel on the prairie, says they just dark, as if there is a dark forest, but it is all those beast. “Sometimes’, she says, ‘they were herds that you could see.”

Sometimes she can see them with no ends all moving on the land. She describes the prairie, prairie tundra storms... how terrible they look. How the light travel on the horizon and how the light travels in ground and strike the ground and you can feel the ground shake. She describe how the stampeding wild beast of the prairie makes the ground rumble and shake. She describe how close sometimes the stampeding herds
would come to their own place as they journey west. She describe the tribes that hunt the beast and her try the best to avoid there being encounter. She says that most of the time they have to hide so in order to survive, in case the tribes were hostile. Because as her husband said... [the tape ends here and switches to side B]

Hello, hello I’m sorry that my tape recorder was run out of steam. So anyway, I said she describes how... how her husband told her that its no safe place for women to travel with the man when there is a group of hunters that traveling because there is that possibility of attacking women. Even rape, even kill because the men can go wild. So this was the fear that she will always remember and then her husband always find a way to keep them safe together. In all this time, whenever there is a danger she always managed to hide behind her husband even sometimes take advantage of it.

“When,” she says, “one time when there were the herds of buffalos came stampeding towards [unclear].” She took that opportunity to jump on her husbands arm and be held by him.

“He says,” she says, “never mind the tundra of the beast... the tundra of love is better.”

So she was describing all the happiness she can find along the way. And then finally they come close to the place where her husband home would be. He have said that on their journey that, “the closer we get my home,” he says, “you will see the cloud forever.”

Maybe he was just kidding, but anyway, he says if that is what I was looking for is the cloud formation that I will see, that will be close to our home. For many days, for many moons, even season they travel across. They didn’t rush because they are happy, their home is the open country. So this... so she said.

And then finally one day, when they travel one horizon to the next of this prairie land, the grassland... finally she notice one morning that there was a cloud to the west which seems not to move. So they travel many days in that distance and they don’t seem to move. She didn’t say a thing, she didn’t want to ask. She just wanted to know that we may be getting closer. She was a bit worrisome what will happen when she get there. What her husband friend say, will they welcome her? And she was sort of holding on not to reach.
But as the days go the cloud formation seems to be closer. And soon she begin to wonder, “that’s not the cloud.” So she stop her husband and she says, “just a minute dear. Let me ask, you said where the cloud formation constantly in form,” she says, “this is not a cloud. That’s not a cloud.”

And then her husband laugh and he says, “no that is not a cloud, these are the mountains... these are the mountains, the tops, the tops and sometimes there is a snow, it depending on the weather. If it’s cold up there they will see the sun. If it’s warm the snow will be gone and that’s why it looks like a cloud.”

So he was a mystery, he was a ... she witnessed the story that she heard before long, that there to the west the mountains were high the snow covered them. She saw it. And then they move on. Soon they come up on to that place where finally he make... he says, “our last camp together.”

And she ask why is it. He says, “this is my home, my territory.”

He says, “come up.”

So they went up to this high hill and here they look down to the valley where this river winding down there. And there’s many teepees. He says, “that’s my home and that’s where we’re gonna go tomorrow.”

So they spend a night there together. Her being apprehensive not knowing what to act, she asked many questions... Do they speak, what kind of language do they speak? Would she be able to speak to them? And her husband says, “No. I will speak for both of us, you just remain, my wife.”

So they did. So they reach and they met... she met her father in law... and his relatives and everything. She was welcome. As soon as she talks to them he says, “this is my wife,” and everything and they all came to her and shake hands and women held her and kiss her and everything.

And she was welcome and she was treated very respectfully. And she was very happy again… the word of her grandfather rings again. “You shall be loved as much as you have loved me. Your love will be repeat many times over.”

And so they live... they live for many years, they say. She said this herself. They live many years, they have children and they have children until they grow up. The last child begin to be an adult and it was this time now they were older. When they were
moving west she used to ask her husband to bring her back once more before she died. He used to say, yes, yes, yes, but never really think this would happen. It was this time, one time when she was lonely, where there was no more kids and... she longs to see, she longs to travel again on the trail where she was so happy. So she ask her husband, she says, “may we travel again on that road where we were so happy, once more in our life?”

First, you know he didn’t, didn’t say much, he just say, yes, yes, yes we will. But, he says, “what do you mean? We are old now, how do you think we are going to travel us there?”

But she says, we will. And then finally they get serious. He ask, are you serious? And she says, “yes. I would like to see homeland once more. If we can make it back I will be forever be grateful to you.”

And then he says, “ok. Let me think about... let me, let me concentrate on this thing.”

So I guess for a few more winters they stay until someday he got it up his wits and everything and he says, "ok, we will take the trip."

What he did was he consult the Elders and things in his own way because he’s, he’s a Shaman. So he went to do his own thing to find the answer. So when he found it he says, “yes, we shall take the trip... but there is no promise that we may make it there or even to make it back. We shall inform our children and our relatives here, then we will do this.”

So they said yes... so they was happy and then they set out... once more to the east. The Morning Star... in time of season you will see the star to the East, which we call Morning Star. It was in that period that they picked the spot... picked a time to leave. And each time when they get up you know they see the star in the morning... her name... they went east. She did not experience fully joy that she experienced when she was young, but the memory of it was so beautiful. Nothing matters as long as her husband is beside her.

The dangers that were there some were not there. Sometimes they happened to meet people... they welcome, they welcome them because they are now the older couple... and they were just harmless old people who travels the land. So they most of the time they welcome and they rested, they stay with people for some time and go on
journey. No, nobody says how long did it take them to make the journey, but they did...
they did arrive... one summer time... on the same tundra.... on the, near peninsula of the
Hudson and James Bay... the homeland of Morning Star.

Her husband beside her arrive and the people they left a long time ago have now
died... the Elders. The young people that she grew up with are now in her same age... in
her old age. They were a new generation of people but the lands they remain the same.
She enjoyed the stay... they stayed for some winters.

All good things come to an end. And it so happened... the disease that usually
killed the Omushkegounk emerged again in that season. One summer season she got it...
when they were there. She got it bad as quickly as her grandfather. She begin to cough...
a sign of which cannot be cured. In the month of August she died... in the same land
where her grandfather died... the same ridge... the same temporary camp... the same
graveyard. She died and she was buried beside her grandfather’s graveyard.

It was on this day that her husband had promised to take her back home. They
say he had known to happen when he went to consult his spirit that she should take the
trip to please her wife. And what she had promised she’d fulfill. What he promise her
had been fulfilled… that she has said before they reach her homeland that she would be
allowed to speak her language... that she was teach her children to speak her language...
which she did. All of her children and their wives and their children learned to speak the
language.

She returned back to the homeland and she died. She died peacefully... she died
happily; just like her grandfather had promise. She was protected...she was given many
times over love that she has... been promised that. And now today in her graveyard stood
the man... alone. As if she has seen her wife as a girl crying, he now cries there not as
young man, but as an old person. Stood there alone... speak to the graveyard... speak to
his wife... same as she did when she was younger. And as he stand there and look at the
land over the same, the same sweet smelling nature, the same sweet smelling... the same
sweet smelling wildflowers that grow in tundra of the Omushkego land seems to rise
fragrant, very fresh and powerful, which fills his nostrils and brings happiness to him. As
if holding her wife once more in his arm. And it give him strength... and he heard her
voice saying, ”yes, you shall go home. Give your last love to our children and bring my love to them. I shall be traveling with you as you go.”

In that voice she took a step forward to the west... to return home. And that is how the Cree speaking language has brought to the west, to the Rockies. That’s the end of the story.

It has been said then, the men, the men took journey back home as he had been told by his wife. In his journey back home he felt as if he has traveled again with his wife even though she is now not with him... but in the memory, and her voice, her cheerfulness that brought joy to him when they first make the journey west... bring back the four good memories which bring strength to his body and legs to carry him back home to be with his children and to tell the children about the mother and to tell the grandchildren about their grandmother, who is known as the Morning Star... to the east... who had brought the language of the Cree speaking language. The Omushkego language, not Cree, there was no such word then that time. So that is how the story has been told because of the question... so it is... the story ends there.

This story has been told many, many fragmented parts. Some storytellers, especially women, would bring tears to their eyes. To us youngsters when we were small we thought of the great man who traveled so far a distance... admire him. We tend to look at our mothers as that woman who have courage to go so far to fulfill the promise that was given by her grandfather. We travel with them in our mind... to the forest, to the prairie, and close to the foothills of the mountains. It is one of the emotional story that I ever heard in my young days. My grandmother told us... my mother told many times, other old ladies told us, some men told us... in the version of man. It has been fragmented in time, but I put it together as I see would suit better for the listeners, and thank you for listening. My name is Louis Bird.[end of tape]