

"Place your hand over the fire, Black Elk, and feel of its heat" the old man answered. The young man placed his hand over the fire. He felt the heat grow within it, until he was forced to pull his hand away again. Then Fire Dog spoke once more.

"All that you feel and see, and in your mind, are your raising his voice. "The fire glowing with color, night, yet speaking of the painful, dangerous, this moment, then moving consuming, changing and death. We ourselves are another fire upon this earth. We are part fire and part dream. We are the physical mirroring of Miaheyyun, the Total Universe, upon this earth, our Mother. We are here to experience. We are a movement of a hand within millions of seasons, a wink of touching within millions of sun fires. And we speak with the mirroring of the Sun".



the flowers these things open answers", Fire Dog said is life. It is warm, surrounded by the day. It is promising, harmonious, visible at into invisibility, alive, finally disappearing into H.Storm

May the Sacred Fire
of this
Holy Season
Bless Your Soul
in
Serenity

Mitakuye Oyasin

Elders, Board, Staff, Volunteers
Helpers

Red Road Indigenous West
Pte Oyate FRN

