

Sacred Song of the Hermit Thrush



A Mohawk Story • by Tehanetorens



We chose to print this title on responsibly harvested paper stock certified by the Forest Stewardship Council, an independent auditor of responsible forestry practices. For more information, visit us.fsc.org.

Text © 2020 by Tehanetorens

Illustrations © 2020 by David Kanietakeron Fadden

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means whatsoever, except for brief quotations in reviews, without written permission from the publisher.

Printed in Hong Kong



7th Generation
Book Publishing Company
PO Box 99, Summertown, TN 38483
888-260-8458
bookpubco.com
nativevoicesbooks.com

ISBN: 978-1-939053-26-8; eISBN 978-1-939053-52-7

25 24 23 22 21 20 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9


The story of the Hermit Thrush was first published as a pamphlet by the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization. The original dedication read: “We, the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor Organization from the St. Regis Reservation, dedicate this pamphlet, ‘How Hermit Thrush Got His Song,’ to the noted historian and author Mr. Hale Sipe of Freeport, Pennsylvania. We dedicate this little forest tale to Mr. Sipe because in all of his writings he has written the truth concerning the old-time Indian. He has not tried to cover up or hide true Indian history. As this honest historian says: ‘It is the historian’s duty to record the wrongs committed upon the Indian, as well as the wrongs committed by him. History must not hide the truth.’ We are grateful to Mr. Hale Sipes, a true historian and a real friend, for the attitude he has taken.”

I dedicate this book to my grandparents, Ray and Christine Fadden. I learned my history and culture from my grandfather and how to be a decent person from my grandmother. I was very fortunate to grow up next door to them and would visit with them almost daily. I would take walks with my grandfather, and we would talk about history, stories, and contemporary issues. I learned a great deal from those talks. My grandmother gave some of the best advice about life that I've ever received. That advice I still hold on to and live my life accordingly. Their generosity and friendship has been felt by all who have met them. Thousands of visitors from all over the world have stopped by our small museum tucked away in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains throughout the years. My grandfather talked to and told stories to most, if not all, of those lucky folks. This story of the Hermit Thrush is one of those stories.

—DAVID FADDEN

Long ago, the Birds had no songs.
Only Man could sing, and every morning,
Man would greet the rising Sun with a song.





The Birds, as they were flying by,
would often stop and listen
to the beautiful song of Man.
In their hearts, they wished
that they, too, could sing.

One day,
the Good Spirit
visited the Earth.



You've Just Finished your Free Sample

Enjoyed the preview?

Buy: <http://www.ebooks2go.com>