

Ten American Indian Prayers I

Listen Grandfather Where I Stand

Hey-a-a-hay! Lean to hear my feeble voice.
At the center of the sacred hoop,

you have said that I should make the tree to bloom.
With tears running O Great Spirit, my Grandfather,
with running eyes I must say....

The tree has never bloomed.
Here I stand, and the tree is withered.

Again I recall the great vision you gave me.
It may be that some little root of the sacred tree still lives....

Nourish it then, that it may leaf and bloom and fill with
singing birds!

Hear me, that the people may once again go back to the
sacred hoop,
find the good road, and the shielding tree.

~Black Elk

As I Walk with Beauty

As I walk, as I walk
The universe is walking with me
In beauty it walks before me
In beauty it walks behind me
In beauty it walks below me
In beauty it walks above me
Beauty is on every side
As I walk, I walk with Beauty.

~A Traditional Navajo Prayer

Pawnee Prayer

Oh, Eagle; come with wings outspread in sunny skies.
Oh, Eagle, come and bring us peace, thy gentle peace.

Oh, Eagle, come and give new life to us who pray.
Remember the circle of the sky; the stars, and the brown
eagle,
the great life of the Sun, the young within the nest.
Remember the sacredness of things.

~Author Unknown

Power Animal Song

Come to us: Eagle, Wolf, Bear And Cougar.
Dance we now The Power dances.

Eagle soaring above the Peaks,
Share with us freedom,
Majesty and fighting skills.
Teach us lessons we need to Learn.

Dance with us
The Power dances.

Wolf, cunning tracker, by day Or night.
Share with us endurance,
Courage and adaptability.
Teach us lessons we need
To learn.

Dance with us
The Power dances.

Bear, trampling along earthen Paths,
Share with us mighty strength
And sense of smell.
Teach us lessons we need
To learn.

Dance with us
The Power dances.

Cougar, lonely tracker of terrains,
Share with us agility,
Stamina and endless curiosity.
Teach us lessons we need to learn.

Dance with us
The Power dances.

Movements slow
Movements rapid.
Frenzied swaying
Upward, downward.
Dipping, turning
Round and round.

Dance we now
The Power dances.

Dancing partners,
You and I.
With me,
In me I am you,
You are me.
Together as one,
Yet separate, too.

Dance we now
The Power Dances.

Awaken now
All Spirit beings.
To Dance the dances
With your human kin.

Dance the cycles of life and death,
Hope and fear,
Good and evil.
Dance the cycles,
Now and again.

Lower world, Upper world,
Journeying now and forever more,
Of time and space.
All is once,
There is none.
Dance the dances
Again and again.

~Author Unknown

Mother Earth Prayer

Mother Earth hear your child, As I sit here on your lap of
grass, I listen to the echoes of your voice In my brother, the

Wind, As he blows from all corners and directions.
The soft and gentle raindrops are the Tears you cry for
your children.

Teach me the Lessons you offer: To nurture my children,
as you nurture yours, To learn the Lessons of the Four
Kingdoms, that make up this World of Physical Things, and
To Learn to Walk the Path chosen so long ago.

Mother Earth, hear your child, Be a bond between the
Worlds of Earth and Spirit. Let the Winds echo the
Knowledge of the Grandfathers.

Who await, unseen, yet visible if I only turn my eyes to their
World.

Let me hear their Voices, in the Winds that Blow to the
East.

From the East: I seek the Lessons of Childhood: To see
with the trusting innocence of a small one, The Lessons of
Spirit, Given in Love by our Creator.

From the South: to Learn the Ways of Questioning: The
Fire and Independence of adolescence, The Truths, and
how they help us Grow along this Path.

From the West: where the Grandfathers teach us
Acceptance of Responsibility That come during the years
of Marriage and Family.

That my own children grow Strong, and True.

From the North: where the Elders, who by their long lives
Have learned and stored Wisdom and Knowledge. And
Learned to Walk in Balance and Harmony with our Mother,
the Earth.

Mother Earth, hear your child. Hold my hand as I Walk my
Path in this World. Guide me to the Lessons I seek, bring
me closer to Our Creator, Until I return to the Western
Direction, to once again Enter the World of Spirit, Where
the Sacred Fire Awaits, and I rejoin the Council of the
Elders, In the Presence of the One Who-Created-All.

~KiiskeeN'tum- She Who Remembers

Native American Prayer

Great Spirit,
Give us hearts to understand
Never to take from creation's beauty more than we give,
Never to destroy want only for the furtherance of greed,
Never to deny to give our hands for the building of earth's
beauty,
Never to take from her what we cannot use.

Give us hearts to understand
That to destroy earth's music is to create confusion,
That to wreck her appearance is to blind us to beauty,
That to callously pollute her fragrance is to make a house
of stench,
That as we care for her she will care for us.

Give us hearts to understand
We have forgotten who we are.
We have sought only our own security.
We have exploited simply for our own ends.
We have distorted our knowledge.
We have abused our power.

Great Spirit,
Whose dry lands thirst,
Help us to find the way to refresh your lands.

Great Spirit,
Whose waters are choked with debris and pollution,
Help us to find the way to cleanse your waters.

Great Spirit,
Whose beautiful earth grows ugly with misuse,
Help us to find the way to restore beauty to your
handiwork.

Great Spirit,
Whose creatures are being destroyed,
Help us to find a way to replenish them

Great Spirit,
whose gifts to us are being lost in selfishness and
corruption,
Help us to find the way to restore our humanity.

~Author Unknown

Oh GREAT MYSTERY!

Creator of all we are! All we have! All we ever shall be!

I give to You my most humble gratitude.
I thank You for life and all that pertains to life about me.
I thank You for giving me this opportunity of life in this form
so that I may walk among Your wonders with knowledge
and given the option to be considerate and to care.

I give You gratitude for those untold billions of lives that
graciously gave themselves over to maintain this life over
these many years, humbling me by their unselfish sacrifice
just to keep me walking here. So much so as to realize the
sacredness of life, upon this earth I share. Doubly grateful
with each day, just knowing You placed them there.

I ask Your forgiveness Oh Great MYSTERY for all the petty
things I've done. Cursing, griping and groaning over pains
and shames that's done, with so little consideration for all
the wisdom won.

With gratitude for all that was given and all that may yet to
come. I give myself unto Your keeping to let Your will be
done. Humbly asking and beseeching to use this aged
parchment to face Your drum. Stretch it to its limit until
under Your slightest touch it gives its loudest strum. Your
drum signals given to all about and all that's yet to come.

Forgive me if I sound selfish Oh Mystery after all you have
already done. But for myself I have but one wish, perhaps
a foolish one. That on that day when the mystery unfolds
before me, when the work of this flesh is done, That I may
utter with my final breath, "I DID ALL I SHOULD HAVE
DONE!"

Thus I pause in this unending prayer, ending as was
begun, with undying gratitude for everything You have
given and for all that You have done.

~Wanish, (Thank you) Blue Turtle

GREAT SPIRIT PRAYER

"Oh, Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the wind,
Whose breath gives life to all the world.

Hear me; I need your strength and wisdom.
Let me walk in beauty, and make my eyes ever behold the
red and purple sunset.

Make my hands respect the things you have made

and my ears sharp to hear your voice

Make me wise so that I may understand the things you
have taught my people.

Help me to remain calm and strong in the face of all that
comes towards me.

Let me learn the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and
rock.

Help me seek pure thoughts and act with the intention of
helping others.

Help me find compassion without empathy overwhelming
me.

I seek strength, not to be greater than my brother,
but to fight my greatest enemy - Myself.

Make me always ready to come to you with clean hands
and straight eyes.

So when life fades, as the fading sunset,
my spirit may come to you without shame.

~Author Unknown

Who will sing my name?

When I see the eagle no more,
Will you call my name?

When the end of my path is reached,
Will you sing my name in prayer?

The Old Ones fade and are no more,
And no one calls their names.

Our People vanish and come to ashes,
And no one sings the prayers.

We were once strong and many,
I call the names of those before.

Those who remain have no knowing,
For them I sing my prayer.

But when I am gone, who follows me,
Who will call my name?

When I have given up my breath,
Who will sing my name in prayer?

~Author Unknown

Cherokee Prayer

Ga lu lo hi gi ni du da
Sky our grandfather

Nu da wa gi ni li si
Moon our grandmother

E lo hi gi ne tse
Earth our Mother

Ga li e li ga
I am thankful

Si gi ni gé yu
We love each other

O sa li he li ga
We are grateful