



# He-oh-ks-te-kin's Farewell Speech

“We came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of our fathers who have all gone the long way. We came with our eyes partly opened for more light for our people who sit in darkness. We go back with our eyes closed. How can we go back blind to our blind people? We made our way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands that we might carry back much to them. We go back with empty and broken arms. The two fathers who came with us – the braves of many winters and wars – we leave here asleep by your great wigwam. They were tired in their journey of many moons, and their moccasins were worn out.

Our people sent us to get the white man's Book of Heaven. You took us where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, but the Book was not there. You showed us the images of good spirits, and pictures of the good land beyond, but the Book was not among them to tell us the way. You made our feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and our moccasins will grow old with carrying them, but the Book is not among them. We are going back the long, sad trail to our people. When we tell them, after one more snow, in the big counsel, that we did not bring the Book, no word will be spoken by our old men, nor by our young braves. One by one they will rise up and go out in silence. Our people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them, and no Book of Heaven to make the way plain. We have no more words.”

Hines, Harvey Kimbal. *Missionary history of the Pacific Northwest, containing the wonderful story of Jason Lee*, 1899. 38-39.