

INDIAN PRAYER

Unknown

Submitted by Marie Custer Ledoux

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

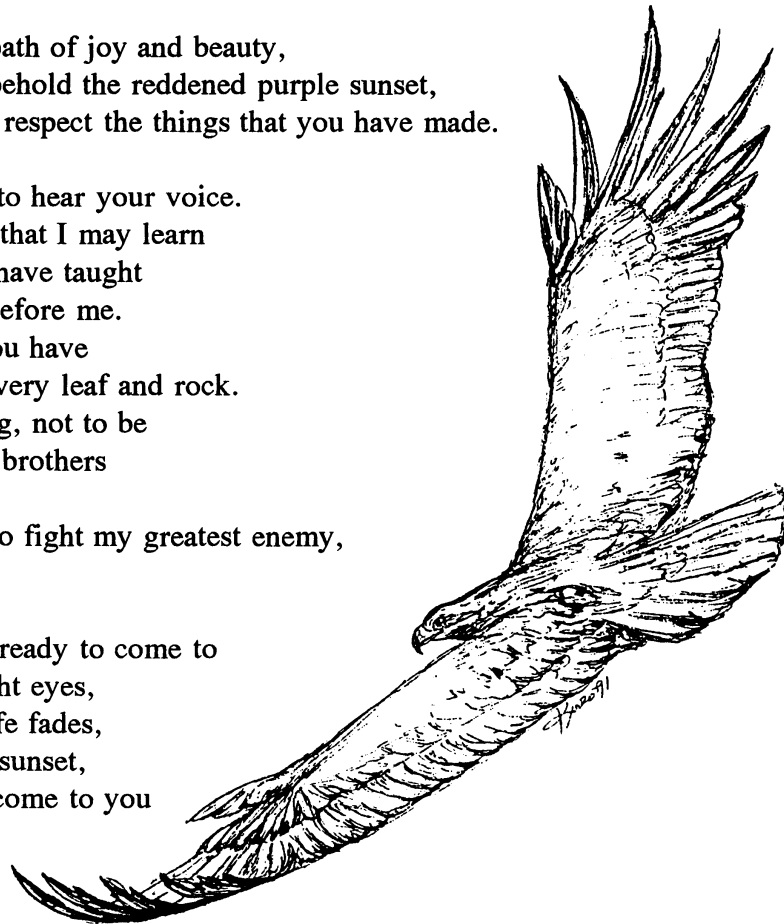
Hear Me!

I come to you as one of your many children,
though I am small, and weak,
I need your strength and wisdom.

May I walk a path of joy and beauty,
May my eyes behold the reddened purple sunset,
May my hands respect the things that you have made.

My ears sharp to hear your voice.
Make me wise that I may learn
the things you have taught
your children before me.
The lesson's you have
hidden under every leaf and rock.
Make me strong, not to be
superior to my brothers
and sisters,
but to be able to fight my greatest enemy,
My-Self!

Make me ever ready to come to
you with straight eyes,
so that when life fades,
like the fading sunset,
My spirit will come to you
without shame.



Marie hung herself in the basement of the family visiting unit on February 27, 1990. Following another denial by the province of Manitoba to do her time in her home province, her father used his savings to fly to Kingston to see her. All Marie wanted was to be incarcerated in her home province so her family could visit her. Her dad took Marie home for burial.