



Kisiyiniw Pîkiskwêwin Pîyêsiw Iskotêw

Elder's Voices Carried by Thunderbird Spirit's Fire

Preface:

This web site is a collection of 16 stories from the Dene (Dene Suline) & Cree (Nêhiyawak) communities in Northwest Saskatchewan . Joseph Naytowhow (Sturgeon Lake, SK), a Cree speaker, has been gathering these stories from Dene and Cree Elders since October of 1995. Saskatchewan Elders say each of the poles of the tipi represent a moral value. Represented in this collection of stories are values borrowed from this model - reflective of both Cree and Dene worldviews. This site has four titles: Cree and Dene with English translations for each. The stories are also in both Dene and Cree with English. Welcome!

Elder's Biography:

Mrs. Philomene Corrigan is the fourth oldest in a family of 9 brothers and sisters. She was born on December 10, 1919 at Canoe Lake. Philomene's mother (Julie Iron) met her father John Corrigan when Canoe Lake people would go to Ile a La Crosse, SK for church services because no priest was available locally. Her paternal grandfather originated from Quebec.

Philomene raised four children whom she adopted from other family members. She also had two of her own, however, due to illnesses both children returned to the spirit world at a very early age.

Philomene has worked in several capacities throughout her life. She has tanned hide, washed dishes, beaded leather products, hauled wood, caste a fishing net, stacked hay, snared rabbits and squirrels, trapped muskrats, baby sat and knows bush life like the back of her hand.

She continues to keep herself busy telling stories and imparting her knowledge to any who drop by her house to visit. She is very adept at creating beautiful beaded designs for the countless moccasins she has made over the years.

Several years ago Mrs. Corrigan moved to Meadow Lake from Jans Bay, SK.



tapahtêyimowin

(Humility)

Elder's Name:

Mrs. Philomene Corrigan

Edited by:

Joseph Naytowhow & Cheryl L'Hirondelle

Translation by:

Mary Anne Martell

1. The story I am about to tell you happened one time when I, my mother and other family members had been out on a hunting trip. The hunt was successful at that time. It happened by a lake where many treelined islands could be seen.



1. ôma âcimowin kâ-wî-âcimostâtân ê-kî-ispayik; pêyakwâw êkospî, niya, nikâwiy, nohtâwiy mîna nîcisânak ê-mâci-piciyâhk. kî-miyopayiwak êkospî omâciwak sisonê sâkahikanihk ita ê-ministikoskâk.

2. We were on our way home when we caught sight of some pelicans. This was one of their favorite locations in the area. At the edge of the island where the pelicans had gathered, it was well packed down from use by other animals and birds. The beautiful birds were easily visible as they were silhouetted against the dark green background of the island's treeline. Without really thinking about what he was doing, my uncle began to shoot at them. Being an excellent marksman, he easily hit five of the pelicans killing them instantly.

2. ê-pimi-kîwêyâhk êkwa kâ-wâpamâyâhkik cahcâkiwak pêyakwayak mâna ita ohcitaw ê-tasihkêcik. sisonê ministikohk êkota ôki cahcâkiwak asiyatowak. mitoni kistatahamwak nanâtohk pîyêsîsak mîna kotakak pisiskiwak. katawasisiwak anihî cahcâkiwak ê-asicinâkosicik ministikohk. namôya ahpô mâh-mâmitonêyîhtam tânisi ê-itôtahk nohcâwîs, kâ-mâci-pâh-pâskiswât anihî cahcâkiwa. êyikohk ê-nahâskwêt, sêmâk niyânan nipahêw êkota cahcâkiwa anihî.



3. Surprised by my uncle's actions, my mother turned to him and using a firm voice, told him that he had tampered with the law of nature. Needlessly killing pelicans she said, would bring the wind to answer this desecration.

4. Later that afternoon, we could see the clouds gathering in the distance to the west. By time evening arrived, and we were on our way home, the wind really began to blow. At one point, a window of a nearby cabin was blown right off from its casing. Standing trees were blown over by the force of the wind, spread over the ground like a roughly woven blanket. This intense wind also brought rain.

5. We rushed into the house and began to board up the windows with canvas frames. Rain pelted against the house and seeped in from the under the door. During the night, after we had already gone to bed, my father had to leap from his bed to grab a white canvas board so he could nail it quickly against another window blown apart by the continuing fury of the wind. By now, we all awoke to help my father to brace the other windows with yet more canvas frames.

3. koskohik nohcâwîsa awa nikâwiw
ê-misi-kanawâpamât. "kwanita ê-
mikoskâcihât pîkwac-âya," itwêw.
"kwanita êkos îsi kâ-nipahacik
cahcâkiwak, âhci ta-misi-yôtin," itwêw.

Needlessly killing
pelicans she said,
would bring the wind
to answer this
desecration.

"...kwanita êkos îsi kâ-
nipahacik cahcâkiwak,
âhci ta-misi-yôtin," itwew.

4. ê-akwâci-pôni-
âpihtâ-kîsikâk pê-nôkwan
ê-pê-misi-yîkwaskwahk
pahkisimôtâhk. ispî êkwa
ê-otâkosik ê-pimi-
kîwêyâhk. âsay êkwa kâ-
mâci-yôtihk. pêyakwayak
wâsênamân wayawîyâstan
wâskahikanisihk ohci.
sôskwâc mistikwak ê-kâh-
kawâsicik nanâtohk ê-
itâskosihkik tâskôc ê-nâh-
nâtohkokwâtêk akohp.
êkwa mîna êyikohk

ê-kimiwahk.

5. nipihtokwêyâmonân wâskahikanihk
êkwa ê-mâci-kâh-kiposakahamâhk
wâsênamâna apahkwâsonêkin ohci. misi-
kimiwan, kwanita kâ-pihtokwêciwahk nipyi sîpâ
iskwâhtêmihk ohci. ê-kî-kawisimoyâhk êkwa
âsay kêtahawê nohtâwiw kâ-waniskâpahtât ê-
nawacipitahk kotaka pahkwâsonêkin ê-
akosakahahk kotakihk wâsênamânihk ê-
yohtêyâstaniyik. kahkiyaw êkwa mîna ê-
waniskâyâhk ê-wîcihâyâhk ta-sa-sîhtawipitahk
kotaka wâsênamâna.



6. When morning arrived the whole area adjacent to our cabin was covered with a thick blanket of grass, sticks, leaves and branches.

6. ê-wâpahk êkwa sôskwâc misiwê cîki wâsakâm ê-pimastêki maskosiya, mistikwa, nîpiya êkwa watihkwana.

7. That was how strong the wind blew."

7. êkosi anima êyikohk ê-kî-isi-misi-yôtihk. êyikohk ê-kî-sohkiyôwêk mâna êkospî.