

“You worship the sun as a father?” He’d asked half-believing what he’d heard the Indian speak. “Father Sun brings the new day, the light and the warmth. He is the beginning of the new day. I worship him.”

There was complete conviction in the Indian.

“What if I told you that I know the Father of Father Sun?”

“You cannot know the creator of Father Sun. He has always been.”

“White Feather, you see the wheat come to life in the spring, the cotton plants, the trees turn green with life – you see these things because you are Cherokee – the ‘people of the hills,’ – yes?”

“Yes, every spring, the earth awakes from its sleep and looks up to the warmth of the new sun.”

“And you see the things of the earth being born and then, you see them die, don’t you?”

“Yes, all things are born, then die – except White Feather.”

“You were born, were you not?”

“Yes, I remember my parents. I was told they were my parents.”

“Didn’t Father Sun have parents as well?”

“You speak of things like they are just men and women. Father Sun is no man and could not have a father. He has always been.”

“White Feather, do you believe that Father Sun will always be with us?”

A moment of silence passed as the stone-faced red man thought to himself. The sadness in his eyes reflected many, many years of seeing people die. “No, he will die – like everyone else in White Feather’s life.”

“Then, he was born.”

“Yes, Fat White Eyes, he was born,” and with this admission, the Indian almost smiled as if he’d been set free with these words. If Father Sun would die, and White Feather certainly believed that all things must die, then he had to have been born. What strange thoughts this fat white eyes brings. What good are these thoughts? Yet, the man is right.

“Who was the father of Father Sun?”

“Hard to say,” the Indian looked down with the weight of the thoughts, “But his father and mother are gone. Father Sun is so old. He was always been there – as long as White Feather has walked.”

“I believe I know the creator of Father Sun, White Feather.”

These thoughts were too difficult to take. White Feather had walked the hills of the Blue Ridge Mountains for many, many years. He’s taken walks further west and further south. He’d ran upon the Choctaw, the Creek and the Chickasaw peoples. He had much time to think about the beginnings of things and their endings, yet, he’d never seen Father Sun not greet him each morning. To think that this Fat White Eyes would know Father Sun’s father would mean that he was older than White Feather – and that was impossible.

He knew he was alone in his length of life. Cursed. No other man could be kept to become the leader of the peoples as White Feather. There was only one leader and he was that man. That is the reason he still walked as others died. Yet, he was not allowed to lead his people because they tuned their hearts against him. As strong as he had proved himself to be, they could not understand that he was to be their leader. He would lead them into the Hunting Ground where they would never freeze again, never starve, never have to run from White Eye’s bullets.

But they would not believe him. They had tried to kill him.

“Who is Father Sun’s father?” White Feather asked half from sincere curiosity and half for the amusement to hear Fat White Eyes talk. If this man knew Father Sun’s father, then White Feather had considered him incorrectly.

“He is the Beginning and the End. Before all was, He was. When all is gone, He will still be here.”

White Feather stood in amazement at the words of Fat White Eyes. He had never heard such words. Could there be a father of all time? Who was from forever to forever?

“What is his name?” He has names in all languages, but he has no name. He is God. The creator of all things. Nothing is here that did not come from His hand.”

“White Feather is here. Has always been. Cannot die.”

“White Feather was born. You remember your childhood, White Feather. You were born of your parents.”

“So long ago that I sometimes cannot see them in my soul. White Feather has seen many, many peoples born but they all die. They are hunted, killed, or grow old and sick and we live them when we move on. They return to Father Earth. But White Feather does not grow old. Does not die. Not even sick very much.”

“You are blessed, White Feather, but not from Father Sun or Father Earth. You are blessed from Father God. He had given you long life more than any white eyes or Indian. You are old for a reason, White Feather. To see the things of Father God and to tell the children of His love, of his ...”

“His love? Fat White Eyes speaks strange words. Father God loves? Father Sun gives us life and warmth but does not know love. Father Earth feeds us and gives us caves, but does not love. This Father God with no name – he loves? Love the Indians? The Cherokee? OR does this God with no name only love ”