Long, long time ago as this true story was told by great-grandparents; they were still living when this actually happened.

There was once a good man, he was taken up into heaven. It must have been his spirit that was taken up as he was walking with another man who was showing him the way.

They came to a place where everything was beautiful and as he was looking he saw a person sitting facing away from him. He was writing in a big book -- must have been the Book of Life. As he was looking at him, he didn't turn, he saw his form from behind. He was told that it wasn't time for him to go further, and he was taken back into the earth. The Indians named him "God Looked Upon Him" in Sarceee words. He was so amazed what happened to him, as he was given a new wisdom, his eyes were opened to see the future we are now living.

He knew everything before it happened; he saw the future
of Fort Gary, which we now call Calgary. It was going to grow so big that we would be lost in it. He even told of the food and the fruit that we would be eating in the future.

One day he went to the trading post to buy a rile. The storekeeper piled his furs, and he didn't have enough to buy the rifle. In those days the poor Indians had to pile the furs to the top of the standing rifle they were buying. It must have taken a lot of furs. So the Prophet didn't have enough and the storekeeper won't give him the rifle, so he got so upset and told the storekeeper if he didn't give him the rifle, he would curse that every rifle wouldn't fire. They just laughed at him. So they took one rifle and checked it good, started to pull the trigger, and it wouldn't fire, so they tried again. They were surprised and became scared; they let him have the rifle. It was one of the gifts he received from the Creator.

He just saw the back of his body. He said if he turned to me he would have to give more power. He did a lot of great and wonderful things. The Indians had great honor for him.

One day a priest was travelling to the Hudson's Bay. He stopped by, and the priest noticed the prophet right away that he was not just an Indian, he was something more, a prophet.

The priest said to him, "You are my friend." So he said he'll give him a gift. The priest pulled one whisker from his beard and stuck it on the Indian's chin and the priest said, "Now we are friends."

In a year the Indian grew a long beard like the priest. He even knew the time he was going to die, he wasn't even sick. He told his children and relatives that at noon his friend wants him to come home, which means he was going to die. The relatives said he was going crazy, he's not even sick to die. By noon he was lying on his bed in the tipi, he covered his face with the blanket, and that was the end. They said, "We must wake him up, he has slept too long." And when they uncovered his face, he was gone.

They said, "Truly he was a prophet, he had seen our Creator."

After he had left his loved ones, and they had put him to rest in the grave, there was a big wind which took up all the pieces around the camp, and it came to a big whirlwind which went up into the heavens, which we believe he went to heaven.

So God had his hand on the poor Indians from the beginning, showing them that there is a Heaven and our Father is up there.

So the Indians believed there is a better place for them. They prayed to the Creator, "Our Father," before the white missionary came.
May this story be carried to our generation.

Written by Katie Dodginghorse

(Stories from Great-Grandparents.)

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