

CHAPTER FORTY THREE
American Indian Legends
On Our Celestial Visitors

The Man Who Married the Thunderer's Sister

Source:

Myths of the Cherokee

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This is exact text. Commentary follows.

In the old times the people used to dance often and all night. Once there was a dance at the old town of Sakwiyi, on the head of the Chattahoochee, and after it was well started two young women with beautiful long hair came in, but no one knew who they were or whence they had come. They danced with one partner and another, and in the morning slipped away before anyone knew that they were gone. But a young warrior had fallen in love with one of the sisters on account of her beautiful hair, and after the manner of the Cherokee had already asked her through an old man if she would marry him and let him live with her. To this the young woman had replied that her brother at home must first be consulted, and they promised to return for the next dance seven days later with an answer, but in the meantime if the young man really loved her he must prove his constancy by a rigid fast until then. The eager lover readily agreed and impatiently counted the days.

In seven nights there was another dance. The young warrior was on hand early, and later in the evening the two sisters appeared as suddenly as before. They told him their brother was willing, and after the dance they would conduct the young man to their home, but warned him that if he told anyone where he went or what he saw he would surely die.

He danced with them again and about daylight the three came away just before the dance closed, so as to avoid being followed, and started off together. The women led the way along a trail through the woods, which the young man had never noticed before, until they came to a small creek, where, without hesitating, they stepped into the water. 'They are walking in the water; I don't want to do that.' The women knew his thoughts just as though he had spoken and turned and said to

him, 'This is not water; this is the road to our house.' He still hesitated, but they urged him on until he stepped into the water and found it was only soft grass that made a fine level trail.

They went on until the trail came to a large stream which he knew for Tallulah river. The women plunged boldly in, but again the warrior hesitated on the bank, thinking to himself, 'That water is very deep and will drown me; I can't go on.' They knew his thoughts and turned and said, 'This is not water, but the main trail that goes past our house, which is now close by.' He stepped in, and instead of water there was tall waving grass that closed above his head as he followed them.

They went only a short distance and came to a rock cave close under Tallulah falls. The women entered, while the warrior stopped at the mouth; but they said, 'This is our house; come in and our brother will soon be home; he is coming now.' They heard the low thunder in the distance. He went inside and stood up close to the entrance. Then the women took off their long hair and hung it up on a rock, and both their heads were as smooth as pumpkins. The man thought, 'It is not hair at all,' and he was more frightened than ever.

The younger woman, the one he was about to marry, then sat down and told him to take a seat beside her. He looked, and it was a large turtle, which raised itself up and stretched its claws as if angry at being disturbed. The young man said it was a turtle, and refused to sit down, but the woman insisted that it was a seat. Then there was a louder roll of thunder and the woman said, 'Now our brother is nearly home.' While they urged and he still refused to come nearer or sit down. Suddenly there was a great thunder clap just behind him, and turning quickly he saw a man standing in the doorway of the cave.

'This is my brother,' said the woman, and he came in and sat down upon the turtle, which again rose up and stretched out its claws. The young warrior still refused to sit down. The brother then said that he was just about to start a council, and invited the young man to go with him. The hunter said he was willing to go if only he had a horse; so the young woman was told to bring one. She went out and soon came leading a great uktena snake, that curled and twisted along the whole length of the cave. Some people say this was a white uktena and that the brother himself rode a red one. The hunter was terribly frightened, and said, 'This is a snake; I can't ride that.' The others insisted that it was no snake, but their riding horse. The brother grew impatient and said to the woman, 'He may like it better if you bring him a saddle and some bracelets for his wrists and arms.' So they went out again and brought in a saddle and some arm bands, and the saddle was another turtle, which they fastened to the uktena's back, and the bracelets were living slimy snakes, which they got ready to twist around the hunter's wrists.

He was almost dead with fear, and said, 'What kind of horrible place is this? I can never stay here to live with snakes and creeping things.' The brother got very angry and called him a coward, and then it was as if lightning flashed from his eyes and struck the young man, and a terrible crash of thunder stretched him senseless.

When he at last came to himself again he was standing with his feet in the water and both hands grasping a laurel bush that grew out from the bank, and there was no trace of the cave or the Thunder People, but he was alone in the forest. He made his way out and finally reached his own settlement, but found that he was gone so very long that all the people thought him dead, although to him it seemed only the day after the dance. His friends questioned him closely, and, forgetting the warning, he told the story; but in seven days he died, for no one can come back from the underworld and tell it and live.

Commentary

This little story is utterly fascinating and highly revealing. I was intrigued by the elements that lie concealed herein. The story contains pieces which, on their own, no one has recognized, and which are buried within the Cherokee attempts at rationalization, but when compared against other reports, offer keen insights.

I shall not attempt to analyze how the Cherokee developed their rationalization. I shall concentrate on those elements that offer instruction to us.

Angels

Two young women with beautiful long hair came in, but no one knew who they were or whence they had come.

This remark portrays the traditional view of angels, although the Bible occasionally describes them as young men, Mark 16:5. Angels are usually classified as female. In our western culture they are shown as blond, but the Indians would have known only brunette hair.

An important element of the modern abduction reports is the sexless constitution of the abductors. They appear to be neutral. If the young Indian Brave saw them as women it may have been because of their sexless appearance.

*Her brother at home must first be consulted.
A week later in the evening the two sisters appeared as suddenly as before.*

We do not know if the account is accurate. Was the interest of the young Brave intentionally piqued by a first visit, and the story of a brother? Or was this the Indian method of rationalizing the story of someone who was taken away surreptitiously?

Walking Through Water

The following repetition also may be an embellishment upon the story.

'They are walking in the water; I don't want to do that.' The women knew his thoughts just as though he had spoken and turned and said to him, 'This is not water; this is the road to our house.' He still hesitated, but they urged him on until he stepped into the water and found it was only soft grass that made a fine level trail.

When they came to the large river,

The women plunged boldly in, but again the warrior hesitated on the bank, thinking to himself, 'That water is very deep and will drown me; I can't go on.' They knew his thoughts and turned and said, 'This is not water, but the main trail that goes past our house, which is now close by.' He stepped in, and instead of water there was tall waving grass that closed above his head as he followed them.

0In both cases they walk "through" water which appears to turn into grass as the Indian Brave steps into it.

This account is strikingly similar to the Exodus account. I give it here in full.

Exod 14:19-29 — Then the angel of God who went before the host of Israel moved and went behind them; and the pillar of cloud moved from before them and stood behind them, coming between the host of Egypt and the host of Israel. And there was the cloud and the darkness; and the night passed without one coming near the other all night. Then Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the LORD drove the sea back by a strong east wind all night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided. And the people of Israel went into the midst of the sea on dry ground, the waters being a wall to them on their right hand and on their left. The Egyptians pursued, and went in after them into the midst of the sea, all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. And in the morning watch the LORD in the pillar of fire and of cloud looked down upon the host of the Egyptians, and discomfited the host of the Egyptians, clogging their chariot wheels so that they drove heavily; and the Egyptians said, "Let us flee from be-

fore Israel; for the LORD fights for them against the Egyptians.” Then the LORD said to Moses, “Stretch out your hand over the sea, that the water may come back upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.” So Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to its wonted flow when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled into it, and the LORD routed the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. The waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen and all the host of Pharaoh that had followed them into the sea; not so much as one of them remained. But the people of Israel walked on dry ground through the sea, the waters being a wall to them on their right hand and on their left.

Note that the Brave walked on a dry level trail, while the Hebrew people walked on dry ground.

As with the Indian embellishment we do not know how much the Bible account was embellished by later Jewish scribes. Did Moses really have the power to command the waters? Or did the scribes assign to him a power which belongs only to divine agencies? How much of the Egyptian discomfiture and drowning in the water was true, and how much later wishful thinking of the scribes? Can we say the biblical account is any more believable than the American Indian legend? But the clear parallel of the Cherokee story with the water parting to become tall waving grass, and the Hebrew story of the water parting as a wall on both sides, is almost uncanny.

I find it utterly amazing how the hand of God, throughout all countries, all peoples, and all times, lies buried within our planetary record. We, in the western white-man world, have come to think that we are special. We take an arrogant attitude that we know it all. Obviously, both premises are in error. God left evidence in the planetary record we can now use to come to grips with events unfolding in our skies today. Because those events are so strange, beyond the boundaries of our normal rules of spiritual or physical reality, we do not recognize them as the hand of God. We turn to Satanic or alien explanations, to our incalculable loss. Yet, I must ask the question: Did God bury this material in these obscure places for us to find at this time of grave planetary crisis?

Telepathy

One of the notable aspects of the phenomena prevalent throughout the modern contact or abduction reports is the telepathic ability of the celestial agents. They can read our minds. Our fascination with this ability pervades the UFO and Abduction literature. But here it is in the Indian account. Again, we see information buried in the planetary record that only now opens to our understanding.

“The women knew his thoughts.”

Job 21:27 — *Behold, I know your thoughts, and your schemes to wrong me.*
Ps 139:2 — *Thou knowest when I sit down and when I rise up; thou discernest my thoughts from afar.*

Matt 9:4 — *But Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said, “Why do you think evil in your hearts?”*

Luke 6:8 — *But he knew their thoughts . . .*

We naturally wonder how such striking parallels could have been preserved in the planetary record.

Adamski remarked on the ability of recall when the time would come to write.

It seemed that wonders would never cease. Each new step brought fresh marvels until I began to fear that I could not retain half of them in my memory. But my friends assured me that when the time came to write, they would help me to recall an accurate picture of the night’s events in every detail.

John 16:4 — But I have said these things to you, that when their hour comes you may remember that I told you of them. I did not say these things to you from the beginning, because I was with you.

Now back to the Indian account.

The Cave

They went only a short distance and came to a rock cave close under Tallulah falls.

I don’t know about a rock cave under Tallulah falls. I do know that more than one person has reported being within a seraphic transport and a long cylindrical room or “cave.”

If we now bring in Betty Andreasson’s report we again find revelation opened to us.

Raymond Fowler described her experience:

A door flashed open and they entered an enclosed corridor that reminded Betty of a subway tunnel.

In Betty's own words:

We are going through — like an underground corridor, all hollow — into another opening where it is light. And it's like a track we're going on, like a track. We are still walking, gliding — or something.

She was asked about the track, how wide it was, and its composition. She said less than a foot wide, but she was unsure of its substance.

Fowler enters his comments again:

The three emerged into a curiously shaped compartment like a half cylinder or Quonset hut. Four glasslike chairs lined each side of the room. The escalatorlike track ran between the peculiar chairs.

Note that Betty had two escorts, just as did the Brave, and Hacinondon.

Betty believed they were in an underground tunnel; the Brave believed he was in a cave.

Bald Heads

'This is our house; come in and our brother will soon be home; he is coming now.' They heard the low thunder in the distance. He went inside and stood up close to the entrance. Then the women took off their long hair and hung it up on a rock, and both their heads were as smooth as pumpkins. The man thought, 'It is not hair at all,' and he was more frightened than ever.

(In the American Indian legends the Thunder gods represented space Visitors. My daughter Debbie found these reports when she was doing a search on American Indian myths. She noticed that there was a class of folk stories under the Thunder gods. She called me by telephone to ask about it, but I was at a loss. Although I had done research on the American Indian gods I had not noticed it.)

Another amazing detail is the bald heads. The "little gray men" are reported with large, round, bald heads.

But here we are, in this American Indian story, with bald heads.

The Turtle Seat

The younger woman, the one he was about to marry, then sat down and told him to take a seat beside her. He looked, and it was a large turtle, which raised itself up and stretched its claws as if angry at being disturbed. The young man said it was a turtle, and refused to sit down, but the woman insisted that it was a seat.

Ever and again we have stunning parallels in this Indian account. From the previous chapter, and Betty's drawing, we now know the sort of object the "woman" insisted was a seat. Yet the Brave believed it was a turtle. How very appropriate.

Betty Andreasson continues:

And there're — there'er some, like uh, glass . . . uh . . . plastic? Clear plastic seats on the side. And there're lights that come up. And there're — one, and two, and three, and the fourth one looks different. They're on two sides, and there's something in the middle and it encloses somehow with glass. The glass things swung upward, or held up somehow.

Fowler said, *The alien beings brought Betty to sit in one of the strange chairs.*

*They said, "Would you please be seated?"
"What is this going to do?" Betty asked.
Please be seated," he said. "We will not harm you."
"I sat down in this thing and they put this glass around me, whatever — plastic? Clear plastic or clear glass."*

To continue with the Cherokee account:

Then there was a louder roll of thunder and the woman said, 'Now our brother is nearly home.' While they urged and he still refused to come nearer or sit down, suddenly there was a great thunder clap just behind him, and turning quickly he saw a man standing in the doorway of the cave. 'This is my brother,' said the woman, and he came in and sat down upon the turtle, which again rose up and stretched out its claws. The young warrior still refused to sit down.

Note that Betty hesitated to sit in the seat, and questioned its purpose, as did the Brave. When the contoured covering rose up the Brave thought the turtle was rising up and stretching out its claws. Yet he was urged to sit in it.

Tracks Or Rails

The brother then said that he was just about to start a council, and invited the young man to go with him.

In Betty's case it was a council on a celestial sphere in the presence of the Creator. Refer also to Hatcinondon's council with Hawennio, the Creator.

The hunter said he was willing to go if only he had a horse; so the young woman was told to bring one. She went out and soon came leading a great uktena snake, that curled and twisted along the whole length of the cave. Some people say this was a white uktena and that the brother himself rode a red one. The hunter was terribly frightened, and said, 'This is a snake; I can't ride that.' The others insisted that it was no snake, but their riding horse.

At first I was puzzled about the uktena snake, and then suddenly realized what it meant. It was the track or runway which carried the party along the corridor and into the "cave" or cylindrical room. The intriguing part was the way the different human witnesses reported according to their cultural orientations. Betty saw it as a track running through the tunnel and cylindrical room, while the Brave saw it as a snake running the entire length of the cave. Betty said it carried them, somehow gliding along, while the Brave said they "rode" on it, as one would ride a horse. The abductors may have explained to the Brave that it was similar to riding a horse, and he carried this explanation with him when he returned home.

George Adamski several times mentioned rails that ran the length of the transport.

In the smaller transport:

As I was guided down them (stairs), I had time to notice that our Scout had stopped just before reaching a junction in the rails down which we had come. One pair of rails continued through the ship, curving downward out of sight . . .

In the larger transport:

As we were lowered below the level of the Scout, which was still where we had left it, I noticed a vast chamber in back of it extending far toward that end of the ship. Through the center of this compartment and at right angles to the elevator shaft was a pair of rails.

Fear

To continue with the Indian account:

The brother grew impatient and said to the woman, "He may like it better if you bring him a saddle and some bracelets for his wrists and arms." So they went out again and brought in a saddle and some arm bands, and the saddle was another turtle, which they fastened to the uktena's back, and the bracelets were living slimy snakes, which they got ready to twist around the hunter's wrists.

As far as I am aware there are no comparison in this detail with other reports. Clearly the Brave is terrorized by his surroundings, and did not have the benefit of technology to draw upon for comparisons, as we do today. Perhaps he refused to step on the "track" that would "glide" him along through the Seraphic Transport. Or if he did he became so frightened he jumped off again. The account suggests they offered him a carriage of some fashion with physical restraints to ride along the rail but he again refused.

He was almost dead with fear, and said, "What kind of horrible place is this? I can never stay here to live with snakes and creeping things." The brother got very angry and called him a coward, and then it was as if lightening flashed from his eyes and struck the young man, and a terrible crash of thunder stretched him senseless.

The great fear many feel about the strange activities and phenomena unfolding around our planet today has caused us to cast God and his celestial agencies into hellish scenarios. But this reaction is merely human fear expressing itself to explain such utterly foreign or "alien" events. Such reactions are far amiss of a grasp of heavenly realities.

We do not know if the full purpose of the abduction of the Brave was ever reached. If he met in council with other universe personalities the story does not say. His long absence suggests he was carried away to the celestial realms. If so, that element is missing in the account.

He made his way out and finally reached his own settlement, but found the that he was gone so very long that all the people thought him dead, although to him it seemed only the day after the dance.

Importantly, he was returned, just as Budd Hopkins so carefully noted. He was not removed forever from his culture and normal surroundings; he was given the respect to continue to the end of his life.

Another notable feature of the reports is the expansion or contraction of time awareness. The activities which attended the Betty Andreasson event would have taken far longer than the few hours she was absent during her abduction. Many modern reporters share in this displacement of time. Refer to later discussion of the experience of David Morningstar.

His friends questioned him closely, and, forgetting the warning, he told the story; but in seven days he died, for no one can come back from the underworld and tell it and live.

Many other persons have also shown deep spiritual and psychic disturbance. The stunning nature of this report shows how the American Indian myths have preserved important details, in spite of folk embellishments.