

(Cherokee) My people suffered, where was God? (Cherokee) But still God understands, but still that story God understands and as I stood there it was cool, late in evening. I seen a man coming up the walk. There was a church. He said I had on my top coat yet I was shivering. Said this man didn't even have a top coat. Just a little tow sack, they would call it a gunny sack, feed sack, he had one or two of them and he had a little girl wrapped around this-- carrying this little girl. Said they walked inside the church. There were people there. I sit there behind them, the man didn't even notice them. Said he went back to the front and right into the front he placed this little girl right on the altar. And he took hold of her hands and he placed those hands on top just like that. And then he sit her face so her face would just look up. The way he was carrying on he knew that this child was not a normal child. She could not control her hands, she had--she had not control of her body. She was just alive, that was all. Yet this man had put her in the proper position, he came around the other side and then he knelt down like this, see and began to pray to God. Oh what prayer. Praying for the people all over the city, lost people. Being concerned for the lost people, he prayed for them. But it was all over he said he picked up the girl and the sacks and he began to wrap the girl's body with the sacks. That was all he had. And he began to walk out. He said, I began to follow him outside. I said I followed him. He said, "It's cool." He said "My little girl is cold. I'll take off my coat." I took off my coat and put it around her. And he said "I have never seen anything like it." He said "You've seen that story, you've seen that picture." "Where was God." He said "I lost my people there." The father and the mother of this girl were massacred, died