

Sue Nuchols: Oh, let's see. There's 63, I think. And we've got quite a few sentences and phrases and some prayers too that we have translated into our language. It's oh, real interesting.

Mrs. Diebold: Would you like for her to read the prayer?

(Would you read a prayer for us?)

Sue Nuchols: (Reads prayer for about three minutes in Seneca language.)

(What is your Indian name?)

Sue Nuchols: (Speaks her name in Seneca.)

(What does it mean?)

Sue Nuchols: I don't know. (laughs)

(Do you know, Bob?)

Robert White: It seems like there's something you are going--way you are going. (Background conversation.)

(The prayer you just heard was given last summer, when the Seneca Indian school and the Quaker Church--Friends Church of this area, celebrated it's centennial. The prayer was--as the Indians say, "Made up." Sue would you read the translation of it?)

Sue Nuchols: Our Father who lives on High, I hear your voice as the wind blows. You are the One that made this earth. Hear me, I am your child. Pity me and help me that I may be well this day and as each day passes forever. I respect all things on this earth You have created. I will listen whatever way You wish to tell me something. I know that the thickness of a leaf separates us as You travel among us. You know everything, for You are our Maker. I want to do what is right as each day goes by. And I want to love and respect all people. You are the one who gave us thought, and this much I ask of You, with all my love and respect to You. Whenever You take me to the place You have prepared for me, and I leave this earth behind, and walk the narrow road, thank You for hearing my pitiful plea. Thank You My Father.