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THE VISIONS OF STONE CARRIER

Stone Carrier was my grandfather, my father, my brother, and my son. He was a good and brave man, and he taught me many things. He shared some of his memories with me, memories that were of another age than my own. Once, he told me of an encampment at Rainy Mountain. It was on the north side of the mountain, he said. It was a large camp, made up of many tepees, so many that they seemed a great flock of geese, come to pause in the course of their migration to the sun's winter house. I could see the camp in my mind's eye. It was the beautiful dream of a time that was cherished and lost. And on the east side of the mountain are the ruins of a boarding school that my grandmother attended as a child. Many years after it closed Stone Carrier would go there at night, and he could hear the voices of children sounding on the grass. There was laughter in the voices. And sometimes he could see smoke rising among the stars.