



O Great Spirit whose voice I hear in the winds  
and whose breath gives life to the world, hear me;  
I come before you, one of your many children.

I am small and weak, I need your strength and wisdom.  
Let me walk in beauty and make my eyes  
ever behold the red and purple sunset,  
make my hands respect the things you have made,  
my ears sharp to hear your voice.

Make me wise, so that I may know things  
you have taught my people,  
the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock.

I seek strength not to be superior to my brother,  
but to be able to fight my greatest enemy, myself.  
Make me ever ready to come to you  
with clean hands and straight eyes,  
so when life fades as a fading sunset,  
my spirit may come to you without shame.

Pennacook-Abenaki prayer