

Wabanaki Prayer, by Brian Altvater, Sr.

Oh grandfather, great spirit, my grandfather
I come to you with open arms and a hungry spirit
Our people have lost the ways of old
Teachings you taught us to be one with nature
With the powers of the universe
That you command yet, i don't understand
I am but one man
Weak, feeble, wandering aimlessly
Lost in the world of deceit and conflict
Hear my prayers through my cries
I am but one leaf
In the forest of life
I am young, full of hope
In a sacred manner
I would like to live my life
Show me to be humble
Not self centered
Let me hear your voice

With the whisper of the wind
Blowing gently through the trees
The rumble of thunder
Flash of thunder bolts
The soft song of rain
Dancing on mother earth's breast
Help me walk the road of spiritual prosperity
Let me never turn my back on my fellow man
When i am old
And look back to when i was young
The path of life i have walked
The way in which i have lived
Let it be in a sacred manner
Through the direction of you
Oh grandfather, great spirit, my grandfather
So that i may come to you well prepared
Rich in spirit
Dead in flesh
Without shame
To become your spirit helper

Brian Altvater Sr.