

**PAGE FIFTY-FOUR**

August 14, 2018 - Viewing the Land (Conestoga)

Flash to Lee and Weshoyot and the Advisory Board visiting the site of the Conestoga Indian town. The bugs, the memorial, the reflection and a silent prayer for our kin.

*Splash page.*

The river in early morning light. A little fog lifts off of the river, shrouding everything in that early morning blue haze.

VO.

History is like the river. It meanders, wanders, shows us where we came from and where we can go. It can rise and overwhelm wiping away everything in its path. The stories we tell of the Conestoga are the stories of the river and the wind, of the fire and the sky. They are stories that give us understanding of how a People lived and endured.

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For pages 55-57, the illustrations can begin to blend. There doesn't need to be a strict panel separation as we move into 58-59, which are more abstract like the opening Creation Story pages. The images/illustrations can be like a collage or a mural. They need to be more defined than the abstraction of 58-59, but they don't need to conform in any linear way.

VO.

Perhaps, like *Penn's Treaty*, history blends fact and fiction, memory and mythology. Sometimes we only have echoes that lead us back toward our ancestors, our elders, our lost kin.

The current view of Conestoga Indian town.

Passing a house with the Confederate flag in the front yard.

The monument.

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VO.

History is like the river and violence is simply...a moment in the journey of the river. Our ancestors knew this from the long ago time. From the time of the first People who emerged from the waters. They knew of the twists and turns ahead, of the celebrations and sorrows to follow.

The drive by the river.

The Longhouse.

The suburbs and the Ancient Site.

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VO.

How do we honor our ancestors long after they've journeyed on; long after the Earth has reclaimed the structures and the stones, long after the river has emptied into the sea?

Offering of tobacco beneath the ring of trees.

Then the walk back to the bus.

**PAGE FIFTY-EIGHT & FIFTY-NINE**

Present Day - A Eulogy, A Blessing, A Weaving (Menonite Church, Lancaster)

The close of the narrative. We show the folks from Legacy Circle: feeding, eating, talking, and celebrating. We show echoes of past events, tragic events, and yet the People continue. They tell stories and hold dances. The final page is a scene of Native people smiling, facing forward while their Conestoga ancestors watch over them.

*Splash page.*

This page and the next echo the Creation Story from the beginning with images swirling around of present day Native folks laughing, eating, and enjoying one another's presence. It can be abstract and ephemeral.

VO.

Perhaps it is in the blood memory. The laughter medicine. The silence of remembering. Perhaps it is in the food we share, the air we breathe, the water we hold. Perhaps it is all of these things that we do together as we hold the stories of our ancient peoples close in our hearts.

**PAGE SIXTY***Splash page.*

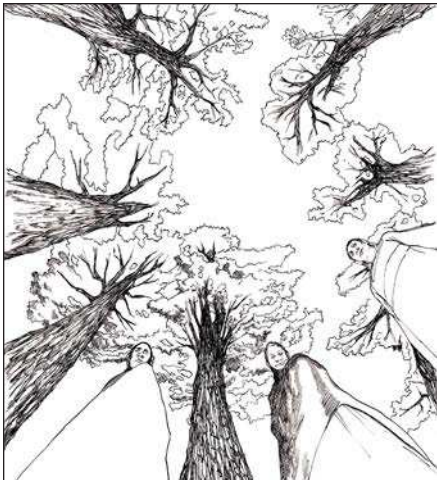
The final page is a scene of Native people smiling facing forward while their Conestoga and Lenape ancestors watch over them. They are carrying the wampum. The river is in the background.

VO.

Their legacy endures, winding along like an endless river. And there are still stories to be told. And we will tell them.

Annotations for tree drawing:

- 2018-08-13-pew-research-120
- WA2 42:14-43:46 (symbolism of trees on burial mound representing the people who were massacred, regardless of race we are all people, all connected to the earth)
- WA2 1:10:09-1:10:44 (reflecting on drawing of the trees on the burial mound that had been taken down by the farmer, her choice to draw it first)



construction, using the old jail's stone walls. Here are her detailed notes, most of which would not be of value, but there are a few nuggets. (I suggest first reading my explanatory endnote 45 on page 177 of *Massacre of the Conestogas* to make sure everyone is clear on the structures built at this location. The 1763 workhouse referenced in the endnote is described on page 27 of the text, is a substantial brick workhouse at the northern end of the jail. The illustration on page 29 suggests that the workhouse was two stories tall, although I have no documentation of that height. That building was incorporated into the two-story stone addition to the jail in 1775.) In 1852, Fulton Hall retained the two-story stone walls for reasons stated by a local architect in Leslie's notes. There are other notes in there (esp. about kids peering down into the "dungeon" during construction and log "piers" being used to stabilize the stone walls) that might be of some use even if only to convey a sense of atmosphere. The stone walls of the first floor of the old prison remain uncovered and the logs are still down there beneath the main Fulton stage. It's a dark and eerie place. In that space, which once encompassed the outside "yard" of the old workhouse, the Conestogas were killed in 1763. The yard was enclosed and incorporated into the jail only 12 years later and has been left intact since. I have heard that most visitors can get a sense of the massacre site even in its highly altered current state. I certainly had that feeling the first time I went down there.

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WF: I think we need to push against this a bit: West's painting is a sanitized piece of Anglo mythology; our narrative serves as a kind of corrective, offering an account that can't be traced in systematically-biased colonial records.

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LF: In all of my writings and work, I try to portray Native and Indigenous People as resilient and dynamic. My original intent in this last image was one that drew from a previous page Weshoyot drew for a mini-comic in our *Deer Woman: An Anthology*. It's a striking image of Native women looking directly at the reader. I wanted something similar but with more of the elements we included in previous pages. Although the final page was different than my initial concept, what Weshoyot does absolutely captures the spirit of the entire work and process.