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3. Launched on a Quest: Transformation

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2. Led Into The Interior: Incorporation

1 Rivers lead us into the interior of a territory.

Stand on the bank of a river and feel it begin to tug at you. The river is moving, endlessly moving, and it invites you to move with it. Where has it come from? Where is it going? What is around the bend? Where will it lead us?

When we prepared to canoe the Spanish River we bought large topographical maps and plotted the course of it. We would enter it here at Duke Lake, northwest of Sudbury, and we would take out at Agnew Lake Lodge north of Webwood on Highway 17. All the rapids and portages were marked; warnings were noted about two sets of major rapids, Graveyard Rapids and Cedar Rapids. We sent away for more information and pencilled notes onto the maps. Yet, for all we learned about the Spanish River, its mystery remained, and its allure. It beckoned, invited, urged us to follow as it led us into the interior of its wilderness.

In 1497 John Cabot sailed in the *Mathew* from Bristol, England on a more northerly route than that followed by Christopher Columbus, and found the island we call Newfoundland, and such immense schools of cod they could be caught by trailing baskets over the side. So fishing boats flocked to the Grand Banks. Then in 1534 Francois I, the king of France, sent Jacques Cartier to explore this new found land. Mapping as he went, he entered the vast Gulf of St. Lawrence, and eventually realized that he was entering the mouth of an enormous river. Arriving near the village of the Stadacona Indians, situated on the high cape where Quebec City now stands, he asked the people what they called their land, and they answered, "Kanata". In their language Kanata meant "village", but Cartier thought it to be the name of the whole country, and he put it on the map.¹ He thought he had found some diamonds there, but when

he got back to France everyone laughed – his diamonds were merely quartz crystals, and so, not tempted by treasure, Europeans stayed with the fish and the furs for the rest of the century.² But the great river stayed there. Though none really suspected it, the great river would eventually lead Europeans into an unimagined interior.

Rivers lead us to the heart of a territory.

2. Just so the baptismal journey leads us into the heart of God's promise, namely, Incorporation.

If Covenant is the bond of commitment God makes with us and all the earth, Incorporation is the enfleshment, the concrete development, of this bond. The word itself comes from two Latin words, in or into, and corpus, body. Into a body. Thus to make something part of a body. All of God's promises culminate in a wondrous image of "dwelling together": God and God's people dwelling together inseparably. Incorporation does not mean being absorbed into God and so disappearing, but to be made an integral part of God's dwelling, as a child is part of the dwelling together of the family into which it is born, and, as it grows, is led into the heart of that family's dwelling together.

Baptism initiates incorporation, and leads us on the journey of realizing our incorporation, our dwelling together with God.

3. Let's look for a moment at our experience of Incorporation.

Before the notion arose that we are splendidly isolated individuals, people had a deep sense of being part of something: a family, a clan, a tribe, a community, a nation, a guild of artisans. Even a company. One was, by blood, naturally incorporated into some bodies; and one was, by trade or profession or common belief, incorporated into other bodies. Incorporation was necessary. It was a matter of life and death. To be banished, or to be excommunicated, or to be ostracized, was death.

When some Native parents in the Southwest of the continent came, in the course of a journey or a migration, to the place where one of their children had been born, they would roll that child in the dust of that place. A kind of dusty baptism. An incorporation into the earth of the child's birthplace.

From the time of our children's birth, Ladona and I would take them back to Saskatchewan and our home farms. As a nuclear family, living in Ontario, it was important to incorporate them into family history and family roots and webs of familial relationships. And our children were baptized. Incorporated into a family that stretches back more than 3,000 years. Abraham and Sarai are your great-great-great-ever-so-great Grandpa and Grandma. Incorporation. You are part not only of our nuclear family but part of something unimaginably big, so that when we sing we sing with angels and archangels and all the communion of saints that were and are and are yet to be. So big that St. Paul in Colossians 1 finally calls it incorporation into Christ, because Christ himself is the incorporation of everything because Christ is "the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation", the agent of creation, the "holder together" of "all things", "the head of the body, the church", "the beginning, the firstborn from the dead", the one who has "first place in everything", the fullness of God, the ultimate reconciler (Colossians 1:15-20).

4. But we have gotten unincorporated.

For vast numbers of children family patterns are fluid and unstable. Many seniors come to their seniority bereft, abandoned, and alone. Economic realities are often such that even children who want to care for their elderly parent are not able to do so, and the wear of care-giving is fierce. Communities that once were networks of support and cooperation have eroded, even vanished. Some years ago I was riding with my brother and sister-in-law from Regina to Rosthern (north of Saskatoon) and at some point in the journey my brother said, "There used to be a town here. A couple of elevators, a train station, a store and service station, houses." There remained not a sign of it. Not even a row of Manitoba maples. An entire community vanished. In southern Ontario it is common to see, as one rides through the countryside, clusters of tombstones in a tended square of grass. All the tombstones of an abandoned cemetery cemented into one tight cluster because the church which created the cemetery is gone; the communion of saints living is gone, and the communion of saints dead is here no longer commemorated but simply clumped for lawn mowing convenience. One cannot wander among the grave markers to remember grandma and grandpa, or parent, or baby sister, or neighbor. That is, if there even remains someone to visit the cluster and to remember. Unincorporated.

Some of the worst unincorporating is being perpetrated today by business establishments. Wholesale and often mindless down-sizing is leaving us, on the one hand, with amorphous pools of people, both under- and over-qualified, and, on the other hand, with smaller workforces which are overworked and over-stressed. On both hands there is alienation. Unincorporation.

5. But unincorporation is unbearable. So people are trying – some desperately and some imaginatively – to incorporate.

Take note of the proliferation of singles bars, dating services, service organizations, volunteer groups, support groups, age-specific groups, therapy groups, recreational organizations, travel organizations, craft groups, hobby groups, artistic groups, exercise groups. Not even to mention the Internet. Nor to mention the dark side of the drive to be incorporated: gangs, swarming, terrorist groups, ethnic supremacy groups, cults.

Some people, we may note, are even returning to church!

Churches have been the first to notice the breakdown of corporateness, and the slowest to do something about it. This is because congregations cherish a traditional sense of corporateness. It comes to expression in four places: the cemetery, the church building, the liturgy, and the membership. The cemetery provides longevity; the building the symbol; the liturgy recurring establishment; the membership the in-group. Who could ask for anything more? Total incorporation. The trouble, of course, is that the cemetery gets larger and the in-group smaller, the symbol gets shabbier, the liturgy duller. Only relatively recently are congregations awakening to the fact that Christendom is ended, and that even baptized members are only theoretically incorporated. Thank God for the Adult Catechumenate. We must start afresh with incorporation.

6. What does incorporation mean?

As we've said, the word comes from two Latin words, in or into, and corpus, body. Into a body. Thus to make something part of a body. But that's just etymology. What does incorporation *mean*?

If you and I could have followed along behind our great, great, great, ever-so-great grandparents Abram and Sarai as they journeyed through the land of Canaan we would have observed them doing an extraordinary thing. They kept building little altars to the LORD. They came to Shechem, to the oak of Moreh, and built an altar. They came to the hill country east of Bethel and built an altar (Genesis 12). They came to Hebron and settled by the oaks of Mamre, and built an altar (Genesis 13). What were they doing? They were claiming the land. As wolves and coyotes and many other animals do, they were marking their territory and thus claiming it! To raise this to a faith dimension, they were incorporating this territory into the promise of God. So now it became a Holy Land.

Incorporation is an act of claiming a gift. The land was a gift: "The Lord said to Abram..., 'Raise your eyes now, and look from the place where you are, northward and southward and eastward and westward; for all the land that you see I will give to you and to your offspring forever...Rise up, walk through the length and the breadth of the land, for I will give it to you" (Genesis 13:14-17). Abram and Sarai walked through it, building altars and claiming it. Incorporation is the act of claiming a gift.

Come with me to the Gaspé coast, to the shore of Chaleur Bay ("bay of warmth"). The year is 1535. Jacques Cartier has been trading with some Stadacona Indians, and, preparing to leave for home, claims the land for France. Under the watchful eye of some Indians (so he records in his journal) they erect a thirty-foot high cross, emblazoned with a shield of three *fleurs-de-lys* and a board bearing in Gothic letters, "Long live the King of France". Having knelt before it in prayer, they return to their ships and observe the arrival of the bearskin-clad chief. "And pointing to the cross he made a long harangue, making the sign of the cross with two of his fingers; and then he pointed to the land all around about, as if he wished to say that all this region belonged to him, and that we ought not to have set up this cross without his permission...."³

Cartier claimed the land for France, and by doing so incorporated it into France.

Incorporation is an act of claiming a gift. For surely this cod-rich land was a gift.

Now meet Samuel de Champlain who labored at this work of in-

corporating. In 1607 he abandoned his earlier attempt to start a permanent settlement at Port-Royal on the Bay of Fundy, and in July of the next year he followed Cartier's route up the great river, which led him to the cape where Cartier had found the Kanata of the aboriginals, and there he and his workmen "built a cluster of fortified buildings which they called the Habitation of Quebec", taking the name of the place from its Algonquin name *kebec*, meaning "narrows". Though 28 of the men died there that winter, Champlain "had established a permanent European presence on Canadian soil." New France.⁴ Permanent incorporation into France. And now there was a river up which incorporation could flow. The great St. Lawrence led directly into the country. Along it and its main tributary, the Ottawa, the work of incorporation could proceed. Hugh MacLennan writes, "...[T]he fate of the St. Lawrence has been always to be an avenue to settlement elsewhere...." And again, "...[I]ts story is connected with that of every other river in North America west of the Appalachians. It was the St. Lawrence that led the explorers to all of them."⁵ Champlain himself, notes Canadian historian Kenneth McNaught, "in 1609 began a series of intrepid explorations covering the Ottawa River, Georgian Bay, Lake Ontario and even Lake Champlain to the south of the St. Lawrence."⁶

By 1700 [he continues] the *voyageurs* of New France had established a vast interior network of mission-trading posts covering the whole region of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi valley, and with tentacles reaching into the Ohio valley, westward to the edge of the plains and northward to the Bay...In the 1730s La Verendrye, leaving behind him a trail of fortified posts, reached the Saskatchewan River, and twenty years later Antony Henday, from the [Hudson's Bay Company's] post on the Bay, beat his way right to the foothills of the Rockies.⁷

The St. Lawrence River led the way into the interior of Canada. This great river carried explorers, fur traders, missionaries, and settlers deep into the land to claim it. Claim the land. Claim its future. Claim its place. Incorporate, eventually, its reality into the nations of the world.

Incorporation is an act of claiming a gift.

7. Incorporation – this act of claiming a gift – is always a struggle.

Nowhere is that so clearly expressed as in the story of the Exodus.

Remember that the Promised Land was an old, old gift. "Go," said the LORD to Abram. "Go from your country to the land that I will show you." Abram and Sarai packed up a U-Haul and went to Canaan, where the LORD told them, "To your offspring I will give this land" (Genesis 12). So they built their altar-markers as sign of their claiming the gift. Even so, the claim was always elusive, and finally, in a wasting famine, disappeared altogether. Refugees, like refugees from the dust bowl of the prairies in the 1930s, the clan of Jacob stumbled down into Egypt. Gaunt and exhausted immigrants, like Irish immigrants fleeing the potato famine of the 1840s, they settled in the Goshen area of Egypt. Maybe *this* was the Promised Land! Maybe *here* they could really claim it and by doing so incorporate it into the great promise of God. But in time a new Pharaoh arose over Egypt "who did not know Joseph" (Exodus 1:8). Now, like the Japanese population of British Columbia in World War II, they were interned and ghettoized by a fearful government. Now, like Mennonite pacifists in WW II, they were put in work camps. Now, like the Native Peoples penned on reserves, they felt the full pressure to curb themselves and be assimilated. Or else....

They had become unincorporated. Who were they? What was their future?

In that desperate moment the Promised Land flared again as promised gift. But it would have to be claimed as a gift all over again. Pharaoh was as reluctant to set the Israelites free as Ottawa and the provinces are to implement the Royal Commission on Aboriginal Peoples. But finally the Pharaoh sent them off in disgust, these nuisance immigrants – for that's what they had become again – as some Reformers want to send Quebec off in disgust at their eternal insistence on being different. But then all Pharaoh's economic advisers and trade delegations and business heads converged on him, and began to count up to him all the economic losses their leaving would incur, including the sudden severe loss of both talented professionals and an entire labor force. Well, nothing is as persuasive as a financial argument, and Pharaoh called out the militia and set off in pursuit. To his great delight, like a Stormin' Norman he cornered them at the shore of the Red Sea.

And got the surprise of his life! It turned out to be his last surprise, too! James Weldon Johnson tells it like this:*

* "Let My People Go", from *God's Trombones* by James Weldon Johnson, copyright 1927 The Viking Press, Inc., renewed (c) 1955 by Grace Nail Johnson. Used by permission of Viking Penguin, a division of Penguin Putnam Inc.

Now, the Children of Israel, looking back
Saw Pharaoh's army coming.
And the rumbling of the chariots was like a thunder storm,
And the whirring of the wheels was like a rushing wind,
And the dust from the horses made a cloud that darked the day,
And the glittering of the spears was like lightnings in the night.

And the Children of Israel all lost faith,
The Children of Israel lost all hope;
Deep Red Sea in front of them
And Pharaoh's host behind.
And they mumbled and grumbled among themselves:
Were there no graves in Egypt?
And they wailed aloud to Moses and said:
Slavery in Egypt was better than to come
To die here in this wilderness.

But Moses said:
Stand still! Stand still!
And see the Lord's salvation.
For the Lord God of Israel
Will not forsake his people.
The Lord will break the chariots,
The Lord will break the horsemen,
He will break great Egypt's sword and shield,
The battle bows and arrows;
This day he'll make proud Pharaoh know
Who is the God of Israel.

And Moses lifted up his rod
Over the Red Sea;
And God with a blast of his nostrils
Blew the waters apart,
And the waves rolled back and stood in a pile,
And left a path in the middle of the sea
Dry as the sands of the desert.
And the Children of Israel all crossed over
On to the other side.

When Pharaoh saw them crossing dry,
He dashed on in behind them –
Old Pharaoh got about half way cross,
And God unlashd the waters,

And the waves rushed back together,
 And Pharaoh and all his army got lost,
 And all his host got drowned...

Listen! – Listen!

All you sons of Pharaoh.

Who do you think can hold God's people

When the Lord God himself has said,

Let my people go?⁸

And once again Israel learned that incorporation into the promise of God was a gift that had to be claimed again and again.

Incorporation – this act of claiming a gift – is always a struggle. St. Paul expressed it in these words: “[God] has rescued us from the power of darkness and transferred us into the kingdom of his beloved Son” (Colossians 1:13). From Egypt, across the Red Sea, to the Promised Land.

8. Now in baptism we are incorporating, that is, we are claiming the gift. And it is a struggle. What is the gift? What is the struggle?

The gift is three-fold: identity, community, and future. Let's examine each briefly, and its respective struggle.

The IDENTITY given and claimed is that of “God’s peculiar people”. I am your God; you are my people. Out of all the families of the earth, I have chosen you.

Here's the deeper heart of covenant! God's peculiar people. The struggle inherent in this identity is the struggle to remain separate, that is, *to be* God's peculiar people in fact. To claim this identity requires again and again a radical act of separation – as radical an act as the plunge through the Red Sea. “Do you renounce all the forces of evil, the devil, and all his empty promises?” That's a radical act of separation.

There is no boundary line as clear as a river or body of water. To pass through it is to pass from here to there. The Mexican poor who try to cross the Rio Grand into the USA experience that crossing as a radical separation. The United Empire Loyalists who crossed the Niagara River

experienced that crossing as a radical separation. To “renounce all the forces of evil, the devil, and all his empty promises” is an act of radical separation. In the very Early Church candidates for baptism, after a long and intensive catechumenate, were brought to the baptistry in the dark of Holy Saturday. A pool of black water lay before them. They stripped off their clothes and laid them in a heap. Facing West they cried out, “I renounce the devil and all his empty promises.” Turning to the East, they descended into the pool and were plunged into it, to emerge wet and dripping on the other side. Here, as newborn babes, they were fed milk and honey, the food of the Promised Land, and clad in white robes. Now they were led into the church which was ablaze with light; the sun was rising; it was Easter! A radical separation! Paul again puts it into ultimate terms: “[God] has rescued us from the power of darkness and transferred us into the kingdom of his beloved Son” (Colossians 1:13). “[W]e have been buried with Christ by baptism into death, so that, just as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we too might walk in newness of life” (Romans 6:4). A radical separation.

It forces us again and again to examine our separateness: “We confess that we are in bondage to sin and cannot free ourselves.” There was no murmuring, during the long haul through the wilderness, that was so heinous as the complaint, “Oh, that we had stayed in Egypt!”, and none so corrosive as the plea, “Let’s go back to Egypt, lest we die here in the wilderness!”, for these denied the radical separation that had made them God’s peculiar people. The identity given and claimed in Baptism is that we are God’s peculiar people, and the struggle is the struggle of radical separation. “Our struggle,” writes the author of Ephesians, “is not against enemies of blood and flesh, but against the rulers, the authorities, against the cosmic powers of this present darkness...” (Ephesians 6:12).

The second component of the gift given and claimed in Baptism, after identity, is COMMUNITY, or, as we have been using the word, CORPORATENESS. You are my people. We are neither solitary persons, nor ever alone, not only because God is with us, but also because we are always part of a people.

Here’s a ragged bunch of slaves stumbling up out of the waters of the Red Sea. It’s been everyone for themselves, each clawing their way forward with their hair standing up on the backs of their necks, gasping

and jostling and cursing; the weaker falling behind, the stronger trampling ahead. And then, suddenly they're through, and they stand stupefied, and sag to the ground numb with shock and exhaustion. And slowly, slowly, they begin to look around, and the truth sinks in. We made it! We made it! We! We! And they are bonded together by an experience none of them will ever forget. In the awesome silence of that realization one woman's thin voice begins to sing, falters, then gathers strength: "I will sing to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously; horse and rider he has thrown into the sea." Is joined by another voice and another and another until a vast shout rolls up, "The Lord is my strength and my might, and...has become my salvation" (Exodus 15:1-2). They have become, by call and separation, a body.

The struggle is to remain corporate. Re-read the stories of the wilderness wanderings and the approach to the Promised Land and you read the story of trying to remain a corporate community. Leadership struggles ripped the fabric of the body; tribal competition set one against another; liaisons with other peoples weakened the bonds of corporateness – to say nothing of the separateness of identity. So we stand together again and again and sing together, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty...I believe in Jesus Christ...I believe in the Holy Spirit..." One woman in my congregation insists on saying, rather loudly, each time we say the Apostles Creed, "We believe in God..." And she is right. Even the common song of our Red Sea deliverance and separation is blurred with North American individualism. "Do not neglect to meet together," admonishes the author of Hebrews, "as is the habit of some" (10:25). Even so. The second part of the gift given and claimed in Baptism, after identity, is community, and it is a struggle to claim it.

The first part of the gift given and claimed in Baptism is identity, and the struggle is to remain separate. The second part of the gift given and claimed in Baptism is community, and the struggle is to remain corporate. The third part of the gift is FUTURE.

The greatest achievement of Samuel de Champlain was to perceive a future for this land. Up to his time, Canada (as it came to be called) was merely a pantry to be raided for fish and furs. Champlain founded a "habitation" on the St. Lawrence River in 1608, and brought settlers. Thus he made possible the claiming of the future of this land. For the St.

Lawrence flowed out of the heart of the land, and by following it up one entered the land and its myriad of rivers and lakes and plains and forests. "The St. Lawrence," writes Hugh MacLennan, "is more than a river, more even than a system of waters. It has made nations. It has been the moulder of the lives of millions – perhaps even hundreds of millions – in a multitude of ways."⁹

Baptism goes Champlain one better, and claims the future *God* has in store. Remember Jacques Cartier setting up a huge cross on the shore of Chaleur Bay off New Brunswick? Curiously, he used the cross to claim the land for France! Baptism says NO NO! The cross is an acknowledgment of the land as gift from God and a claim of the future God has in store for it. Baptism is the beginning of the journey up the river to see what God has in store for the land, to look with God's eyes, to perceive from God's perspective. And perhaps the most startling thing we perceive today is that in God's future there is no narrow nationalism! Both Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain could see only that: a narrow nationalism, "New France". The St. Lawrence decreed otherwise. "The St. Lawrence," writes MacLennan, "breeder of nations though she has been, will never tolerate a narrow nationalism. Just as the French and English have had to sink their differences in order to share the river, so now, more closely than ever, Canada and the United States are permanently tied together by the river that theoretically divides them."¹⁰ And not only the United States, but a veritable United Nations has flowed up the river, and Canada remains one of the few countries in the world that still accepts refugees and immigrants. God's future is multi-cultural and multi-ethnic.

But you say, what then becomes of the *separateness* we have just noted flowing from our identity as the peculiar people of God? What becomes of the struggle to remain separate as God's peculiar people? The answer is that separateness is never for the purpose of privilege but for the purpose of *mission*. Mission so that in the End of all endings we too may look and see "a great multitude that no one can count, from every nation, from all tribes and peoples and languages, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, robed in white, with palm branches in their hands" (Revelation 7:9). So the struggle associated with the gift of God's future is the struggle of mission.

In Baptism we are incorporating, that is, we are claiming the three-fold gift of identity, corporateness, and future. Identity requires us to strug-

gle to be separate, to be God's peculiar people. Corporateness requires us to struggle to stay in the body. Future requires us to struggle with mission.

9. Let me share with you a remarkable ritual of incorporation.

The Plains Indians had a refined sense of incorporation that is expressed nowhere so clearly as in the Sioux ritual of the pipe.

Popularly called the "peace pipe", the pipe was much more than that, though if by "peace" is meant something like the Hebrew *shalom*, a state of general and communal well-being, "peace pipe" is somewhat appropriate. The sacred pipe, so Black Elk narrates, was a gift from the Great Mystery. Its bowl, made of red stone, represents the Earth, your Mother. Carved into the bowl is the image of the buffalo, which "represents all the four-leggeds who live upon your Mother, the Earth". The stem of the pipe, made of wood, represents "all that grows upon the Earth". The feathers decorating the pipe, usually eagle feathers, "represent the eagle and all the wingeds of the air". "All these peoples," says Black Elk, "and all the things of the universe, are joined to you who smoke the pipe...When you pray with this pipe, you pray for and with everything...With this pipe you will be bound to all your relatives."¹¹ When the pipe is smoked in the sacred circle, the pipe is passed in a sunwise direction, and when each person has smoked to the four directions, to the above, the below, and the center, all exclaim together, "We are all relatives!"¹² And so the earth and all its cosmic dimensions and all its creatures and all peoples are made relatives, are befriended and profoundly personalized, and everyone is incorporated into this interrelated body.¹³

It is no wonder at all that the sacred pipe holds such a prominent place in many Native Christian congregations. We may fruitfully ponder how our own sacred acts, especially Baptism and Eucharist – though also our sacramentals, such as the Affirmation of Baptism, Marriages, and Funerals – function as incorporating rituals by means of which we are again and again incorporated into God's gift of identity, community, and future.

Alongside that scene, then, consider this scene. The invitation was given: "Come, for all things are now ready!" She hauled herself up, then

steadied herself on the pew while she clicked the latches that locked the metal braces on her legs. She fixed the crutches on her arms and then began the long, painful, jerky walk to the altar. She checked her course for a moment at the baptismal font, then continued to the table of the Lord, to the bread and wine "given and shed for" her and all peoples. Folks had said to her, "Look, we'd be happy to bring the bread and wine down to you. You could stay in the pew." She'd been silent for a space. Then she smiled. "Don't you see? Don't you see? When I go up the aisle with the others to eat and drink at the Lord's table with the others, *then they are all like me! We all go up on broken legs. And for a precious, wondrous moment, we are all whole!*"

All whole. All one. All claiming the gift of identity, community, and future. All incorporated.

Notes

- ¹ Janet Lunn and Christopher Moore, *The Story of Canada* (Toronto: Lester Publishing and Key Porter Books, 1992) 31.
- ² *Ibid.* 34-36.
- ³ *The Illustrated History of Canada*, ed. Craig Brown (Toronto: Lester & Orpen Dennys Ltd., 1987) 74.
- ⁴ *Ibid.* 108-109.
- ⁵ Hugh MacLennan, *Seven Rivers of Canada* (Toronto: Macmillan, 1961, Laurentian Library ed. 1971) 74, 68.
- ⁶ Kenneth McNaught, *The Pelican History of Canada* (Penguin Books, 1969) 23.
- ⁷ *Ibid.* 32, 37.
- ⁸ James Weldon Johnson, *God's Trombones: Seven Negro Sermons in Verse* (New York: Penguin, 1927, reprint 1969) 51-52.
- ⁹ MacLennan, *Seven Rivers*, 71.
- ¹⁰ *Ibid.* 83.
- ¹¹ *The Sacred Pipe: Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux*, recorded and edited by Joseph Epes Brown (Baltimore: Penguin Books, 1972) 6-7.
- ¹² *Ibid.* 53; cf. p. 21, note 9, and chapter VI, "Hunkapi: The Making of Relatives".

- ¹³ These seven points (the four cardinal directions, the zenith and nadir, and the middle place which is ritually the center of the world) “define man’s primary projection of the universe, his World Frame, or cosmic abode, within which is to be placed all the furniture of creation” [Hartley Burr Alexander, *The World’s Rim: Great Mysteries of the North American Indians* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1953) 9.]