

ARROW TO THE SUN  
A PUEBLO INDIAN TALE  
BY GERALD McDERMOTT

Long ago the Lord of the Sun sent the spark of life to earth.

It travelled down the rays of the sun, through the heavens, and it came to the pueblo. There it entered the house of a young maiden.

In this way, the boy came into the world of men. He lived and grew and played in the pueblo. But the other boys would not let him join their games. "Where is your father?" they asked.

"You have no father!" They mocked him and chased him away.

The boy and his mother were sad.

"Mother," he said one day, "I must look for my father.

No matter where he is, I must find him."

So the Boy left home.

He travelled through the world of men and came to Corn Planter.

"Can you lead me to my father?" he asked.

Corn Planter said nothing, but continued to tend his crops.

The Boy went to Pot Maker.

"Can you lead me to my father?" asked the Boy. Pot Maker said nothing, but continued to make her clay pots.

Then the Boy went to Arrow Maker, who was a wise man.

“Can you lead me to my father?” Arrow Maker did not answer, but,

because he was wise, he saw that the Boy had come from the Sun.

So he created a special arrow. The Boy became the arrow.

Arrow Maker fitted the Boy to his bow and drew it.

The Boy flew into the heavens. In this way, the Boy travelled to the Sun.

When the Boy saw the mighty Lord, he cried,

“Father, it is I, your son!”

“Perhaps you are my son, “the Lord replied,

“Perhaps you are not.

You must prove yourself. You must pass through the four chambers of ceremony--- the Kiva of Lions, the Kiva of Serpents, the Kiva of Bees, and the Kiva of Lightning."

The Boy was not afraid. "Father," he said, "I will endure these trials."

When the Boy came from the Kiva of Lightning, he was transformed.

He was filled with the power of the sun.

The Father and his son rejoined. "Now you must return to earth, my son, and bring my spirit to the world of men.

Once again the Boy became the arrow. When the arrow reached the earth,

the Boy emerged and went to the pueblo.

The people celebrated his return in the Dance of Life.

