



## The Origin of the Prairie Rose

*Native American Tribe: Lakota – North and South Dakota, USA  
Retold by Sydney Solis - <http://www.storytimeyoga.com>*

Long, long ago when the Earth was still young and before people had come, no flowers bloomed on the prairie. Only gray, dull weeds and bushes dotted the Earth.

Mother Earth woke up one morning, looked around and said, "I have so many beautiful colours inside of my heart. Yet none are out here on my robe, where there is nothing but drab grey and brown. It makes me so sad. I would love to see the beautiful colours of my heart adorn my robe! I wish to see white flowers like the prairie in winter, pink flowers like the dawn of a spring day, yellow flowers like the sun in summer, blue flowers like the sky in fair weather in the fall."

A little pink flower heard Mother Earth's call. "Don't be sad, mother. I will go to the surface and dress up your robe and make it beautiful." So the little pink flower came out of the heart of Mother Earth and bloomed on the prairie.

But Wind Demon saw the little flower and cried, "I will not have that little flower on my playground!" So he raged and blew fiercely, and blew out her life. Her spirit returned to the heart of Mother Earth.

Should any other flower gain the courage to go forth, each would meet its fate with Wind Demon, who blew out their lives and sent their spirits back to the heart of Mother Earth.

Finally, Prairie Rose offered to go. "Yes, my dear child," Mother Earth said. "You are so beautiful, sweet smelling and graceful. Wind Demon will be charmed by you and hopefully not hurt you but let you stay on the prairie."

Prairie Rose made the long journey through the dark earth to the surface of the drab ground. As she journeyed, Mother Earth said, "I pray that Wind Demon let's her live!"

Wind Demon saw her and rushed toward her. "She is pretty, but I will not let her on my playground! I will blow out her life!" He billowed and puffed and blew, but as he got closer, he caught the scent of the beautiful Prairie Rose. He stopped in his tracks. "Ah! How sweet and fragrant! It touches my heart. She is so lovely! I do not have the heart anymore to blow out the life of such a beautiful maiden with so sweet of breath! I want her to stay here with me! I must make my voice gentle and my manners kind. I must sing sweet songs with my wind to her. I must not frighten her away with my terrible noise.



So Wind Demon changed. He became quiet and blew sweet songs of breezes over the prairie grasses to her. He hummed and sang sweet songs of gladness for he was no longer a Demon.

And one by one the little flowers reemerged from the heart of Mother earth again, and bloomed beautiful colours to decorate her robe among the grasses. She was so happy, wind was kind to all the flowers, and all of the world was joyful.

Sometimes wind forgets his gentle songs and once again gets noisy. But he always calms down and he never harms anyone who wears the colour of the Prairie Rose.

