

# The Anishinaabe Creation Story

Edward Benton – Banai  
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## The Seven Fires of Creation

Boozhoo... Greetings...  
It is good to see you again  
I see by the look on your face  
And the light that shines thru...  
Grandfather, the creator,  
Has blessed you with the winds of beauty and  
grace. AHO!  
“But”...you ask, “Why do we sit in the dark?”  
Listen...and perhaps you will see.  
Is it a Story...Myth...Tale...Legend?  
Hear...Feel...Listen...Maybe, then, you will know.  
Is it Story...Myth...or Legend?

The teaching is known as *The Seven Fires of  
Creation*

And is taken from the sacred scrolls of the  
Anishinabe Nation.

Of that Nation, there is a tribe called the  
Ojibway.

It is in their tongue,  
It is told of the Seven Sacred Fires.  
The teaching belong to all time  
And to all people that may pass this way  
But, it is ever theirs – the Ojibway.

Ages and ages ago...beyond memory  
Before time was born...It is told  
There was no light  
Neither Earth, Sun, Moon, Water nor Life  
Only empty, silent Cold.  
In and upon the dark vast  
Nothing moved; nothing could be heard;  
nothing could be seen  
Light and Life had not yet been...  
Only the dark, cold, silent, empty void.

Then...Out of the silent void there came a soft  
murmur...

Faintly at first...then, louder **and LOUDER**.  
Suddenly...A loud burst...As like a clap of  
thunder.  
And, once again, silence across the vast, lonely  
emptiness.  
Then, out of the stillness, a soft rustling sound...  
A rasping, clicking all around.  
It shimmers and shakes...and the sound that it  
makes, is like,  
Like seeds in a gourd...seeds good and pure, we  
are told.  
AHO!

Beyond that, there was another sound...  
From somewhere a feeling sound,  
As if from the center and all around.  
From the Center and in the Center was the  
Creator  
And so came **The First Fire**.  
All thought was with him...For he was the first.  
There was none before...  
Not the sound...Not the seed...Not the rhythm.

He looked around and seeing the cold, empty  
vast  
Sent his thoughts to all directions...near and far.  
Being there nothing, He called them back.  
To this day, wherever his thoughts travelled  
There are milky trails.  
And here, there and everywhere...He left a star.  
All thought to see, and so a fire he made to be...  
The fire being **The Second**, was sacred.  
He sent his fire to travel in a circle...  
The Sacred Fire became the Light by which to  
see.  
Thought He...To make the Circle in four parts...  
And so it was.  
So it is even unto this day.  
And as it was given...  
There are Four Seasons, Four Directions, Four  
Winds, and Four Ways.  
He saw the Light and good and that it should  
have a Twin...  
And so came to be the Day and the Night...

And to this day, there are two of every kind.  
Even unto the Stars, the Moon, the Earth.  
And thus, it was **The Third Fire**.

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He set in motion the universe  
And seeing the four ways of his work  
He smiled and knew it was good  
And being good, was made sacred  
And there was...**The Fourth Fire.**

He looked about and said, "Where shall be my seed?"  
Who will sing for me?  
In so doing, came to be  
The birds...of every voice, of every colour...  
Of every song to be heard.  
And so it was **The Fifth Fire.**

He thought to make Earth upon which to scatter his seeds...  
Earth shall be my companion  
And in so doing...Earth was made woman.  
And to this day, the Mother of all things.  
Raindrops were his tears of joy upon seeing her.  
Water is her Life-giving Blood.  
The lakes, streams, and rivers her veins.  
Both above the ground and below  
That this is true we all know.  
So, to First Woman came the birds carrying the seeds...  
That were scattered and mated to the soil, upon her breast.  
From her bosom came all there was...And all that there is.

Of every voice, of every colour, of every size, of every shape  
Came they to take their place in the Circle  
    The Wings of the air  
    The Swimmers  
    The Four Leggeds  
    The Flowers

Laughing with happiness ran the Rivers  
Tall and serene stood the Trees  
Winds of calm and storm swept the Seas.  
And so it was, there reigned peace and happiness  
For ages and ages...without measure.  
And, upon her bosom shown **The Sixth Fire.**

Then, took he four handfuls of earth.

Thru the meegis shell blew his breath  
And, in his own image was created...Anishinabe.  
And thus it was that Original Man came,  
Walked the Earth as he was asked,  
Giving names to all the animals, the plants,  
And to the trees, rivers, streams and ponds.  
Even the valleys and mountains, forgetting none...  
Not the water-beings, the grass, the ants, the bees nor the wasp.  
Shown then was **The Seventh Fire**, at last.  
Thus it was, thus it is  
From the very first, in truth,  
It has come to pass.  
To Anishinabe...it was given. And is told in the tongue of the Ojibway.

From whence came the Creator?  
Need we ask...save to remember the cold empty vast?

Do I know it is true?  
The Earth is my Mother,  
I am one of her many children...  
I am nephew to the Stars  
Cousins to the Wind

Before my Grandfather, there was no other,  
I hear his voice in the wind...Ni Mishoo  
Loving, gently, and ever forgiving is he  
Gitchi Manido  
Yes, I am relative to the river, mountains, valleys, and trees.  
I am Brother to the wings, to four-footed  
To the Swimmers and the crawling things.

I am Brother to all thing and to all beings...Even You!