

Indigenous Peoples Day

Seven Days of Medicine Teachings Bundle

Seven Days of Truth, Gifts, and Endurance

We Are Still Here
Native American Inter-Tribal Caucus
Nasgigwo Winigalsd RagghiRain
(October 2025)

Opening Statement: Why Indigenous Peoples Day Matters

Indigenous Peoples Day is not a substitute holiday or a token gesture to ease the conscience of a nation. It is a day of survival, of remembrance, of truth-telling. It matters because it breaks the silence that has smothered our people for centuries, and it invites you to join us in this journey of truth.

Before Columbus, before borders, before 1492, Nations were living here with languages, teachings, and ceremonies older than the stones and rivers. To honor Columbus is to honor conquest, slavery, and genocide. To honor Indigenous Peoples Day is to honor truth, survival, and the unbroken chain of life that runs through our people.

This day matters because we, the Indigenous Peoples, are still here, resilient and enduring. We are not shadows in history books. We are the living heartbeat of Earth Mother, the caretakers of foods the world eats, the keepers of medicines that still heal, the carriers of stories that still teach.

Recognition of the Push Back:

This refers to the resistance and disrespect often faced by

Indigenous peoples when they assert their rights and truths. It is a painful but necessary acknowledgment of the ongoing struggle for recognition and respect, a struggle that requires your empathy and support.

When we rise to speak this truth, we are met with resistance. When we ask for respect, we are answered with disrespect. When we celebrate survival, some mock us, some rage, some demand that we remain silent.

The push back comes because truth cuts through lies. It exposes what many would rather not see: that this country was not discovered, it was stolen. That its foundation was not freedom, but dispossession, that Indigenous Peoples Day does not comfort — it confronts.

They call us angry when we speak, but our voice is not anger — it is a voice of power. They call us ungrateful when we tell the truth, but our voice is not ungrateful — it is a voice of survival. They try to erase us because they know the strength of what we carry: memory, land, language, and the will to endure.

We do not return disrespect for disrespect. We return voice for silence. We return prayer for denial. We return presence for erasure. And we will not stop, because our ancestors demand it and our children deserve it.

Day One – Truth of Our Presence

Teaching:

Before there were borders, before there were flags, before the word “America,” there were Nations. We built towns of earth and wood. We traded across rivers and mountains. We raised children under the same stars that still shine tonight. Columbus never walked on Indian Country. He arrived in the Caribbean, bringing chains, disease, and conquest. The story told in classrooms — of a hero “discovering” an empty land — was

written to erase us, to comfort others with a lie. Our presence predates maps, pre-dates books, pre-dates conquest. We were never lost, never found, never discovered. We have always been here. We are here now. We will remain.

Spiritual Meaning:

Truth is medicine. It may taste bitter at first, but it heals the sickness of lies. To speak truth about our presence is not anger — it is a ceremony. Each time we tell it, we restore the circle.

Modern Continuance:

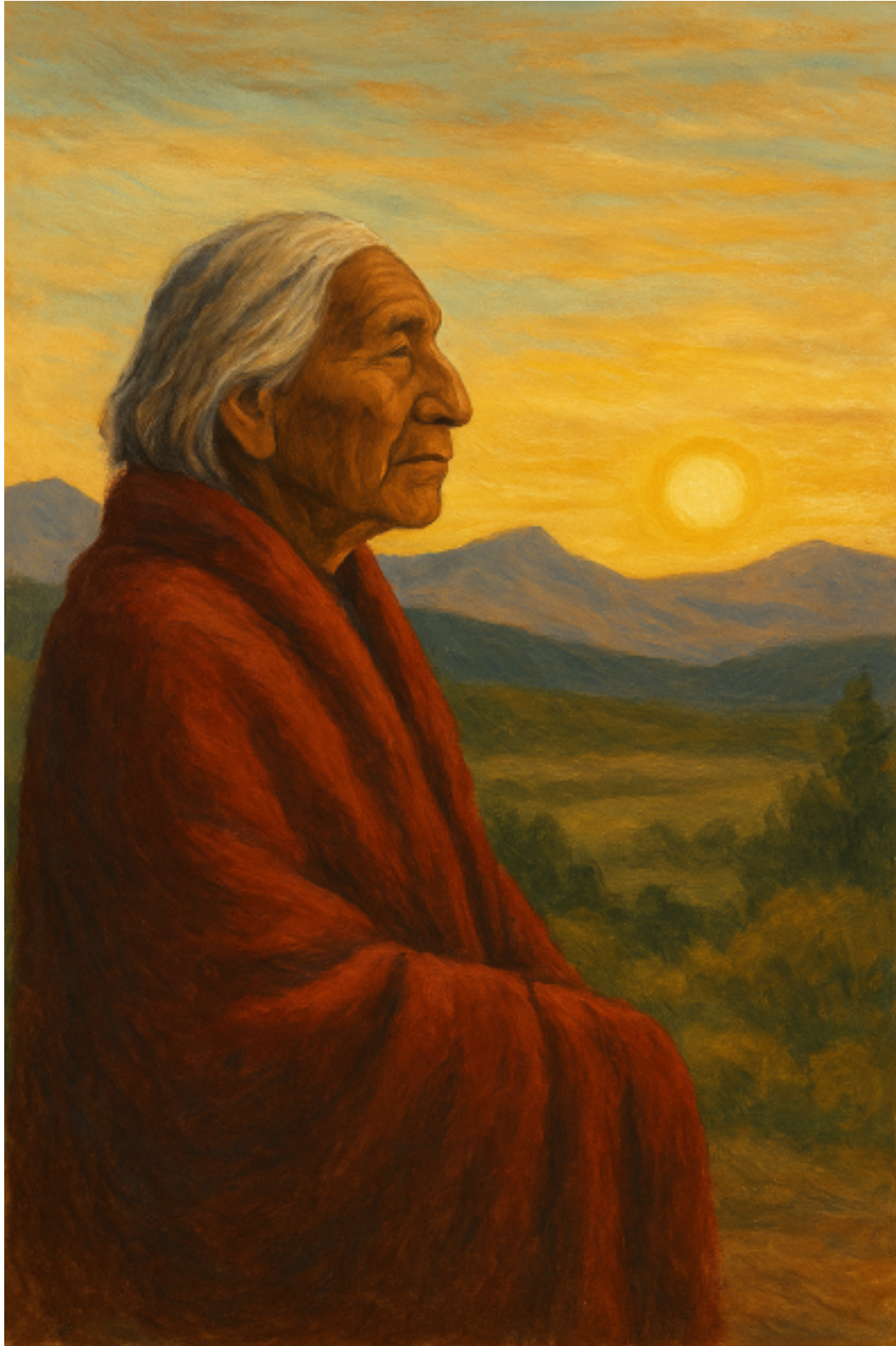
Today, our Nations still govern, our languages rise, our ceremonies still live. Our youth graduate, create, and lead. Each time a Native person speaks the truth of our presence, it cracks the stone of erasure. Each time an ally listens, it waters the seed of justice.

Reflection:

When you teach children about “discovery,” what are you really teaching them — history or myth? What happens to a nation built on a lie? Will you repeat the lie, or will you tell the truth?

Blessing:

Creator, break the silence with our voices. Break the stones with our truth. Let every child born on this land know they were not discovered — they belong. Let the sun rise on a new story told in honesty and honor.



Day Two – Gifts of the Earth

Teaching:

Long before scientists studied the soil or named the seasons, our ancestors served as caretakers of balance. They planted by moonlight, observed the wind for direction, and spoke to the seeds before planting them in the earth. The Three Sisters — corn, beans, and squash — were not just sources of food; they were family. Corn grows tall, firm, and

steadfast. The bean twines around it, enriching the soil with nitrogen. Squash stretches low, with its broad leaves protecting its roots and retaining moisture. Together, they thrive and teach us that no one survives alone.

From these gardens came abundance — cornfields that stretched across continents, medicines hidden in roots and leaves, and berries rich in health. When others arrived starving, it was Indigenous hands that placed food into their palms. We feed a world that would later forget our names. Yet, our generosity lives on in every potato, tomato, pepper, and piece of chocolate that touches the tongue. These are not merely “American” foods; they are Indigenous gifts to humanity.

Spiritual Meaning:

To plant is to pray. The earth listens when we touch her with respect. The gifts of the land are not wealth to be owned — they are relatives to be cared for. The seed trusts us to return her children to the soil.

Modern Continuance:

Today, Indigenous farmers, seed keepers, and water protectors carry forward the same teachings. Every act of gardening, every protest for clean water, every basket of corn offered in ceremony is a prayer of gratitude and resistance.

Reflection:

When you eat, do you remember who first fed this land? What does gratitude look like in your life when the world has forgotten the gifts?

Blessing:

Creator, thank you for the gardens that sustain all life. Thank you to the Sisters who feed body and spirit. Let every seed planted today carry memory, and every harvest return gratitude. May the earth never be forgotten, for she has never forgotten us.



Day Three – Medicines of the People

Teaching:

Our first doctors were the plants, our first teachers the land. The forest was a library of healing: willow bark for pain, yarrow for wounds, cedar and sage for purification. We learned by listening. Medicine was not sold;

it was shared. When ceremonies were outlawed and healers were punished, the medicines did not disappear; they went into hiding. They grew quietly at the edge of gardens and in the cracks of cities, waiting for us to remember their names. Every leaf and root carries a story: one of survival, prayer, and resilience.

Spiritual Meaning:

Medicine is not only what heals the body — it heals the spirit. A song can be medicine. A drumbeat can be medicine. Laughter, tears, and remembering who we are — these too are medicine.

Modern Continuance:

Today, Indigenous healers are reviving ancestral practices. Sweat lodges, cedar baths, and plant-based remedies are returning. Our youth are studying traditional ecology and Western medicine side by side, bridging two worlds in the spirit of healing. Every person who walks gently with the land carries medicine in their hands.

Reflection:

When you reach for healing, do you remember the source? When you use the medicines of the earth, are you only taking from them or are you speaking to them with gratitude?

Blessing:

Creator, bless the plants that grow in silence and the hands that gather with respect. Bless the healers who walk in both worlds, and the spirits who guide them. May medicine always be shared with humility and used for the greater good.



Day Four – Ways of Survival

Teaching:

Survival is not a word of desperation for us — it is a way of wisdom. Our ancestors listened to the rhythm of seasons and learned how to move in harmony. Canoes cut through rivers with ease, snowshoes left only whispers in the snow, and cradleboards carried our babies close, where

the heartbeat of the mother reminded them of creation's song. We adapted to deserts, tundras, mountains, and marshlands without destroying them. We took only what we needed and left offerings behind. Our ways of survival were rooted in gratitude, not greed. This resilience in the face of adversity is a testament to the strength of our people.

Spiritual Meaning:

To survive is not just a matter of existence; it is sacred. Every generation that endured boarding schools, displacement, and erasure carried survival as a prayer. They did not only live — they taught us how to continue with dignity, honoring the sacredness of life and the resilience of our people.

Modern Continuance:

Today, we survive in new ways — through language classes, youth programs, ceremonies, and storytelling. Every powwow, every Native student, every drumbeat and shaking of the rattle is proof of survival turned into celebration. We live not in bitterness but in beauty.

Reflection:

How do you define survival? Is it merely enduring, or is it living with balance? What would change if we viewed survival not as a struggle, but as a sacred perseverance?

Blessing:

Creator, bless the rivers that carried us, the snow that tested us, the fires that warmed us. Bless the mothers who still carry their children close, and the elders who still carry memory. May survival always be a song, not a sorrow.



Day Five – Laws of Peace

Teaching:

Long before the Constitution, the Haudenosaunee Confederacy established a government founded on peace. The Peacemaker brought the Great Law, teaching that real strength comes from unity, not domination. Clan mothers chose leaders, ensuring balance and accountability. The people gathered under the Tree of Peace, where weapons were buried beneath its roots as a promise of nonviolence. These ideas inspired democracy, yet our name was erased from history books. While others built walls, we built circles.

Spiritual Meaning:

Peace is not the absence of conflict; it is the presence of respect. It lives in listening, in patience, in knowing that every voice — even the smallest — has a place in the circle.

Modern Continuance:

Across Turtle Island, Indigenous communities are returning to

consensus leadership and restorative justice. Circles are used in courts, classrooms, and families. The Great Law still breathes — reminding us that peace begins within each of us.

Reflection:

What kind of world could exist if every decision were made with the Seventh Generation in mind? Can we bury our own weapons — words, anger, and pride — to plant roots of peace?

Blessing:

Creator, bless the Tree of Peace and all who sit beneath it. Let our words heal, not harm. Let our leaders serve, not rule. May peace stretch across the generations like the roots of the white pine — deep, strong, and everlasting.



Day Six – Spirit of Creativity

Teaching:

Creation did not end in the beginning — it continues through us. Our art is ceremony, our music is memory. Beadwork carries prayers, ribbon skirts hold stories of resilience, and every dance is a heartbeat in motion. Creativity is how we heal what was broken. When colonizers banned our

songs and ceremonies, we found ways to sing in secret. When our children's hair was cut, we braided resistance into beauty. Our creativity is the thread that ties us to every ancestor who refused to disappear.

Spiritual Meaning:

To create is to speak with the voice of the Creator. Every color, every sound, every movement is a language of the soul. Through creation, we remember that we are made in the image of creation itself.

Modern Continuance:

Today, our artists, singers, and dancers reclaim the space once denied. From museum walls to TikTok screens, we tell our stories in our own way. Creativity is survival made visible — it is the language of endurance.

Reflection:

When you see our art, do you see culture or prayer? When you hear our songs, do you listen to the rhythm or to the resilience?

Blessing:

Creator, bless the hands that weave, the hearts that sing, the voices that rise. Let every act of creation be a prayer of survival, beauty, and joy. May the spirit of creativity never be silenced again.



Day Seven – Enduring Teachings

Teaching:

Our teachings are living, breathing, and walking among us. Around fires, in community halls, and in quiet homes, elders still share the stories that carried us through centuries. The lesson of respect, the balance of giving

and receiving, the sacredness of the circle — these are not old ideas, they are eternal ones. We endure because we remember. We teach because we love. The world may call us history, but we call ourselves the future.

Spiritual Meaning:

Every generation is both ancestor and descendant — each carrying a piece of the sacred circle. When we teach, we fulfill our duty to the next seven generations.

Modern Continuance:

Our men sit together again in circles, our women lead with strength, our children laugh under the same skies as their great-grandparents. Every act of remembering is an act of endurance.

Reflection:

How will you carry the teachings forward? Will you keep them in books, or live them in your walk?

Blessing:

Creator, bless the teachers and the listeners, the old stories and the new voices. Let the circle never close; let it grow. May our teachings endure in every sunrise and every child's laughter.



Closing Blessing – Earth, Water, Sky

Creator, bless the earth beneath our feet, steady and strong. Bless the waters that flow through our veins, cleansing and life-giving. Bless the sky above, vast and sheltering.

Let every person remember that these are not resources, but relatives.

Let us rise with truth, walk with gratitude, and carry hope into the Seven Generations: this is a traditional Indigenous concept that emphasizes the interconnectedness of all life and the responsibility to consider the impact of our actions on future generations. It is a call to action to live in harmony with the Earth and all its inhabitants.



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