

Preacher story.

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Preacher Story

It was not long ago, I'd say maybe four years, that there was in Seymour an Indian preacher. This Indian preached as they prayed on a Sunday as arranged. When this Indian arrived there white people filled up the church and a few Oneidas had entered as well. I heard him explain several ways that Indian people worshipped God. He explained also that often somewhere there is someone staggering in the mud because of what intoxicating liquor has done and that often somewhere there is a party stepping on Sunday which in the past had been a big day. They also go along with those who taught them this - that is the white man. Indian people used to be reserved but they had thrown away modesty and shame since they mixed with white people.