



In the Arms of my Dad

By Theresa Sims
*Indigenous Storyteller
for the City of Windsor*

The gentle embrace
My father gathers me into his arms
The scent from his long days
My father wraps me in his love
The quiet lulling sound of his song
My father's heartbeat is felt by my heart
I snuggle deep into his chest
My feeling of contentment and love
overwhelms me as I slowly melt into dreams.

Our Family includes all members of our clan. Our parents are our teachers, mentors, protectors, and give us our spiritual guidance before birth and throughout their lives until we rejoin them in the spirit world.