The grand opening of the Sully Huff Heritage Center will be on September 7th at 3pm. The opening will include a ribbon cutting, an honoring of Sully Huff, a dance show, open house and sign ups for future classes to be held in the building. The opening will be part of the annual Fall Festival. Make sure to stop by and join the celebration. The department’s summer program has been a success. We are in our final week of the program and we look forward to finishing the summer with a great group of kids. In the next issue look for photos and recaps of the fun that was had by all. Please feel free to contact the Onöndowa’ga:’ Gawë:nö’ Nadö:diyeö:je’ koh Department if you have any comments or questions at (716) 532-8161.

Heron and Hummingbird were very good friends, even though one was tall and gangly and awkward and one was small and sleek and fast. They both loved to eat fish. The Hummingbird preferred small fish like minnows and Heron liked the large ones.

One day, Hummingbird said to his friend: “I am not sure there are enough fish in the world for both of our kind to eat. Why don’t we have a race to see which of us should own the fish?”

Heron thought that was a very good idea. They decided that they would race for four days. The finish line was an old dead tree next to a far-away river. Whenever of them sat on top of the tree first on the fourth day of the race would own all the fish in the world.

They started out the next morning. The Hummingbird zipped along, flying around and around the Heron, who was moving steadily forward, flapping his giant wings. Then Hummingbird would be distracted by the pretty flowers along the way. He would flit from one to the other, tasting the nectar. When Hummingbird noticed that Heron was ahead of him, he hurried to catch up with him, zooming ahead as fast as he could, and leaving Heron far behind. Heron just kept flying steadily forward, flapping his giant wings.

Heron was tired from all his flitting. When it got dark, he decided to rest. He found a nice spot to perch and slept all night long. But Heron just kept flying steadily forward all night long, flapping his giant wings.

When Hummingbird woke in the morning, Heron was far ahead. Hummingbird had to fly as fast as he could to catch up. He zoomed past the big, awkward Heron and kept going until Heron had disappeared behind him. Then Hummingbird noticed some pretty flowers nearby. He zip-zipped over to them and tasted their nectar. He was enjoying the pretty scenery and didn’t notice Heron flapping passed him with his great wings.

When Hummingbird woke in the morning, Heron was far ahead. Hummingbird had to fly as fast as he could to catch up. He zoomed past the big, awkward Heron and kept going until Heron had disappeared behind him. Then Hummingbird noticed some pretty flowers nearby. He zip-zipped over to them and tasted their nectar. He was enjoying the pretty scenery and didn’t notice Heron flapping passed him with his great wings.
Meteor Showers, Storytelling & Song
with Joanne Shenandoah
August 11th
6:30pm - 9:30pm
Seneca Art & Culture Center,
Ganondagan State Historic Site
Donation based admission
For more info, www.ganondagan.org/events-programs

Reading Invasion
Aug. 15th
12pm - 1pm
Seneca Nation Library Cattaraugus Branch
Stop by & join the reading fun on your lunch break! Reading will take place on the front and back lawn.

Corn hole Tournament
Aug. 23rd
5:30pm - 9pm
533 Amherst St, Buffalo
Hosted by the Buffalo Native Resource Center. $20 buy in, winner gets half, half will support the Seneca Language Program in Buffalo.
For more info, call: 716-845-6304

Allegany Beading Circle
Aug. 8th & 22nd
6pm - 8pm
44 Seneca St. Salamanca
Open to the public. Bring your own materials and projects to work on. A dish to pass is always appreciated.
For more info, call: 716-945-1104

Intro to Essential Oils
Aug. 28th
5pm
Seneca Nation Library Cattaraugus Branch
Free class, walk-ins welcome,
Optional $5 make and take
To RSVP, all: Marie at 532-9449

Movie Night
Aug. 9th
At Dusk
Newtown Lacrosse Box
Soup & Sandwich sale
Concessions will be available!
Fundraiser for the Newtown Longhouse
Bring bug spray & blankets
For more info, call: 716-462-1897

Shödayo’dëöje’ - traditionally, as it has always been, Hejoä:döh - beyond a certain time, Sa’nö’we’ - sometime since
Ahsoh Nödaeyawëhse:'

Teaching On The Talking Circle
Aug. 30th
6pm - 8pm
NACS, 1005 Grant St, Buffalo
Presented by Agnes Williams
An “All Our Relations” Project
For more info, call: Leanna at 874-2797 ext. 344

United Nations’ Indigenous Peoples Day
Aug. 9th
2pm - 8pm
Buffalo History Museum
Celebrating 11 years of the UN Declaration of Right of Indigenous People (UNDRIP).
Featuring: Various speakers & Special Guests

Tuscarora Bead-work Workshop
Aug. 11th
10am - 1pm
Buffalo History Museum
Led by Mary Annette Clause
$5 class fee, registration required
To register, call: Megan at 716-873-9644 ext. 320

Great Law Recital
Aug. 13th - 19th
9am
Tuscarora Elementary School, Tuscarora Nation Territory
Speakers: Richard Mitchell, Ken Maracle, Tom Porter, Alex Jacobs, Rick Hill
Aug. 15th - Confederacy Lacrosse Game, wooden sticks, clan v. clan to be held at the Tuscarora Lacrosse Park

Smoke Dance Contest
Aug. 31st
3pm
New York State Fair Indian Village
All dancers must be in full outfits to compete
No fee to register

Smoke Dance Contest
Aug. 18th
2pm & 5pm*
Erie County Fair Indian Village
All dancers must be in full outfits to compete
*Times are tentative and subject to change

Shòdayo’dëöje’ - traditionally, as it has always been, Hejoä:döh - beyond a certain time, Sa’nö’we’ - sometime since
Getting To Know Us: Summer Workers

This summer our department was lucky enough to have several vision 20/20 students and a summer youth worker. Autumn Pierce has been helping with the Mommy & Me program (8). Kialeigh Bennet was with the 1st - 3rd grade group. Holly Weston was placed with the Pre-K—Kindergarten classroom (2). Nia Nephew was placed with the 4th-6th grade group (5). Miya Scanlan and McKenzie Gonzalez have been helping with the 7th - 8th grade classroom. Our department was also lucky enough to have collaborated with several Cattaraugus Community Center staff: Tucker Gates (9), Parker Jimerson (4), Gabby Lay (7), Jonathan Gill (6), Delaney Carpenter (3) and Alex Crossan (10). Last but not least, our program would not have been the success it was if it wasn’t for our tireless cooks Nancy Jimerson & our very own Ari Logan. Nya:wëh to all the people who stepped up to help make our Enödetgä:dö’ Nigëhe:nis program a success.
This translated song is an oldie but goodie. The song was originally translated several years ago with the help of Viola Lay & Richard John. The thought was to try to sing it for one of the language newscasts. Here is the translated song, originally written by Alan Block and Donn Hecht, made famous by Patsy Cline. We encourage you to sing it, record it and upload it to social media, tag our facebook page @OnondowagaGawenoCatt

### Onöndowa'ga:

| O'gadawënë:yë: 'ha', ganyo' o'wahsödadia't         | I go out walkin' after midnight |
| Ganyo' wahsödì:yoh                                  | Out in the moonlight            |
| Niyagknîyë:hag.                                    | Just like we used to do          |
| Jotgö:n agataine', o'wahsödadia't, goya'dihsa:goh. | I'm always walkin' after midnight, searchin' for you |

| Heyodgatwëh agatai:ne', wa'oada:je' heyotač:nö'     | I walk for miles along the highway |
| Da'jìya' ne': nêgye:ha'                            | Well, that's just my way          |
| So'jìh we:so' ganö:öhgwa'                         | Of sayin' I love you              |
| Jotgö:n agataine', o'wahsödadia't, goya'dihsa:goh | I'm always walkin' after midnight, searchin' for you |

| o'kë'he't o:sehda' wasda:ha'                        | I stop to see a weepin’ willow   |
| Hogö'shā'geh osda:ha'                               | Cryin’ on his pillow             |
| I:' gi:s agiwa'                                     | Maybe he’s crying for me         |
| O'wahji'gā:d ne gēöya'geh                           | And as the skies turn gloomy     |
| O'gajëös gwae:yē' ne gā:ha'                        | Night winds whisper to me        |
| Āhdak, gegwëndā's                                   | I’m lonesome as I can be         |

| O'gadawënë:yë: 'ha' o'wahsödadia't                 | I go out walkin’ after midnight  |
| Ganyo' wahsödì:yoh                                  | Out in the moonlight             |
| Jë:gwah shō:h                                       | Just hopin’ you may be           |
| Gatga'hōh sataine', o'wahsödadia't, sgya'dis:a:s ne:wa | Somewhere a-walkin’ after midnight, searchin’ for me |

| O'kë'he't o:sehda' wasda:ha'                        | I stop to see a weepin’ willow   |
| Hogö'shā'geh osda:ha'                               | Cryin’ on his pillow             |
| I:' gi:s agiwa'                                     | Maybe he’s cryin’ for me         |
| O'wahji'gā:d ne gēöya'geh                           | And as the skies turn gloomy     |
| O'gajëös gwae:yē' ne gā:ha'                        | Night winds whisper to me        |
| Āhdak, gegwëndā's                                   | I’m lonesome as I can be         |

| O'gadawënë:yë: 'ha' o'wahsödadia't                 | I go out walkin’ after midnight  |
| Ganyo' wahsödì:yoh                                  | Out in the moonlight             |
| Jë:gwah shō:h                                       | Just hopin’ you may be           |
| Gatga'hōh sataine', o'wahsödadia't, sgya'dis:a:s ne:wa | Somewhere a-walkin’ after midnight, searchin’ for me |

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Shódayo’dëöje’ - traditionally, as it has always been, Hejoä:döh - beyond a certain time, Sa’nö’we:’ - sometime since
(continued from page 32a:d) Hummingbird finally remembered that he was racing with Heron, and flew as fast as he could to catch up with the big, awkward bird. Then he zipped along, flying around and around the Heron, who kept moving steadily forward, flapping his giant wings.

For two more days, the Hummingbird and the Heron raced toward the far-distant riverbank with the dead tree that was the finish line. Hummingbird had a marvelous time sipping nectar and flitting among the flowers and resting himself at night. Heron stoically kept up a steady flap-flap-flapping of his giant wings, propelling himself forward through the air all day and all night.

Hummingbird woke from his sleep the morning of the fourth day, refreshed and invigorated. He flew zip-zip toward the riverbank with its dead tree. When it came into view, he saw Heron perched at the top of the tree! Heron had won the race by flying straight and steady through the night while Hummingbird slept.

So from that day forward, the Heron has owned all the fish in the rivers and lakes, and the Hummingbird has sipped from the nectar of the many flowers which he enjoyed so much during the race.