

ANASAZI FOUNDATION

FOREWORD BY BIRD THAT FLIES EAST



THE
FIVE
LEGENDS

A JOURNEY TO HEAL

DIVIDED HEARTS

Praise for *The Five Legends*

“Although *The Five Legends* is not a book from or about the Indigenous Peoples, it *is* a book that will nourish the heart.”

—**Pauline Martin Sanchez (Gentle White Dove) Cofounder Mother, ANASAZI Foundation**

“As the ANASAZI program grew, I put my efforts into developing a companion program to include parents and families in the powerful principles their children were learning on the trail. ANASAZI is not just our vision—it is the Creator’s work. *The Five Legends* is based on our work to help heal divided hearts.”

—**Sherrel Olsen, Cofounder Mother, ANASAZI Foundation**

“*The Five Legends* is a heartwarming book about peace and the power of family. I highly recommend it.”

—**Steve Young, NFL Hall of Fame quarterback and ESPN commentator**

“This simple yet profound book is filled with wisdom and insight. Living the principle of ‘We’ will put you on the path to success in any endeavor you pursue.”

—**Sterling Tanner, President, Forever Young Foundation**

“ANASAZI has been such a blessing in our lives and in the lives of countless other families. *The Five Legends* takes the life-changing philosophy of ANASAZI and presents it in an easy-to-read fable.”

—**Howard and Shari Lyon, artists, Lyon Arts Studios**

“Having taught youth for over twenty years (some of whom were labeled ‘at-risk’), I can definitively say most youth are in need of a book like *The Five Legends*. This book is perfect for teenagers as it doesn’t come across as preachy but instead allows them to arrive at the principles on their own.”

—**Mark Rice, high school English teacher**

“A touching story of reconciliation, new beginnings, and shared humanity. Written from the heart for the heart.”

—**The Jenkins Family (Bruce, Shari and Aly), friends of ANASAZI Foundation**

“This book inspired me to be more understanding of others. It can be easy to find fault with our ‘brothers.’ The Creator is the path to love, harmony and forgiveness, and following that path allows us to live in the ‘We’ world.”

—**Mike Tetmeyer, retired Senior Vice President of Marketing, Hy-Vee Food Stores**

“*The Five Legends* takes us on an inner journey to free ourselves from the plagues of modern society of isolation, fear, and hatred by asking us to turn our hearts away from Me and toward We—wherein the medicines of love, connection, and peace live and heal.”

—**Briana Johnson, host of *The LifeBeats Project* podcast**

“If I want sales advice, I turn to Mandino’s *The Greatest Salesman in the World*. If I want financial advice, I turn to Clason’s *The Richest Man in Babylon*. If I want personal growth and development in the most important aspects of my life, I turn to ANASAZI Foundation’s *The Five Legends*.”

—**John Dye, Director of Social Media and Influencer Outreach, BonCom.com**

“*The Five Legends* is a life-changing fable about a mother’s unconditional love and how seeing people truthfully can change everything.”

—**Ganel-Lyn Condie, speaker and bestselling author**

“In a world starving for real connection *The Five Legends* helps us see how we can refocus on what will bring us together. With lessons on leadership, forgiveness, and personal legacy, this book rekindles a hope for real connections with those we love.”

—**Jesika Harmon and Hillary Whalen, cofounders of The New Norm**

“Like *The Alchemist*, *The Five Legends* takes you on a powerful journey through deep wisdom.”

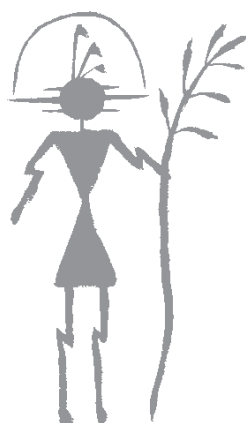
—**Andy Proctor, Cofounder of the 1,000 Words Speaker Series and host of the *More Happy Life* podcast**

“*The Five Legends* teaches us that we can choose to unite by committing to our connection to the Creator and each other. As a podcaster who preaches progress, I know that the only way to move forward is to foster healthy and honest connections with each other.”

—**Monica Packer, creator and host of the *About Progress* podcast and community**

The Five Legends

**A Journey to Heal
Divided Hearts**



ANASAZI Foundation

Foreword by Bird That Flies East



BK

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Dedication

*To Larry and Sherrel Olsen
and Ezekiel and Pauline Sanchez and their families:*

*Thank you for creating ANASAZI Foundation.
Your legacy continues to turn eyes upward,
feet forward, and hearts homeward.*

*And to all the Trailwalkers, past, present, and future:
You are the heart of our organization and
you honor us with your walking.
"Sure love ya!"*

The Five Legends

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Other Books by the Author

The Seven Paths

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Foreword

I am Bird That Flies East. Hear my words.

When I was about fourteen years old, *Shimásání*—my maternal grandmother—traveled from *Dinétaḥ* (the land of the Navajo Nation) on one of her many visits to see our family in the city. She arrived in the evening with her small bag of clothes and her graying hair falling out of her *tsiiyééł* (a Navajo-style bun tied at the back of the neck).

Early the next morning, *Shimá* (my mother) and I found *Shimásání* sitting on a couch in our front room. *Shimá* wanted her mother to show me how to spin yarn by hand from newly carded sheep's wool. *Shimásání* took a piece of raw wool and rolled it downward against her thigh, forming an elongated ribbon. She added more raw wool and the ribbon got longer and longer.

I moved to the floor in front of her to get a closer look, silently marveling at what she was doing. Her brown, aged hands moved so quickly and, it seemed, without thought. Years of spinning wool became evident as it transformed into yarn right before my eyes.

While she spun she spoke to me about my life. She said that even though I was young I needed to grow into a strong person, like her and *Shícheii* (my maternal grandfather). She said I needed to do something good with my life by making good decisions.

“We make decisions with the tenth one to be born in view,” she explained.

This was a familiar phrase to me. From an early age, I was taught that, as *Diné* (Navajo), we make decisions with the tenth generation in mind. Whether in regional chapter houses or in communities, decisions are considered in the context of past, present, and eventual future.

Ten generations? I thought. How can I see that far ahead?

But then I recalled a story from our family history, about a brave *asdzání* (young woman) who escaped the horrific relocation of the “Long Walk” that nearly brought the *Diné* to extinction. Old and young *Diné* were made to march hundreds of miles away from *Dinétaah*. This *asdzání*, my ancestor, had escaped and walked miles upon miles through enemy territory to make it back to our ancestral lands.

When *Shimásání* mentioned “the tenth one,” I realized that not only was this way of thinking subject to community decisions but even one person could determine the well-being—and possible survival—of another person ten generations down the line.

At that moment it dawned on me that I had been and was someone’s tenth one.

On the stage of my mind, I could see *Shimásání*’s words clearly. It was as though I saw the invisible strand of yarn that connected me to my people. This connection ran from my center and stretched out before me, reaching to *Shimá*, who was seated across the room. It continued from her to *Shimásání*: three generations connected.

Then, as if picking up the invisible strand with my hands, I began to follow this line, curious to see the connections behind *Shimásání*. I followed it back generations, until there she stood, the *asdzání* from our family story. Her long hair, her rug dress, and her worn-out moccasins were present before me as if all the time and generations between us had vanished like fog.

There we stood, a breath away from each other, each holding our part of our connection.

Past and future met in this circular moment.

I then understood that I existed because she chose life in the face of possible destruction those many generations ago. She lived so I could live.

“We make decisions with the tenth one to be born.”

Shimásání took the finished yarn and told my mom to bring out our traditional Diné grass hairbrush. She gently brushed my long black hair until all the tangles retreated. She then folded the newly spun, cream-colored yarn into a proper length for my hair.

Taking my hair in her wrinkled brown hands, she started at the ends and slowly and evenly folded it in and up. She then wrapped the yarn below, around, and above the bun several times. When she was done, my hair was neatly tied into a *tsiiyéel*—just like hers.

“There,” sighed Shimásání, patting my *tsiiyéel*. “Now your thoughts are organized. I made this yarn for you, *shiawéeé* [my little one].”

With my hair newly wrapped in freshly spun yarn, I stood up and felt the weight of my new knowledge resting against the back of my neck. Shimásání had not come simply to teach me how to spin yarn. No, she had come to teach me a deeper way of my existence, by showing me my connections to the generations of my people.

I now saw that for their whole lives I had always existed within their very decision-making process. I was ever present in the past because they placed me in their future.

“Life is sacred,” Shimásání would say. Now I understood not only that life itself was sacred but also that my life had always been sacred to her. Like the *asdzání*, Shimásání too

had made decisions that would ensure my existence, to ensure the existence of the tenth one from her.

We are all connected, tied together like the yarn in my hair, to our generations.

My friends, you may not be Diné and you might not be able to see your tenth ones yet, but they can be as real today within your own personal decisions as they will be in the future. Their existence and identities will emerge long after you are gone, but someday one of them might invisibly reach back to you, like I did that morning, to find that you have always been there, a vital part of their story.

Each of us is someone's tenth one. I ask you, how important are today's choices of the heart? Where will they lead your generations?

—*Bird That Flies East, Diné and Totonac*

Preface

Hundreds of years ago, in the American Southwest, there lived a group of people who were called, in the Navajo tongue, Anasazi. This word, depending on how it is pronounced, could mean several different things, such as Cliff Dwellers, Ancient Ones, Ancient Teachers, or Ancient Enemies.

Whatever the meaning of their name, one question looms large: *What happened to the Anasazi?*

If you walk where they walked, you see traces of them: weapons, tools, shards of pottery, and large, elaborate cliff dwellings—echoes of an ancient people. All of these things were abandoned, left behind—as though the Anasazi people simply *vanished*.

No one knows exactly what happened to them. Archeologists have puzzled over their seeming disappearance and some have suggested it was due to disease whereas others say it was caused by famine. Some believe they ran out of water; others think they fled a natural disaster—a cataclysmic event.

Other researchers have accepted the voice of the Pueblo tribes, including the Hopi and the Zuni, who declare that they are the descendants of the Anasazi people. That being said, these people keep the story of their ancestors sacred and guard it closely.

Sadly, there is no way for us to know—for certain—what happened to the Anasazi people. But there is something we *do* know: *The story of the Anasazi people is woven into the land.*

As you walk through the American Southwest and see what the Ancient Ones left behind, you can almost feel their presence. It's as though Mother Earth, in her mysterious way, is telling us their stories—whispering them to us—urging us to consider our own walking, inviting us to consider, What stories are we weaving into the land?

ANASAZI Foundation is a nonprofit wilderness therapy program based in Arizona. Through our name and in our conduct, we honor the fact that we walk upon a land once peopled by the Anasazi. And as we walk, we encourage the youth and young adults with whom we work to consider their own “walking” in life. For in a figurative yet very real way our lives are both a walking and a weaving. We travel only as far and as high as our hearts will take us, and our happiness on the journey depends on our connection to the Creator and to one another. For to turn away from one another—to turn away from the truth about one another—is to invite war and, ultimately, destruction.

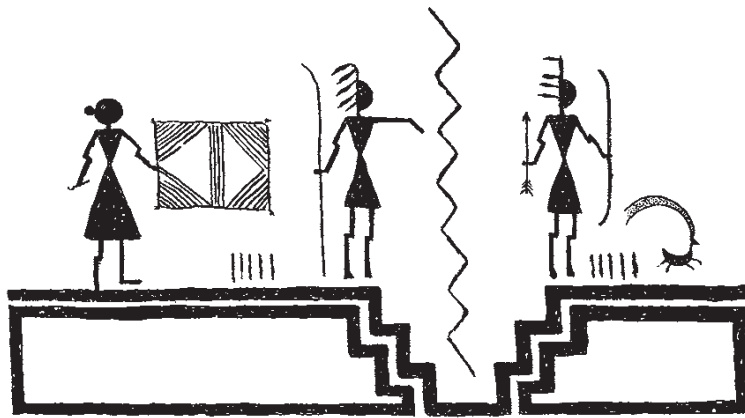
Many of the unique and life-changing teachings at ANASAZI Foundation were inspired by Ezekiel C. Sanchez (a Totonac Indian whose given name is Good Buffalo Eagle) and his wife, Pauline Martin Sanchez (a Navajo native whose given name is Gentle White Dove). For more than thirty years these teachings have helped families turn their hearts to one another, begin anew, and walk in harmony in the wilderness of the world.

Inspired by their wisdom, this book tells an allegorical story of two brothers whose warring hearts threaten to destroy their lives and their community. This book is not historical, nor is it about any particular person or people. The story is an allegory. It is a story about *you* and *your people*.

It is an invitation for you to “live as WE.”

A PEOPLE DIVIDED

The Great and Terrible Canyon



The War Within

My name is Thunder Bear and
I wrote these words for you, for I am your brother.

You may think this is a mere expression.
A platitude. A turn of phrase to get your attention.

But that is not true.

The Creator has shown me that we are all connected—
that our lives are woven together. In the deepest,
and truest, sense we are all of the same family.

Some would disagree with that, for on the surface
we seem so different from one another. But we are
more alike than we think. For all hearts, regardless
of origin, must walk the same path—the path of life.

Our lives are a walking through the wilderness.
In my walking, I have felt the pain of choosing war over
peace—as have you. For you live in a time of great and
terrible wars—wars between nations, religions, and
cultures; wars between neighbors, friends, and family
members; even wars against your own selves.

Every day we are asked to fight:

“Whose opinion do you believe?”

“Who is right?”

“Which side are you on?”

War divides us from one another; it stifles our joy,
fills us with fear, and makes us angry.

In the midst of all this pain, how often do we consider
the truth that *we* have the power to end these wars?

War does not begin or end with armies and leaders.
In truth, war begins and ends within each of us—
within our hearts.

When we choose to turn our hearts away
from another we blind ourselves to their light.
Thus blinded, our view of the world *inevitably* becomes
darker, distorted, and false, covering the light of truth.

We no longer see a human standing before us;
we see an enemy—a person lacking humanity.

To have a heart at war is to invite war into our life.

And to maintain a heart at war is to perpetuate war.

In the midst of all these wars—at home and abroad—
we often *say* we want peace.

But with our hearts at war, the peace we want is distorted.

We want peace on our terms, and we want it in
a way that first meets our own needs.

This is not the way to true peace.

If we truly want to achieve peace in the world,
we must *first* achieve peace within.

I know this because I once lived with a heart at war.
And *my* heart at war nearly destroyed our people.

Hearts Enter War

In the days of my youth, my brother and I lived with warring hearts. We were the sons of the Wellspring—the name for the leader of our people. I was the eldest, and my brother, Strong Wolf, was the youngest. As children of the Wellspring, we were to set good examples—but we did not. We disagreed with each other. We argued with each other. And we fought against each other.

At first our disagreements were small and petty, *almost* harmless. But in time those disagreements grew and became part of our identities. I lived one way and he lived another. Our people saw our behavior, listened to our words, and began to take sides. As time went on, our people began to contend with one another. These contentions grew like a fire—fierce and heated.



We lived near the edge of the Great and Terrible Canyon—“Great” because of its depth and beauty, “Terrible” because of its dangers. Once I ventured down a path that led me some distance down into the canyon. When I tried to hike back up I lost my footing, fell, and broke my leg. Injured and alone, I was trapped in the canyon.

After many hours of searching, my father found me. At first he embraced me and wept. Then, placing his hands on my shoulders, he scolded me for ignoring the warnings of our Elders. Afterward he lifted me up and carried me

home. As he did so, I inwardly vowed to stay away from the canyon and *always* obey my father.



He was a very wise man, my father.

When he died my heart was filled with a mixture of grief and anxiety. As the eldest son, I was to become the next Wellspring. Great was this responsibility.

My brother, however, questioned my leadership. On the day I was to become the Wellspring, he entered our family's dwelling and began mocking the ways of our people. My heart raged against him.

I told him his disrespect was not welcome.

Strong Wolf, defiant as ever, challenged me to a fight. But I would not stoop to his level. Instead, I straightened my back and spoke to him as I thought a true leader would.

"I will not fight you, Strong Wolf," I said, calmly. "You and I are sons of the Wellspring. *We* must be better than that."

Without the slightest warning, my younger brother struck me across the jaw. Surprised, I staggered backward and fell to the ground. He leapt upon me and gripped my neck with his hands.

Just then our mother intervened and pulled him off of me.

She begged us—both of us—to forgive one another.

"I don't need his forgiveness!" I said, forcing myself to my feet. "I haven't done anything wrong!"

Strong Wolf snorted in disgust.

"He doesn't understand. And he never will."