

Legend that appears on the sculpture base:

Listen, for I speak but once.... As I gaze across the waters of the shimmering Fox River, I see the smoke of thousands of teepees where I once saw only gentle prairies and lush forests abundant with game.

Many moons ago my people were among the first voices to be heard in this land. We came to live in peace with nature. We hunted and fished. We married, bore children and died at our appointed time. The bones of my people mingle here with the earth. We loved this Valley.

It was with great sadness that we had to leave our home. We were few, and the settlers were many. The spirits of my ancestors have never left this great Valley, and occasionally, you may glimpse our shadows or feel our presence as we tread silently along the shores of our beloved Fox River.

Our final prayer as we left our land was that you would love this Valley as much as we loved it. We were one with the earth, sky and water. We were the Neshnabek, the "People" of the Valley.