

Time Frozen on the Mountian

Dick Tripover • December 10, 2018

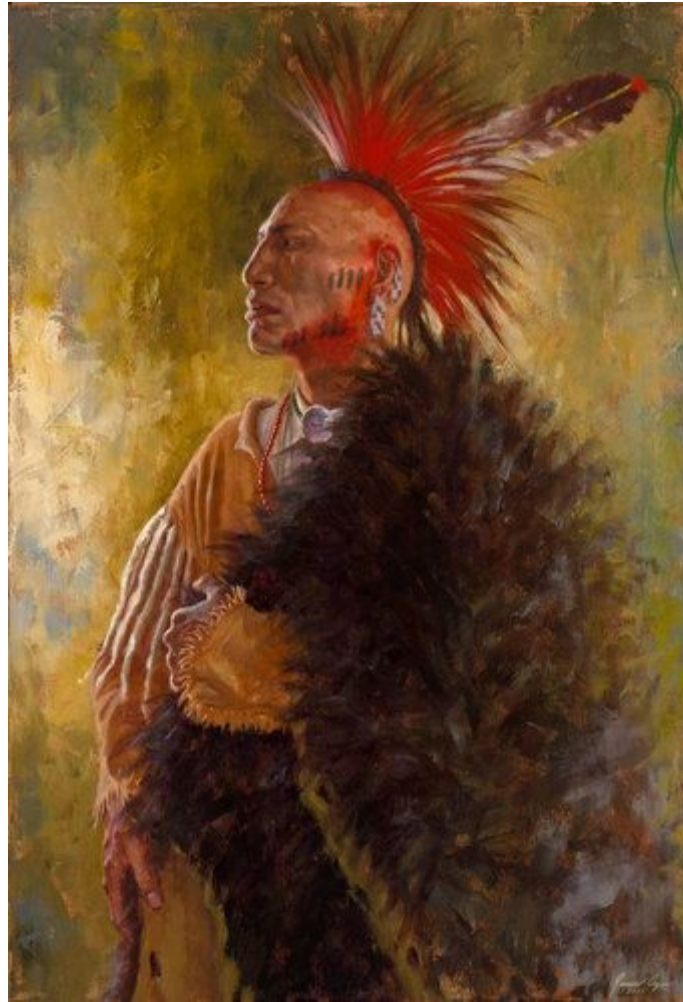
God moves some mountains miraculously. You stare down the impossible and it stares right back at you. But then God casts it into the sea and makes a way where there wasn't. This is my favorite.



Delta Son - Go Tell It On The Mountain - Acoustic Take Away Performance



Psalm 147 KJV 5.Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite. 6 The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground. 7 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God: 8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. 9 He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry. 10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. 11 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy. 12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion. 13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee. 14 He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat. 15 He sendeth forth his commandment upon earth: his word runneth very swiftly. 16 He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes. 17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? 18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.



Amos 4:1 Hear this word, ye kine of Bashan, that are in the mountain of Samaria, which oppress the poor, which crush the needy, which say to their masters, Bring, and let us drink.



Matthew 21:21 Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.



The first post office was established (January 31, 1919) with the name "Taneycomo, Missouri." 100 years next January. Sarah died in the field with photo attached. It was down to you and I. We made our way along the riverbed until we made it to the main river. I thought you had frozen over but I kept on walking, foot steps from a winter hell scene and I asked God to lay me down on a mountain that I could call home.



Our history is not told. Nobody else knows. There were the strongest of warriors that made it to the mountain at the promised land. You, your wife and myself were all that remained of our tribe that I can recall. You picked a spot on the top of the mountain that overlooked the river down below and you claimed it by planting a Osage tree just like our ancestors did. I picked the plot next to you and we together decided that this was to become our new home.

The Trail of Tears - Pulaski County Missouri. In 1830 Congress passed the Indian Removal Act, providing "for an exchange of lands with Indians residing in any states or territories, and for their removal west of the river Mississippi." This act changed the Cherokee Nation forever.

General Winfield Scott sped the removal along as well as put many Indians into stockades along the way. The Trail of Tears found its end in Oklahoma. Nearly a fourth of the Cherokee population died along the march. It ended around March of 1839.



The many years we battled the spring and winter are now gone for ever, nearly no memory remains of our word from before when the Earth was wild. Seemingly endless spans of time have gone by between then and now yet, in real time only 100 years has passed. I still remember when I left, claiming to you that I would find a new land and return once I had. You jokingly went about pestering me as my brother always did saying that I was the least of the heard and lowly little man-boy. I didn't mind though, I had determination in my will and God as my witness. I knew back then as I do today that I would return and things would begin a new once more.

Bubble freezing in the snow! Magical!



I had not recalled how many times over the years I had been back to visit for a time until you reminded me of such. Nobody else would believe this story and everyone

would call us crazy for even having this conversion but, it needs to happen. Sarah died cold and we buried her in that land, she was my world and everything that kept me from leaving this world in pursuit of the next. I guess this is why I come back each time as a different person. You revealed that to me, you put me straight in the eye path and told me how it was. I had forgotten, you had not. You living there all these years brother, have turned you into a time capsule of Hubris. You have forgotten how to forgive and forgotten what it means to be forgiven. God knows, he always forgets after he forgives, there is no further discussion about it when he does so.



Of the many times I have been back there, this time I realize that things must no longer be this way. I can no longer go away and come back to see you still doing the same things over and over, time and time again. So brother, today I ask for your forgiveness once and for all and I do not want to be reminded of the past where things have always been wrong. I instead, want to witness a bright new beautiful future where prosperity returns to the land. I want to do like Great Grandfather Golden Eagle told us to do and go find our place in the world together as warriors that we are. I want to release the curse of the mountain once and for all and I want to tell that mountain to never turn back in time ever again. This is the last loop.

Early U.S. Settlers' Dirty Dealings with the Osage Nation

