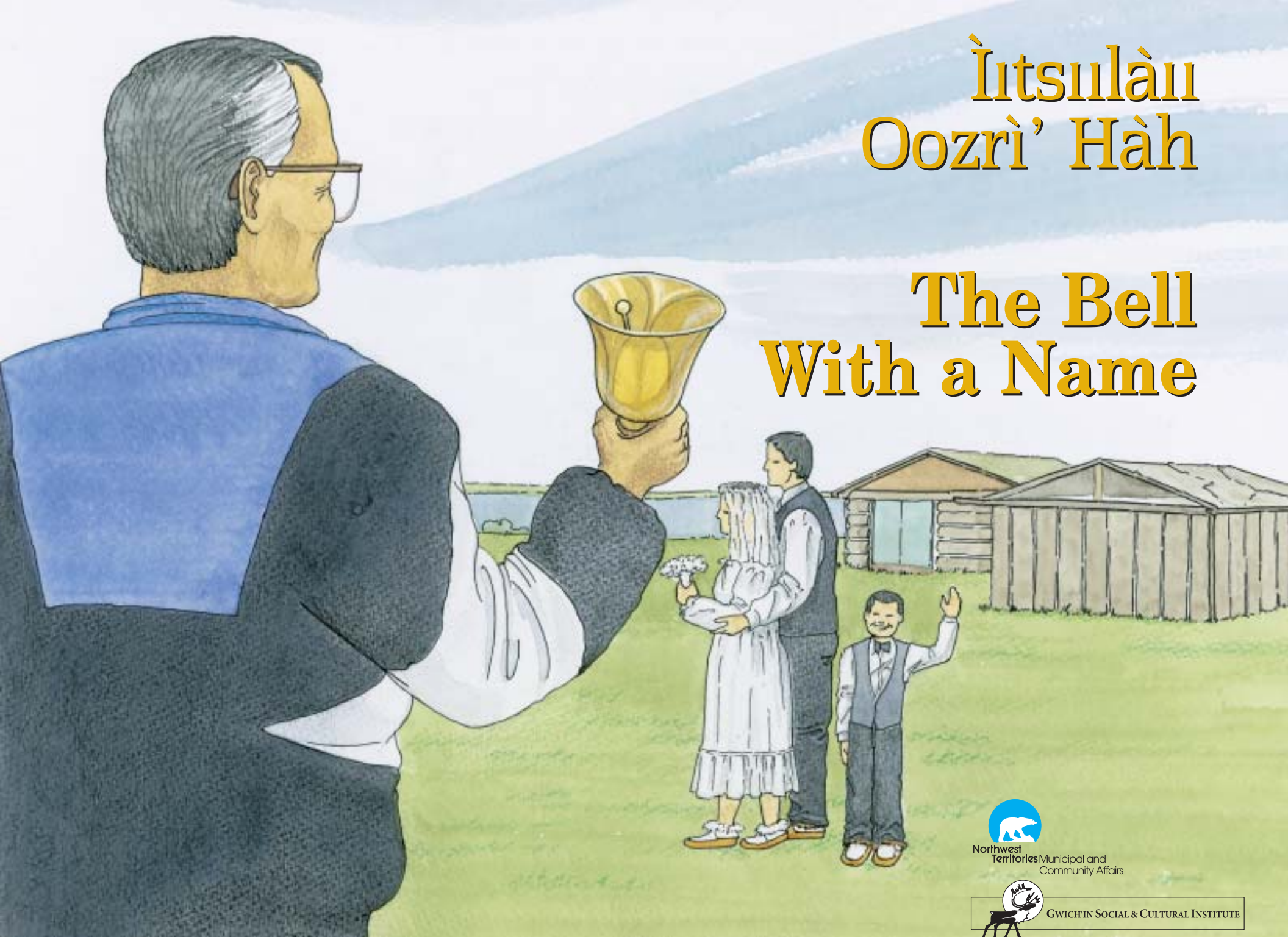


Ìtsulàu
Oozrì' Hàh

The Bell
With a Name



Ìitsùlàù Oozrì’ Hàh

Khau 2001 dàu’ usrits’at khau vègwídeech’in’. Nagwidàdhat Nihts’at Tr’itr’uinjù Eenjit Nilù oozrù gùts’an ahtsàù leù kat dütat, izhuu kat ts’at tr’igünjù geenjit nankak gwà’àn tthak akòo dıgıdı’in geenjit.

Zhıgweedi’ nankak, leù tat nihts’at tr’igünjù gwık’ıt akòo dıgıdı’in geenjit gò’au. Juudin dütat nıdhızhı kat ènihk gwà’àn tthak dınjù kat zhùu ghat’agwıdich’uu hàh gugwınah’in geenjit tr’agwaandak, gwàt juudin aachın nılu kat ts’at tr’igünjù gwık’ıt gòonlu.

Zhıgweedi’ nankak dınjù kat nihk’ànahıtı ts’at nihts’at tr’igünjù k’eejit duyeeenjit gòonlıh kwaa. Nunzhit dàu’ gwànoo dınjù kat zhehk’oo gòo dagakauk’ıt gwızhıt nihts’at tr’igünjù gwık’ıt akòo dàgeedi’in’.

Aù Department of Municipal and Community Affairs kat chan ts’at Gwıch’in Social and Cultural Institute hàh gooveevanh jı khau geenjit shòh gınlı aù geh’àn edıneht’eh tr’agwahtsı. Aù gwandak gwızhıt zrıit nihkhan gatragwaandak zhıgweedi’ kat chan akòo dàgıdınu’. Teet’ıt Zheh gwats’at Elizabeth, Eva ts’at Hugh Colin kat chan googwandak hı dagwıdlı k’ıghe’ atr’agwaandak. Isrits’at chaa, usrits’at nihkhàtr’agwàhchıh ànts’at gwıyendoo usrits’at ìitsùlàù eenjit gwandak nılu.

The Bell With a Name

The Year 2001 represents a very special year. It has been named the International Year of Volunteers in order to celebrate the work and efforts of thousands of people around the world who help each other.

In the north, volunteering is an important part of many people’s lives. Visitors who come to the north often comment on the kindness of the people, their willingness to help each other, as well as help people who may be strangers.

Caring and helping is not a new thing to people in the north. People in families and communities have been ‘volunteering’ or helping each other for generations.

The Department of Municipal and Community Affairs in partnership with the Gwıch’in Social and Cultural Institute have chosen to celebrate the International Year of Volunteers with a book. This story is about the type of caring and helping which is so common to the north. It is based on the true story told to us by Elizabeth, Eva and Hugh Colin of Ft. McPherson. It is the story of a special boy, a special wedding and a very special bell.

Ìitsùlàù Oozrì’ Hàh

The Bell With a Name

Adapted from the story told by Elizabeth, Eva and Hugh Colin.

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Vaghàù nìhk'utík gwízzrah nìlì gwàt dāshùk egwìjìch'uu geenjit yàa nàgwì'au. "Jàaghat dèe khàjjikoo noozrì' shík'it dunch'ùu kwah?" Kìrk dahanh, Eva, uudahkat. Vahanh khàjjikoo voozrì' adanh, viti' ts'at vuundee kat hàh gwízzu vāh dagòonch'uu kwaa. Agadhan goovoozrì' "Colin" nìlì guuzhík vahanh zrit khàjjikoo voozrì' zrit "Arey" nìlì. "Jàaghat dèe khàjjikoo noozrì' nekhwìk'it 'Colin' gwìk'it dunch'ùu kwah?" dahanh uudahkat.

Dìzhehk'oo gúyeedlaa. "Jàa khàjjikoo duiyoozrì' ejùk gwàatsík? Au t'ee chan Eva Arey, Hugh Arey, Elliot Arey, Chad Arey ts'at Kìrk Arey nakhwaheezraa." Kìrk oo'àn chùuzhì. "Shì Arey t'ihch'ùh kwaa! Colin zrit t'ihch'uu!" Veenjit tsinjāch'uu kwaa gwìk'it yinundhan.

He was only six years old but something had been bothering him for a long time. "Why is your last name different than mine?" Kirk asked his mom, Eva. It didn't make sense that his mom's last name was different than his last name and his father and brothers'. They shared the last name 'Colin', but his mother's last name was 'Arey'. "Why don't you have the last name 'Colin' like the rest of us?" he asked his mom.

The family teased him. "Why don't we change OUR last name? Then there would be Eva Arey, Hugh Arey, Elliot Arey, Chad Arey and Kirk Arey." Kirk walked away. "I'm not Arey! I'm Colin!" He didn't think it was funny at all.



Au khai t'ee, 1999 sreendit dài', Kirk viti' Hugh, Teet'it Zeh gwats'at tahau, Teet'it Gwinjik gwidi' Nàgwichootshik danh gwits'at nijin goozhehk'oo kauk'it gò'au. T'èedik danh undi', yi'eendok tshuu khanh nuinlau nduh ts'au gwitoh ddah ts'at gwinah'in. Vint'u au t'oo njuh ts'at k'au dok khajiju dachan zeh tthak gwizii gùgwideech'in kwaa juudin zehk'oo leu t'agijahch'uu nagwidadhat ihlogwinli' jùutin dài' gwizraih gwànoo. Kirk vitsu Colin ehkhee undi', neenjik dichihvyah hàh sruiyulik gwekhè' k'eejit nayùunjik k'inehdlau gwats'at.

“Zhik zrah Eva ts'at shu nihkhàtr'agwahàhchyya nuiddàdhan,” Kirk diti' àhnùu, “Duzhehk'oo tthak nakhoozri' khajikoo nihk'it gwiheelyaa nuiddàdhan. Isrits'at Kirk chan! Nakhwanh tthak ts'at 'Colin' nakwaheezraa nuindhan. Isrits'at nihkhàtr'agwàhchih gwiheelyaa. Zeh gwizhit gwik'it nihkhàtr'agwàhchih gwiheelyaa kwah. Zhik zrah nihkhàtr'agwàhchih tr'agwahahtsaa, zhit danh Nàgwichootshik danh gwizrih.” Kirk vitsu uudhìlch'eu ts'at dlok nuu'au. “Gwinzi”, jùu t'aguyàhnuh.

Later that same year, in the spring of 1999, Kirk's dad Hugh, travelled from Ft. McPherson, down the Peel River to their family's camp at the mouth of the river. He sat on the riverbank, looking across the swift, moving water at the mountains far beyond. The tall grass and willows behind him almost hid the cabins that had been used so often by families only 50 years before. Kirk's Grampa Colin sat nearby, patiently fixing the fish net that he had just pulled from the river.

“This is where Eva and I want to be married,” explained Kirk's dad. “We want our family to share the same last name. Especially Kirk! He wants us all to be 'Colin'. It will be a special wedding. It won't be the same as the weddings in town. Our wedding will take place here, right here at the mouth of the Peel.”

Kirk's grampa listened and smiled. “That's good”, he nodded.



Au t'ee nyahgwan nihkhàtr'agwàhchih geenjit gisriinàgahju, valàk kat ts'at vizhehk'oo hàh tthak goots'at tr'iginju. August 28th danh akòo dàgwiheedi'yaa chan ginuh.

Shin guuzhik, Kirk vitì' ts'at vitu Gordon hàh zeh ts'at nihkhàtr'agwahahchya gwideek'it gwits'ee gichitha'òo, t'oo njuh ts'at k'au tthak git'ii, tr'ih choo dhutinh gwideek'it han ts'at ... kwank'it gwits'at. Zhik gwaa'àn, dachan zeh shik leu t'èedik gwijnik gòo'au, han dàk hau danh gwà'an. Zhik gwaa'àn nihkhàtr'agwahàhchya dagòonch'uu. Zhik zrah jidù Kirk gadunjidizhìt gwik'it gwihèelyaa.

The wedding plans began soon after, with the help of many friends and family. The date was set for August 28th.

During the summer, Kirk's dad and his Uncle Gordon began making trips to the wedding place, clearing the tall grass and thick willows from the landing spot on the river...all the way up to the abandoned village. Here, old weathered cabins were scattered along the bank, high above the river. This is where the wedding ceremony would take place. This is where Kirk's wish would come true.



Guuzhík uunji' Teet'it Zheh danh, Kirk vahanh nihkhàtr'agwàhchih eenjit dàgeedi'in' geenjit goots'at tr'uinjik. Dineht'eh kak aanàu gwìnùu, dineht'eh vahn gè'tr'ahjuu, dineht'eh kwàn', nihkhàtr'agwàhchih tr'uinjòo gwahanh vi'ik kat ts'at au shih atr'ahee'aa eenjit hàh tthak. Jùkwaat'at gwitr'it gwuinchuu gòonlu!

Khaunjuu nihkhàtr'agwàhchih drin dàl' au hùh ch'ùh dhandau ganagaandèh – veek'au Ina chan vanaandai'. Adanh chan Teet'it Zheh Gwandak Edineht'èe' gwizhìt niyinyahchùh – tthak ts'at kauk'it gwizhìt aanàu gootr'àhnuu. Tthak ts'at srugòonch'uu gwats'at aanàu gootr'àhnuu gunuindhan ji' geenjit!

Veek'au Ina zrit ìtsu kha' leu ts'at tr'ih choo hàh goots'at tr'iginju Teet'it Zheh ts'at Nàtanlau gwits'at nàtr'ahahlak gisriiyilu, au t'ee gwidu Nàgwìchootshik gwits'at. Tr'ih choo neekok jùutin ts'at tik gidilu yeedi' gwits'at gichùujil.

Back in Ft. McPherson, Kirk's Aunt Ina helped with many of the wedding details. She helped pick the invitations, napkins, matches, bridesmaids' dresses and the food needed for the feast. There was so much to do!

The wedding cake was almost forgotten on the wedding day – it was Aunt Ina who remembered. She placed the wedding invitation in the Ft. McPherson newsletter – an open invitation to everyone in the community. All were welcome to join in this celebration!

Aunt Ina also made sure there were enough trucks and boats to take everyone from Ft. McPherson, to 'Nitaiinlaii', and then to the wedding place at the mouth of the Peel River. Twenty-three boats would travel down the river on the wedding day.



“Nijùk dàì' nihkhàtr'agwàhchih ts'at noozri' ejùk gwahàtsaa, mom? Duulèh nyahgwan, Kirk. August 28 danh. Jùk drin gwats'at drin k'ideetak gwàndòo gwizrih! Au t'ee nakhwanh tthak khajikoo nakhoozri' nihk'it gwihèelyaa,” vahanh yàhnuu.

“When are you going to get married and change your name, mom?”

“Soon Kirk. On August 28th. That's only a week from today! After that we will all have the same last name,” replied his mom.



Au t'ee chan shih! Leu kat shih hah goots'at tr'igunjik, usrits'at Elizabeth, Kirk vitsuu chan. Nihkhàtr'agwàhchih gwichih drin tik gahthòk vake'ahch'uu, Kirk vahanh ts'at veek'au Ina hah. Jane Charlie ts'at valak kat chan goots'at tr'igunjik. Nihkhàh zrit, macaroni 16 pounds t'agwàhchuu vake'gahch'uu, nan gwinahshuu chan 10 pounds tthak, pies chan 9 dilu, lugushuu atthaatthai' tik ts'at daih choo tik gidilu hah tthak vake'gahch'uu atr'ahée'aa eenjit!

"Mmmm. Drin yeet'ii eenjit duuyeh nàgoodhi'uu!" Kirk àhnùu guuzhik au shih tthak aachin a'ii gwizrih ditsuu vake'ahch'uu gwideek'it gwizhit danh.

Zeh gwindu gwà'an gwinah'in, Kirk jùu nùh, "Tthak ts'at ju nihkhàtr'agwàhchih eenjit gwijit'òo gwitr'it t'agogwah'in! Duulèh nekhwets'at tr'ihhdal ch'uu?" Vitsuu yinah'in ts'at dlòk nuu'au, "Leu kat gwats'at tr'igunju usrits'at nihkhàtr'agwàhchih eenjit gisrinàtr'ahnju geenjit nahanh ts'at nitì' guuk'it hah. Dinju kat gwats'at tr'igunju gootthai' tat gwinzuu goovàh gòonlu. Nuzhuk goovàh gwik'it gòonlu. Łq q hah, nekhwets'at tr'inunju. Yahkhàt au potato peeler oonunju ts'at au potatoes tthak hah gwitr'it t'agwàh'uu. Mähsi' choo!"

Then there was the food! Many people helped out with the food for the wedding, especially Elizabeth, Kirk's grandma. She cooked for three whole days before the wedding, along with Kirk's mom and his Aunt Ina. Jane Charlie and other friends also helped out. Together, they cooked 16 pounds of macaroni, 10 pounds of potatoes, 9 pies, 3 hams and 3 turkeys!

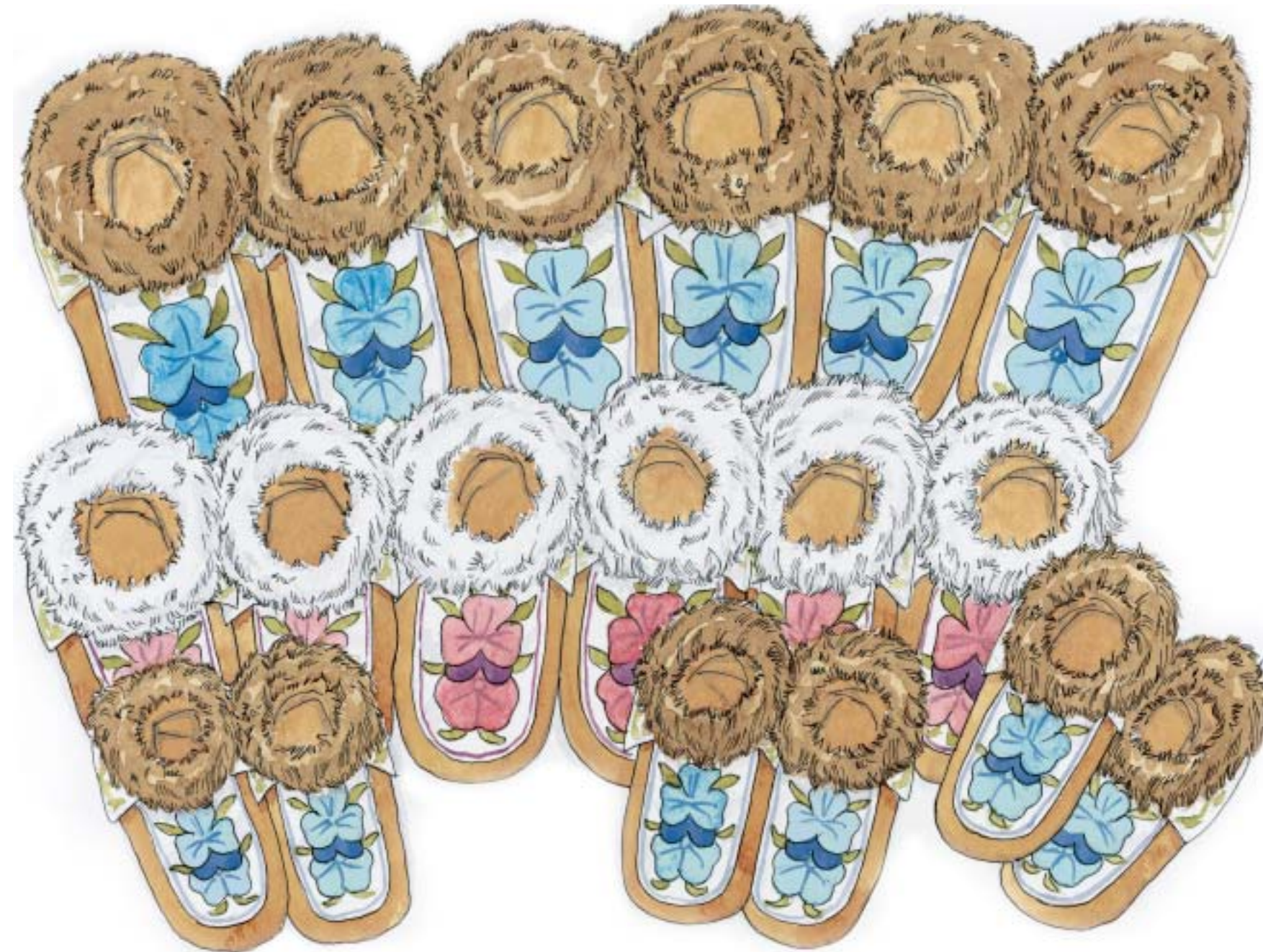
"Mmmm. I can't wait until Saturday!" exclaimed Kirk as he stared hungrily at all the food in his grandma's kitchen.

Looking around the busy room, Kirk said, "Everybody is working so hard for this wedding! Can I help too?" His grandma looked at him and smiled, "It takes many people to get ready for a special wedding like your mom and dad's. People want to help because it gives them a good feeling. A good feeling that lasts for a long time. Sure, you can help! Take that peeler over there and you can start working on the potatoes. Mahsi' choo!"



Kirk vitsuu vake'ahch'uu gwizhit gwizrih goots'at tr'ijnik kwah. Jüu nihkhatr'agwähchih gwizhit t'agunch'uu kat eenjit kautrih vanchöh näk'oh zhak dhitinh k'e'jähkai'. Kirk diti' veek'aii khajjits'an', Lucy, kant'ik zu' naagau nihlinehch'i' häh ke'jähkai', ts'at akai' gwindu tthak altsaii. Gwijzrii gügwideech'in, adhoh zu' häh ts'at geh göo tsée dhoh häh k'e'jähkai'. Ai zeh nijin kautrih k'aganahtu gwizhit adhoh gwaatsanh.

Cooking wasn't the only way that Kirk's gramma volunteered her help. She also made nine pairs of slippers for people in the wedding. Kirk's great-aunt Lucy made the colourful beaded uppers and the strips for the sides and backs of the slippers. They were beautiful, made with home-tanned moosehide and trimmed with rabbit or beaver fur. The rich smell of smoked moosehide filled the room where the slippers were kept.



“Mom, jùk drin lèe nihkhàtr’agwahàchya?”

“Àkwaa’. Hùntshyaa ihlak t’ee! Nihkàa vanh yeedi’ Nàgwichootshik danh gwits’ee hiididaa. Ezhik danh niti’ ts’at shu hah nihkhàtr’agwahàachyaa niidàdhan geenjit gwiwendoo shòh ihlu. Gwiwendoo nundal gwijàhch’ùu,” Kirk vahanh àhnuu.

“Mom, is today the day you’re getting married?”

“No. One more sleep to go! Early tomorrow we will go down the river to our camp at the mouth of the Peel. I’m so glad your dad and I decided to get married there. It’s such a beautiful place,” explained Kirk’s mom.



Kirk vánh dai' gwíizú vîgwídeech'in ts'át khàcheeda'au. Yahkeh ts'át zheekhyuu tthak t'at kwàn' gwík'it ègwídeech'in. Han nji' gwíyendoo gwíjùughal ejùch'ù egwàhdít k'it vîgwídeech'in. Khaunts'àn' gwíjídhitsík k'àu tat ts'át aat'oo tat gòonlù han nji' t'èedik kat gwínjik.

Kirk, vitì' ts'át dalák kat vánh dai' Teet'it Zheh gwats'at nagíchìthìjl ts'át yeedi' twenty-five miles Nàgwíhootshík gwíts'at zheh gwídhòh nàgíheetthal eenjit. Zheh gwích'ok tthak nàgògwíntthàú ts'át srìgíyìnlík, gí'dànìvyaa ahtr'au ts'au gwích'ì' gwíj'èe geenjit.

Kirk vitsuu Elizabeth ts'át ízhuu tr'íinjòo kat chan vánh dai' k'agídadàl ts'át chítàú vake'gahch'uu nàgwíndhat. Lidú tyah tthak duuyeh ekhè' gùgoonùu dínjù kat hnagíljl ... dígíchuu tyàh zhít lidú nìgínùnkàú gwínlùnk'oo gwích'ì' eenjit akò dígeedi'in'. Atr'ahee'aa chan gwíizú vîgwídeech'in! Vàdzaih nìlù, geh vír, huk dhích'uh, hùh ch'ùh nadinildzee, hùh ch'ùh, hùh ch'ùh ghwoo tanídichít hàh chan ts'át shìh nízrú nìlù ddhàk, jak, huk k'yìn' ts'át oats hàh itsùu gíyàhnuu.

Kirk woke up the next day to a beautiful morning. The rising sun painted the sky red and orange. The river was so calm it looked like a winding piece of glass. Fall colours of yellow and orange splashed the willow bushes lining the riverbanks.

Kirk, his dad and friends left Fort McPherson early and travelled twenty-five miles to the mouth of the Peel to start putting up the tents. They made sure the teepees were put up properly, with the doors facing away from the cool wind.

Kirk's Gramma Elizabeth and other women also arrived early and began cooking outside. The tea pots were never still that day as people began to gather...filling their cups to keep the chilly fall weather away. The feast looked delicious! Caribou meat, rabbit soup, roasted fish, doughnuts, fried bannock, cinnamon rolls and a special treat of ground meat, berries, fish roe and oats called 'itsu'.



Kirk vahanh ts'at vachaa khaunts'an' hàh Teet'it Zeh gwats'at uunji' Nàtainlau gwits'at nagahahlak, nijin danh dınju kat gootr'ih choo k'atr'inahtı. Ezhik danh iitsii khał ekhè' goonuu ts'at tr'ih zhìt gınjı, Kirk vıtsı, veek'au neekanh kat ts'at vıtsı Arey hah. Yeedi' gwits'at gıchùujıl nijin nihkhàtr'agwahahchyya danh.

Han nji' nàgoojıl guuzhık gwınjık nıts'òo nàgwı'ee geetak ejük gòodlit. Ihèh srını'au. Au t'ee ahshıh, t'ee chan srını'au. Kirk vahanh ındla'. "Yeenoo drın k'ıdeetak kxanh ts'at Hugh chan, "Ahtshın, ahshı gòo srını'au jı' – tth'ah hee nihkhàtr'agwahàachyya Nàgwıhootshık danh!" juu shahnuu. "Au gwık'it akòo dıgıdı'ın. Yàh ch'ı'àn gwınoh'ı!"

Kirk's mom left Fort McPherson in the afternoon, with his youngest brother Chad to drive to 'Nitainlai', the place where people kept their boats. There, they left the truck and got in a boat with Kirk's great grandmother, his two aunts and his Grampa Arey. They headed down the river towards the wedding place.

As they travelled along, the weather seemed to change at every bend in the river. The sun shone at one corner. It began to snow at another and then back to sunshine once again. Kirk's mom laughed. "Just last week, Hugh said to me, 'Rain, snow or sunshine – we're going to get married at the mouth of the Peel!' And that's just what it's doing. Look at this weather!"



Nìkhàtr'agwähchìh danh gwits'at teevee k'agìdadal dàì', Kìrk vahanh nìhk'yùu gwìnah'in'. Laràbaa nìhknehch'ì' gathachoh teevee gwìnjik nìjìn Kìrk vitì' vitr'ih chòo untình eenjit nìlì. Jìdìi twàl kat ts'àt ejìich'ìi tau gwìnjik gwìjzu vìgwìdeech'in k'àu kak gatrahchoh au kwànk'it shìk gwits'at. Adài' hee leu kat srugòonch'uu gwìnchìi eenjit hìgìljìl!

When they landed at the wedding place, Kirk's mom looked around. Colourful ribbons by the shore marked a special landing spot for his dad's boat. Balloons and streamers decorated the willows by the path to the old village site. People were already gathering for the big event!



Kirk vahanh, Eva, tr'ih choo ts'at àn chùuzhì, khanh ıdàk ts'at nahadik, dınju kat goovehgòo, dachan zehh gwıts'at nıjın danh gısrınàhaandal. Gàtr'oodaanuu gwık'ıt vatthài' tat gònli'!

Dalàk neekanh kat yak'àdadhızhıı ts'at vánh dai' Gwıdèedrıı chıhvıyàh neekauı gugwınah'in' geenjit shòh hàh gııyàh gwaandàk – ıhłak tı'èedık ehkhee ts'at ıhłak han gwınjık gogwınah'in'. “Neenjit gwıjızrıı ch'egoozrı' gònliı davàakı, Eva!” jùu dıgııyàhnuu guuzhık dlòk gınuu'auı.

Kirk's mom, Eva, got out of the boat and quickly walked up the path, past the people, to the cabin where she would get ready. She was beginning to feel very nervous!

Two friends met her and excitedly began telling her how they had seen a pair of rainbows that morning – one by the bank and one along the river. “That must be a good blessing for you, Eva” they said, smiling.



Nìkhàtr'agwàhchii gwìchìh, goolàk kat ts'at goozhehk'oo kat aii kwànk'it gwà'àn nagahdadal, nìts'òots'at tthak ts'at sruudinuu gùgwìdeech'in agwaandak. Kirk vitì' ts'at valàk kat chan t'oo tthak khagunt'uh zehh tthak gwìndii ts'at teevee gwà'àn gwìtr'it gwìnchii gogwàltsaai. Jii usrits'at drin eenjit Hugh vats'at tr'igunjik eenjit shòh gùnli'. "Jùk drin duuyeh ihlee vīgwehdeendal geenjit dūnjshizhit!" jùu dagoovahnuu.

Jùu anjòo nìlii kat hàh dachan zehh gwìshìk gwà'àn nagahdadal oonoo dàì' ganagaandaii. Nìzhit dàì' gwànoo Nàgwìchootshìk danh t'agunch'u' dàì' geenjit gwìjzui ganagaandaii.

Before the wedding ceremony began, friends and family walked around the old village site, remarking at how clean everything looked. Kirk's dad and his friends had worked hard to cut the grass at the landing and around the buildings. They enjoyed helping Hugh for this special day. "I don't want anyone to hurt themselves here today" he explained.

Walking around the weathered log cabins brought back a lot of memories to the older people. Warm memories of times once spent here at the mouth of the Peel River.



Jùkwaa hee Kirk jidù eenjit nàgoodhah'in nagwiizhit!
Nihkhatr'agwahahchyaaw gwits'at gweedhaa.

Neenjik ts'at, Kirk vitsu Colin vint'u ts'at ejuch'u
usrits'at oonjik. Au iitsulàu shik dunch'uu. Iitsulàu
vik'ighe' Kirk voozri' khajikoo vats'an ahtsu jidù lqò hàh
geenjit dunnidizhit. Ju iitsulàu adai' gwànoo Kirk vitsu
Christopher Colin vit'adach'u' ànts'at vitsu, Old Colin
chan yit'adach'u'. Adai' gwànoo dnuju kat tr'igiheejaa
geenjit au iitsulàu dhaach'ik.

Jùk chan Kirk vitsu iitsulàu gwizzu ootanh ts'at neenjik
tadhahch'ik. Au iitsulàu gwiyendoo gwizzu gwjit'oh
dhaach'ik. Leu kat goondèe chuu gwunli' adai' gwànoo
ganagaandau geenjit jùu dàgeedi'in'.

Kirk viti' iitsulàu uudhilch'eu ts'at naa'èe guuzhik
vitr'iinjoo yits'at teehee eenjit nàgoovil'in. Gàtr'oodaanuu
gwik'it unli' datth'an dàk ts'at zhak anaajat k'it, guuzhik
lqò au dnuju kat yeenoo dai' nihkhah hgiljl tr'igiheekhyaaw
eenjit zhik gwaa'an tthak gwats'at eenjit niinji'adhat.

Finally, the moment that Kirk had been waiting for!
The wedding ceremony was about to begin.

Quietly, Kirk's Grampa Colin took something very
special from behind his back. It was an old bell. The
bell that would give Kirk the family name he had
wanted so badly. The bell that had been used many
years before by Kirk's great grandfather Christopher
Colin and his great great grandfather, Old Colin. It had
been rung in the old days to bring people together for
church service.

Now Kirk's grampa held the old bell firmly in his
hand and rang it slowly, back and forth. The sound of
the bell was clear and sweet. Tears came to many eyes
as the sound reminded people of the old days.

Kirk's dad listened to the bell as he stood waiting for
Eva to walk up the path. Shivers ran up and down his
spine as he imagined people a long time ago, coming
together to pray in this very same spot.



Kirk, vahanh ts'at vitsu Arey au dachan zehh gwishik gehkhee nàgugoodhah'in.

“Jùk nyahgwan mom, noozri' ejùk gwahàhtsaa, ha mom?”

“Aahà'. Nyahgwan. Jùk drin ndòo nyàa'au jì', Colin hihlyaa. Nik'it t'ihich'yaa.”

Kirk dlòk nùu'au. Itsulàu dhahch'ik uudhìlch'eu ts'at dahanh ts'at gwìnah'in. “Jùk laa!”

Kirk, his mom and his Grampa Arey waited anxiously by their family's old cabin.

“Pretty soon now mom, you're going to change your name, eh mom?”

“Yes. Pretty soon. By the end of today, I'll be a 'Colin'. Just like you.”

Kirk grinned. He heard the bell ringing and looked up at his mom. “It's time!”



Ìtsulàu dhahch'ik guuzhik Kirk viti' tseenjaa hah nàgoovil'in, gukhu ehkhee, uundoo gwinah'in. Elik igidahku. Vint'u srui t'ahthee Eva nàdhat. Eva viti' ihlak ts'au nàdhat ts'at izhu ts'au Kirk chan nàdhat.

Kirk gwijzu khadeedak naa'eh. Izhak ik vik'andehnahti'. Vat'an vi'uzhak ik ts'at yuut'an ts'at dehli' gwinah'in'. Au t'ee yachaa tsal Elliot, nileetth'ak nahaazhik nilu, di'uzhak ik chan ch'ijuu'ee nilu eenjit vik'andehnahti'. "Gwijzu nigwideech'in gwizrih. Daddy duyeenjit nàgoodhah'in!"

Kirk vahanh zrit diti' gyin dinli' hah ootanh. Izhu ts'au chan, Kirk li' hah gwijzu naa'ee dahanh vigin ts'at naa'ee nundhan. Loq hah juu didi'in, k'oh ts'au k'it nàdhat. Eva zrit Kirk yinah'in juu ditsu Arey gwinah'in vik'it nàdhat nundhan. Digin hah gwili' t'eedi'in' ts'at dinli' hah dahanh vinli' ootanh. Juk at'at ditsu k'it t'unch'uh!

Kirk gatr'oodaanuu k'it t'unch'uh. Khalch'i' vahanh voozri' ejuk heelyaa eenjit Colin ts'at duuyeh

As the bell rang, Kirk's father stood waiting patiently by the pastor, looking ahead. The music began. Several feet behind him stood Eva. Her father was on one side and Kirk on the other.

Kirk stood as straight and tall as he could. He checked his shirt. He checked the flower pinned to his shirt and he checked his pants. He also checked his brother, little Elliot, the ring bearer, to make sure his shirt was straight. "You have to look nice. Daddy's waiting for us!"

Kirk's mom was holding her father's arm with one hand. On the other side, Kirk tried to stretch up even taller to reach his mother's arm. He tried so hard he was standing lop-sided as he reached up with his arm. Eva watched as Kirk looked at his Grampa Arey and tried to stand just like him. He moved his arm a little, wrapping his small hand around his mother's. Now he was just like his grampa!

Kirk was nervous. He couldn't wait for the big moment when his mom would change her name to 'Colin'.



nàgoodhah'in k'it t'unch'uh.

Itsulàu chan dhaach'ik. Kirk, vahanh Eva, ts'at vitsu Arey kat hah neenjik uu'àn geedah nijin gwà'àn Kirk vitì' gooveenjit nàgoodhah'in. Kirk zrit vachaa gwijilnaa au juudìn gwitì' àn yinyahjit ditì' ehkhee naa'ee eenjit akoo t'èedi'in!

Kirk vahanh nah'in', vinyin' kak gwiyendoo shòh goonlu k'it vigwideech'in. Au gukhu tr'igukhu eenjit aguhe'. Ch'igwijuu'ee uudahkat, "Juudìn ju tr'injòò vintl'à'ahchih? Kirk vitsu Arey dihdàu srìts'at altsau ts'at, "Shu" nuh ts'at gijhè'. Eva vehkhee vidèezhuu tsal hah,

The bell rang again. Kirk, his mother Eva, and his Grampa Arey slowly walked up to the spot where Kirk's father was waiting. Kirk was so excited he pushed the best man out of the way just so he could stand beside his father!

Kirk looked up at his mom, his face beaming. The pastor began the ceremony. In a steady voice he asked, "Who gives this bride away?" Kirk's Grampa Arey cleared his throat and said, "I do". A small voice near Eva said "Me too." It was Kirk.



“Shu chan,” gwinuu. Kirk zrit t'unch'uh.

Tr'igideedi' t'ee, au zheh gwich'ok daagau gwits'at ginunji, goolàk kat ts'at goodàazhu kat goovehgoò, juudin kat goonagò'ee nagijlzhü. Zheh gwich'ok gwizhit au nihkàtr'agwàhchih gwìdineht'eh kat gwehdineht'oh.

Khajju one hour t'ee, atr'ahèe'aa nàgwìndhat. Vàdzaih nilü, luk dhich'üu ts'at geh vir tloo hàh tthak gwiyendoo gwijzu vagwaatsành. Lidü tyah tthak gwijt'òò dinaadlat. Dinju khajju one hundred anyàanch'uu kat Nàgwichootshik gwits'at chùujil ts'at tthak gwijt'òh igj'al.

“Tthak ts'at at'aonyàanch'uu gwats'at tr'iginunjik geenjtgwizzu goo'au,” Kirk vitsuu t'innu. “Jüu gwik'it usrits'at nihkàtr'agwàhchih eenjit, nàkhwàdaazhu kat ts'at nakhwalàk kat nekhwets'at tr'iginju kwah jì' duuyeh

When the ceremony was over, the family walked towards the bright white teepee, past relatives and friends who were standing in a warm circle around them. The wedding papers would be signed inside the teepee.

Within an hour, the delicious feast began. Smells of roasting caribou meat, cooked fish and yummy rabbit soup filled the air. The teapots bubbled over. Over one hundred people came to the mouth of the Peel that day and everyone had more than enough to eat.

“It is good that so many people helped out in one way or another,” remarked Kirk's gramma. “A special wedding like this would never have happened if it weren't for the help of all our family and friends.”



akòo dígwídi'ù.”

“Mom, jùk noozrì' k'eejit nìdi'ù, haa? Eva Colin. Nekhwezhehk'oo k'it.” Kirk vahanh ts'at vitì' dlòk gínùu'au ts'at dígr'ùnìn ts'at gugwínah'in'. “Aaha'. Ants'at jùk drìn gwíuzù t'índi'ù, Kìrk Colin. Neenjít yíinjígwichídhàa'ee.” Kìrk gwíyendoo shòh adajìltsau, khaunju fifty feet tall k'it unli'.

In'ù k'it zhík ts'au ejùch'ù ch'ahdí yíchaa gwíjìlnau. Zhùu vint'ù gwínah'in'. Vítssù Neil Colin dachan zehh gwíshík ehkhee ts'at nàdhat. Dlòk nùu'au ts'at Kìrk chan ts'at vízhehk'oo gogwínah'in yíinjígwichídhah'ee k'it. Dínli' zhìt au ìtsulàù shík ootanh. Iitsulàù oozrù hah.

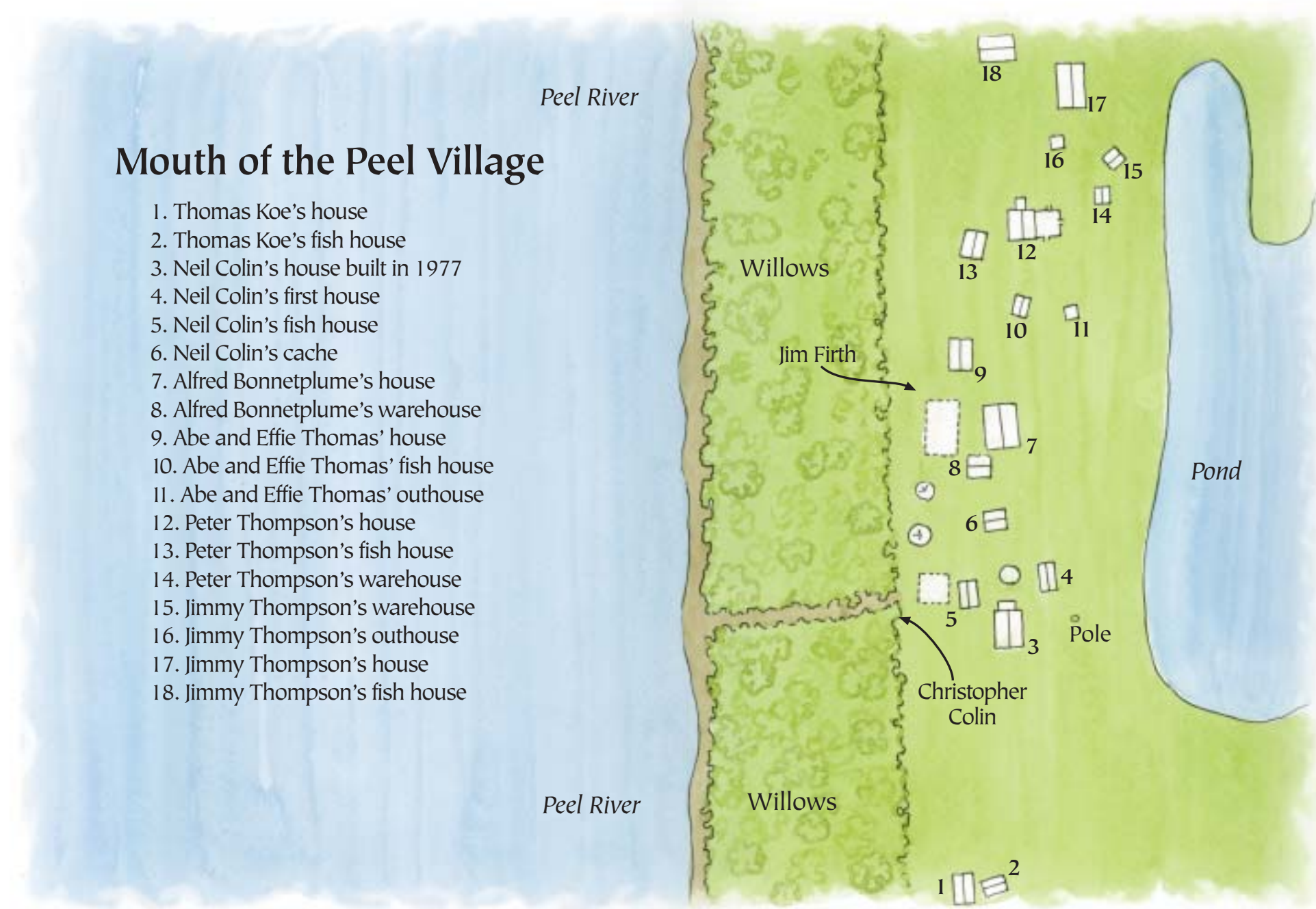
“You have a new name now mom, right? Eva Colin. Just like the rest of the family.” Kirk's mom and dad smiled and looked down at their son. “Yes. And you did so well today Kirk Colin. We're very proud of you.” Kirk beamed as he stood there, suddenly feeling fifty feet tall.

Out of the corner of his eye, something shiny caught his attention. He turned and looked. Beside an old grey cabin stood his grampa, Neil Colin. He was smiling and looking proudly at Kirk and his family. In his hand was the old family bell. The bell with a name.



Mouth of the Peel Village

1. Thomas Koe's house
2. Thomas Koe's fish house
3. Neil Colin's house built in 1977
4. Neil Colin's first house
5. Neil Colin's fish house
6. Neil Colin's cache
7. Alfred Bonnetplume's house
8. Alfred Bonnetplume's warehouse
9. Abe and Effie Thomas' house
10. Abe and Effie Thomas' fish house
11. Abe and Effie Thomas' outhouse
12. Peter Thompson's house
13. Peter Thompson's fish house
14. Peter Thompson's warehouse
15. Jimmy Thompson's warehouse
16. Jimmy Thompson's outhouse
17. Jimmy Thompson's house
18. Jimmy Thompson's fish house



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