

# THE HISTORY OF THE HOPI FROM THEIR ORIGINS IN LEMURIA



**OSWALD WHITE BEAR FREDERICKS  
KAIH KHRISTÉ KING**

The History of the Hopi  
From Their Origins  
In Lemuria

Oswald White Bear Fredericks  
Kaih Khristé King

## First Edition

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Published by The King's Bridge  
Mailing Address: P. O. Box 78541  
Shreveport, LA 71137  
Phone: 310-433-0941  
[www.thekingsbridge.com](http://www.thekingsbridge.com)

ISBN 978-0-9792099-7-0

Printed in the United States of America

# Table of Contents

Foreword by Michael Lightweaver

## Part One

*Custodians of the Ancient Way  
Naomi and White Bear*

Part One	1
Introduction	3
Who is White Bear?	7

## Part Two

*As the Old Ones Told it*

Part Two	15
Preface	17
The Early Times	20

## Part Three

*The Third World*

Part Three	25
Atlantis	27
Kasskara is Lemuria	31
The Destruction of the Third World	34
About Kachinas	37
Migration to the Fourth World	42
The Fate of the Atlanteans	48

## Part Four

### *Custodians of the Ancient Way Naomi and White Bear*

Part Four	51
The Fourth World – Toowakachi	53
Titicaca	57
New Migrations	60
Bear Clan Migration	62
Palatquapi	65
The Great School of Learning	68
One of the Great Seers	74
Decay and Trouble	76
The Ancient Sky People	78
Hahai-i Wuhti	85
The Snake Clan and the Bow Clan	90
Arrival of the Spaniards in Oraibi	105

## Part Five

### *Hopi Legend*

Part Five	111
Yucca Boy	113

## Part Six

### *The Hopi Point of View*

Part Six	127
About Energy	129
About Symbols	131
A final Word	135
Epilogue	

The History of the Hopi  
From Their Origins  
In Lemuria

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## Foreword

Prior to my first trip to Sedona, Arizona in 1990, a friend suggested that, if possible, I meet with White Bear, the Hopi Elder who was the source for much of the information in the Book of The Hopi which was published in 1969.

At the time I was deeply involved in the Native American spiritual path and learning all I could about the teachings of the ancestors of this land. I was forewarned that his wife, Naomi, served as a guardian – that very few were able to pass and actually speak with White Bear.

A few weeks before the trip, I phoned and Naomi answered and in her very direct manner, I was pummeled with a score of questions as to who I was, what I wanted, etc. In mid-conversation there was a switch. She softened and said she liked my southern accent – and she trusted me and would be happy to have me visit.

The visit took place but most of it was with Naomi – a delightful Elder that I instantly bonded with. She gave me some insights and history about what they had had to deal with over the years; both from their own people and curious white folks. I began to understand her caution and reservation as she spilled out various betrayals they had experienced.

Before I left, she handed me an unpublished manuscript which she had personally typed for White Bear. It was his story of the history of the Hopi from their origins in Lemuria. I was taken aback. I was a virtual stranger to her. I suggested two or three other people who were writers or publishers that could actually bring it to print but she insisted that I take it. Finally I did with a sense of guardianship. A few years later White Bear and Naomi both passed on and the manuscript sat on my bookshelf.

Realizing the value of the information and the possibility that I might have the only copy, I made a few additional copies and sent them to trusted friends to keep.

Then in the autumn of 2008, the manuscript became restless. Apparently the time had arrived for it to ‘come out.’ Consequently, I had it typed into a Word document and, following Guidance, sent it to my friend Kaih Khristé King. She, White Bear and Naomi were good friends and Kaih was actually much closer to the Bears than I was.

Kaih knows I'm fine with changing the script or having her edit/rewrite it if she feels it necessary to make it read better. My only criterion for its publication is that a portion of any profits go to benefit the Traditional Hopi.

Kaih took on the task and completed the journey that brought White Bear's stories and the Hopi history to print.

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## Part One

### *Custodians of the Ancient Way White Bear and Naomi*



*Naomi and White Bear in the front room of their Sedona, Arizona home. Behind them are many museum quality art pieces made by the Hopi Nation.*

# Introduction

I met Oswald White Bear Fredericks through a Cherokee medicine woman. She had befriended me years before, when we met at Mt. Shasta, California. Clara was a master storyteller and many of her tales were about a remarkable Hopi man who lived in Sedona, Arizona.

I visited Sedona in 1988 where I received an invitation to meet White Bear at his home. He lived in a simple mobile home on White Bear Lane. Simple on the outside – but inside lived an art galley par excellence.

“Bear’s” art pieces encompassed the walls surrounded by many museum-quality classics. Tables and bookshelves were covered with ancient sacred statuary, beautiful handmade baskets, ceremonial garments and moccasins from Hopi dances. Eagle and hawk feathers nested at the feet of White Bear’s handcrafted kachina dolls. I was deeply impressed with their home – its beauty and balance.

At our first meeting, White Bear and his Caucasian wife, Naomi, were friendly but reserved. They gave me the opportunity to examine White Bear’s creations – and their very impressive art collection. Then, they dismissed me as one might tell a child it was bedtime.

Over time, we met at restaurants in Sedona. They were amazing to watch. Regal to be sure, local celebrities, absolutely – totally enjoying the spotlight that followed them everywhere. They charmed everyone in sight! For example, White Bear loved chicken gravy and the waiter always brought him an extra bowl of it. But Naomi “Eats like a bird” as White Bear put it. Hearing his comment she would answer, “A vulture.” To which their audience laughed until tears streaked their faces.

This was their public persona, but in their home (and in private), they were a very serious pair. During that time I was a journalist for *Challenge* magazine. White Bear and Naomi allowed me to interview them for a feature article in the periodical. Our friendship blossomed, and mutual trust brought an intimate relationship that we all enjoyed for many years. The magazine closed its doors in 1990, and White Bear and Naomi have passed on. But the memories of our times together live in my heart as a cherished treasure.

I have written a number of books that recount some of my experiences with these very wise and knowledgeable Elders. Due to my personal association with White Bear and Naomi, I was given the manuscript that has become this book.

The original manuscript was taken from a taped interview delivered by White Bear and typed by Naomi. The manuscript was completed in 1990 when White Bear was 85 years of age. It has been a rare privilege to be called upon to open for you the mysteries of history according to the Hopi perspective – at least according to One Hopi Elder.

My task has been to reformat and edit the material for clarity and grammar. However, I did not change the storyline or the information. I have no idea if the Hopi words are spelled correctly; I simply followed what was on Naomi's typewritten pages.

While working with the script I remembered the charming sing-song sound of White Bear's voice as he spoke. His first language was Hopi and he was quite eloquent in the English language. However, for readability I was required to change some of the sentence structure while also attempting to keep White Bear's style and charm.

I feel fortunate to have been a participant in this project and it is crystal clear to me that this is White Bear's book – about him and by him. It has been my privilege to make it readable; personalizing it with a few recollections of my times with him and the stories he told me over the years.

Many historians mourn the loss of chronological records from past ages due to the burning of the Library at Alexandria, Egypt.

The loss left a hole in the annals of time and in the truth of who we were in ancient ages and who we are capable of becoming today – and tomorrow. Thus, Atlantis and Lemuria are generally considered myths and theories – the true and real stories seemingly buried in antiquity.

White Bear's book brings us the chronicles of the *People who became the Atlanteans and the Lemurians*. This is human history at its most dramatic.

The color, the stories and legends – and the drama of White Bear's historical and illustrious verbal illustrations, demonstrate the romance and wonderment of Atlantis and Lemuria – and the tales of beings from outer space who personally interacted with early developing civilizations are fascinating.

This historical account of the emerging worlds of our past, also lays bare the truth that warring between nations can easily develop into violently unpleasant situations; creating circumstances that can cause the destruction of an entire world.

Today, we are in that moment when the Fourth World *must* become the Fifth World.

So how will we proceed? The choice is ours – we can destroy what we have – or if we decide on kindness and spirituality we can enter a higher consciousness – the gateway to a new Golden Age – alive in the Fifth World.

# Who is White Bear?

*He is a man among men ...*

I purposely did not say, “Who *was* White Bear?” For he is still with us – through his teachings and the legends he shares. Because he recounted the history of the chosen people, and because he shares his life and its adventures, we are blessed to know the mysteries and the secrets of long ago. Yes, he has passed on but the legacy he left to future generations is priceless and alive.

White Bear *was* a full-blooded Hopi, born in Oraibi, which is considered the oldest continuously inhabited settlement in the United States. He was a member of the Coyote Clan and a nephew of Wilson Tawakwaptiwa, village chief of Oraibi. The blood of his ancestors is that of great seers and mystical people. Born with the knowledge of his forefathers he carried the sacred legends with him throughout his life.

White Bear was a prophet and historian, a singer, a painter and carver. Arizona considered him *the* Native American Artist of Arizona for many years. Senator Barry Goldwater collected White Bear’s paintings and carved kachina dolls. It is said the collection, now languishes in a museum in Flagstaff, Arizona.

That is a bit of his résumé. Now, if I may, I would like to entertain you with my story of the man I knew as White Bear and his partner, Naomi. My knowledge comes from personal experience and from stories as they were told to me.

White Bear’s story cannot be told without Naomi’s companion story. They were more than husband and wife –

for they were destined to cooperate in a project unlike any encountered before.

### *Their love story*

Naomi met White Bear on a golf course in Chicago. The fact that he was Hopi and she was Anglo (as she put it), never entered their minds. “We were two people who liked each other. It is the light and dark in our nature not the shades of our skin that counts.”

“When I knew I loved him I had no idea of the adventure that was forming before me. We drove across country to his home on the Hopi Reservation. It seemed like any other long distance drive to me – that is until the lands of the Hopi People opened up before me.”

“I felt it before I saw it! My God I felt *God!* My love affair was more than one man. My love affair was with lands that entered me and opened my bones – with a nation of people I had never met – with history and legend, ceremony and a way of life I could not have imagined only moments ago.”

“I had become accustomed to the crowded high rise city of Chicago. I was happy there – but oh my God – when I saw the uninterrupted open high desert plains – the clutter in my heart disappeared and I knew this was my life, my destiny! This was my man – his people were my people – this was my land and I would do anything to prove myself.”

She had to love it all in order to endure it. Naomi left a life she was comfortable in to enter a setting where even electric lights were unknown at that time. It wasn't an easy life on the reservation for a married couple of mixed bloods. Marrying outside the Hopi lineage was not a

popular thing to do. “His mother was very sweet and encouraging. She understood ours was more than a marriage – it was a calling.”

White Bear was *called* upon before he was born. Naomi told me, “While White Bear grew in his mother’s womb it was not uncommon for high-ranking spiritual people to walk many miles to be in White Bear’s mother’s company – there to listen to the prophet (White Bear) speak – long before he was born.”

As a boy he was *called* upon to help his father gather eagle chicks for ceremony – no job for a sissy. Mother eagles are not inclined to look kindly upon those who steal their chicks from the nest.

One of my favorite stories is about the first time the Master came to White Bear.

White Bear was visiting another Hopi village. It was late when he began his walk home – aided only by the light of a full moon. Lost in thought, he didn’t notice the man walking beside him.

“Hello brother, may I walk with you?”

White Bear was surprised but not startled. “You can walk with me if you choose but we Hopi are used to walking long distances. I probably have about sixty miles to go before I get home.”

They stopped for a moment. The man had a magnetic quality that drew White Bear’s eyes to the man’s face – whereupon the man looked tenderly at White Bear and said, “Oh my brother, I have come much further than sixty miles to be with you tonight.”

When I asked White Bear to describe the man he said, “He was tall, much taller than me; his long hair was pulled back from his face. His eyes were piercing blue and moonlight seemed to gather around him causing his skin to glow.”

“What was the man wearing?” I asked. White Bear simply answered, “A jaguar skin.”

When I asked what the man’s name was White Bear answered, “I only addressed him as Master – but you would know him as Christ – Jesus Christ.”

Their first meeting was before the bombing of Pearl Harbor. At that time, the Master told White Bear about the coming of World War II and the atomic bomb.

At subsequent meetings the Master advised White Bear of his earthly mission. White Bear was to enter the world of the white man, for he was to become a bridge between modern society and the ancient civilization of the Hopi.

And so, White Bear left all he was familiar with to attend Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas and Bacon College in Muskogee, Oklahoma.

In 1960, the Master informed White Bear and Naomi that they were to cooperate with others who would be sent by the Master for a project vital to human understanding and consciousness. And so a team formed to accomplish a Divine task. As Naomi said, “The lands at Hopi speak, inspire and conceive.”

During a trip to Hopi country, Frederick H. Howell was deeply touched by the Hopi people and their history. He felt motivated to help create the *Book Of The Hopi* – (copyrighted in 1963, first printing 1969), through the

Charles Ulrick and Josephine Bay Foundation, the project was funded.

Frank Waters wrote the manuscript for the book from Naomi's typewritten scripts of recorded tapes produced on a wire recorder. White Bear and Naomi were the center of the project.

More than 30 Hopi spokespersons came to tell their clan's history – none received financial compensation for their efforts and contributions. White Bear said many of the elders who participated admitted they were sent by the Master.

When the interviews and tapes were completed, White Bear carefully transcribed the Hopi language into English – again, no job for a sissy!

Many Hopi words and phrases are not easily transcribed. But Charles Hughes of Columbia University had worked out a system for spelling Hopi words – and White Bear spoke both languages – and he had the help of the Master – and Naomi was there at his side doing the recording and the transcriptions, as well as typing the raw material.

There are many others who joined Creator's team who may not receive credit on this page – but the Master knows who they are and their reward is in His hand.

The Master told White Bear that the *Book Of The Hopi*, complete with White Bear's drawings and art (that tell a story all by themselves), would be invaluable to future generations of Hopi – primarily because the Elders who held to their traditions were dying and many young Hopi were entering the modern world. These young ones would not have the opportunity to listen to the legends and keep the history in the way that White Bear had. Also, the *Book*

*of The Hopi* could be considered the Hopi Bible – a gift to *all* people.

To me, White Bear is a hero and Naomi is his heroine. They paid a dear price for the mission they accepted. He was considered a rebel, a renegade, a revolutionary – and unconventional among his people. White Bear and Naomi were hated by a large number of Hopi people for revealing Hopi secrets to the outer-world.

We are blessed to know a man of such character and courage – one, who did not flinch when his own people turned against him – a man who continued to value and love the very people who treated him with contempt.

Their home at Hopi was trashed and much of White Bear's art and Naomi's family treasures were destroyed. That is why they moved from their beloved Hopi Lands to Sedona – to be among people who respected and recognized their value.

When speaking of Native American Elders (with respect for their years and wisdom), we often call them Grandmother and Grandfather.

But in private, White Bear liked to be referred to as Papa Bear and Naomi told me to call her Mama Bear. This is how warm and personal our relationship became. Perhaps that is the reason this book project came to me. To edit and reformat, to be sure; but more than that, I have come to believe I was chosen because I could personalize this part of White Bear's book – to allow you to know the kind of people Mama and Papa Bear were and to tell you of their courage and strength – to tell you of their devotion to what they believed to be their mission.

In the chapters that follow my introductory pages, you will read White Bear's own words – the historian, the prophet – a man with a soul so artistic that the Master trusted him to tell the world the true history of Atlantis and Lemuria.

White Bear fulfilled his mission and his promise to the Master who guided his life's work.

White Bear – a man among men!

## Part Two

### *As the Old Ones Told It*



*Grandmother Naomi listening to White Bear sing The Lord's Prayer in the Hopi language.*

# Preface

*This is the history of my ancestors and the clans  
that came to this continent ...*

The continent of Lemuria where my people lived for a long time was sinking under the ocean – the people had to leave because of their conduct in certain matters. They migrated to a new continent that was coming up from the ocean to the east of them to make a new world – a new beginning. You will read how my people came to this new continent which we call the Fourth World, *Toowakachi*, and what happened to them afterward.

First, I want to say that I am very, very grateful to the many people who gave me knowledge and insight. Some of these things were told to me as far back as my childhood. Some I learned later when I was a young man and some I only learned after I accumulated a good number of years. For many, many years, great ceremonies have been performed in which my people carry on the memories of our history.

We Hopi follow the maternal line in our families and ancestry. Therefore I belong to the clan of my mother, the Coyote Clan. I owe much of my knowledge to my mother and grandmother – and to my uncle. They gave me beautiful information.

My father's side (the Bear Clan), have been leaders and chiefs of Oraibi for centuries and centuries. So what I learned from my father and my uncle Chief Wilson Tawaquaptewa, comes from their direct knowledge of the history of the Bear Clan – and the other clans that settled here.

There are also many others who shared with me their wisdom and knowledge and to whom I am very grateful.

All of them belong to the clans that are now living in Oraibi. These clans kept their memories and their history alive – even through the hardships of their migrations. The migrations were carried out to fulfill our obligation to come to Oraibi (and establish a settlement), in fulfillment of the Creator’s plans.

It is now the time for us to tell – to speak the truth about who we are and why we are here – hoping that some day, somebody will understand. Although I am the one who is speaking here, it is Hopi knowledge you are receiving. This knowledge is from the long, long history of my people. It is important that the whole world gets a warning. You will understand later, as we go along with my story, what I am trying to say. It concerns all of us. This is why I am speaking now. Maybe the warning does not come too late.

As I tell you our history, you must realize that time is not so significant. Nowadays, time seems important but time makes things complicated; time becomes an obstacle.

Time was not really important during the history of my people, nor is it to the Creator himself. What really counts is the beauty we bring into our lives, and the way we fulfill our responsibilities and obligations to our Creator. The material things of this world are secondary to the Hopi people, as you will notice when you are in my country and see for yourself the making of history as the Hopi live it.

When you are in our villages and among our people, you begin to realize that these old men and women who have created our realities today will never forget the old history they have written in their hearts. That history has been revealed to me and I will try to pass it on as faithfully as I can.

As you read the pages of this book, the old ones who inherited knowledge of the past are gone. There are few who still remember.

I am thankful that I sat alone, and received the knowledge of my ancestors.

# The Early Times

*According to our knowledge ...*

We were in two other worlds before we came to the Third World, and then to the Fourth World which we are in now.

In the First World, man was created by the Divine Being, *Taiowa*. *Taiowa*, Supreme Being, created all things in the universe. There is nothing he has not made. He is in what is called “The Height” – many people call it heaven. Nobody knows where it is but it’s from there that he controls this universe. He gave man intelligence to use – he gave his knowledge and all things man needed for his life. And he gave man the Law and the duties man has to perform in this universe.

## *The First World*

The First World was destroyed by fire because so many people had become evil. But our people, those who were to become Hopi (in later times), survived the destruction because we were chosen to preserve the knowledge of it and to bring it into to our present world and beyond.

## *The Second World*

The Second World was destroyed by ice. Again, our people survived and came to the Third World, the third continent. These, and later events still live in Hopi religious ceremonies today.

## *The Third World*

The name of the Third World was *Kasskara*. Few people know the meaning of that ancient word now. I learned it from Otto Pentewa who remembered it. It means *Motherland* in English. We also called it *Land of the Sun* because we Hopi like to make references to the sun and the earth because they sustain our lives.

Kasskara was a continent – the same land that is now called Mu, or Lemuria. Most of the continent was south of the equator; only a small portion was north of it. It was a very beautiful land. Compared with the lands where we live today, it was almost a paradise. We had to work but we did not have to work hard.

From our beginnings in the First World, we followed the Creator's plan by planting our own food. At that early time, we chose corn as our main staple. We brought corn with us to the Second World, and we continued to use it in the Third World. We are still planting corn today. So, when you see our corn, you must remember that it has been with the Hopi for a very, very long time – ever since the First World.

[Editor's note: White Bear said corn is often referred to as Mother Corn because it is the only grain that produces milk when pierced.]

The knowledge we searched for and received was about plants and animals. We wanted to know what makes the leaves green and flowers colorful. We communicated with plants and animals. We had what you call scientific knowledge, but we did not use it to make things that are needed to conquer other people. People respected each

other then. The clans had their own leaders but all were under one great spiritual person.

There is always one clan given authority for a certain period of Hopi life; to see that we carry out our duties and responsibilities – and to watch over our conduct. The Bow Clan had been given that authority when we inherited that part of the world. And so, the Bow Clan chief was the leader of Kasskara.

At the beginning (and for a long time), all was good in Kasskara. Much later (and gradually), people began to lose respect for each other – first a few and then more and many more. They took up responsibilities and powers without being ordained. You see – we are just like other people. I can compare that period to what we have in organizations today – people want rank and power, and they want to get their share. The same thing was going on in Kasskara. This was particularly so with the Bow Clan, but the top leaders of that clan remained good.

Now, before I can go on with the history of Kasskara, I must tell you that the Hopi were not alone on this earth. There were people who lived in other places.