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Before she left, she stopped to re-read a placard that was mounted high on the wall of a room near the front of the exhibit. She had glanced at it quickly before, but now she took the time

to examine its words more carefully. She drew them to her as if pulling them down to the floor, where she could move around them from every perspective.

*Their Government is by Kings, which they call Sachema . . . Every King hath his council, and that consists of all the Old and Wise men in his Nation, which perhaps is two hundred People: nothing of Moment is undertaken, be it War, Peace, Selling of Land or Traffick, without advising with them; and which is more, with the Young Men too. 'Tis admirable to consider, how Powerful the Kings are, and yet they move by the Breath of their People.*

According to the information, these were the words of William Penn, written in 1683, when he had been in the province of Pennsylvania for less than a year.

The ferry trip back wasn't direct. It made a stop at the Statue of Liberty, before returning to its original departure point. It was raining a little harder now than it had been earlier, and Emily found herself nearly alone on the top deck. She stood by the railing on the starboard side as the boat circled in front of the great copper lady.

Emily had made the trip a number of times before, and each time had experienced a similar response to the statue. "It doesn't look that big," she said to herself, and even framed by a gray sky it really didn't look that big. But then she saw the few people brave enough to be out in the elements, moving past the statue's pedestal like insects in the rain, and she understood clearly both its mass and the massive ideal it represents.

On the trip home, Emily played William Penn's quote over and over in her mind. *They move by the breath of their people*, she thought to herself before saying the words aloud. "They move by the breath of their people."

She found Penn's words to be beautiful, a tribute to the relationship between Lenape leaders and the people they led. "But who is moving now?" she asked the solitude of the car. "These people have clearly moved Jeff Phillips, and they moved George Cameron long ago. Have they moved Grace and Robert?" The windshield wipers swept back and forth against the glare of headlights in the northbound lanes, moving her to an undeniable conclusion. "And they're obviously moving me."

She imagined the small island before the Statue of Liberty had been placed there. What she saw was raw and primitive, rich with tall trees and green undergrowth. At the water's edge, bronzed natives cast fishing nets into the water while their children explored on the nearby sand. Somewhere far away, great canvas sails filled with wind and rushed to the west. On the decks below, people watched with emotions as far flung as the very sea on which they were sailing toward liberty. The sails would not stop filling for hundreds of years, and Emily wondered what the Lenape, the original inhabitants of Ellis Island, must have thought when they first saw their billowed magnificence on the eastern horizon.

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