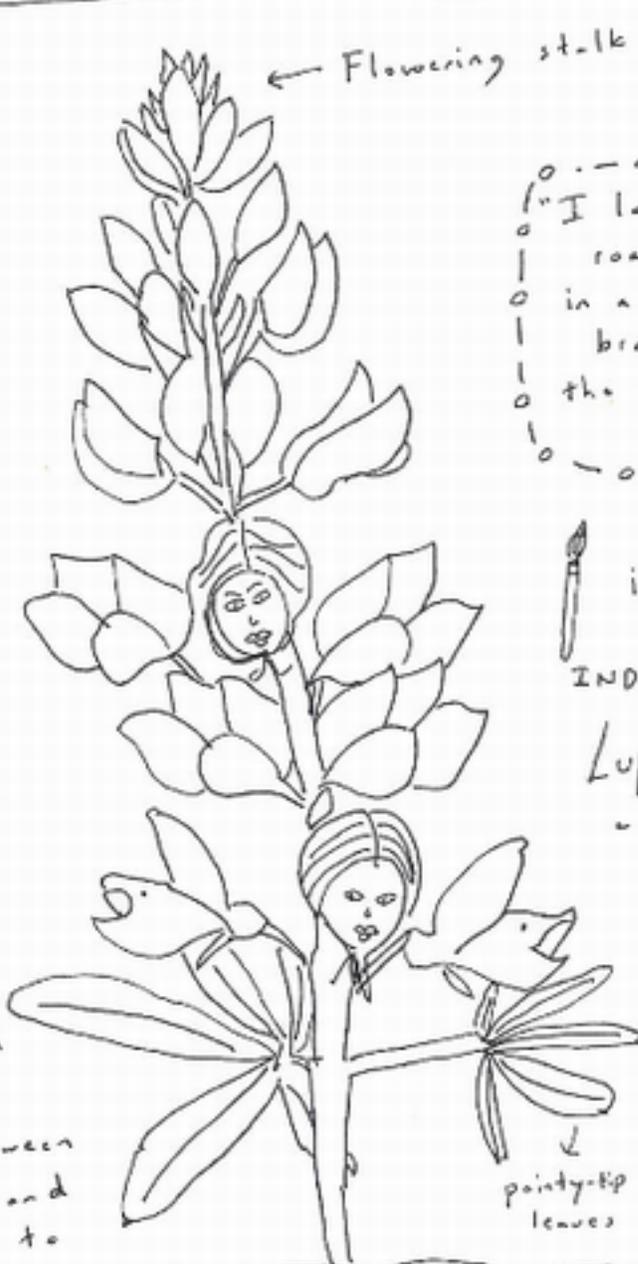
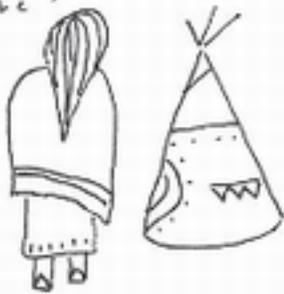


The Bluebonnet

Blooms from March to May in full sun along Texas roadways and in wild pastures.

Oh the bluebonnet carpet of Texas...

The bluebonnet is a form of wild lupine. Its popular name may have begun when the settlers moved to Texas and saw a resemblance between the blue flowers and the bonnets worn to shield women from the sun.



The state flower of Texas

The ashes from She-Wha-Is-Alone's doll covered the desert ground with beautiful blue flowers, and her name became One-Who-Deeply-Loved-Her-People. Her gift continues with the bluebonnet's blooms.

"I lay down by the side of the road
in a meadow of bluebonnets, I
broke
the unwritten law of Texas..."
From "Bluebonnets", a poem
by Gail Haur

INDIGO BLUE
AZURE LAVENDER
INDIAN PAINTBRUSH

Lupinus texensis is a biennial plant whose life begins as a small, gravel-like seed.

The legend of the bluebonnet tells how a young Comanche girl sacrificed her favorite doll to end the drought and famine plaguing her tribe.



She-Wha-Is-Alone

The Legend of the Bluebonnet

My name is She-Who-Is-Alone. I am a Comanche Indian who lived in Texas a long time ago. When I lived in Texas, only Indians lived here. They call me She-Who-Is-Alone because my parents and the rest of my family died. They died during the drought, when it did not rain for a long time. Texas is very hot in the summer. Without rain, the crops do not grow. Without food, many people get sick and die. The horses and buffalo need water also.

When the drought came, we prayed to the Great Spirits for help. The people played the drums and danced to ask for help. Our leaders prayed also. They said, "Great Spirit, your people are dying. We need rain to grow the berries. We need food so we are strong enough to hunt the buffalo. End this drought. Tell us what we must do so you will send the rain."

One of the leaders said that the Great Spirits wanted us to make a sacrifice. That meant that everyone had to give up their most valuable possession.

I went back to my tipi to think about what I should do. I only had one thing that I loved—it was my little doll. My doll was special because my grandmother made it for me. It was made from buffalo skin. The face was painted with the juice of berries. On its head were beautiful blue feathers from a bird. I did not want to lose my doll. It was the only thing I had left from my family.

I fell asleep in the tipi. When I woke up, it was dark. I knew what I had to do. I picked up my doll and crept out to the fire. The night was very still. The air was hot. I kissed my doll and said, "O Great Spirit, here is my doll. It is the only thing I have. It is very special. Please send the rain." Then I thought about all of the people who would die without rain, and I threw my doll into the fire.

I watched the fire until it grew cold. Then, I scooped up some ashes and threw them to the Winds.

When I woke up the next morning, I couldn't believe what I saw. The hills were covered with beautiful blue flowers, the same color as my doll's feathers. Everyone in the village saw the flowers. They knew they were a sign from the Great Spirit. Soon it started to rain and everyone danced. They even changed my name from "She-Who-Is-Alone" to "One-Who-Dearly-Loves-Her-People."

Every spring, the Great Spirit remembers my sacrifice and covers Texas with the beautiful blue flowers. The flowers are called bluebonnets.

The Legend of the Bluebonnet

The Texas fields are covered
With a blanket of deep blue.
But for a little Indian girl,
This would not be true.

Texas land was buried and dry.
Rains just would not come.
Indians danced and prayed for rain,
And beat upon their drums.

The Chief made a proclamation.
He appealed to one and all.
A prized possession must be sacrificed
Before the rains would fall.

The Indian camp was silent,
While each person searched his heart.
But when it came to sacrifice,
With possessions they would not part.

The Indian camp was silent,
While each person searched his heart.
But when it came to sacrifice,
With possessions they would not part.

Suddenly a little girl stepped forth,
Holding her blue-clad doll.
She placed it in the roaring fire
and raindrops began to fall.

The rain brought forth the grass,
Among its blades, flowers of blue.
To be a sign for all the time
Of a love so pure and true.

Author Unknown