

EPIC JOURNEY TO A NEW LIFE



AFTER making landfall last month, our small group of pilgrims has survived our first encounter with Native people. We give thanks to God for our deliverance!

Our sailing ship *Mayflower* has safely brought us to New England, our new homeland, where we will be free to practice our religion as we please, and make a new life so that we can prosper.

Sick and weary after weeks at sea, we came to anchor in a good harbor and pleasant bay more than three weeks ago.

The women came ashore to do the laundry as they had great need for washing. The men unloaded and repaired our shallop—a longboat that can be rowed or fitted with a mast and sails.

**By our *Mayflower* writer
on Cape Cod
December 9, 1620**

Led by Myles Standish, our military adviser, 16 armed men—myself included—later went ashore to explore the bay side of Cape Cod, and had our first glimpse of Native people who ran off as we approached.

It is not surprising they have decided to keep their distance. Not so long ago some were kidnapped by English seafarers, and sold into slavery.

But our group is not like those who have gone before: we have brought women and children, and it is clear we mean to stay—by establishing a permanent settlement for our people.

Many who accompanied us on the voyage are not Separatists like us. Some were unhappy that without a royal charter or patent, there could be no official authority governing our colony.

We put their minds at rest by drawing up a “*Mayflower Compact*” while still aboard the ship. A group of men signed the document which creates a representative government, binding us together for the common good.

As yet, we have failed to find a possible settlement site, although we have discovered harvested fields. Beneath heaps of sand, we found baskets of corn which we decided to take for ourselves.

Amid freezing cold winter temperatures, we are desperate to

survive, but God will judge us for this theft. If we can track the people who buried the corn, we must surely compensate them for their loss.

Setting out in the shallop, we discovered a place like a grave. We dug it up and later covered it back over. We also came upon domed houses that Native people had clearly left in a hurry. They contained clay pots and wooden bowls, and we decided to take some of the best things.

On our last exploration, we were confronted by at least 30 Native men. Their cries terrified us as well as their arrows which came thick and fast around us. We responded with gunshots, and the warriors withdrew.

Now it is time to move on and find a better home.