The Barkhamsted Light House Village

Coloring Book

33 pictures from the true story —
a free gift for little colorers!



By Coni Dubois

◆ *Teacher's Story Edition* ◆

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

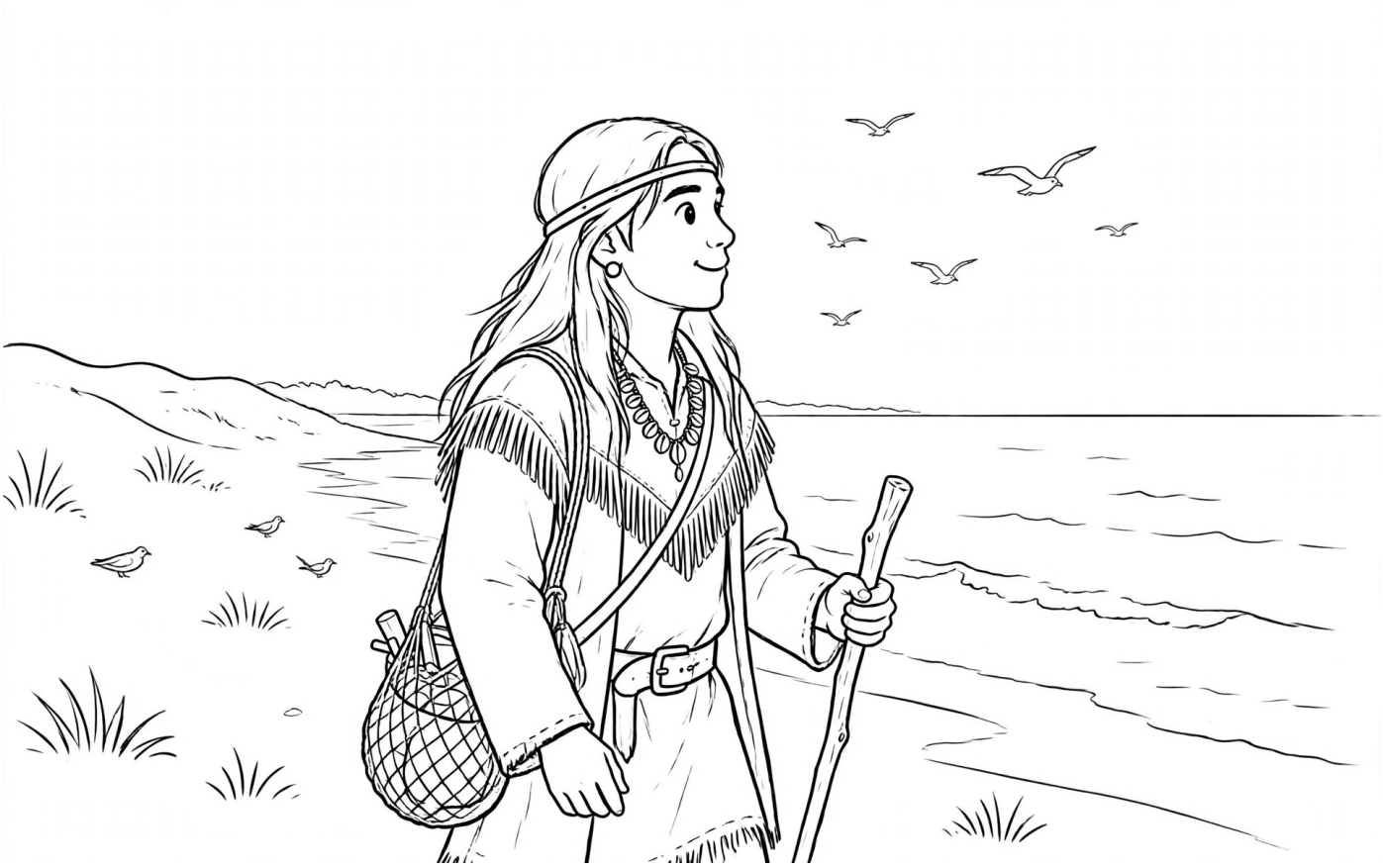
The Gathering



Come close, little ones, and sit by the fire's warm heart. See the stars waking up? They are old storytellers, just like me. Tonight, I will tell you the story of how our village began — a story of a long journey, a great love, and a light that never goes out. Lean in, and I will share it with you.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Chief's Journey



Long before these mountains ever knew me, my feet walked the sandy shores of Block Island. I was known to be chief — the Chief of the Barkhamsted Light House Tribe — but my heart was searching for something more. It whispered of a place where different worlds could meet and all people could live in peace. With hope as my compass, I left the salt air behind to find a land where a new story could begin.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

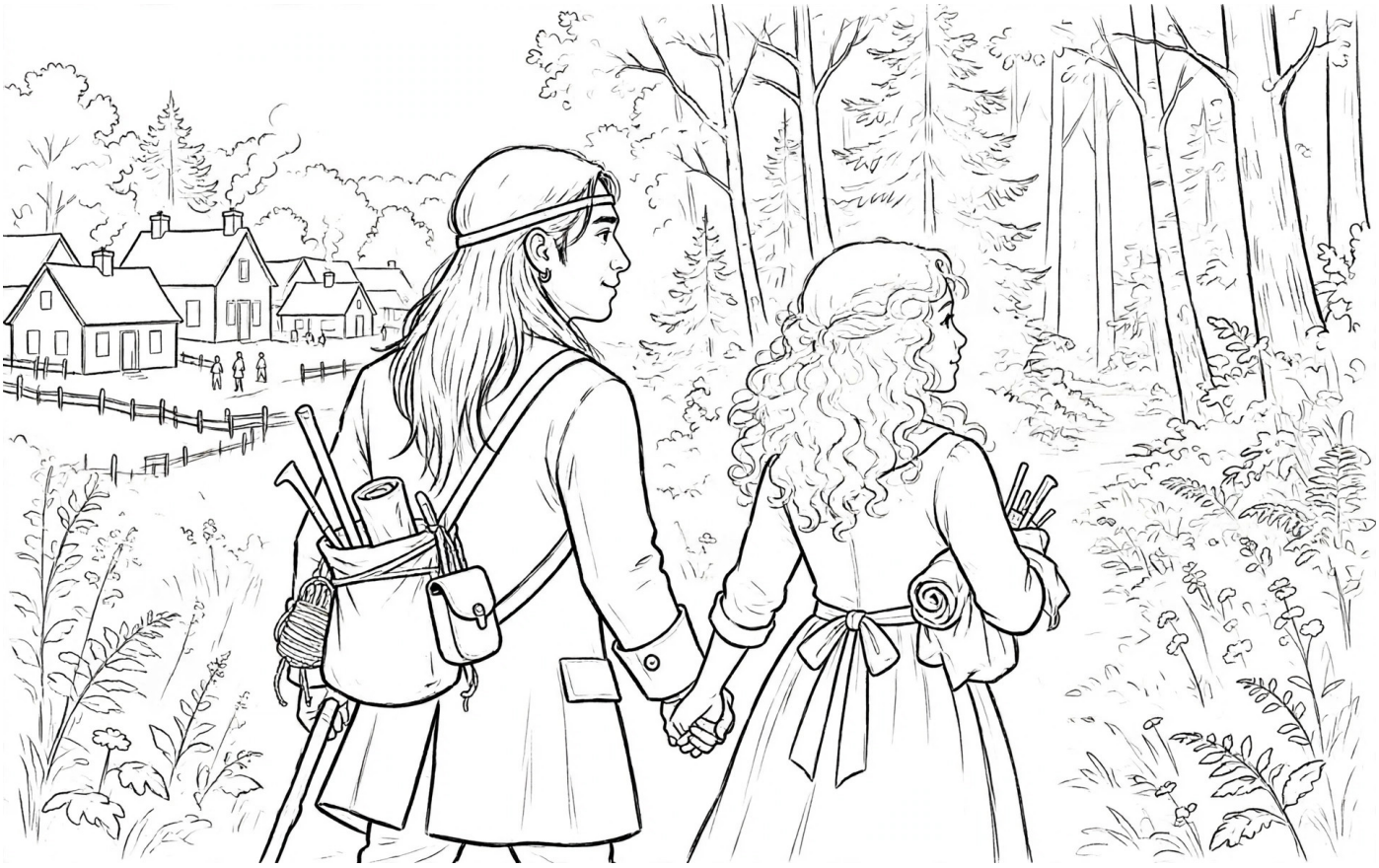
Meeting Molly



My search led me to a colonial town. There, among the roses, I met the bravest woman I have ever known — your grandmother, Molly. She had eyes that saw the goodness in everyone. When we spoke, I realized I hadn't just found a friend — I had found the other half of my heart's song.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Leaving the Towns



The towns of those days were full of rules. People did not understand a love like ours. So Molly and I chose a different path. We stepped away from colonial life and followed the Native way, living close to the land. We walked into the wide, whispering forest carrying only our tools, our hope, and a dream big enough for both of us.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

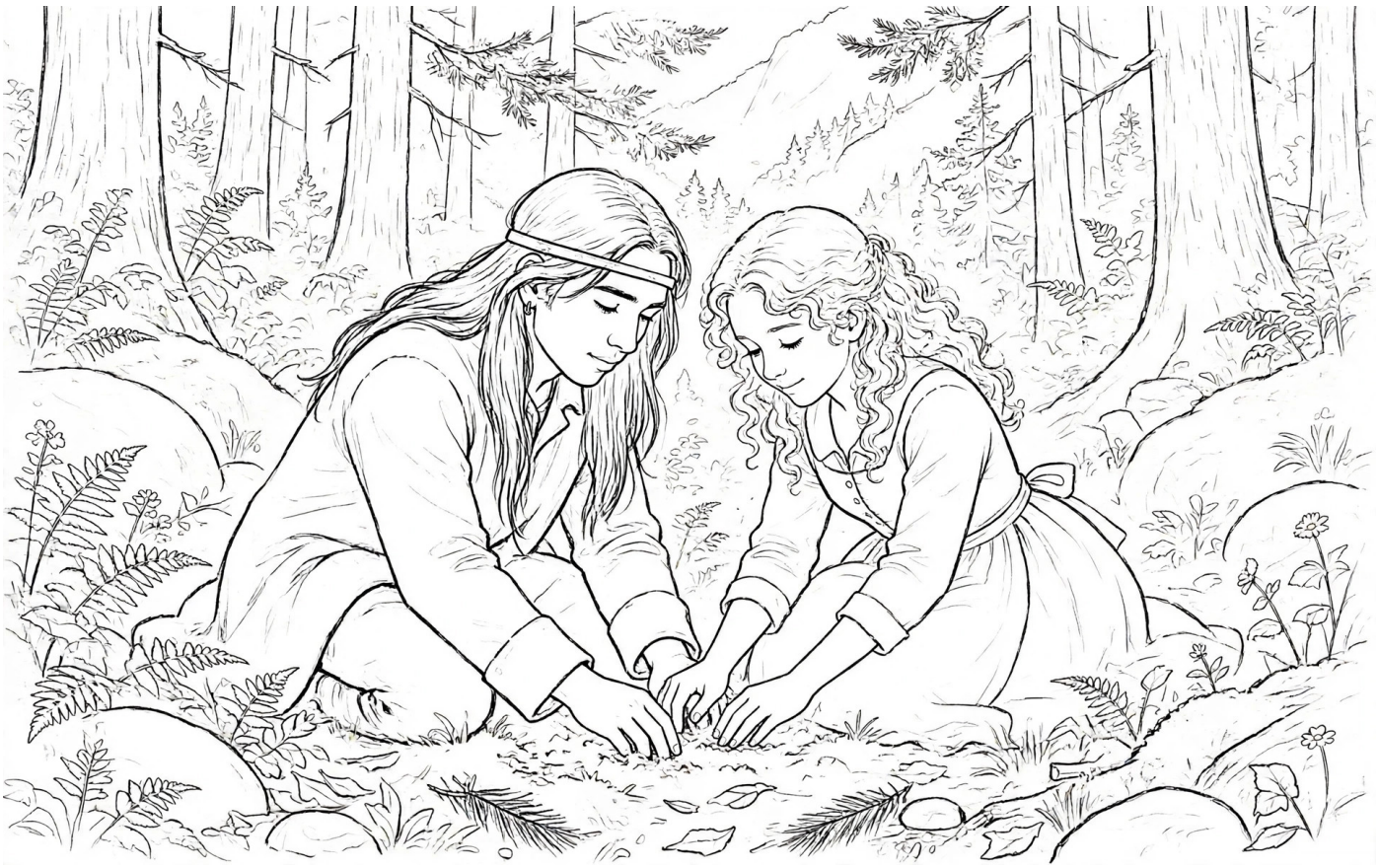
Finding the Mountain



We traveled for many days until a great mountain rose before us. It didn't feel like a stranger, children. It felt like a grandmother with her arms open wide, wrapped in a blanket of ancient trees. The wind through the pines whispered, 'Welcome home.' Right then, we knew this was the place.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

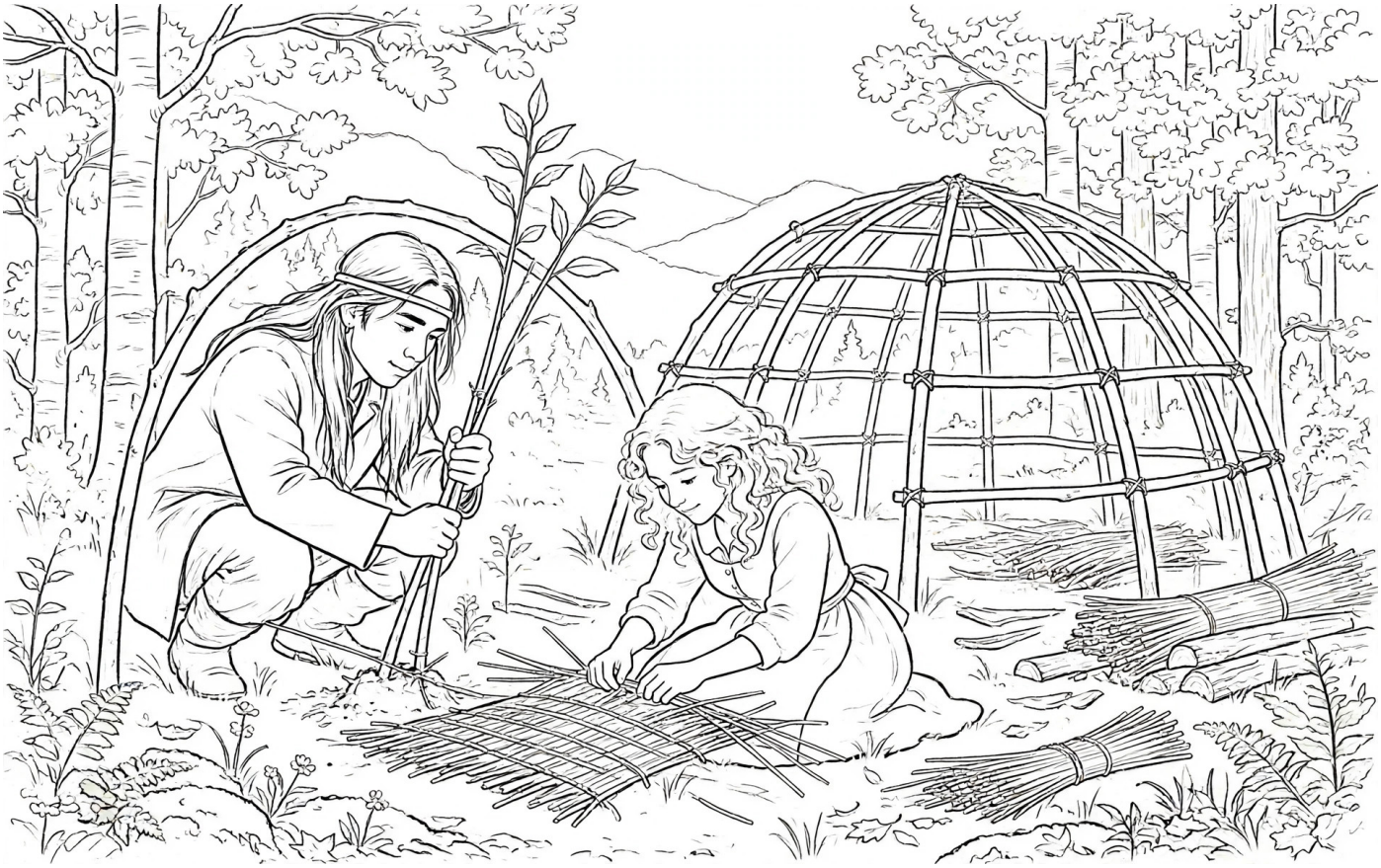
A Promise to the Land



Before we built our home, we spoke to the land. We promised to be its friend, to listen to its whispers on the wind, and to care for every tree and stone. It was a silent promise, made from the heart — a promise that shaped everything we built here.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The First Hearth



On a slope overlooking the shining Farmington River, we built our first home. With my hands, I bent the saplings into a strong, domed frame. With hers, Molly wove the mats that would keep us warm. When we lit the fire in our hearth, a single spark glowed in the vast wilderness. Our village had begun.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Family Grows



Soon, the quiet woods were filled with the best sound of all — children's laughter. One by one, our family grew: our sons Samuel and Solomon, and our daughters Meribah, Mary — whom we all called Polly — Hannah Sands, Mercy, Susan, and little Elizabeth. Our home wasn't just made of wood and bark anymore — it was woven together with the love of our growing family.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

A Family Takes Root



As the years passed, our children grew strong and curious, their lives a bridge between two worlds. Our little settlement was no longer just a cluster of houses — it had become a true home, its roots digging deep into the rich mountain soil.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Light House Community



Our little fire became a signal, like a lighthouse on a mountain. Other families — Native, African, and white — saw our light and found their way to us. We shared our stories and our different ways. When I saw the children — from every world — playing together as friends, I knew our dream had finally come true.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

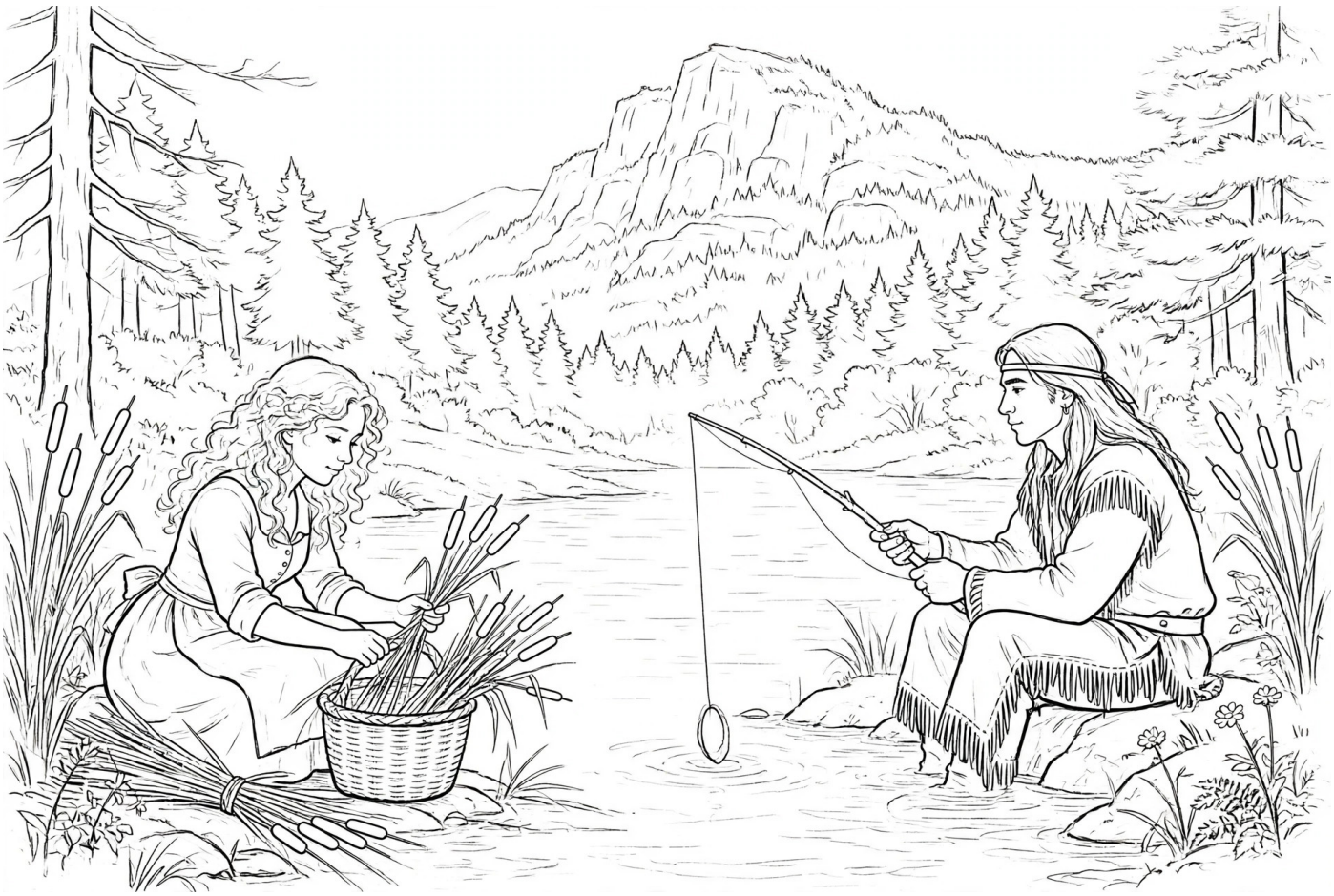
The Rhythm of Life



Our village moved with the seasons, and our days settled into a gentle rhythm. The earth gave us food, the river gave us water, and our hearts gave us joy. We fished in the summer sun, harvested under the autumn moon, told stories by the winter fire, and planted seeds in the spring earth. Each season brought its own gifts, and we welcomed them all.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The River of Life



The river became the heart of our village. It gave us water to drink, fish to eat, and a place for children to splash and play. Its steady song reminded us that all life flows together.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

A Village for Everyone



We did not build our home just for ourselves. Our village was a welcome to anyone seeking peace. Slowly, others found their way to the mountain — Native families from neighboring villages and white travelers from the towns, each carrying a story of hardship and hope. They came because they heard of a place where kindness mattered more than where you came from. Among them was Isaac Jacklin, a Black man who married our daughter Mercy and became our own true son. We shared everything — our work, our food, our laughter. Here, different stories became one family.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Building Our Indian Village



With many hands, our dream took root. We raised homes of bent saplings covered with woven mats and bark, and a great longhouse where many families would live as one. Laughter echoed on the mountainside as we worked, our different languages blending into a single song of creation. We were not just building a village — we were building a new way of life, together.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

A Wedding in the Village



One bright morning, the village gathered for a wedding — our own daughter, Hannah Sands Chagum, marrying a good young man named Reuben Barber. Laughter, music, and dancing filled the air as two worlds became one family. Their love would carry our family forward for generations to come — and that, little ones, is the true story of your own beginning.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Dance of the Spirits



Under the vast, starry sky, the beat of a drum echoed through the village. It was a night for dancing, a time to honor the spirits of the land and celebrate the life we had built together. Our feet moved as one, a joyful rhythm of strength and unity.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

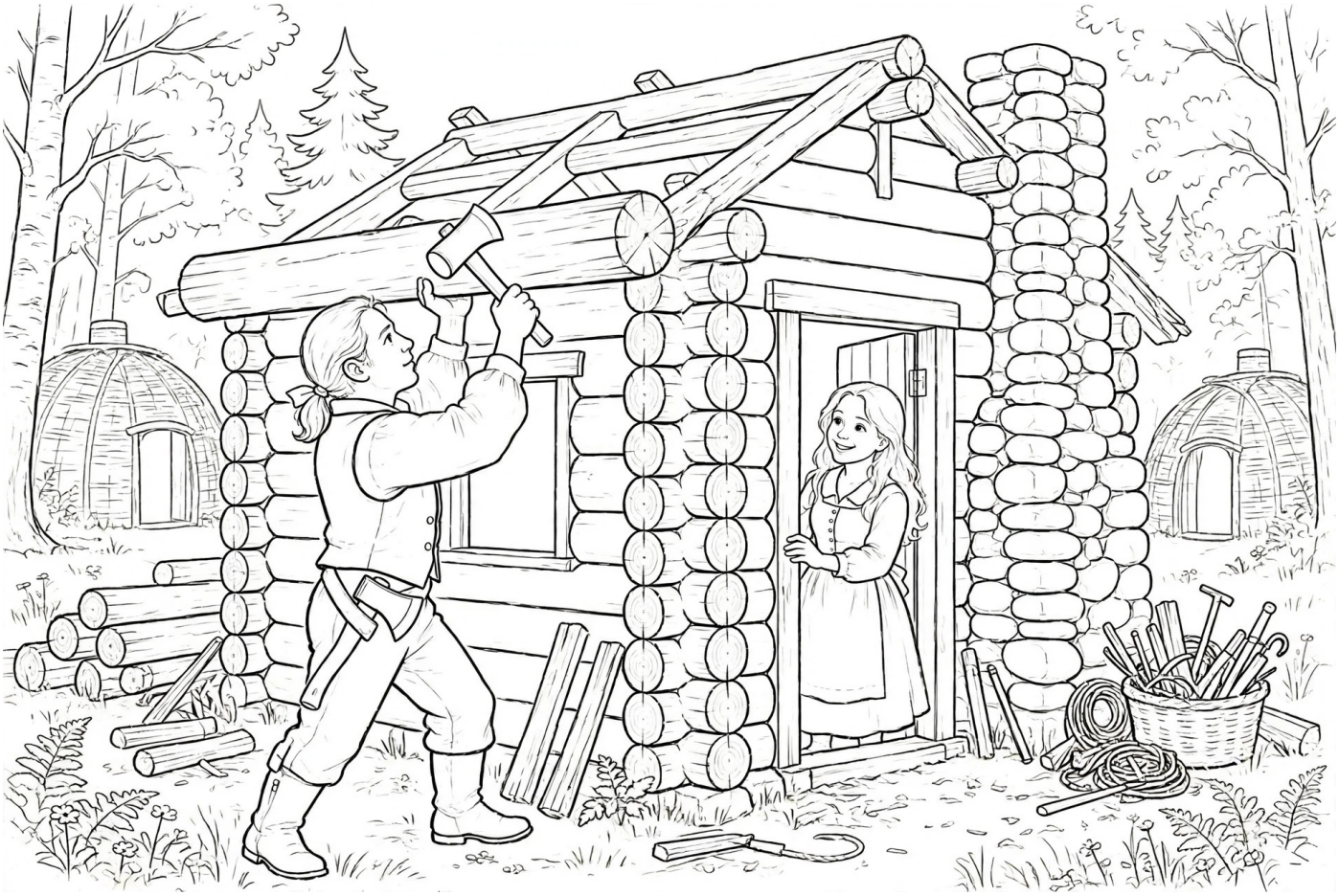
Winter Preparations



As the leaves turned to gold, everyone worked together. We gathered food, chopped wood, and made sure every family was ready for the cold days ahead. In our village, no one ever faced a challenge alone.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Polly's Cabin



Our daughter Mary — we all called her Polly — married a good man named William Wilson. With his own strong hands, William built her a sturdy log cabin with a stone chimney, standing proudly beside the wigwams. It was a sign that different ways of life could live together in harmony — and that love builds the strongest homes of all.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Baskets, Brooms, and Friendships



Molly and I were known for our baskets and brooms. Our hands were never idle. She wove baskets from river reeds, and I crafted brooms from forest branches. We carried our goods to the towns below, and with every trade, we built a bridge of friendship. ‘Look at the baskets,’ I told the children. ‘Alone, each reed is just a strand. But woven together, they become something strong and beautiful. Our village is just like that.’

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Lessons from the Land



The earth was our great teacher. We learned which plants could heal, which berries were sweet, and how to walk without making a sound. We learned to be a part of the land, not just to live on it.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Molly's Garden



Molly's garden was a place of miracles. From tiny seeds, she grew tall stalks of corn, winding beanstalks, and round, happy squash. She taught the children that with patience and care, something small could grow into something wonderful.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The First Spark



Do you remember the first fire Molly and I lit in our little hearth? That single spark grew into something greater. Soon our whole village glowed in the darkness — firelight shining through the beams and windows of our log cabin, and the warm fires of every wigwam all around. And on the very top of the mountain, in times of danger, we lit our famous signal fire, a bright call for all to see.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Light House Village Nickname



Our village sat in the middle of the mountain, with a path winding down to the dirt road below. On the darkest nights, stagecoach drivers traveling the long road from Albany to Hartford would look up through the trees and see our lights glowing. Not a lighthouse for boats, little ones — the glowing fires of a Native American village, guiding them through the dark. ‘There’s the Light House Village,’ the drivers would say. Being that light in the darkness for those drivers is why the world remembers us — and in that name, we found pride.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

A Beacon of Hope



Our home became more than a village. It became a story whispered on the wind — a true story, every word of it. A home for those who had none, and a reminder that kindness is the brightest light of all. Remember, children — a Light House is not one giant flame, but many small lights shining together.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Fireside Stories



Around the crackling fire, our village shared its greatest treasure — its stories. There were tales from the Narragansett, songs from Africa, and fables from Europe. Every story was a gift, weaving a new history that belonged to us all.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Wisdom of the Mountain



Listen closely, little ones. The mountain has a voice, and it teaches us how to live. It tells us that everything has a season — a time to plant and a time to rest. Just as Molly and I planted the seeds of this home, you are the ones who must tend the garden now. Take only what you need, and leave the rest for those who will come after you.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Whispers of Change



The river never stops speaking, but as Molly and I grew old, we heard its song begin to change. We watched new roads appear in the distance. The world was moving closer, little ones. Our quiet sanctuary could not stay hidden forever — but the light we started here would live on through you.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Years of Peace



The seasons turned, and my hair grew as white as the winter snow. Molly and I watched our children, and then our grandchildren, grow up on this peaceful mountain. The dream we carried in our hearts so long ago was now real.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Light in Your Heart



My journey on this earth is nearly finished, but yours is just beginning. Our village on the mountain was more than a home — it was a promise. A promise that all are welcome, that kindness is our law, and that a home can be built from love and respect. Carry this light in your hearts, and let it shine brightly for all to see.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Our Story Lives On



© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Our Story Lives On

The fire that Molly and I lit was more than wood and flame. It was a fire of hope, a beacon of kindness, and a promise that a home could be built from love. That fire has never gone out. It glows in the hearts of our descendants — the Barbers, from Hannah and Reuben's wedding day, and the Wilsons, from Polly and William's little cabin — and it shines in you every time you choose kindness.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

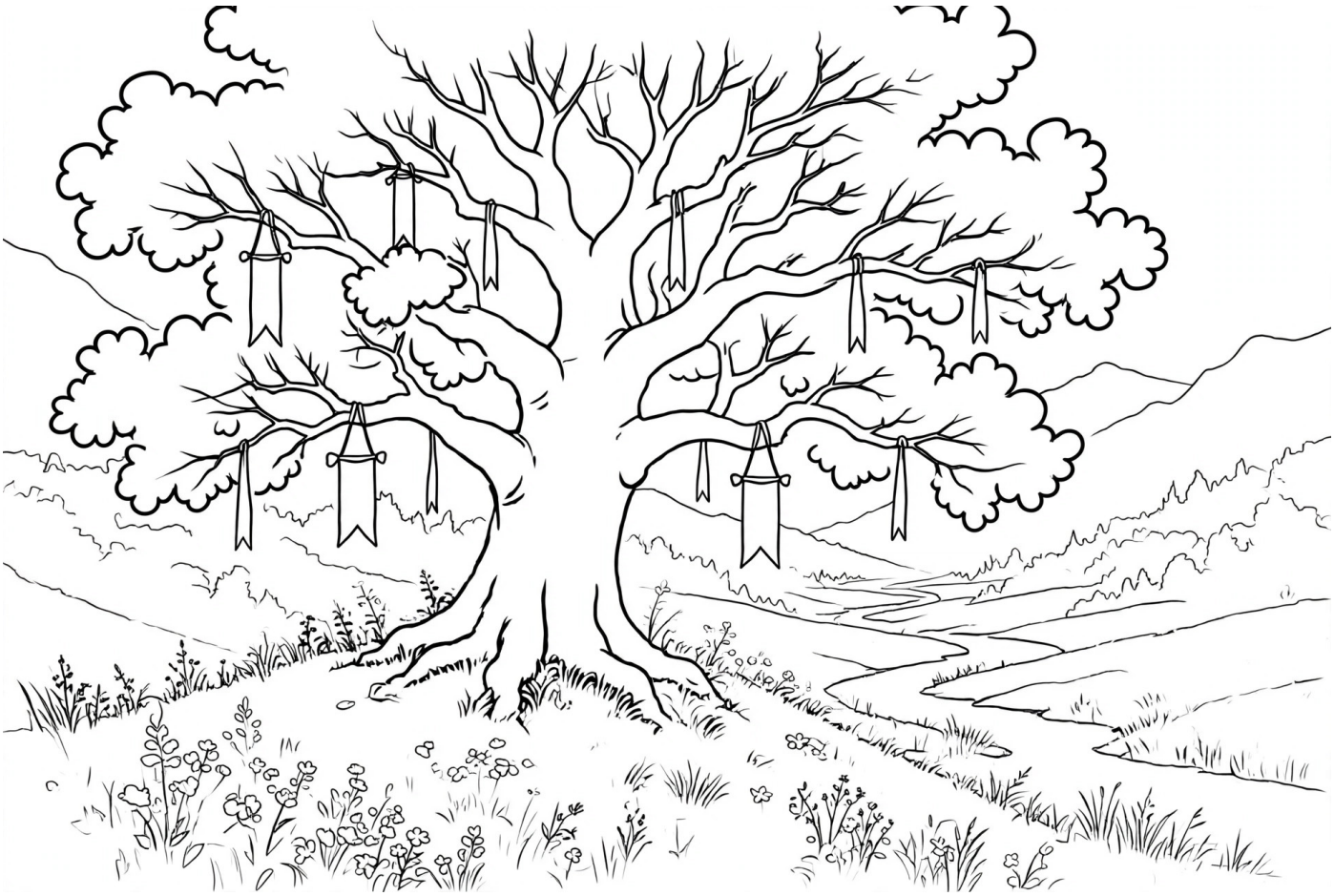
Who They Truly Were



These are the true faces of our story — Chief James Chagum and Molly Barber, painted anew from old sketches of the real people. Look closely, little ones. This is truly who they were.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

Where We Come From



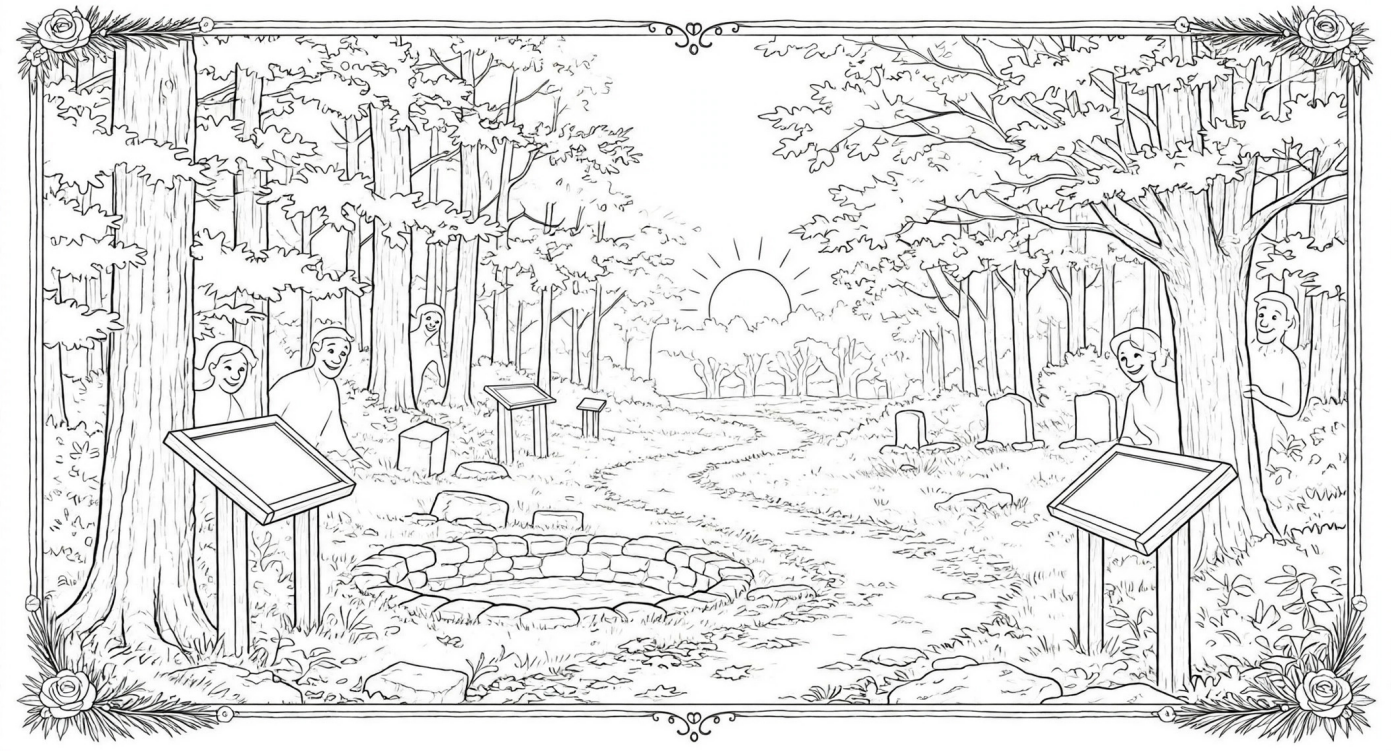
James Chagum was a Narragansett man from Block Island, Rhode Island. His wife Molly grew up in the colonial towns beyond the forest — but no record has ever proven which town she came from, or whether Barber was truly her family name. We know her as Molly Barber. They married in June of 1740 and made their home on Ragged Mountain in Barkhamsted.

They had eight children: Samuel, Meribah, Mary — called Polly — Hannah Sands, Solomon, Mercy, Susan, and Elizabeth. Polly married William Wilson. Hannah married Reuben Barber. Mercy married Isaac Jacklin.

From Hannah and Reuben came the Barbers. From Polly and William came the Wilsons. These were real people, little ones — and if you carry their names, this mountainside is where your story began.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.

The Echo in the Hills



The people of the Light House Village are gone now, their lives a whisper in the wind. But if you walk in these hills today and listen closely, you can still hear the echo of their laughter. You can still feel the warmth of their light. And if you are one of our descendants — a Barber, a Wilson, or one of the many families that grew from them — then this mountainside is where your story began. It is a light that never goes out.

© 2026 Ever Widening Circle Research by Coni Dubois LLC. All rights reserved.