

And there was one Pawnee man in there. And oh, I tell you, he really thought it was something. He kept praying. Just set there and prayed before I put that paint on. He started praying. He was just shaking.

(Did he pray in English or Pawnee?)

In Pawnee. I don't know what he said. Maybe he was cussing me out! (Laughter)

"You damn woman, hurry up!" maybe he said. (Laughs again)

(Do you have to mix that paint with that grease before you start it?)

Put grease in there and just--(rubs palms of hands together)--put little paint in there and it goes long ways. And then I have to have someone put paint on me when I get through. I have to call on somebody I think believes in it. Oh, I tell you my grandchildren sure bother me. "Grandma, when are you going to put paint on?" And one morning last week, oh, they just kept after me. "Grandma when are you going to--?" "All right," I said. "I'll paint you kids. I made them sit around over here and I stand over them and strat praying. Boy, it sure did look cute. I kind of open my eyes and their heads were all down. There was Frank and Frederick and Ray and Louis and Dago and Eugene. There were six of them over here.

(Now they don't have to give you anything for that, do they?)

No. No. They belong over here and I painted them.

(What is the meaning of this earth that you have to have brought in at the same time?)

Well, you know, I have to touch it. I have to touch this earth and bless them before I put paint on. From the head on down.

(Can the earth just be from anywhere?)

Yeah, from anywhere. Now like here (in her house which has a dirt floor)--there's dirt in here and I could touch this (the floor).

(How long would a person that's lost someone in their family wait before they ask you to come?)