

out that I had some cards in my hip pocket. I changed my clothes all right, but I put that deck of cards in my hip pocket, I guess, and that brought my memory back and I remembered--sure enough--the cards were in my hip pocket. So I took them outside and buried them under the woodpile. That's when I heard this voice telling me what to do in the future. And it came to my mind that a storm was coming from the northwest. I thought about my mother first and what I should do with her to protect her--broad, open prairie. I have to do the best I can to protect her. Which told--in other words, that gave me a forethought that my life in the future--I have to take care of my mother, in the future, her life. Protect her. That's what that illustrated to me. So when I had that feeling I said, "Well, I'll take care of my mother." And then my mind changed, sitting there, and that gave me a thought to think about. Which I did--the rest of my life--take care of my mother till she died. I considered her as my child--one of my kids. We bought her clothes. Dresses, combs, and scarves and things like that for her room. And we always had a nice room for her in my house. If I get anything for the kids I'd always get something for her, till she passed away. Those are very vivid in my mind yet--those things, those incidents, of my peyote experience.

(When you heard this voice, what did it say?)

It said, the way I recollect, is, "You're a young man. You should go to school. Get an education. But keep this way. Love this way. This peyote way. But join the church." I was already a church member. "Believe in God. He'll carry you through. Always come in and respect this lodge. You'll always get along good."