

She speaks on the changing times, and recalls when there was a time when a person's word was just as good as if he had a formal written contract. But she says that time is no more. She has always lived in the country away from the towns and their hurrying way of life. Here she says she is 'calm in her mind', and not bothered with all the demanding things in places crowded with people. She reflects on the old days when people in her neighbor would have parties, singing, and socials and would really enjoy living. She is no longer able to make garden and put up winter foods like she was raised. The dried fruits, vegetables, hominy and flour does not have the taste or quality it did when she was younger and people preserved and kept most of their own foods. She recalls the times when the young men of the neighborhood would go out hunting and bring in all kinds of game. The meat would be prepared at some one's home and all would gather for a big feast, along with skin hominy, dried berries, and other Indian dishes. For way into the night different ones would get up and tell stories, fairy tales, ghost happenings, or someone would chant an event of their lives. This was a way among the Shawnees in a day long ago.