

(O.K.)

AN OLD CHEYENNE'S TALK TO A YOUNG BOY

(The following is the talk that Ralph Goodman made to my son, who was eleven years old at the time, and his friend--J. Jordan)

Ralph: Maybe he might listen to me. Maybe. He's just a boy. How old is he--eleven? I've got one (a grandson) that's twelve. I always talk to him. I'm going to tell you, boy. This is your friend, see? It's good to have friends. It's good to have good friends. Good to understand each other. You're just a little boy, see, growing. There's your mother--that one. That's your mother. Here's your home, here--this home here. That's yours. It's a great blessing to your mother that you're alive. God gave you a blessing. It's a blessing when a father and a mother have children. Her--that's your boy. It's a great blessing to God. That's what God gives. This is your home--it's a nice place. Nice place. Regardless of what you do in your life as you grow up--grow up--regardless of what you do. Your mother have to sacrifice for you of all these. You're alive now. Maybe you're in good health, too. Maybe you're in good health. Maybe she wants you--wants you--the things that she wants of you is to have a physically good body. Nothing wrong with you. You're not deformed no way. She wants that for you. She wants you to have a good mind. Your mind leads you every day, day and night. Your mind leads you on that. She wants you to have a good mind--to think clearly. To think. Physically, and above all. As you grow older--maybe now, you'll understand. Maybe you go to school. Above all--one thing--it's the best thing. It's the best thing for her and the best thing for this home. It's the best thing for you. That God--you understand what I'm talking about? God. He's the one that created everything that we might see or everything that we might hear. He's our creator--God. Like I say, it's a great blessing to the mother--to you. It's something wonderful. Something good. Something good. That's the reason we want to live. We want to live something good. We want to live that way. I was a boy just like you one time. I was a boy. Maybe