

a brother named Johnson. He died back in '37 and that left only me. And before them, him, they lost a little, my little sister and a little boy, which I don't remember. And that left only me to carry on. Now, my mother is living. She's a woman leader in our church, and I am too. We have four boys and one girl. We did have four boys and one girl, but we lost one of our sons, Jerome Tiger. He was an artist. And I know that there was many people, are heart borken when they lose their child. I haven't got over it yet, and my father too, my most loved ones. But when I was asked to record these, make a recording or interview rather, I was ahppy to take over even though I never did, I never got any education. My father worked, but when I first started school, I didn't know a word of English. All I knew was how to talk Creek. It was so hard for me to learn. And then I went to tenth grade which I didn't finish. I lacked a month going through the tenth, but I don't think, I don't know. I may have learned more even if I went on. Somehow, I wished that I did have an education. I wish that I could speak real good English and put my working together because I just love to talk. And I love to teach. And I, and I have, and I am a Sunday teacher. And I like to talk about my daddy as a missionary. I used to see him leave from home walking Saturday, after he been working all week, he used to start out walking to other churches, maybe a church at Henrietta, maybe, at Hannah, but he, he thought he would catch a ride. And then we didn't have no car in those days. And he used to, after he got there and preached, he waited until maybe one Monday morning or maybe Sunday night. And he'd catch a ride back with someone. And I remember the times when we lived in town. We didn't have car. And on Wednesday nights, we used to walk to church two miles. It wasn't his church. He belonged to Okfuskee Indian Baptist Church and my