

Spiritual Beginning. And that is what it actually--what it means. And the way it begins the umbilical of my Spirit beginning still draws me back to the source of the river. Back where the loom keeps spinning and spinning. And that is as far as I can remember it right now. I have course, copies of the poems upstairs. Not down here.

(Speaking of going back, you go back to your beginnings, your grandparents. Your Old People, we call them?)

TALKS OF GRANDPARENTS

Yes, I think we do. And my grandmother use to be quite a story teller, and she was also a territorial mid-wife. And served in when there wouldn't be no doctor. She has gone where there would be an emergencies, and even dig out bullets. And I remember one time, that there was a fight there in the territorial days. This is ~~some~~ something I been wanting to write up for True West, or some of those things. Myself Velma so maybe you wouldn't want to use it.

(Well, no.)

No, but anyway my grandfather had been gone all day. They could this shooting and people screaming that was about half a mile from town. She was so afraid when she heard this horse coming that someone was coming to tell her that grandpa had been killed. He came up and it was my grandfather, himself. And he told her that five men had been killed. And I think some of them were wounded, that were not dead yet. And--

(That wasn't that fight they had down at the school house, down that the dormitories?)

Oh, no.

(That was, just in town huh?)

No, this was at Vian.

(Vian, ah-huh)

And so anyway, he said get your medicines and everything and come and see what you can do, for the ones that are still alive. So she did. That was part of the way, that they lived, And the way--.

(They just got in a fight, where they Indians or Whites?)

Ah.