

I said, "Nephew, I want to tell you something. All these years, I been working in the church here." I said, "I was about fifteen years old I think when I--when I was converted." I said, "I have never seen an Indian like you go against things like that." I said, "I'm going to tell you something." I said, "You remember when Christ was going through a wheat field, and going around." I said, "The people were with him. Everywhere he went, Pharisees asked him for questions, 'Why is it you mingle and eat with the sinners?' " I said, "What was Christ's answer? He said He came into this world not for the righteous but for the wicked." And I said, "That's the one." I said, "You know good and well, when my husband was living yet, we used to always go where they have pow-wow gatherings. And what did the people do? If dinner hour comes the first thing, "Reverend Provost, we want you to return thanks. You can say few words first." He'd always get up and he's always willing.

(Yeah.)

I said, "No wonder." I said, "There wasn't enough room in our church. People came every directions." I said, and he was a Sioux Indian. And he used to tell me, "My people are all Catholics." He said, "Don't ship my body home. I want to be right here with your people because they're all good to me." And he'd say, "Don't ship my body home. I want my grave right here." My daughter used to get mad at him. "You always talking about you want your body here. I don't like to hear that." He says, "Well, I'm just telling you where I want my body."

(Yeah.)

And that's where I got him.

(How--how'd the white missionaries stop the old religion? What did they do to stop it? I mean, you know, some--somebody was telling me about this--