

minister in 1953, in a little Indian Baptist church by the name of Wekowa.)
I was licensed to preach by Nobel's Avenue Baptist Church, city of Tulsa, Oklahoma in 1952. Through the many years that I've had the privilege of serving my Lord as a minister of the gospel, and serving in many mission fields to the Cherokees, Uchees, to the Creeks, to the Choctaws, and finally returning home, to my beloved homeland, Pawhuska, Oklahoma, to be a minister to my Osage people. I'm grateful that God has seen fit to watch over my life and to use me in whatever way that he possibly can. I believe as I return to my Indian people of Pawhuska, Oklahoma I have felt a great need and a desire to reach those people for the Lord. But to this day the work has been great, the work has been prosperous, but yet there is a great future ahead, where the work needs to continue and the work needs to grow. I'm grateful for the presence of the Indians in the camp, realizing perhaps one day the camp will not be there, because of various things that can happen. But now they enjoy the fellowship of one another in the camp at Pawhuska; enjoy the privileges that have been extended to the Osage by the government. There's many things that we have in this particular area of life that have been handed down to us because of the knowledge and because of the leadership that God has given to mankind of the past. And I'm sure that we, each and every Osage that exists today is aware of the fact of the great knowledge and the wisdom that our leaders in the past had. We see that they have reserved the oil rights, the royalties of our reservation for the use of us in this present time. However, the oil royalties are dwindling now. But we have other opportunities for new discovery, other chemicals and other resources that we have not tapped, of that I'm sure. Even though that we look forward to the future and to the future of our next generation, the future of our children as they are growing up, that we realize that about all that we can leave for them is our wisdom and our heritage and our God...That we trust that somewhere, someday, that