sure enough, my face was all twisted up. So I left and went back home. And it keep getting worse. Next morning was Sunday and I had to go to church. I was pastor of Mount Scott Comanche Church. I went over there and we had Sunday School and Church and I have to talk and I began to get pretty bad. I can't even talk. I can't get my words out. It seems that my neck or throat was twisted. I couldn't speak. So almost noon I told 'em, "I just have to close the meeting," I said, "I can't talk. Something wrong with me." So we close the meeting and I went back home. When I got home everybody heard about me and then they came up to see me and I was all twisted up. All twisted up. It happen in that house in that room that lady died--her spirit, they said. Well, different people commence to try to doctoring me, heal me. Different Indian witch medicine men--our medicine men--they want to doctor me. Even Nellie's father (Old man Hunting Horse) came over there and tried to doctor. Some Comanche friends came and said, we take you to one old Comanche woman--witch doctor. She know how to fix like that. She can fix your face back. You don't have to pay. We'll pay her." But I didn't go to this one. And for about two weeks I was a pretty bad shape. I couldn't harldy eat or talk. Different people come and sympathize with me. So one Sunday I say, "My grandpa was a witch doctor. I'm gonna try the way he makes medicine. Maybe I can cure myself." He told me what he used and he's been showing me how, and putting his hands on me to I could have that same power so I could--but I never paid him much attention. So one day all the folks went to Lawton and left just me and my grandson. Just the two of us. He was a little boy just about the size of this boy here--about six years old--alone. I didn't want to go anywhere--my eyes was all like that (twisted at outside corner) and I say to my grandson, I