

been hanging round in here--gonna get something good out of it. I'm gonna pray that way. Excuse me. I thank you for this opportunity." (He prays in Caddo in a very low voice.)

When Howard gets through praying he throws cedar in the fire. I smoke the water bucket four times, extending my hands toward the fire, making a gesture of smoke spreading it toward the ends of the crescent, and then drawing it to the bucket of water. The fourth time I touched the bucket, and then went on to draw the smoke to myself and touched my head, shoulders, arms, legs, etc. with it. John and Eugene had told me to do this way. John had told me to gesture with my arms out toward the ends of the crescent-shaped altar. Everyone seemed to approve the way I did it. Several people said, "It's good," etc.

Glen says: "We learn a lot of things by trying to be serious. Whatever we are seeking--Our Native American Church, it's unwritten--wonderful sacrament we have. Whatever we seek, if we mean it in our hearts, we can always accomplish. . . that's the way the Old People say. We thank you, sister, for carrying the water in. The good Lord has blessed that water in the Bible--for the nourishment of our bodies. We use it in everyday life, and this fireplace, in our homes--you understand."

Glen then brings me a cigarette he has prepared, and tells me to take it with my right hand and take four puffs. He tells me to say whatever I want to. He gives me a firebrand from the fire and I light the cigarette. I take the four puffs, blowing the smoke towards the fire.

I say: "I want to thank you people for the privilege of being here, etc. I'm glad to fill in. I'm doing the best I can. There's a lot I don't know. I'm trying to do it. (People say, "Yeah." "That's right." etc.) I didn't expect to participate. It's a big honor, make everything more meaningful. I'm trying to learn about Indian life and religion. This peyote way, till you go through it, you don't understand it. I think it's a good way. People I know that go to meetings are fine outstanding people--it's one of the greatest things in Indian life today. I'm privileged to observe. I'm from Norman, University of Oklahoma, etc. I'm just getting acquainted with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. I've been interested in your trouble with the state of Texas, etc. People at the University can help you, look things up for you, help with evidence, etc." (I discuss the Texas problem.) (People say, "Yeah," etc. I ask for a light since my cigarette has gone out.)

Then I pray: "I want to pray. Ask blessing on all here, families, John Pedro and his family, his mother, Annie, etc. It's Father's Day--bless the fathers--my own father, etc. Bless the old people and the sick, etc. The soldiers in Viet Nam and overseas--bring them home. Bless this church and its people. Bless the Indian people here and the visitors from far off--from Navajo land and Montana and Wyoming, etc." (When I get through people say, "Um-hum." And "Good." etc.)

Glen tells me to light my cigarette again. I had smoked it pretty short. Several times during my prayer I paused to take a puff, hoping to emphasize my requests, since smoking is a form of prayer. I did not know the cigarette would have to be lit again and smoked by Abraham and Bobby. Glen comes over and takes the lit cigarette and gives it to Abraham who takes four puffs from it.

Glen says: "Thank you, sister, for your prayer." Then to Bobby: "Take that smoke. Take four puffs." (Someone can be heard walking around but I can't remember if Glen took the smoke to Bobby, or if Bobby went and got it from Glen. But I think Bobby takes it and smokes it and puts the stub in the fire.

Abraham says: "Uncle John, I want to thank the lady there for praying. I want to thank you, the way you prayed--my Uncle John told me--(He speaks very softly