

Genealogical Glimpses

by Elina Locklear

THE GIFT

Tonight as I lay on my bed, a strange thing occurred. In my spirit I began to hear a little girl sing. I thought how strange this is, yet she continued to sing bubbling over with joy, such as I have seldom ever heard. I began to see the area where she was running and playing, and I could recognize scenes that I know as being the swamp where I grew up and where I now live. Her song was a simple song. As she bounced from place to place, she sang, "I will sing of the wind, I will sing of the rain, I will sing of the springtime coming again". She went on and on with her song and play.

I was quite moved as I began to know in my spirit that I was being allowed by my Creator to see some of my ancestors in a vision. I asked, in a most humble way, why, and He said, "because you have desired to keep alive the memory and the spirit of your people. So I lay and gave thanks to my Creator as he allowed me to see more about the lives of my 'way back' people. The little girl was so full of vibrant joyful glee, and there was no trace or hint, that she had ever had a sorrowful thought, so I knew that the white Europeans had not come yet. I knew that there was no heartbreak or fear in her home. She ran towards her mother's house as she heard her brother coming out of the swamp. The woman was preparing food under a shelter that looked at first like a tent with no sides, but I found out later that it was a frame with boughs thrown about upon the top to keep out the sun,

and to help shed the rain. The boys came out of the swamps carrying a portion of an herbal plant, so carefully one might have thought that it was sacred.

They walked over to the old man who, until now, was lying on a sac of raised pallet that must also serve as his bed. The Grandfather took the plant and tenderly laid it beside several others that he appeared to be working on.

The Grandfather was a most precious part of my vision. Elderly, soft spoken, with movements like the peaceful stream the age of a hundred summers had not dimmed his vision or cracked his voice. As he opened his eyes I looked at his face and could see the likenesses of many of my ancestors. His eyes were peaceful pools of deep brown. There was a thousand years of sublime peace reflected in them. Never a trace of anger had touched them. They had never known fear. As I looked at him, I could feel in my spirit that I was looking at one of my own grandfathers many generations back. I began to feel a sense of belonging to this scene and it seemed as if his spirit willed me to write about what I had been honored to see. He was preparing to make medicine, and it was at this time that I was given two medicine's of my own.

Everyone has stopped what they were doing and is now looking out toward the east-west trail. Coming down the path is a large, group of people clad in skins, dressed with feathers as if they are going to a festival. The women have gone ahead

carrying food, and children, and it is the men we are seeing go by. The Grandfather looks out, waves, smiles as they return greetings. "The Rock people 'he says' going to Big Water to make salt", quietly he sits and watches as they slowly fade into the distant woodland.

The mother is in no hurry with her work, for she knows that her meat is already made for the winter. She has no fear of need because her father is a medicine man, and she has watched him make medicine so many seasons that she knows it must be done. The old man begins to reflect upon the herbs before him as he gingerly touches each one for its condition, which is so very important when it is used. Which of his grandsons will take his place, he wonders. Both of the boys are so dedicated to healing and to their people that he fears he may not be able to choose between them. Why should he have to? Yet he knows that if he doesn't time and death will cause the Creator to choose. "But the Creator, made me their teacher" he muses, "so I must soon choose". The fall wind begins to stir, ever so slightly. Grandfather draws his cape about him as he begins to shiver. "Rock people always bring cold wind" he observed. They will make salt and go back in a moon and still fix winter meat." Maybe they could do it that way, he thought, but he always felt they waited too long. "The swamp will feed us even when we can't hunt", "there are plenty of fish, grapes, persimmons, and many hickory, walnuts and acorns", things that only have to be gathered.

Chavis honored

Mr. Grady Chavis was honored by the Adult Class of Island Grove Baptist Church for 30 years of service as their teacher recently. He was presented with a plaque of appreciation by Lynette C. Locklear.

In The Armed Forces

Chris Strickland (FHTNC) - Marine Cpl. Chris Strickland, son of Mergie Strickland of Rt. 1, Pembroke, NC., recently reported for duty with Marine Air Control Squadron Seven, 3rd Marine Aircraft Wing, Marine Corps Air Station, Yuma, Ariz.

The 1988 graduate of Purnell Swett High School joined the Marine Corps in May, 1989. His wife, April, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Delmar Didi of Rt. 2, also of Pembroke.

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REFLECTIONS

by Alta Nys Ozandine

MISSIONARY SERVICE

I really had a nice 56th birthday—before, during, and afterward. My kids (Wanda Kay and Jeff) both sang "Happy Birthday", at different times. (In fact, Wanda Kay called just after midnight on the eleventh, and started singing just to me. Pretty special!!!) When Jeff sang "Happy Birthday" that evening I asked him to do it over, as I always love to hear him sing. Earlier in the summer Wanda Kay gave me a very nice early birthday present, a sturdy briefcase to help me with my writing projects. As usual, there were telephone greetings and cards from other family members.

But, a few days after my birthday I received a special card from the ladies in the United Methodist Women's group at First Methodist. I will always treasure that card. On the outside it says: "In the Service of Christ". On the inside: "In appreciation for your missionary service, a gift to mission has been given in your honor through United Methodist Women".

Even though I wish I had been a much better, more effective "Missionary" than I was, I am DEEPLY touched. It was during my first year at church youth camp, at Luccock Park, Montana, near Livingston and the tiny town where I was born (Clyde Park) that I made a definite decision to follow Christ. Also, I felt that God was calling me into some kind of missionary work. I was almost 13, ready for the eighth grade the following year.

That decision made a difference in my life right away. I wish I could honestly say I had been a strong, loving Christian each day and hour since then. I can't. (I even went through a lot of miserable months in college wondering whether we human beings had created God instead of the

other way around.) But God and His Son, Jesus Christ, have NEVER let me down. They have always been there, just waiting for me to call on them for help and guidance, like the day Leon and the boys were killed.

Right away there was a wonderful assurance that, with God's Loving help, Wanda Kay and I could go through a tragedy that had seemed impossible to think about before. The verse that came to my mind was Romans 8:28; "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord, to them that are called according to his purpose".

We had no idea at first just how we would be able to go on with our lives. But we knew that it was SOMEHOW going to be possible. And then, immediately God used so many, many of you to help us do just that! I will always be grateful to every one of you who shared your love in some special way, including every person who gave us an UNDERSTANDING hug. But, ESPECIALLY to all who faithfully PRAYED for us during the following days. Without our loving God, and the people of Robeson County, as well as friends and relatives out west, I wonder where we would be today? I'm thankful that my daughter and I both decided at an early age to put our trust in God. And I'm glad He has always been with us during our difficult times, as well as in our happier moments and days. Also, I'm so thankful that when we make mistakes, He is ready and willing to forgive us, then help us to start all over again! How I wish that every person in our entire world could also experience this kind of ULTIMATE RELATIONSHIP with the ULTIMATE POWER of our universe (or multiverse, as Leon used to say). There are aspects of heaven that can begin here on this earth.

Traditional Fire Ceremony to be part of Lumbee Pow Wow October 1-3

The Lumbee-Cheraw Elders Council will conduct the Traditional Fire Ceremony each morning at Sun Rise during the Lumbee Tribe's Annual Old Style Dance Festival and Pow Wow. The ceremony will be conducted each morning, October 1, October 2, and October 3, at Sun Rise. The Traditional Fire Ceremony which is a traditional means of blessing the dancers, elders, and those in need of a blessing, will also be conducted prior to each grand entry and at any other time during the day there is a need. The Fire Keeper will be there to aid anyone in need of a blessing. The Fire Keeper will be there 24-hours each day during the pow wow.

Elders from other tribes are encouraged and welcome to attend and participate in the ceremonies.

Lumbee Elders To Be Honored At Pow Wow



Indian elders who have served with the senior citizens chapters assisted by Lumbee Regional Development Association will be recognized and honored at the Annual Lumbee Old Style Dance Festival and Pow Wow to be held October 1-3.

According to James Hardin, Executive Director of Lumbee Regional Development Association, a program to recognize and honor Indian elders will be held Saturday, October 2 from 3:00 until 4:30 p.m. "We wish to thank the elders for their work in keeping our cultural traditions alive," said Hardin. "To encourage our elders to attend, all persons age 55 or over get in free on Saturday and Sunday."

The Master of Ceremonies for the event is Ray Littleturtle, a Lumbee-Cheraw traditionalist. The Head Male Dancer Terry White of Pembroke. The Head Female Dancer is Belinda Jacobs, of Clinton, the reigning Miss Indian North Carolina.

The festival will feature outstanding exhibits and demonstrations of Indian arts, crafts, music, and dance in the Eastern United States.

Hardin said "We expect to have some of the best dealers in Indian arts and crafts at this event. Traders will be selling authentic American Indian arts and crafts including Indian silver and turquoise jewelry, pottery, basketry, and paintings representing the arts and traditions of many tribes."

The event will be highlighted by traditional Indian dance and music competitions. "With over \$7,000 in prize money to be given away, we expect to see the best dancers and most attractive Indian dance regalia at this event", he said. Indian dancers, artists, craftsmen, and traders are expected to come from tribes throughout the United States.

The general admission for the event will be \$3.00, and \$2.00 for youths under age 13.

Parent excited about restoration of historic site

Dear Editor, I wanted to let our people know about something great going on here in the town of Pembroke, and frankly, I'm surprised that there's not more talk about it. Oh there's been alot of folks there working hard, our people have taken a burned, ruined, run down building and turned it around—seeing is believing folks—. But not only did I find a beautiful building, but folks working there have a thirst for knowledge and change. It's good to know Moses wasn't the last person who spoke to God. Folks who have to find your own understanding of what's

going on there. The plan includes all of us.

They have already started educational programs, cultural dancing, also karate classes, and the kids love it. Something to do they said. I could hear myself saying the same thing at their age. Now, finely here is something that will give us as parents a chance to be a bow for living arrows our children, and we must bend with gladness. The place is the historic site of the first Indian high school, the former Pembroke Middle School and now known as the American Indian Center for Community Development. This project was sponsored by Indian Solidarity.

Ellen Gail Andrade

A Summary Of Activity by Indian Housing Authority

The following is a quick summary of program activities at the N.C. State Indian Housing Authority, this fiscal year: Youth Sports Program sought by N.C. State Indian Housing Authority; The N.C. State Indian Housing Authority has submitted an application to the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD), in August, for a youth sports program grant. If funded, this program will provide funds to establish formal youth sports activities and a boys and girls club at the authority. Smoke Free Workplace Policy established at Indian Housing Authority; The board of commissioners of the authority has adopted a smoke free workplace policy. The new policy will prohibit smoking in the work place, in meeting rooms and in all vehicles. Smoking will be permitted in designated smoking areas only.

Drug Elimination program funded at N.C. State Indian Housing Authority; The N.C. State Indian Housing Authority has received funding in the amount of \$116,920.00, from the U.S. department of housing and urban development (HUD), for a drug elimination program. The drug elimination program will fund additional area lighting, a contract security service and information and referral services for residents, who have drug related problems or are about to be evicted due to drug related activities.

Mr. David Hunt, from Pembroke, has been employed as the program coordinator and Mrs. Gwen Locklear, from Red Springs, has been employed as a secretary for this program.

Lumbee Tribe's Annual Old Style Dance Festival and Pow Wow

October 1-3, 1993

North Carolina Indian Cultural Center

Master of Ceremonies: Ray Littleturtle, Lumbee/Cheraw



Over \$7,000 In Awards Money

Admission: \$3.00 Per Person \$2.00 Children 12 and under

* No Alcohol or Drugs Allowed *

For more information, contact Ben Jacobs at (919) 521-8602.

Sponsored by: Lumbee Regional Development Association

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