

"A VOICE FROM THE PAST"

Once my walls were drenched with tears
because many children died
Now my mind is overcome with fears,
for many people I have cried.

For those who deserve an education
but none they will receive
because of one person's discrimination
who people would believe

Why don't my children take a stand?
Because they have betrayed me
They do not really understand
it's very hard for them to see what's plain
to see

They've taken to tearing down my homes
and throwing beer bottles on my campus
They've started smoking in my rooms
and causing a great big rumpus.

But one day in my place they'll see
under the tallest maple
On a huge stone there'll be,
Here Lies Chemawa and the Indian People.

Somebody help me help Chemawa.

By Vicki Penn