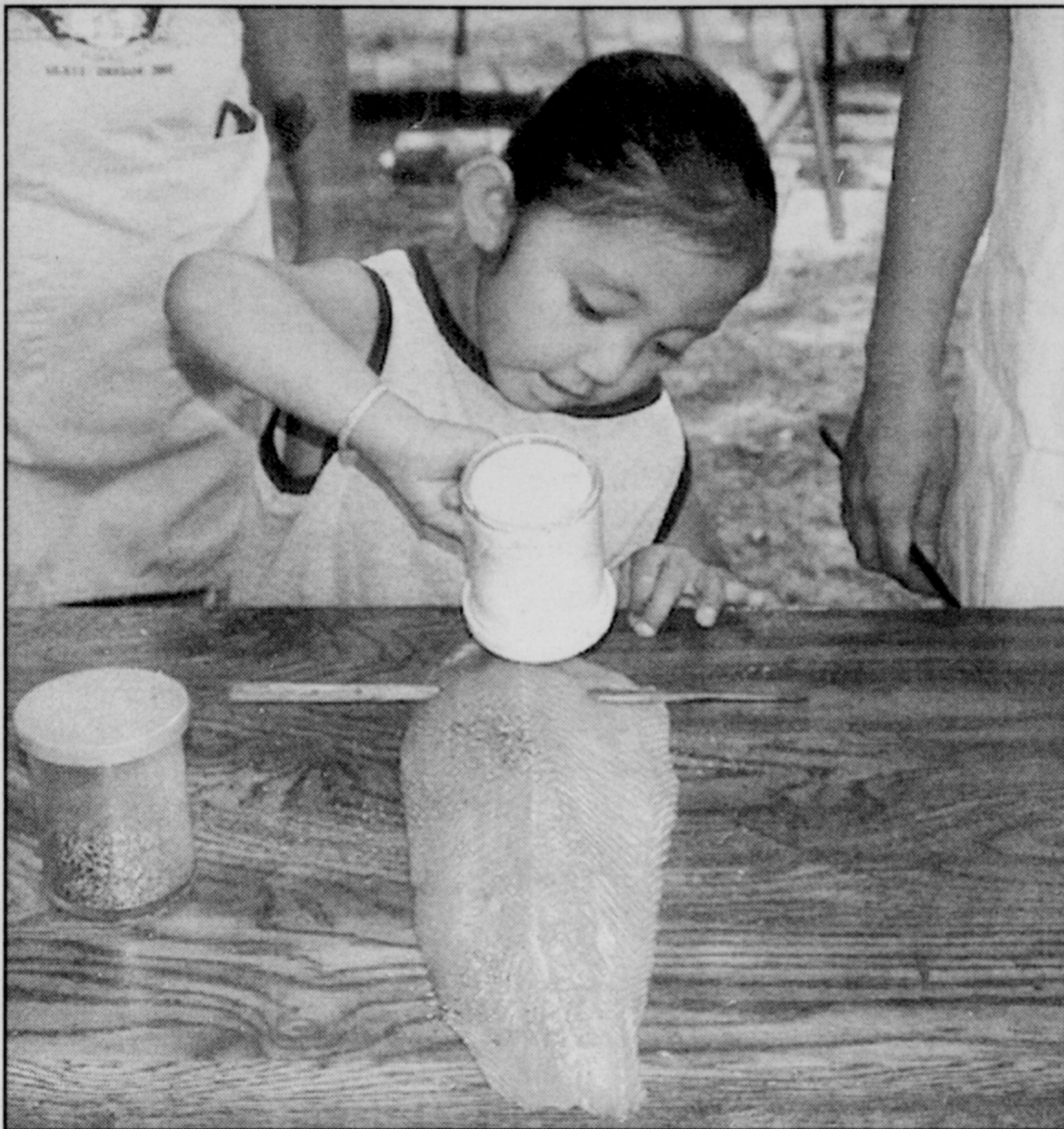


## TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS



*Above: William Whitehead helps prepare salmon for the salmon bake. Right: Sarah Edenfield practices her basketmaking skills, while another participant (below right) demonstrates his drum-making technique.*



### Cultural Hill

*Respectively, Eva E. Clayton*

Just arrived home from an adventuresome trip. Family reunion, Roseburg. While there, Camas Valley decided to top an all-time heat wave. I am a coastal girl and I like my ocean wind!

Travel trailer and four grandchildren, we head for Culture Camp prepared to meet up with other family members and catching up on good time with good friends.

We were first to arrive that first night on cultural mountain, it was quiet, serene as an ancient melody. It was a good one-on-one with the next generation of rainbow chasers (my grandchildren).

I listened, we laughed, it rekindled the spirit within me. I was able to trek back to a time when the circle of laughter was my brothers and sisters (Jack, Terry, Helen, David, Rosalie, Judy, Ronnie, Rocky, and Julie). Sweet memories that become more precious as I progress along.

I relive again on the tale of a memory. Barnyard pets, tree swings, hillside

grass slides, apple pickings, berry buckets, and Chetco River bar fun with the many cousins (mother came from a family of 10 brothers and sisters as well). What a menagerie of family.

There is no question as to where the people's future lays, that is in the dreams and perseverance of our children. All of our children. For they carry our direct descendancy of all that is good. Awaiting the nurturing commitment that will bring out the sparkle of individuality and strength that wraps together spiritual past, innovating present, and our survival for all of our tomorrows.

This journey cannot be made by or on the backs of a few. If so, we will quickly become wind dust, an ancient history that is blown away by our sea winds. A culture that once was, but is no more.

We are few and if not vigilant will be erased from the cedar plank houses

of our ancestors. Where cobwebs will prosper and stillness will blanket life.

The drumbeat is mother nature's heart song, we must listen closely, for it is the new life she breathes into the hearts of all our descendants.

Culture Camp is about life, learning, and gathering. Enhancing our bond with a time that is as old as yesterday and as young as tomorrow. I am looking forward to next year. Thank you to all who made it happen.

And now on to our journey to the lands of our ancestors (Run to the Rogue). I will look for you there.

