



My wife, Delores, and I had the opportunity to attend the elders dinner at the Siletz Tribal Community Center on Dec. 4. It was a joy to get the chance to visit with our many friends and relatives in a social setting. Thank you Angela, Valerie, Denise, and Nancy for spending your weekend to provide us with a great meal.
Ed Ben



To my sweet 16 year old, Shantel Hostler, for your first deer. He'll do just fine and tastes real good too. Dead eye shooter, it's great, like mother like daughter.

Only, how are you gonna live up to my elk season, one 6x6 one day and the next day a 5x6. I know you got it in ya' to do it. Let's keep hunting together. You know how I hate shopping.

The Wall

by Mary Jane Robb

A woman of 80 winters stood on a small plateau facing the power of the wind-swept Pacific.

It was a place of sacred beauty consecrated long ago by Native American warriors. The tears of generations flowed through the tortured chambers of her heart, ever in search of peace.

Her thoughts were of the many wars – broken hearts, broken bodies, and broken souls. Her mind wandered, remembering the yesteryears.

The clean and fragrant air riffled her hair and the pounding surf was like the rhythm of her heart.

She turned to face the wall, the black wall, the Vietnam Wall.

Upon the dark face of the shrine was inscribed the names of America's children.

Once again the first fruits of a nation had fallen.

They were gathered to the bosom of the tender earth.

The earth holds their bodies in her arms and the father of us all hurled their sacred shining souls to the heavens to walk among the stars.

A woman of 80 winters stood on a small plateau facing the windswept Pacific.

The sacred sounds of the final hour drifted by and pierced her consciousness.

Instinctively, she held the sounds of life close to her as she listened to the dirge of death, the throb of the drums, the roll call of the dead, the wail of a bagpipe as the final haunting lament of *Taps* floated out over America.

Her mind moved back over the sheer enormity of the number of names of America's children, 58,000 of them on this testament of black marble, our best and our bravest sacrificed to the profane god of war and power.

Her being was pierced by the thought of another time, another place in a war-torn land where an honorable man died. Jesus cried and his tears blended with the mud, with the thorns, and with his blood.

And then He said the grace notes of a life well lived. "Forgive them for they know not what they do." "The greatest gift is to give your life for another." "It is finished," bringing forth the eternities of life.

The soft, gentle touch of dusk was high in the heavens, waiting to quench the sun. The woman of 80 winters touched the sacred wall. Her prayers were riding on the wind.

In her minds eye, she wrote, "I love you." Her hand reached out to touch a star.

In her dream, she held her children to her heart and once again her children nestled in her arms.

Happy Birthday to Darcy Lal on Jan. 5. **Ha, ha, ha!** You're still older than me and you **always** will be. I hope you have a great day.

I love you, Felicia

Happy Birthday, Mona Kay, on Jan. 9. Where we celebrating?

Love you, Felicia

Mr. Gary Hutchinson – Happy Birthday, baby, on Jan. 1.

Love, Jen

Happy Birthday to Tyrone Scott on Jan. 21. I love you so much, babe. I know I am hard to handle sometimes, but don't give up on me. If at first you don't succeed, Ty, Ty, again. Aye.

Love always, Trish

Happy 7th Birthday to Jazmyne Metcalf. You're one cute little princess (even when you're actin' bad). We love you, baby girl. Have a great day!

Love, Auntie Trish, Tyrone, Donovan, and Miakoda

Happy Birthday to our daddy, Tyrone. We want to thank you for being there for us. Hope your day is special just like you.

Love, Dumbshine and Mia Moon



Jan. 7 – Happy 13th Birthday to my beautiful daughter, Raina. May all your dreams and wishes come true.

Love, your Mom

Happy 13th Birthday, Raina.

Love, your little sister Rosa

Happy 13th Birthday to my wonderful granddaughter, Raina. You are as bright as the sunshine and as sweet as a rose.

Love, Grandma Terri Jordan

My Best Friends

By Julia Austin

My friends Mariah Garza, Chelsea Wawrak. The best friends you can have. We have been through good times and bad.

But they always listen to me, everything I say they understand. They are my shoulder to lean on. My friends to guide.

My friendship with them I can say, nothing to them, nope, no lies.

Whenever they need me, I'm here. I will never disappear.

A memory lasts forever

Never does it die

True friends stay together

And never say goodbye.