

## TRIBAL MEMBER NEWS

### Stacey "Babe" Wade Williams

1965-2008

Stacey "Babe" Wade Williams, 42, of Waldport, Ore., died Nov. 27, 2008, in Corvallis, Ore.

He was born Dec. 2, 1965, to Eugene Williams Sr. and Carol Quenelle Williams in Toledo, Ore. He attended Siletz Elementary School and Siletz High School and Elko County High School.

He worked several construction jobs for West Coast Insulators, for the Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians in maintenance and as a groundskeeper, for Allen & Sons, Inc. and for the state highway department.

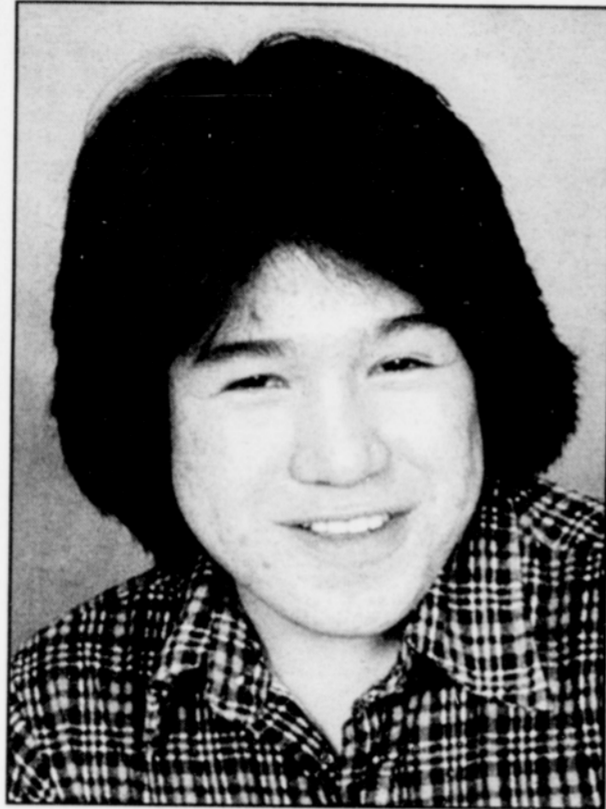
He enjoyed gambling and having a few drinks with friends and family. He enjoyed being with his family, watching sports and hunting.

He was preceded in death by his father, Eugene Williams Sr.

He is survived by his mother, Carol E. Williams of Siletz, Ore.; brothers, Poppa (Debbie) Williams of Toledo, Ab Williams of Salem, Ore., Scotty Williams of Siletz and Bucky Williams of Siletz; sisters, Nora Williams of Cottage Grove, Ore., Melody Williams of Siletz, Charmaine (Mark) Hammett of Siletz and Christina (Chad) Goodell of Siletz; and many aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews.

A wake and funeral services were held at earlier dates at the Siletz Tribal Community Center.

Affordable Burial and Cremation in Newport handled arrangements.



Stacey "Babe" Wade Williams

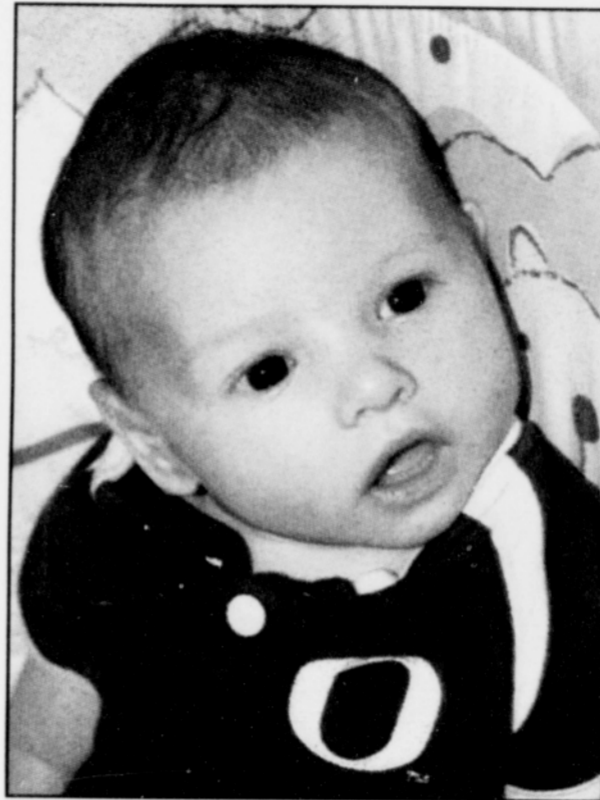
### New Babies!

#### Ethan Jacob Ernst

Ethan Jacob Ernst was born Oct. 20, 2008, at 4:52 p.m. Ethan weighed 9 pounds, 12 ounces and was 21 inches long.

The proud parents are Holly Miles and Richard Ernst. The proud grandparents are Ann Miles and the late Lucky Miles, and Richard and Pam Ernst.

We all want to say welcome to the world, little Ethan. You are loved so very much, little guy.



Correction: In the December issue of *Siletz News*, the eighth-grade class was misidentified as the freshman class in a photo of the presentations made during the Veterans Ceremony in November.

### In Memory of My Angel, Lorraine Downey

This letter was written by Lorraine Downey and was submitted by Pete Downey, who felt these thoughts should be shared.

Remember what everyone says, "This always happens to other people." Well move over, it's me!

My plans were to be, work two more years and to retire early. No more alarm clocks, just enough income to allow me to rest in \_\_\_\_\_, spend time sitting in the sun and if I am lucky, it would be along a river bank. And live until I was 80.

Well, how come I don't feel so good today? Boy, my back hurts, the alarm went off, can't seem to muster the energy to get up and go to work. Stay home, OK? I never do use my sick leave.

#### A Healing, Not a Cure

Pushing myself through Christmas, waiting for my two weeks Christmas break. Then off to the doctor in January. How come I am so tired?

The doctors don't seem to be in a rush as I wait in those hard waiting room chairs. Going through all the tests, I ended up in the hospital for nine days. The first days I don't remember. My family had the news before me. OK, little lady, "You have cancer" in a number of places in your body. That was it? A matter of fact.



Lorraine Downey

Chemo, pills, blood test, X-rays, all cold business as usual. Where does the human part come in? You learn to become a doctor/nurse yourself. If it doesn't work, "is the doctor/nurse going to say, 'Did you hear, Lorraine passed away yesterday.'"

I've been blessed with a wonderful husband and family. Many friends who are giving me constant support and love.

I was surprised, after learning of my illness, that my tears were on the surface all the time. Getting cards in the mail or phone calls were too much for me to handle. I kept thinking this would pass. I love these people so.

My hopes are they wouldn't think I've changed.

"A healing, not a cure."

Is that the white light that is here to take me home? ...  
Soft and warm with God's love abound ...

I don't think I am ready to go yet ...  
But with all my conversations with Jesus ...



Siletz Valley Schools would like to send a huge thank you to CTSI for all their support. Without you, we wouldn't be!