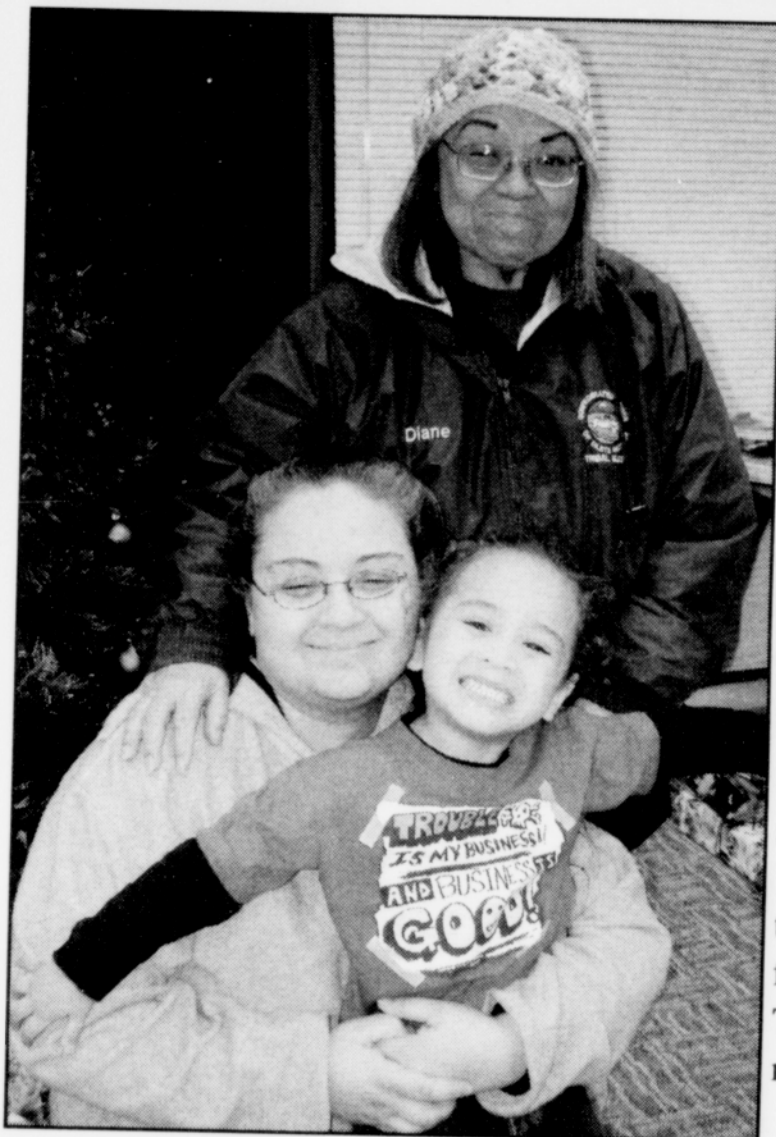


TRIBAL MEMBER NEWS

Diane M. Robertson Jan. 4, 1944 – Feb. 12, 2009

from Stacey, Kenai and Russell Robertson



Diane Robertson (standing), Stacey Robertson and Kenai Robertson

On behalf of the Robertson and Delgado families, I'd like to extend a very warm thank you to everyone who supported us during our time of grief.

We appreciated everything and we'd also like to thank all the Tribal elders who were able to attend the services. I know a lot of you traveled quite a ways and I know my family loved seeing everybody. I guess I never realized how many lives my mom touched and it was a blessing to be reminded of it, so from the bottom of my heart thank you all so much.

I'd also like to especially thank the Portland Area Office for all their help and support. They have been a godsend for me, my dad and my son.

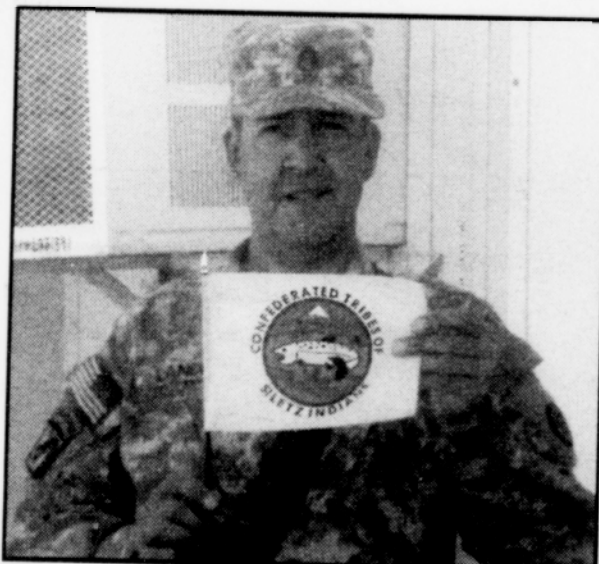
If I missed anyone, I'm sorry, but know that everything that was done for us was truly appreciated.

Tribal Flag Travels to Iraq

by Rosemary B. Landis

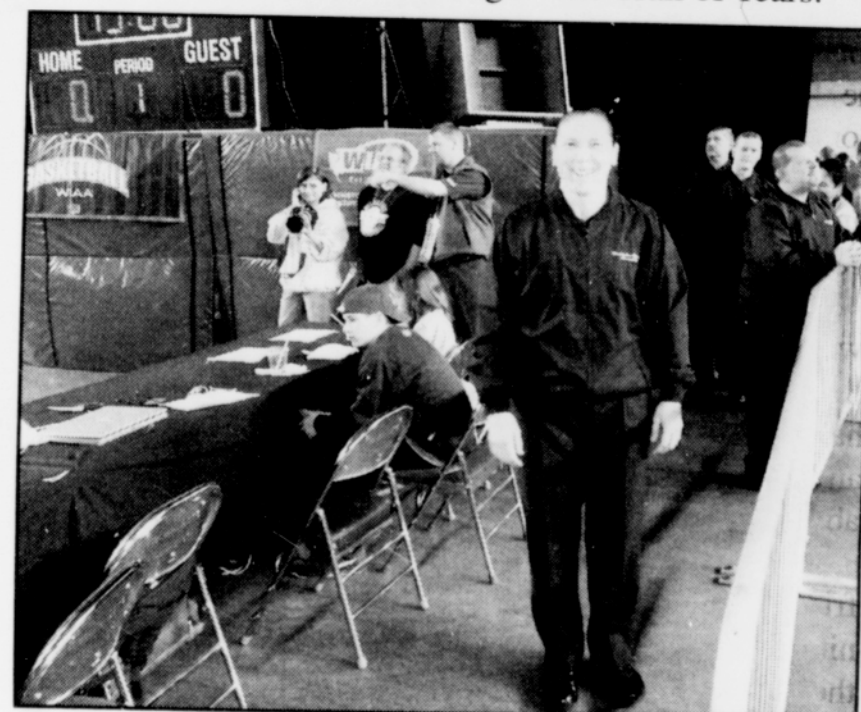
Staff Sergeant Vincent R. Landis, serving in Iraq since December 2008, carries the Siletz Tribal flag.

Vince carried the same flag to Afghanistan when he sent the flag from Baghram Air Force Base to the Tribe.



Left: Tribal Elder Chief Chewescla DePoe at the University of Washington Spring Pow-Wow.

Right: Tribal member Suzanne DePoe-Thompson referees state championship basketball games at the Tacoma Dome in March 2009.



Editor's note: Jessica wrote this essay in the spring of 2000 to accompany her application for college. She had been asked to write about the most important thing/event that had ever happened to her. She asked Siletz News to publish it in honor of her Grandmother Alice Werth's 80th birthday.

My Experience on the "Run to the Rogue"

by Jessica Escamilla

I marched into the pow-wow arena carrying the Tribal staff, for my 67th mile, with sweat dripping from my fatigued body. Throughout the 247 miles, this was the most memorable mile of all, the final leg of our goal, marching back to the piece of land that had been taken from our ancestors.

On the glistening afternoon, one look between my grandmother and myself made me conscience of who I really was. It was this look that ignited an unbreakable bond between us. She was proud of me not only for my participation in this historical event, but for the grasp of knowledge I experienced throughout the three days of our re-enactment of our "Trail of Tears."

Looking at her, I could see the map of our ancestors' struggle for independence and recognition on her face. Her eyes reflected her pride in me and her belief in my generation's clear understanding of what it means to be Native American. Until this moment, I had always known I was Native American, but my heritage was more than a mere "label." I now know just how special I am. I am a member of the Confederated Tribes of Siletz. I am Shasta.

The "Run to the Rogue" had been advertised throughout the community that we, as a Tribe, were going to re-enact the forceful removal of our ancestors. Reluctant at first, I at the last moment chose to participate. This decision was one of the most important ones I have ever made.

After the first day of running, I coated my sore muscles with mint-fresh Ben-Gay. Empty water bottles lay at my feet as I pondered how sweaty and smelly I was. With each mile I ran, the stories from my grandmother flooded back to me.

I finally understood what our people went through. I knew they didn't have Ben-Gay to relieve their tired and sore muscles and never had water on hand to quench their thirst. I understood that with each step they took, they left behind their homelands. From that moment on, I not only ran for myself, but also for the elders and family who were not able to make the journey.

Connecting with our past also brought me together with other Tribal members. We now share a sacred bond of hardship and a renewed relationship we might never have had a chance to find.

We found that although we were diverse, we had many similarities. We forgot about our problems and just enjoyed the moments we shared with one another. We joked about the triple coating of analgesic on our sore muscles and how we couldn't sit or stand for long without cramping. Those conversations will be with us forever.

Two uppermost impressions in my memory: The bond between my grandmother and her sisters, and the feeling toward fellow Tribal members that linked me to the true, deeper meaning of what our ancestors endured through "The Trail of Tears."