

Letters



DEAR TRIBAL MEMBERS:

Thank-you for crowning me Little Miss Siletz. Special thanks goes to Kitti Hostler and Natasha Kavanaugh for supporting me through the time that I represented the Tribe. I would also like to thank Reggie and Lee Butler, Paul Whitehead, Sonya Moody-Jurado, Pat Darcy and Kimberly Thomas and a lot of the community members. To the adult advisors of the Siletz Royalty, I needed you to defend me and to back me up when there was unfair criticism. I needed you to point out my mistakes and to help me to correct them. Those of you who did criticize and gossip about me, I needed you to support me in doing a better job as Little Miss Siletz. I'd like to apologize for the smart remarks that I made to a girl at the Title V pow wow while I was royalty. I would like to suggest that in the future there be a pageant coordinator or advisor with the Little Miss Siletz Royalty at all events so that there can be discussions about their behavior at the pow wow that they will be at and other things that have to do with the Royalty. I didn't give up my crown, I had it taken away. I would like everyone to know that my feelings were hurt very badly and I hope that you can understand how I feel. I wouldn't like any future Little Miss Siletz to lose their crown the way that I did and I hope that they won't be criticized like I was either. I hope that the people who run for Jr. Miss or Miss Siletz realize how hard it is. It takes a lot of responsibility to be Little Miss or Miss Siletz. I would like people to know that everything I have done and all the functions I have gone to I was on my own.

Thank You for reading my letter.

Love,
Danelle Smith

EMERGENCE OF LOVE
THE CIRCLE CONTINUES
PROTECTING INDIAN CHILDREN

The circle was broken
The Healing Spirit was gone...
The question asked was, "I didn't know Indians treated their young like this. She has such a loving spirit. Why would someone do this to her?"

On May 2, 1992, I laid my daughter's Indian ways to rest. For how long I do not know.

She tried hard and that was taken away and she said, "I never want to dance again".

From this I, her mother, wrote this poem to her.

TO: DANELLE SMITH
FROM: MOM & DAD

A Child Broken...

She carried a heavy load.
A lot was done...
For her to fall.

The pillars that were to hold
her made themselves
removed.

As she traveled on alone, she
often wondered, "where
have they gone?"

They told me...we will teach
you the way, and be there
when ever you need us.

But as she went she reached out
the only way she knew and
was told, "that is wrong".

And once again the pillars told
her, "We are here to show
you the way".

So she said, "Okay!!!" and she
still went on alone.

So as she went alone once again
she reached out the only
way she knew.

She tried to ask for help, but
was never heard.

For the ears of the pillars were
closed.

They told her, "we don't have
time right now.

She cried and still went on
alone.

Then the pillars finally looked
and said, "we don't want
you no more".

So, now we have a child that is
broken.

I and her dad told her to not feel
bad.

You did the best job you knew
how.

Be proud of who you are.

Love you very much,
Mom & Dad

OPEN LETTER TO
DANELLE SMITH,
LITTLE MISS SILETZ
(1991-1992):

My family and I would like to thank you for representing the Siletz Tribe this past year. We've seen you and your family attending many different functions, throughout the year. Often we have seen you at a basketball game, and then on to a pow wow or an exhibition dance, with the Siletz dancers. We feel that your effort to represent the Tribe with and without your court or coordinators present, is a credit to you.

We hope that this experience has been and will be a memorable one for you. We realize that along with the good is always some bad, but unfortunately, sometimes we don't have any control over this. All we could have expected of you is for you to have done your best, and you did.

We hope that you will continue to dance and be a part of our cultural heritage.

Sincerely,

Elaine Thomas & Family

Letters to the Editor

All letters received will be printed. Please type or write legible, no profane language will be printed. LETTERS THAT EXCEED 350 WORDS IN LENGTH WILL BE EDITED. All letters must include your name and address. Send letters to : Siletz News, P.O. Box 549, Siletz, Oregon 97380.

PLEASE NOTE: The General Manager of the Siletz Tribe is the Chief Editor of the Siletz Newsletter.

A WORD OF THANKS:

Thank you everyone who sent cards, gave hugs, food, money, and all the prayers for my family and I.

When times are sad and life must go on, it is so wonderful to live in a small town where you know so many nice people and work with people who understand what you are going through and help you make your days bright and cheerful.

Thank You Everyone,
Vella Feller/Family

DEAR EDITOR:

I wrote this as a tribute to my Indian friends, both living and dead, after visiting Government Hill in Siletz on Memorial Day.

INDIAN BURIAL GROUND

I walked, as others walked,
this weekend,
Across the silent hallowed
abode of the dead,
I felt the infinite peace, the
tender love,
As the spirits of life and death
communed.
God, how close we are, one
breath away,
From the knowing of life
everlasting.
But there is one cemetery that
is like no other,
It holds a magic that embodies
both life and death,
And the beauty there is not
transitory but eternal,
For it was the spirit of all
things,
That whispered low.
I would have liked to have
lingered longer,
Just to commune with my God,
For I knew that He walked
there,

Among the giant evergreens,
And that His fingers caressed
the tombstones you could
no longer read.

I looked at the craftsmanship of
genius and

I looked at the love woven in
beauty.

I touched the graves, mounded
in Indian fashion,

Blanketed in flowers,
Reverenced by eternal
remembrance,

And I felt the magic of the
Spirit World,

And the glory of being alive.
I walked away in the tender
twilight,

From this Holy Place, This
sanctuary,

And I felt a kinship with earth I
had never know before.

We are not strangers as we
pass,

We are not alien to one another.
I grew up among you,

I loved many of you,
Just as I loved my white
friends,

But for the first time on a
beautiful windswept Hill,

I felt I knew your heart,
And I cried.

Mary Hall Robb

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mail articles and photos to:
Siletz News, P.O. Box 549,
Siletz, Oregon 97380