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Dear Siletz Newsletter,

I do truly enjoy getting your newsletter each month. It brings joy to my life.

Kathy (sister) and I will be vendors at the Grants Pass PowWow in July.

We had a wonderful PowWow, with Chief Depoe as our guest. I want to thank all the Siletz who showed up and contributed to our PowWow at O.S.U., especially Chief Depoe and Princess White Lily. I was invited to your Memorial in Siletz. I found it to be a very enlightening experience, thanks again to Chief Depoe and Princess White Lily, who helped guide me through the Cemetery and tell me histories of grave sites and of the families of Siletz. It was so vastly beautiful to me, that I sat by the ocean the remainder of that day and wrote this poem.

Chief Depoe and Vivian have shown the heart of Siletz also great heartfelt thanks to Aggie Pilgrim, who cooked some of the most delicious salmon I ever ate. a friend,

Aretha Meece
Philomath, Oregon



Memorial Day: Siletz

Grave sites brightly decorated, as if being worn as regalia.

Old growth trees hovering to protect the gentle spirits, who have gone before.

Ancient ones names bearly readable, yet touch able.

Loved ones wandering slowly and patiently thru the honored elders who've gone on.

Infants tiny burial sites left to remind us of birth as well as death.

Veterans of Vietnam caught in mid life. Old family names and groups of sites to offer re-newed reasons to live and be strong for them.

The sun shines so brightly today and this cemetery is so beautiful.

The service is very heartfelt, coming from all ages to all ages.

The service tells me live on and live long to keep the elders and the infants near to our hearts forever.

Beautiful flowers are always opening and flourish and then pass on.

A wonderful day in my life, to honor those who've gone on,

Aretha Meece
Philomath, Or

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 known 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 have 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
(1970)

Baby Metcalf

Jennifer Metcalf is proud to announce the birth of her daughter Keisha Nicole Metcalf. Keisha was born April 4, 1994.

Her grandparents are Janice Lane of Siletz, and Leon Metcalf of Siletz. Her great-grandmother is Martha Lockhart of Clearlake, California, and her great-great grandmother is Maude Lane now living in Seal Rock. She has numerous aunts and uncles, great aunts and great uncles, tons of cousins.

Keisha joins one brother, Tristan (T-Man).

CONGRATULATIONS!!!

