

A page commemorations offered for past employee

Photos show many facets of talented, caring Spilyay employee



Capturing traditional and cultural events was especially important to Marsha. The Huckleberry feast at HeHe was a great place for colorful and meaningful photos.

The photos on the top of this page were taken by Marsha Shewczyk, Spilyay photographic specialist/feature writer killed October 22, 1993 in a tragic accident in Madras. Current Spilyay employees wanted to do something to commemorate not only Marsha's work in Warm Springs but what she meant to each of us individually.

What was too difficult to verbalize last year at the time of her death is still difficult to express. We continually miss her and probably always will. Not a day goes by that one of us doesn't mention Marsha. She had a special quality that caused us all to dig deep within ourselves and pull out what we didn't know was there. She caused us to want to better our work performance as well as improve our personal lives. Above all, she made us think—think beyond the boundaries of the reservation, think about the future, think about our contribution to the big picture.

Marsha was careful to reward her hard work with well-deserved vacations. These vacations were not the kick-back-and-relax types either. In 1992, she took three weeks to float the Colorado, probably one of the roughest rivers in the world. She was an avid outdoors woman. She enjoyed old movies, cooking and all kinds of music. She worked hard at being well-informed and well-rounded. She did not sit idle as the world marched by—she was part of the band.

Those of us at Spilyay wanted to share with readers a story or two we shared with Marsha.

Marsha and I always joked that my party-giving expertise was much like that of Mary Tyler Moore's; parties at my house are often boring flops. Sometimes, people don't even show up. A few years ago, I decided to throw a "come as you are" party. I thought this would help break the boring party curse. I probably called Marsha and six or eight couples and asked them to come over for a barbecue and that they were required to come dressed exactly as they were at the time of my call. Of course, everyone came dressed pretty normally, except for Marsha. She came dressed in her wedding dress, complete with veil, argyle socks and old Nike running shoes. I think she broke the curse on my parties. *Donna*

When I first came to Spilyay in 1987 as a student worker I was introduced to Marsha as well as the rest of the staff and told that Marsha would be the one who would assign work to me and evaluate what I did. And that she did first thing. Writing became a great part of my

life. I took all the English classes I could in school and came back to Spilyay every summer, and half days of my senior year, and I'm still here. I really feel I learned a lot at Spilyay and a lot of it is due to her. She was a great influence on me. She pushed me where I needed it, and was always willing to listen when I just needed someone to talk to. I know it's been almost a year, and I miss her so much, but in many ways it still feels like she's here. *Saphronia*

When I first came here to Spilyay as a trainee Marsha kept me pretty busy, writing. She later started training me in the darkroom, I liked working in there with her. She had her way of teaching that made it fun and easy to learn. "Just put this in here first then put it in there." Not getting too technical with her terms. She helped me build my self-esteem by making me believe in myself and pointing out my abilities. Being a reporter/photographer was something I never thought I could do but Marsha helped me to believe that it was possible. Today I go in the darkroom and work and still think of her and remember everything that she has taught me about this and that. She helped develop the confidence I now have. *Selena*

I came to work here at Spilyay in March 1989 and the first day, the first hour, I had news that my 19-year-old son had committed suicide. They all rallied around and told me to do what I had to do and let me go. When I came back, Marsha helped me learn a lot of things I didn't think I could do. In the darkroom, on the old typesetter, cutting pictures (I got yelled at for cutting it too short-end of my picture cutting days), laying the paper out, taking photos and exchanging information with each other (when she needed to know who belonged to what family and how they were related, I would give a fast lesson on the person's family tree). Marsha was a very knowledgeable person in most everything and still had that desire to learn more. I really admired her for everything she had accomplished for herself and her son. When I moved on, she was one of my best friends I would visit or take to lunch just to see how everything was going with her. She opened my eyes to a lot of new things and also made me more aware of how blessed I was with my marriage to Easton. She was always asking if he had a twin tucked away somewhere. I feel that because of her, my life is fuller and I'll never, ever forget her. I'm glad the Lord blessed me with her friendship. *Tina*



Viola Kalama prepares to make basket.



Her "ideal" man....



Borrowed smile...



A serious side...



A proud moment....



A silly time....