

# How I Was Called Into a Way of Life and Native American Culture in My Dreams

## An Experiential Synchronistic Journey

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Before I had a clue about what my own dreams were conveying/revealing, I had a series of dreams shortly after moving to the Pacific Northwest/Olympic Peninsula in which Native American Peoples appeared.

But first, let me share a little pre-recalled dream history:

### Before Recalling Dreams; Before Leaving Moab in Autumn 1975

I had very little direct contact with Native American Peoples prior to 1975 and a move from Southeast Utah to the Olympic Peninsula in Washington State.

Then, one day of my five-day work week was spent, in the county south of Moab as part of a Community Action/VISTA grant... on Native land<sup>1</sup> as a complete novice. This part of my job with Community Action Program took me to the Navajo land in Southern Utah and parts of Northeast Arizona. The issue being addressed that captured my involvement had to do with the Navajo tribes' attempt—through Legal Aide offices that had been established on Native land—to build Junior High & High Schools facilities on their own Native land.

The majority of students in that county were Navajo, yet once those students completed elementary school, the children were either on the bus to-and-from schools in nearby predominantly anglo/Mormon communities. Typical time on busses: four hours each day. Or they were adopted into predominantly anglo/mormon families or sent to boarding schools.

Before my limited efforts saw any results, I was 'blocked' from continuing my work in that county by the county commissioners. My boss was told: "If you are sending staff into our county, we want to know who, when they will be coming & leaving, who they will be seeing and their intentions." One of our own county commissioners who was also an advisor to CAP then told me during a Board of Advisors meeting, "Don't get involved with those people. We just want to keep them drunk and on the reservation." A verbatim quote I will never forget. Unfortunately, an intention that has tragically manifested for decades. Currently, there is a 'movement' within the tribes, to educate and ultimately discourage the use of alcohol that is thankfully quite successful.

I was shocked to learn while reading an article in the New York Times published on the front page around three years ago, that the Native children are *still* being bussed and/or 'adopted'—or sent to boarding schools—to this day. Latter-day remnants of the 'assimilation program.'

This was essentially the extent of my contact until....

### We Moved to the Olympic Peninsula, Washington State. Autumn 1975

In retrospect, most of my early, recalled dreams during the early years in the Pacific Northwest have proven to be powerfully precognitive. Others were both deeply personal and what Carl G. Jung would classify as dreams from the collective unconscious: 'Big Dreams'. To this day, those dreams remain as a backdrop/setting and instruction for my daily life. Many of these dreams are reported on Dream Network's website.

The first and among the most important of the precognitive dreams occurred in summer of 1976. Though the dream seemed a long as a full length movie in full color with stereophonic sound, briefly, in the dream...

## The United Nations Dream

*I am in a community center (the center where I actually worked. It is a multi-service community center.) I am surprised that—rather than the typical kinds of activities that take place there on a day-to-day basis in waking reality—there are many artistic activities taking place.*

*As I walk down the hallway... in this room there are dancers dancing, in another there are musicians playing and in yet another, there are artists painting. The center is totally full of people who are performing all kinds of creative activities. As I go to the back of the building (into an area where in daytime reality there is a basketball court) there are groups of people working, constructing.*

*They are using hammer and nails and hammering in unison. Every strike of the hammer is in concert with or creating music that is playing in the background.*

*It is all a lovely sight to see.*

This dream-vision manifested five years later in a wonder full and successful community event honoring an anniversary of the United Nations, October 1981. Throughout the evening, I was *in —re-entered—the dream* to my own amazement and surprise. That event sealed my commitment to the power of dreams. The dream lives on. For example:

In early 1982, I attended a New Year garnering at an Estonian friend's home. She guided us in an Estonian ritual, which involved submerging a ladle in molten lead and pouring the liquid into ice-cold water. She then 'read' what each person's design might be conveying, as one would with 'If this were my dream.. .' My 'pouring' came out as an unquestionable canoe with the heads of two persons, one man one woman, in the back end; a second small piece was clearly a paddle. Hmm.....



My first canoe

Twelve years later (Summer 1993), at a Native event/Paddle to Bella-Bella, Canada, I was invited to share that dream-vision at a meeting of the Native women gathered.

Today, we are involved with a national group, United Native America, which—among other involvements—is encouraging the establishment of one paid holiday and the set-aside of one month to honor the Peoples Native to this land. As well, there is a resolution encouraging the government and the American people to offer a formal apology.<sup>4</sup> Looong overdue.

The United Nations dream vision set my destiny in the years that have followed.

However, it was nearly seven years after moving to Washington before I had significant direct contact with Native Peoples and Tribes in the Pacific Northwest... or exposure to and participation in their culture.

### **Introduction to the 'Gatekeeper' and Northwest Coast Tribes**

A mutual friend, for some reason not remembered, made it a point to introduce me to a man from the Quilleute tribe in early '83. An extraordinarily handsome man, by the way... I call him a 'Gatekeeper' because he resided mid-way across the Olympic Peninsula and was a person who 'selected' anglos to introduce to the Native peoples who reside primarily on the West End of the Peninsula.

Not long after meeting him in approximately 1982, he one day called and invited me to attend a community event in Neah Bay, WA. Wild horses could not have prevented me from going!

On the appointed day, I made it top priority to get there, though I arrived ~15 minutes late. The community hall was full, most were seated and enjoying their meal. I knew not one soul and was the only 'anglo' in attendance—an awkward feeling—though I had been in many similar situations during the years I worked in the 'war on poverty' in LA County.<sup>5</sup>

A warm greeting from an elder woman helped ease my anxiety: "You are welcome! Fill your plate and have a seat." There were few seats available at the long tables, but I identified an open space and took my place. Silence prevailed for what seemed an uncomfortably long time and I felt responsible for breaking it, so decided to introduce myself. Before uttering a word, as I looked around the table, I recognized many of the faces. These are People I had seen in my dreams! I believe I then became tongue-tied. A 'Peak' experience. Overwhelming!

I recall nothing more than acknowledging to myself this is important.

Over the ensuing years, I had a series of dreams in which the 'Gatekeeper' appeared. These were very specifically 'courting' dreams that ranged all the way from a first kiss, (witnessed by all four of our parents) to a proposal of marriage (witnessed by all members on both sides of our families.) I was seriously attracted to this man and the dreams seemed to indicate a romance between us. I was infatuated... but reserved!

One evening after he had invited me to a sweat lodge and we had slept in adjacent rooms, I had one of these dreams. The next morning as we emerged from our separate rooms, he told me what had happened in the dream!

One night, early 1988, not long before my decision to return to the Southwest, he came to my home. The entire visit was experienced by me in a state of altered consciousness. He 'performed' a mime act/skit that was both puzzling and hilarious. The finale', which he verbalized, was essentially a teaching about letting go of expectations.

Overall, an excellent teaching, for which I remain grateful.

He had been asserting himself into my dreamspace all this time; I had no idea! Virtually nothing of an intimate relationship ever resulted; rather, we worked with others on several projects over the years.

### **Meeting David Forlines**

There were more introductions and invitations that followed my initial attendance at the community meeting in Neah Bay and thus began what was the most compelling involvements I experienced during my 16 years of living on the Olympic Peninsula.

I had learned, early on, of a man by the name of David Forlines who was not at the time living on the Peninsula. Those who spoke of him held him in high regard. He was apparently a controversial individual, however, because—though he was a highly skilled medicine man, deeply spiritual and knew more about Native culture in general and Quilleute culture in particular, though he had a small percentage of Quilleute blood and had been raised by ‘traditionalists’—he was nonetheless Anglo in appearance.

One day, unexpectedly, two medicine men, one of whom was the ‘Gatekeeper,’ came to my home and told me David had returned to the Olympic Peninsula. They wanted me to go with them to meet him. I didn’t hesitate! When we arrived at the place where he was staying, he was working (always working, always teaching) treating cedar bark in the ‘old way,’ for making traditional clothing, baskets, hats in preparation for his 40th birthday Pot Latch..



David Forlines wearing traditional cedar bark clothing & regalia

As we were walking onto the porch, two Native children were roaring up and down the road in a 4-wheelers. Seeing him working the cedar and the two boys riding a 4-wheeler presented a most unusual and contradictory site: an image that is symbolic of the struggle most Native Peoples face in this day and age.

The two men who took me to meet David disappeared and I was left behind to spend the night. There were items about the home in which David was staying that replicated items of my own; I was struck by this; somehow made me feel comfortable. The evening was otherworldly and full of synchronicities. It was spent largely with David teaching, telling stories of his life and present and future aspirations. He stated that he was prompted to return to the Peninsula by a vision which instructed him to help in re-introducing their culture to the Quilleute, who were on the cusp at that time of losing it altogether.

David’s 40th Birthday Potlatch was an event extraordinary. He had created ‘give-away gifts’ that would fill a 12’ by 12’ room from wall-to-wall and floor-to-ceiling! An amazing spectacle it was to behold. Words fall short of adequate description.

His party was also a re-introduction of the Pot Latch in the public arena, as they had been forbidden and practiced only covertly over the past ~century. Same was true with the members of the Indian Shaker church and other traditional practices/ceremonies.

With a beloved elder from the Makah tribe of Neah Bay, WA., I was fortunate to attend several Indian Shaker Church meetings. These also had been forbidden and were even this recently, being held ‘covertly.’

During the early years of the ‘assimilation program’ on the West coast, letters such as the following were received by the tribes, forbidding some cultural practices and dictating how they could engage in others. The following letters—addressing members of the Indian Shaker Church—are from the...

**Department of the Interior:  
United States Indian Service  
June 14, 1905**

~ ~ NOTICE TO SHAKERS ~ ~

You are hereby permitted to hold meetings on Quilleute reservation under the following conditions:

On Sundays, not more than three (3) hours at one time and  
on Wednesday evenings not more than two (2) hours at one time.

The following REGULATIONS to be observed:

- 1st, Keep windows or a door open at all meetings
- 2nd Use only one bell to give signals. Not continuous ringing
- 3rd Do not admit school children at night meetings

By order of the Superintendent  
(signature not readable)

One year later, this letter arrived:

**Department of the Interior:  
United States Indian Service  
August 10, 1906**

“ It has been reported that there are some women who are violating the rules for for morning Shaker meetings and that they shake at all hours of day and night.

You will therefore tell the women quickly to stop shaking at any times other than those specified in rules issued last summer.

If they do not stop after you have asked them in a quiet way, you will lock them up until they agree to stop.

Shaking for the sick must not be allowed. Before you make any arrests under this order, you should report to Mr. Reagan and get his advice. We do not want any trouble in this matter if it is possible to avoid it. But “continual and private shaking must be stopped. Report what you do.” (page 42)

Soon after his Pot Latch, David was employed by the Quilleute school's cultural programs and began teaching the children, and ultimately many adults, the songs and dances, language and crafts, that had been passed down from generation-to-generation in the oral tradition for as many as 50,000 years. Despite the controversy, the People overcame their resistance and were drawn to him like a moth to light. He was magnetic and successfully engaged their involvement.

### **The Paddle to Seattle**

David's primary goal during those years was to engage not only the Quilleute but all NW Coast tribes in the Centennial/100th anniversary of Washington statehood. Even though he began to prepare for the event with the support of only a handful of Quilleute people, by the time the event occurred in June/July 1989, over 50,000 people gathered in Seattle. Many tribes from Washington and Canada renovated and/or carved new canoes in order to participate.



**The Quilleute canoe begins the long journey from La Push, WA to Seattle, WA**



**Yours truly being presented with a dancing shawl by Jamie Cooke-Valadez (Elwah) and Mary McQuillen (Makah)  
The shawl has a painting depicting a dream I shared with Jamie.**



**Midway across the Puget Sound, canoes from the Pacific Northwest and Canada encounter a Trident nuclear submarine**



Canoes approaching Seattle, WA

David's vision and story re: this event appeared Dream Network. I was fortunate to be among his strong supporters and to be intimately involved in the entire month-long event from beginning to end. It was the manifestation of David's vision and participation was like being in that sought-after and cherished 'intersection' between the dreamworld and dayworld.

Why did the "Gatekeeper" choose to invite me in the first place? Why did the two medicine men introduce me to David? I still don't know to this day. The puzzle pieces continue to fall into place. For example:

Throughout these years, on two significant occasions, I was told that I have been Native in two previous lifetimes. Once in a sweat lodge by the pipe-carrier and once by Barbara Shor (whom some of you may remember). Many people over the years, upon meeting me, have asked if I am Native American. All of these 'clues' feel right.

Carol Jung said:

“People who conquer a foreign land put themselves in an awkward position, because the very Earth is permeated with the Spirit and dust of the peoples native to the land.”

I do know that knowing and working with David and the many People in the Northwest Coast tribes to the extent I have are among the greatest privileges I’ve ever been afforded in my life.

An extraordinary, deeply committed and talented human being was David. I was fortunate to participate with him in sweat lodges, community events, Pot Latches and most significantly the “Paddle to Seattle” — events many of which were born in the Dreams.

At one community event held in La Push, WA, I sat next to two young Anglos from the Smithsonian Institute. They were on a very embarrassing mission: to learn from the tribe what would be most respectful way to return the Bones of the Peoples that had been housed at the Institute for decades. I was inspired to write an article by this event. (Dream Network, Vol. 13 No. 3 pgs. 10-11, 38)

During these years I worked in various public service positions across the Olympic Peninsula.

In Autumn 1987, was called to a gathering held in Idaho wilderness by Brooke Medicine Eagle for the Harmonic Convergence (August 17, 1989) entitled Dancing the Dream Awake. It was an all night dream-like dance-ceremony that was instrumental in changing my life.

Soon after, I took a leave of absence, then left formal employment (appropriately on Leap Year Day, 1988) and experienced a chaotic mid-life crisis. I didn’t know what I was going to do, but knew I had to learn more about my own dreams and dreams in general. I soon began graduate degree studies focused on dreams and their relationship to mythology (Jung/Campbell). I didn’t know much about the ‘Dream Movement’ at the time) and began to realize that—regardless of the fact that I felt much more ‘at home’ and had actually been accepted and recognized among Native peoples than I did in mainstream culture—I was, nevertheless, an ‘outsider.’

My third grandchild was born in Moab, UT in Spring of 1988 and I made the decision to move ‘home’ and attend to integrating what I had learned during my cherished years on the Olympic Peninsula with my family.

At the time I made that decision, I decided to hold my own Pot Latch/go-away gathering and put out invitations to friends all across the Olympic Peninsula. I was living near Port Townsend at the time. David came several hours early and helped me to prepare; he ‘hosted’ the gathering. Much to my surprise, along with many who came in private vehicles, an entire busload of Quilleute People—from elders to children—came. The children wore regalia and presented dances and in the midst of their presentation, I was given a Quilleute name.

As I was leaving the Olympic Peninsula, headed to the ferry, the two men who introduced me to David Forlines were standing alongside the road in a wilderness area to bid me farewell. I know their literal bodies were not standing there, as one now lived in Canada and the other in Port Angeles.

## **Home Territory and Meeting the Navajos and Utes**

Early on, I stayed overnight on Navajo-land just West of the Hopi mesas. I had a dream in which I see a sheaf of papers hanging from the branch of a tree, blowing in the wind. A voice said: “If you don’t do it, someone else will!” What? Not too long after arriving back in Moab, I received the first issue of Dream Network (to which I had recently subscribed) and inside the front cover was an announcement: ‘This publication is seeking a new editor/publisher’... and thus, my primary commitment/occupation ever since.

Since returning to Utah, contact with my Northwest friends of all cultures has continued. For example:

- I went to Washington for The “Paddle to Seattle” in summer 1989.

- In the summer of 1991, I learned that David would soon die. I left Utah for Washington upon learning of his illness and was fortunate to be among the community of people who attended him during his dying process. Even then, in severe pain and choosing to experience it rather than use medications, he instructed us as to the proper, traditional way of treating his spirit/soul/body before and after death. The process occurred at a friend's home; there were no interventions sought from the medical profession or funeral parlors. David oversaw the construction of his coffin, tried it on for size and was buried in the traditional burial grounds of the Quilleute people.

Only the sheriff came to the home to pronounce him officially 'dead.'

- I attended a "Paddle to Bella-Bella, Canada" in summer 1993.

- In early Spring 2003, I had a powerfully lucid dream in which the 'Gatekeeper' appeared. In the dream, I jumped on board a water craft in the SW and suddenly found myself in the Pacific Northwest. The next day, I was called by a Quilleute friend and invited to attend a Paddle hosted by the Quinnalt tribe in July of that year..

Though I wrestled for the following weeks about having adequate transportation and resources... until the day I would have to leave in order to take part, I found myself saying, "I can't afford to do this!" "Will my trusty old '79 Chevy van ("Frog") make the trip?" ... while at the same time packing my bags. I arrived in La Push right on time and the van broke down that very night... a \$10 repair job. Frog got me home and is still running!

Here in the Four Corners area, I have attended ceremonies on Hopi land and on the New Mexico pueblos, but as an observer not a participant. Here in the Southwest, until last year, I have been very much an 'outsider'.

So, I set about learning 'how to do' Dream Network, spending precious time with my family, especially the grandchildren and working with neighbors to purchase the land on which our mobile homes were located.

I had learned enough about Native culture to know that one does not assert oneself into their lives and culture... so knew I'd have to wait. And wait I did, for nearly 18 years... until Spring of 2006.

## Meeting Michael and Reconnecting with the Navajo Peoples



Then, a Navajo man, Michael Mustache, and his two young adult sons—a family who had been friends and neighbors for nearly a decade—began paying visits. We were already quite well acquainted and, along with all neighbors, were facing the prospect of needing to move to new locations: we were in crisis. As we became better acquainted and involved in helping one another make decisions about where/how to ‘move,’ a cherished friendship blossomed.

Though I myself had opened several options for ‘place,’ none of them were quite ‘right.’ Then, about two weeks before the ‘deadline,’ the place where we now reside opened up.

Prior to these events but during my early days living in WA State, I learned my mother would soon be passing, Autumn 1976. She lived in Moab and I was with her within hours of receiving that call. The night before she died, I was terrified and early the next morning had my first OBE.... flying through lusciously gold cottonwood trees and down this very river corridor where we now reside. When I jolted back into my body, I heard a voice say “That’s how it’s going to be for her. There’s nothing to fear.” I was with her when she passed peacefully the next day. I requested a song from the movie West Side Story be sung at her funeral, There’s a Place for Us. And it is here; here it is... 31 years later!

Currently, Michael and I share a home near the Colorado River just outside of Moab. Though it is on privately owned land, the ~75-foot redrock rock wall which borders our back yard and those across the river are replete with pictographs and petroglyphs. There is significant evidence all up and down the river corridor that this was once Anasazi/Indian territory.

We feel the energy and Spirit of the ancestors rising as we create medicine wheel and host drumming/singing circles. The songs are prayers from the Native American Church and are sung in Navajo.

Michael is introducing me to his Native roots and the culture of the Navajo. He has introduced me to many members of his family and friends who reside on Native Land and I have gained a more in-depth insight into the conditions of life on what is both extraordinarily beautiful and beastly hot/cold, barren desert land in this part of the country. Many, if not most, still live in structures with no electricity, running water, plumbing, etc. A fact of which all America should be ashamed.

Though with some understandable reservation<sup>6</sup>, I am well received and treated kindly by the Dine'.

Michael shares his dreams (as do I with him) and stories of his early childhood/young adulthood, both beautiful and tragic.

He was raised predominantly in a shade house and hogan along with his siblings (six brothers and two sisters) near Bluff, UT after his father's death. Though their living structures had none of the amenities, he speaks of his childhood fondly, remembering herding sheep, playing with his siblings and running to the San Juan river for bathing, cooling off and across the river to purchase goods in the small village of Bluff. He attended boarding schools in upstate Utah as well as nearer his home territory in Bluff.

When he was only seven years old, his father died. His mother took full responsibility for raising the children and he frequently remarks "I don't know how she did it." She was a weaver and sold both the sheered wool and her weavings to support the family. Mother passed away when he was 17 and from that time, he was essentially on his own.

He left Native land and moved to Moab in his late teens for employment/survival purposes, met his mate of many years, fathered, step-fathered and helped raise five children. He has lived in Moab ever since, though frequently traveling to Native land over the years for ceremonies, church, dances and family gatherings. He has taken more jobs and has more skills than can be counted on both hands and feet: a multi-skilled individual.

In his essence, Michael is a dreamer, a singer and a healer. Our dreams are helping to shape the nature of our friendship as well as inform us about how to proceed as individuals with unique and very different backgrounds. His ability to walk the two cultures, speak two languages fluently is astonishing. He is brilliant.

This door opening is just in the beginning stages of a new chapter.

I tremble in anticipation of learning and experiencing more.

### **Some of what I have learned that applies to psi-dreaming:**

- Wow!
- Utmost respect for the awesome mystery.
- That all time and space co-exist simultaneously in the dreamstate.
- Most songs and dances in Native American tribes were gifted, first, in dreams and have been passed down from generation to generation. The oral tradition and storytelling remains alive.
- I trust my dreams and recognize many as precognitive on the feeling level.
- My nature (no doubt true of many) is such that others can assert themselves into my dreams; I am/have a 'receptor'. I have experienced this as both instructive and sometimes invasive.
- Russell Lockhart once told me that he has come to believe that all dreams are precognitive. Some draw upon our past, personal history and reveal possible futures, whether warnings or favorable forthcoming. Some reveal future, unknowable events (such is *deja vu*).

## **Some of what I have learned as that relates to Native American Peoples/Tribes:**

- Of the complexity, confusion and challenges resulting from the 'assimilation program' and consequently 'living in two worlds' that face many, if not most, Native people today.
- To have a deep respect for Native People's ability to hold onto, relearn and maintain their cultures to the degree they have to this day. This is demonstrative of a the deep value and incredible strength on the part of each individual, tribe and culture.
- Native Americans consider most of European ancestry to be 'orphans' because the majority of us have little knowledge of our ancestry, culture and roots.
- That one does not assert oneself into Native culture; rather, one has to wait until invited.
- Euro-Americans, whether 25 or 5 generations on this land have a responsibility to Native American peoples. The broken treaties, the children and land that has been confiscated over generations has had a bewildering and devastating effect on a culture that is, in my opinion, far superior to that in mainstream American culture.
- The genocide that has visited Peoples Native to this country is but a pattern that has been playing itself out all around this beautiful planet for centuries.
- There are currently Resolutions being considered state-by-state as well as before the US Congress to set aside a one-day paid Holiday and one month (November) to honor the Peoples Native to this land/ country. Likewise, there are a resolutions providing the opportunity for all Americans to offer a formal apology. Long overdue.  
(See United Nations website address below)

I look forward to more sharing and learning from all of you during this conference!

## **Some of what I have learned as that relates to the everyday world of today:**

- I've wrestled for years with this dilemma: How do the Native People and how do Americans of other cultures work to integrate those elements of Native culture which have universal, lasting value with the best of the knowledge from science and technology that has been discovered over the past few centuries? One of my Angels has suggested that while I was introduced by a 'Gatekeeper,' that he sees me as a 'Bridge Tender,' one who has been chosen to help build bridges among the cultures and races who co-exist in this country and world.  
I've come to believe that one way is by sharing information of this nature.
- I have become keenly aware of the importance of conserving the old ways as much as possible, especially insofar as they help keep open shamanic pathways to the archetypal depths of the psyche, where the New Mythology is being formed.
- Put another way, our modern tendency, unfortunately, is to lapse into nostalgic longings for an irretrievable past, which probably won't help anyone. What we really need are Bridge-Tenders. Along with a conscious criticism of our dominant, racist, imperialistic culture—whose crimes are not only against Native Americans but against many other races, nations and, ultimately, the entire planet—we need Bridge-Tenders who can help salvage those elements of the old tribal cultures which will play a part in the formation of a new world-view to supplant the waning, destructive, patriarchal myth. These salvaged elements—whatever they might be—must be located in the context of a hyper-urbanized world population of over six billion... a new cosmology informed by science and technology, and a planet-wide assault on the entire biosphere.
- While history is being re-written, doing this work is a question of transcending that history in the service of the New Mythology that is trying to be born in the world. Needless to say, it's a BIG job, bigger than any one

person.

As Jung said:

“What is the Great Dream? It consists of many small dreams... .”

- We are, collectively, in the midst of evolving a new Mythology, a process akin to being in labor and giving birth.

#### FOOTNOTES:

1. In this household, we do not use the term ‘reservation,’ but rather refer to the lands that have been designated by the federal government as Native Land.
2. Front Page, NEW YORK TIMES. Friday May 28, 2004: In Utah, 12-Hour School Days (Four on the Bus)
3. The complete story of this event is reported in the transcript of a talk I gave at an IASD conference. See <http://DreamNetwork.net> > Meet the Editor.
4. In a research paper currently conducted by Public Agenda website entitled “Walking a Mile—A First Step Toward Mutual Understanding: A Qualitative Study Exploring How Indians and Non-Indians Think About Each Other,” many Native people interviewed stated that what was done to their Ancestors continues to have devastating effects on their lives today and that history is comparable to the holocaust. They stated ‘nothing could ever compensate for centuries of Euro-American genocide, oppression and discrimination.’ <http://www.publicagenda.org/WalkingaMile/>
5. I worked as a ‘minority’ all over LA County in Teen Centers, then in the San Pedro Harbor area for Neighborhood Youth Core and in a Free Clinic from 1968-1973.
6. Note the definition of the word, ‘reservation:’ to hold back.

#### REFERENCES

##### HISTORY IS BEING REWRITTEN IN

##### Books, Research Papers and Articles; (these are but a few...)

Research paper <http://www.publicagenda.org/WalkingaMile/>

*Walking a Mile: A First Step Toward Mutual Understanding  
A Qualitative Study Exploring How Indians and Non-Indians  
Think About Each Other*

John Doble and Andrew Yarrow with Amber Ott and Jonathan Rochkind

This new study is one of the most in-depth examinations ever made of the thinking of American Indians and non-Indians about each other. The research—based on 12 focus groups conducted in 2006 and 2007—explores Indians’ perceptions of their own place in contemporary American society and how non-Indians view American Indians, what they know (or think they know), the generalizations they make and stereotypes they hold, how their perceptions were formed and their interest in learning more. The research was made possible by a grant from The Christian A. Johnson Endeavor Foundation

Forlines, David: Saloyat Syowan Suin Xhaltap, pg. 10 and Making Dreams Real, pg. 12. *Dream Network* Vol. 9 No. 1.

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Seattle & London: 1976

Tsosie, Dennison and Teddi. Spirit Visions: The Old Ones Speak Blue Dolphin Publishing: 1996

Tsosie, Dennison & Roberta Ossana. *The Right Way: A Dream of Forgiveness and Thankfulness: An Interview with Dennison Tsosie* *Dream Network*, Vol. 17 No.

**DOCUMENTARIES:**

American Indian Homelands: Documentary Channel  
Into The West: Four-Part Series and  
Help Us Save a Culture That May Help Us to Save Our Own,  
both produced by Turner Network TV (available on DVD)  
Winds of Chance: A Matter of Promises (PBS Home Videos)

**MOVIES:** (most are available on amazon.com)

Black Cloud  
Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee  
Dream Keepers  
Smoke Signals  
Skins  
The New World  
Windtalkers

**WEBSITE:**

United Native America: <http://www.unitednativeamerica.com/letters.html>  
for copies of the resolutions now being considered state-by-state as well as by the US Congress regarding the establishment of a Native American Recognition paid Holiday/Month; A resolution offering Americans opportunity to make a formal Apology (Please, consider signing the petition and spread the word.)

<http://DreamNetwork.net>