

MEDICINE WALK
READING SELECTIONS FOR SHARING

<p>8</p>	<p>On page 8, we find the words ...</p> <p>It was evening. Purple. The autumn chill was in the air and he could smell the frost coming and the rain that would follow sometime the next day. He could hear the clink and rattle of families settling in to their evening meals and there were kid sounds at the back of most of the houses and the dogs hunkered down near the front doors and raised their hackles and growled at him as he passed. His boots scrunched on the loose gravel of the asphalt. He rolled a smoke while he walked and traded solemn nods with men standing in their yards, smoking and drinking beer out of bottles. They were hard- looking men, grease- stained, callused with the lean, prowling hungry look of feral dogs, but his size and his tattered look let them take him for one of them and they let him pass without speaking.</p>	<p>As we are raised Always observant</p> <p>Accepting as is with observation not judgement.</p> <p>Not inquisitive just observant. Do not disrupt ... observe.</p>
<p>8</p>	<p>He made his way lower, past the shops and mercantiles into the greyer, seedier area near the river where the grim bars and honkytonks were</p>	<p>Where we always find family.</p> <p>Auntie Nora and her boyfriend in the hotel room.</p>

	<p>alive with the clatter of glasses, shouts, curses, laughter, and the smoke and sawdust smell that hovered just above the blood and piss and semen of the alleys and muddied parking lots. He wrinkled his nose at it and walked on harder, looking at no one and giving no sign of indecisiveness. There was a row of rooming houses farther down that backed onto the riverbank where mill workers and itinerant drunks and fugitives stayed and it was where he knew he'd find his father.</p>	<p>George in the whorehouse. Harold in jail.</p>
<p>9</p>	<p>If he ain't passed out drunk back of Charlie's, he's second on the right, third floor, third house down. But I'm way better company than old Twinkles and I like 'em young and big like you. Come on. Let old Shirl show you a good time.</p> <p>"Thank you." He said and stepped back onto the sidewalk and turned to walk way.</p> <p>"Suit yourself," she said. "Indian"</p>	<p>One word changed everything.</p> <p>Indian</p> <p>No right to say no.</p>

11	<p>The fat one rose and waddled to the door. He was tall but equally rotund and the boards of the verandah sagged and creaked with the weight of him. When the kid stepped to pass he blocked the kid's view of the street. He had a sour smell of old tobacco, stale whisky, and unwashed feet. The kid moved back a step and the man grinned.</p> <p>You get used to it he said Don't expect to. Your pap's no better.</p>	Common ... Sadly
13	<p>Well?" the man asked and raised a bottle to his mouth.</p> <p>"Im Franklin," the kid said.</p> <p>"Jesus," was all he said and took another pull at the bottle. "Got big didn't ya?"</p>	So common for so many reasons.
15	"Not having to pay don't make it free"	The wisdom of our culture, our lives, our teachings and hard lessons learned.
15	<p>"Well, Im here". The kid said I can see ya So? What is it you got to say? I gotta have a whattaya call ... agenda?</p>	<p>Visiting, seeing you ... reason enough. No intent ... just being together.</p> <p>If there is more it will be discovered in time. Everything for a reason</p>
17	His father was a dim shadow at the head of the stairs. The kid followed him into the street.	A dim shadow of who he was before the alcohol took him.

17	The lights were dim, giving the faces that turned to look them over a pall as if they were shrouded by shadow, and the talk lowered. As the kid followed his father across the room, the weight of their eyes on him was like the feeling of being watched by something unseen on a mountain trail.	So common ... The hush of the judge ...
26	His father had drifted in and out of that life randomly ...	Typical ... in and out ... the best they can do.
	Comparisons of old man and his father	Two types of Nish Our elders and our family Those we seek out and those we just love. Richard – had been both.
29	And what do you know about tools Frank? They're only as good as the care you give them.	So true, so much. We have so many tools we dishonour – our health, our friends and family, our jobs, our environment
30	Aint right to let it suffer	Respect No better than our animal brothers and sisters Not in some hoaky spirit animal way but to recognize their wisdom, they ability to survive and thrive interconnected

30	<p>He never did take to school. In the beginning, it terrified him. The beat-up old bus would pick him up and he'd be surrounded by yelling, screaming, frantic kids whose noise hurt his ears.</p> <p>Then they'd be made to sit in silent rows with their feet tucked together under the desk and their hands loosely folded on the top. The teachers talked too fast and they never repeated things like the old man did until he could cotton on to them, and he got lost easily.</p>	<p>Mainstream metaphor</p> <p>Too fast So many rules for sake of rules Noise that hurts the ears Too much talking not enough listening</p> <p>Cant hear Creator speaking.</p> <p>Our learning – practical, insightful, meaningful</p> <p>Real</p>
33	<p>He had to learn to walk again ...</p>	<p>Keith Our school</p>
	<p>He learned how to go inward ...</p>	<p>YES!</p>
36		<p>Realization of just how wise Richard is Cross cultural work Headstrong – lightning bolt, reality check Often not heard</p> <p>Richard writes a book ... a fiction ... a story ... walls go down and mainstream hears.</p> <p>Yes I cried</p>

37	Giving thanks for the life of the buck	Gratitude Give thanks ... nothing owed
	He never wasted a shot. He tracked and waited and bided his time until the animal offered the best possible target. He never rushed.	Still working on this one. Patience, the hardest lesson ... when sick, when at work. But all will happen when it is meant to happen. Indian time, not an excuse to be late but the wisdom to wait for the most opportune time.
38	He liked that. When he stood out on the land he could feel it.	Feel ... don't think. Feel your environment, feel your life, feel this place, feel my words. Feel