

## COLUMN

# We are the children of our parents

by Mary Lou Smoke

**G**reetings! Time sure flies by fast! I believe this is my thirtieth article that I've shared with you all. I hope some of what I've learned has rubbed off in a good way and that what I've shared will help you, if not now, then later on in your life's journey.

Yesterday, I traveled to a shopping Centre that is a four hour drive (one way) from my house. Dan and I drove with our friend, Keith Greenham and his wife Jackie. As we traveled, I was wondering in amazement about all my possessions — stuff that I have accumulated. It is quite a collection of collectibles — mostly do-dads, odds and ends that I'm going to find a use for, and stuff for hobbies that I'm still working on or planning to try out. So, I was sitting in the van watching the blue Michigan sky wondering "Was there a flash of lightning followed by the Niumke the day that I turned into my mother?"

As far as looks go, I kinda look like my mom, but I mostly take after my father. But size-wise, I'm developing into that grandmotherly shape that my mom and some of my aunties have. Although I have no prospects of becoming a grandma in the near future, the outline is still falling into place. It's like it's written into my DNA that no matter what, these physical changes must occur at this time in my life.

My mom wasn't always grandmotherly. I have seen pictures of her youth and she has told me and my other sisters (over and

over again) that she used to be the size of my sister Debbie (which was rake-thin).

My mom saved everything! She could have opened up her own flea market! She mostly specialized in one-of-a-kind items. When we went to clean out her apartment after her departure to the Skyworld, we found furniture that was stacked on top of each other. If it would fit, then there were places where the furniture was stacked three pieces high. The closets were so jam-packed that you couldn't take anything out of them that wasn't all wrinkled, because it got crushed inside. One time, I was in dire need of some black elastic to fix a choker that I had been wearing. My mom said "It's somewhere!" Well, I found that elastic about four years after I first started looking for it.

My sisters and I each took a truckload of our 'inheritance' to our individual houses, and still there was lots of stuff and furniture left. We eventually gave away the useable items that none of the family wanted to the local Indian Centre so that the Seniors could use if for their annual rummage sale.

So, what I have learned from this experience is to be organized! I have been saving those plastic juice bottles (the kind that has the fishy smelling tomato juice in it that my husband likes). I soak the label off, make sure that they are good and clean inside (especially no offensive residue of what was in them) and let them air dry by standing them upside down with the neck

tilted so that air can get inside — I do let it stand for about five days. These bottles make terrific storage containers. They won't break like glass does and the reason why I like jars the most is that you can see at a glance what's inside. Then I store my sorted out precious items.

I am so well stocked in my house (dare to come and see), that at the time of the Y2K scare, all I had to purchase was some kerosene. I had (and still have) everything in stock. My husband and I (and our cat Tomas Banyaca) could survive any major

disaster for at least six to eight months.

I have learned from listening to one of my Teachers telling us sisters and brothers who gather at the Sweat Lodge to "be prepared for everything. There's no such word as can't!" After 10 years of hearing this, I would say that I am a good student

— you will never hear me say "sorry, I don't have it!" I am prepared for anything! And of course, I have my mom to thank too!

## SIX NATIONS FIRE EMERGENCY 445-2929

Fire Report for March, 2000  
**TOTAL CALLS: 35**

Large Structure Fires - 1;  
Chimney - 1  
Car Fires - 12  
Miscellaneous - 18  
Medical Assist - 1

Total # of calls for the year to the  
end of March, 2000: 66

Total calls to the end of  
March, 1999: 171

Six Nations Fire Administration  
445-4054

