

From: Mary Johnson <maryandmagdalen@redacted>

To: sarahwhitely <sarahwhitely@redacted>

Subject: Met with the Medicine Man

Date: Wed, Nov 5, 2008 7:42 pm

---

Daddy went off to visit some relatives, so we immediately sneaked out to the reservation with a pot of beef stew and homemade bread for the medicine man. We don't take notes while we're with him, but there are two of us, so this is pretty accurate. We'll include some details, so you can get the flavor of what happened.

We showed him your emails and pictures, and he said, "She's pretty confused. There is only one God, and it doesn't matter what you call him or her, God, or The Great Spirit, or Christ, or Allah, or Gaia or Potnia Mater or Spiritus Mundi. That's Yeats. (Suddenly we were talking to the Harvard Grad.) You should be able to feel God around you, like the wind, full of love and power. I worship in the old ways of my fathers, but I am also a Christian. There is only one God. And don't worry, God is listening."

We were surprised to find out that he is a Christian. We asked if that doesn't conflict with his medicine making. He said no, it makes it more powerful, like adding Nitro to gasoline, you can get 800 horsepower, even though sometimes Christian preachers don't like it.

He said the Maya and the Aztecs worshipped the dark side, and to pay no attention to them. He said some old Maya and Aztec priests in Mexico still do human sacrifices, and it makes it hard on everybody. They bring in dark spirits. He says, "What kind of spirit wants a human sacrifice? Nothing you want to get involved with." He says don't worry about 2012. If the Aztecs didn't believe their stupid, evil priests, they would have just shrugged off Cortes.

We finished the meal and headed out into the woods. He said, "Maybe the spirits will tell me why she is so confused."

It was after sundown. We built a fire, and he said some words in Indian, and took a big leather bag out of his pocket and took some stuff that looked like dirt and twigs from it and threw it to the four winds. Then he traced a circle around us with a stick and told us to sit down and not go out of the circle.

He sat down and started to sing an Indian song and beat on a small drum with his hands. As soon as he started, I started thinking I had to pee. So I started doing Kegels. Then my Kegels were more in time with the drum, and pretty soon I was thinking about what it would be like to be a lovely Indian maiden getting real close to him, all out in the woods, and then he put the drum down and looked at us and said, "Will you please stop it?" And we all three laughed because we all three knew what it was about.—Maggie

Actually both of us were thinking about maybe what it would be like to get it on with him, but only Maggie was doing the Kegels. But we both got blamed.—Mary

So I said I had to pee, and he said some more Indian words and broke the circle, and everybody went into the woods and peed and then we came back to the fire again, and he started the whole routine again, drawing the circle and so on. And he said, "Don't worry about what you were thinking. If you could listen to other people's thoughts, like I do, you'd know how common they are, and it's no big deal. Here, in my tribe, we're very understanding about that, and we're very open about it. It's like a doctor, seeing naked people all day long. After a while, it's just nothing. I really don't make judgments. I have a very liberal attitude to sex.

Everything is OK."

Then he took out his pipe and a bag of stuff which he smoked. It smelled very bitter. He kind of nodded off to sleep and woke up and told us that our mother is unhappy that we had a relationship with the soldier boy.

—Maggie