



FRIENDS OF HISTORIC
FOREST GROVE

GRAVE MATTERS CEMETERY TOUR 2017

Editor's note: FHFG presented Grave Matters Cemetery Tour on October 7, 2017. During this tour, actors – dressed in attire from the era – portray former Forest Grove area residents. FHFG and the author of this script retains all rights to this script. Written permission is required for using any parts of this script.

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Martha Lot, Indian Training School Student

1871 - 1881

Portrayed by Sierra Deragon

Script written by: Mary Jo Morelli

Mattie is wandering the edge of the cemetery grounds with flowers in her hands. She is looking out over the view to the west and remembering her homeland.

***?a xest sxlxalt** - Oh, 'Hello'! I sometimes forget that I was sent to Forest Grove to learn the ways of the whites and their culture. Then I slip back into the language of my birth.*

I am sometimes sad and lonely here. That is when I think most about my homeland over the great river and beyond the white mountain. The river through my homeland is the same name as my people - Spokane. That river has many flowing rapids. There are wooded hills and wide valleys. - Much like I here in some ways, but I miss the sunshine of my home! Spokane means - People of the Sun!

When my father told me I must come to the Indian Training School I was excited but also afraid. They said I would see my brother Oliver when I arrived. And, I did. When he saw me, he still knew me and I knew him! We sat close together and he kept his arm around me. He was so happy and proud to have his sister with him at the school.

But, the girls lived separate from the boys and had different training and classes. I couldn't see Oliver as often as I would like but meal time was when we could be together and there was an outing to Portland for all the children.

I was not feeling very well when I came. My father worried that the climate here would not agree with children from the Spokane. He was right. The sickness got worse and worse. The Captain's wife was good to me when I was not feeling well, and as my distress increased, she took me into their home to nurse me. Doctors came and worked over me. Miss Eva, the Captain's daughter, was so kind and wanted me to feel better. Oliver came and sat with me at night. He was so worried.

And the neighbors would come and sit with me. They all were so worried. Mrs Walker had known my father when he was a boy while she and Mr Walker were the Missionaries near my people.

I was sad and felt safe with them. But, I continued to feel worse. I wanted only to be free of pain and to rest. One day I laid back with crossed arms and settled into this new world. They took such good care of me as if I was their own child. The other students came often to visit me here, that is, until the school was moved.

This is a peaceful place and I am with others like myself. My father was a wise man and a good chief. He taught his children and his people to work together for the best result for all which is not easy to do.

I love the flowers! Don't you? Take one as you go on and remember me!