

## **Where Are They Now?**

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On Table Mountain I sit and gaze down into the valley below,  
Rivers and streams that flow down the mountainside,  
Flowers of never-ending kinds,  
Rocks of different colors and shapes,  
Used in cooking and grinding our food,  
Wild game feeding on clover and grass . . . . .

We traveled through trails and pathways that animals have made,  
On to the coast where the ocean lies,  
When tired, we rested by a waterfall,  
Waters, covered with moss and fern,  
We drank and bathed in.

We rested early and were up at daybreak,  
For lighting system, we had the sunlight.

### **Where are they now?**

The land was open far and wide for the human race,  
And for our furried and feathered friends,  
We lived in peace and happiness, with freedom,  
We shared with all living things,  
The Creator has given us life and existence,  
He has provided us with . . . . .

Acorns of different varieties, and nuts,  
Greens of all kinds,  
Berries, both sweet and sour,  
Wild tea of different kinds,  
Roots and plants to be used for medication,  
For the sick and ill ones . . . . .

Hot mud springs were given to us,  
Provided by Creator through Mother Earth,  
All the elements that were needed for the body were provided,  
The American Indians were not destructive or wasteful,  
They took what they could use,  
And the rest was shared with other living things.

**Where are they now?**

As I leave Table Mountain and wander for home,  
I pass over rocks with holes in them,  
Where once my people ground and cooked their food,  
The pestles that were used made a beautiful sound,  
To the American Indian,  
It meant satisfaction from hunger.

Now the pestles lay idle,

Deteriorating from age and weather,

No more to be heard or used.

The laughter of children was heard,

Ringling though the air without care or worry,

Expressing feelings of happiness and freedom . . . . .

**Where are they now?**

Stories, legends and songs that were told and sung,

Have disappeared with them.

Just the wind and the rustling of the leaves

Can be heard.

Maybe a wild game or two can be seen,

All is silent . . . . .

**Where are they now?**

An American Indian is highly educated within the Universe,

It is their university.

When an Indian is in the big cities,

They are blind to the modern environment.

But when city people come up to the mountains,

All they can see is beautiful scenery,

They do not understand,

What lies in the heart of the mountains.