

“Medicines”

by Mike Song Weaver Chandler

It is that time of year again. AS I sit down this morning to write, I realize that I am up way too early in the morning. The bugs are communicating the way bugs do. The birds are not singing yet, but I want to hear them, yet it is still too early for them to start their song. I'm looking out the window that is bringing the cool morning air into my studio, and I wonder how hot it is going to be today. Now I realize all of the things I am writing about at this moment are reminding me of the things that I have to do before the sun sets marking another passing day.. I am alive and thankful for the air that I am breathing, the darkness of the morning sky before sunrise, and to be able to see the ridge top's radio and television towers blinking their lights off and on with a warning to aircraft of impending disaster if they should collide with those mighty towers of steel. Then I realize that all of it is good. It is spring time again, you and I are still alive after a long winter, and I am enjoying my invitation to write once again for the "Cherokee Talking Leaves."

My wife is awake now. It is time for coffee. It's another beautiful spring day in Knoxville, Tennessee. I don't have to look too far to see if it is going to rain today. Over on the back fence I see a Cardinal. If one sees a Cardinal, it usually means rain is on the way. My day at this point is peppered in with some really fun things to do in the garden, at the market, and hopefully in my studio. As I write here in the "Room Of Creativity", (my painting and recording studio) a bright idea comes to me. I am going to go swimming today no matter what else I have planned to do.

It is not very far into the day when I receive a phone call from my wife's Aunt. She has had a rough winter, and now she is wanting me to take her to the emergency room. So, my article must wait for another time. I am always amazed at the elders of my family when I see them survive another winter. Perhaps I will continue to write while I am waiting in the ER. With all of the distractions the waiting room has, I believe that writing while I am here might give me an insight as a comparison can be drawn between **medicine** used for thousands of years by the Original American People, and the **medicine** invented by the Western man. We are now off to the hospital.



As we arrive, bricks and mortar stretch skyward. There is no place to park. I am letting Anne, my wife, off at the doorway to the emergency room with her Aunt and I and driving to park the car. Now that I have a parking place, it's off to the ER, "huffing it" on foot about half of a block. As I approach the "triage" desk, Anne is already talking to the triage nurse. After all the necessary information is exchanged, I guide Ann's Aunt Helen to the waiting area. It is very early in the morning in the ER, so I get a cup of coffee and begin to sip it slowly. I begin thinking about how things are done here at the hospital and how things are done in the "Medicine World" of the Original American People: *quite a contrast!* There is really no way to compare the two. Both approaches are quite valid. It would pay me to visit a good healing person from one of the tribes. My exposure to some of the Cherokee approach is really all I have to go on at this point. I have helped build a sweat lodge, and participated in some of the spiritual practices of the Cherokee, but there is so much to learn. Much of what I have learned so far is about methods or rituals that, when practiced, keep negativity out of my walk in life. I believe this is a key factor in any healing process. My sister has a Master's Degree in nursing. She told me that in all of her thirty years of nursing, she has seen that 99% of the cures from the worst diseases are a direct result of one having a positive attitude.

An ER attendant waves to us from across the crowded waiting room. We are ushered back to one of the examination rooms. As we are walking, I try to stay positive about my thoughts concerning Aunt Helen's visit there, and remembering my older brother telling me once a very positive way to stay in good health: "Think of Balance and stay Positive in our thoughts of Peace, Love and Harmony. With this formula, I hope we can all stay healthy in the wonderful days of Spring time.



(Editor's note) Art work done on this page was done by Mike Song Weaver Chandler, the author of this article. Mike is a talented musician and artist and is frequently seen at meetings and ceremonies at the Chota Band and the Bear Spirit Band of the Southeastern Cherokee Council -located in Eastern Tennessee. ###