

## Dear Sarah

This letter is for you, dear friend  
for so many years, Strong-hearted Cherokee woman,  
proud niece of Judge N.B. Johnson,  
beautiful as a young lady  
and beautiful still as a  
mature woman  
with inner fire  
of just determination  
burning always!

Compassionate friend, teacher and  
counselor of so many  
countless ones who depended  
upon your wisdom, your  
listening, your understanding, and yes,  
your healing hands and fingertips!

How many years you have  
given to special ones,  
to creating D-Q University,  
to UC Davis  
to Native American Studies  
decades of unstinting service  
your hone always open  
to those in need!

You and Hutch gave something  
to Davis, which still remains,  
your home a familiar place  
making Oak Street  
a welcoming way  
an avenue where one always  
expects warmth, love, caring!

Beautiful and proud  
as a young Cherokee woman  
growing up at your father's side  
ready to fight to defend Indians  
and family at the drop of a hat!

And then came the ice cream parlor  
and a young Huell with a  
flavor that you desired  
and he overwhelmed by that

young Claremore woman  
serving ice cream with  
a special devotion.

And then the years of young married  
life, with Huell at war in  
Europe, thirty hours in cold  
Channel waters and  
then the hospital days only to be sent off to  
fight again, and you Sarah,  
faithfully loving him and  
cherishing him all that long time!

Reunited, you two finally came west to California, to  
Beale Air Force Base and to  
teaching and counseling,  
loving children, Thomas, Roger,  
and so many others  
and then to work for Dr. Bromberg  
and all those draw-a-person tests!

Your memory is so strong with us  
Sarah, your vibrations, your smile,  
your righteous anger at injustice,  
your dynamic life-force, overcoming that  
terrible auto accident, pushing on,  
always pushing on to new frontiers  
of learning and inspiration,  
giving all of yourself to meet the need!

Now you have returned to Claremore,  
to the bosom of your family,  
to the land of the Cherokee Nation  
West, to the land that your  
people were moved to on the  
Trail of Tears, but you are  
not on a new trail of tears  
but on a trail of discovery  
on the path that leads  
beyond all knowing!

Jack Forbes  
23 November 1998