

# GRAY RAINBOW JOURNEY

K. B. SCHALLER

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*SPECIAL EDITION*

*INCLUDES BONUS FEATURE*

**Taking It Deeper**  
**Helps for Teachers and Leaders**

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# About *Gray Rainbow Journey*

A courageous book that breaks new ground, *Gray Rainbow Journey* dares to depart from what the public is accustomed to reading as it presents yet another facet of the Native American in his many struggles. A fascinating story by a new voice in Indian America.

PRINCIPAL CHIEF WILLIAM "RATTLESNAKE" JACKSON  
American Cherokee Confederacy

Native American Christians have long known what a struggle it is to live in two worlds, torn between traditional beliefs and the Christian faith. The characters in *Gray Rainbow Journey* speak for so many of us.

BETTY MAE JUMPER, TRIBAL ELDER  
Doctor of Humane Letters, author of *Legends of the Seminoles*  
Seminole Tribe of Florida, Inc.

An enlightening peek into contemporary Native America that portrays reservation life clearly and compellingly. It gives a window into the challenge of making spiritual choices for today's native person.

CRAIG STEPHEN SMITH (OJIBWE)  
Native American Evangelist, author of *White Man's Gospel*

A fascinating peek at a different facet of Native American life: that of Christian Indians, and the many challenges they face. *Gray Rainbow Journey* is a heart-thumping face-off between good and evil that will keep you in suspense until the very last page!

DANA K. CASSELL  
Writers-Editors Network

An exciting coming-of-age novel. I can definitely relate to this book's characters. I can't wait for the second book.

CARLA MCKAY  
*Indian Life* newspaper

# I

## Bitterroot Angry at the Sun

*April 11, 1980*

*Cheha sat on her screen porch enjoying the sunlit morning as she worked at her bead loom. The annual Powwow and Indian Crafts Show was not very far off, and her beadwork always brought a tidy sum.*

*But suddenly the soft brightness disappeared. In its place, a gigantic shadow oozed across the small patch of ground that was her front yard. Startled, Cheha looked up.*

*The great winged creature was straight out of the nightmare world. Its menacing eyes petrified her, held her spellbound; and he was soaring straight toward her....*

**M**y hands shook as I sat there holding the journal at the small table in my mother's breakfast nook. As I strained to see in the rapidly fading daylight, I dreaded what more these pages would reveal. Yet my curiosity was overpowering.

I drew in a shuddering breath, because as I turned each page of the spiral notebook, it was like opening a door where you knew a Horror was hiding somewhere in the room—a Horror you knew that, without warning, would leap out and grab you.

My muscles ached from hours of sitting and poring over her baffling words; so I stood, stretched my back, rotated my head, and kneaded my shoulders. For all my fervent searching, I thought with dejection, so far there was little to add to the facts I already had: three months gone without a trace, without a word; journals—eight spiral notebooks—left

behind, although it was obvious that writing was a ritual for her.

I was tired. I had a mid-term nursing care exam coming up and I needed to go home. Yet I was unable to pull myself away from this new discovery, because it held the first promise of a break in the mystery of Cheha Youngblood's disappearance.

How close I had come to not discovering the journals at all! Even now, I had no idea what prompted me to look beneath her mattress. But look I did, in yet another search of this tiny house where I had spent much of my childhood. And there they were, spread out end-to-end, written in pencil in her unusual third-person way of speaking.

I breathed in deeply and mustered all my reserves of courage. I needed them in order to continue exploring the dark reaches of my mother's mind:

*Its wings spanned the width of the house! And, suddenly, the creature ripped through the side of her screen. Cheha leaped up then, screaming in Terror!! Her loom clattered to the floor. Hundreds of tiny, brightly colored seed beads scattered across the cement....*

I tore my eyes away from the text. Were they dreams—night terrors—or was it madness?

*...she stood with her back against the wall, horrified, as this—thing!—glared at her with his fiery eyes. And though it was a gigantic owl, strangely, it hopped about like a buzzard on a carcass. The stench of death clung to it and fouled the air...*

The next passage caused my heart to thunder and my mouth to go dry:

*Then the owl-creature hissed: "You will follow the way of the black hat!" And with a terrifying screech it shot upward. This time it ripped off Cheha's entire screen roof and quickly disappeared into the blinding sunlight!*

I pondered the words, and whispered them into the quiet stillness: “*The way of the black hat.*” Like the trademark black Uncle Joe that Mama’s grandmother, and my great-grandma, wore?

This nightmare was so like the stories Hannah Glory Cypress, Mama Hat to all who knew her, relayed around the evening campfires. They were told in the blackness of deep nights in the South Florida Everglades: tales that were as old as the Indian nations.

But my Christian mother had forbidden Mama Hat to pass them on to us children, so they were therefore instilled in us secretly, during casual conversations and family gatherings. Little snippets. Seeds. One here, a few there, planted, and nourished by stolen waters from hidden springs. They were seeds she hoped would germinate in us and keep the ancient ways alive, for they were tales Mama Hat feared would become like many perceived the Indian people to be: existing, yet somehow extinct.

Even I had thought them long dead, those stories that Mama Hat, before she moved to the Bitterroot Confederacy, told beneath her Seminole *chickee*. But the owl-buzzard night terror had exhumed them. Now those memories were peeking through the cobwebs in the crypts of my mind, slithering through the crevices, poking out their tongues and making ghoulish faces at me—those tales of death-speaking owls and night spirits that roamed the earth. They were told when the moon, stars, and campfires were the only lights, and they still maintained their power to terrify.

My heart began to drum in my chest and my skin to prickle in the dying moments of day. But try as I might, I could not tear my eyes away from the jagged remnants of my mother’s anguished life:

*Cheha cried out then, and bolted upright in the pitch darkness. Her blood pounded in her ears. Sweat drenched her face, streamed down her neck, and soaked her nightshirt. Where did the sunlight go...?*

*She switched on the bed lamp. As the Horror skittered away with the fleeing shadows, she remembered. It was night. Morning, really—3:00 a.m. Heart hammering sickeningly, trembling, she crept over to the window and pulled open the curtain. It made*

*perfect sense that the yard that was so shockingly bright in the dream was now as black as she remembered the Everglades nights to be, so many memories ago....*

The ten-year-old girl that still cowered inside me shuddered. No doubt my mother's Terror was an extension of those long-ago tales; but even so, I realized that, during the day one could rationalize specters and shadows—things that haunt our dreams. But in the quietness of night, when the floors of our deepest fears creak beneath their unseen footsteps, they are real.

As I continued reading, I glanced about now and then with mounting uneasiness:

*The giant winged creature spoke of a black hat. It has been over a decade now, but did HE also cause Mama Hat to disappear? If so, why? Was it because my grandmother discovered the truth about US and therefore had to be silenced? Oh, the strength of HIS wickedness! And if HE sent the owl-buzzard, can HE also work evil in Cheha's children—even her Dina?*

*Cheha's life is all gone! Like water poured out on the ground that cannot be gathered up again...*

*April 13, 1980*

*Cheha feels detached—strangely empty—so empty; like when her mother passed to the other side. Empty, like when she married, and when she reared her children. Only one thing is worse than this emptiness: The terror. HIS Terror!*

Now I was really perplexed: “*even her Dina?*” Did she think that I was cursed or something? My mind was spinning; even my thoughts seemed to echo off the walls of the empty house. Did she leave us because she believed that somebody was working evil in all of us children—even me?

Other than her feud with my kid sister, Shania, what had any of the rest of us—my two brothers or I—ever done? My stomach was churning with its usual bitter heaviness that stress induced. And I could almost

hear my mother's hopeless sigh:

*April 12, 1980*

*Now Cheha must fly, and without a word, because if HE knew, HIS Evil would be there waiting for us!*

I was literally scratching my head as I pondered the words: *He—us?* The following entry in bold angry letters screamed from the page:

*April 15, 1980*

*DO NOT COME UP TOMORROW, SUN, BECAUSE CHEHA IS FURIOUS WITH YOU. YOUR RAYS DANCE ONLY ON THE OUTSIDE WORLD, WHILE INSIDE THESE WALLS, CHEHA WAITS IN THIS DARK STILLNESS. LET THE DAY THAT SHE FLIES BE AS BLACK AS THE NIGHT AIR THAT STOLE HER DREAMS!!!*

*Enough!*

I closed the journal and sat there with my face buried in my hands. "Where are you, Mama?" I whispered in the quiet emptiness. "Why didn't you tell me what was going on in your life? You are *Christian*. You went to church. Couldn't you have shared your fears with your pastor, the elders, a friend—*somebody*? You always were ashamed of the traditions of the people, rejecting them as limiting. Backward. But the truth is, you're a caricature Indian yourself—the stereotype the White man portrays—closed-mouthed and stone-faced!"

I cried then, because the cold reality was that nobody seemed too concerned about Cheha Youngblood anymore—nobody, that is, except me. Foul play was not suspected because her suitcase and personal items were also missing, so she was just another Youngblood that took off to parts unknown. In fact, one of the investigators, a big, blond-headed guy from in town, had even joked as he fingered her picture on the dresser: "You say she's your mom? She's quite a looker. You sure she didn't just run off with one of those good-looking Injun road workers in town?"

Not even her big brother, my Uncle Donnie, seemed all that concerned, I thought, as I dried my tears.

“Cheha was born and raised on the reservation,” he said. “She moved here to Bitterroot, but The Root is pretty much part of The Rez—only yelling distance away. If anybody did anything to Cheha, somebody would have seen it. She’ll come back when she wants to—if she wants to.”

His next comment even held a hint of amusement: “Besides, taking off seems to run in this family’s veins—especially the women’s!”

Well, I did have to admit that Mama Hat was included too, in this increasing clan of runaways, but that did not excuse the family’s lack of interest in my mother’s whereabouts. Didn’t they care where she was and how she was doing? Didn’t anybody ever wonder why our runners took off to parts unknown? Didn’t anybody care if Mama was still alive or not?

Even my brothers, when they dropped by the house, were almost casual in their concern: “Any news about Mama?” And all the time they were nonchalantly stuffing their faces with sandwiches, dragging on a cigarette, or chugging a beer.

I stacked the journals. The day was all but spent, the walls were closing in, the shadows were starting to whisper, the house to creak. Also, Uncle Donnie was no doubt beginning to worry because I hadn’t come home directly from school. I picked up the telephone—the only thing we kept working in the house—and dialed. Uncle Donnie picked up on the third ring.

“Just calling to let you know I stopped off at Mama’s to check on the house. I’m on my way,” I said.

“When am I gonna eat? I got diabetes. You know I need my meals on time. So you need to get home and cook something so I can eat!” Uncle Donnie said, sounding exasperated.

I sighed. *Learned helplessness*. There was an edge to my voice. “There’s always food in the refrigerator you can heat, Uncle Donnie. I do go to school, too, you know. I can’t always keep banker’s hours.”

“You never said anything about working in a bank!”

As usual, any figure of speech was lost on him. “Look. I’m on my way, okay?” I replied resignedly.

“You should have been home two, three hours ago. And mind how you talk to an elder, aaay!”



*When all reason fails, play the Respect Card*, I thought. “I’m on my way. Sorry I’m late.” I hung up before I really mouthed off at him.

I searched for a bag for the eight journals and entertained my favorite fantasy: that of disappearing also, like my dad, a North Carolina Cherokee-Apache did when he walked out; then my Seminole mother; and before her, Mama Hat, my great-grandma. And if an old Indian woman had the courage to flee, I wondered, why did I feel obligated to take on the problems of Bitterroot and my family of disappearing Youngbloods and vanishing elders?

It had been after a rousing revival meeting in town that Mama Hat had disappeared. It was hard for folks to accept, because my Traditional great-grandmother had been a fixture on the reservation, and later in the Native enclave of Bitterroot—The Root, as everybody called it—for generations. She was always barefoot. She wore a black hat, dozens of strands of brightly colored beads around her neck, the Seminole cape and patchwork skirt and, of course, although she was Seminole, the signature pipe in her mouth, like a female Sequoyah. A Rez grandma for as long as most folks could remember, it just did not seem possible that she had quite simply *disappeared*. The last anybody on The Rez or in The Root saw of her, Mama Hat was standing in her yard talking gently to the fireflies and the fat lizard that made its home under the loose stones that led to her doorway.

Weeks of intense searching turned up nothing. Many stories followed. Sightings were reported in places as far away as Arkansas and Oklahoma. Follow-ups ended in confusion and conflicting accounts, but no Mama Hat. Among the most bizarre of the tales was that she was out West hosting her own television talk show. Some even hinted that she shape-shifted into an eagle or something, and flew away.

Only one thing was for sure: my great-grandmother had simply vanished. Away from it all.

I wondered sometimes, even though I felt guilty doing so, what it would be like to disappear too, away from Bitterroot, from caretaking, all of it; and move into a world of my own choosing, which was to finish school. Get a good position somewhere. Buy nice clothes. Go to parties and have a good time for a change, without being spied on and gossiped about, via the Rez-Root grapevine. And more importantly, meet

somebody special.

As I headed for the door, journals wrapped securely in an old Winn Dixie grocery bag I found beneath the kitchen counter, I heard a thump from somewhere outside. I tensed—my nerves were already on edge. I listened intently.

“Who’s out there?” I called out.

My answer was the hammering of my own heart and the pounding of the blood in my ears.

I peered outside. Still nothing, but I banged on the window anyhow. “Is anybody out there?”

Still no answer.

I was feeling more and more edgy being alone in Mama’s deserted house, with Night creeping in and Fear, the cruel prankster, causing havoc in my mind....

For more of the story, read on...

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## BONUS FEATURE SAMPLE

### Taking It Deeper Helps for Teachers and Leaders

The “Bonus Feature” items are designed to help a teacher (public, private, or homeschool) as well as leaders (book groups, discussion groups, or study groups) take the concepts of *Gray Rainbow Journey* deeper. They can also be used by individuals to further deepen their reading and understanding of the book.

The “Discussion Questions” require a variety of reading, writing, and literary skills aligned with the Florida Comprehensive Achievement Test (FCAT) and most other state standardized reading assessments. Skills include discussion, making predictions and inferences, reading for details, making comparisons and contrasts, recognition of different dialects, and identifying universal themes and character types. Students have the opportunity to relate what is read to their own experiences and feelings. Additional activities also strengthen students’ research and writing skills.

For the “Discussion Questions” section, students could read a chapter, then answer the questions for that chapter individually, as homework, or as part of a review group in class. Or the students could read the entire book, then break into review groups to complete the chapter-by-chapter questions together; and

afterward discuss the answers and points of view as a class. Suggested answers are provided for you at the end of this book.

The “Vocabulary Enrichment” exercise is designed to help students determine the meaning of words in context, a skill required by Florida Comprehensive Achievement Test (FCAT) and most other state standardized assessments. The worksheet also requires students to use dictionaries (to determine the definition of the word, the part of speech, and the pronunciation) and to incorporate new words into sentences of their own. Responses will vary greatly, so no answers for teachers are included for this section.

However, for the Vocabulary Extension question, “Why do some Native Americans reject the term *Native American*?” on p. 265, students should consider that the term originated only in the late twentieth century (1960s) and base their responses on additional information from their research.

# Discussion Questions

## *Gray Rainbow Journey*

### Chapter I: Bitterroot: Angry at the Sun

1. Why did Dina read Cheha's journal? Give at least two reasons.
2. What frightened Cheha so much that she dropped her beads and loom?
3. Do you think the incident really happened, or was it a dream?
4. Why was Cheha angry with the sun?
5. Name two things Dina would do if she could disappear from Bitterroot.
6. In what point of view did the author choose to tell this story—and why do you think the author chose it?

## Chapter VII: Truth Crushed to Earth

1. What incident did Dina keep from Uncle Donnie because she didn't believe that the time was right?
2. How did Dina's feelings toward her father change after she read her mother's journal?
3. What income level does the story indicate for Uncle Donnie? Give evidence to support your view.
4. Based on Dina's investigation, who was "The mystery guy—Mr. Terror himself"?
5. After he returned from town, what did Uncle Donnie do that Dina found unusual?
6. How did Dina feel when she discovered where they were going that evening?
7. After Uncle Donnie revealed his Big Secret, what did he believe it would teach him?
8. Who did Uncle Donnie invite to dinner at his home?

9. How did Dina feel about her role in preparing for the dinner party?

10. The yuwipi ceremony is most closely associated with which American Indian tribe?

*(Hint: Google yuwipi for further information.)*

11. Burning Rain tells Donnie this: “Dryden, a great thinker, said that truth is the foundation of all knowledge. Bryant, another great thinker, said that truth crushed to earth will rise again. Pilate asked, ‘What is truth?’ And Jesus Himself said, ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life.’”

Who are these men (look them up on the Internet if you don’t know) and what does this conversation reveal about Burning Rain?



## Culminating Projects

1. Compare and contrast Aaron and Marty. What traits do they share? What traits are opposites?

2. The initiation theme archetype consists of separation, transformation, and return. How does Dina go through each of these stages?

*Separation:*

*Transformation:*

*Return:*

3. Match the archetype to a character in the novel. There may be more than one right answer!

**a. Hero.** A larger-than-life character that often goes on some kind of journey or quest. In the course of this journey, the hero demonstrates the qualities and abilities valued by his culture.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: \_\_\_\_\_

**b. Shapeshifter/Trickster.** These archetypes can be virtuous or nefarious. The Shapeshifter's mask misleads the Hero by hiding his intentions and loyalties. These archetypes can be virtuous or nefarious.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: \_\_\_\_\_

**c. Wise old man.** Typically represented by a kind, wise, older father figure that uses personal knowledge of people and the world to tell stories and offer guidance that illuminates to his audience spiritually a sense of who they are and who they might become.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: \_\_\_\_\_

**d. Shaman.** A helper who aids the Hero in his seeking of a guiding vision to help him/her on the journey. A shaman can also wield great power for good or evil.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: \_\_\_\_\_

**e. Villain.** The Adversary who represents power and strength. Both strength and fortitude are required to do battle with him; submission to him leads to death of the self.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: \_\_\_\_\_

**f. Helper, Giver, Caretaker.** Compassionate, thoughtful, and generous, this type can also be passive-aggressive, clingy, and manipulative. May be motivated by a great need to be loved and needed and fears being deemed unworthy of love.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: \_\_\_\_\_

## Extra Projects

**Choose one or more of the following projects to extend your learning. Some of the projects are best done individually; others lend themselves to group work.**

1. Illustrate a scene from the book that you found especially captivating; or create portraits of what you believe certain characters look like.
2. Research Traditional recipes and prepare some Native American dishes to serve to the class, such as frybread or sofkee.
3. Find three examples of Native American poetry and share these with the class.
4. Aaron lists his three reasons why he is Christian. Interview an adult Christian and ask them for their three reasons. Are they similar or different from Aaron's?
5. If you can play a flute or any other instrument, learn a Native American song and perform it for the class.

# Vocabulary Enrichment

## *Gray Rainbow Journey*

Read these sentences from the novel and try to determine the meaning of the underlined word on your own. Then look up the word in the dictionary to see if you are correct. Also write down the part of speech and the correct pronunciation using diacritical marks. Finally, use the underlined word in a sentence of your own that shows you understand its use.

1. They were seeds she hoped would germinate in us and keep the ancient ways alive, for they were tales Mama Hat feared would become like many perceived the Indian people to be: existing, yet somehow extinct.

Definition:

Part of Speech:

Pronunciation:

Your Sentence:

## Answers to Discussion Questions

### *Gray Rainbow Journey*

#### Chapter I: Bitterroot: Angry at the Sun

1. Why did Dina read Cheha's journal? Give at least two reasons.

**A: She wants to find her mother and hopes the journal will reveal her whereabouts.**

2. What frightened Cheha so much that she dropped her beads and loom?

**A: The dark shadow of a winged creature.**

3. Do you think the incident really happened, or was it a dream?

**A: Possibly a dream—or a night terror sent by an evil medicine man.**

**Answers will vary.**

4. Why was Cheha angry with the sun?

**A: It continues to shine on the world outside while she lives inside in stillness and dark despair.**

5. Name two things Dina would do if she could disappear from Bitterroot.

**A: Finish school, get a job, buy nice clothes, party, socialize.**

6. In what point of view did the author choose to tell this story—and why do you think the author chose it?

**A: First Person. It makes the story more personal. The reader can more easily get inside Dina's head and perspective.**

#### Chapter VII: Truth Crushed to Earth

1. What incident did Dina keep from Uncle Donnie because she didn't believe that the time was right?

**A: That Shania was at Jack Turner's home.**

2. How did Dina's feelings toward her father change after she read her

mother's journal?

**A: She no longer views him as a hero.**

3. What income level does the story indicate for Uncle Donnie? Give evidence to support your view.

**A: Low income. He has no money to fix his truck.**

4. Based on Dina's investigation, who was "The mystery guy—Mr. Terror himself"?

**A: Jack Turner.**

5. After he returned from town, what did Uncle Donnie do that Dina found unusual?

**A: His door is closed, and he's reading a book that he has bought.**

6. How did Dina feel when she discovered where they were going that evening?

**A: She doesn't want to attend, can't understand why her uncle kept it a secret, and possibly fears the power of Burning Rain's message. She's also aggravated that her uncle expects her to ask his questions.**

7. After Uncle Donnie revealed his Big Secret, what did he believe it would teach him?

**A: How to get rid of "bad medicine."**

8. Who did Uncle Donnie invite to dinner at his home?

**A: The preacher, Aaron Burning Rain.**

9. How did Dina feel about her role in preparing for the dinner party?

**A: Annoyed.**

10. The yuwipi ceremony is most closely associated with which American Indian tribe?

**A: Lakota/Sioux.**

*(Hint: Google yuwipi for further information.)*

11. Burning Rain tells Donnie this: “Dryden, a great thinker, said that truth is the foundation of all knowledge. Bryant, another great thinker, said that truth crushed to earth will rise again. Pilate asked, ‘What is truth?’ And Jesus Himself said, ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life.’”

Who are these men (look them up on the Internet if you don’t know) and what does this conversation reveal about Burning Rain?

**A: John Dryden was an influential 1600s English poet and playwright. William Cullen Bryant was an 1800s poet. Pilate was a king named in the Bible, and Jesus is the Christian Bible’s prophesied Messiah. Burning Rain’s ability to quote from them shows that truth is of great importance to him and that he is educated in a wide range of philosophies.**

### Culminating Projects

1. Compare and contrast Aaron and Marty. What traits do they share?

**A: Both are passionate—Aaron for his God, and Marty, for the Native people and their traditions. Both have good looks and charisma.**

What traits are opposites?

**A: Aaron draws power from the light while Marty draws at least part of his power from darkness. Aaron is kind and considerate, and does not manipulate to get his way; Marty places his agenda above all else and, because of his upbringing, feels he has to constantly demonstrate strength through getting what he wants at any cost. Answers may vary.**

2. The initiation theme archetype consists of separation, transformation, and return. How does Dina go through each of these stages?

#### *Separation:*

**A: When her mother leaves, Dina is separated from her Christian-based love and guidance, leaving an emptiness in her life, and her glamorous sister’s escape further deepens this void. Left with only caretaking to validate her existence, these occurrences could have contributed to Dina’s subconsciously making choices that convince her she is still lovable and desirable.**

#### *Transformation:*

**A: Through the tough choice she makes between Marty and Aaron,**

**Dina's beliefs are put to the test. She makes the wrong choice for a while and suffers for it.**

*Return:*

**A: In the end she comes back to the values that her mother and the Christian church instilled in her.**

3. Match the archetype to a character in the novel. There may be more than one right answer!

**a. Hero.** A larger-than-life character that often goes on some kind of journey or quest. In the course of this journey, the hero demonstrates the qualities and abilities valued by his culture.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: **Dina**

**b. Shapeshifter/Trickster.** The Shapeshifter's mask misleads the Hero by hiding his intentions and loyalties. The trickster deceives others to get them to do what he or she wants. These archetypes can be virtuous or nefarious.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: **Jack Turner, Marty Osceola**

**c. Wise old man.** Typically represented by a kind, wise, older father figure that uses personal knowledge of people and the world to tell stories and offer guidance that illuminates to his audience spiritually a sense of who they are and who they might become.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: **Uncle Donnie**

**d. Shaman.** A helper who aids the Hero in his seeking of a guiding vision to help him/her on the journey. A shaman can also wield great power for good or evil.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: **The Indian in white buckskin, Aaron**

**e. Villain.** The Adversary who represents power and strength. Both strength and fortitude are required to do battle with him; submission to him leads to death of the self.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: **Jack Turner**



**f. Helper, Giver, Caretaker.** Compassionate, thoughtful, and generous, this type can also be passive-aggressive, clingy, and manipulative. May be motivated by a great need to be loved and needed and fears being deemed unworthy of love.

*Gray Rainbow Journey* character: Dina, Cheha

**Note:** Although Dina loves and cares for her uncle, she also feels put-upon, trapped, and taken for granted sometimes. But she also enjoys being esteemed by the elders and others and doesn't want to do anything to lose anyone's approval. Cheha could also fit this archetype if her actions toward Jack Turner within their relationship were fully examined within a broad range of possibilities.

### Extra Projects

**Choose one or more of the following projects to extend your learning. Some of the projects are best done individually; others lend themselves to group work.**

1. Illustrate a scene from the book that you found especially captivating; or create portraits of what you believe certain characters look like.
2. Research Traditional recipes and prepare some Native American dishes to serve to the class, such as frybread or sofkee.
3. Find three examples of Native American poetry and share these with the class.
4. Aaron lists his three reasons why he is Christian. Interview an adult Christian and ask them for their three reasons. Are they similar or different from Aaron's?
5. If you can play a flute or any other instrument, learn a Native American song and perform it for the class.

## About the Author



“*Gray Rainbow Journey* introduces America to Native Christians in their unique struggles and attempts to balance the often-opposing worlds of Christianity and the Traditions,” says debut novelist **K.B. SCHALLER** (Cherokee/Seminole).

A member of the Native Christian Church, Schaller organized and served as playwright/director of an ensemble theater for Native American Youths at the former Chickee Christian Academy on the Florida

Seminole Indian Reservation.

An independent journalist, Schaller has contributed articles to *The Good News*, and to *Indian Life* and the *Seminole Tribune* Native newspapers. She is also a poet whose poems appear in several anthologies.

She and her husband, Jim, a design engineer and also a lay minister, have a blended family of four children and three cats. Chief, the most recent addition, is “a rescued Rez cat who curls up at my feet during my long stints at the computer—and who is a prototype for the feline character Eddie Was,” she says.

Schaller is hard at work on the sequel to *Gray Rainbow Journey*.

For more information:

**[KBSchaller.com](http://KBSchaller.com)**

**[www.oaktara.com](http://www.oaktara.com)**