

Daniel S. Press

A Great Man Among Indigenous People

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By Kenneth G. White Jr.



Daniel S. Press was a great man. This is the guy Dad referred to as his attorney, “fresh out of law school,” he kept representing him against Bechtel, an international power company, for discriminating against Navajo workers in Page, Arizona. Dan came to the rez from New York City where he graduated from Yale Law School in 1968. He could have made some major bucks at a huge law firm on Wall Street buying into corporate interests and shady schemes.

But what does he do? He has a kind heart. He's not the greedy type. All he wants to do is ride horses and live in a Navajo hogan. He took on a job as an attorney at the DNA Legal Services in Window Rock, Arizona on the great Navajo Nation.

He committed to a DNA lawyer's salary, compared to what he could have received on Wall Street, to provide legal services to needy people. How committed was he? At this time on the Navajo Nation, there were no legal field offices. So, Dan and three of his fellow lawyers bought a used bus, fixed it up, and traveled to remote communities throughout the Navajo Nation and provided much-needed legal services to the Navajo people. That's how committed he was.

Yes indeed, Dan had to have a lot of commitment to come on the Diné rez in 1968 and stay until 1972. These times of social change taking place included the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., Robert Kennedy, and a focus on true issues presented by the American Indian Movement, Wounded Knee protests, the shaping of true Indian sovereignty, and political injustice taking place throughout the Native heartland.

The Horse

So, Dan was all set. Graduated from Yale. Got a new job at DNA. Bought a used bus and fixed it up, traveled around the rez helping people at the community level, obtained a beautiful white horse named Big John, and rented a hogan about a mile north of our home.

“Who's that white guy riding that horse by the house every day?” I remember my little sis Tweet inquisitively talking to herself as she moved the curtain and peeked out our living room window one evening. Yes, there he was again a few days later, casually riding by on a beautiful white horse on “our” dirt road. The great Red Lake Road. The Indian section of town!

There wasn't a white man in sight in our little neighborhood. Within a couple of weeks, the local neighborhood gossip was that he actually rented a hogan down the road, with no electricity, running water, or indoor restroom.

I was just waiting for Dad's observations as the days went by. I remember we were watching the evening news with all the family sitting around. Dad was lounging in his sleeveless white T-shirt and jeans, kicking back. All of a sudden, my sisters get all excited as the guy on the white horse comes riding by the living room window right on time again, as usual. "Dad, Dad, there he is, that's him, that's him!" They all get up, pointing out the living room window at once. Dad casually gets up from his favorite chair. He looks out the window for a few seconds at Dan riding by for the first time and says, "That guy can't ride a horse," then sits back down, unimpressed. Little did they both know, they would make history throughout "Indian Country" a few years later.

How Did He Get Here?

Dan attended Columbia University Law School for one year, then took a year off to join VISTA as a volunteer. During the Vietnam War, young men Dan's age were being drafted, and by volunteering through VISTA, Dan legally avoided the draft and this senseless war. A great lawyer move. He had a choice of working with migrants or Indians as a VISTA volunteer. He chose "Indians" and was assigned to the Crow reservation in Montana. During his VISTA tour of duty, he tutored children, set up a library, authored a small book on treaties and how they were broken, shot and butchered deer, and was adopted into a Crow family.

This experience sparked his interest in Indian law. He then transferred from Columbia to Yale, where he graduated from law school in 1968. Dan was recruited to the DNA law firm in Window Rock, Arizona, on the great Navajo Nation. DNA

was a separate entity from the Navajo Nation government. This status freed DNA from the tribal bureaucracy and allowed their lawyers to be more effective.

Over a few months, Dan became my Dad's lawyer. I called them the Dynamic Duo. They took on an international coal corporation for discriminating against Navajo workers and won; created the first construction workers union through the Navajo Nation's Office of Navajo Labor Relations; created the nationwide Tribal Employment Rights Office (TERO); introduced Congressional legislation and received formal approval of Indian Preference in hiring for qualified Indian workers on or near tribal nations. This effort, in turn, created over 300,000 jobs at over 185 tribes at the time. You did not mess with the Dynamic Duo. Dan was our family friend. He lived about a mile down Red Lake in a hogan, toughing it out with no electricity or running water. I always thought all us Natives around this white guy in a hogan had these basic conveniences; how ironic the tables are turned for once. My sisters used to cook up great meals and invite him over to the house. He was a fun guy and anticipated weekly invite. They cooked up better meals for him than for my brother and me.



Dan and my beautiful sisters

My Mom formally adopted Dan as her son, and we all considered him family, except for Dad, in his crafty ways. Mom humorously recalls, “Your Dad said he didn’t want to call Dan his son in front of him, because if he did, he couldn’t get after him.” Of course, Dad loved Dan, considered him a son, and prayed for him personally and professionally many times over his lifetime.

Where Did He Go?

In 1972, Dan moved to Washington, D.C., taking on the powers that be fighting for Native rights as a solo attorney. I was a sophomore at Arizona State University pursuing a degree in social work. Dan had my respect even more as he went from comfortable Window Rock to dysfunctional Washington, D.C. to take on the non-system and big guys as a solo attorney, after representing my Dad and creating TERO with him. Keep in mind this was an era of enormous social change, and Dan was jumping into national representation of Native people and Tribes from a legal and sovereign perspective after TERO. Along his solo attorney journey, he joined the prestigious Van Ness Feldman law firm and became a partner.

Dan Becomes Positively “Traumatized” by his Students

In 2005, a Columbia University alumnus asked Dan to speak at their Native American Club, which led to him becoming a teacher on Tribal government in the Spring of 2012. Dan was asked by students to create a course in which they could actually do something about the problems on “reservations”. The subject they talked non-stop about was historical and inter-generational trauma. Press arranged for his students to meet President Barack Obama and visit the Holocaust Memorial. Press and his students designed an innovative program called AlterNATIVE Education, which is offered at eight Tribal Nations.

The Connection

In 2012, the discussion of a Traditional Healing Model was beginning to take place

among tribal sources and inquiries. “What is it and how does it work?” These are the two most asked questions. I had previously developed a model where traditional healing services could be provided, with regular hospital services, if approved or referred by a patient’s doctor. The model is based on Medicaid, Medicare, and private sector cooperation and coordination, and has proven to be successful where implemented. Why did these Tribal sources want the traditional healing circle? They wanted it because of their needs due to adverse childhood experiences, and both historical and intergenerational trauma among their Tribal members.

Dan invited me to sit in on a group called the Virtual Learning Collaborative, which then became the Native American Roundtable on Trauma-Informed Initiatives. They met by Zoom and were comprised of Native and non-native advocates, scholars, professionals on the subject, government leaders, and other interested people. They were a great group and had interesting and fascinating discussions. I listened in on their meetings for about a year, to what everyone came to refer to as the Roundtable. The Roundtable on Native American Trauma-Informed Initiatives was an outgrowth of classes requested to make change by Dan’s students at Columbia University on Historical and Intergenerational classroom to adults and Roundtable, to make more change. A great lawyer move. He was still a lawyer at heart who saw the huge unmet need to address trauma from a larger perspective than just a classroom. He was a national impact guy with a sovereign Native heart and mind. He was humble, but he surely had the Warrior Spirit when standing up for the people, much like my Dad. That is why I respect him so much. He was one member of the great Dynamic Duo. Nothing was impossible. The other member, Kenneth G. White Sr., is in the National Archives of the Library of Congress. Dan should also be.

With its origin coming from his students’ hearts and minds, and him coming out of retirement to teach, Dan established a base to take on the subject matter of trauma, in all its ugly forms – through the classroom and then the Roundtable. Over the next few weeks, the Roundtable chugged along topic by topic, presenter by presenter, meeting after meeting. Dan brought guest speakers in and out, and acted as

facilitator, trying his best. I was on the Zoom and “people watched”. With all due respect, the Roundtable was like a fast car that was running out of gas. Something was missing. It was like a ceremony without the main smoke.

One day I was sitting outside with Mom at the home place enjoying the day. I always ask her advice and guidance, and she is wise beyond words. She also is most often correct on everyday life and spiritual ways.

I explained the background of the Virtual Learning Collaborative and then the Native American Roundtable on Trauma-Informed Initiatives. I explained the students were the ones that asked for a class about historical and inter-generational trauma first; the Roundtable was then formed, but something was missing.

Mom sat there in her powerful, beautiful presence in deep thought, looking at the beautiful light green mountain bluff in the distance. She then asked me, “Son, did this group have a prayer first?” Whoa. Her question stunned me. I could have made an excuse and said I joined the group. Or I could have lied and said, “Yes,” but this was my mom. So, I was embarrassed, but had to say “No, Mom.” Mom then said, “Those topics you are addressing are really touchy and delicate. You must have a prayer first.”

The Sweat Lodge Prayer for the Roundtable

A few days later, I asked Dan if the Virtual Learning Collaborative or Roundtable ever said a prayer to address the trauma effort through a telephone call, since he was in Washington, D.C. and I was in Fort Defiance, Arizona. He reluctantly said “No.” I then told him of my conversation with our Mom and her Indigenous Wisdom to have a prayer for the group. Dan immediately flew out from Washington, D.C., and my brother Calvin built a sweat lodge and ran the ceremony, with the focus on Mom’s advice, and Dan as the patient. There were just the three of us – my bro Calvin, Dan, and me in the sweat. It was really serious.

My brother patiently explained that historical trauma and intergenerational trauma are the diagnosis, and the Warrior Spirit is the remedy, in the Indigenous way of life. To be effective, any proposed service, treatment, or remedy must be recognized by God and begin with a prayer first.

That is what was missing in the Roundtable over the months of meetings by experts on the topic – a prayer. An Indigenous prayer, recognition, and protection by God Almighty to address this “touchy and delicate” topic, as expressed by Mom. Again, as always, Mom zeroed in on the spiritual issue and remedy that afternoon when I asked for her guidance and advice. Indigenous Wisdom personified.

We all sat in the dark in the sweat lodge and prayed. We asked God to put our hearts and minds in the right place. Respectfully, meaning that the origin of the trauma diagnosis and remedy did not start with a prayer, so let’s start cleaning from the sweat going forward with this prayer. We asked God to guide us from an Indigenous perspective when addressing the topics of historical and intergenerational trauma. We prayed for the Roundtable and future plans to be effective. It was scorching hot in the sweat.

I could feel the forgiveness, spiritual change, and the power of prayer. I could feel God answering our prayers immediately in the sweat lodge, through the scorching heat. It seemed like God was saying, “I was waiting for you to do it right, to recognize me, so we can be partners and work together to heal the people. You can’t do it without a prayer. You can’t do it without me.” It was like God opening a cloud of darkness and showing you the light.

As I sat there, it came to me in the sweat through prayer: Use the traditional healing circle in combination with the work done with the Roundtable. Put them together in a healing circle.

The sweat lodge prayer among my brother Calvin, Dan, and me was a good one and very fulfilling and spiritually uplifting, significant, and powerful. It was the missing connection. It was God talking to me. It was our hearts and minds clicking and agreeing together on our commitment collectively on the diagnosis and remedy in prayer as advised by Mom.

For me, the sweat lodge gave me a God-given definition of my role in the trauma healing puzzle from a social work and elder care perspective. This definition, as provided by God Almighty in the sweat lodge to me through this prayer, is meant to complement my bro's doctoral degree in psychology and original Warrior Spirit discovery and knowledge, and Dan's legal expertise and strategical magic, in a holistic teamwork kind of way.

To me, it was Mom looking at that beautiful light green bluff when I asked her advice and guidance at the homeplace in White Cone and receiving a pure blessing and instant answer from God Almighty himself, saying, set this committee straight with an Indigenous prayer and solution. Moreover, it came to My Mom, and at my home place, White Cone, which makes the analysis and path forward for addressing and healing more special. I have a master's degree in social work and a Certificate in Gerontology, so we made a great team.

We have the same commitment and empathy for our dear Native people and want to address historical and intergenerational trauma from an Indigenous perspective. My references to the Warrior Spirit in this book are my definitions in accordance with this prayer, God-given role, definition, teamwork approach, and honoring Mom's spiritual advice.

From a social work and elder care perspective, I am referring to my interest in creating community-based care services and systems for needy populations,

especially for elders at Tribal and urban locations. With all due respect, the Virtual Learning Collaborative and the Native American Roundtable on Trauma-Informed Initiative tried their best to chug along, addressing touchy and delicate topics without the proper protocol of a prayer to get God Almighty's attention and permission, but could not do it. The difference now is we have a heartfelt prayer behind us.

It was an unspoken powerful bond between us. We three exited the sweat lodge on that cool winter evening with the prayer following us. It sure felt good to me. "Thank you, Mom, for your advice," I thought as I was walking back up from the sweat to the old house to eat the meal my sisters cooked up for Dan. Just like old times I cherished, we all sat around again as family, chatted, laughed, told stories, had a great meal, and enjoyed Dan's company after the sweat lodge ceremony.

The Big Prayer and Authorization

A few days later, Dan approached our Mom and respectfully asked her to pray for the Roundtable before he went back to Washington, D.C. to battle the non-system on behalf of Tribal Nations.

She agreed, but before she prayed, she took her time to talk to him as her son and said, "Be careful". She also said her prayer will call upon the Diné deities from the four directions in a special and proper way. This spiritual respect and protocol will, in turn, protect those individuals and Tribes that are trying to address the diagnosis and remedy of trauma from a Native perspective. She said she is saying this prayer "Because as Native people we need to heal ourselves." He and the Roundtable can go forward now in a good way, and "good things will happen."

I was sitting on the side during this prayer, because I wanted it to be from Mom to God to Dan. It was powerful. It shook me inside and out. I felt the deities come into me and outside of me. It is beyond three dimensions and unexplainable. I don't want to explain it. I accept the Indigenous Wisdom, dear God, and thank you for

Mom's prayer and connection to you.

Dan was so thankful he had tears in his eyes. I remember after the prayer, he used the word "authorization." Dan respectfully asked Mom, "Mom, do we have your authorization to go forward on working on trauma issues with Tribes?" Mom kindly looked at him, like the loving, caring person she is, and said, "Yes, my son."

Good Things Happened

So, we went to work. Somehow, someway, with the prayer and God Almighty, with the support of some great people, and funds Dan found through his magic and hard commitment, we planned and convened three great Conferences and Ceremonies at (1) the **Gila River Indian Community** in Sacaton, Arizona; (2) at the **Viejas Band of Kumeyaay Indians** in Alpine, California; and (3) at the **Navajo Nation** in Window Rock, Arizona, all focused on addressing trauma issues and concerns. The title of the Conferences and Ceremonies, as determined by local planning teams of many great people and Elders, was "Igniting the Warrior Spirit to Address Historical Trauma Among Indigenous People."

The "ceremony" part of the title was that we brought the sweat lodge to each conference location, and had a women's and men's sweat for all participants each evening. The participants prayed for themselves, their clients, programs and services, and Tribes in a sweat lodge setting. The initial sweat lodge prayer we initiated, with us three in Fort Defiance, was following us with all its love, grace, and healing. I could feel it getting stronger at each sweat lodge ceremony among the people at the three conference and ceremony locations, and among many Tribes, including urban centers, services, and universities.

No chugging. Our gas tank was full. In fact, we were speeding! We had the main smoke and were going toward morning positively! People were happy and inspired. Sharing great ideas. Shaking hands. Giving hugs and kisses. Great Zoom meetings and research presentations among the group. Great individuals and

organizations emerged. Dr. Anthony R. Pico, Dr. Noshene Ranjbar, Mack Parkett, Prosper Waukon, and Dennis Alto, Spiritual advisors. The great Indigenous author Renee Linklater, the Mind, Body, Medicine organization, PACEs Connection, San Diego State University, the great Viejas Band of Kumeyaay Indians, the Minnesota Indian Women's Resource Center, Toronto, Canada resources. Our bro even came out from Oklahoma, out of his kind heart, to build a sweat lodge at one conference location from scratch, because they did not have one. Yes, that's how Native people do it. Help others carry on in a spiritual way and don't advertise it. Prayers and a kind heart. Thank you, Gil.

Figure 1

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Dan Press has played an integral role in developing the audience, funding, strategy, diagnosis, and remedy for historical and intergenerational trauma among Native American people in a good, humble way. For example, just like he did with his first VISTA Volunteer service at the Crow "reservation", where he wrote a children's book on Native treaties, in 2019, he wrote a Handbook on Implementing Trauma-Informed Care at Tribal Settings.

My Observations on a great Man

I think I got you, Dan. When you look at the big picture, Dan came to the rez from New York City in 1968, escaping from a traumatic setting at his college at Columbia University himself. At the time, Columbia was accused of doing war research on behalf of the United States government. What started as a small protest by students on the Columbia University campus in 1968 escalated into massive protests on campus. In reaction, the Columbia University administration and New York City authorities cracked down and arrested 696 protestors and injured 600 others in what the media called "a police rampage." This occurred when Dan was a student at Columbia

University. Involved, either as a participant or observer, was Dan. Many students were arrested or hurt during these campus protests and police rage. Maybe you are questioning, “Do I really want to go to college here or do I need some time off?”

* The Great Daniel S. Press and Big John



Figure 2

Yes, God Almighty works in mysterious and beautiful ways. What do you do? You take that mixture of trauma from Columbia you may have experienced and escape to the expansive and beautiful Diné rez, with its great people, and bring your magical legal expertise. You accept a job at DNA on the Navajo Nation. DNA didn't “recruit” you; God called you to do His work for the Diné people during a time of

great need. Yes, to help the people legally, but also to preoccupy yourself to get over the trauma you may have experienced personally that caused you to take a year off from college when you were about 18 years old.

If not for joining VISTA as a volunteer, most likely, Dan would have been drafted into military service during the Vietnam War. I think this was one of Dan's first crafty lawyer moves. And as a teenager! This connected him to the Crow "reservation" and great Indigenous people, where he made such an impact and contribution as a volunteer that he was adopted by a Crow family and eventually became a Native American advocate and national lawyer for us all. You move to Red Lake Road in Fort Defiance, Arizona, ride horses, and live in a hogan among the everyday Navajo people. You meet Mr. Kenneth G. White, Sr., a journeyman carpenter who singularly and boldly stands up against Bechtel, an international power corporation, for blatant discrimination, racism, and violation of his civil rights and hires you as his attorney "fresh out of law school" to represent him. You become a part of the famous Dynamic Duo.

The Navajo Construction Workers Association

You both create the Navajo Construction Workers Association. Prior to NCWA, it was every Navajo construction worker for themselves. Try to get a job with that big non-Native company coming on our rez to make money over there. No way. They say, "We bring our own crew on your land, do our business, and leave." Most likely leave a mess. In reality, it was social and economic colonialism, disdain, and disregard for the everyday Navajo worker at its finest or ugliest, at the time. Prior to 1970, the workforce was usually 90% non-native, and 10% native employed on Navajo land. With millions of dollars, this non-Navajo workforce of literally thousands, yes thousands, of non-Navajo workers built schools, houses, hospitals, and highways for Navajos in their own backyard – the great Navajo Nation. There were no checks and balances, so to speak. Non-Navajo companies came and went at their pleasure and benefit. Non-Navajo workers went home with a paycheck from work performed on Navajo land as part of these non-Navajo companies' "own crew." In the meantime, Navajo workers sat on the sidelines at home, fully

qualified, for the same types of jobs, on their own land.

Dan's description of the time is as follows, "They were building a three quarter of a billion-dollar facility on Navajo land. The Navajos had given them a sweetheart deal for the land and water in return for EMPLOYMENT PREFERENCES to Navajos. It turned out, of several thousand workers on the job, only about ten were Indian, and of those ten, four were in my office and said they were being mistreated, discriminated against on the job, and their complaint was twofold. One was the way they were being treated, but, more importantly, the fact there were no other Navajos around." A group of bold Navajo workers put their jobs on the line and filed discrimination suits with EEOC and the Office of Federal Contract Compliance. These workers were led by Kenneth White, Sr. Other workers included Sam Damon, Eddy Arthur, and Kenneth Cody. The Navajo Nation got involved, supporting DNA, and several things happened.

Dan – "The end result was that the companies and unions agreed to change their practices." Dan also said, "The success of the program shows that preference does work."

The NCWA changed this era big time. It changed the Navajo Nation from one of jobs for mostly non-Natives, blatant disregard for tribal sovereignty by non-Native companies, and basic redneck colonialism, to true tribal sovereignty, in a definitive way. As a real-life union, it gave the everyday individual Navajo worker hope, dignity, and civil rights. It gave the Navajo workers the mindset "Hey, I matter as a Navajo worker and as a person." Moreover, the NCWA created a collective bond and camaraderie among Navajo construction workers throughout the Navajo Nation. Rather than every man for himself trying to find a job, the mindset slowly began to evolve and take shape: "We are a member of a union. We have rights. We are a team. We are a sovereign Native Nation." For many Navajos who did not have the means to graduate from high school or college and depended on their construction skills for their jobs and income, a union affiliation and membership was a blessing and a Godsend.

The Office of Navajo Labor Relations had Dad as its first Compliance Officer. Companies coming on the rez didn't mess with him. He wasn't an office type of guy. He didn't even like being in Window Rock. He would rather be in Wheatfields or White Cone. He wanted to be out doing some chores, fixing something, mending something, running prayer meetings, not sitting at a desk in Window Rock.

In our private talks, Dan, Dad, and I would sometimes joke around. Me (joking, or trying to joke) - "Dad, remember we already have the law on our side. Just look real mean to make them comply. You're the Tribal compliant guy." Dan (with a sigh and semi-cautious look) - "Ken, please don't suggest that. He'll do it."

Dad (taking it as a challenge) - "I'll make them comply. Gods on my side. I'll do it."

The TERO program literally reversed the percentages from a 90/10 non-Native workforce to a 90/10 Native workforce. "We had battles with federal agencies who said, 'You can't tell our contractors or grantees what to do.' Now we had to show that Tribal sovereign authority was stronger than any of those federal regulations. And that tribes could tell federal contractors they have to comply with Indian preference requirements of the Tribe. So, a lot of it was fighting to assert Tribal sovereignty, which at that point was still a very new concept, Dan explained.

You start teaching at Columbia University again. As before with the DNA experience, you start at the grassroots level – the students asking you to create a class where they can make change. You start the Virtual Learning Collaborative and the Roundtable on Trauma-Informed Initiatives to focus on the unmet need in Native America identified by the students – historical and intergenerational trauma.

You re-center the Roundtable through the sweat lodge and prayer and make good things happen. You play a key role in the development, funding, and

implementation of three major Warrior Spirit Conferences and Ceremonies attended by hundreds of participants, Tribes, and urban centers focused on addressing historical and intergenerational trauma nationwide.

The last conversation I had with Dan was not so pleasant. He was in the hospital, and his son Jake put the phone up to his mouth. His voice was weak. He said simply, “Ken, I’m dying.” I knew he was sick, but this verbal statement directly from Dan was a mindblower. I was silent. I was stunned. My mind went blank. I could not immediately process or respond to what I just heard, because I did not expect this message. He was supposed to get well. He was supposed to sound happy. My first thought was “He’ll be okay,” then “What am I going to do without Dan?”

I told Dan we all loved him as the Kenneth and Mary Lou White family. I told him to come over for dinner one more time to the old house, so my sisters can cook up something good for him. This made him laugh a little. “Stew and fry bread?” his weak voice said. “Yup, stew and fry bread, Dan,” I said. I told him thanks for helping represent Dad. “You guys were the Dynamic Duo.”

“No, we weren’t.”

“Yes, you were.”

I promised him I would try to carry on the overall intent of the Roundtable on Native American Trauma-Informed Initiatives and the Warrior Spirit Movement to Heal Historical Trauma, including the Traditional Healing Circle model, with Mom’s prayer as my guide and protection. I promised to facilitate and make happen/ at least one more Warrior Spirit Conference and Ceremony, as we were planning, before COVID hit. The Dynamic Duo has gone to be with Creator, and I am the only one left on Mother Earth, but I will give it my best shot, along with a group of great people I plan to respectfully call upon.

As they say, and as we know, the rest is history. Thank you, Dan, for your precious contributions to Native society in the field of employment, civil rights, union conceptualization and realization, initially for everyday Navajo workers, then for thousands of workers and hundreds of SOVEREIGN TRIBAL NATIONS. In addition, thank you for creating new Tribal institutional structures that strengthened Tribal sovereignty nationwide, hand in hand with my dear Dad.

Finally, thank you for honoring the Indigenous Wisdom, diagnosis, remedy, and prayer by addressing historical and intergenerational trauma from an Indigenous holistic, kind, and caring perspective. The prayer is still in motion at many Tribal and urban locations.

Those two with the capes and masks are cartoons. Dan and Dad were real life. Who created federal law? Who actually invented a bit of Tribal sovereignty? Who created thousands of jobs at hundreds of tribes? Let's make it plain and simple. Who may have given you a job through Indian Preference and put a paycheck in your hand and food on your table? Yes, the real Dynamic Duo! Without a doubt, Dan Press was a great man. This is the guy Dad referred to as his attorney "fresh out of law school"; he kept representing him against Bechtel, an international power company in the early 1970's. Together they created history. However, Dan was much more. From the 1970's to this day, Dan is considered family. He was Mom's adopted son, and in many ways, he was my legal hero.

Conclusion

God Almighty, let Mom's prayer prevail over the Native heartland. God Almighty, help me keep my promise to Dan, to our Native people, and to you. I honor and respect you with all my heart and will never give up. Let the Warrior Spirit in me, and the Dynamic Duo as my motivation, inspire our committed people and me to carry on the purpose and intent of the Roundtable on Native American Trauma-Informed Initiatives, the Warrior Spirit Movement to Heal Historical Trauma, and the Traditional Healing Circle model, for the people in the future. God

bless you, Dan. We love you.

