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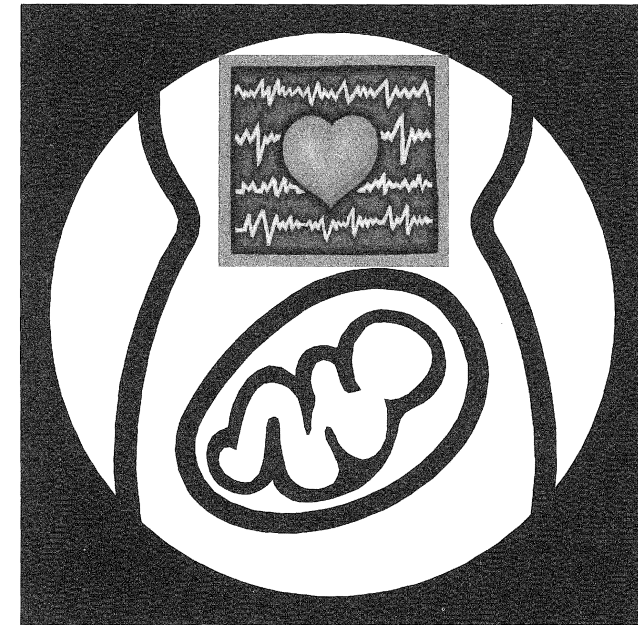


Before Charlie Was Born by Jerome Jainga

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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In addition to being a cultural specialist for the Suquamish Tribe, Jerome Jainga works for the Marion Forsman-Boushie Early Learning Center. He designs culturally appropriate curriculum and programs for young people ages 3-12. He manages the educational delivery of the Lushootseed Language and acts as an advocate for Native American Education. He holds an Associate's degree in Pastry/Foods from South Seattle Community College and is currently working towards a Bachelors/Masters in Human Development and Native Studies from Pacific Oaks College. Mr. Jainga is also active in the Puget Salish Language Council, the Native Curriculum Development Team and Washington State OSPI.



When Charlie was still in his mother's womb, he heard the soft beating of his mother's heart.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom



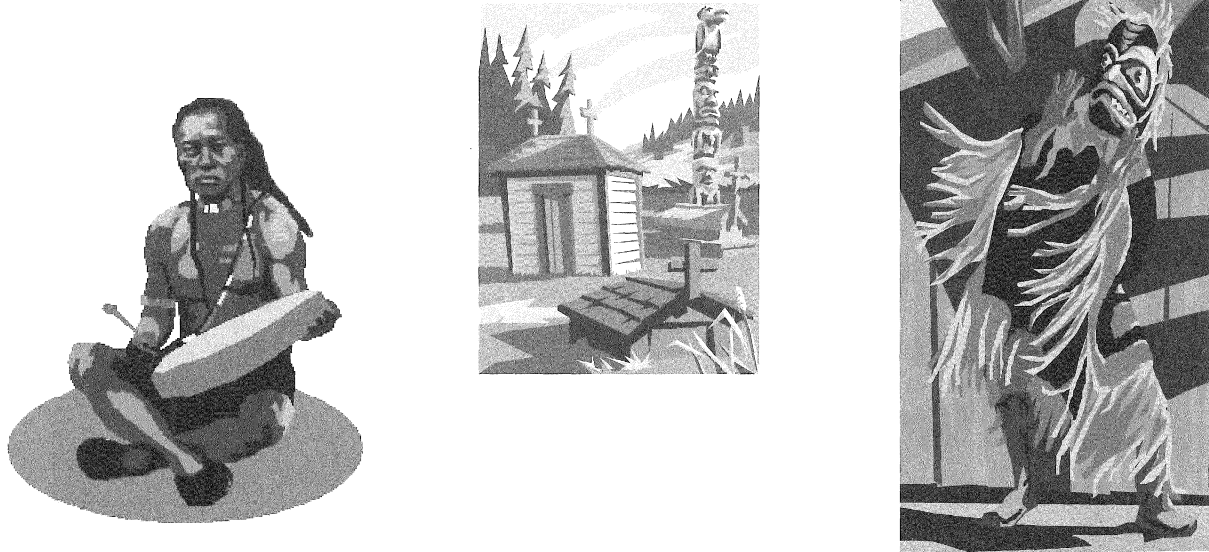
After Charlie came into the world, he heard the sound again in the Longhouse as his uncles beat the hand drum.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...



When Charlie was a young man, he held his drum for his own son to play out the rhythms of life.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...



Charlie learned the stories, dances, and songs of his Tribe. He used his drum as he sang and danced.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...

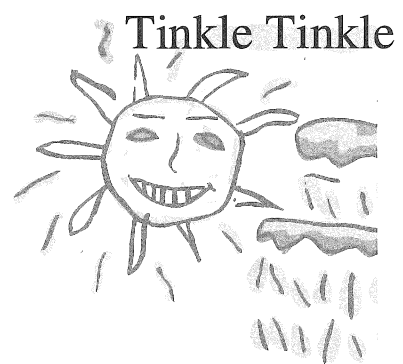


Charlie loved to hear the drum beat at celebrations and special times.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom



Caw Caw

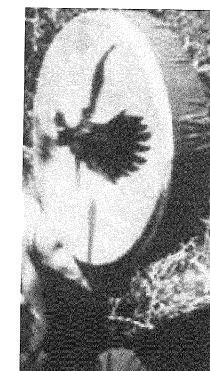
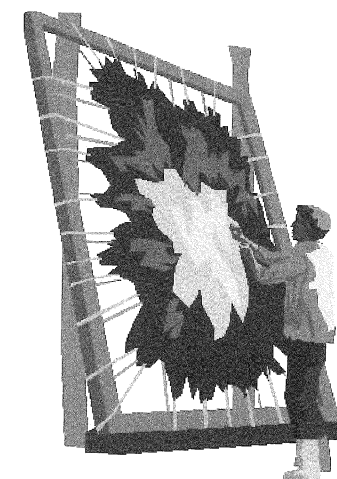


Tinkle Tinkle



Charlie's grandmother explained that the drum was like the pulse of life; like the rhythms of everything around him.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom



When Charlie was old enough, he made his own hand drum from cedar wood and the skin of a deer.

Boom, bram, boom, bram, boom, bram, boom...