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interested in achieving true justice for Native communities and individuals desiring much more.

Keith James

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Kiowa: A Woman Missionary in Indian Territory. By Isabel Crawford. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1998. 241 pages. \$12.00 paper.

Isabel Crawford was a Canadian citizen and Baptist missionary who arrived at the Kiowa-Comanche-Apache Reservation near Mountain View, Oklahoma in 1893. She was single, white, and twenty-eight years old. *Kiowa: A Woman Missionary in Indian Territory* tells the story of her ten-and-a-half years among the Kiowa. Told in her own words and self-edited, this is a remarkable story of courage, faith, and determination. The book is as interesting and vital today as it was when originally written. She is both a product of her time in that she is totally immersed in her faith and desire to bring religious reform to those in need. At the same time, however, she is an opponent of the typical demure, respectful, fragile devout image of the turn-of-the-century lady. Her story brings a unique perspective to life on a Native American reservation at the turn of the century. This is, in part, because she was an unmarried female. The individuals living on the reservation were not afraid of a woman, because they did not vest her with the same authority they did white male missionaries. Rather than hold her apart from the people she served, the tribe accepted Crawford as a member of the community. It is this acceptance in the Native American community that provides a useful framework for understanding her narrative. Crawford writes that a goal of her book is "to contradict the statement that 'the only good Indian is a dead one'" (p. xxix). For their part, the Kiowa with whom she lived seemed more than willing to listen and learn from her without fearing that she was trying to destroy their way of life. The result is an interesting and complex picture of Native-missionary relations.

Unlike the way missionaries are presented in some academic histories, Crawford does not seem either ill-informed or malicious. She was headstrong, determined, strongly religious, and has the nineteenth-century reformer's belief that her religious ideals would and should guide the Kiowa away from their "savage habits." On the one hand she saw the Christian virtues of hard work, thrift, and love as antithetical to Kiowan values. On the other hand, she did not believe the Kiowa were evil or malicious. She viewed them simply as uninformed and thus she worked hard to overcome their ignorance. She believed in the value of hard work and example rather than preaching and prayer.

Crawford's diary is filled with accounts of everyday life that provide information about her experiences, her intelligence, and her faith and determination. Once after the visit of the "first Baptist Jesus-man to preach a sermon in the district," she writes that "it seems a long time since I prayed prayerfully but I'm sure I've worked prayerfully and I don't honestly believe the prayer

from the company this morning would have come so straight from the heart if there hadn't been fried chicken in the stomach" (p. 44). Crawford was intelligent and clever. She writes about the time a trader came by with turkeys for sale for \$1. The trader was also a Baptist and told her he would sell her a turkey for fifty cents. She asked if he had change and he said yes. After she gave him the dollar, however, he handed her twenty-five cents saying that he was mistaken; he thought he had a fifty-cent piece. He camped on the other side of the river and shortly thereafter Crawford waded across the creek, handed him his quarter and told him that she had decided to take two turkeys instead of one.

The foreword by Clyde Ellis contributes positively to the value of the book by providing historical information about Crawford that is missing from her diary. We learn about her upbringing, illnesses, and determination to become a missionary. We also learn the circumstances under which she left the Saddle Mountain Reservation—she was the brunt of a doctrinal dispute with her mission board because she actively encouraged her congregation to allow its own Native American deacons to serve communion. Ellis' brief glimpse into Crawford's life adds depth and historical context to the events she writes about in her diary.

Kiowa is a lively and interesting historical account told in the words of the woman who experienced the events. Crawford offers a rare first-hand account of reservation life as told by a white woman. This is Crawford's story of life among the Kiowa in her own words—it was not meant to be an academic assessment or a theoretical critique of the clash between white and Native American cultures. Therefore, some individuals may find the story bland, perhaps even self-righteous. However, after reading carefully one discovers the genuine love and respect she felt for the Kiowa and understands the inscription on her tombstone located in the Saddle Mountain Indian Baptist Church Cemetery: "I Dwell Among Mine Own People." This book will make an interesting and informative addition to the bookshelves of those interested in Native American studies, turn-of-the-century western history, religious history, or women reformers.

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The Morning the Sun Went Down. By Darryl Babe Wilson. Berkeley: Heyday Books, 1998. 178 pages. \$22.50 cloth; \$13.95 paper.

Autobiographies are not usually my choice of literature to read or assign the American Indian literature classes I teach at California State University, Long Beach. Most autobiographies I have read seem myopic, self-serving, and, even with the help of a ghost writer, unable to articulate insights about the very life they purport to illuminate. The genre is difficult to define and, when attempted, rarely takes into consideration the question of influence and control by non-Native writers in such "autobiographies" as *Black Elk Speaks*, translated