

It Comes Down to This

The man who owned the only saddlery shop in town refused, until the day he died, to sell back my grandfather's grass dance regalia. When the shop owner was still alive, the wiry hairs on his knuckles stood on end each time a new wind blew down Main Street. Later he grew to call this "cancer" but I will always call it *he should have known better*. His wife, in some form of mourning, says she too won't sell us a single piece, even if we can prove with old photos of my grandfather that it was his. Instead, she says we have to buy the whole shop, leather-crafting tools and all. (I heard it said once that her husband made her promise this on his deathbed, but who can say for sure.) Last month, on a below-zero midnight, the building next door burned to heaps of wreckage and ask, a brick wall separating the flames from a glass case that holds my family's heirloom. They called this "luck," that the whole block didn't go down too. *I call it what's ours is ours.*