



IT'S SATURDAY, SO JOVAN AND WESLEY JENNINGS HAVE ALL DAY to play. They weave in and out of the skunk cabbage, look through the grass for garter snakes, and dangle from the limbs above Running Brook. Their mother sits inside the house with an eye on the boys. She's busy beading a turtle-shaped barrette for her mother-in-law, a member of the Turtle Clan of the Narragansett Indians, who lives around the corner.

"It's freedom," says their mother, of living on a quiet road in Exeter surrounded by nature — where the boys can play into the night and where there is family all around. Here, she says, "they're walking in their grandfather and grandmother's footsteps."

Jovan and Wesley also have Indian names — given them by their great-grandfather, a Lakota Sioux medicine man. (Their mother was born in South Dakota, where she met their father when he was in the Air Force.) Jovan was named You-can't-fool-me and Wesley became First Eagle; in the ceremony, both boys were given eagle feathers.

The two cross the street to the Arcadia Fish Hatchery, their favorite place in the neighborhood. Wesley stumbles just behind his brother as they run through the grass, dotted with dandelions already turned white.

They toss stones into the water, pelt each other with pine cones, and at last head for their waterfall. Jovan dips and picks a dandelion, and the wind carries off the tiny white feathers.

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