

November 25, 2009

The Ephraim Hill Controversy

It is easy to contact me if you feel you have been misrepresented in a posting. Andrew Morin, who was named in the previous post, handed me a correction: He said that Ephraim and his girlfriend were arguing outside the house. That he and others remained in the house. While they were arguing outside, there were people gathered around and watching, but no one intervened.

He said it was suicide. "No mystery about it." But, I point out, he did not see it, he cannot say for sure. Another reason I continue to believe it was not suicide is this: It is physically impossible to shoot yourself in the heart, straight on, with a rifle.

Further to this point was that it was a small hole with no scorching on his shirt or skin. The muzzle flare alone would have rendered a much uglier wound. It's called a "contact wound". Imagine how long the arms would have to be to not only shoot himself in the heart, but to do so without leaving a contact wound (muzzle has to be at least 8" away from chest). So, Ephraim's arms would have to be below his knees to accomplish either of these factors.

The people outside, with Ephraim and his woman while all this went down, Pister for one, and her (since deceased) husband, who had only two years prior, covered up their part in Eddie's murder.

So, Andrew says it was suicide. I say it was murder. Don't argue about it, just think about it.

Another Dead Indian

The body of another young Indian man was found floating down the river. Anyone has any details on who this man was, and what happened, let me know.

Say Goodbye to Delvin Greywater

Delvin passed on the other day. He was the best example of all that is right and all that is wrong out there.

He was diabetic, addicted, and an alcoholic. He had lost first one leg to his disease, and then the other. He was small in stature, but he was huge in heart.

He never denied what he was. He never allowed either his size or his condition, stop him from standing up and speaking the truth. He first came to my attention when he stood up in a Council meeting and called Poopsie a murderer, to his

face.

Later that day, Weenie Boy went to Delvin's trailer, with a friend of his, and proceeded to kick and stomp the man who was half his size. First, to be sure the one-legged man, half his size, could not fight back, he took away his crutch.

Beat him from one end of the trailer to the other, throwing him out the back door, onto the dirt, bloodied. Soon as Delvin got himself bandaged up, he flipped the bird to Weenie Boy and the rest of the Turdclan, again and again.

It's not that he was fearless. Clearly, he knew he was going to get beat for speaking up and for telling the truth. It was that he did not let his fear stop him from speaking the truth and expressing himself. THAT is courage.

Addictions & Futility

Addiction is a communicable disease. We catch it from our friends. Alcoholism is also a disease and we catch it from our genetics. Both can be avoided, but prevention has to be taught.

This "Just say No," bullshit is a joke. That was Reagan's way of not investing in authentic studies and methods for prevention. Blaming the addict is a great way to not invest in the process of healing the body, ravaged by addictions, or the mind, misled by the shadows of suffering and futility, or the spirit, sickened by grief and abuse, starved for lack of Sacred Ceremony.

Those who are the purveyors of drugs and alcohol on the rez must be removed. They must be arrested and their crimes must be illustrated to everyone in the community, so they can see how the disease spreads, and what their part in it is.

Arresting the addicts is pointless. Healing the sick is where it will turn around.

Indians are dying way too young. This is genocide. It is murder. It is suicide. It is neglect and it is unnecessary.

Look at the schedule of graves being dug out there.

There is a prevailing air of grief and deep sorrows that covers everyone. No family remains untouched by the violence or the deaths, the alcoholism or the addictions. Everyone is being dragged down by all this.

The overall sense of futility, that one must fight hourly if they are ever to overcome the challenges out there, are presided over by the most corrupt. In fact, it is the corruption that creates the sense of hopelessness and futility out

there.

Communities as a whole, and especially in Indian Country, need to rethink how they treat themselves, one another, and how they view others. We all need to examine our racism and prejudices, even if we think we have none.

Those are the things that most deeply divide the people from one another. Division leads to isolation. Isolation means you may not find or even look for, comfort or help when you most need it. When you can't find help or comfort, you can always find drugs and alcohol.

The spiral starts from there, and it only goes down a very dark road. We cannot live in a community where we allow others to fall into this pit and do nothing to bring them back out. We cannot survive in a community where we allow others to be broken and do nothing to help them to find healing.

It takes us all down. It cannot be ignored. We cannot just watch it happen to others and think it will not affect us.

Now, look around. This is your family. This is your community. This is your Nation.

That body floating down the river. He's one of ours. We are all affected.

WE can all do something about it. We MUST do something about it. We start by coming together. We continue by holding together. We stand up, regardless of what comes, or how wounded we are, and we tell the truth. We confront the evils of corruption. We throw them out. We demand investigations. We hold the Guilty accountable. We free the Innocent.

That is how we begin to heal.

And, until we begin to heal, we continue to allow the unrelenting sorrows to surround us.

You know where to find me.

~Cat