

June 3, 2008
Uniting

Every once in awhile, I get a glimpse of what we Human Beings could do, if we put aside all that we put in our own way. How much more we could help one another, and how far we could go in this world, and in this Universe, if our energy and attention were to be directed towards exploration, both in this world and beyond.

What stops us here and now is our own fears, ignorance and petty jealousies. These are exploited by those who have no vision, nothing to offer us or this world, but who use fear and greed, racism and jealousies to pit us one against the other.

If you look at the madmen who have ruined nations, they are, at their core, twirpish, ignorant, mean-spirited and usually wrong on anything and everything. But they manage to create armies of people, often better than themselves, and engage them into a course of action that dooms them and all of us. The Hitlers, the Stalins and the Kim Jong IIs of this world, could do nothing but throw tantrums on the floor of the malls and markets if not for the armies of ignorant, fearful people that support them.

People who, instead of educating themselves, and instead of looking inside their own hearts and minds and being better served by judgment guided by common sense and conscience, relinquish, abdicate, surrender all their being to be used in evil deeds of oppression.

They do it out of fear, peer pressure (basically a tool of fear), ignorance and greed. People turn into spies and render information to thwart those who would rise up and bring about constructive change and healing, revealing to the oppressors information that helps keep those who oppress communities and nations, in power.

They trade this information for a pat on the head, a few bucks, or purely for the chance to be considered 'valuable' to those who oppress and do only harm to the community, the nation and the world around them.

Instead of allying their self with the good in this world and becoming part of the healing and the light; they choose instead to be part of the system that grinds good people down and feeds futility to the children.

The Betraying Game

They ally themselves with people who they know are criminals, and they continue

walk among the very people that they have betrayed. Some have sold out their families and the memories of their loved ones, to become part of the ongoing betrayal.

For a very long time, on the rez, the Betrayers had the full benefit of getting paid, taking jobs they were not qualified for, and they were never called on their behaviors. People shopped with them, accepted them, socialized with them, allowed their children to be friends with them, even though those 'friendships' lead to addictions, death and maiming. No one ever said to them: "We know what you did and it's not okay." or "You know what you did was wrong." OR, "You are not welcome here."

For the Betrayers, there were no consequences. Until now. Now, it appears that the woman who got Frank Black Cloud fired, as he was, in every way he could, working to salvage the Wind Farm Project, was pretty proud of herself, despite the fact that her actions have made reviving the project more complicated, is 'nervous'.

Naked Lawn Ornament is throwing her under the bus, to use the cliché of the day. NLO has to apologize to Frank Black Cloud in order to start bringing back the Wind Farm Project. She is constructing a story of how Connie Baker 'misled' her and that she had mistakenly 'believed' her. How Connie Baker was somehow, the reason for both Frank's dismissal, and for the 'messages and phone calls' from or about the Wind Farm, not getting through to her.

She is going to play the victim here, and lay as much as possible onto Connie. It will then be acceptable for her to fire Connie, and for you all to shun her. Her actions have cost you, or nearly cost you, the Wind Farm.

Your Tribal Council can't find a way to blame someone else, so they are lining up to blame her. She was only a small Betrayer in this. She deserves to be the object of scorn, but do not buy into Connie Baker as being the source of your Tribal Council's Ignorance and Greed.

Regardless of what they do about Connie Baker, (and I agree she needs to lose her job and not have a position where she can snoop through private computer files of other employees and trade that information to the Oppressors for a pat on the head) you need to hold your Tribal Council, ALL of them, accountable for their crimes.

Regardless of whether you get this Wind Farm or not, (and they might be just scared enough to process it to take the pressure off of themselves for awhile), you need to replace them with people who actually have integrity.

People you can trust to act on behalf of the tribe. Not, as these pigs have acted, thwarting the common good, stealing your money, sending you to beg for food, cash, medical or fuel funds.

Your Tribal Council has betrayed you in every way. You owe them no loyalty. They owe you accountability. You owe it to yourself, your family, your children and grand children, the future, to remove them from power.

You must unite, and you must stay united, or nothing changes. They count on you to betray yourselves.

What It Feels Like

Each time you have stood together, spoken with one voice, you felt it. That surge of electricity that moves through the room, through each of you, to where you actually feel connected on some level, with everyone else in that room. You felt the sense of strength come up, as if a current was coursing through your being, charging you and the air around all of you, with a real power.

It was real. Too often, you have started, but not finished. Attempted, but fallen apart.

You are being tested. Are you worthy of having a government with integrity? Earn it. Are you worthy of having a safe and secure community? Earn it.

Are you willing to do your part, and do it over and over again, until you can do it no more, if it means that by doing your part, the wheels that need to turn will have your energy to help them turn; and those wheels will, as they begin to turn, change the way your children, grand children and great grand children, feel about who they are, where they are from, and how much they can do in this world, as Human Beings.

That Wind Farm is symbolic of more than just income, jobs, and energy; it is a sign that you have the power to make the wheels of power turn, as they should, for the good of everyone in your community.

Continue to do your part, relentlessly, without letting fear stop you, without letting ignorance stop you, and without letting jealousy or racism or intimidation stop you, and you will have earned the right to stand there, and watch those turbines turn, generating more power, more prosperity, more dignity and respect for everyone in your community.

Until then, you have work to do.

I am getting the feeling now that you have work you WANT to do.

Vision

I get these glimpses, from time to time, of what this world can be. Of all the possibilities. Of all the good we can do, as Human Beings, together.

I believe it is in our nature, in our coding, to come together, to work for the common good, to help one another, to heal, repair and rebuild to make this a better world for all the children from whom we have borrowed for so long.

One of the ways I see that people find a way, despite the barriers of age, race, ability and distance, come together, is the Internet. The Web, ironically, is where we have overcome all the obstacles and found a way to come together, share, help and heal.

The WEB, of all things! Iktomi must be delighted that at least and at last, we found this place of meeting!

"All the Great Spirits of the Universe Come to This Place." I heard that once. I won't tell you where, nor from whom, but the instant I heard it, I understood it, and I am still working to understand it.

I know we are intended in this world to overcome many obstacles and to achieve things greater than ourselves. I know that that voice is in every single one of us. I know we all understand exactly what it means, and that we must continue to learn what it means.

This life is a quest. All that we experience in our dreams and in our waking life have a common thread of symbolism that is the common language between us and all living things and All Things Are Alive.

We are capable, each of us, regardless of what obstructions we perceive to block us, we are, in fact, capable of great things--things greater than our self.

And when we decide to leave the reactionary ignorance and jealousies of the past behind, we will rise like eagles on the wind, our spirits carried to the highest places of Unity, Peace and Light.

When we quit being enslaved by our own predictable reactions to people different from us, and decide to learn more, see more, and recognize the gift of every life that is drawing a breath, and our connection to that current of energy, we will have opened the door for all that is great and good in the Universe to appear on our path.

Until then, we create for ourselves and our children and their children, more struggles and more obstacles. We are doing the work that was left undone by those that left us here without doing their part. We are carried farther along by those who did their part and turned their wheels, before they left us here. And we owe it to the ones just coming into this world, as well as those already here, to clear the path for them so that they can, in their time here, reach for the highest possibilities within themselves.

They Know

Some of what I just said, sounds 'vaguely familiar' to those who have a fleeting memory of this knowledge. But inside of every young person, struggling to become an independent, self-reliant person...struggling with self esteem, identity, peer pressure, and both a yearning to belong and a need to escape, they all know what I am talking about.

It is more alive in them at these critical times in their lives, than ever at any time before or will be after. It is there to beckon them to continue to struggle and to achieve, to strive for more. It is the song that saves them if they follow it, and find ways to save themselves from the pitfalls of darkness that lure them.

What you do, and how you do it, determines whether or not they follow that song, or if they surrender to the futility left behind, by those who didn't do their part to make this a better world.

They need to learn how to understand that voice within them, recognize their own calling and find peace with the grief they will encounter when those close to them fall behind, destroy themselves, or are taken from them in a world that is not fair, but which does, oddly enough, if you stay on the path long enough, bring joys that outnumber the sadness, and make this life, this world, these struggles, all so very, very worth it.

They need to know that they are not perfect, but they are perfect enough. They need to know that it is up to them to find redemption when they have fallen down, and use that to pick themselves up and to help others to stand up again.

Show them how to stand up again. Show them how to get up, again and again, and defeat the darkness that would consume them. Show them how to forgive others and how to forgive themselves.

Show them how to find strength in coming together.

Show them, by doing.

Show them this life worth living, worth giving and worth saving.

Show them, without fear, who you are. Show them the power and dignity of Unity.

Give them that which was not given to you.

The oppression you live under and those who oppress you are prime teaching materials for you to teach your children, and for them to teach their children, how to overcome darkness.

Heal yourself from your addictions, and they will learn to not become addicted.

Heal yourself from ignorance, and they will learn how to learn.

Let go of your racism and they too, will drop that burden.

Learn to say "No" and "Not Acceptable" when you are being told to agree to things you know are wrong--- and your children will learn to stand up for themselves. Learn boundaries, and how to keep them, and your children will have a healthier sense of what they must do and what they must not.

Stand up, at every meeting, and demand what is yours. Demand that the corrupt resign. Demand it every time and support those whose voices rise up and speak for you, and you will free your children from the chains of futility that have weighed them down and dragged them into addictions.

Our greatest power, our best chance for survival, is in Unity. We do not have to agree on everything to unite for what we know is right.

Show them how you can all join together, to become something greater, stronger, more powerful than the sum of your individual numbers. Show them that the possibilities for them to do as much and more is within their grasp.

Watch how they thrive.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 9, 2008

The Power of Information

The more information people have, the better they can make decisions. People with the right information, tend to make the best decisions. People with the wrong information, make the wrong decisions, based on bad information. People with no information are generally unable to make decisions, unable to make right choices, and feel more hopeless and suspicious of others.

That is just how it works. The more you learn to learn, the more you can learn. The more information you process, the more you learn what information is right and what information is 'misinformation'. The less information you have, the less apt you are to know if it is right or wrong because you have not had the opportunity to develop judgment.

Notice, I said "Learn to learn". It is up to each of us, with whatever curiosity that we have left in us, to learn more and more, and to develop the judgment that will allow us to differentiate between 'truth and lies', 'facts and fantasies'. The more we know the difference, the less we are apt to be misled. The more we are apt to be able to realize if we are being misled, and make changes, to get ourselves on the path where we know we want to be.

Processing information is key to our survival. That is why I encourage everyone, especially those who are in school, to educate themselves. Learn to learn. School gives you information, but they do not teach you how to learn. They teach you to recite the information, but not how to process it.

Learn to learn. Educate yourself. Learn how to research information and go beyond the assignment and reach into as much information as you can get your hands on and wrap your mind around, and you will open up for yourself, a world of possibilities, beyond your current limitations.

Information is empowering.

Keepers of The Gates

There are sayings that 'those who control the gates of their enemies, control their enemies', and 'Gatekeepers control the world'. If you understand what that means, you realize how important it is for you to have the keys to those gates, if you are to have a chance at reaching any of Life's promises.

Essentially, the gates are the most important point of control. If you stop food

from passing through the gates, people starve and perish. If you only allow a little food through the gates, they will fight among themselves and struggle to find ways to control what little food there is. They will not be a functioning society, but rather, a crippled one, easy to control, with 'food'.

If you shut the gates and do not allow water, people will die of thirst, the land will parch and the animals will drop. If you only allow a little water, the people will fight over it, and again, be easy to control with the promise of a little more water.

The way to control people is to control the information they have or can get. If you are abusing people and lying to them, it is important that the gates of information remain closed to them, otherwise, they will rise up and overthrow their abusers.

That is why you have no newspaper, and the one you had for such a brief time, was a joke. You could read every word and learn nothing that would help you to escape the oppressive poverty and futility around you. The newspaper was information controlled by those who wish control you.

The radio station was another big joke. Again, run by the same people who wish to control you.

Your Tribal Council does not give you information in a way that it can be processed and used to make sound decisions. In fact, they give you no information, they lie, deceive by bullying you, or make promises they never intend to keep. They never post their minutes, except that one time, where they put a year's worth of gibberish in the local paper, one time only, none of it worth anything.

They keep the information you need, hidden from you. They control you that way. Without enough information, you cannot tell if you have 'all the information' you need to make a decision. You cannot tell if you have the 'right information' in order to act in a way that will take you to where you want to be. They do all they can to conceal from you the facts, the information, the news, that would allow you to make sound judgments and conduct your life accordingly.

They control the gates of the money. The money is yours, but they keep it from you and keep it for themselves. They allow a little money through to a few of you, hoping you will fight amongst yourselves for the scraps. They control you with the promise of more, but they never give you more. Money is the water of economic flow, and survival. They keep that from you.

The government is complicit in helping the Gatekeepers control you. They want to keep you ignorant, helpless, starving, and in poverty so that they can abuse

you, the land, and keep it all for themselves. They control the information, the money, the food and the fuel.

They give your children schools that teach them nothing. Schools run by the corrupt, who oppress and run off anyone that would bring to the students, the keys to the gates: knowledge, information, and self-esteem. What's left just goes through the motions.

The students, unwary, defeat themselves. They work harder at not achieving so as to insure that they will find 'belonging' among their peers, without seeming to strive beyond those gates at anytime, now or later.

This is why your sports teams are encouraged to frolic in addictions. These deadly distractions insure that the children will not learn, not achieve, and not learn to learn. This keeps the Gatekeepers safe, so far.

This is why these addictions and behaviors are encouraged by the people who should be guiding the young away from the dangers and teaching them the real skills in life. They are Gatekeepers and they fear that if the young are not poisoned early and often, they might become precocious, and exceed the bounds of ignorance, and break the bonds of oppression.

If only the young realized how much power they have. If only they realized how much power they could achieve in this life, in this world, if they reached for what is theirs, and learned how to learn.

Finding Teachers

If ever they were to find that key, the gates of knowledge would swing wide open, and the gates beyond, would also open, and keep opening. They would be unstoppable in this life, and their hopes and dreams realized, they could guide their own children, someday, to find the keys of knowledge.

These keys are not found in drugs or alcohol. They are found in pure knowledge.

Once you find you have that key, in your hand, that will, if you use it, open those gates and set you free to achieve all your hopes and dreams in this world, nothing can stop you.

Once you have that key, you will find your teachers. They will take you as far as they can, until you exceed their limitations. For awhile, you will be on your own until you find another teacher, and another and another, until the end of your days.

It is not up to anyone to be your teacher. It is up to you to learn. That is how this key works. The one that sets you free is the one that drives you to learn more and more and more.

One day, you look around and you realize: "Everyone is my teacher". You will find your teacher in the sighs of a sleeping child, the ways of nature that allows the willow to bend and yield but never break. In the rivers that, despite the dams and dikes, levies and locks, rise up and overflow, finding their way across the land, flooding out the very people that thought they had, all these centuries, controlled nature, or were superior to her rhythm and balance.

Every River Rises

Every time the Red River rises as she does, it is to remind us that the more we are controlled by artificial means, the more it is in our nature to overcome those barriers and find our own way.

Each time we don't learn, it costs us more. Learn to learn. The River knows where it should be and how it should flow free, and so do you.

You are controlled by artificial means, being denied access to information, you must find a way to get that information and feed yourself, become strong and take back your path and control the direction of your life with better judgment.

Once you have the information, you will find more and more information. Once those gates open, you will find the keys to all the other gates and they will fly open upon you reaching them.

Those who want to control the river flow for their own purposes, denying the path of nature, denying those who would use the water for all, so that only the few in positions of power would benefit from its being controlled: Lands sold cheaply and then over built, without respect for where the river would be, benefited.

Those who trusted the people who built in those areas, and the government who was supposed to give them facts about what was safe and where it was safe to be, suffered when the true path of the river found its way.

Same with you. Those who artificially control you, by withholding information, by distracting your loved ones with drugs and alcohol, and by not allowing those who are qualified and ethical to be in positions of responsibility; have benefited from your suffering. They have made themselves wealthy. They have made themselves politically powerful. They have made themselves immune from investigation into their crimes.

But they fear you. They fear your awakening. They fear that one day, the children will learn to learn and all that is to be known will be revealed to them, like a flood.

That is why, every time you rise up, they try to control you, with a little more money. That is why they try to control you with alcohol, underage sex, drugs, and molestation. That is why they try to control you with threats of murder, or of being run off the rez.

They can control you in these ways. They can keep you down, with money, false promises, addictions and abuses. But not forever. There will come a time when your waters will rise, overflow their dams, levees and locks, and take back what is yours, by The Creator.

They will shut you down again, and you will rise up again. Over and over, until you learn to learn, and your children learn to learn, and they cannot keep you down any longer.

One Gate

This blog is here to give you access to the information you are not allowed to know out there on the rez. It is here to remind you of what is going on, behind your backs, behind closed doors, and right under your noses. It is here to awaken you to what you can do to help yourself.

It is here as the First Gate, already open, to show you that it can be done and you are the ones to do it. It would not be here if you had not already begun the process of gathering the keys of information, and finding ways to bring it to this place so that this gate could open and everyone could see what is going on there.

It is only one gate. The First Gate. It is up to you to continue to gather information and feed it in here, and to share it with one another. You bring it to me, everyone gets it. Everyone gets to figure out for themselves if it is right or wrong, fact or fiction, and everyone can develop their own judgment based on the same set of information.

That enables you to act according to your own best interests. You can choose to ignore the information, but that changes nothing. You can choose to get angry, but that would cloud your judgment. Or you can find ways to join together to overcome the mistrust and the petty feuds that have kept you divided and easy to control and manipulate, and become the nation you were intended to be--- FREE.

It is that you all have the same information, this First Gate opening up, that puts so much fear into those that constantly work to control you for their own protection and enrichment. So much fear that you can see it on their faces, smell it on them when they are near.

It's not me they are afraid of--- tis you. It has always been you. If they were not afraid of you, they would not be so desperate to contain and control you. If they were really powerful and strong, they would not fear you. They fear, among other things, that you will realize that they are not as powerful nor as strong as you are.

Now that you understand that, understand why they fear you. It is because they know that you have the power to take back what is yours and hold them accountable. They fear you because they know you are becoming aware of your power and that their time is coming to an end.

The First Gate is open. Now, pick up the keys, they are all around you, and open up all the gates that have kept you from your real life. And teach the children how to find these keys for themselves.

Teach them how to learn to learn, for the sake of learning. And know that when they get that, nothing and no one will be able to stop them from achieving great and wonderful things in their lives.

What greater feeling can anyone have than to know the children are safe and to know that they have ahead of them, every bright opportunity limited only by their imagination. To know that their children are free, forever, and able to keep themselves free, would be the one best thing we can do for them in this life that we have.

The keys are everywhere, help yourself. Help the Children to help themselves.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 16, 2008
The Apology

Canada's Government did something last week that ALL North American Governments need to do: They apologized for the harm they did in forcing the children of Indian families to be subjected to the horrors of Residential Schools.

That the policy of "Assimilation" had the stated mission of "Kill the Indian in the child" came face-to-face with the recognition and acknowledgement of the wreckage this wreaked upon Indian Nations, for more than seven generations, was in itself, a first real step in healing.

It will, doubtless, take more than seven generations to heal up and hair over the destruction, and to restore the cultural, social and familial bonds between individuals and nations. But it is a first step.

The Apology was sincere, it was detailed, often painfully so, and it was as deep as it was broad.

Elders and representatives of First Nations were in the room, in the halls and on the lawns outside, hearing each word, each phrase, loud and clear.

After all who were representing government, present and for the past, spoke and apologized, these Elders and representatives spoke. Each accepted the apology.

It was the two elder women who spoke in their own language first, and then translated into English, that for me, had the greatest impact in a scene wall-to-wall with profound impact.

By standing at the heart of government and speaking the language of their people, a language that had been beaten out of so many before them, some who were killed for speaking it, they proved, to my way of thinking, that they are the heart of the land, and that heart still beats in the languages of the people the Creator put here, to steward these lands.

They were not defeated. They were here and now, and they were powerful. They always have been.

The war against the People has been going on since contact. Overt in the early stages, with massacres and battles; covert later used primarily in legislation, to make the genocide 'legal', and to conceal from the rest of the population, what was being done to people, in their own lands, in our name, as 'citizens', while only the wealthiest and the most politically powerful prospered. All this time, in

general, the story has not been publicly told.

Those who heard the stories had, up until this time, been able to safely retreat to denial, the truth so hard to bear. No more.

The apology means "No More" denial.

Now, in Canada, the healing can begin. And, Good People, we, as a nation, have a very long road ahead of us. Denial of the truth for so long has left us ill prepared for what we are about to learn, but learn we must if we are to ever be able to look forward to a time when our children and their children can live in a world of possibilities and true freedom to pursue their dreams and fulfill their destiny as Human Beings.

We have begun.

Joke's On You

Looks like you scared the Tribal Council into doing something when you demanded your wind farm. But they have seen this before. They wait for the interest and the focus to die down and the unity to unravel in apathy, jealousy and deceptions.

They have NO Intention of doing what they said they would do. None, whatsoever. They merely want to trick you into climbing off their backs.

They did not privately, nor will they publicly apologize to Frank Blackcloud. That apology to him is required for them to humble themselves before you all and admit they were wrong. They will never do that. It is not their pride, but rather their fear, for they have nothing to be proud of in how they have mistreated you all these years and even to this very day.

Instead of getting Frank Blackcloud back in position to make this happen, which is the only way it will happen, they instead handed over the job of grant writing for the EPA to Russell McDonald!

Russell who claims a degree but knows almost nothing about the subject of his degree; who has failed, time and time again, to secure even the most simple and common of grants for the Elders and others, but yet manages to be paid the "Grant Fee" of 10% of that grant, (despite not acquiring it), on top of his salary, is now in charge of running this project. A project in a field for which he is preeminently unqualified. (Fits right in with the Tribal Judge and her total lack of credentials and qualifications, eh?)

They have no intention of building a wind farm. They do want to secure the money to start one, and of course, put that into their own pockets via the Ronin Money Laundering scheme, ongoing to this day. And when the government (IF the government) decides to audit the grant and finds it was (as are they all) 'misspent', and demands the money back, it will come again, from your pockets, and not from those who stole it from you.

You know who Russell McDonald is. You know where he and his family live. You know where to find them. Find them! Demand answers. Hold up signs, (send me pictures of your pickets and I will post them), and confront them when you see them and demand answers.

Never threaten them. Never harm them. But demand and demand and demand. All of you en masse, and individually, when you see them at their home, at their work, or in public places. Raise your voices and demand. Give them no rest and no peace until they relent and get out of your way.

This is the work you must do. It is hard work. But it is only get more difficult if you do not begin now and sustain it until it is done. The reason it is so hard now, so complex now, is that for so long we all have let them do whatever they wanted, despite the fact that we could have stopped them, with the truth, a long time ago.

If you don't do this work now, your children will have to do your work before they can even start to do their work.

The Tribal Council and all the corruption they embody as well as the Turdclan and all their criminal enterprises, count on you to do nothing. They count on your children watching you do nothing so that they will have no idea how to stand up for themselves or their children, and this can and will, go on until the end of this world.

If that is the future you want for your children, then by all means, do nothing. But if you want your children to at least be able to say: "My Elders did something. They stood up, " then you must, now and forever, get up from your blankets and act.

It is not a matter of you do it once, twice, even ten times and it is all fixed. It may not be made right in our lifetime. That is not the point. The point is that you learn to stand up, learn to stand together, and you defy those that have treated you like a joke all of your life, since before you were born.

It can be done. It is not the end result that you need to achieve in this lifetime, because, frankly, it may not happen in our lifetime. (Especially not at this pace!).

Rather, it is the journey that is important here. Important because it is the journey that teaches us, and it is the journey that teaches those who follow us, the things we need to know in order to make our live, everyone's' lives, better.

But, if you do not set upon this path in this journey now, the way becomes more and more concealed by the overgrowth of apathy and corruption, and makes that path to redemption and decency, so much harder for the next generations to find.

At least by standing up now, the ones who follow will see the tracks, read the signs along the way, and know that up ahead, there is something worth getting to, and a life worth living.

Nabholtz Construction and General Electric can build this wind farm next door, in Turtle Mountain, no problem.

You can see from where you are, their turbines when they go up. You can watch as they prosper and their children move ahead. You can see this from where you sit on your blankets. Or, you can have what is yours for the taking, that which you are entitled to, the better future for yourself and your family.

It's really up to you. Others will gladly do what they must to have this opportunity fall into their reach.

Just, how will you answer when your children ask, 'Why did you not fight for me?'

Either start thinking of a good answer now, or do what you must to make those questions unnecessary.

Don't let your routine of abandoning your families for Bingo, drugs, alcohol or worse addictions, fool you into thinking you are not able, not responsible and that the situation you do nothing about is not your fault.

You are not responsible for what happens that is done TO you, but you are responsible for what you do about it.

The Children are watching.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 18, 2008
Laws of Displacement

In physics we learn that it is impossible for two solid objects to occupy the same space at the same time. They came to this brilliant conclusion based on simple observations. It started, supposedly, with a man in a bathtub realizing that the level of water rose up as his fat butt submerged.

What I find fascinating about this observation, personally, is how silly it is. I would think that common sense would have told us all this simple thing and no one would have needed to make a "Physics Law" about it.

Not sure if medals were awarded, the Queen dubbed him a knight, or what. I just find that the most simple of operations of common sense become a cause for hysterical celebrity in a peer group that obviously had just woken up in a brand new world that very morning.

I guess this meant that they no longer had to wonder why they couldn't pound square pegs into round holes. And whoever was trying to put one rock inside of another, could now, with permission, abandoned the experiments because they were doomed to fail. There was a "Law" now, that made it okay for solid objects to exist, co-exist separately, and the world did not end.

Allowing objects to exist/co-exist without trying to force one into the other, did not change either object. However, if you force them together, collide them, both are damaged, but neither becomes the other.

Imagine, if you can, if this epiphany of "Laws of Displacement" had not been 'discovered' (I love that word. As if something "obvious" must be "discovered" as if it were hidden!).

Imagine the kind of havoc "Scientists" and the common Government Potentates would be trying to wreak on this earth, by forcing Rocks to become other rocks. Worse, if they decided that only one type of rock was acceptable? Rocks would be hauled in, against their will, and other rocks would smash against them over and over again, until nothing but pieces of rocks were left.

Surely, the 'experiments' would be seen as futile and ignorant and someone would have to raise their hand and say "Stop!". Surely, someone in government would have stopped funding the experiments as yielding only damage, right?

Continuing along in the Imagine Bus, if you will, we see that there was no one who really knew what was going on with the rocks. Rocks were just rocks and people who were not around when the rocks were being smashed in an effort to

make them become something they were never intended to be, were never told about the experiments and how long they had gone on.

Looking off to the right of the bus (Buckle up, it's bumpy where the broken rocks are scattered over the land here) we see that those who are perpetuating the rock smashing claim to hold an 'ideal' of what a rock should be. That ideal declares that there are some rocks that are inferior to other rocks and really don't have a right to exist. In an attempt to save those rocks, they want them to become like the 'Right Rocks' and are determined to make it happen.

Assuming they had all it took to master and subdue Nature, fool God, they continued to try and turn one kind of rock into another rock by breaking it to pieces and then tying the pieces together. String, rope, fire, glue. Nothing really worked.

"Stupid Rocks!" the Foreman yells. "Don't they know we are trying to make them better?"

(Shut the windows. You don't want to hear all their yelling and name calling.)

They have broken many rocks before, and they follow the criteria set forth by those who smashed and broke so many rocks before them in this wild experiment that never seems to yield anything but damaged rocks, and dust. (Oopsie! There's a big bump!). They claim to have the best of intentions in creating 'better rocks', but no real examples to show except some glued-together rocks that look right on the outside, but are all mixed up on the inside.

Because they don't yet understand the laws of Nature, and because they have a culture that believes you can dominate Mother Nature, and that you can determine which Rocks God approves of and which are not yet 'good enough', they continue to haul rocks from far and near (There's a truckload of rocks being dumped over there), repeating the experiment, over and over again, with more force and more brutality, thinking that force and brutality will win the 'battle' of rocks not appreciating what is being done for them.

Don't get up, we are still on the bus. The road is getting really bumpy now because, oddly enough, bigger and bigger chunks of rocks are showing up on the road. Some rocks were damaged, but they were not broken. The experiment was failing but it was ongoing. Government, so it seems, is willing to fund the dumbest, most pointless, even cruel experiments, if someone can give them a story about how it is for the good of all.

Government not so dumb as to believe it, but they want to hear it. Very powerful people profited from the rock changing experiments. The citizens would not

continue to pay taxes if they knew about these pointless, damaging experiments. So a good cover story, despite evidence to the contrary, despite the most obvious contradictions at play, a good cover story is necessary to allow violations of God's intention and Nature's Balance, to continue.

(The bus lurches side-to-side as the tires dodge even bigger rocks). Apparently, some rocks would not be broken. Some pieces looked too small to be a problem, but they eventually collected in large enough groups that people could see piles and piles, hills and mountains, of damage.

Okay, finally, the public became aware, Congress became conscious, and the experiments stopped. Turns out that it is impossible to break one rock into dust and then build a better rock out of the pieces by adding glue. The money stopped.

But decades would go by before anyone realized how much money had been thrown at this project of trying to turn the nature of one rock into the shape, form and feel of another rock.

So, I guess we needed the Laws of Displacement to be explained to us after all, eh? I mean, otherwise, just think of the damage we would have done and the money wasted in creating that damage.

The Bus Stops now. We get off. And now we can all scratch our heads and wonder why, since the Laws of Displacement were already known, why it seemed possible or even okay to have Residential Schools.

Real flesh and blood Human Beings being treated by other people as if they were Inferior in the eyes of Government and imperfect in the Eye of The Creator. One has to wonder, and wonder we should, for all our sakes: "What exactly was the government and the Church so afraid of that they felt they had 'permission' to pursue the mission, as they stated: "To Kill The Indian In the Child." ?

That this was done, with the help and 'guidance' of the most powerful churches on the face of the earth, is stunning in contradiction. Those who claim to speak for God, did such ungodly crimes to helpless children, for generations, with the permission, and funding of the most powerful Government on the face of the earth.

Could there have been a more obvious wrong on either count? How far would we have been, as a Nation, had we learned from one another instead of trying to turn one into the other, by force? What better pursuits could we have entered, and where would that road have taken us?

We need to look at those questions, and others. This is a time of awakening. This is a time of the Truth Coming Out. It is a time where we have to look at what all was taken from all of us, and what ruin was perpetrated in our name, and find a path of Truth and Reconciliation so that we can move forward.

In moving forward, we need to see, by understanding more clearly what could have been, where it is we want to go, and how we want to get there.

Of all that was done to destroy Indian People: Their language, their carvings, their culture, their lifestyle, their hair and their stories, all being beaten and smashed, over and over again, so much has, despite it all, survived. Somewhere, in each battered child, was a story of survival beyond anything the rest of us can imagine. Some of the stories have to do with friends and family members who never came back from those godless Residential Schools.

Like so many broken rocks and so much dust, they were dumped in unmarked graves, mass graves, waiting to be found and their broken bones to tell the stories for them. It's coming and we had better be prepared for what we will learn. And we had better learn or we are all lost.

Those who have the knowing and who can come together with others who also have the knowing, can help us all to heal and rebuild again, what God Intended each of us to be and what Nature gave us to work with. We must regard one another, and others, as Human Beings. We cannot allow ourselves to think we are better than anyone because we can't say for sure that we would have survived differently had we had their life. We cannot be sure that we would have survived at all. Respect the life that is left. Respect the life that you have. Respect one another.

We must never again practice the destructive ways of fear and oppression. Those who did not allow the fear and oppression to break them, saved us all. We must not tolerate the tools of fear to ever shape us as a society, as a people, as a nation, ever again.

Fear And Truth Cannot Occupy the Same Life

Those who practice intimidation, fear us. They fear everything. They fear that we will wake up and realize, we know they are afraid. There is no other reason for anyone to ever intimidate anyone unless they are afraid of them. Why expend that much energy and time for nothing? Surely, it is a lot of work to sustain a network of bullying and intimidating, always afraid that the soldiers will mutiny. Not like people of good character get into the practice of intimidating others, so collapse it must and collapse it will.

Those who have committed crimes against us, fear us. They fear the consequences of what they have done. They can trust no one. They cannot even trust one another.

Once you know this, that fear cannot enter you again. They can hurt you, rob you or kill you, but they cannot make you 'afraid' and that is a truth they will avoid at all cost. They will avoid facing it by avoiding confronting you and having to see it.

They cannot put their fear in the same place as your knowing the truth. The Laws of Displacement Apply. They fear you will find your own power and they will be powerless over you. They will try more and more devious and desperate things, to try and root out your knowing the truth and replace it with their brand of fear. That with your knowing you will see their fear, clearly.

It does not matter who they are, this is how it works. If a big one picks on a little one, it is because he is afraid of bigger ones picking on him. He is afraid that if he cannot intimidate you, cannot make you fear, you too, will overpower him. It becomes important to the bullies, that you fear them; that you do not let yourself think in ways that question their power.

If many pick on the few, it works the same. Stay your ground. The truth will be heard.

Once you realize they have no power they cannot feed off your fear. The evil inside them starves and begins to feed off of them. And it shows. They know you see it. They know you sense it. They know you know!

And it smells. You can smell it on them. The minute they lose power over you, even for an instant, you can smell it on them.

They cannot win. And now, all their killing is coming up out of the ground, like frost heave, showing up along with their other crimes. They keep trying to stomp it back down, but there are too many of them, shoving up, blurting out, sending documents to me, speaking up.

I say that we, as a nation, have survived a genocide. In order to begin the healing, we must recognize this occurred. To prevent it from ever happening again, we must study on all levels, how it came to be, why it was allowed and what made it tolerable and prevent it from ever getting a foothold in our communities ever again.

Those who would use the tactics on you that were used in Residential Schools, to intimidate you, keep you silent, are becoming afraid of you. Their high standing

is seen as a joke. Their self-serving stories, filled with lies, snickered at somewhere in the crowd, becoming a ripple as they lose their composure ("Who's doing that!??") Afraid to hear someone say: "I am! You are full of it and we all know it!"

And like the forced silence of Residential Schools, making each survivor an accomplice, filling them with shame for not being crushed too, you can now speak out.

They fear you will. They know that when you start to speak out, all that has been held back, the anger, the information you have been forced to keep inside all this time, will start like a trickle and become a flood of information and revelation. What they did. What you saw. What you heard and what you know.

It is in you, waiting to be free. Waiting to set you free. "And the Truth Shall set you Free!" Each of you (and you can sense it, so can they), is dying to be free. Be free before you die. Let it go so it will let you go. The Truth and the Silence cannot occupy the same space without damaging the holder that tries to contain it.

The Laws of Displacement Applies to All of Us

No lying preacher, no bullying government can alter the Intention of God and the Ways of Nature without the consequences of revealing their true intentions and their fears. Human Beings are Children of God and that is one Parent you may not want to piss off in this lifetime.

To abuse Human Beings, in this nation or other nations; in institutions, prisons or schools is to commit a wrong we know we are doing. Excuse it all you want, you cannot deny it. Deny it all you want, you cannot hide it. Hide it all you want, it will be revealed and all those who partook in it, laid bare with it. The Balance of Nature demands it. It is how we learn, as Human Beings, to redeem ourselves. That cannot be changed any more than rocks can be made into other rocks with glue and string.

The True Self and the Lie Cannot Exist in the Same Place At the Same Time

It is something we all know, inside, without having the law of it declared to us. Those who try to defy it, suffer the consequences in this world and the next. The taste of their own fear always with them. The smell of their own fear around them. Their true self revealed, untimely in events. Their true self shows, slipping out of hiding, and might be spied. The work it takes to maintain the lies destroys the people that try to contain it.

It destroys the children, the health, the reputation is made of wax and will not withstand the heat of inquiry, the light of truth. Wax people melt away revealing their ugly true self, and they think we cannot see? Do we pretend not to see? We don't have to pretend, anymore. It defies our true self to pretend we don't know who they are, what they have done. We turn into wax, like them, if we persist in such pointless politeness.

Keeping silent, protecting secrets of murder cannot exist in the same place and the same time, as the desire for Truth and Healing. Guilt and Peace cannot exist in the same being at the same time without shattering the spirit, consuming the mind and destroying the heart that contains it. The discomfort is chronic and it grows. Our families suffer for it, and we become less when we should be so much more.

Choose to be your true self

You can be anything you want to be, but no one has the right to force you to be anything you don't want to be. The Laws of Displacement apply. Looking back on it, considering it was the most powerful Government and the most powerful "Men of God", you would have thought it was obvious that the Residential Schools were an abomination in the sight of God and that it could only reveal the most powerful government in the world, was afraid of small Indian Children. How powerful must be those Indian Children, then and now! It could only reveal that the strongest Churches in the world were based in ungodly politics of their own. We need to look at those questions now, as we did not then, and act accordingly, for our own good and the good of all people.

The "experiment" (euphemism for 'genocide') failed. It was cruel, wrong and did not have 'good intentions' (Disabuse us all of that rationale if we want to survive the rest of the awareness that is coming. After all, a sloppy contradiction and the obvious truth cannot exist in the same place at the same time.) (I guess that is what Denial is for?)

(The sound of water sloshing out of a bathtub as the Fat Bishop sits into a soak.)

Time to recognize what was done and to understand the damage done, and to realize what must be done.

It involves all of us. It involves what is left of all of us.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 19, 2008

True Friends, True Courage

I found a true friend today, in the most unexpected way. I will share this with everyone as I think it is key to understanding how we, as Human Beings, are imperfect, but capable of great things.

I have very high standards for friendship, which explains why I have only enough friends as I need in this world, and they are all people I hold in higher esteem than any others.

What I have been learning in this world, is not that we must be perfect, but that we are all of us, imperfect. Rather than focus on the failure to be perfect in this world, I look at how we deal with what life throws at us. Perfect people, those who have never made a mistake, bore me silly and I have no patience, and they hold no interest for me.

Now, I have been supporting this Wind Farm and Frank Black Cloud strenuously of late. I have corresponded with him, from time to time, in a more unusual way than most of my contacts on the rez.

Rather than being a source of information, he was inquiring of me, as he felt inspired by the blog, as to what he could do to help the people of his community. He gave me background on his life, including the mistakes that gave him a felony conviction, and how he learned from going to jail, to rehabilitate himself.

He learned to respect others and to control his temper, and to enjoy life more. He told me how he met his wife, got his education and learned to really appreciate his culture and his community and wanted to bring something back. He wanted to make a difference.

Early on, and this is where I told him he was naive, he was a big supporter of Myra and did not like that I dubbed her "Naked Lawn Ornament". He was appreciative of her giving him the opportunity to have the kind of job that would allow him to help his people.

I told him that he was naive, and that she would use him for his qualifications, and he would learn that all I had said about her was true, and then some. I told him that she would betray him, and he would see her as she was.

For a time, we agreed to disagree. He just wanted to help people: HIS People, whom he loved so much, and thought that if he could turn his life around as he had, he could help others, like him, do the same.

He never claimed to be perfect. He just wanted to help others. The betrayal of NLO and the Tribal Council with this Wind Farm debacle, broke his heart. He asked me to help him to rouse up the rez and get them to realize what a great opportunity this would be for the community. He wanted you all to stand together to get what you deserve, and had every right to prosper from.

He did not ask for the apology. In fact, he didn't think that part was important. He just wanted you all to have the Wind Farm. It was my idea to make it something you earned by demanding that the corrupt who had bled you dry, robbed your children and murdered, raped and addicted the future into futility, my idea to get you to stand up and say "ENOUGH!" and as proof of that victory, the apology, in front of you all, for you all, to the one person who could do this right and for the right reasons.

I knew that the TC would go after him and his family because he was standing up for you. Not standing up for him, but for you all.

And they did.

When the first word came to me that he had been arrested and so had his mother for cashing the checks of his dead brother, I did not want to believe it. But, since this blog is about standing up for the Truth, I had to search it out. Where better to go to find the answers, than to the man himself. I found that he was not arrested, but the details are best laid out in his own words.

Here is the answer I got from him:

Hello Cat,

Unfortunately this did just occur. My brother, who was a part of the entire thing turned my mother in. I had a very minimal roll in the entire event but was indicted. This is very hard for me to explain as I am ashamed of what has happened. I can say that I never benefited from any of the money. My brother Matthew did. He turned mom in after she didn't allow him to have the last check that was issued. Subsequently he was not charged because he turned mom in. I am charged because I knew of the entire incident and did nothing about it. To tell you the truth, as soon as I knew they were going to charge mom I went to Myra and informed her of what happened. Myra and she told me that there was nothing to worry about if mom paid the money back. I have been getting the run-around ever since, but mom and I did make an honest effort to repay the money. The FBI agent promised me that there would be no charges filed if we were able to repay the

money. After much discussions with Myra I was finally told that I needed to make arraignments with the enrollment office. They too gave me the run-around. I finally got a date to meet with them set for the 18th of this month. Mom was arrested last Monday, by the tribal police and placed into custody in the tribal jail. She is not an enrolled member of any tribe and yet she was held in their custody for 18 hours. I'm trying to find an attorney to represent her for the civil rights violations.

I know what has happened was very wrong. I can only say that when it began the money was very minimal, \$100.00 was the amount of the checks. When the amount increased is when Matthew took the money for himself. Now mom has become responsible for the entire amount. My roll was that I knew about it and didn't turn my mother in. I did try to fix it once I knew that things were going in the direction that they are now. I'm not proud of these events but tried to protect my mother. In doing so I was indicted.

I was not arrested. I did not go to jail. I am standing by my mother. No matter what has happened she is still my mother. Just so you'll know, this all began in 2000 and ended in 2007. It did not go back to 1991. Glenn died in 1993. From what I know my oldest brother Mark, who has died in 2005 was the one that helped mom begin to get the checks. I was told about it and simply thought that it was only \$100.00 and really didn't see the harm. It was like Glenn was reaching out to help her as best he could. That was how we rationalized it.

If I were you , my friend, I would distance myself from me. Use what I've told you in any way that you wish. I certainly wouldn't blame you if you did. You've always spoken the truth and spoken your mind. What has happened to me should not have happened but since it is something that i must face then i will. It was wrong, I know this. I have no intention of running from this. Myra did know. Yet she failed to be a true leader and help when she had the chance.

Take care of yourself my friend. It was good knowing you.

I think I have found exactly what I was hoping to find out there, on the rez: Courage. There is a difference between covering up a crime, big or small by lying or falsely accusing others; and real loyalty in standing by someone who has made a mistake, is owning up to it, and helping that person to get through it.

I stand by those who tell the truth, own up to their part, and face the consequences. I do not expect perfection, but I do value, above all else, the courage to tell the truth, even

when it looks ugly on us.

Whatever happens to Frank, his mother, or his brothers, I admire Frank for being man enough to stand up and to do what he can to make amends.

I leave it up to the rest of you to judge him by whatever standards you hold yourself to, and what kind of caliber you expect from those you respect.

I also remind you that the crimes committed here, although not excusable, are understandable in a community where poverty has been created by bigger thieves, who rob you every day, in amounts you may not live to count, barely rise to the level of investigation, arrest and all that show.

However, if Frank and his mother are to be held to that standard, then all should be held to the same standard. You know who is robbing you, and you have only a vague idea of how many tens of millions have been stolen from you by those who stand in judgment of Frank and his mother. Hold them to the same standard and to the same degree and for the same reasons.

Now that you have seen how the courage to face mistakes can look, demand it from those who commit even greater crimes, and who have, for so long created an artificial poverty that drives otherwise good people to do small crimes of their own, just to get by.

Now that you see the difference between those who cover up crimes and those who stand by their friends and family who own up to it, now we can see for yourselves what we can and should expect from ourselves and most of all, from those whom we trust as leaders.

I see Frank Black Cloud as a Human Being. I see him as imperfect and interesting. I see him as courageous in ways big and small. I see him as my friend.

If you ever wanted to do something for yourself, something you know is right, I say this to you: Stand by him and call him your friend.

If you demand perfection, denial, and lies, then you already have all the friends you need and then some. If your standards are higher, and you expect truth, courage and loyalty; honesty and courage, you know where to find that, today.

He truly walks the road of Redemption and those are footprints we can use to guide us in dealing with our own imperfections.

He is not asking for you to do this, nor is he expecting it. But what a beautiful way to show that we can, as Human Beings, help each other to heal and to get through the rough patches.

What a sign this would be to the corrupt, that you value the truth and are healing and becoming stronger. How scary to them to see that you are prepared to drop the requirement of denial in your loyalty, and are strong enough to stand in the light of truth. Do this for yourself.

Do this for the children, who will make mistakes of their own, and need to know how to find their way back, again and again.

I am interested to see what happens next. I am interested to see what you do. I am interested in hearing from you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 26, 2008
Déjà Vu, All Over Again

I sort of wish Yogi Berra was here to read this one for us. It seems that no matter how many times they play that money scam on the tribe, it just gets funnier every time! It just never seems to get old, now does it?

(Barks Twice comes into the room, wrapped in Toilet Paper) What's that Girl? (*Barks Twice, barks twice) You say you remember the old Toilet Paper scam? The one where the tribe was 'robbed' of \$12 Million dollars? You say you remember how the Tribal Council all hung their heads and said: 'We done got robbed by white folk', but how they never pursued legal action to get the money back? (*Barks Twice barks twice, and lopes out of the room, toilet paper streaming in her wake).

You all remember that too, don't you? How the TC was willing to just let that money go, and never so much as asked for an investigation or tried to recover the money. That is because, the money went into their pockets. However, the rest of you did get some of that toilet paper from those two truckloads of it they parked in front of the Blue Building, right? There ya go!

*(Barks Twice re-enters the room, dragging a chain of cell phones, all tied together with a golden wire. Sits. Wags, barks twice) What's that, Girl? You say you remember Golden Eagle Wireless and how the tribe lost over \$4 Million on that debacle? You say the company opened and then was shut down within 4 months? You say the TC all stood on the stage and announced: 'We done got tricked by the White Folk,' and how they never pursued investigation into that one either? Is that because Carl Walking Ego and his pals took all the money? Is that it? Huh? (*Barks Twice turns and exits the room, dragging the cell phones with her. They make a scraping noise as they drag across the hard floor).

Remember how the TC told you that they had mistakenly 'trusted people they met on a plane trip'? Oh, and did they tell you it was the same group of people that 'dun robbed us before'? Probably not. But it was.

(*A lot of scuffling at the door. Barks Twice backs into the room dragging Varsity Bags into the center of the room and piling them up. Some are real dirty, none of them paid for) What are you doing? Where did you get those?

(Barks Twice goes into full-point pose.) Ahh ! Yes! The Varsity Bags scam! That was brilliant, wasn't it?? "Why put your dope in hollow cell phones when you can put more in a gym bag!" I remember the slogan! And when the people at Varsity demanded to be paid for their materials, (advanced to the tribe, too poor to purchase them initially)(yeah, right.) The TC, once again, hung their

heads...(*Barks Twice, bows her head in mock shame).

(*Barks Twice flings herself on the floor, rolls and laughs that wheezing kind of doggy laugh) I laugh too, and so should you, because the joke always seems to be on YOU!

The TC is willing to laugh with you or at you. You may as well laugh because you are doing nothing to stop them.

Speaking of "What Goes Round and Round, and Round..."

Yes, the Wind Farm. And we all know exactly how that will go, don't we? Think about it for a minute: The All Powerful Tribal Council moved Heaven and Earth to make that project fail. Frank Black Cloud, for all he could, tried to revive it. He did not put his heart and soul in it for himself; rather, he wanted this for the people.

He is a man of integrity. Yes, his mother was in a fix, and I think each and every one of you out there can relate to her story. It was too tempting on her meager income, to make ends meet, and she took that check every month.

A check, btw, that her loving son, Matthew snagged after the first few. And when she put a stop to it, he turned her in. Matthew got the money, she gets the charges and has to pay it back. She faces jail, so does his brother, but he gets a big cigar for selling them out.

Normally, I say I'm on the side of those who speak up. But he was not speaking up. He was threatening and terrorizing his mother so that he could take the money. When she finally was able to stand up to him, he played that last card and brought the hammer down on her. He did not do it because it was 'right'. He did it because she quit feeding his addiction. He was an extortionist to his own mother to take the money from her. Extortionist to keep her in that cycle. I wonder how good he feels about himself about now? I wonder who his new friends are, and for how long?

She is not denying it. She is owning up to it. He is not. Yet, he gets no consequences for his part. He gets a small reward from Poopsie and NLO, for making it possible to attack Frank by attacking his mother. I stand on the side of anyone that owns up to what they have done, regardless of how large or small of a crime it is, and they are willing to be accountable. THAT is the right thing to do.

Either you stand with those who do the RIGHT thing, or you stand with those who do the wrong thing. Most have become accustomed to doing "NO THING", but that is changing.

Matthew found a way to punish his mother, and his brother, because they wanted to stop the stealing. They had even made arrangements to pay the money back. Try to get ANY one in the Casino (I'm talking about the Turd Clan and their trouser monkeys), or anyone in the Tribal Council, who have stolen MILLIONS upon MILLIONS from everyone out there, to pay back any of what they have stolen--HAH! (There's that joke again!)

Yet, they felt that they could disgrace a good man, and you would all go along with it, finish him off, cluck your tongues, point your lower lip at him. But, oddly enough, this time, that did not happen. (*Ground rumbles)

Frank is a man of integrity, and the Tribal Council is, well, you all know what they are, don't you? If not, Barks Twice will be happy to go dig up some of the other scandals, some more recent than others. (I had locked the screen door so she could drag in Q1, Ronin or any of the others. Just too darn messy to drag all of them across the floor for review at this time).

The TC and Turdclan needed to get control of the funding coming in, ostensibly for the Wind Farm they have no intention of completing..

And, between NLO and the rest of them, including Poopsie's Poodle, they managed to turn what is legally speaking a minor, petty larceny, into some sort of Federal Offense, solely for the purpose of removing Frank from having any access to the program. (Start up that laugh track!)

And they put in his place: (*Drum Roll) Russell McDonald. Yup, selling little Mary, all those years ago, has really paid off for the McDonald Clan! Russell, who has run every program he has been allowed to run, directly into the ground with mismanagement and incompetence that has to be seen to be believed, even by SLN Standards! (Hey, should we call it "SNL"? The laughs just keep rolling in!)

They make it a point of removing the one person who was doing it right and for the right reasons and you install in his place, the one person you know is inept, crooked and without scruples.... what, pray tell are you all expecting? What do you think will happen? (Tell me you can all connect the dots by now. Not like this is unfamiliar in pattern or anything like that.)

Start selling those front-row tickets now, for the Tribal Council Show! The one where they stand before you, shrug, shuffle their feet, and say they have no idea where all the money went. (You know it's coming.)

For those of you who still have your heart set on getting the wind farm, and who

still believe, despite all the crooked people and their crooked history, that this time, THIS TIME, they will do right by the tribe, not much I can offer other than this: Your optimism is based in a denial so powerful, it will break your heart. Your blindness is deliberate. What you break by refusing to see what has been and what clearly is now in front of you, plain as can be, cannot be fixed.

To prevent the heart of the people from breaking over yet another lie, scam, con, scandal, you must, all of you, continue to demand that Frank be made whole again. That the charges against his mother be dropped and that no charges against him be allowed to stand. They are trumped up, blown up and only serve to remove him from being in a position to help you.

Poopsie has his hand in this. NLO could not do it without him. You know who these people are; you know where they work, where they live and so on with every member of their family. Shun them.

Make signs that spell out your disdain: "NLO, Corrupt! Thief! Embezzler!" The same for Poopsie, every member of the Tribal Council. For the Poodle, a sign that says "Poodle!" He will know who you mean. Picket them. Stand together, day after day, one of you, ten of you, a hundred of you, and chant "Out! OUT! Out!"

Give them a very small taste of the discomfort they have brought to your lives. Be constant. Be loud.

And if one gets knocked down, run off, then ten more stand up.

You outnumber them. They are afraid of you.

They consume your children, lick their fingers soaked in their blood; poison the future with addictions, depravity and futility. They do this boldly and always because you do nothing to stop them.

They know you are too afraid to stand together. They know they can divide you by rumors and threats...

It Used To Be Easy

But something is changing. They are becoming uncomfortable. Instead of you all being quiet and allowing Frank Black Cloud to be trampled on, and shamed for something which so many others are far more guilty; instead of him being isolated, he is finding support.

Letters are sent, supporting him, encouraging him. People shake his hand, talk

to him, wish him well.

That's a start.

It is not unnoticed.

Poopsie, so fat he leaves a grease trail, like Jabba The Hut, down the halls of the casino that has been his fortress and his piggy bank, is more nervous than ever. He senses his end is near. (The joke being that his 'end' is so near the ground that the trail is unmistakable!).

NLO, more paranoid and asking for protection. Her drunken son, guilty of felony drunk driving, time and time again, afraid that if his mommy is pushed out, he will go to jail for his part.

All of this mess, which grows by the day, will have to be sorted out when people of integrity are installed in the Tribal Council and in the Courts. The longer you wait, the worse it gets and the more is gone from you.

People starting to wake up, stand up, and people making gestures of support to someone who has been attacked... all this is, to the corrupt, like the early rumblings of the ground beneath their feet.

They don't know if it is buffalo stampeding over the land coming to get them, or, if it is an earthquake, going to swallow them up.

Poopsie knows what it is. That stroke he has coming to him, is on the way. It will not kill him, but it will leave him in a condition where he wishes he was dead. He will not be able to speak, nor feed himself, nor change his own diaper. The agony he feels, will not even be noticed in his moans will only be hoarse whispers only heard in his mind.

Of course you will say that this was "Just a lucky guess." True that. He is so fat, one could choose from any array of afflictions at his doorstep. But I think that the one that is coming is special, more special than the others, because of how it will leave him, for all the world to see.

Remember when I warned him about his daughters getting into car wrecks? He scoffed at that. I warn him, not to hurt him. I have no power to do that, nor would I if I could. I warn him because I know he will ignore it, and not do the thing he must do to prevent it.

The part of this play we come to is where I must warn him and he must scoff at it, and then it comes, the "Wind".

I remember hearing how Custer ignored the warnings to stay away from the Greasy Grasses. How he arrogantly led himself and those willing to follow him, into their most painful death, out there, in that hot sun, the life oozing out of them, their screams carried on the winds.

I warn Poopsie to give him the chance to do the one thing he knows he must, in order to prevent what is coming. The daughters and their wrecks, were just a warning as to what is to come and how.

I warn him, because it is my belief that no matter what anyone has done in this life, that as long as they are able to draw a breath, they can redeem themselves. They can clean themselves. This world is not about perfection. It is about redemption. Redemption is where Human Beings find their true power in this world. Fear obscures the view of our Redemption. Greed is sprung from the well of our deepest fears.

Without it, without redemption, we have failed as Human Beings. Even Poopsie, as dark as his prospects are, and the prospects of his redemption dim by the hour, still has a chance. Otherwise, he would have, by now, drowned in the cauldron of his gluttony.

I say these things, not because I wish them on anyone. I do not. If I had my way, everyone would have a life worth living, and all that they need to grow and prosper. But I am not in charge of this world, nor any part of it other than the part that I personally occupy.

I say these things to remind those who have forgotten about that perfect balance each soul must abide in this world and in the eternity beyond this world. In that perfect balance, which is by the hand of The Creator, all things are weighed. Those who think they have escaped justice in this world, find their Eternity in the Shadows, and no way to end the terror.

The Creator loves us enough to allow us, regardless of what we have done, many and many an opportunity, some (so it seems) more than others, to redeem ourselves. We never know when that last opportunity runs out and we are truly lost.

I like to think that Creator has a conscience and wants to be perfectly clear when the consequences come down, that every opportunity was in play, and ignored, before that final gate opens, and the screaming begins.

And while that evil is at play amongst us, it is also our part, to call it down. We are given every opportunity, you see, and failure to do our part by be viewed as

'allowing' by not doing our part, this suffering we see all around us, and choose to ignore.

The evil that is represented by the behaviors of the Turdclan, the McDonalds, NLO and the rest of them, is there for a reason. It is there to show us what becomes of us, what can happen to our children, if we do not stand against the evil that we see and know by name. It is there to remind us, that up until now, we have not done our part, and we have allowed... It is ours as much as it is theirs and we must come together to stop it, to save ourselves, and the children.

You see it. You know them by name. It is time for each of us to do our part to unite and put "Unity" back into "Community" and become the people we were meant to be in this world. This is an evil and a darkness that can be defeated, and we are obligated, to ensure our own redemption, to not stand idly by and watch it grow, thrive and consume our children, and their children.

I send the warning out to Poopsie, and he knows from where this warning comes, I send it to him for him to do his part. I send it to him, publicly, for all to see, and to know they too, have a part that must be done.

Many of you are standing up. But far too many are standing by, watching it grow. To save our Nation, we must save our community. To save our community, we must save ourselves. To save ourselves, we must STAND UP.

Stand up for those who have been attacked. Stand up for those who were standing up for us. Stand against the evil, stand up for the good in each and all of us. What you stand up for is what changes the world.

There is that subtle rumble and the evil that walks among you fears that time is nigh. The time when all that they have done, catches up to them... in this world or the Forever, where, all that we have done or failed to do, dwells with us.

Evil thrives in your fear. You feed it with your silence. You feed it your children.

You know that Poopsie and the corrupt fear you. Yet, you protect them, by pretending you don't know. They know you know. They know you know they know. (Carry on, it becomes funnier by the mile.)

The Dance

And yet, we see this silly pantomime, this crazy dance of eyes shut, silent tears, continue. But I see some of you, opening your eyes, raising your voices, leaving the dance.

It's hard to do, I know, I know. Your friends, still in the dance, wave you back in, stare you down, angry that you shed your blankets of denial. They want you back, so they won't feel like they are alone, in that crazy dance.

They don't want you to leave them there and they are afraid of leaving to come with you. They are afraid to save themselves and their children, so they continue to dance with their addictions, falling down, pretending they are doing what they want to do.

If you leave the dance, they realize, that you see what is real and that they are living in the unreal. They don't want to see it for themselves even though they know it. They don't want you to see it unless you are willing to pretend you don't. To do that, you must keep dancing with those addictions, putting off the hard work of healing.

You feel disloyal when you leave the dance. Your friends are friends no more. They name call you and you wonder, if that was what they really thought of you, why did you go to that dance with them to begin with? Did they always hold that hatred in their hearts for you? "I thought we were friends."

That dance you see, all wild-eyed, crazy from their addictions, that is not your friends you see. It is what is left of them on their way to more and more pain. What you hear yelling those names at you, is not the one you love. It is the drugs and the alcohol, mixed with anger and shame, desperate to be heard, only able to spew venom.

What you hear is not your friend. Not your son, daughter, mother, father. That name-calling rage you hear is what has captured them in that suffocating embrace of addiction, fear, paranoia and shame.

That sound you hear, is not the one you know. It is what has them captured, like a raggedy doll, making them dance by pushing them around, sucking their will out of them. Leaving them more lost than when it found them.

Somewhere, in that limp, raggedy doll, is that Human Being you once knew and loved, unable to raise their voice to save them self. Helpless in the grip of addictions, unable to signal they need help. Out shouted by the demons that drag them down, lower, lower, lower, they feel they have nowhere to go, and they don't want to be alone and they don't want you to leave the dance.

But if you don't leave the dance, no one that you love will ever be able to find their way out of that madness, because no one has gone before to show the way.

To those that have left the dance: I salute you. You are the strongest and the best of your people. You have, despite the odds, and the catcalls from your friends, and the ever present temptations of self-destruction, redeemed yourself. Your path is a light for others to follow when once they realize they can break away from the addictions that have enslaved and consumed them. They will find you, and you will help them find themselves, again. Even if only by example of what can be, you light the way.

Those who created the dance; those that promote the dance; and those who perpetuate or protect the misery of that crazy dance, will find that their part of the payment due, is many times that of the numbers they brought down.

That is why I send the warning, so that when you see Poopsie who presently resembles a Star Wars Slug Villain, reduced to his essence, wallowing in his own excrement, choking on his own drool, unable to break the grip of what afflicts him, we will all be reminded of how exquisite the consequences can be, if we don't take the opportunity to redeem ourselves, while the possibility is still within our reach and our arms, hands and fingers, can reach out and find others reaching out to help us save ourselves.

If we don't do our part, we are no different than the evil we tolerate, allow, deny, ignore, protect with our silence. If we are no better than they are, what, pray tell, are we expecting when that exquisite balance comes to level us with what is coming our way?

So, when this comes down, feel free to mock him, and laugh all you want. If you have not done your part to stop the evil that he and the others have planted in your garden, you might be next. When it comes, it comes in ways, tailor made to our journey.

When it comes to him, pity him. When it comes to you, self-pity has probably given you a head start on how to prepare.

To avoid the leveling effect, leave the dance and clean up what is left of yourself and get ready for what is left of your life. Use what is left to teach others, warn others, prepare others. Help others to find their way home. Help others to avoid the dance. Help others to help themselves.

Whatever comes to each of us, after we have done our part, if we have done it well, is not there for us to suffer. Rather, it is for others to understand, and to learn. It is there to measure our compassion for one another, again, as fellow Human Beings.

In the end, when our time here is done. It will be a good day to die.

Until that time, as you can see, we have much work to do.

Poopsie's time is coming and you will all see it on display. Mock him if you will, but remember when you do, that you, you and you... all of us allowed.

More, what you will see, are those around him. He calls them his 'slaves', and they might be just that. But when, as the Chinese say, the *Wind comes, (*"Wind" is their symbol for 'stroke'), those slaves will consume what is left of him, in a feast more horrible than any of us can imagine.

His wife will abandon him, thinking that if she gets far enough away, her failure to do her part, failure to speak the truth, will go unnoticed by the Fickle Finger of Fate (God bless Rowan and Martin!), beckons to her account. She will take all the money she knows how to get her hands on, and she will run, leaving behind the children, grandchildren, to whatever comes to them.

Those who are ready to leave this part of the dance, now is probably a good time. The exits are closing and the path is growing narrow. It's getting crowded in there, what with all the children joining in.

Those who have left the dance and have done your part, you are the light they can find and follow when they realize that what has been allowed, all this time, is wrong.

The children are watching. What are you going to do? The Dance is calling them. Will you allow it?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 30, 2008
Greed & Feed

The Casino, so I hear, has become more and more surreal. Hardly know where to start.

Let's start with that all-time favorite, the Fecal Family, aka the Turdclan. Poopsie, in order to keep all the money for himself and to assure that no one has anywhere to go to complain, has installed as many of his family members there as possible.

For awhile, there was Lemon Longie was employed there. However, due to some nuisance rules, him being a major sex offender and all, they had to post his picture in the lobby to warn customers that the perv was loose on the premises. After awhile, they took his picture down. But he remained on payroll for some time. "Rules are for fools"

NOTE: *Both Lemon and Gaelen are in Jail in Grand Forks. They might be out again, by now, but it was outside cops that busted them this time:*

Lemon, along with Gaelen Robertson, Seashelly's bed monkey (if she pays him enough) were recently arrested for rapes (again). I wonder if Lemon finally went down for raping his common-law's 6-year old who has multiple handicaps and is in a wheelchair. He regularly raped her, and her older sister, and the boys in the family. He was reported, but somehow that blind Justice thought it was appropriate to allow him back in the house, unrestricted access and no follow up. Did someone finally listen?

I still remember him laughing a couple of years ago as he was released from jail, and headed back to those young girls, like prisoners in their own home, no one to step in and stop him, protect them, stop him, stop him... no one. He drove his van, waved and laughed at everyone that stared. So, where were the Badgers? Oh, I forgot: They don't investigate rapes. They investigate staplers. They investigate who is passing around the blog. Yeah, that is what they are, all of them.

Then there's Gaelen, who has been sneaking into homes and raping for a very long time. He used to do small contracting and build garages onto homes, or hang doors. Always kept a copy of the keys for himself so he could help himself to whatever females were inside, in the middle of the day, in the middle of the night. Seashelly always bailed him out. Always paid his lawyers and his fines. Oh, she paid them with the Tribe's money. She always denied he was guilty of anything, even when it came right to her door. She still denies it now. Your money feeds her denial. All of it.

So, if you are wondering why there is not enough money for food, fuel or medical travel, along with everything else, you might be interested in where the money in her budget went. I wonder how much of your money she has already spent to try and spring him this time? Wonder how much you are paying for his lawyer this time? Ask her. Keep asking her. You know what she looks like, where she lives, where she is supposed to work. You know her car, you know her family. Ask, ask, ask... loudly.

Back to the surreal casino. Jackie runs that thing into the ground. She still cannot figure out how to run a buffet or anything else, but since when has a lack of qualifications been a job stopper? You come from the Turdclan, you can have any job you want.

Poopsie pays off his bed monkeys by allowing them to be the big winners on the draws. Big surprise when one of them wins, eh? The regular winners are: Lisa Greywater and her sister, Beasley. Mary Wide Legs usually gets a payoff once or twice a week as well.

There is also the Lucky Lady scheme in play at the Casino. Those drawings that are supposed to be 'random picks', but in fact are palmed tickets designed to reward or pay off certain people. Usually it was Lisa Greywater, Beasley, or Mary Wide Legs, but lately, the payoffs seem to be going very regularly to Mrs. Poopsie. From time to time, some of the male players, such as Chuckles the Clown or Sam Merrick get a shot at the the payoffs, er, 'jackpots' and draws. Hmm. Thought just occurred to me: I wonder if the guys have to 'earn' the payoffs by performing the same deeds as the 'ladies'??

Lately, for some unknown reason, Mrs. Poopsie is winning all the draws, and is told which slot machines to go to as they are about to pay off. People assume that Poopsie is watching from his slug perch in Surveillance and he just knows which machine in those slot canyons, are ready to pay off. He tells her where to sit and within a few pulls, Jackpot!

They had machines pulled from the casino before because they were crooked. Methinks they might get these pulled as well. And they might just find that there is a mechanism in the machines that can be triggered remotely to pay off. Either that, or these are just plain lucky people! Just like they were lucky last time when the slot machines got confiscated out of there.

Now, the funny thing about these "jackpot payoffs" for family and friends is who all is on the list of payees. Occasionally, Chuckles the clown gets a payoff. I suppose it is when Mary Wide Legs can't be bothered to show up to collect her 'winnings' so Chuckles stands in for her. Sam Merrick also gets paid off with

jackpots, and prizes. Like the truck he won, and then had to sell and give the money to Poopsie, only keeping \$100 for himself.

I sometimes wonder if the boys who 'win big' also have to perform the same acts as the females who 'win big'. Poopsie, who is expanding at a rate beyond what his own skin can contain, looks more and more like Jabba The Hutt from Star Wars, than a Human Being.

That pile of slug poop is what you all fear out there?? That piece of whatever it is he is, is allowed to steal hundreds of thousands of dollars from you every day and you do nothing?

And while the Poopsie and the bed monkeys are becoming more and more strung out on drugs, and continue to get away with stealing from the Smoke Shop and lifting from the other shops, with no fear of consequences... and Jackie continues to drive the resort into bankruptcy, Poopsie tosses prizes from the drawings and the slot machines to the rest of his family and cronies as payoffs... while all that is going on, we have yet another member from the Fecal Family trolling the Slot Canyons.

You have to see this one to believe it. Turd Mother herself! That 80-yr. Old bag of barking spiders has her heart set on getting yet another man in her life. She dolls herself up, wears waaay too much make-up, or waaay too little, depending on how you look at the project, pulls her hair back to try and smooth the wrinkles out of her face, and goes sashaying up to unsuspecting men, putting her best moves on them.

I wonder how that goes? They know when she is near. She farts with every step. She's a walking whoopee cushion at this stage of her sordid pathetic life. Let's listen in as she corners one:

"You know what," she says, running her bony fingers along the collar line of some startled player. He recoils, but she persists. "My sons are murderers, and they are very rich. Our whole family runs all the drugs, all the money on this rez."

She then circles around to where he can't help but get a good look at what is coming on to him: "I get anything and anyone I want." Her eyes widen in what she thinks is alluring, but which only comes off as B Movie spooky. A clenching chill rattles his spine.

I imagine it must go something like that. Ending of course, with some poor man trying to chew off his own arm to get away from her without her noticing. (*Shudder).

Take a look at just that family and the damage they have done to the image of Indian People, and the disgrace they bring to their community on a daily basis. If you want things to get better, you have to stop accepting them as your bosses, your leaders, and quit pretending they are your friends. Call them on it. Call them on what they have done. Stop protecting them.

The cycle of abuse is broken when the victims of abuse cease protecting their abusers.

Stop protecting your abusers.

Typical of the abuse syndrome is that the abused feel compelled to protect their abusers. For this to end, you have to break that cycle.

Other People See

Here's a collection of information I have received over the past 6 mos or so. Not all of it had time or space to get it onto the blog. Just so you know, people out there, your friends and neighbors, co-workers, all see what is going on.

Here's 1:

Recently, I have been witnessing some pretty disturbing things around the reservation:

1. Michelle Ironheart stepped forward and provided names of drug dealers and those whose are using. Many of these individuals are directors, employees of public service programs and tribal council relatives. I thought this was great.

However, Michelle is still hosting parties for minors. ... the police department was called several times, and nothing was done (what a surprise).

Michelle is saying drugs are bad, but drinking is acceptable. Graduation weekend is upon us and how much you want to bet that there is a party scheduled at Michelle's.

2. The big glamour bus that Four Winds purchased has caused some hurt feelings within the Tribe. Warwick approached the Four Winds school board to seek using the bus for a class trip. They were denied. One board member told me that the bus is Four Winds and not for everyone to use. This is the same member who is a rapist and is still allowed to be on the board.

3. Russell McDonald preaches the "Red Road" and has tons of education under his belt. Drugs were found at the Tribal Planning office. So, all the employees there have to take a drug test. Two employees asked another worker if they would urinate in a cup for them. This information was passed on to Russell and he told them to not to worry about it and he handle it. Nothing was done!

Here's 2:

It makes me sick to hear about what Lisa is doing to her workers and yes you were right I "heard" that she is stealing from the Smoke Shop for her little habit that goes "sniff, sniff, sniff" as for all her workers the same, I hear Rose Bull supplies them all each month.

Lucky for Clarice she get out when she did. But she might resign all together I also "heard". Poopsie watches out for her. She "sniff, sniff, sniff," all she wants and poopsie will warn her so she can go behind closed doors I hear there is a lot of that going on at the Casino, closed doors.

Pete Belgarde apparently brought a list to a general assembly and gave to authorities so everyone is a suspect at this point.

A lot of drug abuse at that place I guess. Yeah it doesn't take a scientist to figure out all the B.S. at the Casino. Everybody knows Lisa has that problem and has everybody else runs around for her so it looks like she doesn't do anything. Useless. She is worse then anybody.

You should do an inspirational section on drug abuse and give Lisa some treatment options before she goes to far into her menopause and loose her mind. She is walking around like a zombie with a big red nose always sick with allergies of some sort along with all her co-workers that she is close with. She may be the next Anna Nicole Smith if we don't intervention:-)

***Note:** *Anna Nicole was a nothing celebrity who at least had looks and some talent. Lisa's talents, for what they were, were worn out years ago. Same with her looks. I believe the writer is trying to make a point of how the uncontrolled use of controlled substances can only lead to tragedy.*

Here's 3:

I have seen all the corruption that goes on there, how one might need help and get the run around otherwise. I was around all the drug's (which I did

not approve of) drinking, and fighting. I've seen all the favoritism, ... And how many take from there own children and spend all there food money, pampers money, and household money and blow it all at the casino, bingo, and even up there arms.

It's sad to see how many kids you see running around by themselves out there, no parents, no supervision, no one that care's, And it's the parents fault for how the kid's grow up, because they become street smart and learn to fend for themselves, by stealing, or by any means to survive.

The parents need to get involved in there children's lives, cause the children are the future, and they learn from what the see. Nowadays' everyone wait's for that GA check every month, their only means to income, and EBT every month in which they probably sell, instead of buying food for there children

It's sad to say but it's the truth, they worry about how nice their cars look, and how pretty they look, but yet there children are wearing clothes from a year or two. And just cause there homes are cheap or free, they run those to the ground also. I wonder what happened to the money the tribe put away for the kid's? is it still there? and I heard the casino was going broke (already?) If you keep stealing from your own people, how long will your tribe exist? When will that prick Brian Pearson be charged with rape? maybe the mechanic in prison could say, like father like son, let's check your oil sweet heart!!!

Note: *Yes, the Tribal Council raided the IA funds and robbed the kids outright. Prior to that, they were stealing only half or more, but last year, they decided to just keep it all for themselves and not even pretend to distribute it. The only exceptions were their families, and their friends' families.*

There's more, but you get the idea. One writer was so disgusted after watching some of these mothers, fathers, and sometimes grandparents getting the younger girls to put themselves out there, flirting with older men and going further than that, just to get some more money so that they (older ones) could gamble more, play more bingo, and have 'fun'.

Contrast

With all this going on, amazingly enough, there are families out on the rez who manage to raise their children with the right stuff. Despite their poverty, and the lack of assistance from the tribal council, they manage to raise their kids, get them through school, and on to higher education with their values and their integrity intact.

You have to respect anyone that can do that under any of today's circumstances. But to do it in that pit, under all that corruption, to me, is a miracle of strength and dignity.

Decent people out there, have to keep a really low profile. They are considered a threat to the corruption that is eating away at the tribe, diminishing the dignity of their own people, and all the while keeping the sense of futility high.

When We Wake Up We Find

The lands have been stolen. We should have been fighting to preserve the lands and the land rights of the people, but we were too busy fighting one another. Those who were elected or who stole the elections to claim leadership, sold us out and misused the trust and the authority they were given or which they stole.

That the government has stolen again and again, easily, the land, the water, the trees, the oil, the minerals and the air itself, because it was easy. No one was stopping them. No one was watching. The rest of the country was never informed by the media, and so they did not realize it was happening, that a nation, our nation, was being mistreated in the courts, and in their own homes.

The media is owned by corporations. Corporations who own other corporations, such as mining, manufacturing, oil and water, timber and coal. That is why mainstream news media seldom if ever, does any story that has at its center, Indian Country. Not even the SMC Scandal, which involves the deaths of our soldiers in Iraq, not even that blips their radar.

That more than half a trillion tax payer dollars has, over the years, gone into creating and maintaining a level of corruption that amounts to ongoing criminal conspiracy, not unlike giving all the State's money to the Mafia so that they could control how the cities were run, all of that, all of this is being done By Us, To Us and IN OUR NAME, as a nation.

This is why, Good People of Spirit Lake, you have to stand up and keep standing up for yourself, your community, your children and your future.

I'm not kidding when I say that NO ONE is Coming. Someone is here, however. That someone is YOU. Each of you has the power to come to awareness, and to make the changes, and the moves that will change the course of Spirit Lake, North Dakota and the USA.

Because once you do it, you will find that you are NOT alone. People who are standing up and fighting everywhere, will find you and you will find them. You

cannot join them and they cannot join you until you are standing up enough to be seen, heard and known.

Watch the documentary: American Indian Homelands

No one is going to come and fight for you. The government wants you weak. Your Tribal Council wants you divided and weak. You oblige every time you turn your back on your children. You oblige every time you indulge in racism, especially Indian v. Indian racism. The more you don't trust anyone based on the color of their skin, the quantum of their blood, the more you isolate yourself, and become less able to make a difference.

The US Government owes Hundreds of Billions of Dollars to Indian People all across the land. They owe it for the land they stole, and the resources they leased out to oil and mining and timber companies; to farmers and ranchers and developers without your permission.

The US Government will not help you. They do not follow the law. You must stand up for yourself and make them follow the laws. And together, All Tribes, hold accountable, those who have divided up and robbed Indian People all these many, too many years.

Feel sorry for yourself, and you lose. Turn your back on those who need your help in order to help you to help yourself, and you are defeated.

Learn to stand up for yourself. Avoid drugs and alcohol, as they weaken the mind and sicken the spirit. If your friends won't accept you unless you partake of the things that destroy you, realize they are not your friends and understand you have to find ways to cope without them.

Those who are on drugs, and who think drinking is the social tool that makes it easy for you to connect with others, realize that you are wasting your life and that you deserve better from yourself. If you have children, realize you must clean up, heal up in order to spare them the nightmare of your addiction.

For everyone that thinks that Indians are a conquered people, think again. I know of no other people who could endure, 8 generations of concentration camps, residential schools and injustice on all levels and still be able to find their family.

There is something very powerful and strong in Indian Blood and Indian Ways. There is no conflict between old ways and modern culture. Indians can have both without problems. The problem is not between "Old ways and Modern Ways". The problems begin with and stem from abuse and corruption.

The best way to fight it is with Education. The difference between a 'victim' and a 'survivor' is Education.

This is not an easy road. Lots of pitfalls, trapdoors, deceptions and pain. You will see people cheating to be 'Big Winners', and you will be tempted to join in. I tell you, pity them, for they are destroying themselves, their families and the future.

Do not resent them. Do not support them. Do not honor them. Stay focused on what you must do to get through this darkest part of the journey, the journey within. You can do it. You have the strongest blood running through your veins. You have survived injustices, mistreatment, by governments and by your own people. But you are still here. That means you are alive and that means you can make changes.

You are awesome and those who abuse you, deceive you and mislead you,
FEAR YOU!

You know where to find me.

~Cat