

April 2, 2008

Snatching Defeat from The Jaws of Victory

Those of you who attended the February 26, 2008 General Assembly meeting and heard about the plans to install a Wind Farm Energy Project and thought it was a done deal, probably shouldn't read any further.

The Tribal Council, in all its collective wisdom (*POP!) has managed to all but kill this project entirely. I have heard that it is on life-support, but fading fast. (Clear!)(PoomP!)(Flatline)

The wind project was going to be built on the rez, and the company that was going to build it was going to own 95% of it for the first 6 years, to recoup their investment, the tribe would have 5% which was conservatively, \$3-5 MILLION/year, and then the tribe, after the 6th year, would have the 95% with the company having the 5%. This was going to be a \$200+ MILLION investment on the part of the company. It not only would have made the tribe energy independent, it would have made millions for the tribe for decades to come.

Lois Leban, acting as if she knew what she was talking about, requested an independent, impartial review the project. The word came back from that review that the project was better than anything they have ever seen! The tribe would only have to invest in the environmental impact study, which would have cost the tribe, at most, \$1 Million.

Now, that may sound like a lot of money to those of you who are consistently told that the tribe is broke and there is no money for the programs the government has funded. And, we all remember the story of the old woman who was denied money to purchase heating oil because the tribe had no money to spare and she had to scrape together \$35 in coins to buy fuel on her own that winter---the following week, the tribal council handed out \$300 checks to anyone that wanted to attend the State Finals.

We all thought the priorities were skewed on that one. And they were. What most of you are not aware of is how much money the casino brings in on a daily basis. That is because you are never told the truth. You are told various lies and no one is accountable so you are kept in the dark. The casino rakes in, conservatively speaking, between \$500K and \$1.5 Million **per day**. So, there is money, if you know where to find it.

The proof of that is, that the Tribal Council, after balking at the cost of the environmental assessment, went out and paid cash for a Charter bus for the Basketball team. Leather seats, DVD players, every luxury you can imagine, for a bus to transport your drunken, stoned basketball players, to their games, where they play, wasted on drugs and alcohol, and a bus to allow them every comfort. The cost? Over \$456K. More than half of the amount needed to do the environmental impact assessment for the project that would pay for itself the first year, and every year thereafter, bring in huge revenues.

Once again, the priorities are skewed.

What has happened with that wind farm project? Well, let's have a look. Several meetings were called by the Tribal Council, to which they themselves, did not show up. Other meetings they agreed to, they showed up 3 hours late and without any preparation. Not only was this disrespectful to the company that was working to benefit the tribe, but it showed a total lack of interest in the project outcome.

Would you, if it was your company and your money, want to do business with people that stupid and disrespectful to you? Would you ever consider going forward with people who have no intention of being responsible enough to show up at a meeting or do their part?

I think you can kiss that wind farm project good-bye. I understand that the company had plans to expand the economics of the tribe by employing more than 300 members of the tribe. That too, buh-bye!

Inasmuch as there were very important people from the company working to put this project together with the tribe, and from which the tribe would have benefited economically in all directions, for decades, and yet these people and this company were treated to the worst possible behaviors on the part of your elected tribal council members.

Frank Black Cloud, who had worked diligently to bring this project about for his tribe, wrote a letter of apology for the behaviors of the tribal council members, to the company. It was the right thing to do. It was the professional courtesy one would expect if one were dealing with professionals.

Frank is the one with the degree that enables the EPA Department on the rez to function and garner grants from the Federal Government. Frank is the one with the education. Frank was the one with the decency to apologize and try to salvage what was left of this project, and the reputation of the people of Spirit Lake Nation. Frank was fired for apologizing.

His computer was snooped by Connie Baker, who promptly showed the letter to Naked Lawn Ornament, who did not like that the truth was being told, and because firing Frank Black Cloud could give her some scapegoat to blame her own and the rest of the Tribal Council's bad behaviors on, she cut his throat (figure of speech) and booted him out. Now, who will write those millions of dollars worth of grants? Si Ironheart? Hah!

Once again, members of the tribe who struggle to improve their lives, get an education and return to the tribe to help their people, are run off by the corrupt, the ignorant, the greedy and the drunks.

NLO then entreats the company to come back and talk some more. Those meetings also, no shows, and late shows. Your leadership has screwed you big time, once again. Any reason to keep any of them? Anyone? You can see that your tribal

chairwoman only wants whatever money she can put in her own pocket. She doesn't care that 300 jobs (likely more) are never going to happen. She doesn't want those jobs to materialize. Part of her big speech to congress and anyone else that will listen to her fake Indian ways, is that her people are suffering, unfairly, from high unemployment numbers. In this way, she gets money, grants and loans to the tribe, for projects to help the suffering people... and then she puts all that cash into her favorite money laundering enterprise--Ronin! You never see a dime.

Your kids will never see a dime. You will be taxed for her profits, but you will never have the jobs, the money or anything else you deserve. Now, tell me again, those of you who were paid off to vote for her, how you can look yourself in the mirror knowing you enable her to continue robbing everyone blind?

Oh, and I hope you all get excited and proud when your basketball team rolls out to the games in their luxury charter bus. Wave and cheer! Makes you real proud, doesn't it? Your Tribal Council thinks you are stupid. They think all they have to do is say "basketball" and you all sit up and pant like dogs waiting for a cookie, too dumb to know that you are being shafted and basketball being used as your distraction.

And those kids you love to cheer? They are going nowhere. They are not going to be stars in anything. They can't play unless they party, and no pro team will ever have them because they can't stay sober and clean. But, you don't care about that, do you. All you want is to be able to rabidly cheer those kids on, as if it meant something important, while everything that is important, including their health and well being, their education, their future, is being stolen from them while you continue to elect the very people that are killing you.

Now, what lies will they tell you when you ask about the wind project? Do be sure and tell me. I could use a good laugh.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

Quote From Chief Clarence Louie, (Bio):

A lifelong student of issues affecting First Nations across North America, Clarence shares his experiences and lessons learned to Native people and government agencies across the country in a simple direct business smarts approach, "Every First Nation comes from a working culture. Our ancestors worked hard for a living. Today life is as complicated or as messed up as you make it. To improve your quality of life, you either go to school or get a job. Words without action, excuses and blame, leads towards more welfare dependency and poverty. It's hard work and making money that improves one's standard of living and provides for Community social needs."

April 7, 2008 Coming Home

As you can see, I am a big fan of Chief Clarence Louie and the Osoyoos Band (Tribe). What does he say that is so special? Nothing really. He just speaks common sense truth. So refreshing and rare that communities near and far are dazzled by it.

He backs it up with success. He took his band from less than nothing, economically, into a dynamo of prosperity and self-sufficiency. People of that tribe have worked under the leadership of Chief Clarence Louie, and stepped out of the stereo-typed 'helpless' Indian, into the light of self-respect, respect for others and a can-do attitude that can't be defeated.

People worked together, with honest leadership, and pulled themselves up from the soggy bottom of despair, into prosperity, strength and respect.

The Osoyoos Band, the 'Nk Mip, (pronounced "Ink-Meep"), can always go home again, their heads held high, their future bright with possibilities for the tribe, community and the communities that surround them.

Can't Go Home Again

Why is that not happening everywhere? Simple. Corruption. How do the corrupt get power? They lie, they cheat, they steal and they murder, they extort, and they bully. How do they stay in power? No one stands up to them. No one stands up for anyone that would make things better.

The whole community has to have a victim mentality. They have to wallow in self-pity and focus on blame for their situation and condition, rather than focusing

on what they can do, must do, to make things better. Self pity is self-perpetuating and self-fulfilling.

Recovery and prosperity, is work. A lot of work. You have to want to work and to not be afraid to work. The hardest work is getting rid of the poison in our lives. The poisons we have become so entangled with, and the poisons we have shared with our children.

Poisons: Self-Pity, Jealousy, Apathy, Rage, Addictions, (Yes, Bingo is an addiction), Blaming others, laziness, irresponsibility, and ignorance. Another poison, racism.

Sometimes it is our situation that creates in our minds, racist stereo types. We live in an area where poverty and gangs are everywhere. We have bad interactions with people of other races, and instead of looking at them for their behavior as individuals, we learn, we are taught, often by people we look up to, to blame their race for the behaviors. As if the drug dealer, gangster, hoodlum is the spokes person for their entire race.

We reinforce this by looking for similar behaviors in others of the same race, while ignoring positive behaviors in that race. Worse, we ignore our own worst behaviors and behaviors of those of our race that behave badly, as 'insignificant'. We only count the bad and use those figures to reinforce our own worst behavior of 'racism'.

Bad enough that we perpetuate that ignorance against other races and alienate ourselves, isolate our selves, from our brothers and sisters. We cut off our greatest strength, our greater number of allies, and reduce them to racist jokes, smears, stereo-typing ourselves into deeper despair.

Worse, this poison is spread among Indians with some of the cruelest names and intentions. Half breed is one of the worst I have heard, and there are worse out there, I just choose not to go into that dark place here and now. Half-breed is sneered at people who are mixed races, as if they are cattle.

Government agents used to determine who was from what tribe and who was from mixed tribes referring to them as 'breeds' of this or that, as if they were cattle, not human. For any person, much less anyone of Red Heritage, to use that term is to carry a toxin from the past into the present and the future, that will defile those who use it, or any other racist term, more than it can ever hurt the intended target of such slurs.

The corrupt control the weak by exploiting their self-pity, racism toxins. The SLN tribe is self-poisoning. Easy prey. Laughable.

In order to sustain this control, this toxic method of politics, the leaders, instead of bringing the people out of despair, continually find ways to thwart self-sufficiency, accountability and self-respect in the people. The leaders offer only false idols for momentary distraction from the holes in the wall, the hunger in the belly, the craving for the drugs and alcohol.

Spirit Lake Nation Leaders have taken away one of the greatest opportunities for the tribe to finally rise from the soggy, smelly depths of government dependency, by crushing the wind farm project and the development that would ensue, by their arrogance, ignorance and utter disrespect for the people who were bringing the mechanisms of prosperity, and insulting the gift of opportunity and self-sufficiency.

These bringers of the gift of prosperity and self-sufficiency were not strangers. They were not outsiders. They were enrolled members of the SLN who had themselves, risen from the low-expectations of Indian Country, and grown strong in character, education; developing the knowledge and the skills they had hoped to bring home, to their people, a better brighter future.

Frank Black Cloud had worked on the Wind Farm Project for over 3 years to make it possible. Driven by a love for his people, his community and a burning desire to share his knowledge and expertise and make it possible for everyone on the rez to have a better life, and for the children of the tribe to have some hope for prosperity and a brighter future, he slaved over this project and brought it to the Tribal Council and to the people, only to be shafted by the blatant ignorance and corruption of the tribal council, who then fired him for his efforts to revive the project.

Worse, I have found, that one of the people on the team that were bringing the big company players to the table on behalf of the project, was also a well-educated, self-made successful man who is an enrolled member of the tribe.

Both were sneered at by the laziest, most evil among you, and no one stands up to say "this is wrong."

Indians who do the hard work of struggling to gain an education, acquire skills and business know-how, unless they are willing to be party to the corruption that rules the rez, are run off, fired, unable to hold the jobs they are the most qualified for, while the ones with no qualifications who are related to the corrupt, or willing to do their bidding, hold high paying jobs they don't even understand the language of when more professional people in the same field make the simplest of inquiries.

The educated, the ones with character and leadership, are run off, and no one stands up and says: Bring them back! They are ours! We need them! They are called "Apple Indians", by the very tribe they are diligently working to help.

Y'all stand around with your arms folded across your chests, sneers on your faces, and watch.

You run off with your racism, your ignorance, your self-pity and your laziness, the very people you have been praying would come to save you from the despair in which you have become so accustomed to drowning in. Home Sweet Home?

Assured

Your poverty, and your despair, assured. Your children, the futility of their future, assured. The corruption you do nothing to stop, continues to sneer at you from behind those leathery wings.

Oliver Gourd, speaking in Sioux "All these white people are using our own against us now." At the meeting in St. Michaels where the district came forward and all the people wanted this project. Everyone, that is, except Lois Leban, too ignorant to know anything about the project or to learn, and who plainly cares not a whit for the improvement of quality of life and prosperity of the tribe, and who worked to defeat this project for reasons I can only guess at.

Oliver would have had you storm the table and run them off with war whoops. That's the kind of Indian you are listening to? That's the kind of advice your leadership listens to? And you allow this to fail in your name?

I think she was trying to be the obstacle that the company would have to overcome, perhaps she thought they would try to 'impress' her with some extra cash. She was certainly open to that. Even expecting it. But did not get it.

Clearly, she is not accustomed to doing business in a legitimate way, and was positioning herself to be first in line for some payout that would move her on up, (to the East side... to a dee-lucks a-part-ment in the Sun-shiiiiine...)(*Jeffersons would cringe).

The other thing, I strongly suspect Lois was doing, was testing her boundaries with NLO. NLO had a bad day last year when the Tribal Judge and her clerk, which NLO could easily control with 'evidence' she had safely locked away in a safe... managed to break into that safe, abscond with everything in it, relieving themselves of the pressure of constant extortion, and, as a bonus, acquiring some 'evidence' of their own to use or sell as they saw fit.

I strongly suspect that that evidence, the part that tied NLO to some not-so-legal dealings, was sold to the highest bidder, Lois.

Now, Lois can flex her new found super-powers by going against the project (along with Punky Brown, who is apprenticing as 'side-kick' in the dynamic duo of Lois and Punky), and going against NLO, who actually had supported the project. The vote was 2-2 with the tie-breaker, the future of prosperity and hope, or continuing down the road of despair and futility, rested in the vote of Myra Pearson.

All her promises to help the tribe, build the economic future, take care of 'her people', came down to this one moment and she did---nothing.

The project died. Oliver Gourd sneering in Sioux that the people who were working so hard on the behalf of the tribe, to improve the lives of everyone who lives on the rez, he called them traitors, and said they were betraying the people.

That one voice, toxic with racism, ignorance, drunk with the power of attention, condemned you all and allowed Lois to take the reigns of power from NLO, and from each and every single one of you.

And you let it. You let him. You let her, and you hold no one accountable.

I hear your harsh whispered prayers in the night: "Send someone to help us! Please, have pity on us and send someone to save us," over and over again. Coyote laughs at you. A-who-yaahhhhh-ahaha-aaaah!

"I send you warriors!" Thunder booms and the winds blow hard and harder.

Coyote howls, "And you disparage them, and drag them into the dirt!" A-who-ya-ahahahaaa!

"Creator!" Coyote Howls, "What will you send to teach these people now? You think they are worth saving? Why? Whahahah-why?"

Coyote runs and yips, dancing in circles he tells his people: "These people cannot be tricked by anyone as much as they can trick themselves. We waste our time trying to teach them to do what they already know, but will not do for themselves! Let us go to the hills and be quiet and watch them entertain us and our pups with their stupidity and their lazy ways."

Coyote and his family prunk off into the distance, playfully, laughing at the stories of the Spirit Lake Nation, and the people who pray for warriors and then, when the warriors come home, with their education and their skills, they run them off,

call them racist names, and then pray some more.

In the graveyard, where so many of the children and broken bodies lie in the cold, cold ground, Iktomi weaves a blanket, for the next foolish Indian to sit on, and pray for help to come, change to happen, and do nothing for them self.

Iktomi sings the spider song to the children in their graves, telling them in the words of prayers of the families left behind, how much they were loved, but not enough to be worth saving.

Coyote joins in the refrain, and the silken threads of Iktomi's weaving blow in the Four Winds that carry the stories to all the other tribes. Each silken strand a reminder that we are all connected and that we need one another. A lesson, so far, unlearned by the Spirit Lake Nation and the foolish people who allow corrupt leaders to steal the brighter future and keep in place one with more despair.

A piece of spider's web sticks to the Charter bus, bought at great expense, to take the future of Spirit Lake Nation--Nowhere.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 11, 2008 Depreciation

There it is, boys and girls, your bus to nowhere! Over \$495 thousand dollars, and every luxury you can imagine: Leather seats, DVD players... just so your team can look impressive as goes out to play, loaded, stoned, drunk and disgraces each and every one of you.

You, to do your part, will pretend everything is okay. Wave and cheer! Your kids are going NOWHERE!

Oh, and this monster bus? Must cost a fortune to insure, fill up, maintain... and all those costs, never mentioned to you or reported to you.

Best of all, it loses its value by the hour. Yup, vehicles depreciate rapidly. You will never be able to sell it for what you paid for it. But wow! Ain't it pretty?

To think, your Tribal Council could have invested the money in something that really mattered, but chose, instead, to flaunt their ability to both declare poverty (in order to get government grants; to not pay for the basic necessities of the elders, or for health care, but, hey, who needs that?) and roll into games in real style!

After all, what is more important? Looking all puffy and proud at games? Or actually providing for the people? Style over substance. There you go! Oh, and if people think Indians are stupid, you'll have to forgive them. They were probably looking at the bus.

Appreciation

Now, let's see where that money could have better been spent. Wow, that Wind Energy Project. The one that would bring money to the tribe and continue to make more money for the tribe, plus put the tribe on the map of Green Enterprise in a way that nothing else can, could or would... that might have been a better investment. One that makes money, rather than one that stupidly spends money your District leaders say they don't have.

Imitates scales; one hand lower, then higher than the other Let's see: Something that loses money, costs money, is worth less money by the day on one hand: And something that increases revenue, employment, prosperity and generates cash income for decades to come... which would have been the better decision? Gee, any guesses?

You can thank your Tribal Council for their stupidity on this one. Their stupidity, unfortunately, makes you all look like Stupid-on-Wheels, and embarrassing you in front of everyone that sees both the bus and the losers onboard, as well as the business community that will forever be scratching their heads over how you managed to snatch Defeat out of the Jaws of Victory by snubbing the Wind Farm Project!

Bus or Wind farm? Can't afford both? Hmmm. What would have been the better choice here?

Super Powers

Lois Leban, having tried out her super powers in being able to defeat, with the help of her trusty side-kick, Punky (Costume Images dancing through the minds of smarter people), the most profitable and economically sound opportunities to ever be presented to any community, has secured for the tribe, continued poverty.

You all can demand that she be thrown out for her ignorance and the obvious disgrace that she has brought to the tribe by her comments: One of which blows my mind more than others:

Talking to the Company, she sniffs: "I am not the one you have to convince," (which was a surprise because typically, it is the purpose of electing leaders that they make decisions based on whether or not they were 'convinced') and she points to Pete Belgarde and says: "HE is the one you have to convince." ?????

Since WHEN has Pete Belgarde become the Scientist? The Engineer? The Graduate of anything? Apparently, she and Pete have something going on, and no one can figure out what it is. Convince Pete Belgarde? They only thing that ever convinced him before was how much money anyone would pay him to lie about anything. Was this her way of saying 'you have to bribe both of us'? It is so insane, I can't begin to sort it out.

Why have the good people of St. Michaels District not thrown her out on her ass? Why are Lois and Punky still in office with no recall petition being circulated? Are you all so pleased with how they have screwed you over that you do nothing? Say nothing? Doormats!

Being able to prevent NLO from casting the tie-breaking vote, was a real sign of the New Queen Bee who is running things at the Tribal Council. NLO afraid to

even look at Lois or go against her sidekick, Punky.

Further, seeing that he has probably stolen enough as Tribal Councilor, I hear that Carl Walking Ego, after this term expires, will 'retire'. Probably because he has stolen so much, and can continue to raid the funds through his interests in Ronin Wireless, that he doesn't need to be in office any longer. In fact, it looks bad.

Once out, he can use the stolen funds to buy even more shares of Ronin and take more of the profits that the rest of the tribe will never see.

I suppose we can expect the same from NLO? That would leave Lois and Punky to run things for the next decade or so, depending on how much longer you can, while you starve and freeze, continue to look the other way.

She doesn't have any super powers. You all just pretend to be powerless. Same effect.

Heartbeat

I hear that the Wind Farm Project still has a heartbeat. (Clear! Phlump! Bip, bip..), but it would actually require the people of Spirit Lake Nation to find a spine.

It's one of those laugh-cry situations. People of SLN love to complain, but actually do something? Ha ha!

Wow, look at that pretty bus!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 16, 2008
Pope Mobile

That is what some have dubbed the half-million dollar bus for the drunken/stoned basketball players and their coaches. Many of you have found this to be a rolling embarrassment. Especially, since it is transporting a 'special' team that does not drug test the players because it knows they would not pass. A double-standard for high school B-Ball, which seems to imply that Indians have to be impaired and everyone else look the other way. 'They can't help being stoned and drunk: They are Indians' is the message.

They represent their community as being drunk and stoned. And you, all of you, of course, are expected to cheer them on, mindlessly, as if the important thing is that false pride you wallow in while your children are being steered into addictions and denied a proper education, while all the effort and grooming, instead of going towards a future, goes for a game.

Like a crate load of chickens, they head to the slaughter. Momentary glory when they manage to win one, and a lifetime of despair for the lack of guidance, education, standards and leadership. It is a fancy crate, however.

The Pope gets a fancy mobile to buzz the crowds with. The Pope, supposed to be 'infallible', above question or accountability, worshipped and adored, while doing, essentially nothing but wearing the team uniform for the Church. The same Church which allowed pedophile priests to destroy young people, all around the world. The same church which concealed those pedophiles, promoted them, transferred them and protected them. In fact, the same Pope, who as Archbishop, designed the tactics to do all of the above! Now, kiss his ring? He does abominable evil and is worshipped as a man of God? I know I will hear from Catholics on this one. Maybe they will explain to me how they can reconcile this disparity between what he has done and represented and how he deserves to be called "Holy Father."

And, I am aware that a lot of Indian People are Catholics as well. That church did its shameful part in destroying the culture, language, and spirit of Indian children trusted into their care, in Residential Schools. And ongoing with the damage by concealing the ongoing pedophilia in the ranks of their 'celibate' priests.

The contradictions between what the Church has done and gotten away with (and continue to get away with) while condemning those who were offended, damaged, harmed, destroyed by these same priests, and the 'Infallibility' mantel they wear so proudly, not that different from the contradictions of the Tribal Council: Their corruption, the damage done, the lies, and the ignorance and their

never apologizing to the people they have offended, destroyed, ruined. Never held accountable.

I guess that "Pope Mobile" is an apt title for the Bus to Nowhere.

Wave and cheer! The Pope is in town! The Team Rolls to disgrace!

Without Honor There is Nothing

Your Tribal Council is an ongoing disgrace that dishonors the people of Spirit Lake Nation, and Indian People in all interactions. From the chronic drunken driving, driving without a licences, driving without insurance as evidenced in local courts for McKays, Walking Egos and most of all, Zit Puppet; at some point you have to face the fact that your Tribal Council is a joke, and the Joke's on YOU.

They rob you, and dishonor you. Your children die because of addictions and abuses. Despair is everywhere. And they hold up Basketball so you all cheer and 'feel like Indians with Pride', only to go home to the despair that drowns your spirit and shames your community.

You have been sent warriors over and over again, and you run them off in order to protect those who dishonor you with every breath they take, every dollar they steal. Your warriors are your children. The ones who survived the despair. The ones who struggled and escaped the ignorance. The ones that bettered themselves so they could come back home to help their family, their community, their nation, to heal, prosper and hold their heads up with honor.

You run them off with jealousy, ignorance and call them Apple Indians because they learned the skills that would make survival for their community possible. They brought that back home.

For what? To be cheated out of the jobs they were qualified for and replaced by those who have no education? No qualifications? They came home to be abused? Mistreated and unappreciated by the very people they called "MY PEOPLE", and the love they had for their community, thrown back at them, like trash.

Mindlessly, rabidly, you cheer, adore your stoned/drunken basket ball players and call them "heroes". Heroes? Do you not know the difference between fleeting celebrity and real heroes? Have you lost even that part of being Indian?

Those who struggled, succeeded, and brought their skills, knowledge and love for their people back to the rez to make it better-- THOSE are your heroes! But you prefer???

Oliver Gourd saying in Sioux, "All these white people are using our own against us now," sneering like his ignorance and racism against his own people was something he is proud of, hungry to destroy the good work of your warriors, and drive it into the dirt.

And then you cry because you are impoverished? You cry because you have no jobs? You cry because you are surrounded by trash, flies and corruption? You cry and feel sorry for yourself because you are looked down upon by the communities around you?

You must like it. You do nothing to change it. You don't even allow your warriors, the real heroes, to help you find honor and prosperity. You call them names, and then you cheer your basketball morons as they stumble onto the hardwood, nowhere to go, but a big shiny, Rock Star set of wheels to cruise there, in style.

Have you figured out what it is you need to fix in yourself? Your community? Your tribal council? Or are you on your way to Bingo and really don't have time to think about it.

Your children are at home. Your grandchildren are at home. Your great grandchildren are at home. I wonder if they will grow up, go to college, struggle to attain their goals and then bring their dreams home again?

Why should they? There is no honor in your leadership. Your leaders represent you to the outside world. They dishonor you, and this is what you have to offer your children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren.

This is the mess we made. This is the mess the children are trying to clean up. Won't you at least raise your voice to defend the warriors who have come back? Won't you at least try to keep them? That would show your children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, that home is worth coming back to.

Apology Required

Your Tribal Council owes Frank Black Cloud an apology. They owe it in writing and they owe it publicly. They owe it to all of you, but first to him. That would show a glimmer of honor on their part.

Oliver Gourd owes Frank Black Cloud an apology. His racism, his hatred, he has turned against his own community, like a snarling dog.

And your Tribal Council owes a big apology to the companies involved in the

Wind Farm Project.

Without it, neither Frank, nor the companies, really have any reason to do any business with the Spirit Lake Tribe, under any circumstances.

Frank can take his degrees and go to work anywhere and be treated better and make a better living in a better neighborhood, for his family. He came back to help everyone. He didn't have to. And with the insult to his efforts, and his love for his community, why should he stay?

If your Tribal Council cannot stand before the whole community, heads down in shame and offer up a decent apology, what good are they? They steal millions from you for themselves. They deny you even a chance at a better life, and they bought a Pope Mobile for Team Nowhere.

An apology to Frank Black Cloud will be their first step. The second will be an apology to the whole community, in writing, and in public. Are they too proud? Is that what you call "Indian Pride"? Is their Pride worth more than your own?

They treat you like fools. Doesn't mean you have to act like fools.

They are cowards and you act like you are afraid to stand up to them. I am always amazed how much more that whole tribe endures, just so no one has to stand up and say: "We deserve better." Not one of you. Not for yourself, and not for your children. Ever wonder if the whole tribe is maybe on that Bus to Nowhere?

Is silence really 'safer'? Whom, exactly, are you protecting? I see murderers and rapists walk freely among you. Your silence protects them. Embezzlers, thieves, drunken Tribal Councilors, swagger around like gods, your money is their money and you can go beg for commods and fuel. Your silence protects them.

Your children, go nowhere. Your silence kills them.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 21, 2008
A Joke For You

Sent by an avid reader who appended the comment: "Who does this remind you of?"

RETIREMENT IS DIFFERENT FOR EVERYONE

One day, while going to the store, I passed by a nursing home. On the front lawn were six old ladies lying naked on the grass.

I thought this was a bit unusual, but continued on my way to the store.

On my return trip, I passed the same nursing home with the same six old ladies lying naked on the lawn. This time my curiosity got the best of me, and I went inside to talk to the Nursing Home Administrator.

'Do you know there are six ladies lying Naked on your Front lawn?'

'Yes,' she said. 'They're retired prostitutes.

They're having a yard sale.'

Joke's On You

All it would take to bring the Wind Farm project people back to the table was for your Tribal Council, especially Naked Lawn Ornament, to issue a formal apology. All it would take for your community to have the economic prosperity, for generations to come, would be for those morons who were so shamefully arrogant, ignorant and disrespectful, to say "We're sorry. We were wrong to do that."

Costs them nothing but a mouthful of words, and perhaps a little ink on paper. That is all it would cost them. But they won't do that. They are too 'proud' to do anything that would actually benefit the community. Proud? Of what? How foolish they looked? How embarrassing to be represented by such arrogant fools!

Joke's on you. They get to keep their "Indian Pride" intact and admit no wrong. They are as infallible as the Pope (Rope a dope, Pope). Their foolish pride stands between you all and a real future with real jobs for yourselves and your children. They don't care.

They spend millions of your dollars on their drugs, their bad habits, their

gambling, their high lifestyle (especially when they travel, First Class, to Vegas, and other resorts).

They don't need the Wind Farm to live well and get every comfort they want. Of course, it would have been nice to have a few more million to rob from the tribe, but if they have to apologize to get it, not worth it.

Joke's on you.

I don't see anyone demanding they step down. I don't see anyone offering to take their place and run for the office. I do hear winjing and whining, and the odd puffed up chest full of "we oughta..." but no real action.

I guess you must like it.

We know that their ignorance, greed and false pride is stopping them from doing the right thing. But what, pray tell, is stopping the rest of you?

Reserve Your Seat Now

Hoping to get your kids onto that Bus to Nowhere? Hoping everyone will wave and cheer as he goes off to make an ass of himself? Everyone cheering as if the team was not a bunch of doped up, and hung over drunks?

Take a victory lap in that gas guzzling waste of half a million dollars, around the rez. Be sure and go by the Elders' homes where they can't afford fuel and have to beg for food money, travel money to get to the doctors. Yeah, makes a community feel real proud, doesn't it?

Pray For The Children

Look at all the new babies coming into this world! Look at all those beautiful Indian babies! Better pray they never want anything better for their life than what you already took from them, their parents. Better pray they never want to get a better education, never go to college and get a real education to have a better life. Better pray they start getting stoned and drunk, pregnant and abused really young so that they don't ever build any self-esteem, and never realize how much power they can have in their own life.

Better pray they follow all the worst examples. Better pray they give up really young.

Because if they do realize that education can get them a better life, better jobs, and allow them some real purpose in life, they might want that. They might go

after it and get it. They might stay healthy, build self-confidence, good character, develop integrity, and be respected by the greater world ---out there. And they might bring what they have learned, back to the rez, to try and help others, benefit the community and enable more to succeed, be healthy and find happiness.

You know what they will be if they think they are worth more than the garbage they are treated as. You know what they will be called if they try to share or teach what they have learned to make life better for everyone out there, don't you? "Apple Indians."

Oliver Gourd, Pete Belgarde, and the rest of that worthless bunch, will put them down and the unqualified will take from them all that they worked so hard to earn. Your Tribal Council, the drunks, the thieves, the liars they are, will insult every effort and ridicule them to keep them from sharing.

Eventually, they will be run off the rez. They will leave because they don't have to stay. They will leave because they have education and are not trapped, like the rest of you. They will take their families and they will go out into the greater world and make their marks as Engineers, Artists, Writers, Musicians, Scientists, Professors, Doctors and Nurses, Business Managers, and Political Leaders.

All that could be yours, for generations, will be disrespected and walk away. What you will have left is pretty much what you have now: Self pity, a list of complaints, no plan to do anything to help yourself or your family or your community, much less make your mark in the world at large; you will have all that and more. More poverty, more sickness, more funerals for children, younger, younger, oh so very young!

Pray that your children never try to reach for anything the corrupt and the ignorant don't want them to have. Pray for them to fail.

Because if you pray for them to succeed, and to have more than you have; to be able to do more than you could do; you would have to keep your part of the prayer bargain. You would have to support them, guide them, be the example they follow, their rescue from bad judgments, their support when they grow up and own up to their mistakes, and become better and stronger for it.

You will have to stand up to your family, who only wants those government hand outs so they can go get drunk or stoned, or go to Bingo. You will have to protect your child from your own family. And you will have to protect them from the community that respects only the corrupt, the bullies and has no self respect. You would have to make HOME a place they would want to come back to, after they gain their worldly warrior skills and knowledge.

And you would have to let them go, when the HOME they knew, the community they loved, the people they thought they belonged to, runs them off with jealousy and corruption. You would have to let them go and watch them as they pursue a life, a better life, in a better place, and raise their family there.

You would have to love them a lot to do what it takes to make it possible for them to want to achieve, succeed and make a better life.

Make a choice: Pray for them to fail; or Pray for them to succeed. But don't contradict your prayers with your apathy, self-pity, jealousy and racism. Decide what you really want, and pray for that.

Don't Forget

Monday is Steak Night at the casino. Bring your cameras. Best photo of Turdlings or Turdmother, will get posted!

Also

I hear NLO is having a yard sale. (No Photos, pleeeeeeze!)

You know where to find me.

~Cat

April 25, 2008
Smoke and Mirrors

Well, nothing, absolutely NOTHING has been done by your Tribal Council to bring back the Wind Farm Project. And, apparently, nothing has been done by any of the Good people of Spirit Lake Nation, to encourage or inspire them to act on your best interests.

People are operating under the impression that the Good People of Spirit Lake Nation will, when things get bad enough, rise up, say they have had enough, and create a movement within their own community that will bring down the corruption, the greed, and the abusive leaders who have, for so long, hurt and brought shame to the tribe.

I have no such illusions. I think the Good People of Spirit Lake are so few that there will only be more and more abuses, deaths, corruption, until there are NO MORE Good People left.

Let's recap: Your Secretary-Treasurer is a rapist, a raging drunk, (who never seems to be able to get arrested as he screams through the rez), whose trips to court (outside the rez) are so frequent, they have designated a parking place for him. The tribe continues to pay for his lawyers, his fines and his penalties. When he runs over and kills someone, the tribe will be sued for that as well.

He has been charged with and found guilty of driving under the influence, without a license, giving alcohol/drugs to minors, reckless driving... the list goes on. He has done far worse on the rez, but having family run the police and the courts, helpful. You do nothing.

His mother, your most corrupt Tribal Chairwoman, has stolen all your money and put it into her own pocket (along with other 'select' members of the TC), lied to you, and run dirty voting where only those in favor of her can handle the ballots, and change the ballots to vote for her. Ballot tampering is common in her district. Millions of dollars, gone. She allowed Punky and Lois to kill the Wind Farm project, and she easily could have saved it, but she chose to let you all have no future. You do nothing.

Carl Walking Ego and his family, have stolen high end equipment from the Rec Center, stolen millions from your funds to run their own little empire of corruption (He purchased Pop's Bar with your money), and has been a key player in every investment scam to hit the tribe over the past 20+ years. Remember the great Toilet Paper debacle? At least in that, you got a few rolls of toilet paper! Since then, more has been stolen (Golden Eagle Wireless, Ronin, Wire One, to name a few) and now with the Ronin scam in full swing, you get robbed more and more! You do nothing.

Someone asked me about why he suddenly resigned from the Board of Ronin. Hah! I guess you have to go through some of the myriad pile of documents pertaining to Ronin to realize that there is a contract with all the Board of Directors wherein, if

they are terminated or quit, for any reason, they get a huge chunk of money. He probably made over a million dollars by resigning. He can then get back on the board, get another chunk of money, and resign again. It's a game. Is he worried about any of you doing anything? Hah!

It's all smoke and mirrors. But it is still so obvious, it's funny, in a tragic sort of way.

Your children are dying. They are being killed by drugs and alcohol. You do nothing.

The SMC Scandal, which put inferior armor in the War in Iraq and Afghanistan, which doubtless led to needless injuries and deaths among our brave soldiers, also scandalized (again) the same tribe which has become known, for over 100 years, as "The Blanket Indians"... and you do nothing.

The Casino has been stealing from you since the day it opened; denying you millions of dollars, every month --- you do nothing.

The worst sexual offenders in the State hold the highest paying jobs in your community. You do nothing.

The family you KNOW murdered Eddie Peltier, one of the most vicious, monstrous murders ever committed in North Dakota, continues to run every aspect of your lives. They supply the drugs and alcohol to your children, give their own children the scholarships and prevent them from being arrested on tribal lands; buy them big new cars, big screen TVs, and they parade among you like little gods-- you do nothing.

So, with the Wind Farm, which could have brought employment, income and a real future for the tribe going down without so much as a whimper from the tribe itself, no surprise.

You mutter amongst yourselves. You complain and whine, but you don't come together, stand together, and stay together to make anything change from what it is now. That can only mean that you lack what it takes to save yourselves.

Further proof of that is how you have run off every returning warrior that has struggled and strived to get the education and degrees and qualifications necessary to help their community. You call them "Apple Indians" and sneer, arms crossed, as they are run off. And then you cry and pray for God to send you "Someone that will save us!"

I wonder, truly, how many more warriors you think you have coming to save you? You have mistreated all of them. You have abused them. You have marginalized them. You keep the most corrupt of them, like Skip Longie, whose efforts on behalf of every corrupt scheme is legendary, but the ones that come to help you, the community, you throw away like trash.

You throw away your warriors, your children and your future. You keep the corrupt. Wow! What a pretty BUS! How much does it cost to insure it? Fill up the tank? Repair it? Does it matter? hah!

No wonder the Coyote is laughing.

So, whatcha gonna pray for today?

You know where to find me.

~Cat