

May 35, 2009
The Future is Brighter

Okay, you think I don't know today is June Not May? Well, turns out that a lot of people in China read this blog and their government is blocking anything with today's date. So, many of us in the cyberblog biz, are using *May 35* as a way to dodge their website filters.

Now, how many of you had to look back and see what it was?



I bring good news: The Wind farm project appears to be on course. Day One of the NEWLY elected council members brought forth a common sense agreement to proceed with developing the wind farm.

Frank Black Cloud is key in getting this project pulled out of the wastebasket where ousted council member, Lois Leban and her dumb-as-a-box-of-rocks protégé, Punky Brown had previously thwarted out of pure selfishness and stupidity.

The new project will bring a much brighter future to the tribe. Jobs in building it, jobs in running it, maintaining it, and the apprentice/teaching programs that are the jobs of the future and Spirit Lake Tribe can be ready for that tomorrow, very soon.

The newly elected council, on Day ONE, instead of throwing themselves a party as have previous elected councils, did real work for the Tribe.

I will keep you posted on what I learn from this project as it progresses. I invite all

of you who can take pictures of the project as it forms and progresses, including pictures of engineers, drafting, meetings, and site shots, to send those photos to me for posting on this blog.

If individuals are in the photos, please give their names so they can be identified.

It has been a very long time since there has been some really good, hopeful, uplifting news to report in this blog, so as you can see, I am very excited about this wind farm.

My hope is that it will bring real prosperity to the tribe as a whole, not to just a few 'holes' who take all the money for themselves. This is a project with outside partnerships and oversight.

And, with the new council members, and hopefully more new council members next election, an era of progress and dignity for the tribe will ensue. Once the corrupt are removed from power, and access to all the levers that control the daily lives of everyone on the rez; and once the rampant nepotism that allowed unqualified family members to hold high paying jobs while denying access to those same jobs to those who were the most qualified; once those things happen, the tribe will prosper and the children will thrive.

It is about time that the tribe has a diversity of industry that will stabilize the economy and make it better for everyone. The casino has become a cess pool of filth, stink, drugs, anger and corruption. It is also being swallowed by the lake.

SMC Plant has created yet another corruption club. One that affects everyone, in and out of the rez. Everyone that had a family member killed while wearing SMC underwoven kevlar, has been affected by the corruption on the rez. That case has been so quickly covered up and buried, it is enough to make my head spin.

However, it is not staying down or going quietly away. People and organizations, are digging into what happened, who was responsible, who profited from cutting corners that made the product not only worthless, but more dangerous for our soldiers. Like all Restless Spirits, SMC has begun to draw more and more scrutiny to itself.

Every head injury, or death that occurred to anyone who was wearing SMC kevlar, is blood on the hands of Carl McKay, Poopsie, Naked Lawn Ornament, and all who allowed it to pass then, and who keeps their silence now. All.

Time has come for the darkness to be replaced by the light, for the Truth to be told, for the guilty to be held accountable, and for the wronged and the Innocent to come home and be made whole again.

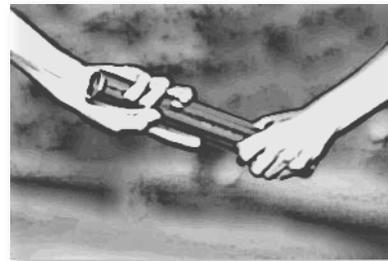
The New Wind Farm is a start. The new Tribal Council members are a BIG STEP on the path that will lead us all to a better place. These two major things are the best and brightest signs I have seen break through since the Restless Spirit project began back in 1996.

The healing has begun, but there is still much work to be done.

The Hand Off

As the newly elected prepared to take office and the recently voted out prepared to exit, something was done that should not have been done. I am still trying to get my hands on the documents, and I know they exist.

The voted out members were not allowed to vote on or do anything after the election. Yet, they managed somehow, to vote themselves a \$5,000 "severance pay". They literally, paid themselves for losing. And they did it with your money!



They could not have done that by themselves. The other incumbents had to agree to it. That means Myra Naked-Lawn-Ornament Pearson, Carl Walking Ego, and Too-drunk-to-remember-his-own-name Mark Lufkins had to agree to allowing those three to just dip into the funds and take \$15K for their own personal pocket money.

I know, I know. What with all the millions that have been stolen and embezzled by the Tribal Council, what's a measly \$15K? It's YOUR money. That is what it is. It is Elders without enough money for food, medical or heating fuel. It is repairs not made. It is Student Bursaries, scholarships not paid. It is just you being cheated again.

It is for that reason that you must plan now, and work together, to find among your warrior men and women, those who will run against the remaining stale incumbents and throw them out like you did the first half of their thieving club of corrupt council members.

Dump Myra, Carl and Mark and dump them hard. Trust that the new ones that are in now will not allow them to give themselves a huge 'parting gift' of your money.

Once they are out, many, many things can be done. Projects can move forward. The clinics can be purged of Piggy and her family and real counselors and

healers can be brought in. The Badgers can be purged of their lazy and their corrupt and new, trained and qualified members of your own tribe, can be put into uniforms and watch over persons and property, no longer the personal bodyguards to the Turdclan and their friends, but real cops.

Investigations into past corruptions, crimes and murders can be begun. Ronin can be investigated and the tribe can go after the millions of dollars that have been stolen from them, and place those who committed these crimes, including murder, on trail and in jail.

Drug programs can be built that will address the real sickness of addictions and abuses.

The children can have better schools, hope for the future, and be safe in their homes.

The community can do all these things. It always could, except for those who stood in their way, terrorizing them, lying to them, cheating them. Once they are removed from their access to the money and the power, the Tribe can hold their heads up everywhere.



Your children will have a chance to heal and to dream of a better future. Imagine that!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 10, 2009
Turdclan Losses

There was a time when it was good to be in the Turdclan. They could get away with murder, time and time again, and no one ever did anything about it. They had their Black Road Medicine Man and he stood between them and the consequences of what they were doing. But Black Road is a dangerous road, as consequences pile up, and wait to tumble down.

There was a time that people, even those victimized by the Turdclan, tried to stay close to them so they could maybe get a scrap of income in return for their loyalty. Turdmother's family kept their silence on what they knew of the night Eddie Peltier was murdered. Even when QBall raped his cousins, one of them so brutally, she nearly died, and the twins she got pregnant with almost killed her as they were dying in her womb. Even then, the family kept the Turdclan safe by keeping the secrets of their crimes unspoken.

But no more. The change has started and the consequences are rolling in, like thunderstorms building on the horizon, one can pretend they are not under threat, but everyone runs for shelter when the hailstones start raining down.

Turdmother's sisters have been her biggest supporters. Even to the detriment of their own families, and the ruination of their children, they have curried favor with Turdmother and taken that advantage as far as they could.

In the past month, Turdmother lost one son, most likely at the hands of another son, and her two sisters have lost their sons. I am not sure the funeral home can keep up. People go to the funerals and they say that she, and her Turdlings, are looking over their shoulders, twitching, and it is as if the masks they were wearing to cover their darkness, are seen through now.

They trust no one. They do not even trust each other. QBall is making a move to take property from his own family. He had not been paying rent when he lived in his brother, Scott's, house. Scott wanted him to move out or pay up. Scott suddenly died.

Willy had information and such that Zit Puppet had trusted him with, and Qball wanted that information. QBall wanted to be able to use it to extort money and goods out of those that Zit Puppet had extorted. He wanted the apartment buildings that Zit Puppet bought (with tribal money) and Willy would not help him. Willy showed up dead.

Crazy as a bat Turdmother then tells her daughter, Wacky Jacky, lies about her other daughter, Pisster, and those two start fighting. I'm talking punching, kicking, hair pulling fighting. She sends her other sons over to Pisster's house and they start knocking her around. They brawled at the wake for Willy!

That is not a family you want to be in or near. That is not a family you want to continue to protect with your lies and your silence. Consequences are being reaped.

Black Road or Red Road

The Black Road cannot save anyone from suffering any more than the Red Road can save anyone from suffering. The difference is clear, however, on how it is dealt out. When someone on the Red Road suffers a loss, there is comfort and support. There is sympathy and there is compassion. There is strengthening of the bonds of family, friendships and community.

When someone on the Black Road hits a pothole, they are thrown in all directions bad. They are revealed as having committed acts that brought this suffering, directly upon their own selves. There is a stink around them, and just as sure as the sun will come up tomorrow, they will suffer in abandonment from the community they abused for all these decades. There is no comfort on the Black Road.

The Red Road brings healing. The Black Road only more pain.

Other Deaths

To prove the point, take a look at those who have suffered losses in their families recently. One man, Derrick Lohnes just died. He had buried his nephew just a week or two before. And on that road by the lake, his tire blew out and he was lost to us. His family will find healing, even in the depths of these multiple tragedies and losses, there will be healing and coming together of family.

There will be no brawling at the wake. There will be no poison from the mother to the children setting them one against the other. There will be healing.

**Note: Weenie Boy, QBall and Poopsie like to mess with people's tires on their vehicles. They carry a screw driver with them at all times. They either let the air out or puncture the tire and flatten it altogether. They like to do this at Basketball games, or just for the sport of it, when they see cars parked in parking lots. Usually at night. Just saying, you may want to check your tires before you drive home after dark. They may or may not have tampered with Derrick's tires. Given the lack of investigational skills by Tribal Police and the unwillingness to investigate crimes in Indian Country by the FBI, we just have to take their word for it... Personally, the lack of investigations makes me more suspicious of every untimely death out there.*

Change Is Not a Spectator Sport

As the people stand up for themselves, the energy of that entire place begins to change. It is a long process. Decades of self-inflicted consequences due to abuse and neglect, will not be overcome with just one election or a few meetings. The community has to stay on top of everything that is going on, from now on.

It so easily can slip back if there is not a determination on the part of the people to continue to come together, and to work together, to clean up the mess and make a better future for the children.

I heard there was another suicide of a 14 yr. Old boy out there this week. Is there any greater loss?

So many suicides out there, of the very young. We must work diligently, for as long as it takes, to clean out the darkness that is making the children feel more welcome in the cold, cold ground of the cemetery than they feel in their own homes, schools and communities.

Continue to be diligent. Continue to intervene when you see someone is being mistreated. Start to stand up for one another and to stand up with one another. Above all, for the children.

Make Way For the Grandfathers

As you stand up, the grandfathers do also. It is pointless for them to clean up any messes that we do not ourselves see and are not ourselves willing to work, in a non-violent way, to rectify in that which is ours to do.

The point is simple: If we are not strong enough to stand up to evil, and we allow criminals to continue to run things, having someone else clean it up would change nothing. Soon as any healing influence leaves, it all goes back to darkness again because no one is strong enough to keep it away. No one is strong enough because no one has tried, worked, and kept on doing what is Right because it is Right.

But now, NOW things are turning. The Grandfathers will deal with the work that is theirs to deal with. They will take away the power and the influence as we do our part to expose the truth.

The Turdclan will be brought down when the Truth is told. They will be dealt with by the courts and by the Grandfathers, whom they mocked as they desecrated all that was sacred.

Those who have kept the secrets and who have protected the Turdclan, will be dealt with for their part as well. The Grandfather's will deal with that which the Courts do not embrace. Those who want to protect themselves now, can only do so by telling the truth.

Those who continue to protect that which is crumbling, will suffer the same or worse fates in ways I would not even want to guess, and in agony of the spirit I would not wish upon my worst enemy.

I am just the messenger. You so often say "No one ever told me," or "If only I had known that this would happen..." You cannot say that you were not told. You cannot say that you were not warned.

And this is another reason why no one should strike a violent blow against these people. Wound them all you want by telling the truth in court, but do not raise a hand nor throw a rock at them, for they are not yours to punish. That is in the hands of their ancestors, and of the Grandfathers.

They are only yours in that you can become stronger by facing your fear of them, and letting it go, and telling the truth about what you know. It is the only way. Nothing else is done well.

Someone Is Here



We must stay diligent and remember that "Someone is Coming... Someone is Here...Someone is YOU." Already, you can all feel something is different. And, if you look back to just two years ago, you will see clearly now that the darkness is beginning to lift.

It is only because so many of you, and more and more of you, are doing the hard good work of lifting it away and letting in the light of Truth and Healing.

Do not stop. The momentum is shifting, but there are still children suiciding.

There are still people suffering from addictions and abuse. There is still so much to be done. Projects are beginning. But also, there are businesses out there that have cheated you and committed crimes.

Nothing can be taken for granted now that "Someone" is here.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 16, 2009

****Now You Tell Me!***

So, Mark Lufkins got booted out of Tribal Council a couple of weeks ago? Wow, so, who's taking his place? Is he still getting a paycheck? What's that you say? He's in the hospital and not expected to live? Hmmm... ohhhh yeah! Brain rot. Same as that other guy that died last year. (Don't make me look it up), the guy with pus coming out of his eyes.

Always sad to see anyone waste their entire life like he did. Spent all his time doing whatever Walking Ego wanted him to do. Gee, I wonder if Walking Ego caught it? I wonder who Walking Ego will use to sign off on all those checks and property deals that Lufkin used to be second signature for, deals in Vegas, Florida, everywhere... Wonder if Monica, the Village Bicycle (everyone has had a ride on her) will demand her share of the loot? Too many questions now.

So, who's sitting in Mark's now empty seat? Shall we have another election? Or does Punky get to play again? I can't help you if you don't tell me this stuff, folks.

Playing Church

As the Turdclan finds their numbers dwindling, amortizing in the truest sense of the word, dying off... they are desperately trying to patch up their previously "impervious" image. Turdmother scrabbling for the microphone to ramble on at any occasion, the sound of her voice alternately droning and whining, is viewed as the annoyance at any gathering. Gone is her status as High Elder, the leader of prayers, and she-who-must-be-tolerated. Gone is her cover any blanket of doubt over what she and her family have done in murders, rapes, incest, drug dealings and overall corruption that has darkened the tribe for decades.

With the sudden death of their Black Road Medicine Man, a spiritual gap exists for them that leaves them exposed to the consequences of their crimes, and the discomfort of feeling the contempt of anyone and everyone around them.

Turdmother's family pays the price first. All who kept their silence, all who helped her and her offspring get away with their crimes, are now, visibly, paying the price for their complicity, in a way no man nor laws of man, could exact from them. Turdmother's sisters are watching their children die.

I can think of no greater suffering than to outlive your children. So many on the rez have suffered this because of the dark practices of the Turdclan. And now, to the families closest to the Turdclan, the losses come home to them.

Throughout all this, there is a building anger towards the Turdclan and from within the Turdclan against each of them. The darkness they practiced for so long, shows on them. They try to hide it, but they can't. Their behaviors are

becoming stranger and more bizarre. Used to be it was only Pisster that walked around talking to herself, and blurting out how she killed Eddie Peltier.

But nowadays, Turdmother is losing her grip on the rails. She wanders through the stores, looking lost in the aisles. She looks at every that passes her as if they are a threat to her. Her verbal diarrhea begins in the middle of sentences, meanders all over the place, punctuated by out of place facial gestures (she might be trying to smile?), blurts about hatred, and fragments of "didn't do anything ..defending ourselves..." . Her sentences don't so much end, as they do just wander off into the wilderness and get lost. It is as if she is possessed, verbally, by the ghost of Sarah Palin. People have no idea what she is trying to say. And then she starts up again...

Some say that the most dangerous place to be is between Turdmother and a microphone.

Poopsie, recognizing that the family is floundering without their Black Road Medicine Man, is attempting to fill the gap himself. He wants to be seen as a "spiritual man" and even, a "respected spiritual leader" (He is making sure that introductions to him are prefaced with those words now).

And, to demonstrate his spiritual abilities, he is taking the lead by smudging the bodies of his dead relatives, and then smudging those who are sitting in attendance, all the while muttering syllables of nonsense. He can't remember the spells, the prayers, or even the order of the rituals. Some say he is 'Playing Church' and that, too, will come back against him and his family.

At his cousin's funeral this week, he took the liberty of surreptitiously dropping a medicine wheel with a red tobacco tie on it into the coffin. It was Francis Littleghost's coffin. This was not 'for the journey' as some might think. This was a medicine wheel over which his mother prayed for the spirit to be silent and for the secrets taken to the grave to never be revealed.

Francis's spirit may not be happy about that. However, the Turdclan is pretty much without power these days. Losing Joe Tiona was a real blow to their spiritual tyranny. He had the magic, they never did, never will. Poopsie is merely trying to mimic what he has heard and seen back in the Joe days.

Dropping wheels and fetishes into the coffin of a dead relative is no guarantee of silence. Whatever spell he thought he knew, never worked in the first place. Think about it. If it had worked, Eddie's Restless Spirit never would have stirred, and none of this would ever be known. At best, Poopsie is impersonating the most failed spell of his former ally.

And pretending to be the 'spiritual man', "Playing Church" is not fooling anyone. Those who manage to keep a straight face in the presence of the Turdlings, can barely contain their guffaws and laughter once out of earshot.

It appears that Poopsie will have plenty of opportunities to practice Playing Church as those who kept their silence, watch their children go down for a dirt nap. Each one will be more innocent than the previous. Until the price paid is all that mattered in this world.

Look at that Turdclan, are they worth it to you? Worth more than your children? Your grandchildren? I can't help you. Only you can help yourselves. And you won't.

Bugaboo To You Too

I heard from one reader that "Some medicine man in SD said that 20 young men would die after John Chaske's son died.."

Well, where to begin? John Chaske, a wannabe Medicine Man with no blessing from the Grandfathers, has violated the sacred rites by performing them without blessing and for ignoring the signs that were telling him not to perform those rites.

The Sundance that he put on in Crow Hill back in 97 was an insult to all that is sacred. He was told not to. But, he was jealous of Melvin Grey Bear, whose property adjoins his, and wanted to be known as Bigger and Better than Melvin Grey Bear, so he put on a Sundance of his own.

Everything went wrong. The tree fell down. NEVER should that tree have been propped back up and forced to endure the sacrilege. But John did that. Worse, after the Sundance was over, he left the tree standing---for months! I saw it myself. I have no idea when it finally was taken down or if it just fell down on its own. But that was a violation.

Anyone that danced at that dance will, to this day, be paying the price in suffering and sorrows, related to that fiasco.

Not just anyone can perform these ceremonies. You have to know WHO is running them and you have to know for a fact, that they are guided by the Grandfathers to do it in a good way. Impersonators are spiritual poison. Chaske pays the price. His son's sickness and death was hard on him. But still, he is also "Playing Church". Steer clear of anyone that impersonates Spiritual Rituals/Rites.

However, back to our lead into this subject, someone telling you that "20 young men will die.." unless I have much more to go on, is bogus.

Consider that we are talking about a rez that has a high death rate, much of which is related to the violence and damage done by alcohol and drugs.

Also, we are ALL going to die--eventually. So, giving the number "20" means nothing unless it connects to a time frame or type of incident of some significance. Regardless, after 20 die, more will continue to die, so it needs

much more to make it credible.

Also, I don't know anyone that knows the name of the supposed Medicine Man who said this so I can't fact check it. That also tells me that this is being repeated by people who heard it from people, (carry that as far as you can) none of whom heard it directly from the Medicine Man, if there ever was a medicine man saying it.

It becomes and "Ooh!" moment, but nothing more. Tying it into Chaske's behaviors, bad as they are, makes no real sense inasmuch as it is the Turdclan that is being hammered right now, and that is directly tied to their behavior, not to Chaske's.

About Smudging

One thing everyone should know about the ritual of smudging, regardless of which tribe does it, or how they do it, there are some definite "DON'TS" to watch out for.

The sage must be picked the right way. It is never to be pulled up by the roots, ever. Cut stems or plucked leaves, okay.

Further, the person doing the smudging must be sober. The sage is ignited and fanned out and then fanned with a feather or paper or whatever, to keep it going.

IT IS NEVER TO BE BLOWN INTO BY HUMAN BREATH--EVER.

Anyone that blows into the sage, or the sweet grass for that matter, is putting their energy into it, and pushing out the cleansing energy. In other words, if they blow into the sage and then you are smudged with it, you are being smeared with all that is dirty about them.

You can refuse to be smudged by anyone you think is not clean enough, spiritually, to be performing the ritual.

I can't imagine people sitting at a funeral, and being smudged by someone they know is a murderer, rapist, incest rapist, and as corrupt as Poopsie is. Bad if he did it without blowing on it, but knowing him, he could not resist making it worse.

That which he is, is now on you. Think about that. Now, go get some good sage, light it up, fan it, and pray as you wash the smoke over yourselves and get that spiritual stink off of you.

Big Money Surprise

Remember how the last Tribal Council snubbed the Wind Farm because they didn't want to invest a few hundred thousand of the Tribe's dollars, which they consider their own personal piggy bank, into a project that would help the tribe thousands of times over? Remember how they said they could not afford it? And

then they magically found over \$1 Million to invest in a fancy bus for the Basketball team, complete with leather reclining seats, video ports, flat screen TVs, and amenities above and beyond what a drunken, dope smoking losing team or their worthless coaches could deserve? They wanted to travel in style, while living a destructive lifestyle.

And then when the Elders wanted to use the bus in the off season to get them to functions, they were told they were not worthy of it, that it was only for the players? How's that working out so far?

Is the team or are their coaches making any attempt to deserve the most luxurious ride in the State? Are there rules for sobriety? Are the coaches who encouraged partying, drinking and drugging fired?

Well, things are a little better in that the Tribe, because of new blood on the Tribal Council, has got an agreement to build the Wind Farm. Wonder if they will have any input into the behaviors of the players and their coaches to lift them up to what would be a better, healthier lifestyle? You might want to make that part of the agenda. You have at least 3 GOOD members on Tribal Council now, help them to help the community to heal.

The Wind farm project got the green light and that is a good thing.

But, I was surprised to learn that the Casino apparently got a green light also. They got the go ahead to build two new ballrooms valued at \$3 Million dollars. How did that happen?

The casino is the source of most of the corruption out there. It is the power/money base that the Turdclan predicates their behaviors on. It is where the cash comes from that bribes the judges and the politicians and pays off the drunks to get them to vote the way they want them to.

Why put millions into a casino that doesn't pay you but a fraction of what you are owed from the profits? You may want to bring that up at the next Council/District meetings. You have good people in there now, ask them.

Personally, I can not see putting a dime into that dump as long as the Turdclan holds all the controls. If they were to move them out of there and put honest, educated people in there, maybe. But as it is now? Nuh uh.

An even bigger question is this:

Where did they suddenly find \$3 Million to improve the casino? I thought the word always "we are broke! Shut up!" when people needed things like heating oil for the elders, or the students who obtained AIP grants and scholarships were being denied their checks, or... when you tried to get the Wind Farm the First time...

Find out from your Tribal Council, all of them, how it is they do their math. Keep asking.

And, oh, while you are at it, start looking around for replacements for Naked Lawn Ornament, Walking Ego and Skunk Drunk Lufkins. The next election is not that far down the road.

Look what you have been able to get done with this last election. Just imagine the possibilities if you dumped the rest of the corrupt and replaced them with good people.

You know you can do it. You did it last time. Do it again.

As Promised



And yes, I promised several pics of me if you got all three of them in last time. One in each blog. I thought that the first one would be comical enough that you would not want another one. I was wrong. I have received a few emails saying... "you said..." Okay, Okay... Blog 74 had one pic. So, here's the pic for Blog 75.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 21, 2009
Reconnecting Spirit to Mind & Body

On the rez, it seems almost expected that the young people will end up in court, and from their to jail, and from there --further down the road of futility and despair with no way out.



There is a way out. There always is a way out. But in order to walk that road, one has to be able to see that road. To see that road, one first has to KNOW that road exists.

Drugs and alcohol darken the despair and obscure the road. But there are those Good People who make it their life's work to light the way, and help those who are stumbling, to pick themselves up and find a better way.

A program called ***Sunka Wakan Ah-ku***, which seeks to break the cycle of youth disconnected from their lives, their spirit and too often, their sense of self-respect, and return them to the full measure of what their lives can be, through the working with horses.

Horses were such a big part of Indian culture, and when Indians were being subjected to genocide, part of that process was to dispirit the People as much as possible by taking from them their horses, breaking a powerful spiritual connection as well as thwarting a way of life.

There is something about horses. They bring us to a sense of ourselves in a way that only horses can. Each animal possesses a spiritual connection to The Creator. Some animals come to this world to share with us, strengthen our connection to ourselves.

Horses are smart and they are powerful. There is a rhythm to them that makes us aware that we can be and that we are, so much more than we thought we could be.

So, instead of the youth beginning that cycle of anger, confusion, destruction, and jail, Sunka Wakan Ah-ku is the alternative offered to the courts, to help at risk youth break the cycle and find their way.

Sunka Wakan Ah-ku now has the only **EAGALA** program in North Dakota.

You can find more information on EAGALA HERE at <http://www.eagala.org/informationContent.htm>

Vision Statement

"EAGALA is committed to setting the standard of professional excellence in how horses and humans work together to improve the quality of life and mental health of individuals, families and groups worldwide."

Sunka Wakan Ah-ku was started in *2007. The lead person for the horse program is Darla Thiele. She was the one that secured the juvenile justice grant. She then solicited the help from others in the community to help and assist. Jessica White Plume was working with a program at UND. She became instrumental in obtaining other grants to help with the program.

With all that we know is WRONG with the rez, and all we know is BROKEN, this program is a beacon to those who are looking for what is RIGHT, and what is WORKING and what is GOOD and BEST in the community.

I am happy to be able to bring this kind of information to the community and the readership at large, so that we can all acknowledge and perhaps even find a way to add to, assist, volunteer or donate to something that is healing in a place and at a time when healing is truly needed and appreciated.

Even in the darkest of places, the darkest of times, there is an ember of light. That light is growing now. Carried by the Good People, and the horses they rode in on.

Reconnecting to the spirit is the process of Culture. Culture is healing. Clean and heal in your culture and you gain a strength of spirit that is unbreakable.

To change the world you must start with yourself. How you behave, what you do, affects your family. How your family is affected is how they act, behave in the community. How they act, behave in the community affects how that community acts and behaves in the nation. How that Nation acts and behaves affects other nations. It starts with each of us. This is where the world begins to change. It is up to us.

Now, Back To our Regularly Scheduled Programming..

Mark Lufkins is, despite reports to the contrary, still on Tribal Council. He was given two weeks off to go and sober up. He never missed a paycheck and he never sobered up. During his 'vacation', Carl Walking Ego handled the affairs for Mark's district. That meant that he had access to those funds. I can only hope that the new Secty-Treasurer has kept him from draining the dollars into his own private pool.

Mark's life is minus one wife, currently. Apparently, the Village Bicycle has taken off with yet another man. Not sure if this affair completes her collection

or if she is now on re-runs.

I hear that Popsie has paid her to 'encourage' her to take up with Gary Thumb and find out what he knows and what he might be inclined to say. I do not know Gary, so don't know what his tastes are in that respect, nor how susceptible he is to the wiles of Monica.

I find it odd that at this point the Turdclan is worried about some of their loose ends and what they might lead to if not watched closely. So, just in case this information is accurate, keep an eye on Gary Thumb and know that any 'accidents' he might have, probably are not really 'accidental'.

Monica remains, horizontally inclined. Cash from Popsie and a mission, that makes her feel like she has value to the Turdclan, well, that just makes it all the more fun.

Mechanically Inclined

People have been having vehicle problems lately. Tires blow out, brake lines are cut, fuel lines leak and cause fires... I am reminded that Alex of the Turdclan is a mechanic. The cruder stuff, the easy stuff, like letting air out of the tires, puncturing the tires, that is simple-minded stuff that Weenie Boy, Q Ball and even Popsie himself, are able to do. They all carry big screwdrivers with them. Simple tools for simple minds.

But, for the more technical stuff, they turn to brother Alex. He either does it for them, or tells them what they need to do and how.

This is their way of appearing smarter about how they threaten, intimidate and get rid of those they think will be a problem to them.

And, to a certain extent, murder is the only sport they are any good at.

This works for them on so many levels. While Popsie continues to be protected as a Federal Government Informant, and paid for it, this makes overlooking their crimes much easier. Call them "accidents".

Narco Pie

Meanwhile, Popsie's family is ignored as the drug sweeps move across the land, taking out the competition and leaving the Turdclan with a bigger and bigger slice of the Narco Pie.

That works on so many levels: It takes out the competition, removes those to whom the Turdclan owes payments, the FBI appears to be doing it's job when in fact they are only henchmen protecting the biggest criminal of them all; Judges get to give easy-walk sentences to members of the Turdclan and say it was under pressure from the Feds to do so; and it reinforces the Turdclan

image of being all powerful on the rez, and in the politics local, State and Federal.

As long as they can keep the kids stoned, families in despair, and keep the rez uneducated and suspicious of anyone that returns with an education, they can continue to be kings of the darkness.

But even with all of this, and the most powerful in government protecting them, there is a change afoot. All those who have been protecting the darkness, and feeding poison to the children, are ever more concerned that their time is drawing to a close, and their safety less assured.

Changing The World

The world is quaking. Change cannot be resisted.

Politics around the world is changing. A change in one place leads to a change in all that is around that place. Thus the cycle begins. That is how the corruption and darkness took over, and that is how the light and healing begins.

Nurture that in yourself that is good and which you can respect. Gain strength from that and share it in how you act and behave towards others in your family. The point of Origin is in each of us. It is a powerful thing. Do not waste it. Do not allow others to take it from you. Do not lose it in addictions and self-pity.



Reconnect. Support the future as it heals in the present. Support Sunka Wakan Ah-ku.

You know where to find them.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: If you can send me pictures of the horses, the program, any events that are scheduled, I will post them here. People need to see what is working.

Still Horsing Around

And this is why, dear readers, we need more input from YOU about what is going on in YOUR community. I am now told that the EAGALA program in Spirit Lake is NOT the only one in North Dakota. There is another, equally viable equestrian endeavor (yes, I reached for alliteration on that one).

So, let's give credit where credit is due:

Leo Cunmmings and Marty Young Bear also have an EAGALA program running at the Three Affiliated Tribes at New Town. Sorry for omitting the work of Leo and Marty.

Now, anyone associated with or participating in either of those two programs who wants to take it upon themselves to send in information, pictures or even stories of how this program has affected your life or the life of someone you are close to, please do.

People want good news from time to time. Given that it is as rare as snow in July, I truly enjoy getting the more uplifting information to share in the blog. My love of horses is life long. My love of people came from my love of horses. My understanding of myself came from my being understood by horses.

Fake Tribe

The ongoing fraud of the M'Dewakanton/Mystic Lake tribe is now well-documented, but for some reason, the government continues to pump millions of Tax Payer Dollars into the fake Indians, their non-Indian Chief (Stanley Crooks), and to ignore the true inheritors of that land, those funds.

Skip Longie continues to be the facilitator of this fraud. He conjures up fake and forged documents, Poopsie and Turdmother and their crowd 'authenticate' these fraudulent documents and the cycle of government/Federal funds pouring into the fake tribe, and the once/twice monthly "gift" or "loan" to Spirit Lake Tribe of one million or more dollars. The 'loans' are never paid off nor is payment ever called due. The money never goes to the tribe, but is funneled directly through the Spirit Lake Casino.

Guess who gets it? Yeah, I know.

One reader has, again, become frustrated with the Federal Government ignoring this obvious criminal enterprise, which runs at both the expense of the taxpayers and to the detriment of the real tribe, which is not funded, and has to fight these legal battles without the deep pockets of federal dollars.

Somebody made up the term "LOYAL MDEWAKANTON". There is no such term.

On the February 16, 1863 Appropriations Act, 80 acres was for members of the 4 bands who remained LOYAL during the 1862 conflict. There is no mention of the term "loyal mdewakanton".

On March 3, 1863 the land was for those meritorious Indians. There is no mention of "Loyal Mdewakanton." On February 9, 1865 it was for John Otherday and The friendly Sioux of Minnesota.

There is no mention of "Loyal Mdewakanton". And the 1886 census has no mention of "Loyal Mdewakanton".

How was this land given to this "FAKE TRIBE" who call themselves the Loyal Mdewakanton? Hostiles such as John Bluestone, who called himself a loyalist. He was a "FAKE LOYALIST" who was a member of this "FAKE TRIBE". And the real loyalists received nothing.

The Court of Appeals said that the March 3, 1863 Act was left for later determination. The question here is What was the final resolution of 80 acres of land to be given to the Sioux Scouts of Minnesota (The REAL LOYALISTS).

Seems like someone has been doing their homework.

So, other than that, there is not really enough time today to post more info.

Keep those emails coming!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

June 30, 2009
Help Yourself

Common sense would tell us that before we can make any improvements in our situation; before we can win any battles; before we can help others, we must first do all we can to make ourselves stronger, smarter and more aware.

School is out now. A lot of you kids are out partying, thrilled to no longer have to show up to a boring class and pretend to care about the subject matter. Many see school as a drudge. I can totally relate to that. Schools are seldom as interesting or as enlightening as they should be. And they are run more by politics and hacks than by people who really care about the quality of education. Bullying is a problem. "Zero Tolerance for Bullying" is just a slogan with no will on the part of the schools or their administrators to actually deal with the issues, problems that are driving kids out of schools or into suicides.

Schools have been dumbing kids down for a very long time. Textbooks riddled with errors that go uncorrected, unremarked upon are the tools, crappy tools, that teachers are supposed to help students chisel and hone their minds with, yield, at best confusion or lack of confidence in the studies.

Okay, there ya go, 'skool sux'.

However, I think you need to take a much closer look at where this leaves you, me, all of us. It leaves us with a nation, filled with 2 generations or more, that lack the capacity to think and learn. We become reactive and without the basic skill sets, or even curiosity, to question the crap that politicians are feeding to us, and which the media reinforces with its unquestioning, non-investigative process of reciting whatever is shoveled to them from spin doctors and political hacks.

Back in the day, an eighth grade education meant you had passed the following test: (taken from barefootworld.net)

EXAMINATION GRADUATION QUESTIONS OF SALINE COUNTY, KANSAS April 13, 1895

Reading and Penmanship. - The Examination will be oral, and the Penmanship of Applicants will be graded from the manuscripts

Grammar (Time, one hour)

1. Give nine rules for the use of Capital Letters.
2. Name the Parts of Speech and define those that have no modifications.
3. Define Verse, Stanza and Paragraph.
4. What are the Principal Parts of a verb? Give Principal Parts of do, lie,

lay and run.

5. Define Case, Illustrate each Case.
6. What is Punctuation? Give rules for principal marks of Punctuation.
- 7-10. Write a composition of about 150 words and show therein that you understand the practical use of the rules of grammar.

Arithmetic (Time, 1.25 hours)

1. Name and define the Fundamental Rules of Arithmetic.
2. A wagon box is 2 ft. deep, 10 feet long, and 3 ft. wide. How many bushels of wheat will it hold?
3. If a load of wheat weighs 3942 lbs., what is it worth at 50 cts. per bu, deducting 1050 lbs. for tare?
4. District No. 33 has a valuation of \$35,000. What is the necessary levy to carry on a school seven months at \$50 per month, and have \$104 for incidentals?
5. Find cost of 6720 lbs. coal at \$6.00 per ton.
6. Find the interest of \$512.60 for 8 months and 18 days at 7 percent.
7. What is the cost of 40 boards 12 inches wide and 16 ft. long at \$.20 per inch?
8. Find bank discount on \$300 for 90 days (no grace) at 10 percent.
9. What is the cost of a square farm at \$15 per acre, the distance around which is 640 rods?
10. Write a Bank Check, a Promissory Note, and a Receipt.

U.S. History (Time, 45 minutes)

1. Give the epochs into which U.S. History is divided.
2. Give an account of the discovery of America by Columbus.
3. Relate the causes and results of the Revolutionary War.
4. Show the territorial growth of the United States.
5. Tell what you can of the history of Kansas.
6. Describe three of the most prominent battles of the Rebellion.
7. Who were the following: Morse, Whitney, Fulton, Bell, Lincoln, Penn, and Howe?
8. Name events connected with the following dates: 1607, 1620, 1800, 1849, and 1865?

Orthography (Time, one hour)

1. What is meant by the following: Alphabet, phonetic orthography, etymology, syllabication?
2. What are elementary sounds? How classified?
3. What are the following, and give examples of each: Trigraph, subvocals, diphthong, cognate letters, linguals?
4. Give four substitutes for caret 'u'.
5. Give two rules for spelling words with final 'e'. Name two exceptions

under each rule.

6. Give two uses of silent letters in spelling. Illustrate each.
7. Define the following prefixes and use in connection with a word: Bi, dis, mis, pre, semi, post, non, inter, mono, super.
8. Mark diacritically and divide into syllables the following, and name the sign that indicates the sound: Card, ball, mercy, sir, odd, cell, rise, blood, fare, last.
9. Use the following correctly in sentences, Cite, site, sight, fane, fain, feign, vane, vain, vein, raze, raise, rays.
10. Write 10 words frequently mispronounced and indicate pronunciation by use of diacritical marks and by syllabication.

Geography (Time, one hour)

1. What is climate? Upon what does climate depend?
2. How do you account for the extremes of climate in Kansas?
3. Of what use are rivers? Of what use is the ocean?
4. Describe the mountains of N.A.
5. Name and describe the following: Monrovia, Odessa, Denver, Manitoba, Hecla, Yukon, St. Helena, Juan Fernandez, Aspinwall and Orinoco.
6. Name and locate the principal trade centers of the U.S.
7. Name all the republics of Europe and give capital of each.
8. Why is the Atlantic Coast colder than the Pacific in the same latitude?
9. Describe the process by which the water of the ocean returns to the sources of rivers.
10. Describe the movements of the earth. Give inclination of the earth.

Health (Time, 45 minutes)

1. Where are the saliva, gastric juice, and bile secreted? What is the use of each in digestion?
2. How does nutrition reach the circulation?
3. What is the function of the liver? Of the kidneys?
4. How would you stop the flow of blood from an artery in the case of laceration?
5. Give some general directions that you think would be beneficial to preserve the human body in a state of health.

There was a time when being educated meant you were, indeed, educated. You were capable of running a farm, a business or a local government with just an eighth grade education. You had a comprehension of the world around you and of places you had never traveled to.

Education now is a dumbing down of the population. It makes us easier to control. It makes us more reactionary and fearful and violent towards one another. It keeps us from trusting one another and that prevents us from uniting

to create progress in government, society or in our world in general.

It is up to us, each of us, regardless of age or income, to educate ourselves. To know we are capable of more knowledge, awareness and of greater understanding. It is up to us to overcome whatever is in our way to get to the treasures that only those who have an education can reach. The pursuit of Happiness. Peace in our time. Health and well-being. Security and safety. Laughter and humor. Trust.

The obstacles are poverty, peer pressure to underachieve so that we are not ostracized by those we seek friendship/kinship with, poor education systems, standards and unqualified teachers and administrators. Those can all be overcome by independent study. Buy or borrow books that are on topics such as archaeology, government, economics, physics, adventure, travel... or any other topic. Get the books and read them. Learn to learn again. Our brains are hungry for real learning.

Reading challenges, such as dyslexia or lowered comprehension skills, can be overcome with persistence. It is absolutely, harder for some than for others. I am dyslexic. Sometimes, profoundly dyslexic. Depending on how tired I am, I can't even read my own name. But I work around it. Sometimes I have to read the same paragraph 10, 15, 20 or more times before it makes sense to me. The down side of that is that I am exhausted after less than a page. The upside of that is that I have practically memorized the topic information and it is at the ready when I need it. Also, as a dyslexic, I can solve word puzzles faster than most people. That makes me appear 'smart'. I love that people I know who are way smarter than I am, are boggled by how quickly I can solve word puzzles or cryptograms.

Everything I have ever learned has been a struggle. Everything I have ever had to struggle to learn has made me feel stupid for not "getting it" right away. Everything I have ever learned has been worth it.

And nothing makes me feel better than when I can apply what I have learned to help others. When I could challenge Insurance companies to make them pay what they owed to whom they owed it. When I could force a major corporation to replace my computer, in full, even though their warranty ran out, just by knowing more about the law than they did, it felt great. When I could help others stand up for themselves, it feels great.

I am telling you now, don't let anything stop you from getting an education. Especially, do not allow a lousy school system to dumb you down. Information is everywhere. It can be found. It can be hunted down and captured by your brain. It can then be used by you to collect more information. All that can be used by you

to make your life more what you want it to be. It can help you to help others to help themselves.

Learn to learn. I know you resent school. So did I. After I got out of school, barely, I realized that I needed to know more. I realized that I was a whole lot smarter than what I had been taught. I realized that it was no one's job to teach me. It was my job to learn. I developed a hunger for knowledge and learning that drove me up and beyond what anyone would have guessed when I was in school.

I overcame financial obstacles, mental roadblocks, and even my own ignorance. And about the time I start to feel like I know a lot, I am easily put in my place by those who have overcome way more difficult obstacles, to learn even more and do even more with their lives.

There is so much more to do and to learn out there. There is really nothing in your way, my way, anyone's way, if we decide that we are going to gain an education regardless of easy or difficult, handed to us, or wrestled out of the sources that contain them.

The survival of the strongest, means "Survival of those with the strongest minds".

Don't let small thinking, narrow beliefs or the ignorance of others hold you back. Don't buy into any excuse for not pursuing more and more and more education.

Read something that inspires you. Read something that teaches you. Experience all that life has to offer, good and not so good. Keep the good and have the skills you need to overcome the difficult times. Use your struggle to make you stronger in Body, Mind, Spirit.

Do not feel sorry for yourself. Do not impair yourself with self-pity. Do not accept pity from others. You are not pitiful. You are amazing. Whatever mistakes you have made, you can learn from. You just don't know it yet. Get an education and find yourself.

Don't wait for school to give you the education. Go and get the books, study what interests you, and become more and more adept, even expert on those subjects. No learning is wasted. Share what you learn that makes your life better and will make it better for those with whom you share it.

Look for good teachers. The sign of a good teacher is someone who learns.

The downside of gaining education is that shallow politicians and their rhetorical garbage will no longer sway you. You will make better informed decisions in every area of your life. You will be harder to mislead and manipulate. People

won't be able to trick you easily into destructive activities. You will see that you cannot make friends with everyone because there are those out there who only want you if you don't live up to your full potential. They only want you if they can control you with lies and with fear. You won't miss them. They may even try to stop you or discourage you. But they will fail.

You will gain more friends and more respect on down the road. You will know your true value, and you will like yourself.

It's summer now. A time to forget about school and hassles. Also, a time to think about what you really want in life and how you are going to go about getting it for yourself. Everything is right where you can find it, now. Why wait?

And while you are at it, appreciate and acknowledge those who have already gone down the road to gain knowledge and education. Too many who have overcome the hardships and struggled against the odds to get the education, and then come back to the community to apply what they have learned to help the community to heal and to make progress; only to be run off by those who hate education and those who have it because it is a threat to their ability to control with lies and fear, everyone else.

There are names: Apple Indian, Half-Breed, snob, conceited, that ring in their ears as they are turned away from jobs for which they are the most qualified, while those with no education are given plum jobs, and the community suffers for the lowered standards in every department.

Think of how much better, how much further ahead, how much more well the entire community would be if those educated warriors had been welcomed and employed, rather than heckled and run off.

Time for the healing to begin, in earnest. Time for best and the brightest to shine the light upon the path for all to follow and find their own way.

What is needed to heal and help Spirit Lake comes from everyone in Spirit Lake. It's already there. It's in your kids. It's in you. It's all around you. Don't let the obstacles of crime, drugs, incest, rape, murder and corruption stop you from reaching beyond all that to get what is yours to have in this world.

School sucks. But education is priceless. Get yours.

You know where to find me.

~Cat