

February 4, 2009
Let's Make a Deal!

Let's take a look at what has been happening to the rape cases in Indian Country. The ones most people are following are Alfred "Lemon" Longie, who for years, abused his stepdaughters, sexually violating them, and others. The youngest being a child under the age of 5 when the abuse started, suffering multiple handicaps and being in a wheelchair.

The abuse, rapes, went on for years. Lemon is a cousin to the Turdclan. He helped clean up and hide the Blazer that was full of Eddie Peltier's blood, after Poopsie and his Turdlings murdered Eddie at Pisser's house, that August night.

As you can see by these documents posted now Longie Sentence, he received, essentially, a slap on the wrist. The charges being diluted down to 'indecent with a minor', which sounds a lot like statutory rape or consensual sex on some level, and received a paltry 2 years prison time. That, if you count off the time already served, and time off for good behavior--because he has not raped any children while in jail, he should be back home, full access to at least one of those children, any day now.

We will get to how that deal got made, later.

**Correction: Lemon was raping his own daughter, the little one in the wheelchair. Also, and I should have remembered this, having blogged it many times, Lemon is the Older 1/2 brother to the Turdclan.*

His common-law wife, the mother of that little girl, was in Fargo a month before Lemon's sentencing. She was laughing and bragging about how Lemon had assured her that his brother, Poopsie, had pulled all the right political strings, greased the right political palms and had extorted the rest, to make sure that he had a really light sentence. Turns out to be true.

Now, we can all wonder as we look at our fine elected officials, Senators, congressmen, and the people who run the halls of justice in North Dakota, and wonder if that one, or this one got paid to influence this case. Wonder how many or who all Poopsie has the video and negatives on that he can get a man, who raped his handicapped daughter, off with a slap on the wrist.

North Dakota is NUMBER ONE in corruption, throughout the nation. Look at those who are responsible for 'protecting' the people, including the little child in a wheelchair, who had to endure her own father raping her for years, and will have to endure it some more when he gets home---any day now. Look at these people as they scrap to climb the ladder of corruption. Ask them, each of them, in letters and phone calls; ask them in person, if

they had anything to do with the chain of corruption and influence that let a child rapist off with a slap on the wrist. Ask them.

Don't expect the truth, but ask them. At the very least, discomfort them for that one moment, and make them answer, truth or lie. Their discomfort is nothing compared to what those children, and others have had to endure, and who will again.

North Dakota is NUMBER ONE:

We now resume our regularly scheduled blog. I'm going to go throw up a little.

The next case, Galen Robertson, who has a history of raping and molesting, was given a sentence a little more harsh. Galen Robertson Sentence. He received 10 years. I am sure the appeals process, paid for, as was his legal team, by the Tribe's money, will go on until he too, can return home.

I understand that Zit Puppet all but strangled Sea Shelly, now that Galen is not there to stop him. Zit Puppet has become more physically abusive towards just about everyone, as his own addictions are now affecting his brain functions on all levels. I have heard that he too, like his Uncles Poopsie, Weenie Boy and his daddy, Q-Ball, is incontinent. Too proud to wear diapers, he changes his pants, frequently, if people 'notice'. Trust me, they notice.

I think the whole family should get a discount on Man Diapers.

There was some confusion on Galen's sentence being 30 years instead of 10. Apparently, right around the same time a man named Smith was sentenced to 30 years:

Peter Smith Sentence:

"Federal Judge Ralph Erickson said in a judgment filed this week that the prison term for Peter Smith should be followed by supervised release for life. The 30-year sentence is a minimum mandatory requirement under federal law."

I find it interesting that the law seems to be applied one way to those with political clout, and the other way to those with less. I think 30 years should be the minimum for all of them.

The Way It Works

Also, around the same time that Lemon was squirming in jail, waiting for trial, Poopsie was loading his Man Diapers afraid that Lemon would sell them out in order to get a better deal if Poopsie didn't do something BIG.

I suspect that Poopsie did do something, BIG, to whittle down the severity of the charges and the sentence, to the joke that it is.

Let's look around and see what else was happening at around the same time, culminating recently, in some rather interesting news. I hear that about 24-40 drug dealers (Meth, Marijuana, cocaine, and various pharmaceuticals) from the Turtle Mountain Rez were recently busted.

Someone with deep inside knowledge of who they all are, where they keep their stuff, and who they do business with, was able to package them all up for the Feds. Poopsie knows who they all are. I suspect he masterminded that whole informant-fueled staging as a trade off on several levels:

1. The FBI gets brownie points for bringing down a large group of drug thugs. Everyone applauds, and they look goooood!
2. Poopsie collects unspecified dollars as a 'valued informant'.
3. Poopsie, as a 'valued informant' can be assured that his ongoing RICO operations are never investigated. He continues to have protection from the FBI as their 'valued informant'.
4. Kalum Yankton, and the rest of the drug enterprises run by the Turdclan now have much less competition and a larger customer base.
5. As a return favor, of course, the charges against Lemon can be diluted down to something between a misdemeanor and a sexual indiscretion.

Since the investigations and busts coincided so neatly with the charges being all but dropped against Lemon, and the fact that Poopsie deals with drug thugs daily, and knows who is who, whom better to do the deal?

Smells Bad

For those outside the rez, it may seem like I am bashing our shiny FBI heroes, as they diligently do their job and are bringing down the bad guys.

Those on the rez are puzzled as to what finally provoked the FBI to do anything. Given that the meth is manufactured in several houses on the rezes, and can be smelled 24/7, and all reports to the FBI Agent In Charge, and to the FBI in Grand Forks, regarding these meth cooks, meth dealers, are laughed off, people are puzzled.

Since many of these deals take place in front of FBI agents, and are ignored,

what triggered this one? It's not like the dealers are hiding anything. They have never had the need to hide it. The FBI ignores it. The BIA cops ignore it. Even those that live right across the street from the biggest drug dealers, and who are kept awake all hours of the night for the commotion of the parties, the fighting, the street racing, and non-stop yelling, act as if they just can not figure out what is going on.

But, suddenly, on a neighboring rez, a huge bust. Lemon gets off with a slap on the wrist. And those not related, not viable to the Turdclan, get 30 years for the same or lesser offenses.

Stinks of corruption, doesn't it? You don't have to answer, I can see you all holding your noses.

I wonder who Poopsie will sell out next? Wow, lots to choose from.

Oh Oh Mental Meltdown

I had heard around Christmas time, that Karen Peterson had gone into a store in Devil's Lake and started screeching at the top of her lungs at some woman who was at the check out.

I found out today who that was. It was Loretta Stensland. It was December 22nd. It happened at Wally's (Wal Mart).

Karen, apparently, in her breakdown mode, came in and went unglued on the woman, accusing her of being me. I hear that Mrs. Stensland just rolled her eyes and ignored her.

Ignored her that is, until Karen began to threaten her. Apparently, Karen, both stupid and crazy in these more and more frequent 'events', thinks that Stensland is me.

It was around that time that I had blogged about the Linehan - Ryan deaths the previous summer. Karen was all upset because I blogged about how the bar puts liquid meth into patrons' drinks, without their knowledge, and how that causes them to get very thirsty, lose track of how much they have paid, and makes it dangerous for them to drive or operate any machinery.

Sorry if I upset you, Karen. I understand that you are not feeling well. You are all bloated, your skin color is off, and your eyes bug out. I understand that you go into these screaming fits, publicly, more and more often. I am so sorry!

I know that you are unhappy that I blog about all the illegal things that go on at

your bar. I know how upsetting that must be to you because you are so stupid that you don't know that everyone knows already. You think it is just your little secret? Yours and Pete's?

And I am really sorry that you think Loretta Stensland is me. I think you know she is not me. I think you just can't help yourself.

There, feel better?

Oh, and someone print out a copy of this blog and get it to Stenslands. I understand they do not even have a computer. Wow, must make it really hard for her to get out a blog, eh?

Oh, and someone tell Karen that the person that creates this blog is named "Cat West" and it is my real name. (see top of page)

I know, I know, we go down this same tired road again and again, but I am only trying to put Karen's mind at ease, what is left of it that is. Everyone already knows what you guys do in the Oh Oh Bar. Everyone. I am not telling anyone anything they don't already know.

Oh, and this might make Karen, Petesky, and the whole corrupt Oberon Town Council a bit jittery, but you know that the mayor of Maddock and his wife were arrested awhile back, right? Meth. Yeah, looks weird to see people in their 60's being busted for these kinds of crimes, doesn't it?

Imagine how it will look when people in their 70's and 80's get busted! Oh my!

It won't matter for Karen. By that time, her mind will be completely gone. She will think the Judge banging down the gavel is me.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 9, 2009
Bad Medicine

One of my readers thought that the wormy Joe "Joey" Tiona from South Dakota, the Black Road Medicine Man patronized for decades by The Turd Clan, was somehow using his juju to fix it so that Lemon Longie and James Alberts, Jr. got off on their major crimes cases(child rape, infant rape, Murder), with just a slap on the wrist.

Reader thought that only something as vile and evil as Black Road Medicine could move a human being to allow these men to get off for their separate crimes, with sentences that are considered, in every corner, a joke.

Sorry to say, my friends, Black Road had nothing to do with it. Black Road can be prayed away, but this is something far worse. This is the practice of the Turdclan, using the millions of dollars that come to the tribe, from the casino, and from government, to bribe officials (they like to call it "lobbying" or "havin' a talk with" to get what they want from anyone in government. That includes, most particularly, the Justice Department.

There are other means of influence, than outright cash, money transfers. There are the 'indulgences' wherein people with a particular kink in their libido can have anything they want, legal or otherwise, and all they want of it. Of course, that leads to film, video, slide shows of indiscretions which can then be used, from that point on, as extortion, in lieu of cash.

One has to have a particular kink in their character make-up to be accessible to the slime that allows a man who rapes a crippled child, to get off with no real time to serve. Has to be something really "interesting" to the judge who would allow such a vile disgrace to go through his court.

The judge in the case of Lemon Longie, is not wanting his name known. The sentence was announced by Drew Wrigley, who seems not bothered a bit by it.

He was only charged with raping the girl who is at the time he was caught, 12 years old. They refused to investigate his rape of his own daughter. I am sure they wanted to 'spare her' the indignity of a trial. However, when Lemon is released, he will again, go home, and have total access to the child, who, btw, cannot speak for herself. The judge never inquired about other minors in the home. Never was it mentioned how long, how often and who all, Lemon was raping, in his home, where he is lord and master.

Drew Wrigley, who campaigned on "protecting our children" seems to have no problem whatsoever with children being raped, as long as it is only Indian

Children? I don't know. You will have to ask him.

I would think that because Lemon forced the girl to drink hard alcohol so that she would pass out, should have made the sentence more severe. But hey, we have that 'drunken Indian' stereo type out there, so why not scoff at a child's story of abuse?

James Alberts, Jr. The man who murdered his girl friend's toddler as he was raping her, got almost no sentence at all. The good news is that the batty mother of the child stayed with him. Nice to know where her loyalties laid. I believe she even had a child by him, after the murder. Wow, dead children, raped children, laughing judges...

No wonder children are suiciding. No wonder little kids think that alcohol and drugs are coping skills. Not like their government has ever protected them. In fact, their government is pimping them out. The State and Federal government seems to think children have no value. At least, Indian children have no value.

Here Comes The Money

The "Stimpak" we have all been hearing about on the news, our government trying to slow the downhill skid of the economy, is probably going to pass. I am all for it. However, it's not going to solve anything in Indian Country. There are a few billion dollars going to programs in Indian Country. HUD, agriculture, roads, parks, drug programs... which would be just dandy IF that is where the money would actually go.

As I have said, repeatedly in this blog, the money never gets to where it is supposed to go. 90% and more is skimmed off by the Tribal Councils and the Corrupt families that run the rez like a gang runs its turf. The money, instead of helping, repairing and rebuilding; instead of healing and educating, becomes pirated booty, a treasure trove for the Turdclan and those like them.

That money will then be used in ways that got Jack Abramoff investigated and imprisoned. And he was small fry! Arresting him, and the media telling us all more about Paris and Britney than about the billions of dollars in Indian Country that were illegally used to illegally bribe an illegal lobbyist, leaves us with exactly the same system in place, not skipping a beat.

And they are rubbing their little insect hands together, drooling a little at the corners of their mouths, waiting to get 'their share' of the "stimpak" funds, to continue to live the high life, protect the low life, and bribe their way out of every crime they are caught at.

I am sure that Dorgan the Organ will make sure that most of it goes to his area. That way, most if it will come back to him, one way or another. Don't tell me he is not on the take. That would only leave him the out of being the stupidest man in a suit, when it comes to how he has protected the corrupt in Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake and who knows what other reservations he has himself dialed into.

My readers are still in disbelief that instead of having the SMC plant closed down and the Administrators arrested for corruption in the scandal over them cutting corners on the field armor for our troops, which had to have led to unnecessary deaths of our soldiers as the armor was worthless and the bullets were real. But instead of closing down that plant and throwing out the corrupt who embezzled the money for themselves, he worked triple time hard to not only keep the plant open, but to garner the new contract, triple the value of the one they had been investigated on--- to replace the armor they had deliberately cheated on! Made it profitable.

People are wondering about Dorgan the Organ. People should ask him about that episode. Over and over again. Especially, if it was their family member or loved one that died because of failed armor.

Ask him if it was his idea to make it illegal to investigate the armor failing on our soldiers. No other war has protected the war profiteers the way the Iraq/Afghanistan wars have protected them.

He did not keep SMC open because of economics to the area. You don't keep the corrupt, who are responsible for deaths, in place because you don't want to lose money. That is how they do it in undemocratic countries. We were supposed to be better than that.

Did he keep McKay and his minions in place because there are no honest people in Indian Country to run the plant? Or did he do it because Poopsie told him to? Which was it? Which is it?

This is not about being a Democrat or a Republican. This is about being a Human Being. This is about the blood of our soldiers. This is about the oppression of Indian People that he is supposed to help, but instead he supports the corruption that is raping the children, killing the babies, creating the futility that craves drugs and alcohol.

He is making his moves to climb that ladder in the Obama Administration. Obama is a smart man. But no one outside of Indian Country understands how really dark and dirty it is run. Obama won't know unless we tell him to avoid Dorgan and Conrad. He won't know unless we demand of the new Justice Department and the New Attorney General, Eric Holder, that these crimes be

investigated.

They are online. Find them and tell them. Again and again. This is our chance to be heard, to be seen and for these issues to be known and to be dealt with.

Do it now, before the money rolls in and all the important people are bought and paid for.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 11, 2009
Speak To Me

We have a President who has actually recognized that something needs to be done to help the Indian People. We need to very clearly state to him what really needs to be done, or all we will get is more money sent into the grubby paws of the greedy corrupt thugs that are oppressing their own people.

Send me emails. Write down what it is you want from OUR President. Give me what you want said to him and to OUR Government in order to stop the slo-mo holocaust and to begin the healing of our lands and our people and our nation.

Your words. What you want to see done. What you need.

I will put all this into the report that I am building to send to this President.

It may or may not result in action, but we know that we must, now that we have the chance, begin to speak up. Every time we have an opportunity to speak up, or to take action that may eventually help us, or others who need help, we are obligated as Human Beings, despite our wounds or ills, to take that opportunity.

If we fail to rise up and speak out when the opportunity is upon us, we quietly agree to allow ourselves to continued to be wounded, and for our children to drown in the futility that we never cleaned up for them.

Write to me. Tell me what you want me to include. I will do it. I don't care if you are Indian, or not. Your voice in what happens in Indian Country needs to be heard. Children, write what you want for your future. Take the words of your Elders, your family and your friends, and send them to me. My Brothers and Sisters, look around, tell me what you see can or needs to be done. We are all in this together. The time is now. Begin.

Mitakuye Oyasin!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 15, 2009
Awakening Visions

Melvin Grey Bear, who devoted the last years of his life to bringing ceremony to the people, traveled often into Canada, to help the people there, to awaken their connection to their spirit, and to The Creator. He went to big cities, tiny villages, prisons, remote and urban areas. Wherever there was the call, the need, and tobacco, he and his helpers made the journey. I will go into, at a later time, some of the aspects of those travels, and the hardship it played on him, his family, as well as his helpers, and their families.

In this posting, I would like to tell you some of the more amazing visions that were shared with me by some of the people who attended these ceremonies.

The stories from the Yuwipi Ceremony that were shared with me, came from people I had never met and whom I did not know, but who were given my number to call, or my address to find me, and sit and talk, as they came to grips with the awakening within that was so profound that it both amazed, and overwhelmed them. I share some of them, in here.

To be clear, the Yuwipi Ceremony is a ceremony of the Plains Peoples, which Melvin carried to other places where people had lost or were just finding their own ceremonies, in order that "They may borrow these ways to help wake up in them, their own ways, lost over time and and oppression".

One of the most disastrous forms of ongoing oppression for Indian People was the Residential School system which literally abducted very young children, took them completely away from their families, abused them, raped them, and gouged out of them, as much as possible, their culture and their connection to God.

After years of shaming them for the color of their skin, for their race, their heritage, and abusing them with fear and other tortures, those who survived, returned as strangers to their villages, their families, and to themselves. Residential Schools yielded graveyards of broken spirits over the more than 100 years that they were in place. Multi-generational traumatized and abused, yield what we see today when we think of the worst that Indian Country has to offer to its own people.

"They All Became Children, Looking at Me"

One woman who phoned me the morning after the ceremony, her voice almost too soft to hear, in the beginning, told me that it was her first time to ceremony. She had wanted guidance on what she could do to help her people and her family.

"As soon as the ceremony started, I could see myself walking down an aisle in a huge auditorium. It was dimly lit. I was older than I am now. I could see the auditorium was huge, and every seat was filled. They were all elders. The closer I got to the stage, the older the people in the seats were. I realized that I was going onto the stage to speak to all these people. The front rows were all grey-haired, Ancient Ones. I nodded to them as I walked by. I walked up the steps, and took the podium. Just then, the lights came up and I could see all the people in their seats. They had all become very young children! I could see that each had been abused. Some had broken arms, blackened eyes, and other wounds. They were all silent. They all looked at me..."

She had begun to sob here. I waited. She came back, her voice stronger.

"I knew they wanted me to save them. I knew they needed healing. I looked at each older person, and they became children, looking at me, to show me where they were wounded, how they were hurt.

"I know what I have to do now. I have signed up to take the Residential School Healing courses. I am going to get my certificate, and come back and help my people to heal."

She phoned me a few more times over the next 18 mos, to keep me advised as to her progress in the program. She said that before the ceremony, she did not realize that she had something she could offer to her own people to help them. "After the ceremony," she said, "It was so clear. As if the light was on the path ahead of me."

River of Healing, River of Life

Another woman had a more simple and more profound vision during ceremony.

"As soon as the ceremony started, and the singers were singing, I found I was standing by a river. Next to the river was a trail of people, all sick and weak, looking hopeless. They were dying. I was one of them. I was dying. *But I knew, I KNEW, there was LIFE in that water!*

"I saw myself stepping into that river, one foot on the bank, and I pulled them, one at a time, to the water, and poured it on their heads, their hands, their faces. As each one received the water, they revived. I saw the light come back into them. They got stronger, and they brought the others to the waters edge, and more and more were getting healed, getting stronger.

"And then I could hear people in the distance, trying to scare people away from the water.."

She looked at me. "What am I supposed to do?"

I looked back at her. "It is your vision. Tell yourself."

"I know that there is healing... I know that there is LIFE in that water."

Reconnection is Vital

I share these two stories with you because they are, despite being more than 10 years old, stirring and echoing in my memory at this time. Melvin is not with us anymore. His work lives on in the thousands of lives that he touched, and the multitude of spirits that were awakened and reconnected in some of the darkest places of hopelessness and futility that I know of.

These two stories came from communities where suicides, murders, drug and alcohol abuse, rape and molest, as well as corrupt leadership and governmental intimidation are the norm.

For them, and for many others, the ceremony, done in the right way (not all are, FYI), awakened a core understanding and knowing in each of them that set them on a course in their lives that directed them in a profound way, to undertake personal missions to help their people and to help other people.

They were more connected to their spirit, and to other people in a way that cannot be explained with mere words, or even pictures. The spark of their being rekindled and they were inspired. They found within themselves a direction towards healing.

They both had gone to the ceremony to heal their wounded spirits. In that healing came the direction of more healing, and their purpose in life.

When I look across the vast expanse of Indian Country, and see so much suffering, futility, and fear, I know there is a hunger for healing and for ceremony.

I know that when done in the right way, by the right people, sacred ceremony can bring much healing to the mind, body and spirit of us all. It can reconnect us with our true self and strengthen, and inspire us to do more for ourselves by doing more for those around us.

Beware The Black Road

I must caution all that there are very few authentic altars out there. At the time Melvin Grey Bear was around, there were, including his, only 5. There are many who claim these "powers" and misuse these ceremonies, and they cause greater suffering among the people. They are walking on The Black Road.

Do not let your hunger for ceremony drive you to make desperate decisions, which could lead you into the clutches of Black Road Medicine.

The gift of Dreams and Visions is a powerful, overwhelming thing. Do not ignore the guidance contained therein. Do not do anything that would alter your ability to have true dreams and visions. They are at the core of each of us, and most especially, from what I have seen, in people of their own lands, but dormant, waiting for that spark, that awakening.

Black Road promises much and delivers only suffering and shame. Red Road promises nothing but the chance to heal, body, mind and spirit, if you are willing to do your part by becoming a part of the greater healing.

Drugs and alcohol are Black Road. They sicken the spirit, weaken the mind and fuel the rage and self-pity that destroys all who come in contact with it.

Vanishing Point

Anyone can destroy. Anyone can knock down. It is the easiest to do. We can define ourselves only by what we build, and what we leave for others.

The Yuwipi that I knew and trusted is gone for now. But the message lives on in each of us who cares to understand what it was about. We can continue to build and to heal, and to help one another, or we can vanish from our own inward weaknesses of self-pity and blame.

There comes a point in our lives when each of us must choose. Allow your children to see that they can also choose to heal by healing and forgiving your own self.

Tell Your Story

Tell your story. Live long enough to tell your story. Live strong enough to tell it in a truthful way. Turn away from false friends who demand that you prove your loyalty to them by doing that which destroys your life.

When they see that you can walk a healing path, they may then realize that such things are possible for themselves and they too, change course. Or they can continue along the destructive path, taking a smaller part of you with them when they vanish into the darkness.

Be ready for the time when the light comes around again, and it shines on you, that you can see, understand and recognize the gift of your greater purpose in this life, in this world.

Seek out and find those who have already begun their journey, and the light from their path will illuminate your path. The light from your path, will illuminate the paths of countless others, whose names and faces you may never know or see, but whose presence in your life is unmistakably felt in the stirring of memories and the echoes of enlightenment.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 18, 2009
Chicken Or the Egg?

North Dakota has enacted a law that makes all abortions illegal. They say that they resolved that most unfathomable question of when life begins, by stating that it begins at conception. The same people that scream they want less government, want to be sure a woman has a cop in the room when dealing with matters of her own, most intimate and personal decisions.

These compassionless morons care nothing for the age of the victim of rape, incest rape, and seek to make the victims of such horrors "criminals" if they seek an abortion. The suffering of women, to them, inconsequential. And, pretty much, the suffering of children born under such extreme circumstance, is not their problem.

I am wondering how they came to the conclusion of 'Life Begins At Conception'. What science did they consult? Surely, they did not consult the Bible which they like to hold up as the basis for all their thinking. Had they consulted the Bible, they would have found that the only thing it says about when life begins is 'at first breath'. So, they have taken the Word of God and gone one waaaay better?

But let's say they are right about when life begins. They are, essentially, outlawing contraception because it could 'kill' a fertilized egg. Let us see what North Dakota does with all those children that could not be prevented from being conceived. What are your plans, financially, for dealing with all those births? Are they going to be welcoming all those children with welcome arms and open checkbooks? Are they willing to fund, completely, the care and needs of children born with extreme handicaps that are the product of incest/rape? Are they willing to fund, completely, the health and care of the mothers who have been traumatized by incest/rape and who are additionally harmed by the process of a pregnancy that has as an added distress, the circumstances of conception?

And, let us not forget that we have opened the door for PETA, which can now declare that fertilized Chicken Eggs are actually 'chickens' and must be handled with the same care and keeping as their living, breathing parents. They will each, have to have their own cage, or be less than 4 to a carton... and refrigerating them is considered 'cruelty'...

The stupidity of this Bill passed by the ND Legislature is eclipsed only by the arrogance of those who 'conceived' it. By inserting themselves, without justification, into every woman's doctor-patient privacy, and to threaten those women who must, at the most difficult time in their lives, make decisions that will affect them for the rest of their lives, they have created a monster government to which nothing is sacred and nothing is private.

If police can come between a woman and her doctor, where can they not go?

To say that 'life begins' at conception is an arbitrary statement, based neither on science nor on scripture. These legislators put themselves above the greatest minds and above the very word of God they claim to 'worship' by constructing such an intrusive, vile piece of legislature.

The Doors That Are Opened

If it stands: A woman who miscarries, can be investigated as having committed a crime. For those who have suffered the heartbreak, gut wrenching experience, to also have to face an interrogation to see if she did anything that led to the death of her 'child', is one of the many doors that has been opened here.

Life is Life. If you declare a gamete a human being, you must realize that no extreme is too extreme for the invasion and the abuses of women is too much.

Women will conceal their pregnancies and not seek medical attention lest they be vulnerable to police interrogation should her pregnancy fail. Doctors will have to report any pregnancy as a living child, and that child will have to be followed up the same way a child would be followed up.

Will we assigning Social Security Numbers to Fetuses? Every child that is born is assigned a SSN. It would also make following these pregnancies easier for Big Brother, and easier to investigate and have a file name/number for a 'life' that does not yet have a name.

When a woman miscarries, everyone around her will be investigated to see if anything they did, be it violence, smoking, cooking or serving the wrong food, exposing them to viruses or illnesses that could make her sick enough to miscarry, and this includes spouses, friends, her other children, all could be investigated to see if they in any way contributed to the death of that unborn child.

You may think these are extremes, and they are. However, by the laws of North Dakota affording all the rights of a living human being to a gamete, all these events are not just possible, but they are likely to happen.

A pregnant woman who may not even realize she is pregnant and who is employed, can miscarry or reabsorb that gamete, and her employer is then involved to see if they did anything to cause it to happen. Coworkers can be questioned.

If you afford all the rights of a living breathing human being to a gamete, all this is mandatory if that gamete fails to thrive into full term.

And the next step will be that all females of child bearing age will have to be examined monthly to determine if they are pregnant, in order to 'protect' that unborn child. If there are human beings out there, and they are afforded ALL the protections of Citizens, we must of course, have some way of knowing they are there, right? How can we protect them if we don't know they exist? How do we know if they exist if we don't examine every womb?

And, since they are counted as Human Beings, do we include them in the Census?

These seem to be scenarios that would not, in a sane world, occur. But these are the very scenarios that are likely to occur, and which points of law can be constructed to address, now that the Legislators of North Dakota have deemed themselves to be the very Eye of God, in knowing when, exactly, Life Begins.

These so-called "Defenders of Life" have taken a most extreme stand, based on nothing but their own personal ignorance and a driving desire to out-convert one another in their quest to create an atmosphere of fear and terror for every woman in their state.

Once an insane law is passed, it becomes the foundation for more extreme rulings and laws to be predicated on.

That door has been opened. Women who are and can prove they are pregnant, can demand from the State of North Dakota, welfare for the care, feeding, housing of their unborn child. If the State denies care to any pregnant woman, and that woman later miscarries or fails to reach term with her pregnancy, can sue the State of North Dakota for failure to support them in such a way that would allow that Human Being to live. The State itself can be investigated for failure to provide or failure to investigate.

The costs to the State of North Dakota will be astronomical. Just on that last one alone. Law Suits can and will be filed, and the possibility for Class Action against the state by a collection of females whose pregnancies failed, is a possibility.

When the State removes the process of decision making from the woman and her doctor, and puts it firmly in the purview and control of the State, the State becomes the keeper, the responsible party for that pregnancy and all that comes there from.

Next Questions

Now, your next questions should be:

"How do we fix it?"

You can't. It is sweeping legislature based on a false premise.

"How do we close it?"

You can't. This kind of change would require much brighter, better minds and intentions than those currently contained in your legislature. You have a batch of hard-core extremists and they are supported by those among them who may disagree with them, but who are too spineless to stand up to them, and to stand up for the people of North Dakota.

All you can do is vote them out. Replace them with people who can at least have the foresight to see down what dark roads extreme legislation such as this, will lead.

When the State of North Dakota declared these gametes, fetuses as Human Beings with full rights, they also became the Responsible Party for all that ensues either from that pregnancy, the children that do arrive, and for all the investigations and lawsuits for their failures to protect, that can and will ensue.

I sure hope that between now and the next election, North Dakota has a whole lot of extra money to fulfill their responsibility for this law and all that it entails.

Good luck on that.

Meanwhile, the rapists, murderers of children, are not really an issue that the Legislature thinks important enough to address or pursue. Those who rape and kill infants, but are politically well-connected, get off with a slap on the wrist. Those who rape and kill that are not politically connected, get 30 years.

If your legislators really gave a crap about children, babies or LIFE, they would have, long ago, addressed the issues that affect them AFTER they draw their first breath. So, don't tell me they did anything they did for anything other than political posturing in a time of Extreme Conservatism crash and burn denial. As long as they can create extreme, un thought out laws such as they have with this one, they feel they still have 'power'.

In a nation and at a time when we are becoming more compassionate, and looking more to working to help one another, there are those who are thrashing and flailing, wild-eyed, and who feel the only way they can hold onto that denial is

to be able to create laws so ill-conceived, so extreme that people, if they don't turn these laws around, will be dealing with the aftermath for generations to come.

At a time when our Nation is facing financial/economic collapse due to our ignoring the issues surrounding our economy and instead focusing on fighting over micro issues such as abortion, we have come to see that the people that held the narrowest of views did not have the best interests of our nation at heart, and allowed our nation to become vulnerable in all directions as they worked diligently on removing rights from women, gays, and taking away our basic Civil Rights in total.

That kind of mindset allowed the wolves of Wall Street to ravage our economy, and leave us with the carrion of failing financial fragments.

Appalling to think that at this critical time, when our attention should be focused on fixing the hull of the sinking ship, that the North Dakota Legislators would instead, focus on creating a more hostile, threatening environment for women. And, at the same time, without even thinking of the forward consequences of this legislation, literally, knock more holes into the hull of the States Financial future.

A whole new and greater crop of mothers and children living in poverty are on their way. Are you ready to pay for their upkeep? Their care? Their housing? This law dictates that you will have no choice because they had no choice.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

February 27, 2009 Cycle of Abuse

There is a term that is explained and understood in counseling battered spouses: "Cycle of Abuse". This is part of what explains why, as an example, a woman who is repeatedly beaten, raped and abused by her partner, won't leave that partner. Or, in most cases, after a particularly vicious beating, she leaves, swears she will never go back to him, gets friends and family rallied around to help her start a new life, and before the bruises are gone, she has returned to the source of her misery, and is getting beaten again. Very few women escape this cycle.

It has to do with the illusion of power. The bully, who does the beating and constant intimidation, holds the object of their terrorizing in such fear, that they actually create in that battered victim, a powerful sense of 'victimhood'. We will discuss the power of being a victim in another segment. Follow me on this one.

The victim hates being battered and abused. They hate the person that abuses them, even if it is someone they love. They hate themselves for allowing it to happen, again and again and again. They hate themselves for not being worthy of the respect of the abuser. They hate themselves for not being perfect enough that the abuser will not 'have to' abuse them. They hate themselves for having to depend on the abuser to provide income so that she, the victim, can continue to have shelter, food, bare necessities.

The cops are called. Often, as the cops are arresting the man, the woman will jump in to defend him, and she herself will have to be pulled off the cops. She sees herself as failing, and deserving a beating if she doesn't protect him enough. She is still trying to earn his respect.

I have seen this, and so have most of you. The woman is in the hospital, almost unrecognizable, black and blue, broken bones, kicked in ribs, face swollen... and then he shows up.

Not the vicious attacker who beat her up over and over again, but the humbled, groveling, flower and gift bearing, loving man that had, so long ago, charmed her, timidly, apologetically, begging her forgiveness.

The victim in her feels she owes him another chance. It is clear that he sees he was wrong and that is key to him making changes in himself so that he never does this again. Even though we have been at this juncture, this very scene, many times before, this time, he means it.

"Don't give up on me, baby," he says, gently laying a kiss on her hand, next to

the IV shunt. He plays those puppy dog eyes, now watery with fear, and love, and regret, and he adds: "*Don't give up on us!*"

To the horror of family and friends, doctors, social workers and cops, she agrees to take him back. He is very attentive to her, gentle, and soft-spoken, even loving for a time after that.

That is called "The Honeymoon Phase". The Honeymoon phase gradually wears off in days, weeks or a month or two, and the abusive phase begins again.

The Way it Starts

The Isolation process, which is where the abuser makes his displeasure of her having any friends or family contact, known. She often has to choose between having outside contact, and having peace in her relationship. Gradually, she stops seeing friends, and family is kept at arm's length.

If she is reluctant to cut off contact he will lie and twist events to make her mistrust her friends or their intentions. He might imply that her friends are '*coming on to him*' and play on her insecurity and jealousy to make her stop talking to them. He may imply that the friends or any outside contact are '*jealous*' of their love and trying '*to tear us apart*'...

Eventually, all the outside contact, anyone that could tell the woman that she doesn't have to take that abuse, or that she could do better in her life without it, are eliminated.

She thinks she is solidifying the trust between her and her partner. That she is "proving" her loyalty to him and to the relationship.

She thinks that by removing anyone that would annoy him, or 'set him off', she has eliminated a source of his anger, and made her life safer, and give their love a chance to succeed.

There are even moments of celebration as the abuser rewards the victim with support for her taking a stand against, and eventually cutting off of, her outside contacts. This means he will be the only one to have any influence over her thinking and her actions. Complete control over her life

Isolation

What she doesn't realize is that she is systematically dismantling her own identity, self-esteem, and removing from her circle, anyone that could or would be able to help her out of the vicious cycle.

Further, a lot of these relationships of friends and family end with arguments, usually caused by the abuser's lies and fabrications, and the cut off is one where those cut off lose interest and no longer want to help or even care what happens in the life of the victim. *"She must like it that way."*

She is also, by allowing the disconnections, and by repeatedly returning to her abuser, losing credibility. She is isolated. She has lost credibility. She has lost her identity as a person of value, and has become a black and blue shadowy ghost of what she could have been. She has become an easier and easier target for the abuse.

She also carries a level of guilt in knowing that she, to a large extent, either because she believed the lies or because she wanted to, is an accomplice in her own abuse.

When the violence comes again, it comes harder and worse. At some point, the victim realizes, she has nowhere to go, no one believes her anymore, and those who have helped her in the past, and been burned by her returning to the situation, over and over again, become reluctant to re-involve.

The initial sense of power that the victim gets when they see their once powerful abuser groveling and bearing flowers, contrite and resolute to make changes, is intoxicating. The power shift from the abuser to the victim, with the outcome of the abuser's actions now firmly in the hands of the victim, is irresistible.

The powerless are, for that brief time, powerful over their abuser. For them, that time of power is also vindicating. Their abuser appears to recognize their value. It makes it all worth it.

When it degenerates into her getting bullied, beaten again, she realizes that the power she had, she has once again, surrendered to her abuser.

Often, there are children involved. The children become traumatized and then numbed to the level of increasing violence around them and to them. They think that is what life is. They think that is what a relationship is supposed to be.

The longer the woman remains in the cycle of abuse, the harder it is for her to break free from it. The longer the mother is in the cycle of abuse, the more likely it is that her children will become abusers and victims themselves. It's all they know.

This cycle of abuse works on individuals, families, tribes and nations. When we refuse to stand up for ourselves, and when we allow politicians we know are

crooked, that we know are robbing us, that we know are protecting criminals in our community, we are repeating the cycle of abuse that will affect our lives, and the lives of our children.

I understand that the Tribal Council members who are running for election this spring are already writing checks, even making a few repairs. They are promising jobs, and they are promising that they won't return to their old ways again. They have seen the light. They are sorry. They are groveling and bringing flowers to the broken hopes and dreams that they had bashed and destroyed.

Some in the tribe are feeling powerful for this brief time. They think they have won, something. They think they have the power now and the respect of those who have been, all these years, abusing and ignoring them.

What do you think is going to happen if you take them back? What do you think is going to happen if you allow the criminals to continue to install their family members and bed monkeys into positions of authority and power?

You've been down this road before. You are going down this road again. Your community is isolated and you have lost credibility.

Your abuser has tried to cut you off from any opinion other than their own. They have tried to tell you that this blog is out to hurt Indian people. They have called me names, and a few of you have chimed in, thinking that this blog being gone, will make your life better with your abuser.

They have tried to cut off your access to this blog. They don't want you to hear any voice that tells you that you can change what your life is by making changes in yourself and acting together to bring decency and honesty to your community. They want you to think you have no choice, and that you deserve whatever abuse you get from them.

They want you to think that anyone who is reaching to you from inside or outside of your community is your enemy. They want you to mistrust the motives of those who are telling you that you don't have to take it anymore, and that you can make changes. They want you to think that I am racist, or that I am jealous, or that I am just trying to make you 'break up' because I am 'jealous'... (of what?)

They want to isolate you, and control your thinking by not allowing you to read anything that might trigger your own survival instincts in a more powerful constructive way.

What You Already Know

But most of you know better. You know that this is not my story, it is your story. It is your letters and your stories that fill this blog. It is the truth coming out about what your abusers have done to you and what you can do to put a stop to it, clean it up and make it better.

I am a firm believer that no one can teach anything to anyone. You can only confirm for them what they already know. Sometimes, what they know is deep down suspicion that they have been lied to, or that things are not right. What is being 'taught' is actually what is being 'awakened' in the person who is 'awakening.'

The abusers in power don't want you to wake up. If you wake up, you might stand up. If you stand up, you might realize that you can do so much more.

I am not teaching you anything. I am telling you what you already know.

You know they are afraid of you because in order for them to feel safe, they need to have you be afraid of them. They know that if they lose their office, they lose their influence and their power. They know that once they are without that power, they can be investigated, tried and convicted for their crimes.

Crimes of embezzlement, murder, rape, assault, incest, extortion, drug dealing. They have a lot to lose. They are bringing you flowers now. They are playing puppy eyes at you now. They need for you to agree, either by voting for them or not voting at all, to be an accomplice in your own abuse.

Victims feel powerful at this time. Everyone knows they are victims. A lot of what they fail to do, that should be done, is overlooked and excused because they have been victims for so long. A lot of their own minor crimes of neglect or jealousy, are excused because they were whiny, powerless victims in the hands of an obvious powerful bully. They are afraid to be responsible for what happens in their lives, and it is easier to just complain than it is to be pro-active.

So, are you looking for an excuse to continue being a victim? Or are you ready to break the cycle of abuse?

If you are ready, you need to put aside petty differences and come together and unite behind a candidate that is different and that is of good character. I KNOW you can find people of intelligence and good character in your communities. I know because I hear from them and I hear about them. I know they are there.

But you have to work at this. You have to do this yourself. No one is coming in with a red cape and super powers. No one is going to do this for you. No one can. You have to do this together, for yourselves, and for the children.

The children so far, think that corruption and abuse, neglect and assault are what their community stands for. They think that drugs and alcohol are how they belong with their peers. They think that being out of it is a coping skill when problems arise that are stressful. They think that suicide is how they stop the pain.

It is all they have seen. It is all they have learned by those who have done nothing to change it. They have learned that they are powerless.

Elections are around the corner. What are you doing to show them that there is anything more or better than what they have now? What have you done to teach them how to cope, overcome and to thrive? Your words are powerful. But your actions are the example that will heal or will destroy them.

It's honeymoon season now. But it won't last. It never does. And it does get worse each time you let it. Maybe it will be your child next time, or maybe not. Roll the dice, or start walkin' the walk.

Will you step into who and what you can be as a community? Or, are you content to remain the battered, powerless shadows that your children think is all they have to look forward to becoming?

You know where to find me.

~Cat