

July 7, 2009

Let's Start With Great News

Mark Lufkins was voted out a few hours ago. Probably have to wait until he sobers up to let him know that the paychecks won't be rolling in for him. I sure hope they did not vote to give him a \$5K 'severance package' like the other morons got when they were ousted.

More good News: Carl Walking Chicken is no longer 'Vice Chairman'. That goes to Darwin Brown. Yup. So, this only leaves Myra "Naked Lawn Ornament" Pearson and Carl Walking Chicken (Bruk, bruk bruk-a-KAAK!) eyeing one another, nervously, knowing that the end is nigh.

Okay, who replaced Loser Lufkins? A really decent guy named Jason Thompson. He is the adopted son of Chris Johnson, who was beat up and then left out to freeze to death last winter. Somehow, I just get the feeling that things are going to just keep getting better and better for the Good People of Spirit Lake Nation.

Not All Good News

But there are still difficulties ahead. Two more young people have died in the past couple of days. Too many are still dying young. John Breen, just 26 yrs. Old died on Sunday. Another guy just died last night. I don't have the details yet, but when I get them, I will pass them on.

Also, looks like those who partied with, protected and enjoyed the company of the Turdclan are dropping like flies also. Their world is getting smaller and tighter.

They trust no one. Especially no one who knows the truth about them. That includes their own family. They seem to be dying rather suddenly after encounters with Weenie Boy or QBall. The Turdclan thinks they are safer if there are "no witnesses" or people who could potentially be a witness against them.

So, those of you who are staying quiet, the only safe place for you to be is talking to me so that they don't dare kill you (because it can't pass for an 'accident' and they would be Number ONE suspects) and the second safest place for you to be is far, far away from them. Farther than a bullet can find you. Farther than your car can be seen in a parking lot--- where they can tamper with the brakes, the fuel line, the tires... far, far away...

Healing

As we look at all the tribe has been through with the abuses, the corruption and the Black Road Darkness that has sickened the spirit of the people for so long, we can truly feel the up welling of strength, courage and healing in the changes that are coming about at this time. Changes that could never have come about if the people had not begun to make the changes in themselves, and in joining



together.

There is still much work to be done.

One of the keys to healing the Tribe is to demand that the Murder of Eddie Peltier be re opened with a new investigation. The Tribal Council has enough votes now, to demand that.

It is time to answer the call of the Restless Spirit of Oyate that seeks the healing and peace that can only come to them when the Truth is spoken, the Innocent are Freed and cleared, and the Guilty are put on Trial.

Lifting that dirty blanket off of the community will allow greater healing to come to a weary nation.

This is what the Turdclan has feared all along. This is what they could not stop. This is your time. This is our time. This is the Right Time.

Rid yourselves of the darkness. Retake your rightful place as People of Healing and Prosperity.

And while you are at it, demand the Investigation into the Ronin Scams, the Casino embezzlements, and the SMC Plant Corruption.

You have good people in the Majority. Now is the time.

Or we will lose the opportunity, and there will be no more good people to lead the way for a very long, dark time.

The fork in the road is here. Choose.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 10, 2009

Coyote & Owl Talk About You

Full moon was interesting this time around. Heard conversations that were very loud, very clear. Pisster is not afraid to talk now. That comes from her being beat up so often by her own brothers, as they do their mother's bidding. Turdmother is dying to go to another funeral. She likes the sympathy she gets when she buries her children, grandchildren. Oh the wailing! It's a temporary fix at best. At worst, she is addicted now, to offing her own. Well, indirectly.

Willy had written a letter about how his mother, Pisster (Celeste) had to do the dirty work of caring for her own siblings, all of them, because her mother, Turdmother, was out getting drunk, carousing around, and being gone for days and weeks at a time. This went on from the time Pisster was 11 until all the kids were grown and on their own.

She had to clean up after them, take care of them when they got sick, wash their clothes, feed them. Turdmother could not be bothered. Pisster even had to bring her own kids over so she could take care of her own small children and her siblings at the same time.

Never any gratitude for any of it. Only abuse. Willy hated Turdmother for that. Blamed Turdmother for his mommy's addictions. I suppose she was the greatest contributing factor.

Pisster came in handy when they were murdering Eddie Peltier. She is the one that had to clean up all the blood at the house. The others just walked through it. Tracked it everywhere. Pisster was the clean up squad. (*You missed a spot*)

She is the one that was bothered by the smell of the blood, the slimy, sticky feel of it in her hair, on her clothes, her face. She can still smell the blood. Even to this day, she can still smell it, and taste it. She was covered in it.

Now, with Turdmother addicted to being center of attention, she has once again turned on Pisster. After Willy's untimely death, she told lies to the other Turdlings, saying that Pisster said and did things she never said nor did. Said she was threatening Turdmother. Threatening to tell what she knew about Eddie's murder.

She got the brothers and the sisters mad at her. She got them to go and beat the crap out of her while she and Willy's boyfriend were setting up chairs for the wake.

A kicking, screaming, fist in the face kind of brawl. Families all grieve in different ways. Beating the crap out of the mother of a dead son, nephew, is Turdclan style.

But there comes a problem with this lifetime of being beat on and beaten down. You either die, or you stop being afraid of it.

Poopsie did all he could to get Pisster stoned and drunk out of her mind 24/7 to keep her quiet. Or, failing that, to have her lose all credibility. But one problem with Pisster is this: She does not lie. She does not know how to lie. So listen when she tells you how sorry she is that she killed Eddie Peltier. Listen when she tells you how QBall is a needle junkie. Listen when she tells you how Qball was shooting up with Scott the night he died. How he fought with him for the drugs. How he fought with Scott's son who tried to keep Qball out of his dad's drugs, legal and otherwise.

Listen to her, while you can, because Owl and Coyote are telling how her family is planning to murder her. They want it to look like an accident. They want it to look like an overdose. They want it to look like someone broke in and robbed her. Suicide might work. But they want a big Catholic mass. They want her dead now.

Owl & Coyote are learning to speak each other's language as they describe how Turdmother is beading a cross to put in Pisster's coffin, displayed just so, and everyone will admire the handiwork and say: "My o My, that Turdmother surely loved her daughter..." and no one will guess how much planning went into the event...

Owl and Coyote are laughing at you, Turdmother, and your inbred ways. They know you cannot stop yourself now, and you need to spill more blood, your own children must die, for your other children to prove their loyalty to you. And then wonder, which among them you will devour next, to feed your addiction to attention, violence, murder and whatever else it is that drives your sickness to drive your desires, to that dark, dark place where your soul never took root.

This is what they do now. They cannot stop themselves. They plan more murders, and to kill or to have killed, anyone that still holds the secrets they don't want told. Even those who would never tell, cannot be trusted. Their sickness grows and it needs to feed on death and blood.

They murdered Eddie Peltier over a traffic ticket. He was considered a threat over a traffic fine. Imagine what kind of paranoia grows in them towards those who hold the stories of what they saw, what they heard and what they know of that night that Eddie was murdered. Imagine how much of a threat you are to them. Imagine and realize, that Eddie, too, was considered one of their friends. You know how that turned out. You know how they are. You know.

Imagine how they must now 'protect themselves' from those of you who hold such valuable information as well as those who know about the other murders. About Fulton Myrick's murder, and the Murder of Flo's husband... imagine how they look at you, and decide if now is the time to kill you, or will they wait until next time.

They dare not kill anyone that has talked, because those are the ones that will lead right back to them. It's those of you who have kept quiet they fear the most. Turdmother drives them. Lies about her own daughter, and will lie about you. "I heard that Demus is thinking of talking to the lawyers..." she says. "Cuz he's getting scared of the things he's seeing on the road..." and the Turdlings look at Demus.

"Mary might talk. She knows what she did was wrong. She looks at her own children and knows that what was done to her was wrong..." And the Turdlings lick their lips and wonder if they have to do it to Mary again, or perhaps her children, to ensure her silence... or if it is time to say goodbye to Mary...

Owl and Coyote hear it all, see it all. They know what is being planned for Pisster.

Meanwhile, listen when she says QBall shoots drugs. That Chuck Trottier makes \$100 extra when he shows QBall passing a test he could never pass. The track marks on QBall's arms, his legs and his other places... all the sign of hard core drug addiction.

Soon she will talk again. She will talk about Eddie. Crazy as she is, batshit crazy as she is, she does not lie. And it is the truth they fear the most.

So now, they are trying to find ways, to drive her completely out of her mind, out of her house, and into the lake...

And then there is the gun. Weenie Boy says he can 'leave it with her for her protection. Oh Noes! Did she go and shoot herself?' Carefully, he will wipe his prints off the gun, place it in her hand, walk out and then have another Turdling find the body.

They have all kinds of plans. They discuss and they try and figure their best outcome. They talk over the dinner table. They talk in the truck by the waters edge. They talk in that room in the casino. Murders used to be so much easier. No one was looking. No one ever questioned. Things are different now.

Turdmother dips her fine needle into another bead and connects it delicately to the cross pattern. Everyone will admire such fine work.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 16, 2009
Crazy Won't Go Quietly



There are some very positive and very healing changes happening on the rez. The elections were successful only because so many of you worked so hard and worked with one another to make the outcome one that would be beneficial to all.

There is still a lot of work to do. This is just the beginning, not the final word. This is the History that the community is writing now. There is so much damage to be undone, so much healing that needs to be done, and so much of the future that must be reconciled with the past.

There is also an angry, frightened, corrupt core that will continue to try and undo the progress made; try to conceal the ongoing crimes rooted in the past, and re-establish their destructive hold over the community, and the future.

In other words: You wanted change, and you got it. Now, how much is it worth to you to hold onto it? How much is it worth to keep it? Will we move forward? Or slide back into the darkness we have worked so hard to claw our way out of. That is what remains to be seen.

The only way to keep on the path in the right direction is to not ever think that because you are winning, you have already won. In order for the good work to begin, take hold and work, you must do everything within your power, individually, in your own lives, and collectively as a community, to make it grow.

In Nature, a thing is either growing or it is dying. Nothing is stagnant. The Universe is in constant motion, expanding and contracting.

The corruption began long, long ago, and it grew and it gained strength and it ate your parents, and it ate your children and it has eaten many of your grandchildren. Now, it is very, very hungry. You who are doing the good work, must always be more hungry.

You must now call your Warriors home again. You must make a place for them so that they can work to help, to heal and to help the tribe to prosper. You already know their names. They struggled to succeed. They beat the odds of despair, survived the gauntlet of drugs, alcohol and abuse. They put themselves through schools where most of their 'peers' have no idea what an Indian was or is. They endured the ignorance of others, the racism, the patronizing, and the abuses of others in order to gain the skills they knew they could bring back to their HOME, their tribe, their community, to make it better for others in their community.

Against all odds, they survived and gained those skills so desperately needed:

Mental Health, Medical, Engineering, Business Administration, Architecture, Construction, Education, Environment... and so much more. They came back--- and were ridiculed, ostracized and derided by the very community they loved so much. They were prevented from accessing the job posts that they were the most qualified for, while those with far less, usually NONE, were given the high-paying administrative positions because they were related to or good friends with, those who, through corruption, have stolen your tribe.

So many of these good warriors have been run off. A few have stayed, but are not in the positions they need to be in, but are, instead, working as underlings to, correcting the massive mistakes of, those pompous morons who have the clout, but not the qualifications.

Examples of the Incompetent who have positions they should never have range from those who are Principals of your schools, Administrators in Education, Mental Health, Clinics, the Casino, sewer, and water departments. No one is more unqualified to hold a position than is Roger "Weenie Boy" Yankton of the Turdclan. HE cannot read. Cannot spell. Cannot comprehend what is spoken to him. Yet, he has controlled the HUD funds, and is now in charge of Personnel for the tribe. HE, who could not pass a 3rd Grade literacy test, decides who gets what employment with the Tribe.

Peggy "Piggy" Cavanaugh is not qualified-- she needs to go. Take with her all her corrupt, confidentiality busting relatives. The drug and alcohol addictions are deep and serious. The medical fallout from this alone is sickening your future:

- Suicides: Some are very, very young children who cannot endure the abuse, molest, violence in their own homes. Those futures, gone. Cold and forgotten.
- Addictions: The despair, overall, with children growing up in homes or in the community where all that is good is squandered, and all who commit crimes and build corruption prosper, find only one way out, and that is the deceptions of addictions, which only creates more generations of despair.

No other door is opened to them. Not healing, not opportunity, not compassion. Just despair.

- People who are trying to recover from addictions, molest, abuse, rapes, are not counseled by those who have the skills or even the desire to help. They are exploited by Piggy and her cohorts, and their confidential information used against them to insure their silence.
- If you want the drug and alcohol addictions to wane, and the victims to heal, you must have qualified and ethical people in charge of the healing. Not cronies.

Piggy and her family have become rather well off taking the money, exploiting the most vulnerable. Everyone loses.

Si Ironheart is so far and deep unqualified for his position, that those working under him are all you have standing between you and total ecological breakdown.

- Si has not investigated nor allowed investigation into the illegal dumping by the SMC Plant or other entities. He has not investigated the issues with water quality where there are clearly "Cancer Clusters" and other sickness "Clusters" on Tribal Lands. He does not investigate because he does not know how. Further, he has masters to please. Those that put him in position are the ones that need to be investigated.

Your school Administrators and Principal are a joke. You have lost some very good teachers, have had others harassed out of their jobs, all so that a privileged few can take the Scholarships, not show up to class, not stay in class, not do the work, but yet graduate? While others who actually do the work have to deal with a system that favors incompetent teachers, bullies, and if there are good teachers, they don't last long or can do little.

These kids are your future! That is the future of your tribe! Why do you allow these morons, these bullies, these corrupt people to continue to rob them of a decent education?

Russell MacDonald, who, if he has any education at all, slept through it. He has not had any of his grants for funding for the Elders or other programs, submitted properly nor on time. Yet, not only has he drawn an oversize salary for his incompetence, he has received 'bonus pay' for the grants that failed!

But, we all know how close the MacDonalds are to the Turdclan. They secured their alliance by helping the Turds to not only cover up the murder of Eddie Peltier, but by selling Mary, when she was still a teenager, to the Turdclan, who raped her and photographed her in explicit sexual poses (some with vibrators and other toys), which they then used against her to secure her perjury against the innocent in the Kangaroo Court of Judge Benson.

The MacDonalds were paid well for this. Mary's Father, a Deacon, never had to worry that his brother, Demus, who was a witness/accomplice in the murder of Eddie Peltier, would ever be investigated. They also received land and cattle. The cattle starved to death. Mary's Father, Tony, the Deacon, never worried about money. Always had pocketfuls. Wonder who paid him off? Still paying him?

And even though Mary is older now, she remembers. She won't undo her lies. She allows a man she knows is innocent, to continue to rot in prison based on her lies. She does it because she both does not want those pictures to be made public (even though they pass them around amongst their friends), and she does

not want to lose the cushy job she has with the Tribal police department. She can continue to assist the Turdclan by giving them warnings of any investigations or complaints filed against them. Usually, she just round files the complaints. She is damaged and she is useful only to the ongoing corruption.

She and her sisters have managed to gain additional money by 'fostering' children. No one investigates the drinking and abuses that go on in those homes. Often, far worse than in the homes the children were removed from. You get paid by the kid, right?

I could go on, and on... but you know who and where they are.

Let's start at the core of the Crazy there: Let's remove the illiterate Weenie Boy and put in a qualified person. Make the hiring fair and to the benefit of the Tribe, not the cronies.

Let's remove his brother, the convicted rapist felon, QBall-- a simple drug test, by someone not being paid off by the Turds, will show he has about 3-6 drugs in his system at any given time. All of them illegal.

Remove Weenie Boy's son from his position. He's incompetent, stoned 24-7, and does not show up anyways.

Let's remove their brother, Poopsie, from his perch running the casino. That is the stronghold for the Turds. He employs his family in key positions and they have run the place into the ground. He takes the cash and the cash count is never recorded. He robs the tribe, of millions. He uses that to fund bribes and 'campaign contributions' to key politicians and others in all levels of government. I see Dorgan is claiming that he has raised over \$1Million. I wonder how much of that came from Turdclan corruption?

Dorgan can do a lot of good work. He just has to never ever investigate the tribe, the Turdclan, and must steer big Government Contracts to the SMC plant. Nice guy, just not ethical enough. Neither he nor Conrad have done anything but turn a deaf ear to those who have raised serious concerns about the corrupt practices of the Tribe.

Cut off the source of political power for the Turds. Remove the corrupt from controls. You can do it legally.

Force an Audit/investigation of Ronin. It will cost a lot if you cannot get the AG to do it. But, it is costing you millions NOT to, as it is.

You now have a majority of good people in the Tribal Council. The work is just beginning. There is no time to rest. We cannot afford to go to sleep. We cannot allow anything to slide.

It is time to call the warriors home. You need them to do this work. They want to

do this work. They have struggled and worked so hard to be able to do this work. Call them home.

The Crazy will try to stop you, discourage you, distract you. They are more scared now than ever before. That makes them even more desperate.

Fear Is Easy, Familiar Territory

This is the time. Coyote shows us where the problems are, what they look like, and challenges us to do something to fix it. Coyote shows us teeth and snarl. Are we going to be afraid to heal? Coyote laughs at our hesitation, our fear. "Comfy," he asks. "Familiar feelings are comfortable, aren't they?" He laughs, howls, dances around us.

"No one expects anything from Victims. Everyone feels sorry for Victims. Remember how easy it is to be a Victim?" And he laughs, and laughs.

Howls fade into screams of children, wives and mothers, fathers, who bury loved ones.

Are we still more comfortable being fearful victims? Or are we ready to stand up, take back our dignity?

The choice is ours. It has always been ours.

"A lot of people are going to suffer for a very long time...."

"Someone is coming!..."

"Someone is here!..."

We are the ones we have been waiting for. We are here. The time is now.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 19, 2009
Dreams & Visions



Dreams and Visions is how we, as Human Beings, find our way in this world. Everything that we have, first came through a dream. Visions take that to a whole other level.

People who want power, crave dreams and visions, and fear them. Dreams and visions don't lie, but they can trick those who misinterpret them, and who ignore them.

People who crave power, fear the dreams and visions of others, and so embark on a journey of trying to destroy the dreams and visions of those who would unseat them from their thrones. At a time when we need our dreams and visions the most, we find our young have been drained of their spiritual energy by drugs and alcohol. Their dreams and visions, forever lost to us, in their confusion.

This is why we need healing of the most profound sort, to go deep into the darkness and pull free from those Black Road Creatures, the spirits of our community, and of our youth most especially.

And there are those who steal from the spiritual to feed their own Black Road Creatures. Those who walk the Black Medicine Road bring sickness and suffering to their families, their loved ones, and to those who walk with them.

The murder of Eagles to gain status and money, is as wrong as it can be. Two brothers were recently arrested, tried and convicted of killing eagles. But the investigation stopped at those two small fry. There were and are, others. And they walk among you, and they even Sundance.

They do it for power. They know there is power at the Sundance. They think they fool The Creator. They do not. The Sundance is, among other things, where and when we put ourselves under a BIGGG Magnifying Glass and invite The Creator, and the Ancestors to look at every fiber of our being; every deed we have done... and we are measured from that point on, by a higher standard.

Those who think they fool The Creator because they are not struck dead on the spot, do not understand, or pretend not to know, how it works. I will 'splain it to you again, Lucy. I will 'splain it so you cannot miss it.

When you mock The Creator, you are given time to reflect upon the error of your ways. Time passes and you think you have gotten clean away. You may even gain material things that bring you momentary joy. You may even have events in your life, children, marriage, that bring you great joy. And then, all that you have become attached to, all that made you feel strong, powerful or gave you joy, is

stripped away, one-by-one, until you are alone, empty, and with a hollow pain inside that nothing on this earth can fill or soothe.

Those who kill the Eagles pay a high price. Those who are around them suffer. They know why. The dreams and visions they crave come hard and heavy and bring on the insanity and paranoia that changes the shape of all that is around them in this world. Their families and their friends, and their friends' families, are taken down.

I do not know who held that last Sundance. But I know it was not done right, not done well, and that the Black Road Medicine people, the Eagle Killers, were there. All who supported them, say a prayer, that it will be quick, and that the children will not suffer too much.

I do not wish these things on any Human Being. I am saddened that those who know better still walk that dark and bumpy road, uncaring of whom they hurt as they try and steal power, and that which does not belong to them.

I am just the Messenger, telling you what you already know. Telling them what they already know. Telling them what they are ignoring. Telling them what they pretend will never come. Telling them what has already started down that road to meet them.

Guard your dreams and allow room for visions to come where and when the time is right. Keep yourself clean, away from the drugs and the alcohol that will take from you, that which is most Indian and leave you with fear, shame and emptiness.

Guard your spirit self with prayers and listen to the voice inside that tells you to stay clear and away from those who seek to steal power. For surely, the first person they rob will be you. Beware their flattery and their showy ways.

Steer clear and away so that what comes to them, will not also find you, a little closer than you should be, and take you and yours as well.

And While You Were Being Robbed...

...And your spirits sickened, and your children mixed with those who committed murders, rapes, and robbery... by you allowing those things, you allowed more and more, the sewage of their crimes to infect your family, your community. Those who stole lives, now take more lives, and those who have mixed their lives with them, pay the same price, over and over again... until they come clean.

They Rob You Still

The Tribal Council, I told you what they did when the election was lost to them. They voted in that "Severance Pay" so it was much more than I realized at first... I thought they only gave their losers \$5K, illegally, to give them a reward for

losing the election... but it was much much more... \$5K x years. So, every year they held that seat, another \$5K. Ka-Ching!

Would you like to see for yourself? Would you like to see how Susie Fox, who was never elected, signed next to Myra and made it Piggy Bank Pay Day? Can you imagine how much it will cost the Tribe when Walking Chicken and Naked Lawn Ornament are thrown out of office? Look here. Severance Pay

For those with Printer Version only, go to Site Map-->Documents and find Severance Pay in the table.

You might want to encourage your new Tribal Council Members to Nullify that Illegal Resolution. You might want to do it very soon. Before NLO or Walking Chicken decides to cash in and abruptly retire--- taking with them, about \$100K in addition to everything else they have stolen...

You might want to do that real soon.

Don't just stand still while they rob you.

Oh, and I think it is time for Susie Fox to go. (You want Fries with that?)

Reliable Website

And, while you are at it, find out who is the webmaster for that lame Spiritlake Tribe website. They don't post current information. In fact, they still have the scroll announcing the November 25, 2008, 10 AM, General Assembly Meeting. (It's on the "Administrative" Page.) I see also that they say there will be new job postings coming soon. I sure hope that is not old news too. I take encouragement if it is new news.

Everyone knows that having a reliable website, where people can get their necessary information, is very, very important.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 21, 2009
NOTICE! General ASSEMBLY MEETING TONIGHT!

I don't know what time, so you have to phone to find out. I will post it if I hear it.

They just this morning posted the notice of the meeting. They did it after everyone was at work. This short notice is designed to make it so you don't know about it until too late.

On the docket is that SEVERANCE pay I told you about in the last Blog. They (at least NLO and Walking Chicken) want to keep it. Maybe even increase it. It was illegal to begin with because it was never voted on. Plus, Susie Fox had no business signing a document that was not an emergency financial document like she did. She MUST GO!

The other thing on the docket is the 2 years term limits that the people and the Elders voted for before.

Think about this: if you give your Tribal Council 2yr limits, they have to prove to you every 2 years they are working for you. They can't just screw you for 3-1/2 years and then start buying beer and giving out the money they owed you before.

You must find a way to get to this meeting and make your voices heard.

Above all, make your displeasure known when it comes to these 'snap meetings'. Tell them that you want regularly scheduled meetings (say last Thursday of every month for General Assembly) and you want 4 days notice on any other "out of schedule" or "off calendar" meetings.

You also want these meetings scheduled so that those who are employed, working, can attend. Not just the unemployed, not just the drunks they truck in. You want people to be able to attend, transportation for the Elders and others... (you have a really nice bus that can go around and bring people to the meetings that don't have a ride)

So, there you go.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 26, 2009
In The Smoke



A lot of prayers and a lot of work goes into fixing what is broken; healing what is sick in body, mind and spirit.

People are hungry for ceremony. In Indian Country, the Old Ways offer comfort and connection for battered spirits and grieving hearts.

It is the connection to The Creator, and to all who came before us, that reveals to us where our strength is, and where our healing can be found.

Ceremony is a powerful thing. Ceremony, done right, by one who is on The Red Road, is a healing thing; an inspiring thing; an uplifting event. As it should be. You can find your healing in the smoke, or you can find you're lost in the smoke.

Lost in the Smoke

Ceremony is a powerful thing.

But, one must not assume that anyone who is performing Ceremony, is on The Red Road. In fact, there are fewer "True Altars" out there, and many (too many) false altars, and Black Road Altars, being used.

Be aware that not all smoke is created equal. That Black Road practitioners will leave you, your family, your spirit and your community, sicker and sicker.

In body, mind and spirit, healing must be from those who do healing. No healing can come from those who seek power or power over others.

When I pray with smoke, I can see sometimes, things that distress me. People I have known who have turned to walk the Black Road. I know they know better. But they do it anyway. I pray for them, not sure if it helps now, later, or at all.

The other night I was shown the Black Road rose up and swallowed whole, first one man, then another, and then more and more, who were walking upon it. "This is ours to do," said a voice.

Never pray against anyone. Ever. Pray for healing, help and guidance, but never ever pray against anyone, even if they have committed the worst offenses. Pray that they be 'healed'. In that healing is their reconciliation with what they have done. That is the work of Creator and the Ancestors, and not ours to do.

Ours is to deal with what has been done, what has been left undone, and those who are left behind. They are our Brothers and Sisters.

God does not clean up our messes for us. It is up to us to get smarter, learning from the mistakes of others and our own. It is how we get stronger, fixing that which is broken, and learning how to find that which we have in common with one another, better or worse, and how to come together, to make it better for the children, and the children yet to come. That is the future we will live in.

Whatever we make now is what we will have later. That is *ours* to do.

Much Work To Be Done

The elections went as well as anyone could hope for last time. The removal of Mark Lufkins was also a bonus play. But we are still, all of us, at the starting line, and there is a long, long way to go. We must, even if it means struggling every day, push and cajole and make sure that those who are in, are working for the People, and not trying to carve a niche for themselves.

We must make sure they are not seduced by power or money, but that they stay true to what they were promising, and do the work that will fix what is broken and help to build a better future for everyone.

We first appeal to that which we think is best in them. And we support them as they make their moves. But we cannot rest, nor trust that it will be enough.

The list is long, these broken things. And it must be addressed, over and over again, until each thing that is broken is fixed again.

This will be hard work for the new Tribal Council members. They might even want to travel or take a 'vacation', but there can be no rest in this first year.

Peggy Cavanaugh, and indeed, all those who are in her family, must be removed from their positions. They are not qualified, and neither is she. She claims a degree that has never been proven. She has violated trust, confidentiality and has treated the Clinic, not as a place of healing, but as her own personal power base.

A qualified person is paid minimum wage, harassed and disrespected, sabotaged and finally has to quit. That person is replaced by one of Piggy's relatives, no qualifications, \$17/hr, plus benefits and perks. That is not how you heal the sick. That is not how you repair the spirit. That is not how you lift your community up from the dirty blanket of addictions, abuse, rape and suicide.

The place of healing has to be for the people to heal. Just like the Red Road Altar is a place for healing and the Black Road is a place of hurting. Do not allow the council to not address these unqualified leeches that have been sickening your community. Do not allow them to allow corruption in the place of healing.

Creator will not clean up this mess for us. We must do this as a community. It won't begin to get better until the places of healing become true places of healing. It cannot wait.

Regardless of whether you pray only on a Sunday, in a building, shoulder to shoulder with hypocrites and murderers, or if you pray with smoke; you know that lies do not heal, do not help, but only make it worse. You know that allowing those who only make it worse pushes away those who can, could and would, make it better. You know you must do your part to make your leaders make room, for it to get better.

You must also insist that ALL the meetings be set up, calendared well in advance. It's called "Scheduling". Any business or organization worth it's pay will know how to schedule meetings.

No more of these 'surprise meetings' . Shout them down and make them schedule it to where people know in advance, where to go, when to be there, so their voices can be heard. If your Tribal Council tries to trick you away from meetings, it is because they have something to hide.

No hiding.

Get your crappy webmaster to, if they cannot figure out how to put the schedule on the website, to at least remove that Old "November 25 2008 GA meeting banner." It's not informing anyone and it is embarrassing. Let me guess, someone's relative built that garbage site? Or they never paid the person who put it up? Either way, it's a joke.

I am delighted that there is new blood in the Tribal Council. I have great hopes for it getting better. But if they are just new faces on same old behaviors, they are worthless in my eyes, and in your community.

Petition

There is also a petition going around. Richard Yankton is carrying it. It rescinds that "Severance Pay" theft that the council snuck past you all. I know nothing of Richard Yankton, except that he is a man of integrity and of respect. He is educated, has served his country and his community.

He has the misfortune of sharing a last name with people who have disgraced it. Remember: They are Turdclan. I gave them their new Indian Names in order to protect those who carry their born names with honor. Not all Yanktons are Turdclans.

I often have trouble figuring out who is what out there. The Good People of Spirit Lake usually sort it out for me.

Find that petition and sign it.

These Tribal Council Members are people who live among you. You know where they live, what they look like. Make them look you in the eye. Make them do the work you are paying them to do.

And when they are doing it, help them. They cannot do it alone. Nor should they.

Nor should they do it out of your sight or without your knowledge. Stay informed.

The power of unity is, in itself, healing. It is where the community begins to fix all that is broken. Work together.

If he can't find you, you find him. Sign it. Do it. Now.

I keep you all in my smoke and in my constant prayers.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

July 29, 2009
Symbols of Confinement

Long time ago, waaay back, we talked about how symbolism is all around us. How dreams are just representing those daily life, spiritual, past and future that is all around us, in symbols. Our life, our community, our nation all essentially, a collection of symbols.

In that collection, we too, become symbols of one sort or another.

I see Richard LaFuente, falsely arrested, wrongly convicted, serving time in a prison where someone else runs every aspect of his life. When to wake up, when to go to meals, whether or not he has a job, privileges, and lights out. Day after day.

He was convicted by the same boilerplate tactics that had convicted Leonard Peltier. Same investigators on the FBI side, same USAG team, same biased judge. Same racist presentation.

Everyone knows Leonard is an innocent man. When the FBI has to falsify evidence, force witnesses to lie, you know they don't have a case. Never did. Worse, they probably know who committed the murders that the innocent are framed for, and they don't care that the real murderers, their friends, are walking around free all this time.

They take all that rage of Dudley DoRights being murdered, and then frame up the Indians, get an all white jury that never had personal experience with FBI and had no idea of how they lie, abuse Indians and how corrupt they are. That is why they needed the all white juries, kids.

The racism of the jurors was simple. Who knows if they personally hated Indians. Chances are, they never heard anything good about any of them. Our social system denied, ignored every accomplishment and heroic deed ever done by Indians, so finding a bias against Indians was easy.

A bias made even easier in favor of the FBI who present themselves as heroes. As squeaky clean as Dudley Do Right. The scandals of FBI spies, corruption and as accessories to murders, were never headlined, never even looked into back in the day.

Cop shows were all about heroic cops, heroic government agents. So, it was easy to point at someone with different skin, hair, and who lived in a place none of the jurors had ever seen, much less experienced, to stand on the side of Heroic FBI and say "Guilty".

It worked on Leonard and it worked on everyone taken to trial for Eddie's murder. It also worked, with the same people and the same tactics, on Gordon Kahl, who lived in the area and was considered a 'Tax Resister'. (Truth about Gordon Kahl

was that he had opinions about taxes, but he never owed taxes. Yet, they raided his place, assaulted him, shot him in front of his kids, when he was not armed, not resisting.

They picked on Kahl because he was a symbol of a simple man of modest means, struggling to raise his family and who questioned the tax laws as they were being applied. He never broke a law. But, he could easily become a symbol.

They shot Kahl to prove to themselves that they could get away with it. He was a nobody on the national scene. I think they did it to practice killing, and getting away with it.

John Trudell's family was threatened by FBI when he was taken into jail. That night, his pregnant wife and their children, burned alive in their cabin. FBI tries to say it was the stove. Very quick to cover up their own crimes. Arson Investigators not working to cover up FBI crimes, said their version could never happen. It was murder.

FBI does not want to investigate itself. It can't. No other government agency is willing to investigate them. That is why the spies in their ranks, get away with it for decades.

They don't want anyone to look, ever, at their crimes. So, government carries on "Looking Forward" while the living wreckage of crimes past haunt the prison cells where the innocent serve time and the guilty rise to wealth and influence.

Last time Leonard Peltier was up for Parole, the FBI threatened the Clinton administration. They must be very afraid of having an innocent man out where he can speak and people can start to become aware and maybe ask questions. Questions that will lead to the real murderers, a truer history. Questions that will uncover criminals in high places wearing fine suits, and going to church on Sunday.

Maybe it is better for the nation as a whole, to just ignore the victims of corruption, and to not bother to look at who the real murderers are. They might turn out to be people they know or work with or are fond of. Maybe we should just ignore the Truth and pretend we are people of decency. Leave this whole sordid mess locked up, away from prying eyes.

Let's pretend only the guilty are arrested, convicted. Let's pretend the FBI never had a string of scandals. If we think about that, we might wonder what they are doing now, and who is getting away with what.

Let's keep the symbols locked up and hope that people think it is hopeless and give up either trying to free the innocent or pursue the guilty. Let's lock those symbols away, and never look back and never learn what really happened.

Indians are a convenient target, tax protesters (even if they don't owe a dime), can be shot on the spot and the evidence turned against him, the guilty gets away with it.

We can continue to let Richard rot, Leonard rot, and never question why an unarmed man would be shot as he sat next to his young son. We really don't want to know about the crimes committed in Indian Country. We don't want to know about the murders, rapes and abuses. We don't want to know about government being complicit.

Truth is, we don't want to know what our government is doing to all of us. We don't want to know. The symbols pop up, from time to time, like a bad dream, telling us something ugly, something big, is trying to kill us.

We don't want to do the hard work of learning to come together to save ourselves. We could, each of us, bring what we have of the truth, and put the pieces together. We could do that, and get the bigger picture. Maybe even eventually, the whole picture.

But we are afraid that we won't like what we see. That when we realize what was done to Indians was done to all of us. We would be so sickened by what we learned, we might never automatically trust the government side of any story, ever again. We might demand the truth. We might question their flimsy stories until they fell apart like sculptures made of ashes.

We might, if we weren't afraid of losing our false symbols, realize how much alike we all are, and come together to right the wrongs and throw the corruption of the past into the hard light of truth. We could do that, if we choose to. We might want to choose that option. We might have to if we want to save ourselves and our nation.

The more we protect criminal behaviors, the more we protect criminals and the more powerful they become. The more powerful they become, the more they take from us.

We know one thing about symbols: They don't go away. If we keep the innocent locked up to protect the guilty, the guilty grow more powerful and we lose more of our freedoms and our security every day. Perhaps, if we start demanding the innocent be freed, it will, symbolically, free us all.

The FBI will have to open itself up to scrutiny. There are good people in the FBI and maybe they can rise to the top once the corrupt are removed.

Some people want to look at the pretend nation. They don't want to look at anything else. Patriotism to them is a flag pin on the lapel, and bumper sticker slogans strung together to make a speech that makes no sense. There are a lot of fearful people out there. They are easily stampeded into wherever the fear mongers want them to fly in their rage mobiles.

Racism is making a comeback. It is shouted from the networks as if it made sense or was true, or right or acceptable. We are, just as we are coming together, learning more about each other and how much alike we are, being pummeled by insane rhetoric delivered by wild-eyed ignorami (plural of "ignoramus").

We can go down that road and divide ourselves up more and more, as we are conquered more and more... or we can take a symbol of what went wrong, and together, fight to make it right.

Leonard Peltier is a symbol. We can, all of us, demand not only that he be freed, but that there be an investigation into the the whole investigation and trial. He's just one man. But he is the key to all that ails this nation today. He is the key that if we unlock him, will force the government to do our bidding and tell us the truth. ("You want the Truth? You can't Handle the TRUTH!" --Jack Nicholson's character, A FEW GOOD MEN).

I think we can. I think we can stop tearing ourselves down, and start raising ourselves up. If the FBI threatens our security because they don't want us to look at their crimes and dirty laundry, fire 'em. We have enough unemployed, decent people, who can take their place in a heart beat.

Having a secretive government agency extort our silence is a sign that they have something to hide. So, who runs this nation? Corrupt government agencies? Or us? Better question: Whom do we want running our nation: Corrupt government Agencies? Or decent, qualified people?

What is happening in Indian Country-- the dysfunction, the corruption, the theft of resources, the rapes, murders-- is happening to all of us. Indian Country is symbolic of the greater nation, US.

We can start to make a stand. We can make a stand in a place they don't expect us to come together. We can if we decide now, to put aside our ignorance and assumptions and just take a look for ourselves at who we are, who they are, what we can be. We can take this stand, all of us, in Indian Country. We can demand that the government, regardless of their lies and their influence over the Parole Board, free an innocent man, and let him go home.

It's such a quite thing. But freeing one innocent man can open he doors to freeing us all.

Look around. Isn't it time we were all freed from the lies and the racism and the manipulation? Isn't it time we all went home? Or shall we handcuff our children to a future we refused to change.

Throw away the key, our chance at redemption for our democracy, our nation. Or start turning it to open the locks that have confined us all in the shadows of prisons, walls made of lies, fear being fed to us with every meal (News).

Do we want to be free? Or are we already dead?

I know we don't want to look at how bad it is, but we have to. Or it will get worse.

We have to prove that we will not believe their lies. We have to demand freedom for one man, and symbolically begin the journey that will free us all.

Leonard Peltier's Parole hearing was Monday. They say they will give their judgment within 21 days. They know he is innocent. They are just afraid to say it. Say it for them. Say it for yourself.

If the Good People of Spirit Lake Nation can begin the long hard process of waking up and standing up, who are we, the rest of this Good Nation, to be afraid to know the truth and do something about it that will make a brighter future for our children, and the children yet to come?

Are the Good People of Spirit Lake Nation better, stronger or smarter than the rest of us? Or, are they in so many ways, just like us. Their rise is symbolic. Their rise has just begun. Can we be that far behind?

Leonard Peltier can either remain a symbol of our confinement, or a symbol of our rising from the ashes of corruption. It didn't start with him, and it won't end with him. It continues until we make it stop.

You know where to find me.

~Cat