

August 3, 2009
Walking All Over Your Money

Reports like this come in frequently. Too frequently. The tribe claims it is broke and can't pay college students their grant money or their scholarships. Elders go without medicine, or have to fight their representative to get enough money for a Dr's Appointment or travel. The tribe is broke. Blah, blah, blah.

Looking at the crap web site they put up for you, I would believe them. But that is another story.

So, after you, your kids, your elders have had to fight for a few measly dollars to get what is owed to you, you would probably be surprised, or not, to see Carl Walking Ego spending hundreds of your dollars, every night in the bars. He puts it all on the Tribal Credit Card.

That is one of the reasons that the Auditor who tried to reconcile the accounts got nowhere. All those 'expenses' for the Representatives made no sense whatsoever. Not Carl's, not Zit Puppet's, no ones.

Carl is fond of Nellie's Bar, but he visits most of them. He was seen waddling in there with a younger woman on each arm. Nellie's likes the fat bastard because he spends so much of your money in there. He got drunker and drunker, bought more and more rounds, until one of the bimbos was passing out and she got cut off.

Just to continue the party after, Carl purchased over \$100 worth of booze to take off site. 4 cases!

He and the Bimbos were loudly discussing how they would find a way to beat the crap out of one of the women they didn't like. They don't like Clarisse Brownshield. They say they can get her beat up for about \$50.

Apparently, they don't care how loud they are about it in Nellie's.

When they left, drunk, Carl left his wallet behind on the table. A couple of people got a good look at it to see how to contact the owner. Imagine their surprise when they saw that all the booze was being paid for on the Tribal dime.

Tab that night: Well, we know it was at least \$200 at that bar. Since they were already drunk when they sashayed in there, who knows? And where they went after? Who knows?

Imagine their surprise when they found he had multiple credit cards: Carl Walking

Eagle, Carl W. Eagle. Carl B. Eagle -- I guess they missed the ones that he has in his other wallet: Carl Weagle, Carl B. Weagle, C B Eagle...

There were also receipts for 4 Italian tailored shirts from a shop in Las Vegas \$800

Wow, sorry you all can't get your scholarship and grant monies for school. Sorry you Elders can't get your meds, or your travel money or your heating fuel in winter. Carl comes first y'know. And just look at those fine shirts! Oh my, ain't he a handsome devil. *blurf* Sorry, I just threw up a little.

There were all kinds of high roller perks cards in his wallet from Vegas. You know: You lose hundreds of thousands of dollars at their tables and they comp you taxi, hotel rooms, drinks... think about that when you are cold and hungry, sick and struggling.

Now, let's see if there will be any investigation into how FatBoy spends your money. Or if everyone will pretend there is nothing they can do about it.

I want to see if this new council has any balls. I want to see them demand a Federal Investigation into the misappropriation of funds, hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time, millions over all, or if they are just a cleaner version of what we have already seen so much of in the past.

Let's see. Shall we?

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 7, 2009
Full Life, Good Man, Peace

William Ambrose Littleghost left for the Spirit World on July 31. I am told that in the afternoon of his death, Coyotes were yapping. Coyotes not known for yapping in the daytime. I think there was a celebration in the Spirit World for his welcoming. He walked in a good way and there can be no other explanation.

Although he shared the same last name as relatives of the Turdclan, he was not related to Turdclan. I remember that Melvin Grey Bear considered him a friend. I see that Ambrose is being sent off in Traditional ways. I see Rick Two Dogs is one of those who will be officiating. I have heard only good things about Two Dogs. I take that as a good sign in many ways. I see that his family will keep him close to them and they can watch over his rest as he watches over their walking time.

Somehow, 77 years seems like a full life. Somehow, it doesn't seem like enough. I like that he said and he taught that there is more than just ONE way. We each must find our own way.

We are losing our Elders and the wisdom they carry with them goes to the grave. They can and do, teach and teach by example. But who is learning? I think of those "Traditional" singers who are featured on the Thistles page, getting stoned, getting drunk. How many of them will live long enough to realize and overcome their mistakes? How many of them will carry forward and teach not just the Traditional songs, but will, by example, carry the tribe into the future?

Drugs, alcohol, futility are taking from us the future that would be, and leave us with graves filled with only the very young.

Somehow, when Mother Earth, Grandmother Earth welcome home a good man with a long life, there is both celebration and concern for those who are left behind, with fewer and fewer good examples to follow, fewer teachers of both the Old Ways and the Good conduct towards family, community, nation.

We need more Elders. We need more GOOD Elders. At this rate, we are losing, not gaining.

I think Coyotes, who teach us by tricking us, are wondering if we get it yet. I think they are talking about what should be, could be and asking if we are able or willing to make it. Maybe they are just chiding us, telling us to see, what we had and what we have lost.

We must, all of us, work with all that is in us to rid ourselves of the corrupt, and

build for ourselves, a future where graves only welcome our very old, very tired, very well-lived kin.

We must each find our own way. One less teacher to show us, but his family and those who learned from him, carry it with them.

Time to call our Warriors home. Time to raise up the Elders who walk in a good way. Time to raise our children so that they can be the Elders of their time, to teach the younger ones, how to have a better life. It all starts now.

It all started waaaay back. Today came from all that was done yesterday. Tomorrow will come from all that is done today. Our Warriors are our learned. They overcame so much adversity to gain the knowledge and the skills to bring back and help heal the tribe they love so much. They were run off by ignorance, corruption and jealousy. We need to overcome all of that so that our Warriors can come home, and be welcomed, and we can all heal together.

The greatest gift we can give to our children, grandchildren, is to come together to make the world, their lives, a better place for them, and for their children.

A Stranger Calls Off Names

This one has me baffled, but I am not sure if it relates to the strange happenings that have been going on for the past couple of years, and which have, lately, become more strange, more frequent, more 'active'.

Just before Turdclan started killing off their own, some supernatural events made themselves known.

Demus McDonald, who helped the Turdclan cover up their murder of Eddie Peltier, and even helped to sell his then young niece, Mary, to the Turdlings, to have their way with her, traumatize her and have her bear false witness against Lopez and LaFuente, began having 'encounters' with the supernatural as he drove the Casino Shuttle past the lake. The giant Snake, glowing eyes, more than 10ft wide, 50 ft long, confronted him as he drove, causing him to swerve drastically, kicking up dust that surrounded him like fog, literally scaring the crap out of him. (Laundry call!).

People laughed that it was his guilty conscience, his drugs, his drunkenness... but others saw it too. It looked right at him. It was a warning, which he has ignored. Black Road Medicine, he thought would protect him, has been actively consuming him. Taking from him, all that is good in his life and leaving him hollow inside.

His wife died, his children don't respect him, won't even speak to him. And Mary hates him with a passion for what he did and how he helped the Turdlings rape and abuse her. I think he is the one that took the pictures that insured her silence. He is the one that has been 'sharing' them. I can only guess if he bought them or took them. Does it matter?

And then the White Lady, a mist that rises on the lake, takes the shape of a woman, and comes to the water's edge waiting for a car.. She shows up mostly at night, but also in the day.

The People with no faces, who show up in different places: The store, walking along the road, as mystery passengers in cars driven by wild-eyed drug-crazed youth. No one knows who they are, where they come from or to where they go. No one knows that when they tap the shoulder of someone, and they turn around, if it will be someone they know, or someone with no face. These show up in so many places now, I can't keep count. Day and night. Mostly, oddly, in the daytime.

The Black Birdman. A tall man who walks along the road, headed towards the rez mostly. A lumbering stride, seemingly unfazed by those who have driven by at high speed or who try to swerve into him and away at the last second. He is dressed all in black. His arms look like a fringe of black feathers.. no one has seen his face. So far, only daytime and early evening.

And now, the stranger who walked into the Casino. He was dressed all in black, wearing sunglasses, shows up after midnight and has a list of names. Not sure how many sightings of this one. I hear he read off a list of names to one security guard. The security guard did not know who many or most of them were. Someone else recognized some of the names as those of people already dead.

Now, we know the casino is Poopsie's Fortress. He has cameras in the bathrooms, and even long range cameras focused on the roads to the casino so he can have advanced warning if the Feds come for him (and he will then escape by boat. One if by land, two if by "Lake"?).

This stranger walked in, read his list and then left. Soon as he walked out the doors, no one, not even Poopsie and his fleet of eyes, could see him. He vanished. Only Shape shifters can do that kind of stunt.

Now, Poopsie is really scared. Not likely the stranger made a mistake and went to the wrong place. I would be very interested to know whose names were on that list. I bet I know some of them and how they fit in with that place and those crimes.

The casino is sinking into the lake. It stinks inside. It is dirty. Yet, they managed to get \$3Million to renovate the ballroom. Obviously no one was really paying attention there. Then again, a stranger, all in black, wearing sunglasses, vanishing when he exits... maybe someone, or something is paying attention.

Seems the spirit world is opening up. Welcoming those who walked in a Good Way, and coming after those who have Walked the Black Road.

There is more than ONE WAY, and that is absolutely true. However, there is one way that should have been respected, and was not. And there are consequences for that.

Those who are running for cover now, going from Church to Church, Practice to Practice, have offended ALL the Ways and have nowhere to hide.

If Turdclan offers you spiritual comfort, smoke, smudge or beaded feathers, refuse them. They are covered in spiritual filth and will sicken you, your house, your family. If they show up at your church, shun them. They need to pray for themselves and they should be allowed to do that. Just try to not get any of it on you. You know what they are. You know what they do. You know what they have done. And now you know some of what is coming after them. Don't stand too close.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: Young Yellow Elk stopped by.

August 9, 2009

Time of Shadows

The loss of Ambrose Littleghost, despite his 77 years of a life well-lived, and despite all that he left behind in what and how he taught, and the living example he was, for how to do it right; is having a pronounced effect on so many who knew him and who knew of him. He is missed.

There is comfort in seeing his family send him off in the Traditional Ways. There is comfort in knowing that his family will keep him where they can protect his grave from vandals and desecration. But for those who relied on him, and who counted on his guidance and support as they did in order for them to find their way, help others to recover and find their ways, the loss is deeper.

Those who do the work, the real work of healing broken spirits and battered bodies, and who see mostly the endless line of senseless wreckage and mindless destruction, it can, because there is no visible light at the end of the tunnel, seem futile. Now, with another good man, worn out before his time, and without up and coming others to fill that void and do that work, it can seem like the Ways of balance, healing, and the mentoring of the young is more and more lost, less and less to be found.

Ambrose's passing, in many ways, brought forward the realization that the healers and helpers in the community are being lost, while the need for them grows exponentially.

This is a time of shadows. We must not lose hope, must not feel sorry for ourselves. This is a time when we must, more than ever, come together to do the work by many that used to be done so well by so few.

Healers and Teachers are given to us. When we fail to learn from them and to practice the decency towards one another that they teach to us, we lose them. If we do learn, do practice, what they have given to us is never lost. It grows and it spreads, long into the future, across all horizons.

Our Work To Do

When the Healers and Teachers are gone from us, it is up to us to do the hard work of healing ourselves and learning from the world around us by harder and harder mistakes and challenges. It is up to us to do our work inside ourselves, our families, our community, and our nation.

It is up to us to make it so that the future will again hold Healers and Teachers, and that our children and their children will be intact and will be able to learn from them, and carry that forward into a time of Light and Enlightenment.

We can do much of that by seeking out and learning from, those who are still among us and who have, by their life story and their work, endeavored to share, to help, to heal and to teach us how we can be our better self.

They come from many tribes, many nations. The messages are all about different parts of what we need to know and to learn, but they create a more whole picture of the better world and what it can be by showing us what we need to do, today and now.

We have to realize the one truest part of our existence: We are all related. Wisdom comes from all nations. Wisdom is not divided by race. Wisdom is a powerful ally when it comes together, from all four corners. It is worthless when it is ignored.

So, I say to those warriors out there, whose love of people and hope for the future is what has driven them to work in places where only the Shadows can be seen or heard, do not give up.

You and I will be long gone from this world by the time the work we do here and now comes full circle. There will be those who remember a time when the children, battered by abuse and neglect, poisoned themselves and each other, with drugs, alcohol and degrading behaviors. They will remember that, despite the odds and the obstacles, warriors came and reached in to pull them out of the shadows.

Those who survive will teach others and they will teach others and so it will continue, those good things that were done today, in this, the Time of Shadows.

Irreplaceable

Ambrose did his part. He has gone on to his reward of Peace and Light. So should we all, from this point forward, not break our hearts by counting our losses, but pick ourselves up by knowing we are doing our part, whatever that part is, in keeping the faith, and holding ourselves in a way that will be, at the very least, either a good example of how to find our way, or after having made mistakes of our own, how to find our way back and move forward by helping others to find their way, or to find their way back.

No one can replace Fool's Crow, but his teachings continue to carry into the future. No one can replace Floyd Redcrow Westerman, but his teachings and his work, carry forward...

So many, here only a short while, and then gone. The list too long to tell in here.

No one can replace Melvin Grey Bear, or Floyd Youngman but their work continues in that they never quit. They endured insults, disrespect and being misunderstood, even by those who claimed to love him like a father, or who called him "Brother". There are those who try to elevate themselves by pretending to be like them or chosen by them, and indeed, they are mockeries of the good work done. But there are also good people whose work carries on in the spirit of the Sundance, without ego and without agenda. Healing and Teachings that never would have come to the people if all these good men had not been able to see past the discouragement and the chaos to keep their eye on their path and do their work, never knowing how far it would go.

There are those who have seen only the promise of power and misused the things they were taught. They forget, temporarily, that the overriding rule of the Ways is that they are to help the People. That anyone that misuses them, hurts the people, and that it is their families and their loved ones, now and far into the future, that will pay the price, as what they do will carry on, far into the future.

“I am lost in a world I cannot understand.”

I have heard those exact words so many times, and I am concerned that those who speak them are becoming worn down.

It is hard to understand how, even though the rules are known and the outcomes are inevitable, so many can reach for their own spiritual destruction by bad practices that only hurt everyone.

The Easy Way

So many are trying to grab instead of earn. So many are trying to cheat instead of achieve. So many who know what they are supporting or doing is wrong, but they lack the internals to step away from it or denounce it.

There is no “Easy” way. Life is hard. Life is struggle. Life is amazing, awesome and worth every minute of grief and sadness. We strive individually, to find what is our gifts and our purpose in this life. We strive collectively to help others find theirs. We become something greater than the sum of ourselves. We become aware that we are, more than we are.

Those who try for the easy and the quick, miss all the things on their path that would have taught them how to protect themselves, teach their children, help themselves and to hold onto what they achieve.

The easy and the quick don’t exist. They mislead us into strife, and pitfalls of confusion and self-pity.

The shortest road up the mountain is straight up. The quickest way down is off the cliff. These are not the Ways. These are how people are misled and confused, and have nothing but confusion and anger to teach to their children.

Awareness

Each path is different. Each path holds only one. Each path is designed for those of us who walk it. Our paths can cross other paths, run parallel and close by. The light we create on our path by what we learn, can guide others on their paths when they can see it too. The light from other paths has been there, all along, to guide us.

Becoming aware is how we can see where the pitfalls are, and where the doors are that will lead us either to where we want to be or to where we want to avoid, and we can make better choices.

Drugs and Alcohol warp our sense of direction, lead us only into darker and darker places, more and more pain.

The first step to awareness is to allow yourself to find it. The first thing you can become aware of is how many are out there that don't want you to find it. They will make you choose, time and time again, their company or your own purpose in life.

The more right choices you make, the more awareness you gain. The more awareness you gain, the more you have to offer to others, finding their way in this Time of Shadows.

We are strongest when we stay on our own path. We are most vulnerable when we are tricked by ego, into attacking back. We can defend ourselves on our own path if we don't lose sight of where we are going and what we are doing. Those and that who and what attack us, are left behind and cannot reach us.

Their first flawed logic was in attacking us. In order to attack anyone, we have to step off of our path and onto theirs. When we do that, we lose the strength of being on our own path. Attackers are vulnerable because they are off their path.

So, when the rocks and arrows fly, keep your head down and push forward ever more and stronger. When the rocks and arrows don't do their work, your attackers will either leave you alone and seek easier targets, or they will make the mistake of stepping onto your path to attack you. Once they step onto your path, all your strengths, all your allies, all the good work you have done up until that point, is at hand and yours as protection.

Never allow anger or jealousy to take you off your path. Never allow fear to drive you from your path. Never allow greed or power to lure you from your path.

Be happy for those who have walked their path and achieved Peace. Be happy that you knew them or knew of them. For it is that light that will add to your own and guide you on your path.

Don't be tricked by shadows. Don't be afraid of the darkness. Stay on your path. You will always have enough light.

Mitakuye Oyasin!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 16, 2009
Bad Medicine- Eagle Killers

People have been writing to me for awhile about the Eagle Killers. There has not been time for me to address this properly in the blog, and too often, other issues have arisen that required what precious time and energy was available.

But, now we have time. The men who were convicted of killing the eagles and selling them, or selling parts of them, did a shameful thing. However, I doubt that they were the only ones involved in this crime. Eagle Killers are seldom 'lone' offenders. Seldom are there just one or two of them. No money in that. There are rings of them.

Eagles are the symbol of spirit of the people. It is such a powerful symbol, that the US Government also uses it as its crest and on its Great Seal.

But more than a mere 'symbol' to Indian people, the Eagle is the messenger from Creator, and has been a guide and a teacher to the people of land since the beginning of man upon the land.

The irony is, that so many of weak ways and dark minds whose big egos demand attention, will buy eagle parts to adorn their regalia, so they can dance in front of the people and pretend to be spiritually aware. If one has to steal or buy eagle parts, the dance means nothing to the healing of the spirit, and everything to the feeding of the ego.

Killing and selling eagles for their feathers, their parts, is the most cynical of things to do. It defines the killers as people who scoff at Indian Culture, scoff at those to whom they sell, and scoff at The Creator. This disrespect can bring no respect to anyone. Disrespect and misuse is abuse.

Abuse the ways and the ways cannot guide you, cannot protect you and cannot teach you what you need to know to save yourself.

I remember when, and I am sure it is still going on, Tourists were invited to shoot eagles from helicopters, just for target practice. Take a life just for sport. Show how powerful you are over Creator's creatures by killing them, for nothing.

The more we are encouraged to kill that which is the source of our spiritual connection to this world, to our Ancestors, and to the Creator, the more we become lost in this world.

Wealthy, well-connected businessmen wanted to rid the land of Indians so they could have the lands and the resources all for themselves, and then later sell

those same resources back to the people from whom they stole them, at a high profit, and build their family fortunes on the destruction of culture and spirit.

They set out to do this by shooting buffalo from trains. Mountains of buffalo skulls stacked up as men competed with other men for the most mindless mass slaughter. The meat was left to rot. The hides, left to rot. Trophy pictures with mountains of buffalo skulls made men feel 'powerful'.

It also allowed for the government to starve the Indian People, weaken their bodies, torment their minds. They hoped, both the government and their wealthy friends of fortune, that the loss of the buffalo would break the spirit of the Indian People, break their health, their strength and their minds. Starvation is a tool of genocide.

But Indian People survived. They still taught their children about the Ways, and about respect. Even though they were crowded onto reservations, denied proper food, treaties broken, and they were marched across the country as land grab after land grab was made, to the benefit of wealthy landowners, businessmen and families of fortune.

Still, those who survived, taught their children Right from Wrong. Taught about respect and the respect of the Ways, respect of the land, respect of the spiritual connection.

So, when I see Indian people killing eagles, by shooting them or worse, by poisoning them, just so they can have the parts, I see Indian Ways and Indian People, becoming lost. When the eagle becomes just a decoration for a Pow Wow bustle, I see the ways being mocked by the very people they were intended to empower.

These crimes, not just crimes against an creature, but a mockery of the spiritual, need to be talked about. They need to be dealt with. The people need to be taught and re-taught to respect something so vital to Red Man's connection to this world, to Creator and to their Ancestors.

Those who have committed this crime, need to answer to everyone in the tribe. They need to apologize to everyone in the tribe.

Those who bought the feathers, need to honor the eagles that were murdered. Remove those feathers, wrap them in a blue cloth with sweetgrass and sage, and tie them high in a tree where no one can find them, no one can reach them.

The more you dance with those feathers, the more you feed your ego with those feathers, the more bad medicine you bring down upon yourselves, your families,

your community.

But I know you won't do the right thing. If you were to do the right thing, you never would have taken those feathers as your own. You don't care. You pretend to be an Indian. You pretend to believe in Indian Ways, but you mock them. You mock your ancestors. You mock your own red blood. You think you are fooling people. You think no one knows, or if they know, they don't care.

Maybe you don't. Maybe they don't. But Creator is never fooled. Ancestors see what you do. What prayers do you think will be answered when your child is sick? Who will hear you over your own mockery? You will have lost your way. Those that would help you cannot reach you for your own cynical mockery is between you and Creator "Protecting" you from being found out. Preventing you from being seen for what you have done. The curtain you hide behind, will hide from you the help and the miracles you pray for.

Summer is still upon us. Keep dancing. You know who you are. And when it comes down on you, so will everyone else.

If no one bought these parts and these dead eagles, there would be no profit in killing them.

Eagle feathers are rare when they are given by the Eagle. Rather you should dance with one clean eagle feather than a whole bustle of murdered eagles. Creator smiles upon those who choose to do the right thing, when the wrong thing is so much easier.

No amount of smudging, no amount of praying, will cover up the disrespect shown to those eagles. Carry their feathers to the high place, as you have been told to do, and allow them to go back to the Creator, in a respectful way.

Respect the ways or leave them alone entirely. Do not mock them. Do not pretend them. Do not disrespect them.

Any disrespect or mockery you show to the spiritual value of eagles, is disrespect and mockery you show to the larger part of yourself.

Letter:

Just thought I would let you know that there are a lot of born again Indians dancing in the Sun Dance that are Eagle Killers. I have heard a few names of those responsible, among them are the main person a Brandon Belgarde, and Richard Street, along with Lonnie Gourd. ...I was told that there were five Eagles on Brandon Belgarde's table last winter that he or

one of the others shot.

I cannot understand the persons that want to mock our religion by pretending they are genuine. Then are responsible for things like that, they are also responsible for marrying their stepdaughters, after they molest them.

They are responsible for leaving their wives and children to fend for themselves while marrying high school girls. They are responsible by taking advantage of the tribe and its employment policies by citing time off for religious purposes.

They are the exact reverse of what they are pretending to represent...

Maybe I am just self righteous by saying all that, but I am truly disgusted by it all. In my time we were taught never to harm an Eagle. That the Eagles take care of those that would harm them by making them insane.

To even disrespect the feather of one would bring bad consequences to those who would laugh at our religion that is thousands of years old, going back to the begriming of time, and even older than the organized religions that exist and have missionaries in our midst.

The people here deliberately run over defenseless animals along the side of the road, even swerving to hit them. Even the Beavers and Geese and their little ones are nothing but entertainment of killing for the new so called traditional Indians.

Now they are all sun dancing and pretending to embrace our religion and our ways but the reality of it is they are disgusting lost souls with little or no hope of recovery.

They are in the bars bragging and showing their sun dance scars to the women that would listen to these pitiful creatures who would dare to call themselves Dakotah men.

I hope you can put something in your blog about this disgusting practice, and shame them. At least they will know that there are people here in the community that aren't fooled by them. We are aware as we always are of phony people and the things that they do.

No one wants to report them because the religion they are mocking will take care of its laws. They will pay for what they have done, and it doesn't have to be by the Feds and their laws but by someone greater than them.

Well sorry for ranting but it just got me really upset that these men are Killing the Eagles, I was wondering where the Eagles went, you do not see them anymore, before they used to fish along the shores of the lake and now they are none.

When they told me about the above mentioned I understand now why the Eagles have left us. I hope the retribution is swift for these disgusting people are doing this terrible thing. ...But I will have to think about it for a while.

...Anyway I will take my leave here and await your thoughts on the matter I brought up.. Take care and be safe, we need your voice out here to get the message across that there is a new time coming on the horizon.

I had to put that letter in here, in the words of someone whose words touched my heart with the sorrow for what had happened and is still going on, and with hope in that a voice is speaking out about how wrong it is.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 18 2009

Remotely Possible

I have heard from so many of you, deeply outraged at Richard Street's behavior. "He is not enrolled in any tribe!" One reader shouts, "and he drinks!" One told me that Mr. Street, after he holds sweats, instead of the traditional feast, he supplies hard liquor. Yeah, way to honor the old ways, boys!

Apparently, many of you know that he has been one of the Eagle Killers out there. You are disgusted by it. You are deeply offended by it. As are we all. It is because he is willing to do Black Road Medicine that Poopsie keeps him close by. The Altar he bought from Leonard Crow Dog has already lost its steam.

More than one writer has written to tell me about his antics. In fact, several of you have. I have to share this one tidbit. For those unfamiliar with Yuwipi Ceremonies, it goes like this: (Short version)

Everyone is smudged off, there is an altar in the center of the room, the people make a circle around the altar. The Yuwipi man is tied up in the center of the altar, the lights are turned off and it is pitch black in the room. The singers and drummers start singing and drumming. Spirit lights come through. The lights move around the room.

There is much more, but that is the basic idea.

Altars are for calling in the healing spirits. Dirty altars, ones that are carried by men of weak minds, dirty spirit behaviors, men who drink, do drugs, cheat on their women, abuse, etc.. those will bring only sickness and sorrows. If they have anything, any juice at all, they are bad medicine.

I'm not sure if there is any juice left in Richard's altar. I doubt it. So many of you have written about "The clicker". That after the lights are turned off, Richard, or one of his accomplices, hits a remote control, and an LED light in the altar lights up. "The Grandfathers," Richard announces, "have entered." Yeah, right.

So, with Richard, you either get Bad Medicine or a bad show. Respect him not. Respect is not remotely possible. (Punny me).

Eagles

In places where people respect eagles, eagles thrive in great numbers. Take a look at these pictures. I took them with a crappy 1 MB digital camera that had no zoom feature. To get these close ups of the eagle, I had to get close up to the eagle.



I belly crawled closer and closer. She noticed me right off the bat. "Eagle Eye". But she knew I was not a threat, so she continued her meal as I got closer and closer. In the second picture, you can see her mate, the male, in the background, watching.

When I had used up all the memory on my tiny memory card, I had to stop taking pictures. That was when I realized I was close enough to her for her to shred me if she had wanted to. Less than 3 feet away.

Now, the funny part is this: I was in the village. I looked over at the road, and about 30 or more villagers had lined up watching me get 'too close'. I suspect they were taking bets as to



whether or not I would get attacked or not. I saw money changing hands as I stood up to walk away. One guy waved a fistful of cash at me, got into his truck and drove away, laughing. He bet on me.

The feeling one gets from being that close to a creature so powerful, magnificent and strong is awesome beyond description. To be allowed to get that close and not be considered a threat, is a powerfully intense honor.

To watch the skeptics lose their bets--Priceless!

This is what you are all being robbed of by allowing Eagle Killers in your midst. This is the type of experiences you and your children, are being denied. This is the kind of thing, with your heritage, your bloodlines, YOU should be experiencing. These are the kinds of things you should be telling your children, and they should be telling to theirs. And this was just one hour with the eagles.

This island had so many eagles and the eagles are so respected, that feathers are common place. Every spring we went out 'feather hunting'. They literally, fell from the sky.

There were common experiences, mystical events, and amazing encounters, all

happening, every day somewhere, to someone, on that island--because the eagles were treated with respect.

When I first came to the islands, I got lost, and it was an eagle that called to me and guided me back to the road. What she did was call to me and tell her mate to lead me out, and he did. Flying 20 yds at a time, calling to me so I would not lose sight of him, over and over again, until I arrived at a path that would lead me to the road. Then he returned, straight line, back to the nest.

Stop allowing eagle killers to steal from you that which symbolizes your strength, your spiritual connection to this world and to The Creator. Stop letting them walk boldly among you, as they have taken from you that which would guide your children home when they become lost.

Stop tolerating them. Shun them. They poison your children with disrespect for themselves, their history, their ancestors, and their future. Without that sense of respect, they are already lost, and I hear no eagle calling to guide them back to the road that will take them home.

You already know how to be Indian. You were born to it. You know when something is not right. You need now to make yourself stronger so that you are not undone by it. You need to find the strength and teach the strength that will help your children to stand up against those who are offenders of body, mind and spirit.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 24, 2009
Diabetes Angel



There is a woman, Paula Persechini-Petitti, who has dedicated herself to helping Indian People learn about, treat and deal with diabetes. She has worked on the Pine Ridge Rez in South Dakota, and was working there, driving on those worthless, unmaintained roads, when she was hit from behind. She is now in desperate need of donations from anywhere and everywhere to get the care and treatment she needs.

As you know, our health care, in our country, one of the richest countries in the world, is shamefully in 37th place in the 'developed' world when it

comes to taking care of our own. There was no profit in Paula's work. Her hours were long and hard. She was dedicated. Now, she needs us. All of us, to reach out and give something back to her, just so she can live.

I say she was an Angel sent to us to help us when no one else would or wanted to. If we don't take care of our Angels in their time of need, there will be no more angels sent to us.

I am handing over this posting to a guest blogger, Denis Campbell, Editor in Chief of UKProgressive.co.uk, who has been championing her cause since the day it happened. I am including links to more information and to donate to her cause.

I am asking everyone who knows someone with diabetes, to pray for Paula. I am asking everyone who can, to donate whatever they can, to help this angel.

Bring Paula Home The Story by Denis Campbell

**Paula Persechini-Petitti Founder and Director
of
Black River Project**

On 22 June, my high school friend, Paula Persechini-Petitti was delivering emergency diabetes health screenings across the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation. Pine Ridge was economically distressed in the '70s. It is now a 3rd

world nation within the USA's borders with a land mass the size of Connecticut and a road system equivalent to Zimbabwe.

Her car was rear-ended there at 60 mph (100 kph) placing her in a coma. Friends raised \$18,000 in cash for an emergency medical life-flight from Rapid City, SD to home in Boston that her health insurance would not authorise. She is awake but requires long-term, highly specialized brain injury treatment. Paula's case is another example of the broken US healthcare system.

Ironically, she spent her life bringing life-saving medical supplies and doctors to 3rd world 'hospitals' around the world through the BlackRiverProject.org. Now her insurance refuses to cover the \$45,000 pre-payment required for a brain injury rehab hospital. They will park her in a nursing home. Such 'parking' though will not help her recover and she runs the risk of losing her home and financial ruin. So, she needs all of our help and... would never ask for it for herself.

I am running in two road races to raise funds for Paula's care. On Sunday, 06 September, it's the HSBC Cardiff 10K (6.2 miles) and on 18 October, the Cardiff 1/2 marathon (13.1 miles/21 kms). As many know, I had a minor stroke, 9-months ago. I've since lost 30 kilos (66 lbs/4.6 stone) through diet and running. My goal is to run in my 1st every marathon in London (at age 52!) in April, 2010.

Every penny you give helps ease the family's burdens. We would be extremely grateful if you could consider a \$5, £10 or €20 contribution (more, gratefully accepted!) here at the website www.BringPaulaHome.org It only takes a two clicks after entering your credit or debit card using the secure Internet PayPal system. Please insert the words: "Denis runs" in the more info field so they can keep track. With your help we can hopefully raise \$5,000 for Paula's care.

I wrote about Paula in several articles (1st one is third on the page). Paula never accepted "no" for an answer and has done the impossible for so many. She is fighting back and we can't accept "no" for her. She is a once-in-a-lifetime "force of nature," what would happen if Mother Theresa were crossed with Joan Jett. This e-mail is going to some 4,000 people with my advance deepest thanks for your kind attention.

All the best,

Denis Campbell

Links to ongoing story of Paula (and other issues you might find interesting) (Note—these links are located on the web version only. Really hope you can get there to view them)

There were enough donations to get Paula home, but not enough for her ongoing care. She will be left to rot in a nursing home, with no therapy, just maintenance, if we fail to raise enough funds to get her into rehab. That rehab, as with most like it, will not accept Insurance. Reason being, that most Insurance companies take months to decide if they will pay or deny the claims. This leaves both the patient

and the rehab on the hook for all the money that is not paid by the Insurance Companies, and which most patients can't afford.

People in Paula's condition, clearly, cannot fight for themselves, nor can they afford to hire a lawyer or advocate to fight the insurance companies on their behalf. That is one of the ways insurance companies manage to defeat the common citizen and defy compassion. They just don't pay. *(Note: Public Option means that you can hold the government accountable for care. If they don't pay, they can be voted out. Insurance companies are full of executives whose names you will never learn.)*

Interesting in these articles that Bill Frist, (R-TN) who is himself an MD, has fought to defeat healthcare and to deregulate Insurance Companies, making it even harder to hold them accountable. He also bashes IHS, which is drastically underfunded because of his cuts.

He has never done anything to make health care affordable, available to us. But he has been a big friend to the Insurance companies and their CEOs who pay billions of dollars in bonuses to their CEOs every year. Now, he bashes the very program he has starved, for being weak and inadequate. Get your priorities straight folks. Without the Public Option, any one of us can be in Paula's situation. Our friends sent begging on our behalf, for something as basic as healthcare.

I say to those in Indian Country: Help this woman. She has probably saved more Indians through her relentless dedication to health and well-being in places the government would rather no one even look. Fail to help her, there will be no more angels because, clearly, they are not appreciated.

Clearly, it takes so little to help someone who has done so much. I know you want to help.

I am making a page just about Paula and will add it to the links so that you can follow the progress.

Our regularly scheduled blogging will resume --next posting.

Meanwhile, help those who are working to help Paula

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 27, 2009
Vigil



I know many of you are watching the Kennedy vigil on TV now. There is much to be said about that man and his life and the end of one era, the beginning of another. I will leave that to the pundits, commentators, wags and the detractors, depending on what nation station you subscribe to.

Today, this blog, we talk about Eddie's murder. Yes, it's that time of year again. I want us all to step into the Time Bus and venture back to this date in 1983. Buckle up, the road is full of holes. I will let you figure out exactly what kind of "holes" mark this road, on your own time.

Watch where you walk, watch how you step, the Black Road is very nearby. No singing and do not distract the driver. Buckle up. Observe the Flight Attendants' instructions as we taxi into the Time Zone take-off.

FLASH! Okay, we're here. Watch your step. You see that guy over there? The good-looking one in the white painters' pants? That's Eddie. He never wore blue jeans. Ever. Always said he would not be caught dead in them. (Well, we'll talk about that later.)

Yup, he is smilin' and stylin' totally unaware that his on-again/off-again friendship with the Turdclan is going to be the brutal death of him.

He is unaware that the application he put in for Highway Patrol, has been accepted. He never thought it would be. He did not realize that there was a push to hire minorities in order to 'balance' the ratios in State and Federal employment.

He's toking on a joint now, and that will stay in his system for at least 11 days, and he would fail the drug test, anyway. But he doesn't know that. Like I said, he just filled out the app on a lark. He wanted to collect unemployment and he had to show that he was "actively seeking employment" -- but he really did not want to be a cop again. He didn't really know what he wanted to do or be. He just wanted to have fun. He was, after all, only 24 years old.

He is totally unaware of how deep the rage ran in the veins of Turdclan's biggest bully, James Yankton, Jr. Presently known to all of us as "Poopsie" because he has no bowel control. Poopsie had been given a ticket by Eddie shortly before Eddie quit the Devil's Lake PD. Eddie liked giving tickets to his friends on the rez. He knew this one would piss Poopsie off more than anyone else, because Poopsie, despite being a BIA Cop, and driving Federally funded police cars, had

no driver's license.

Poopsie, who was at the time, the biggest drug dealer on the rez, needed that car for his deliveries, often delivering from the trunk of that car. On a few occasions, when he was transporting a prisoner he had brutalized (he liked to handcuff them and then beat the stuffing out of them), he would stop by and deal a few kilos out of the car. ("Who ya gonna believe? A cop with a shiny badge? Or that beat up, semi-conscious drunk in the back of the car. The one spitting up blood?")

By now, the plans were all in place. The Turdlings would get Eddie over to Pisster's house, for a 'party'. They would drug his beer. When he passed out, they would beat the crap out of him and kill him. They would then leave his body on the highway, run it over, leave the scene. It would appear to everyone (in their minds) that it was a typical drunken Indian, hit-and-run, case closed.

They had been planning this for a very long time. Back in the bus. We are going back a couple of weeks.

Mexican Fall Guy

FLASH! Stay in the bus, it won't be that long. See? That is Poopsie leaning over Patricia DeMarce, aka "Sissy Bigtrack", as she makes the phone call to her cousin, Richard LaFuente, out in Texas. Poopsie has this theory that any crime can be attributed to a Mexican, especially if that mexican is visiting the rez. They are going to need a 'fall guy' just in case someone tries to solve the hit-and-run. Sissy's cousin, half-mexican, will do.

Poopsie points to the talking points on the note. Sissy tells Richard that he is to receive some money, but he has to be on the rez to collect it. Richard is not expecting any money. "It's a one time pay out," Sissy tells him. Richard asks how much. She stalls. "How much? Uhh..." Poopsie writes down "\$1500" and points to it. "Fifteen-hundred dollars!" she tells Richard.

Still, that was a long way to travel. He hesitates. She adds that the lawsuit over a faulty stove that killed members of their family, is going to settle. There will be a bigger payout for that. It could be any day now..." The store that sold the stove was sued and the family got a big settlement," she tells him. Every member of the family who is here, will get a check...(wait for it) --for TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

So, to Richard, the total \$11,500 was too good to pass up. He packed his bags, and got his friend, John Lopez, to take the long, dusty drive out to Spirit Lake with him. It would be a road trip. Be gone less than a week. He would have enough money when he came back, to move his life forward.

The hook was set. Sissy hung up the phone. The pit of her stomach chilled a bit. Poopsie gave her a whole six pack of Heineken, "the good stuff", not just the typical "Coors".

Everything was in place. Richard LaFuente would arrive within a couple of days. They had their "Mexican Fall Guy". He was enough of an Indian that it was understandable that he was on the rez visiting family. He was enough of an outsider that no one would support him, or doubt that it was his car that ran over one of their own. Perfect. Just flippin' perfect. Poopsie chuckled to himself. He was, at that moment, the smartest man he knew.

FLASH! we moved forward now. It's been a couple of weeks. Sissy is avoiding talking to Richard. Richard and John are becoming restless waiting for the fictional checks to arrive so they can go back home. They are getting tired of sleeping on the floor of the Dunns, Maynard & Terry's mom's house.

Sissy keeps stalling. Saying that "there has been a delay..." shrugging her shoulders, avoiding Richard.

The Plan, Delayed, Perfected

What was the hold up? Let's drive the Time Bus over to Crow Hill. Aren't you glad you all stayed buckled up? Yup. See that blue house? That is the home of Melvin Grey Bear. He is the Chief of Police for the Tribe. He is, technically, Poopsie's boss. Melvin comes from a tiny town near Poplar, Montana. His sister, Coretta, and her family, still live out there. So do many other members of his family.

Melvin had been having dreams and visions lately. Indian kind of visions. The kind that come to people who are destined to carry an altar, bring ceremonies, and heal the people. He has been resisting these dreams and visions, but lately, he realizes, something very big is changing, and he is both troubled and unsettled about taking on this new role. It would be years down the road before he was able to do so.

But something was up, and he was uneasy. New things were coming. Energy was shifting. Unrest and disquiet were seeping into the typically dysfunctional ambiance, portending something more dire, dark, but not yet revealed.

Frequently, he travels to Montana with his wife, Lorraine, to visit Coretta, and discuss these things with her. Also, because he misses his family, these regular trips keep them closer. When they go, they leave their oldest children, Melvin, Jr. and the oldest daughter, Collette, in charge of the other kids.

These trips were fairly predictable. However, for reasons unknown to, and frustrating to Poopsie, Melvin did not leave town that weekend, nor the next.

The reason they needed to wait until Melvin was out of town was because they did not want anyone to be able to call him and report anything, nor did they want him to be able to be on the scene to investigate the 'hit-and-run'. They had all their players in place.

Pete Hager and Jeannie Charbonneau were ready to say there had been a disagreement between Eddie and 'some Mexican' at the bar. Pete Belgarde, also a cop, would say that he heard 'tires squealing' (from how many miles away, dumbass?) and that he came out to see only tail lights (which would match Richard's Rancho) racing away from the scene. All this would be enough, if no one bought the original hit-and-run, to lay suspicion onto the Mexican Fall Guy.

Spencer Hellekson, the drunk-out-of-his-mind FBI Agent assigned permanently to the rez, was there to steer any local investigation away from the logical, and onto the Mexican Fall Guy (MFG) should his expertise and authority be needed. (And they were).

To assuage Patricia's discomfort with setting her cousin up (and all she knew was that she was setting him up, at the time, she would not find out until later, for what), Poopsie told her "Don't worry. We won't use him unless we really need him." That six-pack was gone in less than 40 minutes.

Meanwhile, all this extra time, has given Poopsie, the Turdclan, and their accomplices kept going over and over their plans, at the kitchen table at Poopsie's house, and in the Oh Oh Bar, in Oberon. Just more time to rehearse and make sure they had all their ducks in a row.

We drive now to Poopsie's house. It's late. It's dark. It's hot. The kitchen window is open. The planning continues. Sissy Big Track's curiosity has gotten the best of her, and of her husband. They were determined to find out 'what was up', and why the stalling to keep Richard, and his friend, John, stuck on the rez, all this extra time. That's them, crouched under the window, listening in. That's Sissy, retching, as she realizes it is a murder being planned. A murder of someone she knows. Eddie Peltier.

"What was that?" Weenie Boy hears the retching. The Turdlings flood out the door and catch Sissy on her knees, Kenny trying to drag her to her feet to get her out of there. Frozen with fear, they stare into the flash lights. "oh shit."

Eddie's still alive. Still spending time with his sisters, their kids, and his friends. Eddie is still loving life. No clue that he won't survive the weekend. No clue that he has been accepted into the Highway Patrol. He has even forgotten about the application he submitted two months earlier.

Only Spencer Hellekson knows that. And he has told Poopsie about it. Just a couple of weeks ago. Which is why Poopsie decided he would never get another traffic ticket from Eddie. Ever.

Melvin was going to Montana tomorrow. "oh shit."

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 29, 2009
That's Gonna Leave a Mark

Since we are all still on the Time Bus, we may as well go over to Pisster's house. There's a lot of activity over there. Even though it is hot, the windows are closed as Pisster and a few others are working away inside, cleaning up the blood from the murder.

Buckets of clean soapy water stain red when the mop is dropped in. It's like the mop itself is bleeding. Poopsie generally avoids the house today. He has more 'important' work to do. He is at the Badger Hole, writing and re-writing the 'eye-witness' statements of Jeannie Charbonneau and his brother, Weenie Boy, who are trying to concoct a more and more plausible, if not believable, rendition of how they found Eddie's dead body on the road earlier that morning. There will be more than 8 versions of this bull by the end of the day, and more than 30 by the time they get to court, years later.

Jeannie had gotten tired of coming in for interviews and re-interviews. She just signed a stack of blank papers, left it to Poopsie to fill in the text later. Yeah, love can only get so far, eh Jeannie?

From time to time, later in the afternoon, Poopsie drops by Pisster's house to check on the progress. To his dismay, she has been dumping buckets of bloody water out in the backyard. The toilet was backed up for some reason. That happened a lot at her house.

Poopsie urges her to work harder and get more done. The other sisters, not so much. Pisster is exhausted having not slept nor been allowed to pass out for over 16 hours. Poopsie tells her that she has no real value if she doesn't at least do her part in helping 'the family' clean this up. That it would not be so hard if she had not been such a lousy housekeeper.

He goes to the Blazer (Weenie Boy's) and drags out more buckets, mops, Lysol, Bleach and rags. He has, out of the generosity of his heart, brought her more cleaning supplies.

He does not thank her or tell her any appreciation for her helping him to clean up the murder. He only derides her for not doing more. He tells her that she is 'stupid' for dumping the bloody water out into the backyard, because 'it can be found later'.

"Who would have thought a skinny Indian would have so much blood in him?" he jokes with Weenie Boy who has also stopped by to look but not to help.

The carnage is still evident everywhere in the house. The brain matter, the blood, and all the debris that is typical of someone being beaten and stomped to death leaves behind, is sticking to the corners, the walls and the windows.

The sweat pours off of Pisster. They start to argue. Voices are raised. Poopsie departs, not wanting to draw attention from the neighbors.

The neighbors have been wondering all day, what was up over at Pisster's. Hot weather, cars coming and going, windows closed, voices raised, cleaning supplies going in, people coming and going. They assume it is the clean up after the previous night's party and fights.

The fight was heard all over the hood. Typically, Turdlings ganged up on people after they were drunk and beat them up, or raped them, or both. It was always noisy and gross over there. But last night's fare was far different, far more distressing. "STOP HITTING HIM JAMES!" A woman shrieked. "YOU'VE ALREADY KILLED HIMMMM!!!"

Some say it was Jeannie's voice. Some say it was Pisster's. There was enough screaming to go around. Unmistakable were the grunts from the Turdlings as they beat Eddie with the baseball bat and stomped him: "Die you Mo-ther-fucker!"

It's late afternoon now. Word has spread all over the rez that a body was found on the highway. It was too mashed up to be recognized. There were strange inconsistencies about the dead man. The pants he was wearing were several inches too long for him and too wide at the waste. And, despite the obvious brutality of the attack that left whoever it was, unrecognizable, there was no blood at the scene.

"It was a hit-and-run," Poopsie and the Turdlings tell people.

Wow, first the scary weirdness at Pisster's the night before, and this morning and afternoon, as weirdness continues at her house, word of a dead man on the highway, spread like prairie fire through the rez. I wonder who it could be? Everyone wondered who had lost a son or brother on the highway.

People forgot about the Turdlings. There was a dead man mystery floating around. "Would it be Owlboy?" one would ask. "I don't know. It could be. Could be Owlboy." Eyebrows knit over hushed tones of speculation.

Weenie Boy took it a step too far. Although it would be much later, early Tuesday, before the body was identified by fingerprints (too mutilated to be recognized even by his father), Weenie Boy goes house to house to spread the

word that Eddie Peltier was dead. The victim of a hit and run.

Looking back on it, people wondered how he would know before the fingerprints came in. Two days before. Two whole days.

It was a casual slip by the not-so-bright Turdling. But it left a mark. People remembered.

Knock Knock

It's the end of the day now. Pisster has passed out from alcohol and exhaustion. The water in the buckets still turns red. The carpet was ripped out and taken away, but the floor still shows blood from everyone walking through the puddle and tracking it through the house.

Poopsie shows up, looks around at the interior. The smell of bleach and lysol clings to everything and overwhelms his senses. He realizes that the windows are open. They had been open for a very long time.

"Who opened these fucking windows?" He demands. There are some shrugs, guilty looks from the 'cleaning crew'. Poopsie strides into Pisster's room and drags her out by her hair. The smell of vomit gives him the dry heaves.

She clearly will not wake up. Like a rag doll, he drops her onto the floor. She groans, but ignores him.

Standing in the front room, surveying the corners, the walls, the ceilings, the floors, Poopsie decides that the house is a forensic nightmare. The only solution: Knock it down. All of it. And build a whole new house.

The following Monday, we see him directing a contractor to tear it all down and haul it all away. Even the cement walkway, even the foundation. Everything. Even though there was not so much as a crack in the cement and it was perfectly good. The contractor scratches his head, wondering about the waste, but not wondering too much. There was good money on a hurry up job and he was the man to get it.

Besides, the contractor was a little distracted. He knew Poopsie was a cop, so he asked him if they had found out who the dead man on the highway was. "Eddie Peltier," Poopsie tells him. "Can you have this done by the end of the week?" (The fingerprint identification would not be in for almost another 24 hours.)

The contractor knows that Eddie had an on-again, off-again friendship with the Turdlings. Poopsie seemed to have no interest in his being brutally murdered.

Just another day. Knock it down, all of it.

FLASH FOWARD

Pisster has moved into her new house. It was built exactly on top of the old spot. Everything is the same. Just all of it brand new. No blood anywhere. No evidence anywhere. It was clean.

"Now," Poopsie tells her, "keep it this way, hear?"

Pisster is happy to finally get out of living in Poopsie's Cellar and shuttling her kids back and forth between Turdmother's and Poopsie's house. She can now move into, her very own, brandy new home.

The knocking started that first night. "It's just the house settling," she was told. "Don't bother me with that crap."

But, as we all know, it was never" the house 'settling". It was the old score coming back to be settled.

Eddie's murder haunts that house. Shadows leap like mountain lions from wall to wall and across the floor. Shadow puddles show up in the kitchen, dark and swirling... vanishing and appearing again, defying her pleas, her prayers, and all the Black Road Medicine Poopsie could conjure up.

A ghostly foot kicks at her, trips her as she walks from room-to-room. Visitors don't stay long. The stench of stale booze, cigarettes and the over-medicated perspiration smell that exudes from every pore that is the hide that covers the haggard frame of Pisster, makes people want to leave. Noses twitch, cigarettes are lit, gum is chewed, but the smell won't leave. It clings.

Pisster hears her name called, loud and low, by a dead man. She answers back that she is sorry. From the spirit side, there is only laughter, that rolls like thunder.

Her brothers and her mother, her sisters and their friends, they all hear these things, all see these things, smell these things. They all know. They just pray harder to the god they have offended, but will not reconcile as they must, for any of this to end.

The knocking on the doors, walls, windows; the shadows, the blankets being pulled from her as she sleeps, her hair being pulled, the bugs showing up from nowhere in huge squadrons, the flies that mass on the walls and windows in the middle of winter; all these things and more are the signs of the Restless Spirit of Eddie Peltier, wanting justice to be done for the brutal murder he endured.

The Evil that was done in that house has left its mark on everyone that partook of it. Those who committed the murder, those who covered it up, those who lied. Now, the nightmares begin afresh, and with more vigor than ever before.

The children who were not born until much later, tell their dreams of things they have seen their parents do. Ugly, scary dreams, that will, in time, and with more lies told to them by their parents, drive them into addictions, and acts of disrespect upon themselves. Some will die young. Some will just lose their minds. All of them, marked by this one of many murders. All of them marked by their parents cowardice and greed. And their children too.. until there are no more.

Their mothers and fathers watch as their children pay the price, over and over again. Their silence unrelenting as their children become more helpless in the karmic wash. Later, hung out to dry.

But people know. The whispers start and they rise like wind through the rushes, "It's because of the mother...Their father is the reason for their suffering...too selfish to admit the truth and spare their own children, grandchildren..they had it coming..they could have stopped it...it's going to happen again..."

Soon, there will come a buzzing, like hornets stirred from their nests, rising up and swarming, a noise like no other, a thousand spirit voices speaking all at once--deafening to the mind, breaking at the knees. It will be too late by then. When the whispers turn from rushes to swarms, it is already too late.

And Eddie is not alone. He was not the first nor the last to be murdered by the Turdlings.

The activity does not subside, it only becomes more audible, visible, active. The smell of blood surrounds the Turdlings, clinging to them like cigarette smoke, thick and foul. Whispers only they can hear, dog them like angry bees.

The smell of death walks through the house like a member of the family, going where it wants to go, sitting where it wants to sit, opening cupboards, playing with the lights, the phones... putting its clammy hands around Pisster's neck, down her back.

Everybody, hang on tight. We are going back to the present. You can see the effect all these murders and lies have had on the Turdlings. You can see how it has affected all of them.

If you look really close you can see a darkness threading around each one of

them. You can see their spirits are sucked out of them and hang like wet webs across their backs.

This is the Anniversary of Eddie Peltier's murder. The Turdlings usually have big family cookout to celebrate it. I wonder if that is what they are doing today? Or are they just going out for dinner.

Pisster looks tired, crazy, out of her mind with fear. Her favorite son was recently murdered by her brother. She knows it. She just can't prove it. Life has not been good to her. She has not been good to life.

Poopsie is more and more a walking pile of dung. Paranoid, scared, suspicious of everyone. Wanting to know everything that is being said. Afraid to hear it. Angry when he does. Fuming over the Restless Spirit that won't stay down.

Weenie Boy, Q Ball and Turdmother; Demus McDonald, Tony and Lavigna, Mary... all of them have been marked by this vulgar crime. It marks them and it marks us all for knowing who they are, what they have done, and pretending they did nothing. It marks us as we do nothing. All of us who allow this evil to go unreconciled, unanswered for, are marked by it. All of us who do nothing, are marked by it, for our cowardice and our greed.

Yeah, it left a mark. And it is not done yet. We are not done yet.

This is going to be a very different next 12 months, I guarantee it.

Here, in the present, as we abide murderers among us-- and the mark is upon us all..

You know where to find me.

~Cat

August 31, 2009
Naked Lawn Ornament Rides Again!

I have not had time to verify this, but just in case it is true: I urge you all to call and demand to know when the meeting is. Clearly, your lame-ass webmaster is stuck in November of last year and won't be giving you any real information on meetings or issues of real importance to the tribe or about the tribe.

I have heard that NLO is staging a recall of Clarice Brownshield. This is her way of trying to regain some majority advantage (again). Remember this: Whatever NLO says is the "reason" for the recall, there is NO reason. This is a woman, who for years, never allowed a recall of Zit Puppet (Brian Pearson, her son, sired by QBall at one of those drunken parties where she ended up naked on the front lawn in the morning.)

With all his constant drunkenness, misuse of Tribal funds, too many arrests (outside the rez. They never touch him inside the rez) for being drunk while driving, drunk and possession of drugs, drunk, possession of drugs and providing drugs/alcohol to minors... NOT ONCE did she allow for him to be recalled.

The Tribe paid all his legal bills. ALL OF THEM. They still are.

Whatever high horse she is riding now, or if she is just too high (stoned) to remember, nothing she says about Clarice is likely to be true. Do not recall Clarice.

However, I suggest you decide now that NLO is too much of an embarrassment and too corrupt to tolerate any longer. Clearly, her values reside in strict nepotism, and the welfare of the tribe is of no consequence.

RECALL Naked Lawn Ornament!

What she is doing is just a naked power grab.

Now, just in case whatever lies are being told about Clarice Brownshield have you concerned, I suggest you do this: RECALL NLO first, and remove the most corrupt from running your tribe. You can then recall Carl Walking Chicken, and replace them both with people of good standing, integrity and intelligence.

Now, with the corrupt gone, you can begin the investigation into whether or not Clarice Brownshield has committed any errors. And while you are doing that, Investigate whether or not you can get your millions of dollars back from the Ronin Wireless scam. The one that NLO and Walking Chickenlips use to siphon off millions of your dollars for themselves and their friends.

So, if you need something to do, you can start there.

Show up for whatever meeting is in the works. ALL of you. If you don't support the decent people in your tribal council, you are supporting the corrupt by your apathy. We already know, and are finding out more daily, how wrong that can go.

Phone now. Go there and make your voice heard now. If you ever want decent people to run for elected office, you have to prove that you will stand by them so they can stand up for you.

You know where to find me.

~Cat