

**October 4, 2009**  
**Whores & Buggy Times**

I was reading the Obit for Mark Lufkins. Not sure who wrote the fiction, but it was entertaining. Apparently, they wrote it for all those who never met, did not know Mark--at all--ever.

They talk about him 'serving his community' on Tribal Council. That is where he served himself and served (and serviced?) Walking Ego, as the two of them ripped off Tribal funds at a breakneck rate. Gambling debts, buying condos and other such fancies in Las Vegas, properties in Florida... ahhh! Those were the days!

And, Lufkins decided he was tired of the wife, he just flat dumped her, years ago, and took up with Monica, the Village Bicycle (everyone has had a ride on her) (She has already found a couple of new boyfriends to keep her occupied. She always did, she always will.) So, when I came to the part of the Obit that says he is *survived by his loving wife---* and they name the dumpee... imagine my delight.

One person wrote and put it best: *"Monica dumped him after he got voted out of Tribal Council and made his living as a drunk."*

And the part I liked best, was where they talked about how Mark liked to hunt and would (sometimes) share the bounty with the Elders in his community.

Let me see if I get this straight: Rob the community of millions, ignore the needs of the Elders, go hunting and claim you gave food to the Elders? Wow, he sounds more Indian now that he is dead than he **EVER** did when he was alive!

So, how was the funeral? All those fat & happy, well-fed Elders show up? Yeah, I thought not.

Did Poopsie show up? He shows up at all the funerals now. Uses a wheelbarrow to roll in his gut, wears the extra durable man diapers. Did he do his "Medicine Man" shtick? Did he mumble a prayer? Did he use an eagle feather and smudge the dead man? The assembled?

Did you get a good look at him? Tell me: Who looked worse? Poopsie? Or Lufkins? (Lufkins was the one in the box, remember?). Lately, people are saying that the dead guy looks better and happier than does Poopsie.

Ever since that shape-shifter walked into the casino and started reading off a list of names... some of them already dead, and then vanished into smoke as he stepped out the door, Poopsie has been looking really buggy.

*"Moth-eaten"* said one writer. *"Like he's been dragged through a knothole in Hell's fence line,"* said another.

## **A Lot On His Mind**

Poopsie has a lot on his mind these days--what's left of his mind. His Black Road Medicine Man dropped dead, his nephew and one brother murdered by another brother of his. No investigation. No worries. As long as no one asks for an investigation, murder just slides by like nothing.

But the family is fracturing. QBall, who wants all the property and the control of the family, has shown he is willing to kill to get it. They have to let him. Otherwise, he spills what he knows of the Eddie Peltier Murder.

His brothers, in order to use him as an excuse (in case they left trace evidence on Eddie, they wanted to have the excuse that they thought it was QBall so they might have 'touched him') they ended up, all of them, declaring he was not at around, that he was sleeping and they.... well, they all consistently said QBall was not where they were.

So, QBall is the only one that if they do get caught for murdering Eddie, can say he was not there. He was there, but they all said that he was not there. He's the only one that would have a provable alibi, provable by their words, so they could not drag him into this with them. He can buy his way out of jail, and sell them all down the river, just like (\*snap) that.

QBall will blackmail or kill his own family to get what he wants. Looks like our boy has grown up!

Poopsie not happy about the power struggle. His mother manipulating the brood to fight one another, to the point where she had the boys go in at the wake of Willy Herman, and start beating up his grieving mother, their sister. The children are divided and conquered on a daily basis. The grandchildren are drugged out, hating their families, wondering if they are the products of incest rape, or if they got lucky, and it was just a case of too stoned, too drunk to care.

But that is the least of his problems.

Poopsie has bigger fish to fry, and they are frying him. The casino is a mess. It stinks and gets horrid reviews from even the most casual of travelers. The big time travel critics no longer go there. They already know. They wouldn't put themselves through it.

The Wind Farm Project is stalled somewhere between grant monies coming in, and suddenly, the casino, with less than 10 minutes of discussion, wrangled \$3MILLION for a major renovation, that will do nothing to fix the issues that underlie all that is collapsing around him.

Face it kids, the Tribal Council gave your Wind farm Money to Poopsie. But he says he is suffering, "Like my people..." cracks me up. He, and his family, are the biggest cause of all the suffering on the rez.

But I digress. (I almost said, "I degrease", but we know you can't degrease the stain he leaves as he drags his gut and his butt through the buildings and down the roads...)

The Mystery Stranger, coming in, reading off names, vanishing into thin air, right on surveillance, spooked him bad. Knowing that the Stranger is coming back, with another list of names, gives a more raggedy edge to the terror he is beginning to feel.

### **And There Is Morley**

But now there is, or appears to be, an investigation by the USAG.

So far, Poopsie has been able to keep track of Jan Morley. She is the USAG. He has Bentley on the job. Bentley escorts her from place to place, and then reports back to Poopsie, within the hour, whom she talked to, what they said to her.

He's not a cop. He's a keeper. A minder. A spy who reports to murderers, in case someone tries to turn on a light. Turn over a rock. Find the truth.

Poopsie puts in a few phone calls to his friends in high places. He tells them of the risks. "If I go down on this," he reminds them, as he has many times before; "I'm taking all of you with me."

He will. He will take them all down. He will disclose how they helped him cover it up. He will tell how they lied and how they beat up and terrorized witnesses, just to turn them into witnesses who would follow the script-- or to stop them from telling what they really saw, that night.

He will tell about the rapes. Of beating a man and tying him to a chair, and then raping his wife in front of him. He will tell it all. He will tell how it was all Kelly Brunelle's idea. How he came in and found it happening and then he stopped it. He has already figured he can blame Brunelle. Brunelle was always easy.

So far, he has no fear that Brunelle will talk. No fear that Brunelle will call the USAG and say, "I need to speak to you...about what happened..what we did..." He is afraid that Brunelle has already told too many people, and one of them might back up the story.. "He made me do it." Kelly's name is scribbled on a list, to be scratched off later.

The real work is trying to round up all who heard Kelly say these things. Some of whom, maybe a long time ago, Kelly himself (?) told it to me. It is a Dogtown of nightmares. Tracking all the 'leaks'. Kelly? (\*snort), "He's easy."

But, Poopsie trusts no one. Not his family. Not his accomplices. Not even Wayne. He keeps real close to Wayne Anderson. He might have to do something if Wayne looks reluctant to get drunk with him. He's looking at Wayne these days,

the way he looked at Eddie, before he had to ... you know... remove the threat. You know. He had to do it. Nothing personal.

I hear USAG Jan Morley wants to know who all she should talk to. She is asking the wrong people. She is thinking Bentley will help her. After all, his brother, Loren, was among the wrongly accused. You would think Bentley would want the Truth to come out. It was, after all, his father's dying wish.

But Bentley sold his soul, a long time ago. Like so many others, he looked around and weighed his options. Poopsie had all the power. Do for Poopsie and you can go far. Refuse to do for Poopsie and you go nowhere. You might even get yourself 'accidentally' hurt or killed.

So, Bentley has gone down that road, with Poopsie. Bentley watches as USAG Jan Morley walks through the fog, not knowing whom to talk to, or really, what to ask. He shrugs. He remembers our conversations, and he hopes she never talks to me. He said too much. I know too much. He shifts uneasily in his seat. He knows what his father told him. He knows what his father said about me. He knows it is true. He wishes it wasn't.

He can't look her in the eye. Barely can he even look in her direction. He tries to sound official. He tries to sound helpful. He parks the vehicle. He gets out. They knock on another door. He squirms a little more. Exhales deeply. It's coming. It can't be stopped. It's coming.

He can stall. He can misdirect. But he cannot stop it. He needs a drink.

Jan, if she wanted to know anything, would have asked me. But she tells people to not read the blog. She tells them that I get 'a lot of the names wrong.' I wonder if that is what Bentley tells her? Well, Jan, I got *your* name right.

And I know to whom you should speak. I know whom you should protect. But I have a feeling, you are afraid of your obligation in this case. Your family too close by. They could be affected if you do the right thing. They could be at risk. Your career might require you making some decisions you cannot find comfort with. I know how you feel.

I do. There are no easy options from this point forward. The road, either one you take, will only get bumpier. One way or another, you will have to cross that bridge. I know you can't see the other side right now. I know there is a lot of fog.

I also know that you have a deeper faith than what anyone ever knew. *"The Shabbat is Holy," you were told. And even though you didn't understand why, you respected those who told it to you.* Remember it now, and respect those who told you, about things you don't yet understand, and maybe never will. It is the respect that will protect you. Respect yourself.

I know you are being pushed by your boss, to look at this thing. I know that there are real simple questions that you are afraid to ask. I know you are having dreams again, and they are ruining your sleep. I know Bentley will steer you away from the truth, as much as he can.

People in suits, behind desks, will look at you as if they think you are not debriefing in full, or not taking full direction. They need to know that no matter what you find out, they can control you. That you are not a threat to them.

You thought you knew them. Well, you will. Trust me, you will. It will never be the same for you. No matter what. Sorry 'bout that.

I know Lynn Crooks is upset, and so is Dennis (Shoplifter) Fisher. I know they are pulling strings of influence all over the DOJ, local, State and Federal, to make this thing go quietly away... again.

The FBI is looking differently to you now. You are looking like a different animal to them too. It's subtle, but it is real. Trust your instincts.

It won't end. And you will have no rest until you do the right thing. Until you talk to the right people. Until you ask the right questions. Until you make your case. Tough Spot for an ambitious woman. But it is the only spot to be in if you want to make a real career. You should have gone to cooking school, but you chose the law. Now deal.

You may not like me. I have made your job more uncomfortable than ever you thought it could be.

But people have to know, ..you are the one they need to talk to. You are the one they need to call. You are the one.

You are the one making Poopsie squirm these days. He's afraid you will trip over something, turn over a rock, and that you cannot be bought off, you cannot be intimidated. Either way, it will cost him. He's running out of money, influence and magic.

People with money are avoiding him. People of influence don't want to be seen around him and are not returning his calls until they are safe at home..."Don't call me at the office anymore."

"I'll take everyone down with me.." he says.

He's running out of magic. Black Road Medicine is in backfire mode now. Pay the Piper time.

I annoy him.

Shape Shifters spook him.

But you, Jan Morley, *You* scare him.

As much as the Mysterious Stranger, a Shapeshifter, and other things you don't believe in... terrifies him. And now *you* are there. Still not knowing who to talk to?

Start on the list of defendants. Then talk to all the witnesses. Then talk to Jonathan Garass and ask him why he never filed those Affidavits that people gave to him-- eye witnesses. Ask him how he sabotaged the new evidence when it was delivered to him: Police Reports, 302s, etc. Ask him what happened to them. Ask him why. Tell me if you believe him. And then talk to me and tell me if you still believe him.

I can tell you. But you would have to do something that scares you as much as it scares Poopsie. You would have to talk to me.

This thing will not end, there will be no peace in the night, until the Truth is told, heard, believed, and until the innocent are free, the guilty answer in a court of law-- all of them. Those who committed the murders, those who covered them up, those who lied. All of them. All.

All of them will answer, in a higher court. But I really want you to get to them first. I will only help you find the truth. I will not help you to bury it. I will not help you to hide it. I will not help you to avoid it.

Put on your Big Girl panties, Jan.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**October 13, 2009  
Roundup**



It's getting cold out there. Real cold.

Elders are going to be needing fuel. Babies are going to be getting cold. Your friends may not make it home, depending on where they party, and with whom. (I almost dangled a participle there. Close call)

Jan Morely still looking around, trying to figure out who to talk to. (Dangled it there. Dang!)

I have more names for you Jan. You know, people directly involved with either the murder, the cover-up, or the frame-up of the innocent.

You can talk to James Yankton. We know him as "Poopsie" but you can talk to him. Ask him how, after declaring that he was too drunk to drive, while at the scene where Eddie's body was laying in the road, he was able to somehow, magically, take total control over the entire investigation, and the 'witnesses', many of whom were beat up or tortured.

Ask him how he pulled that one off.

Talk to Spencer Helleckson. He's the retired drunk now. Ask him how it was he morphed from FBI Agent into Poopsie's Operative. Ask him if Poopsie had film, video, pictures of him with underage bed buddies; or did he decide that he liked helping a friend get away with murder(s)? Spencer, you know, even while I was on the rez, would phone Poopsie several (a dozen or more) times a day and they would go meet somewhere to talk.

He didn't phone him directly. No! Nonononono! They were paranoid that the lines were bugged. He never phoned him directly. They phoned each other through intermediaries. One would call a mutual 'friend' who would then call the dispatcher, (Mary MacDonald), who would then relay that obtusely coded message that one wanted to meet the other. Then they would go back and forth through Mary Mac to set up the time and place, all in code, mind you...

*(\*I just thought of something: Mary! You could be a **Medium!** Connect people who are afraid or unable to talk to one another. Maybe, if you got really good at this, you could talk to .... [drum roll] Dead People. YOU could talk to Eddie!) (We now resume our regular broadcast)*

And they would meet in these places, some distance away from the rez so no one would see them together (sounds like a Bromance to me), and discuss whatever the pressing issues of the moment were.

Several times a day, Jan. Ask Helleckson "why". Remember: Poopsie was no

longer a cop. he was in charge of surveillance at the casino.

Given all of that, why were they so afraid of being seen talking together? Why were they so paranoid of the phones being tapped? Why were they so PARANOID? (Sounds like a guilty conscience to me).

You can talk to Mary MacDonald. She goes by "Lohnes" now. She has a few kids. She still works at the cop shop.

Ask her how it was that she, along with her whole family, were at her grandmother's bedside as she lay dying, and they attended the funeral a long ways away... but somehow, the story came to be that she was the girlfriend of LaFuente? Or was it Lopez? I remember there was a lot of confusion on her part, early on, as to which one she was supposed to be the girlfriend for.

Can't blame her for that. She never met either of them. It was a story she was forced to tell after the Turdclan (you call them the Yanktons) had her for a few days and nights, and did every sexual thing you can imagine and a few you would not want to imagine, to her young self.

And they took pictures of her. Horrible pictures of her. And they told her they would show those pictures to everyone if she didn't tell the story they wanted her to tell. They still have the pictures. They still share them.

So, ask her how she feels about all this. Ask her how she got to testify. How she got to be the one to tell the story that sent an innocent man to prison, where to this day, he waits for the truth to come out. To this day, he refuses any offer of freedom that comes at the price of a lie.

Mary is a piece of work. Her dad is a preacher. Yeah, I know. He sold her so fast it made her head swim. He got cattle and land for her. The cattle all died. It made her head swim. So it was a little confusing for her, and she could not identify her "boyfriend" from the lineup of pictures (6Pack) presented to her.

They had to show her twice, and "Assist" her. Ask her about that. Ask her if she is ready to tell the truth now, or if she thinks her lies keeping an innocent man in prison, are okay. Ask her about that time spent with the Yankton boys. Ask her about the pictures.

She was nowhere near the murder, and she never met Richard LaFuente. She never met John Lopez. She knew nothing about any of it. She was raped until she agreed to tell the story they told her to tell.

Look at her when you go to talk to her. Look at her.

I have more names for you Jan. Lots of names.

I have Dewey Blackbird's name.

I have Demus MacDonald's name.

I have Celeste Herman's name.

And I have the names of witnesses. People who saw the real murder.

Those names are names you should have too. Unless, of course, your files are incomplete.

I have the name of the people at the Innocence Project who worked on this thing and have uncovered more than you want to know.

I have the name of the writer from Texas Monthly, who can tell you things that did not get into the article.

Or are you just waiting for a dying man to wake up and tell you what you don't want to know?

You can talk to me, Jan, or you can talk to the names I give to you. Or, if you fail to do this right, you can talk to the next USAG who will come along, and look at all the irregularities, and explain why you failed to talk to those who wanted to talk to you. Failed to talk to those who were afraid to talk to you.

Explain why you didn't ask the questions. I'm sure you will have all your ducks in a row there.

This thing is not going away. Rocks are being turned over. Squirmy things are running for cover.

Poopsie looking really distressed these days. Too many murders can be revealed. He made a lot of friends in high places. By now, you have heard from at least 3 of them. Subtle things, little things. "Helpful" things. "Just keep me in the loop" things.

"If I go down for this, I'm taking a lot of people with me," Poopsie says. It's what he has said from the beginning. A lot of people in high places have been sleeping less and sweating more, lately. That's what they get for dealing with the Devil.

Have to forgive them a little bit. They knew from 500 years of history, that nothing ever gets investigated in Indian Country. Nothing gets audited in Indian Country. Ever. No one looks.

FBI gets a report on crimes out there, and they find a way to cover it up. A 3 yr. Old Girl is raped and they make a joke about it. Then one of their Female FBI agents up and gets all upset and investigates it and makes a report to congress--under heavy security.

Why would an FBI Agent (Whistleblower) \*Coleen Rowley, reporting to Congress about corruption in the FBI need "Heavy Security"? Unless, nahh! Couldn't be!

You don't think the FBI, would turn on one of its own if they tried to clean up the corruption, do you?

How about someone closer to home? Jane Turner whose info can be found at the FBI Whistleblower site. She can fill you in on the Minneapolis FBI office and tell you how it works in Indian Country... and it will disgust you, break your heart, make you angry.

Same FBI. Same corruption. And it all goes to Indian Country. Billions of Tax Dollars go into Indian Country every year--- never audited.

Tribal Members phone to report crimes to the FBI office. They send an agent, let's call him 'Smiley' or Chris Bojeck (or however you smell his name) and he goes up to Poopsie's door:

**Knock Knock.** *"I hear there's trouble out here."*

*Poopsie looks around. Maybe reaches into his wallet. "Nope, all is sunny and bright in Ft. Totten."*

*"That's what I thought. Sorry to have troubled you."*

Doesn't matter if it is embezzlement, murder, or the vicious rape of a 3 yr. old (or younger) child. Nothing gets investigated.

It's only Indians. Let's see who has the best Indian jokes for the boys in the office.

Pick a side Jan Morely. Pick a side.

You have a lot of work to do. Either expose the truth or start covering it up and hope the next person doesn't get a whiff of it.

And remember this: Once the Feds win a case, they never reopen an investigation. At least, that is how it has been up until now. Up until you. It was always true up until you. They all felt safe forever, until now.

Now, they don't know what to do. Do you?

I've rounded up a few names for you. I have several more. You better get to them before the killing starts, in earnest. It's how they deal with 'loose ends' in Indian Country. A lot of loose ends getting frazzled about now. Waiting to talk to you.

You better get started.

They need to come in from the cold.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

PS: if you are doing this the way it should be done, you should consider putting in for some extra help and a security detail for yourself. They will come after you. If you can't be bribed, bought off or intimidated, they have a lot of plan B's. "It'll just be one of those mysteries that is never solved."

**October 20, 2003**  
**Odds & Ends**

Some of the stuff that rolls into the email and I don't get around to posting:

**Richard Street:**

*"Richard street is not enrolled in any tribe and shoots eagles and runs a sundance, claims he is a Medicine Man these are the type of people we don't need here but he has a small following that fights to keep him here."*

Also worth noting: Mr. Street is not Indian anything. Just a wannabe medicine man who promises magic to those in power who follow him. He has no power. "Stupid" is not considered a power anywhere outside of the rez.

Here's another:

*"Its a crying shame what a person could do once they learn the ways of the traditionals. Terry morgan is another person who is learning to become a medicine man, he holds sweats with all the cops and dysfunctional people who will follow him."*

Terry Morgan is another bastard conceived while drunk from between the legs of Myra "Naked Lawn Ornament" Pearson

The abuse of traditional ceremonies is bad enough. But when it is happening within the community that should (and does) know better, it is even more repugnant.

**Ego Seeking Power**

While I am on it, you've all heard of that Modern Day Guru down in Arizona that incorporated into his 'style' of 'spiritual warrior' teachings, the Inipi ceremony. He killed 3 people and sickened all the others, 21 of whom had to be hospitalized.

I see a lot of people, some who do know better, others who don't, thinking that anyone can be a Medicine Man.

True that First Nations have often shared their ways by allowing or even inviting those from other cultures, often people without any real culture or connection to their culture, to participate in ceremonies.

Most have respected that they are guests in these instances, and respected the ways enough to leave them after the ceremony was finished.

Others, who sensed the tremendous power of these ceremonies, especially the ceremonies of healing, have hungered to capture these ceremonies for themselves.

They seek the glory of Power, rather than the enlightenment of Walking the Ways.

To me, it is the difference between being able to see by the illumination of a lamp that is plugged into the wall, and on the other hand: sticking one's fingers directly into the socket.

### **The First Sign**

It is dangerous, most dangerous to those who do this, but since the effects on them won't show for awhile, they ignore the warnings. It is primarily and more acutely dangerous to those who step into these ceremonies being led by anyone from the Wannabe Tribe, or who Walks the Black Road Ways.

When I see New Age Guru types sticking their fingers into the sockets and blaspheming the rules of these ceremonies, I am both amused and disgusted. They do it for money and to create an illusion that they are somehow connected to a higher power.

The Ass hat in Arizona charged people \$10,000 for the privilege of being misled, misguided, mistreated, sickened and killed. People were too stupid to know that they were being misguided, mistreated, sickened and killed. Too stupid to save themselves.

I know "Stupid" is a harsh word. Many would prefer the softer version of "Ignorant" or "Naive" but I go with what is clearly "stupid". They ignored their instincts at every turn.

They ignored mostly because they were invested in the process and didn't want to feel like a fool for forking over huge sums of money, and their trust, literally, they trusted this jerk with their lives, and for that, for refusing to listen to the very voices inside that said: "This is so very wrong", for silencing these voices, they lost their money, their health, and 3 of them lost their lives.

He was as Black Road as anyone who buys an altar. Abuse of Ceremony is key to keeping the people down.

Just like politicians try to keep people afraid of God, and their churches will both molest the children and terrify the parents into keeping quiet "lest they lose their

connection to God," people are hurt.

Spiritual Oppression is what sickens people and keeps them confused and makes them afraid to speak.

Overcoming spiritual oppression requires not only that we listen to and heed the voices and our own instincts that tell us when something is very wrong, but that we act on those instincts and raise our voices to define ourselves and alert others.

Fakes and phonies take your money and your personal power if you don't stand up to them.

Those who perform ceremony for pay, are Black Road.

Indians know how to gift for Ceremony. Indians know. Ceremony should always be compensated, but there can never be a 'rate' or a 'charge'. There must always be tobacco, and there should be appropriate 'gifting' to those who are genuine in this work.

Fakes abound. Melvin Greybear had a saying:

*"Instant Medicine Man: Just add water."*

Those who knew him knew that he was talking about people who attend one sweat lodge and figure they can do it too. Figure they can build it, pour the water, and mimic what they saw and heard in the real thing, and people won't know the difference.

People are hungry for Ceremony. The Spirit is hungry. The people have been misled, confused, and denied for so long, that the spirit is hungry for Ceremony. Too often, this hunger is used against the people with false promises from false prophets--- in all nations, in all walks of life, in all churches, in all spiritual paths.

Those who want to know will learn. They will find the false ones first, and they will leave them and move on to those who carry the True Light. Those who Wannabe, will follow the false ones and become like them. Or, they will turn against the True ones and deny them.

It is up to each one of us to know as much as we can about whom we trust our health, safety and spiritual healing to, before we enter their circle. And, if it turns out we were deceived, we must save ourselves by removing ourselves from their control.

Arizona shows us, all of us, how misuse of Inipi Ceremony can be deadly and sickening.

Too many Instant Medicine Men. Too many Fake Pipe Carriers. Too Many False Prophets and Indecent Priests.

Know the truth about yourself and these false ones fade away and cannot hide from you, your true path. The Good Ones, the True Ones, the Authentic Ones are rare indeed, but they are hiding in plain sight for those not afraid to see.

No Church owns you or your soul. No true priest would ask you to follow them.

That is how we become stronger. That is how our spirit heals. That is how we find healing.

To all my Indian brothers and sisters, I wish you well and be wise.

To all my other brothers and sisters, I wish you well and be wise.

No Native Ceremonies of ANY Native Land should be used for profit. That is your first sign.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

**October 25, 2009**  
**Heidi Jo is Gone**



She was one of my favorite people out there. She had a story of recovery that I felt would be an inspiration to everyone that knew her, or read her story. Just 24, and in the blink of an eye, 3 young children are without a vibrant, loving, courageous mother.

I can tell you now, because she can't be hurt by it, that she was one of my sources out there. Over the years, we exchanged perhaps 100 or more emails.

She started writing when her father, Blaine, went to jail for some minor drug charges. She was mad at me for blogging the bust that nailed him and several others. I was mad that after all those months of investigation, all that money, all they got were small time, low-level druggies, while bigger fish were laughing on the sidelines.

She was mad at me, but she came to realize that she was mad at her dad. She then came to realize that she was mad at the circumstances that made it easy to get into trouble and almost impossible to get out. She was mad at her dad because she loved him so much, and he was broken and she could not fix it for him.

More and more, it became, she loved her dad and she hoped that he could recover during this time, and break the cycle of his addictions, and know how good it was to have a family, and a daughter that, regardless of his flaws, his falling down, his addictions, loved him more than he loved himself.

Blaine, if you are reading this, know that she was your warrior daughter and that she wanted people to treat you fairly, no matter what. She loved you, no matter what.

Tammie, you know it was complicated between you two. But the more she was a mother to her children, the more she understood. Tammie, you were there for her, much as you could be. I know that meant everything to her as she was working so hard to get her life on track for better days.

She never failed to mention she was grateful for her family. She never wanted to be from any other family. She would not trade any of you for the world.

She told me of her own addictions, struggle to gain and to hold onto her sobriety. Told me how being busted was the best thing to ever happen to her, helped her

to wake up and see what she was doing... helped her to break the cycle and make her life worthwhile.

She never felt sorry for herself. Even when the battle overwhelmed her, she never felt sorry for herself. She got angry at unfairness, grieved her losses, but never once did I sense from her, that she felt sorry for herself.

And then she looked at her young child, and realized, she needed to be clean and sober so that she could be there for Terran. That her child was a gift in this world like no other. And then came Hannah... and ...

I had not heard much from her in the past year. I knew she was struggling to stand up for herself and for her children. She was working jobs and fighting old issues with recurring themes... but that no matter what, win or lose, she was doing all she could to be the best mother for the children she loved so much.

She wanted to be a good parent and she wanted her children to have a chance in this world to make mistakes, but to be able to recover without doing permanent damage. She wanted them to have a life of possibilities and to know, always know, that no matter what they did, she loved them.

She wanted to keep them safe, but she knew the world was not safe for children. She would help them to become strong and confident. To know their value, even if those around them did not value them.

I can't imagine her driving so fast that she would 'roll over', but she had to be driving fast for that to happen. But knowing how careful she was with her babies, I can't see her driving like that for no reason with them in the vehicle with her. I just don't understand it.

Maybe it just happened that way. I don't know. I think of the ex boyfriend that was so intimidating to her. I think of how sometimes, people, just angry or drunk, will chase someone down the road--for sport. I hope that is not what happened. I hope it was just an accident.

If someone made this happen, by chasing her, they will be forever haunted by what they did.

I hope this was just an accident.

She was an amazing person. So young, but had gone through so much and had such a strong spirit and great sense of humor.

She was beautiful, wasn't she? Look at that smile.

You all knew her better than I did. I know you will miss her terribly.

I told her, years ago, that I was saving all her emails and that someday, I would post them, so that others would be able to find inspiration in her story, to overcome issues and events in their own lives, and find happiness where happiness found her, from within and in the faces of her children.

Terran, Hannah May, Annisyn, you are the best that she was. I hope that when you grow up, you get to know her from those who loved her, and know how much you meant to her. You gave her life meaning and value like nothing and no one else could.

She shared a lot of information with me. Most of it I never posted. I knew it would lead right back to her. But it was the way she shared her personal life, imperfect as it was, that I valued most from her. She had courage. She wanted to help others. She wanted people to be treated fairly, no matter what.

She is with her sister now. She is at peace now. She has gone home.

You know where to find me.

~Cat