

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

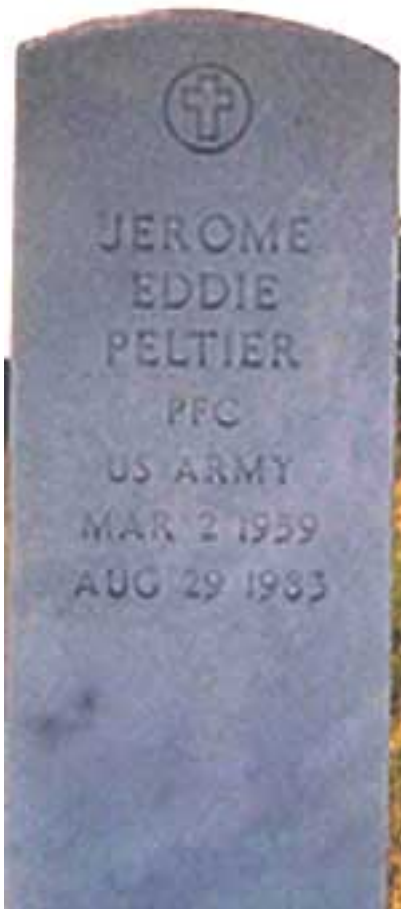
Blog

Previous Blogs:

<u>Jul 1, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 6, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 7, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 9, 2006</u>
<u>Jul 10, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 12, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 13, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 14, 2006</u>
<u>Jul 15, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 16, 2006</u>	<u>Jul 17, 2006</u>	

Note: Moron Squad Page is now posted.

Write to me if you have any thoughts you'd like to share, information you want me to have or a correction to any information you see here. I respond to all emails. CAT



The ongoing events and behaviors of those who murdered Eddie (and others) on the Fort Totten Reservation, North Dakota. How the ongoing criminal enterprise continues to flourish unabated and without a single response from the Justice Department. Well, not surprising on that! They would have to investigate themselves and how some of their elite were directly involved and have prospered from the corruption that exists, protected and funded by US Tax Dollars.



Even if you don't live on the Rez, it's your money, **YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK**. You owe it to yourself to peek in once in awhile and see what you are paying for.

Welcome to the new web site for Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier!

This gives me more room to add more pages, photos, images, graphics, cartoons. (I could go on and on, but I won't) and I can make more dynamic pages including a "string board" (Police Investigators will know what that is) which will show who's who in the Rez Zoo. There will be more features, more pages and a more comprehensive site in general.

All the pages are not yet hooked up, but as they fill out, I will post a note here and you can go and see for yourself. Some of your old favorites will be back, including Weenie Boy's page, Q-Ball the Screwball and a few new ones like the Moron Squad, featuring "Diaper Mouth".

July 1, 2006

Wonder what Eddie was doing on his last 4th of July?

Was he partying with his friends? Was he spending time with his family? Was he working on his car? Was he waiting to see if he was accepted into the Highway Patrol?

He had no idea how little time he had left.

That his plans for a better future had enraged the Turd Clan who were already hatching a plot to murder him, make it look like a hit and run, blame someone else.

Think about Eddie, young vibrant, loved, liked and loving his life and times, when you are out on this long weekend, spending time with your family, friends, dog, car.. raise your eyes up just a little bit and say: "Hope it was a good one, Eddie!"

Bury the Evidence

As badly as plans A & B, & C,D...Q went, the worst part for Poopsie and Sister Piss (Have to settle on a good name for Celeste, this is a start), and the rest of the Turd Clan was all the blood. Hard to beat a man to death with a rock, a baseball bat and stomp on him without getting a little on you, right?

And it was all over them. Floors, walls, ceilings, in their hair, on their hands, clothes, on couch, carpet and the front porch, front walk, it was blood everywhere and it was dripping like someone

had tossed buckets of it around.

How to clean all that up??

Well, you can't. No one can. Maybe the government, but they were not that helpful in the beginning. Took them a few weeks to get on board.

Celeste's house was a blood bath.

The very next day, Poopsie had commissioned, with Weenie Boy's help, the total "renovation" of her abode (sounds like 'commode'). The house was dismantled and even the concrete was broken up, dug up, broken up some more.

Now, where to put all this stuff?

Can't put all this in the Lake, it would float, except for the cement. Couldn't burn it, someone might notice. Be hard pressed to tackle the Fire Department and prevent them from putting it out. Someone might think that just a taaad suspicious!

Nope, only one solution. Had to bury it. All of it. Bury the wood, the drywall, the linoleum, the glass, the carpet, the furniture, the clothes, the cupboards, the dishes... all of it, buried.

Fast Forward to the present

Now, there is a problem with that. People are looking at them sideways. People know they are murderers, thieves, embezzlers, drug dealers, rapists, molesters. People, not as stupid as they would prefer them to be, have wised up to what was done, how it was done and why it was done. (*What if they find where we buried Pisster's house?*) ("Pisster", I like that one.)

Now, the whole blood soaked empire they have built, is starting to collapse. They have put a family member or steadfast crony in every position that controls the money, the information, the jobs, the resources and the police. They had almost no trouble at all getting the FBI Poodles on board. Helleckson was the easiest and most willing. Mike Wilson was a little tougher sell. And when he saw what was really being protected by his badge, gun, authority, he got cold feet. But these new boys, Bocheck (However you spell that toadie's name!) and the other one, all on board. All neatly taken care of.

Things should be just fine for the Turd Clan and the rez they wipe their feet on. But it is not. There is trouble in the air. More and more all the time. Bad dreams and things that go bump in the night are the least of it.

People are watching, listening, telling, and talking. They are losing their fear.

*The raid on the SMC plant (I know, I know, 16+ hours of snipers, Ninjas, guns drawn, computers and files hauled off to Maryland.. "Quality Control", "Disgruntled former employees," and my all time favorite: "It was just a DRILL"!!) that was the beginning of the complete unraveling.

Soon as the feds untangle McKay's shell companies and phony payments, he will be frying on the hot seat, looking for something to sell in his place. And there is plenty to choose from!



And, Poodle Boy, your superiors are not impressed with your lack of detail in your reports and your lack or shall I say, outright unwillingness to render full information. You will have your chance to squirm very soon. Hope you have your bank accounts all in order. All of them!

And if he cannot give more than 3 hours warning to Carl, (who was still asleep and did not want to be bothered, but who did manage to hide about \$40K in a place where he could get to it in a hurry if need be), how much warning do you think he can give to Poopsie? What will happen when he does? Don't worry! They have special prisons for ex FBI and other law enforcement officials who stray to the wrong side of the law, and get caught helping the criminals.

(**Note** to Bocheck: Grow a set and call me. I was told you would call me. Or are you afraid to talk to me? At least give me the correct spelling of your name. Or, wait until your Poodle Name shows up?)

Back to the dirt...

All of Celeste's house had to be buried. And it contains enough blood evidence to land them all in jail. Not just free Richard LaFuente, who has been serving the years you all owe, but actually put you all, and all your accomplices, in prison until the day you die. I wish you all Looooong life!



So, Ladies and Gentleman, keep an eye on that bunch. Wherever there is a dig going on, I don't care if it is a water line or a gopher hole, watch and see what they dig up, what they do with it and where it goes.

They will probably try to hire people from off rez to do it for them, because they think those people would not know what it is they are digging up nor why. Nor would they care if the check was big enough.

But you know. You watch. When they burn the houses and haul off the debris, see where it goes and who is hauling it. Make & take notes. Get your cameras and camcorders out there.

They want that blood evidence scattered. They don't want you to know for sure what you already know for sure. They don't want to go to jail.

Show up at every dig. It's your land and you have a right to be there and to see what work is going on. After all, you paid for it.

Eddie and the others murdered by this bunch, are waiting for justice. Your children deserve a better life than what you have had to put up with. Only you can change this.

If one of you shows up, ten of you show up. If ten, then every one of you show up. Let them know you are watching.

I hear Weenie Boy is already trying to act like Mr. Nice Guy, glad handing everyone that walks into the Blue Building, asking them if they need anything.

Tell him, yes, yes you do need something. You need the millions of dollars he and his family and friends have stolen from you, your children and grand children. Ask him when you can expect the check?

Also tell him you need for him and his family to tell the truth and admit their guilt and put these Restless Spirits to rest!

Until then, the Dead are stirring in anticipation, the inevitable on the horizon, looming like a thunderstorm. And, the house, where Eddie's life drained out of him, where he made his last stand, might not stay buried much longer.

People are asking questions. People are looking. Someone is coming. Someone is there.

Cat

***Photo taken from online article**

July 6, 2006

Killers Hiding their crimes again?

Over the Holiday weekend, and earlier today, apparently, that family of serial killers that rule your everyday lives out there, has been digging and hauling off evidence from behind Celeste's house.

Blood Everywhere! On Everything!

What evidence? Eddie was beaten and stomped to death in Celeste Herman's house back in 83 and the next day it was all torn down because there was too much blood to get rid of. They tore down and hauled off everything, including the concrete porch, steps, walkway, basement... all the furniture, and they hauled it off. Most of it, not very far. I guess it was still dripping? They buried most of it behind the house itself!

So, now that most of you know about it, all of you know about it, they are digging it up and hauling it off to somewhere's else.

Easy enough to do. They have millions of your dollars, stolen from your education, housing, health and elderly programs, to name a few and they can hire it out.

Also, with only family and friends in controlling positions, utilities, sewer, hauling, is a snap.

Earning a Living? Or Tasting Evil?

Whoever drove today, hauled that stuff out, helped them dig it up, you have just taken their side. You have put yourself in a position to be really rich by keeping your mouth shut, or to be really dead by them thinking you want to be rich!

Merle Thumb was murdered for that. He knew where they had buried it. Weenie Boy beat him to pieces with a tire iron, and then phoned in threats when he went to the hospital. Merle left the hospital because he knew he was not safe there.

He died that night, in his wife's bed. His wife, Flo Peltier, had two members of her family murdered by that family. Her brother Eddie, and then Merle.

These are the people you are keeping in power. This is the evil you protect by your silence.

Murder As A Habit

Remember: They murdered Eddie because they thought he could get some of their action. He never threatened them, but that is how they react to a perceived threat. Now that you are part of this, you are a perceived threat.

These boys murder more out of habit than out of necessity.

Now, the blood evidence of their most notorious murder, being hauled away...

IF the Community Stands up, They Will Fall Down

Anyone call the FBI and demand they do something?

I thought not. Besides, those Poodle Boys are there only to protect this criminal enterprise. They see their job as being only to protect the Yanktons and their criminal organization. Help it run more smoothly.

The community has to stand up for them to fall down. Stand up one at a time, 10 at a time, all together. When you see it, you know it is your turn. Stand up.

Early Warning System

Has the Maryland DOJ or the DC UDJ figured out yet how they managed to get so many files removed before the raid? Who do you think gave them the heads up?

Now, with your other suits going over to the Blue Building to consult with Weenie Boy and Poopsie the day after the raid, do you think I am impressed with how well you protect them? I am not. And, know that however twisted your mission has become, it is still on you whether you do it or not, to uphold the law, not protect the evil that pads your paychecks!

It would be more believable to me and everyone else if you guys would actually go to the heart of the evil out there instead of forming a ring of protection around it.

People, make your complaints loud and clear and often.

What to do?

Copy what you say and write to me.

Be sure to note whom it is you are reporting to, what you are reporting, and when you are reporting it. Together we can force them to do their job.

Bocheck, your Poodle name is Bobo! Bobo, your time is about up. You will be replaced more easily than you thought. Just thought I would give you the heads up on that one.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 7, 2006

The Weekend Edition

Diggity Do!

Well, they continued to dig and will continue to dig until they find a way to get all the building materials and blood evidence up out of the ground and hauled away. They will dispose of it in ways it can never be found again. They do this while the more vigilant among you watch and report, to me and to the FBI. FBI continues to ignore the reports, but here's a little secret: They can't get rid of all the blood. They can try, but they can never be sure.

They do this knowing that you are watching them. They are safe because the FBI ignores crimes against Indians in Indian Country and the clowns like Bobo and the other dancing dog, are only there as personal bodyguards to Poopsie and his family of mutants.

Must make an agent proud!

BOBO writes home:

"Yup Ma! Ahm in the EF-BEE-AYE! I wear a suit (don't I look cute?) and I carry a gun and a badge and I protect a family of serial killers, one of whom craps his pants and a sister who has a chronic smell of urine about her.

"I work hard every day to make sure they get their way.

"I look the other way, collect my pay... You be so proud of me!

"I help them to hide their crimes, give them a warning before the raids come down, and I am a real impotent man these days."

Yeah, must be something to have achieved your life long goal of wiping the ass of a serial killer, his sniveling siblings, and his oh-so-spiritual-now-religious-on-Sundays-Turdymom!

Was there special training for that assignment at Quantico??? Or were you just special to begin with?

I'm still waiting for that call! You know the one where you are going to kick my ass, threaten me, make me shut up? Yeah, you big fella, pick up that cell phone.. Not with that hand! I know

where that has been! The other one!

Oh, yeah, your friends and mine and UDJ want to know why parts of your reports are not being filed on time, or at all. Been busy?

Short Attention Span

I hear that the reason the Turd Clan continues to get elected each time is because people on the rez have a short attention span. They forget about murders, rapes and molest. They hear imbeciles like Lois get up there and praise QBall to the skies and they think: "What a wonderful place to be!"

I know one woman who forgot about her house being burned down, and threats to her family. All it took was for her sister to draw her name out of a hat (bowl, barrel, her butt, whatever) and for James to verify the name as hers and Surprise! Surprise! She won a free month of Bingo! Yay! Applause!

Those drawings were usually steered towards Mary Trottier, with the occasional other almost legitimate drawings to make it all seem like the up and up. (*POP!)

Yup, short attention span indeedy! Turdymom gives her hugs now. Threats, rape, making her lie in court, all bygones. Wow, it really IS a wonderful place! (*Pop!)

Well, I can understand it. If you can't lick 'em, join 'em. (You aren't licking them, right??)

And, oh, by the way, remember what happened to Merle Thumb? That is how they deal with people that know too much and feel they are entitled to perks! As soon as your credibility is totalled, you will hold no value to them, or anyone else for that matter. At least, not anyone who can help you.

Getting a good family in life is precious. Selling out is seriously stupid. How many "second chances" do you think you get on this one? Your sister sleeping with the man that burned down your house and now you are like a puppy, doing favors for a tidbit? (*Shaking my head in pathetic disbelief). Personally, with what this has cost you, and you don't have a clue yet, you will realize you sold out waaay too cheap!

Divide and Conquer

Enough of the racist crap from y'all. The next person that writes a letter talking about "halfbreeds" will get posted on the moron squad. I know you probably grew up hearing that kind of crap in your spiritually advanced homelife, but it is wrong.

People are not *half* anything. They are whole people. If you think your blood makes you better than the next person, think again. That mindset isolates you from the very people that could stand with you in a time of need.

If you think the Creator made one race better than another, I hope you pray really loud because I think your prayers are ignored. Your contempt for your neighbors is ignorant and ill advised. It is a way, however, to keep you all separated from the outside world and from healthy alliances within your own communities. You twitch your lip, turn up your nose and sniff: "Half Breeds" in your contempt and the day comes and you will find you stand alone and backs are turned.

I also don't think that we are all the SAME. I think we have our differences. It would be boring and pointless otherwise. But we all have the same rights. The same rights as Human Beings.

You can not refuse to be involved in righting a wrong because you think it is solely the responsibility of this race, that race, this tribe, that tribe, full-bloods, mixed bloods... You have to get involved, as Human Beings when you see something is wrong.

If they can do it to him, they can do it to you.

Doesn't matter if you win. What matters is that you carry the light with you as far as you can. A lot of people I see are dropping the light without a fight because they don't think they can win. Gee, what else would you like a written guarantee on in this world?

Your light is as good as any other light. Add them together and you get a powerful force. Stand alone, holding that light if you must, because if you quit, no one will know how to do it. If you stand, hold that light, speak out against the lies and the crimes in your community, someone somewhere will hear you and they will learn how to do it too.

Real Leaders never wanted the job, they just showed up and did the work when no one else would.

And, at the end of the day, you can find peace because you did your part. You didn't wait to see if anyone else was doing their part, you simply did yours, regardless.

Your work will be done. Your spirit will be strong. And in the greater measure of things, you will have made a difference, even if you don't realize it at the time or ever in your lifetime.

Or, make a bargain with the Devil: "What say you give me a month of Free Bingo and I keep quiet about what you did to me and my family?"

In the end it is the choices we make that define who and what we are. It is not who we know,

how much money we had, or how many crimes we got away with that makes us a "good person". It is doing the hard part and often going against our own best interests when it counts, when it really counts, that makes us strong or weak, good or worthless.

As a community, YOUR Community can make the changes. YOU as a collective group or Human Beings can demand and receive better. You can force the case of Eddie's murder, and all the other murders the Turd Clan has committed to be reopened and force a real investigation into the crimes of the past and the ones that go on today.

But you have to want to. You have to not wait until you are sure you will win before you get into the game and play your best. If you are waiting for that magic time when you can see everyone else is already doing it before you begin to do it, then you are getting what you deserve as a coward in this world.

Find your courage and gain the life you are entitled to.

You have already seen they are cowards. You have a voice in this website and trust me, people all over the world are reading this, including people in government and just plain people who are out there, waiting to see what you are going to do to help yourselves. People are cheering for you, you just can't hear it because you are in hiding.

Well, check back later, this weekend. I will probably have more for you.

Meanwhile, do your part.

I'm just the narrator. The story is yours to write!

You know where to find me!

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 9, 2006

**Thumb's Up!
He's a respectable man, except for that one thing..**

Let's see, who has benefited from keeping their mouth shut all these years? Mouth shut about all that blood they helped get rid of? Who gave them a hand in burying a house full of blood?

Gary Thumb knew he was helping them destroy a crime scene. He saw the blood all throughout the house he helped tear down and bury. Celeste Herman's house.

And he knew there had been an awful murder there. And he had heard about Eddie's body being found on the road that morning. He knew also because Celeste could not sobbing about how she only hit him one time with that rock...

But there was good money in it and Gary is a man who likes to make money. I guess it does not matter who pays the price, right Gar?

And you knew they had framed the innocent for the crime. You KNEW it for a fact. But still, the money was coming in, you were getting bids you could have only dreamed of before... you were on your way to being, well, an accessory after the murder, for one thing!

You kept your mouth shut and they kept your pockets stuffed.

People knew, but they also wondered why you never came forward and spoke up. You are not afraid they will kill you too, are you? Or is money the only important thing in this world to you?

I mean, they killed your brother Merle because he knew too much (you told him too much) and still, you kept your mouth shut.

Even today, you glide along that asphalt ribbon of highways, crank up the tunes, try and make that echo in your head go away..

But life has a way of catching up with people who help cover up the crimes of guilty, gutless types like the Turd Clan.

I hear the IRS is all over your ass because you did not declare that money all those years... hmmm? Did you forget you were paid to keep your mouth shut?

Did you forget the look and the smell of all that blood? Some of it still wet and puddled up as you hoisted it off to be buried?

Eddie was murdered and then your brother was murdered, but still you keep silent. Others have been murdered, but the pay is good, so you keep silent.

Time is running out as fast as you can run away. It's catching up to you now. That twinge you keep ignoring, I can tell it is probably your heart, running out of beats.

Have you got it timed "just so"? Can you maybe clear your soul of this ugliness juuust before

you die? Think that will work?

Have you found a Padre who will, for a price, clean up the stains on your spirit? Make your downfell soul upright again?

Did you think at the time: "Hey, I can make a lot of money cleaning up murder scenes"?

Well, Gar, have you made enough money yet? You got the shiny truck you always wanted? All the bells and whistles?

Tell me, when you add it all up over these years, what was the sum total? The price of your soul?

Everyone knows Gary. Everyone. Not just around these parts, but everywhere you go. "That's him! That's Gary Thumb! He helped those killers cover up their crime!"

Was it worth it?

You got nowhere to go now.

They already think you were the one doing the talking all these years.

Maybe they will do you the way they did Merle. Oh yeah, and find some Mexican to blame it on! You still laughin' with 'em? Or is it just not that funny now?

It will probably look like an accident. Poopsie will investigate it personally. That should make us all feel better! (The Poopsie and Bobo Show!)

Maybe something in you wanted to speak up, but there was a dollar bill stuffed in its mouth?

Tell me how you think you are a good man walking on this earth? Better yet, tell what's left of Eddie and Merle's families, tell the guys you personally know, who had their lives ruined by your silence. Maybe one of them wants to hear it. I would just laugh at your sorry ass!

Happy Trucking!

Cat

PS: You might want to go to the authorities and tell them what you know before those "friends" of yours find you floating in the lake, or smeared across the interstate, or in a terrible home accident.

You know they are thinking of how to make sure you stay quiet, right?

You know because you have seen them do it before.

Everyone, when you see ol' Gary on the road, give him the Thumbs Up sign. He'll know what you mean!

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 10, 2006 - Really late at night

Better than an Easter Egg Hunt in July...

Looks like Carl McKay (It's just a drill, disgruntled fired employees, quality control check.. that Carl) and Carl Walking Eagle (Stuffs loads of money in his pockets and walks out without any paperwork) and Mark Lufkin, (too stupid to think of his own crimes, goes along with the others for pay) all had their bank accounts frozen by the Feds. Well, the feds only know about a few of them, they don't know where all the money is hidden. I do.

So, I think we should all grab our shovels and start digging. Make it like a work bee. Where are we going to dig? You ask. And what are we digging for?

Money! Coffee cans full of money all buried in Carl's back yard! Money he will try to claim he earned and saved, but there are still bands on the bills and the numbers are all concentric. There are about 30 cans.

Carl had thought ahead. Juuuust in case this should happen, and all their stupidity caught up with them..

Now, will he dig it up himself and share with the others? Or will he keep it to himself and try to make a break for it?

Which Carl you ask? Hmm... If I tell you it would spoil the fun of watching people sneak into their back yards and dig!

If Barbara only knew what Josie knows. Carl McKay, he was the smart one. He put all his money into places he could reach it: Safe, lockbox and in phony companies.

Carl Walking Eagle, he is the low tech wunderkind of this episode. He is the one that buried

money in his back yard.

Have you noticed him taking an interest in gardening ever since the raid?

Mark, well, just dumber than spit that boy is. He has no clue that Carl Walking Eagle pointed to him to try and save himself. He still thinks they are the three musketeers! He is still trying to "hang tough" for his buds.

Keep on hangin' Mark. Your other two mouse-keteers are ratting you out and watching you twist in the wind. Yeah, like you are the big fish the Feds are after?

Play your cards right Markie Dork and they will throw you back.

How a Community Cannibalizes Itself

I have received a ton of letters from people wanting more discussion in this blog about racism on the rez. We will do more on that as we go along. Let's start here:

Racism is how a community cannibalizes itself. If you had an army and the government you had to deal with all the time wanted you to kill off half your army, you would get mad and not do it, right? It would not make sense to make yourself weaker, right? Strength in numbers!

But when you start diminishing your own numbers by discounting this one and that one as not good enough, not Indian enough, and try to make them feel like they are worth less in this world, and yourself that you are worth more, you are cutting your strength down to almost nothing.

This is why it is so easy to keep Indians down. They face prejudice to a certain degree, in the world outside of the rez boundaries. That behavior on the part of some people in the neighboring communities is shockingly ignorant and just pointlessly mean.

One can expect ignorance from those who don't know any better. It is merely a sign that they are stupid.

So, is it any different when on the rez you actually repeat these same behaviors towards one another?

The term "Half breed" came from the government. Like cattle, Indians were considered a part of the land and resources. All belonging to the government. Half breed refers to animal husbandry when different stock are mixed.

When you call someone a "Half Breed" or a "Mixed Breed" you are demeaning them as less than

human, more like cattle, and disrespecting yourself as someone too ignorant to know better.

People are not half anything. We are Human Beings. That Indians have now taken the hammer that beat them down all these years when it was in the hands of government, and proceed to beat themselves down to nothing is like the opposing army giving you a weapon that you can turn on yourselves and destroy from within.

You may think you gain something by this behavior. You may think you have won a point by this stupidity, but look around you, you are less and less because of it.

Now, I know blood is supposed to play a role in how much money or benefits you get. Full Blood gets the most, 3/4 gets some... that is another way the government gives you the weapon to diminish your numbers, weaken your army, your community, your standing.

Unless you are seriously inbred, you will find almost no full bloods anywhere, truth be known. Blood is mixed in order to keep it strong. It wears out and defects arise from inbreeding.

Different tribes mixed to keep their blood lines strong and grow the strength of their numbers.

Now, you have a woman and her family that are so seriously inbred that the mental defects (of which most of you are not aware run in that family like stagnant water) sitting on the board that judges who is "Indian enough"???

What defect do you all possess that you give her and her family this much authority? You need to get them off that board and put in a proper board.

One with educated people who can do the research on bloodlines for status. And also one that knows that Indian Blood is Precious and that one drop of it in anyone's veins makes them better for having it and makes them Indian!

That will give you way more Indians for your side of the debates, arguments and struggles for a better life. It will involve more people in the things that are important to you that you cannot do alone.

It will make you all stronger. Make rules that make your numbers stronger, not weaker!

In Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake Rez, there are many nations of Indians. Once all powerful and now, confused, distracted, and isolated by racism among their own.

Remember the message that came from the Yuwipi ceremony when when asked: "What will happen?"

"A lot of people going to suffer. Bad things going to happen. It will end when Nations Come Together."

If you think about it, that is the only way it can end. Instead of trying to cause more suffering to your neighbor, work together, as brothers and sisters, neighbors and nations, to make the suffering end.

Become strong in your numbers, strong in your minds.

And stop the racist talk! Chances are you will have mixed blood in your family: Your children's children, nieces and nephews. They are all the future. Are you going to call them Half Breed? Are you going to weaken them? Diminish them? Hurt them and make them feel like they have nowhere to belong? That is your future!

On another note: The children who are the product of incest have no choice about being inbred. Do not take it out on them. Judge them by their actions, not by the misfortune of their family perversion.

We are all on the road to Redemption in this life. We cannot walk it alone. We had better learn to accept one another, find respect for ourselves in how we show respect for others.

We all want help in our struggles and we need one another. The more we focus on what we have in common, the more we can understand and help one another.

We all want things to change. We want tyranny to end. But what we fail to see, all of us until it is pointed out and we "get it" is that for anything to change around us, we must also change things about ourselves.

In fact, the changes in ourselves must be made first. For we are the builders of our reality and our world. We must change us before we can effect change around us.

We cannot expect everyone around us to change and we remain the same. It goes against nature. If all around us changes and we remain unchanged, what have we gained? We gain no ground unless the journey becomes us and we become it.

Anything less is furniture.

Or, we can continue to lose ourselves by disrespecting of all that the Creator gave to us; cannibalizing our communities.

These are all choices. Make the right ones. There is a lot to be gained when we stop isolating

ourselves or treating others as less than human. We can be more human. We can be more!

Start by attending any of the enrollment board meetings. Make sure it is conducted with dignity and respect. If there is a question, err on the side of greater numbers, stronger future.

The government doesn't own you anymore. They never did. So stop acting like they bred you like livestock!

You know where to find me.

Cat

There is an image gallery link in the miscellaneous page.

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 12, 2006

Memories...(Barbara Streisand liltng in the background...*from the corners of my mind...*)

Egads! No one should be allowed to hit those high notes!

I love that Poopsie and the boys are saying "That was a long time ago, people's memories fade..."

Uh, no they don't. They may forget what they wore that day, or what they had for dinner that night, but people don't forget the most horrendous scene to cross their minds, eyes and echo in their ears quite that easily.

Everyone can tell you where they were when they heard that Kennedy was shot.

Same here. Those who heard the beating and saw the beating, those who were told with finger to the lips "Quiet! Don't tell anyone!" and those who saw Poopsie driving around the rez at 4 AM (looking for a place to dump the body?), aimlessly, driving, turning, u-turning and returning to Pisser's house; Those who heard that woman screaming: "Stop hitting him James! You've already killed him!!" and the thud, thud, thud of the baseball bat pounding bone, meat and blood; all of that is not so easily forgotten.

Neither is it forgotten by those who saw and heard them out by the roadside as they were frantically trying to stage a hit and run scene, but too many cars were driving by; coming home from a trip, going to work on the early shift, or those who were nearby hidden in the tall grasses doing what they were not supposed to be doing... they all remember like it was just yesterday.

People's memories fade? Hah! You wish!

Remember how you were given a banquet and a plaque, Poopsie? Remember? It was for your brilliant work in "breaking the case" Did you forget that too?

Only took you 3 years to frame totally innocent young men to take the fall for your murder. Brilliant? Not hardly. Good thing you already had Spencer Hellekson corrupted and that he knew people in high places who could facilitate this little gig of yours using the same boilerplate corruption and threats as have worked in the past on big name cases.

This one involved a nobody-famous or well-known person. Eddie Peltier was nothing to the outside world and just another Indian on the rez. Who would care? And, Richard LaFuenta? He was no one to you or anyone else in this world.

It was supposed to be a cakewalk. And, as the alibis got in the way and you managed to dispose of pesky evidence: (The ID bracelet from Eddie's wrist that was found at the driveway of Celeste's house, bloody and broken, the blood soaked rock left in the walkway, the empty six pack, with bloody fingerprints on it that you stupidly left at the scene by the road.) All that was dutifully collected and brought to you, and you disposed of it all.

Witnesses who heard and saw what went on at Pisser's house were silenced.

Only in Indian Country can a man admitting to being too drunk to drive, be at the scene (staged as it was) claiming to have found a body on the road, and not only was his vehicle never even looked at, but that same drunken man was put in charge of the case--on the spot!

And let us not forget Pete Belgrade. He comes running up to say he heard tires squealing from his property ...about 3.7 miles away! I guess it didn't occur to you to inform Pete that the Plan had changed and that his "ear witness" statement would come back to haunt y'all.

"Ix-Nay on the Ealing-Squay" you tried to tell him, but he was so anxious to be a part of this plot that he stuck to the script for over an hour. Ridiculous as it was!

Nobody was supposed to care. *No one of any importance was involved.* Hah! You never counted that this was, in fact, your biggest mistake? Your mistake that now threatens to bring down all those shiny faces in high places? You go down, they go down and prison doors across the land spring open. Innocent men walk free?

You and Lynn Crooks, Fisher, Hellekson, Belgrade, Semans, the rest of them then and since now have a common nightmare: People remembering, people talking.

That whole corrupt empire that you built on stolen money, dealing drugs and death in your community and across the land, all starting to shift and crumble.

Little weasels like Pete Hager, going apeshit over any mention of his name, his bar, other crimes, murders and that side business he has going.

Silent partners who clean up your mess, like Gary Thumb, now exposed to the raw light of day for what they are, what they have done, and nowhere to run.

You never counted on The Restless Spirit stirring across the land, now did you? Thought God would look the other way, did you? Foolish little fat man!

Now you go and dig up the buried house and people watch you do it? You think they don't know why you are digging? If they had any questions about whether you did this or not, you answered them with a backhoe and a dump truck. Your credibility drove away with the debris.

Memories fade, do they? Maybe for you. One murder sort of blends into the next over the years. How many has it been now? 6? 7? 8? Get them a bit mixed up from time to time, do you?

Memories fade? Ahahoooooo-weeeeYAH! Coyote is laughing at you.

Memories fade? Where were you when you heard the news that Kennedy was shot?

The younger generation, those you have wasted, corrupted and defiled may not know and may never even care about any of this.

But not all youth and young bloods are wasted as you might hope they were. Some are growing up knowing who and what you are. They see and they remember.

If you had stopped killing at the Eddie Peltier murder, you might look squeaky clean to some. There might be a question in their minds. But too many have heard you, your brothers bragging and your Pisser crying in her beer, about the night you murdered Eddie Peltier!

(oh! Sounds like a C & W song!) Hey Bent! Give up your Day Job, you ain't no good at it anyway! You and me, Bent, we can write a song and you can sing it and we can be rich and famous... Ahoooo-WEeeeEEE-Wah!

More to come.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 13, 2006

Oooh! Scary!

This entry brought to us by: (Drum roll, cymball crash, circus music: dut dut dutta dutta dut dut du-ut) Bobo, The Dancing Poodle and his career (slide whistle) going down the toilet! (Flush!)

Getting hot out there is it? You ain't seen nuthin' yet!

I am expecting another "Drill" this month. This one will be at the casino. Word is leaking out that there is enough information on money laundering, illegal poker games (in one of the nicer suites, mind you!) and missing cash... and can you believe it? Someone (gee, I wonder who?) Is ripping off the coins from the slots! Just the dollar slots right now, and the 50¢-ers.

I mean, come on! Take the cash! It is easier to carry and doesn't make that "jingle, jingle" noise when you carry it! Oh well, have to start somewhere, eh?

That nifty 3-step process for laundering money from places as near as home (Blue Building where all the government grants and loans are taken in) and some from as far away as Flo-ree-doo-dah, was not as swift as you had planned, eh Poopsie?

People you team up with, just as corrupt and cowardly as yourself make it almost a race amongst the newly busted to spill what they know and get the best deal!

But, you have been counting on your Ace-in-The-Hole, Bobo, the Dancing Poodle, to keep you one step ahead of the big swirly flush that is coming.

Bobo supposed to tell you when these raids, um, er, "drills" ("quality control"?) are supposed to happen so you can start shredding, right?

Got them loooong range camera's pointed to the highway so you can see when they are coming? Even pointed to the lake? (One if by Land, 2 if by sea.. that sort of thing?) What you really need is cameras pointed straight up to the sky. Yup, helicopters. (thuppa, thuppa, thuppa).

Why did you not think of helicopters?

Okay, here's your heads up: Start shredding now, get all the ghost businesses out of your files, get your partners in crime out of there, close down the Poker Suite, take down all those inappropriate Zoom shots you have in your office and burn them, move your bank accounts out of ING (Feds

have been onto that one for awhile now so maybe just leave them?) and gee, I don't know what you can do about all those missing surveillance tapes, nor about the ones you have hidden that you use to blackmail people with. You are on your own there!

Oh, and lay in supplies! You will need 4 days worth of water, food (better get an extra fridge for that one!) and some fresh porn to keep you company while they are using battering rams, blow torches and C-4 to break down those security doors you have.

Better stock up on minors while you are at it. Might be your last chance to molest anyone.

Oh, to those of you reading this who previously lost a bundle in those private poker parties, upstairs, here's a hint: The lady wearing the brown glasses was reading the marked cards. Sometimes they let a man wear those silly looking things, but they worked good, didn't they?

Okay, I guess that is as close as Poopsie can get to a head start on the upcoming "drill". Hmmm, I forgot to mention those adult diapers. Better stock up on those, too. The heavy duty ones. (Yeah, they are a little bulky, but they do the job for ya, right?)

Well, not like you didn't notice that something was bothering Bobo lately. Now you know what it is!

Hey, do I get paid off like he does? Or did I just give you all this for free?

Next one will cost you, Poopsie. Cost you your freedom!

Other Stuff

Lois Leben has to go. If your stomach doesn't turn by her constant praises of the rapist, Q-Ball, her not allowing or assisting those who require funds for emergencies or their elder's care, but freely giving out large checks to the Turdmother and her clan, then perhaps her asking the Turdmother to open the meetings with a prayer from her ugly lying mouth should put you all into cramps.

When she asks Turdmother to say the prayer, trust me, the Creator would not be offended if you spoke up and said: "Not this time!" and clapped and stomped until Turdmother shut up.

If there is going to be a prayer, have someone offer it that has not spawned murderers, rapists, thieves, embezzlers. Have someone offer it who did not greet her blood covered sons at the door of the Littleghost residence and tell them where to take the body of Eddie Peltier to get it washed up and remove all the evidence off of him. It was her idea to change his clothes, you know.

Decent of her, don't you think? Poopsie and Q-Ball wanted to lay him on the road naked.

Don't let that evil, vile, twisted woman offer any prayer in your presence! Let her pray for herself, after all, not like she cares about anyone else.

And when you find a decent person to offer the prayer at the meetings, pray also that The Truth Come Out.

Your prayers, as you have seen over time now, are working! Now, pray together!

Anyone Know?

Why it was that in the 70's and 80's that Weenie Boy was given the nickname: "Bionic Balls"? Is there a ping pong set somewhere missing something? Are his sons really his? Or did a brother stand in for him?

Until next time..

Cat

PS: In case you missed it: The Fargo Forum ran a powerful editorial on July 11, 2006. If you can, buy the paper and keep that section for history sake!

For those of you who prefer to read it online, you can find it here: [Fargo Forum Editorial](#)

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 14, 2006 - Weekend Edition

Compassion vs. Contempt

Let's face it folks, the time is right to stand up for yourself and make a change. Lois Leben is the perfect example of how wrong things can go if you think that by saying nothing it might get better. Obviously, it only gets worse.

She, like the others, considers herself a "ruler" over the rez and not someone hired to do a job FOR the people. The question becomes: "**To Rule or To Serve?**"

The lack of compassion she has shown for those in need, real need, is something that defies

human understanding. It is matched only by her contempt for those in unfortunate circumstances.

A man's house burns down. She gives him nothing! Turns him away completely! "Go bother someone else!" she snaps.

Elders need money to make ends meet. They are already being robbed by Yanktons and the Tribal Council: Their dialysis money (\$400K) never was put into the account for those in need. Their pension monies are not showing up, some waylaid into funds that only the Yanktons, Turdmother, has access to, other government grants and funding for the elderly are going straight into the pockets of the Yanktons and their cronies. The elderly have to beg for assistance and she sniffs at them, and some, the lucky ones, get \$100 for the month!

This is so NOT Indian! So NOT Human Being!

Yet, she gladly hands out huge checks to Turdmother and her inbreds for the asking. Or, if she wants to have a quiet chat, she just phones her up and tells her she has a check waiting for her!

Yet, people stay silent? What are you afraid of? I hear the wheels turning and can see the obvious direction this thing is rolling. It will, without a doubt, roll over you if you don't put a stop to it. Your turn to be in need will come. More certainly than ever because all opportunities are being denied to those who are outside that tight little inbred circle of evil.

People who are qualified for positions are denied application or access to those jobs. Especially if they are the kind of person that would speak out, not tolerate wrongdoing or corruption.

Those people need to stand up and speak out. Staying silent, hoping they won't perceive you as a threat and maybe, juuuuust maybe they might allow you to have a \$7/hr job for a little while? You think that is worth staying silent?

I ask you now: "What have you got to lose by standing up?"

And I ask you again: "What are you losing by staying back, holding quiet, waiting for someone to come and stand up for you?"

Someone is here. Someone is right there. Someone is reading this now. Someone has always been there. Someone is you!

Have a nice weekend. There is a petition going around. Sign it.

It won't be like the one Poopsie took around that time to get rid of Tino White. (He took it around, and then sold it to Tino so he could keep his job, and then another petition went around one week later and booted his butt out of there... something like that) This is a real petition being

passed around by people who care and who are willing to stand with you. Stand WITH them!

It doesn't matter if you have had the problem with Lois or not. This is about what is fair to the community and what is compassionate for the community.

And do NOT tolerate Turdymom praying at the beginning of any assembly! She does not deserve that honor!

Make your voice heard. Only you can do that.

Or, do nothing and wait for it to be your turn to be ground under the wheels of their greed and corruption. They have already robbed a generation, and they steal now from the next to come!

If you care about yourself, if you care about your family, you must care about the community and do your part to help it heal and get out from under this abuse and tyranny.

You know where to find me.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 15, 2006

How to Steal from the Government

This one, sad to say, is alive and well on just about every rez in North America. I will explain how it works, in general and then tell you how the Tribal Council for the Ft. Totten/Spirit Lake Nation just ripped off another **\$10 MILLION**.

Here's how it works:

The Tribal Council or (Band Council as they are sometimes called) gets some person with qualifications and best intentions who brings to their attention that there is a need. It can be for housing, mental health, infrastructure such as roads, sewers, repairs or upgrading. That sort of thing.

Now, this person does all the work of figuring out and structuring the program or costing the project and they write up what is called a "Grant Proposal" which states the needs, the remedies and the projected costs.

They then have the Council submit this Grant Proposal to the Government. Government verifies the project and grants the monies, which we all assume will be allocated to the purpose stated in the Grant Proposal.

After the funding is allocated, the check is in, so-to-speak, the Tribal Council or Band Council suddenly dismisses or terminates the person who wrote the grant, and on whose qualifications and assurances the money was funded to the project.

The Band Council or Tribal Council can now do whatever they want with the money as there is almost no oversight from the government and no audit from this point forward.

Invoices can be faked because they are never compared or checked out; dummy companies can bill for work that never got done, and the government is none the wiser, and surprisingly, considering the high numbers in dollars that go awry in this scheme, not in the least bit interested in following up!

Audits, if they do happen, which is almost never, are cursory. A third grader could run a criminal enterprise on this kind of oversight and never be caught!

Well, Carl Walking Eagle and Carl McKay were both trying to figure out ways to get more money from the government a few months ago. It was, as Walking Eagle put it to Roger, "getting harder to secure funding for projects", and "It is easier to steal from the BIA than it is from the Federal government."

But they needed money. Money to fund their extravagant life styles, to fund their secret bank accounts and investments, and money, stacks of money, to stash in their bags and pockets without signing for it.

The good times must keep on a rollin', eh boys?

Just like the fake investments that cost the Tribe \$4.6 mil here, 2.4 there, .5 mil there, over the past couple of years, this one, the most recent, is **\$10 MILLION Big Ones**, Boys and Girls! It is starting to add up to a noticeable amount!

(SMC Raid may prove so much corruption that the Tribe will never gain government contracts again! That will cost you all, in addition to the stain of corruption, your jobs or even a chance at a job!)

This one was from the feds and it was supposed to go to Road Repairs. Soon as they got the money, they illegally fired the only qualified person who could fill the contract and who wrote the proposal for them!

They are already handing out the money to QBall, Weenie Boy, Poopsie and the rest of them. Fistfulls of cash!

Lois Leben was point on this. Shelly Lugar was her wingman. So, not even making an attempt to follow any kind of protocol, they dumped the contractor and now he has to fight them, following protocol!

I think what they will try to do is offer him a settlement to silence him. They will then try to say that the scheme was either all his idea or he was part of it all the time, should they get caught. (They always need a fall guy)

I am strongly advising that if this contractor takes a settlement (and really, all the work he has already done, he has not been paid for and won't see a dime any other way), he should take it on the condition that the money comes from Tribal Funds and that the Government Grant that he secured for the Tribal Council be refunded, immediately to the government!

Of course, they still have a million ways, small and large, to rip you off and to steal from the government.

Lois continues to snap at, berate, and just plain yell at the elders who come to her for assistance. Once, even Myra (if you can picture this!) had to step in and shut her up because she was screaming at this poor woman so hard and so loud and for so long!

Imagine your elders having to go and beg for what it takes to just scrape by month after month while those criminals waltz around in new everything, and you even pay for the gas in the tanks of their brand new gas hog vehicles! And their kids' vehicles! You don't have to imagine it. You can see it for yourself.

Make it Stop. Make it Better for All

You gave them power and authority. You and you alone and together, can take it away from them and make them answer for their crimes.

You need to petition her out, petition the Enrollment Board out, and get a whole new Tribal Council in there. One that will open things up, clean things up, and start proceedings against those who have robbed you all these many, too many, years! One that will begin the healing and the helping and the uniting of the Rez and of The Spirit Lake Nations.

That new council can then bring charges against the real criminals, clean up the police dept. and re open the murder cases where the Yanktons and their friends have murdered all those people.

The Spirit Lake Nations are in the very HEART of Turtle Island and when the heart heals, the

body can heal.

This is not just for you, there. This is for Indians everywhere. But it has to start somewhere. It is starting with you.

This blog is read by so many Indian Nations! Arizona, New Mexico, California, New York, Florida... and more! It is also being read by other countries.

People are looking for the light. You are not alone. What you do is so very important that it carries beyond your borders in ways you cannot even dream of.

You were once the most powerful people on the land. You still are, and that is why you must stand up now. Your example will be followed by others.

You know where to find me!

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

July 16, 2006

A Special Kind of Cowardice

You know, for a long time, almost 10 years now, I have kept certain names to myself. There was no one for them to talk to, and I could not see the point in outing them for no reason. They never knew that I knew their names.

I thought to give them the benefit of the doubt, and that when an opportunity came for them to speak up, they would do so, knowing their information could free an innocent man.

Also, that they alone possess key information, witness information and other information that would call for the immediate re-opening of the investigation into not only Eddie's murder, but several others as well.

I would think that these people would think about it and how they would want people who held this information to come forward if it was their loved one, son, daughter, husband, brother or friend serving life for a crime they know he did not commit.

I would think that they would play it over and over in their minds how they would talk to such a person that held that information back and how that would make them feel about those who keep

those darkest of secrets.

Just because I have not mentioned some names here in this blog or on this site does not mean that I don't know who you are and what you know.

And now, I see you are given the chance to speak out and to lift the latch on that door, and you turn your back? You say you fear for your safety? I think not! You know you are more safe now if you speak up than if you hold this secret in and take it to the grave with you.

You are only worth killing if you have the secret. Once you give it up, they dare not harm you! So your safety is not the concern here.

You say it is about employment? About wanting to keep that paycheck coming in? About wanting your family to have good jobs?

Well, there you have it! Richard can do the rest of his life in prison because you don't want to deal with a hardship? Compare your discomfort with his!

And how can you walk around there, looking into the faces of the people your secret kept down, and their families and feel like you are worthy of *my* protection? You prosper from your silence and you think I will abide that for much longer?

Now that you know that I have always known your name and your secret, how do you feel? You had your chance. Your turn came and you turned away. My turn now. I will reveal you to everyone that knows you.

How will you look to your community when I tell them who you are and what you have known for all these years and what you still hold tight to your withered, cowardly spirit? How will they look at you? Your family? Will your comfort be enough?

I only kept your names quiet all this time because I knew you had nowhere to go and no one to tell. I guess I should have told you long ago, I know your names. All of them.

And now I learn that it is not fear that keeps you quiet, it is comfort.

That is about to change.

One by one I will drag you into the light. Keep your secret? Go ahead! You are of no use to me as a coward and I have no reason to protect you and help you keep your comfort at the expense of the Truth and an innocent man's life.

Life has a way of turning on us when we don't do what we know is the right thing to do. Comforts become too costly, or can't be found at any price. We lose that which we cherish most in this world.

Some say this is punishment, but I say it is how we are taught the lessons we try to turn away from. Obstacles such as comforts and such are removed until we cannot turn anywhere but to face the lesson we have been avoiding.

Slowly, ever so exquisitely we are left with only ourselves and the awful truth of what we must face, at long last.

Life does not end like a book, cover closed, lid down, all done. Life has a way of carrying on in our family line and on the otherside of this world, there is another and we pay dearly there for the cowardice here. The suffering we cause carries on, and it is our doing.

I cannot force anyone to talk, but I have no reason to keep cowards in the comfort of anonymity any longer. Names will be coming out. Your community, your family and your friends can look at you and know what I know about you.

For you special cowards, you comfortable cowards, know that is about to change.

Gary Thumb had the chance to speak, long ago. But he chose instead to prosper by his silence. And he was paid well! He got every contract worth having. Now everyone knows about him, and what he did to cover up their murder, and yes he knew it was murder.

Same as you. You know who you are. You knew it before it happened because you heard them plan it and you stayed silent? You allowed Eddie to be murdered, bad enough, and you keep your silence still? You protect those who are the most evil and vile among you and you become by accepting their comfort, you become like they are.

Tell me, my cowardly little wussman, when do you think would be a good time for you to step up and hand the keys that will open the door to Richard's cell to the people who are working so hard to make it happen?

And what do you think you gain, afterall, when your life is tallied up and you see that all you did was protect and cover for the evil in your community? That you allowed the innocent to suffer for your comfort?

You are a most special Coward because you are next in this blog. You know what you have to do now. Your time of being secret is almost over now. It won't matter after I tell everyone who you are, what you knew and when you knew it.

Do you want them to hear it from you? Or shall I tell them all myself.

People want to know who is covering for these scumsuckers in their midst. Think they will be surprised to know it is you?

Think your family will like it?

Enjoy that paycheck. Enjoy your relatives having employment. It is what you traded your soul for, and it is the reason an innocent man remains behind bars.

Tick tock, cowardly little man.

Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

Parade of Marbles

One of the biggest problems I have encountered out there, and it appears to be more common than a head cold in spring, is feuding.

Stupid, stupid feuds! There is a misunderstanding somewhere on down the line and people who should be friends and allies, become sworn enemies!

It is easy to do. That is why so many do it.

Now, for the bad guys to stay in power, they have to make sure there are enough feuds and enough mistrust going on that you all never get together for any reason. And so far, it has worked!

They feed you lies about one another and instead of finding the person that supposedly said this or that awful thing about you or your family and getting it sorted out (chances are they were told that YOU said or did something and they were reacting to that) people just start reacting on one another.

Fights break out, lies are exchanged, insults grow and leave permanent bruises.

Stupidest thing I have ever seen!

You all then expand these misunderstandings into full blown feuds by involving other people. You tell your kids they can't play with those kids because they are part of the family you are

feuding with.

Fine. Then it expands. You don't let them play with those other kids because their families speak to or have not taken your side against the family or person you are feuding with.

It grows. You don't speak to this person or that because they know someone who knows someone who is social with the person you are feuding with.

It spreads like a poison and becomes so sticky no one is left untouched.

Instead of sorting out the differences or agreeing to disagree, the rez becomes more and more separate camps. "You're either for me or you're agin' me," squinty eye, spittin' tobacco kinda thing.

No wonder the Tribal Council and the Yanktons can run over all of you!

You are all so divided by this level of stupidity that you make it possible, even fun!

Y'all even look like you are going to settle your differences and up pops another rumor, started by those you know are unreliable, crooked, just plain evil, but where there is smoke there is fire and you once again start burning your houses down!

"When Nations come together," HAh!

Apparently, a better life for all is not worth it when you measure against your petty differences and misunderstandings. No one wants to be wrong, so no one gives an inch.

Well, it is not about who is wrong and who is right, it is about getting along and being a little more flexible and understanding of one another.

There are people I cannot stand to be around. They are arrogant, stupid and selfish. And for that very reason, I don't go to war with them. They are not worth my fight. I would rather invest my time and energy into doing what helps this world, in whatever way, be a better place to live.

By feuding with someone, or another family, and a feud is where you involve others not directly concerned or affected by whatever issue you have between you, by feuding, you are saying that you are willing to put your life energy into anger. That before you take one step to better yourself in this world, you will continue to argue and beat down the one person or many that don't agree with you.

Wow! That is a lot of anger, boys and girls! I do know that nothing done in anger is done well

and it always carries regret. Essentially, you are filling your lives and the lives of your families with anger and regret.

Personally, I don't know a living soul worth that to me.

When the Bible says to Love your Enemy, you must realize that when you declare yourself as having enemies, you are putting so much of your life into someone else's direction that you are denying yourself anything better. You must love someone a lot to do that!

And by declaring someone your enemy, you declare them your equal.

I don't have any enemies in this world. I have "opposition", and that I can deal with without draining my life force into their undoing. I can allow them to undo themselves while I go about my life and my life's work with guidance, allies and assistance.

You Feuders, you are being played by the Feud Mongers out there who need to keep you all divided.

That you try to grow your camp by involving others in your petty battles and dramas, weakens you all.

When Nations come together? Hah! This is a parade of marbles, going downhill, and there is a sharp turn ahead. You are not ready to grow legs, stand up and do what needs to be done to make your community better and to heal.

My advice to you all: Get over it and grow up. Be an example for your children. If you can't be an example to them of what to become, then at least let them have something to grow out of!

And before you fill my mailbox with your feuds and why you are right and they are wrong, ask yourself this: Given the monumental task at hand of ridding our community of the strangling evil that has been running our lives business for decades, is my conflict with suzy or bobby really that big a deal? Or can I get over it and move on with my life. Some things, especially in other people, we just can't fix. They have to do it themselves. Failing that, we have to accept that some things in others just won't change.

Now, get to work on your own life!

If you let go of your end of the feud connection, the other must also do the same, or fall on their butts. You have better things to spend your energy, time and future on, am I right?

Remember this: No Enemy is worth keeping. Unless, of course, you really, really love them! Why else would you give them so much?

There Are Hard Ways to Learn This Lesson

If we were meant to do everything our self alone in this world and we did not need or require anyone else's involvement, God/Creator would have just made One and not 3 BILLION of us.

We were designed to come together to help one another.

Remember how strong and happy everyone felt when the Basketball team was taking it to STATE? Those players were individuals that learned how to come together as a team, and we all found that inspiring and uplifting. We all had a common joy to share.

That felt good!

But still we did not learn. Still the feuds were refueled and no one was willing to let go of their piece of it.

Then, everyone came together in the most tragic of events, when Mike Meade had been missing. At first, no one really knew he was missing. The community was not told.

But when the word spread, it went like the wind and was on everyone's lips. You all gathered up to do your part, as a team, to find one of your own who needed to be found, brought home.

You did it even knowing that the outcome would be, most likely, what it was.

You came together as a community, despite the indifference of your Tribal Council and the ineptness of your Police Captain, you put it all aside and you found a way to come together to help one another for a common goal. Find Mike.

You then all came together and grieved the loss of his young life. Common joy, common concern, common grief. You were united as a community during that time. It felt different.

Those feelings of Joy, Determination, Grief all shared amongst you all, was a sign that you can and you should, come together.

Failing to learn that, failing to apply that lesson forward into the present and the future, returning once again to the bickering, feuding and isolating yourselves from one another, means that the lessons will continue to be learned the hard way.

When you have had enough search parties, dead children, and shattered dreams, let me know. I think that is when you will be ready, as brothers and sisters, neighbors and nations, to come

together, help one another, and reclaim your destiny in this world as individuals and as a Nation.

Until that time, you are ruled, more by choice than you realize, by rapists, murderers, thieves, embezzlers and molesters.

When you choose to stand up for what is right and true and stop trying to protect yourself by hiding in lies and and fear, and stop distracting yourselves with imbecilic feuds and petty warfare, when you make those conscious choices, that which is evil and has ruled you all these many years, will fall at your feet and beg for mercy.

[Return to Top of Page](#)

[Return to Top of Page](#)

Site Designed and Maintained

by

[Walking Sky](#)

© Walking Sky 1998- 2006 All Rights Reserved