

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#15)

Sept 13 - 22

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. Eventually, I can add more 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.

Another picture has been added to the [Gallery](#)

September 13, 2006

The Politics of Denial

I can see I have my work cut out for me. Got a letter, not quite moron squad caliber, but right on the edge, from a woman who wants me to take it easy on Chubby. You remember Chubby, she drove drunk, killed her baby and being that she has renewed her relationship with the Turdclan, is having no trouble at all thwarting an investigation.

Anywho, this friend of Chubby's tells me that it's not her fault. That she learned it was okay to drink and drive from her alcoholic momma. And she learned it was normal to be beaten by watching her momma get kicked around by whoever.

Okay, if that is the case, then you do need someone like me to say out loud in class, just in case there are more out there who think this is okay; **IT IS NOT OKAY TO DRINK AND DRIVE and further; IT IS NOT OKAY TO DRIVE DRUNK WITH YOUR BABY, YOUNG CHILDREN IN THE CAR.**

She was telling me how Chubby had nothing to do with the Turdclan, until this happened. Well, she sure knew where to run, did she not?

Further, that her grandfather cried when he read in the blog about her driving drunk and killing her baby. Well, shouldn't one of you broke it to him sooner that was how the child died? It is not what is written in this blog that causes heartache. It is the act of senseless drunk or other addiction that yields only pain.

Someone reporting that is not the blame. You would all shoot the messenger?

So many people are outraged that she has gotten off on this. Yet this one writer tells me that Chubby has suffered enough because she was in lockup that night. Whoop-de-do! Wow, let's all give her a pass on this one? This one young lady continues to write that Bentley is pushing for an investigation into this death and that he is doing it because he is "biased" against that family (meaning the Turdclan).

Excuse me? Biased? So, because the Turdclan are serial murderers, rapists, embezzlers and drug dealers, this one woman should be allowed, as a member of that family to NOT be investigated for the crime of driving drunk and killing her baby?

Bentley finally does something "cop-like" and you say it is because he is biased against that family?

She states that Chubby has a hard time showing her emotions but that we tell her to "be strong".

Yeah, and run away from accountability. That is not being strong. That is being a coward. Being "strong" would be facing up to it, owning up to it, and taking the consequences.

I think the rest of you can see the politics of denial hard at work here. Instead of holding her friend accountable for her stupidity and for the death of her child, she would have a pity parade thrown in her honor!

It is a natural instinct to want to protect those we care about, family or friend, from the serious consequences of their mistakes. But we have to stop that. The more we protect people from the consequences of their mistakes, the more they don't learn from those mistakes and the more the message in general is: "There are no consequences" and others follow suit.

If you want to stop the deaths that occur from this, you have to take steps to prevent it. First step, own it. You want to be a friend? You want to be a loyal family member? You stand by them as they go through the process and you be there for them when they take what's coming. You don't help them to get away with it!

The writer also says that my report on Chubby driving drunk was just second hand gossip. No, it was not. Just because you don't like what you hear does not make it gossip. Gossip is the lies that are told to deliberately undermine the character of another person. Horrible facts are not gossip. That child being killed like that was and is a horrible fact.

The writer further adds that Chubby was so drunk she had no idea she had her baby with her. Okay, so that means what? She gets your vote as Mother of the Year? Being "too drunk" to know you have your child in the car is not a Get Out Of Jail Free card!

Silence is Not Respect

One person said that I was being disrespectful of the dead child to mention it in the blog. That I should stay silent on this one out of respect for the dead. Go figure! Allow the dead to go without mention? How does that show respect? Let's all pretend it didn't happen? I don't get it!

If that were my child, my grandchild, my blood, I would want someone somewhere to say it mattered and that what was done was wrong, DEAD WRONG! I would want them to tell everyone! I would not want them to stay silent so no one would know how wrong it was. There is pain, for sure. But I am not the cause of it.

Silence is not respect; It is condoning the event.

You want to show respect for that child? Show that child was worth something? Stand up for that child and demand that the one who caused their death is held accountable. Otherwise, just turn away and do nothing. That is how this never gets better. Saying something is better than saying nothing. Saying it is wrong is better than saying -- nothing.

You have to know that the amount of letters I got on that one, from people outraged that the mother did that and wanting her to be held accountable.

There are people still asking about Mike Meade's death. No investigation there either. So, what have we learned? Nothing! What have our children learned? Nothing!

Enough?

Will it happen again and again and again? Place your chips on Black, you win! Collect your losses from the table and sway under the burden of grief upon grief you carry. Enough?

Let me know when there are enough dead children out there. Let me know when you think it might be time to say something about it. Let's wait until it is someone else's child, not yours, though, 'kay?

The Blanket of Denial

That is a big problem out there. *All over the Country* if you ask me. People don't want to know, don't want to look, don't want to see. They don't want to believe that someone they know and like or are related to could be responsible for the death of a child or person. They don't want to believe it so they shut it out. That, my friends, is how all this continues to get worse.

Those who practice this ongoing evil in your community, murders, rapes, beatings, embezzling, drug dealing, they all want you to crawl under that blanket and look away so they can continue to do these things.

Suffering

Remember that message from the Yuwipi Ceremony? "A lot of bad things are going to happen. A lot of people are gonna suffer." What exactly did you think it was? A comic book? That it would never touch your real life? Never touch the lives of those you care about? Always happen to someone else?

It comes as the natural consequence of the wrongs condoned by denial. It comes as the natural evolution of the lessons not learned.

The Turdclan is evil. It is not possible to consort with them and not get it on you. Those of you who minimize the value of the damage done by your own kith and kin who deal drugs, use drugs, steal, you say I should look away from that because "my job" is to go after the Yanktons.

You are wrong. I go after the wrongs that support them. Your kith and kin take or deal drugs, they are both supporting the Turdclan and vulnerable to them. Something can be held over their heads and yours.

Vote for your friends who sell you the drugs? Get you out of jail? Stay silent so you can have a job you are not qualified to hold? Jobs are payoffs to cronies and relatives. The few good and qualified who try to keep the system afloat, work under the most horrendous conditions.

Eventually, good people leave. More family and cronies take positions. Gee, why is it the community is suffering under the burden of the incompetent and the criminal?

An arrest report gets lost, Poopsie comes up to you and with a wink and a nod, tells you he took care of it, you owe him now. He owns you forever. Not just you, but your family too. For, if they speak out, he will remind them, and remind you, "You owe me". That arrest report, missing video, witness, charges can be found at anytime. You never stop paying now do you? How many years some of you been paying off that one "favor"?

Typical Deals With The Devil

The payments are steeper and steeper. You think you bought your way out with a thank you, but you just begun the bumpy road and it gets darker and more treacherous each step of the way. You need to do this little thing, or that. It gets bigger. The lies you have to tell.. all of it makes you even more guilty, more vulnerable.

I still shake my head when that woman wrote to me, angry that I commented in the blog about her "relative" who was a young man caught in the casino hotel, with drugs, and his baby daughter.

In her misdirected anger, she thought talking about it was the crime. That what he did and had been doing was not a crime! Not even wrong. Don't get mad at me, I am just the messenger on this stuff. If you don't like your relatives being mentioned for their behaviors, maybe they should start behaving better.

It is *their* behavior that hurts you, not this blog. It is *their* behavior that kills the children, not this blog. It is *your* efforts to prevent the consequences that makes the next consequence more tragic. The lessons will be learned, apparently, the hard way. That is how it works.

Those of you who think you can be with the Turdclan, party with them, work with them, take their money and favors, will find you have made a deal with the devil. What comes down on them will come down on you.

The recent writer complained about the time when Poopsie went around shooting at people who had been acquitted in the 90's and that one of her relatives had been shot at by Poopsie. And he was not one of the accused.

Well, well, well, do you see it yet? Why was this never reported? Poopsie felt confident that he could go around and do this to people, terrorize them, hurt them, without consequence. Why? Because he knew that they were all keeping a secret about that night and that they were afraid to tell it because they had kept it so long. He owns those that keep silent. He does this sort of thing to prove it and remind them "I own you!"

He was just going around reminding them all that when they kept silent back then, they had made their deal with the Devil and he could do what he wanted to them and they could do nothing back to him.

Bang Bang - Whose There?

Poopsie didn't just shoot at anyone; he shot at people who knew! He felt free to go after them, or their families. He knew that they would not come forward now because they were cowards and kept their silence before. Whatever "little crime" he held over them back in the day, is still the threat he

dangles over them to this day. Bang Bang! A little reminder, my friend, of who owns you!

It is time that people start asking questions that make sense. Time for those who hold the secrets to start coming forward.

You don't want to talk to me? Fine, go to the contact page and contact the Innocence Project that is working on behalf of Richard LaFuenta, an innocent man, paying the price for the Turdclans' murder, (one of their murders) and for your cowardice. Let me know when you think he has been locked up long enough that it actually bothers you.

Until then, I will go after every supporter of theirs. I will go after everyone that I find that commits crimes from which they, the Turdclan, in any way shape or form, make a nickel off of.

I will continue to go after those who continue this cowardly silence.

And if you had any decency, cared at all about your community, you would spend your time going after them too, and less on trying to get me to shut up about it.

Clean up your home, your life, your children and be stronger, healthier and not ruled by the criminals. Change yourself first and what follows is a change in others around you. That is how communities heal; from the inside.

What Have You Done For Me Lately?

Another question, which struck me as odd, from that same borderline writer, was her asking me what I was doing about the investigation into Eddie Peltier's murder. Like it is my job to clean up the crime in her community? What I have done, and all that is mine to do, is to inform you of the facts; make you aware of the ongoing criminal operations and where you need to step up to make things better. It is not my job to clean up the community. It is EVERYONE's job.

For some reason, and it might be more than just her thinking this way, some people have the idea that they can sit back, make no changes of their own, defend the wrongs, close their eyes to the crimes, and someone else will come in and do the job for them.

From the beginning, the message has been that we have to work together.

If it was easy, I am sure it would have been done long before I came onto the scene.

There is a lot of work to be done. Some of you have started. Support those who are doing the work of cleaning it up.

And, until you find the courage to let go of the awful secrets you have been holding inside all this time, know that I will continue to point out that your children are being killed, your community is sick and your future is getting dimmer.

I am not causing this pain. I am working to bring us all together to end it. It can be done.

Remember, they would not be banning this site from their servers if they were not afraid, terrified of you learning the truth about them, both then and now.

Thanks

I would like to take a moment to thank my good friends out in Pueblo and Broomfield for all their help and assistance. (And they had no idea it was me they were helping!)

Bat Signal Renders Yucky

Oh, have to mention that in the PDF version of the last Blog (#14) the Bat signal rendered into a total pile of crap. If you want to see the real deal, go to the html version. Now I have to find a way to make the Bent Signal PDF Proof!

Upcoming:

Still have to do Turdmother goes to hell, Indian Style.

People want more on racism, more on denial. Remind me to tell you the story about *The Great Flies Mystery*.

I will get to that as time and space permit. Oooh! Sounds almost Star Trekky! Not sure, but I think I heard Shatner's voice over on that one!

Okay, give me a day off. I have family coming in for a visit. Might be a little slow on the blog this week. But will continue to answer all emails.

Until then, you know where to find me!

~Cat

September 18, 2006

Can it

Yes, I was canning again! I know, it takes me away from the blog line for longer than any of us would prefer. But I was frequently checking my "trap line", and got some doozies in which will make for interesting reading as we move along and more sources confirm or set the record straight.

Oh, this is only part of the canning we did. Most of this 80%, was not mine to keep. I traded fish and other stuff! But I think we are set for the winter now. Then again, there are still plums... (Back -- away-- from the canner...)

Can Her

No word on how Tony Morgan is doing at his new assignment, somewhere where they don't investigate cops that date underage females. True, by the time the family found out about it, she was "of age" (barely), but still, any other cop would have been suspended and investigated for his behaviors.

Terry Morgan can still carry a gun and a badge and no investigation into his behaviors. Why? Because he is (Lois Leban's *Correction) Myra Pearson's on! See? Getting into a position of government, power or authority means you can bend all the rules you want! And keep your sons from ever being investigated.

Well, the other son, Brian Pearson, the one who raped those men, and apparently has raped before (I guess he just is not very charming!) continues to be the Tribal Secretary! No investigation! When one of his victims went to file charges against him, all those manly cops just laughed!

Well, when it is their son, maybe it will be different. How will they know? Because that son will kill himself rather than expose himself to the ridicule of those who are supposed to protect them from the deviant behaviors. Can HER!

Can Happen

Yes, one of you big brave "Badgers" will come home to find your pride and joy, darling boy, swinging from the rope you thought was in the shed.

But first, to mask their pain, they will go deeper and deeper into alcohol, drug abuse.

Now, as you are trying to cover up, ignore and deny those behaviors, and you Badgers are in a perfect spot to get such behaviors overlooked, think about it. Or, would you rather have your child dead than exposed as a victim of sexual crimes?

Cowardice has its rewards, my friends. And you will have yours! Those men who came in to file charges were a sign to you that you had better look. You turned away. I pity what comes to you in the season of grief to come!

Go ahead, cry to me. I can't hear you because you did not listen. You missed the opportunity to prevent the greater tragedy, and it will be knocking at your door.

Dispatchers Rule!

Let's hear it for the Tribal Police Dispatchers! They totally Rock! If they know that a complaint has come in, or that cops are going to have to roll on a complaint, they get on their cell phones and warn their family, and friends and by the time the cops get there, all the evidence and the criminals are gone.

They are not the best trained nor best brained cops to start with, but they should be able to figure out who is really making monkeys out of them!

Most places in the real world, any dispatcher that did this would be fired, investigated, charged with multiple felonies.

Not the SLN Tribal Police Dispatchers! They make sure their friends and family are safe and sound! Been going on for years!

Those that don't go along with the program, don't get nor keep the job for long. Very symbiotic in an evil sort of way.

Makes the cops even more impotent (look it up kids) than they were before!

So, as the Tribal Police check in for work, they just leave their balls at the door. Most never have to use them anyways.

Beasley Needs a Name

Not sure what to do with this one. People are calling for Beez to get an Indian Name. How do I figure one out for her? She was the first to show any courage and come forward and say how she had been forced to lie under oath and how The Judge, the Prosecutors and Poopsie himself (with whom she has one or two kids, btw) forced her to lie to make their lies work in court!

She paid the price for coming forward on that one. Poopsie followed through on his threat to burn her and her family out. He burned the house to the ground! They got out, with nothing.

I thought she was brave!

Times change.

Since her sister is one of the latest on a string of finger puppets that Poopsie keeps around for amusement, and since he has so much power on the rez and can give jobs to anyone that is not qualified and fire anyone that is, and worse, he can rig the draws at the casino, Beez has seen the light!

Suddenly, one remarkable evening, as Pete Hager was threatening her and yelling at her, she magically found Poopsie's number on her cell phone and reported it to him. She told people she was talking to Bentley and that Bentley had told her to sue Pete. But it was not Bent she was talking to. It was Poopsie!

A few months later, Beez is the winner of a draw for free Bingo for a Month at the casino! Her Sister, Lisa, drew her name and Poopsie confirmed it! Wow, it doesn't get any better than that!

Now, somehow, Myra has, out of the blue, written a glowing letter of recommendation for Beez so that she could get the job in the Finance Department! With less than a 9th Grade education, no GED, no previous background in anything "financial" (unless you count "Bingo" as an education in numbers) she now has the desk that a more qualified person can not seem to "qualify" for.

Yes, it does look suspicious. But let's not be too hasty here. I am sure there is a good explanation for it!

And while we are waiting, you all can suggest an Indian Name for Beez. By golly, I think she has earned it!

Upcoming:

Derrick Charbonneau; rapist, police ride along, drug dealer, and immune from scrutiny!

How the wrongful accusations and convictions of the 11 men in the community has yielded more pain and anguish!

How families were destroyed and how now, there are weeds you cannot pull from your garden.

Remember: Those who walk among you that were wrongly convicted of the murder committed by those who rule every aspect of your life, is everyday a sign of the choice you have to make: It happened then, it happened again, and it keeps happening. Don't think this is behind you. It is, both in victim and predator form, among you and growing.

Until then, you know where to find me!

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

September 19, 2006

Of Good and Evil

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing." -Edmund Burke (1729-1797)

True then and there; True here and now. Think about that one as you consider yourself a good person, but do nothing. Think about that as you watch someone else do the work and you "hope it turns out okay", but if it doesn't, at least you didn't have a hand in it so no one will come after you...

I look around and only see a few real Indians, and among them, only a few real warriors, and most of them, women!

White Buffalo

There has been another White Buffalo Calf born. This one to the same farm as was the first. This time, it is male. (See **Links Page** for site). Let there be no mistake of what this means on several levels:

1. That the people have been given a second chance to do the work that needs to be done to unite all the peoples of the world -- and this starts with you, your home, your community.
2. That it is high time and now that the men need to stand up and come forward and begin to do the work. That the men need to do their part, and be a good example of how to be a man, a human being, in this world.
3. Again, this White Buffalo, a gift from the Creator was not born to Indian anything. It comes again to the home of a white man. That is because there is so much jealousy among Indians toward one another that if any one of them were to have this blessing, they would misuse it and try to say that they were chosen "above all the others" for this blessing. It means that other tribes would be so jealous, they would try to

discredit those who had it. They would tear apart this gift, this sign from the Creator. The Creator put this gift in the care and keeping of a humble home. Respect that and understand that and be grateful.

Jealousy is Killing The Indians

Instead of being proud of being part of a community where this or that person has accomplished something of renown, Indians are so jealous they try to tear down anyone that tries to rise up from their midst. Especially if that person wants to share their hard work and help others to have more!

No one who goes away to get an education so that they can come back and help the people of their community, gets any support. This is everywhere, and it is killing Indians everywhere.

I have seen people who love their people and who have struggled to overcome issues that are rampant in their own community, alcoholism, drug abuse, gambling, ignorance and mistreatment; come home to put this hard earned knowledge to work to help their community rise above, gain ground, and move forward, and they are looked at with suspicion, treated with ridicule, hostility, and they finally leave.

Even though they are more qualified for positions and can be more helpful in the community with those positions, they are passed over while someone with no qualifications other than being related or obsequious to those in charge, get the jobs, the pay and the benefits. The best are shut out.

Qualified people are run off. Those in charge, keep their positions by threat, intimidation, and worse.

They know how easy it is to get y'all jealous of the ones who have worked to achieve. "Apple Indians" you call them, and often this is just ignorance on your part. Those who fear the healing know they know that they can abuse them and force them to leave and you do nothing!

Real Apple Indians turn their back on their people and use their blood quantum to oppress their own people, using the same tactics that were used by those in power over the Indians all these many generations.

These good people you turn away are gifts you don't feel worthy of. A sign you have more suffering to learn from!

Your community is rotting from this. It is getting more and more unhealthy every day and you do nothing!

And, oddly enough, there are some among you who are jealous of me! I don't know if I should laugh or cry!

"Only Indians supposed to get a message like that!"

One woman told me long time ago as I was beginning this. She was mad at me! Although what I told her took her breath away, and her eyes got wide, she was able to call upon her jealousy to make her feel better for that one (brief) moment. She did not know nor does anyone else, what my blood is. I consider it unimportant to the work that needs to be done here. In the eyes of the Creator, we are all brothers and sisters.

I laughed when she said that. I asked her a question: "How do you know a 'real' Indian didn't get the message and turned their back on it? How do you know a 'real' Indian didn't get the message over and over again, lots of 'real' Indians, and they turn away from the work that lay ahead?" I leaned in as I added: "Maybe I am your last chance to do this. Not good enough for ya? Waitin' for something better? Perhaps with a bloodline closer to your own?"

I could see that the question put her in a quandary. I laughed, smiled and told her not to worry. That tonight in her prayers, she could tell the Creator that a mistake was made when the message was given to me. Perhaps the Creator would let her choose who should get it next time.

She became indignant. "I would NEVER tell the Creator that what was given was a mistake!"

"You already did," I told her.

Was jealousy such a life long habit with her, that if anyone appeared to have something, regardless of how heavy the burden be, that was not given to her, she would resort to ignoring it? Dismissing it? Trying to dis me for having it? Was she willing, or is anyone one now who disses me for doing this willing, to take it from me? Be my guest! (Anyone? Anyone?)

However, this exchange showed me how one of the biggest obstacles to getting people to stop letting people hurt them was in getting them to stop hurting themselves! Jealousy is killing the Indians. It was here before contact, and it has gotten worse as the communities were sickened.

Jealousy, from what I can see, is the most omni present symptom of a sick person, a sick community on both a spiritual and an emotional level, more than any other behavior.

Jealousy prevents us from healing. We can't move on if so much of our energy is being used to hold someone else back or to resent what they have gained for themselves, if it was done in a good way.

Vicious Circle

Anyone that stands up and tries to get the issues addressed is shrugged off. Apathy rides shotgun for

jealousy. "If we listen to him or to her, to this one or that one, they will be the LEADER and they will have something we don't have. People will respect them. Can't let that happen!" Shrug, shuffle, the work never begins and so is never done. Proud of yourselves?

How many times has someone come to the community with a gift that they had worked so hard to be able to bring back to their community, and they been shut out and treated like a threat? Those who have not only the understanding of what drug and alcohol can do to a family, a person, a community; but who have also gotten the degree that would give them additional tools to help people to find their way to healing, and then been run off because of jealousy and fear that a community that heals won't tolerate the abuses of authority? Jealousy easily triggered to prevent that person from being viewed with gratitude or with respect.

Would you rather learn from someone you didn't respect? What are the options you are left with as you cut yourself off from those who could and would, be your allies?

I have seen it everywhere and in every walk of life that the Band Councils, the Tribal Councils, the Rez mentality does not want healing or change or a better way to run business. They want only the power that comes by them being able to keep people down.

Business Management, Political Science, Computer Science, Hospitality Management, and other skills that would benefit the tribe, are being shut out. Imagine having an honest person running things! Honest people who are accountable to the people they serve! The wealth and prosperity would be a side effect to the healing and uplifting.

Think about it: Weenie Boy is illiterate. Yet he decides who gets what jobs on the rez? He is never at his desk, usually out gambling, but he never worries if he will get a paycheck? Then those of you who are on assistance are made to feel like poop on their shoes because they have all the jobs and the money???

Millions of dollars a year go into their pockets. You have no idea because there is not one bit of accountability! MILLIONS!!! The government doesn't care. Well, they are upset with me because the general population is becoming aware of how they shove money into the criminal syndicate that runs your tribe, but in general, they won't help you until you make them accountable.

This is not a get violent, vigilante, kick their ass kind of project. This is a steady healing where you have to change your thinking, and overcome your stupidity and your fears to be able to do this work. And it is your work to do. Overcome jealousy and you take so much of the darkness away!

Overcome your fear by strengthening your faith.

The next person that sits back on their ass and tells me "It ain't easy, y'know" should know this one thing for true: "**I** know." If it were easy, it would not take Indians to do it! And, in case you don't

realize it, doing nothing, gaining more suffering, burying your children, this is the result of you not willing to do the work. This is the result of you trying to take the easy way out. How's that feel?

Do you think that this is easy for anyone that is doing it? Perhaps you should be more supportive of anyone willing to take a leadership role in any part of this. They can't do it without you.

Easy? No. Worth it?

Is it worth it to change things for the better? Is it worth it to risk what pathetic little comforts or securities you have now, to make it better for your children and their children? Or would you rather just kick back and whine and complain that people don't know how much you have suffered?

Cancel the Pity Parade

No one wants to know how much you have suffered. Get that? They won't even be interested in that part of the story until you overcome your own self-pity and stand up and do something to make it better. Then everyone will want to know how you managed to do that. How you managed to overcome so much. But they won't be listening. They just want to get their photo taken next to you so people will think they are important.

Do the work for your children and their children. Nothing else matters. Get it?

How do I know that no one wants to hear about how much you have suffered? Think about it! How much of any sad story do you go searching out about people you don't know? They are no different than you. They don't care about your suffering. They are too wrapped up in their own.

The trick here is to get them interested in what you are doing to *help* yourself, your community. Yes, sad story, but get over it, we have work to do!

Sacred Circle

When we come together to help one another as Brothers and Sisters, Neighbors and Nations, we will be doing the work that the Creator sent each of us to do in this world. We will have found a way to join together and make the Sacred Circle whole again!

We will have earned our healing and prosperity and will be able to see down the road to where our children and their children, as far as the mind can see, are dancing in a Sacred Circle.

It won't be easy then, any more than it is now. But at least by getting out of our own way, we can make it happen.

Mitakuye Oyasin!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

September 20, 2006

Turdmother and the Indian Hereafter

I know, I know, I kept finding more important things to do, but a lot of you want a glimpse into the hereafter that awaits the warty one on her journey after this life is done with her. Oh, before I forget, I am going to put a printable version of each episode at the top of each episode. So, if I forget, remind me! Usually within a day of posting, I should have it "pdf'd"

Our fictional journey begins:

Turdmother has breathed her last gasp of air and exhaled her last curse. For days prior to this, she had been seeing them. At first, she thought it was just a shadow, or her eyes were playing tricks on her. Or, that her mind was going.

But they seemed real, more real every day. They were the darkness in the middle of the day, the rotting smell she thought came with the flowers that Pisster brought to her.

No one else seemed to see them. She would point, her bony finger trembling, but those who were in the room with her, only saw air. "Shut up!" Gawk told her. "Nuthin' there but air!"

Pisster had quit coming around because, even as drunk as she was, as hopped up on meds as she was, she too, could see them. Sometimes as they would lean over Turdmother, get low to her face and hover there, they would suddenly cast a reddish eye in her direction, and smile that smile of the evil dead. Pisster knew they were real. She could see them. It was a "gift".

Slowly, the evil gathered around Turdymom, putting black smoke in her breath, making her choke and cough and wheeze. Telling her not to be afraid, that it would not do any good. Her brother, Richard, the one that raped young Q-ball when he was only 3 years old, was there, hovering, stinking of rot, the rope still around his neck.

Suddenly, a tall, strong man appears and the evil around her shrinks into the shadows once again. Turdmother recognizes that he is a Medicine Man, wearing pure white buckskins. But she does not know who he is. A white smoke floats around him, an eagle dances in the distance, balanced on the updrafts in the sunlight.

She feels relief! "You come to save me?" She asks?

The man says nothing, but drums start to beat and the man produces a rattle that looks like deer hooves and shakes them around her.

"Help me! Save me!" Her voice crackles through the room. Poopsie and Weenie Boy are at the table and they hear her struggling to speak. They wave her down and go back to their card game.

Now the faces of good men and women walk up and peer over the edge of a cloud like window frame. They look, and nod. Each one in turn looks in on her, down on her and nods. She recognizes some of them. Eddie's visage appears briefly, looks and nods, and like the others, turns away and moves on. As each one nods, turns and leaves, Turdmother feels like a tether is being cut somewhere in her being. She grows heavier with each passer by.

"Come back!" She yells at Eddie. "I don't want you to be mad at me! You were already dead!" She yells, but the window starts to grow more distant, her voice falls into hollow echoes. "I wanted them to clean you up so you would not be all dirty!" Her feeble explanation renders no conversation. "I tried to make you look better!" No one in the room hears her. The conversation is in her going mind.

The window begins to recede. Briefly, a woman with a small baby in her arms shows up at the vanishing window. The baby looks at her and nods, and they turn and leave.

The drumming grows louder. "What do they want from me!" She clutches at the Medicine Man's sleeve, but her fingers fall through air at nothing. Another tether, cut, and then another, and another. Heavier, heavier.

"Decency", says a man's voice next to her. The smell of rot and the sight of the rope, the red glowing eyes of those who now surround her, terrify her. "All they wanted from you was decency. You did not give it then, and it is too late now."

The drumming gets harder, she feels her heart rising out of her chest, keeping beat to the drum. "What are they doing?" she asks, "where are they going?" The drum hits a harder slower pace and her chest begins to open up.

"They are watching you go to the place where there is nothing. A total nothing. The window was so each one could identify you as the one who committed crimes and sins against them.

"Who is that Medicine Man?" She asks and realizes how soothing the evil man's voice is that responds to her. "Maybe I can pay him to save me from ..."

"From what?" the evil man asks her. A laugh that can only come from the darkest corners of the

deepest holes, welled up from the direction of the growing darkness that was now beginning to envelope her.

"They are identifying you," said the voice from the darkness. "And they are forgiving you. They don't condone what you did, and you were not brought to justice to answer for your crimes in your life, nor theirs, nor their survivor's lifetime. So they forgive you here, and move on in their light. They leave behind what you are, what you have become, to us."

The last tether cut, Turdmother lets out a rattling cry that is squelched by her own dry windpipe.

The drumming continues, but each beat is slower, harder. Out of Turdmother's bony chest rises an ugly, ugly black mass. Frantically, she turns to stare in the direction of the voice that has been explaining the process to her.

"He is a good man. He is praying away the evil that you created. Sending it away, far, far away, where it will never hurt anyone ever again."

The Eagle screams as it talons the slimy black mass in mid-flight and carries it to the darkest side of the night.

With that, her chest flew open, a searing burning pain like a hot molten metal poured into her being.

She stands now, beside her dead body. The drumming has stopped, and the light has gone. All is blackness except for a window like opening, where she looks through to see her surviving family standing around her, well, 6 of them, anyways, the rest were off getting drunk. Poopsie pulls the sheet up over her face.

"She looked scared, didn't she?" Weenie Boy says to Poopsie. Poopsie shoves her hand clenched into a fist with a finger pointing towards him, under the sheet.

"Nah," he says. "She just finally dead. What's for dinner?".

Before Turdmother can realize how things have gone so wrong, a strong wind begins to swirl around her, like a tornado, tearing at her, cutting and ripping, burning and searing. The blackness swallows her up like a cinder, her being sinks into the ground like a stain, and is gone forever.

And that, my dear friends, is how Turdmother goes into the hereafter. Her evil lives with her now and forever.

Forgive them when they are gone, and let them go where they are meant to go.

For those who are here now, who have offended you, seek no revenge, nothing that would tether you to them in the next world. Forgive them in that it is not up to you what happens to them. Pursue them for the Justice that is in this world, for your sake and for theirs.

Your strength, your goodness, your courage in standing up to them will keep you from being tied to them by your silence, or your anger.

Our little journey into the Indian Hereafter is over for now, but it will come again. Be ready to say that you did your part to make the evil stop when you had the chance, here and now.

Or roll the dice and see what Forever will be like when it is your turn.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

September 21, 2006

Taking a short break

I have tons of stuff to post. Hope to get most of it this weekend, but we will see. When I am not posting, usually it is because so much is coming in from all directions about so many players that I have to sort through it and decide which topics will go now, which later.

Most of what comes across my email is heart wrenching, and some of it is just plain difficult to deal with. I am hearing from so many of you who live there, used to live there, moved away from there who are disgusted with how much rapes, assaults and drug trafficking have increased over the years, unabated and apparently not threatened by anyone wearing a badge.

I know too many good cops to call them cops. I will call them "Badgers". Or, "Badger Clan" because they carry the hardware and the authority, but are worthless. I know, I know, not fair to the wildlife badgers, but until I hear from them or the Sierra Club, your Trivial Pursuit Squad will be called "Badgers" in this blog.

Before I go on my mini break, which is really more of a working weekend, I will leave you with a prime example of how your Badgers ain't worth the paychecks you are shoving in their pockets twice a month:

I heard that a man got seriously beat up. It was never investigated. Someone said that he had raped a 17 year old female that was passed out (drunk) and her brothers caught him and took care of it themselves. No investigation of the rape was necessary.

So, rape and assault are not investigated?

Mike Meade's death has never been investigated.

Chubby is still managing to avoid having her drunken driving, killed the baby episode blocked from investigation.

A man who was raped was laughed at when he tried to file charges, but I understand he has persisted and will pursue criminal charges, with little or no help from the lazy Badgers.

Rape is a joke?

Kalum and his roomie continue to deal drugs openly, but no one seems to "have the balls" to investigate that pair.

Violence towards anyone that complains of the criminal behaviors goes unanswered by the Badgers.

If a call does come in and they decide (after drawing straws) to roll on it, you can be sure the Dispatchers will hop onto their phones and warn their family and friends on their arrival and all will look right proper when the Badgers arrive.

Everyone just shrug your shoulders and act like there is nothing you can do about it. You have Bellanger for Captain, and Bentley as "special agent" whatever that means, and an FBI Poodle who just reports what Poopsie tells him to report.

I could go on and on, but you can see why, from here, it is no surprise that crime, violent crime, murders, and drug trafficking are on the upswing in the Spirit Lake Nation. No one there to stop them. No one there to even act like they care!

So, the question is: Anyone have a clue as to why crime is out of control on the rez? Anyone? Anyone?

For the good people who are trying to make a difference out there, God Bless you!

For the rest of you just waiting for the Fickle Finger of Fate (Laugh-In, 1960's) to point in your direction, rape you, murder your child, put nails in your tires, let me know when you think you might be inclined to get out from under your blanket of denial and take a good look at what is

happening, and maybe, just maybe, you might become involved? You might sign the petition? You might vote?

I know a lot of you out there, drunk at this very minute, whine and complain about how your relatives have been mistreated, some raped, some murdered by the Turdclan, but you don't want to say anything because you like your beer, your bingo, too much. You want people to just be quiet.

I don't feel sorry for you. Only people of courage speak up and speak out. The rest of you just sitting there, telling your sad story for the millionth time, but at the same time trying to prevent anyone from "bringing it up" because you made friends with the killers and now they are your source of alcohol, drugs, you are getting what you deserve.

Cowardice is its own reward.

Those of you fighting what looks like overwhelming odds, trying to turn the tide of denial and apathy into action; keep on! We have a lot of work to do.

We are not beaten until we give up.

And when this battle is won, look around at all those who will want to say: "I was with you all the time, kid!" Forgive them, and move on.

I have a list of investigations on crimes that should have been ongoing out there all these years. I am stunned that so many just want "to put that behind us". Well, you can't put anything behind you if you are sitting on your ass. Get it?

Okay, I am tired, and I am getting cranky. Been a busy two weeks here and I have to pace myself as we get ready for winter up here.

Do keep sending me information, both on crimes and corruption. It is not wasted on me. Some day, despite all the efforts to make this go away, some day, it will have to be investigated and those who did not do their jobs when they were supposed to, will also have to answer to somebody.

My time and energy goes with those who are working to make it better out there.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

[Return to Top of Page](#)

September 22, 2006

Get Yours Today!

Texas Monthly Magazine is out with a huge story on Richard LaFuente's case! Richard is serving time for the murder committed by the Turdclan when they stomped Eddie into hamburger that night we are all so familiar with by now. He is serving his time in Texas. Been over 20 years he is paying for the murders done by those you keep in power. How would you feel?

The article points out the obvious and is worth a read. I understand that a few of you have already read it. You can see that Poopsie is afraid to even hear a question about this, he is that afraid of people seeing him for what he is, a killer and a coward.

Go to your newsstand and order the October issue of Texas Monthly and keep it as a read and re-read on this case.

Too Close to Home

Funny thing out there, y'all want this to come out, but only a few of you have any courage or render any assistance while those of you who are deeply involved, want it all to go away. Go away? Look at how closing your eyes and ears to the truth about that murder and the others has sickened your community!

Some people like to give information and some of it is garbage and I toss that out right away because it is easily spotted as drunken mash. Others have been helpful, some have taken great risks to bring to this blog, to you all, the information you need to know for everyone to be on the same page, have the same information and go from there.

However, I do hear from people who do something really strange: They try to steer this blog away from their family and friends. They try to steer this blog into directions that have nothing to do with anything that went on that night, nor what is going on now because those who murdered Eddie are running the show.

Most of all, they try to steer it away from their families and friends who have committed crimes and continue to commit crimes and some of whom are out of control. They like these people and they have a blind eye and they want to blind everyone's eyes.

That is what I mean by "The Blanket of Denial". There is so much dysfunction out there that no matter how clean you live your life, how good you are to others, you are likely to be related to someone that is doing harm.

You don't feel you can do anything about it. You can't stop them. You see other people ignoring or rationalizing bad behavior committed by their family or friends and it makes you angry. But you don't think that your loved one or friend should pay the consequences because the others don't have to pay for their behaviors.

You become defensive, minimize their behaviors into "harmless bite size nuggets", and fly into a rage if someone (me) points out that they are in fact, behaving criminally! Misplaced anger is a key to the Denial Syndrome. Instead of being angry at the predator or the criminal, you become angry at the messenger who delivers the bad news. That would be me, in most cases.

Example 1: I reported that a man was busted in the casino hotel, with his baby daughter, and drugs. His relatives become mad at ME! They minimize his behaviors as "only a small amount of drugs". Okay, that makes it okay? They don't get angry at him, nor the horrible example his behaviors are to his child, they get mad at me.

The become so defensive of him that the message to him and to the rest of the family is that what he was doing was okay. What I was doing was criminal. Can you see where this level of blindness can only lead to worse behaviors?

Example 2: Chubby, who frequently drives drunk, is usually drunk, and did finally, while driving blind drunk, kill her baby daughter who was in the car with her. Killing a baby like that outraged the community! Yet, I heard from one Chubby supporter that said it was all gossip! Next sentence said that it wasn't Chubby's fault because she had learned how to be drunk from her mama, and how to be beat up from the men in mama's life, and that it was okay to drink and drive (mama) and (here's the killer!) "she was so blind drunk that she didn't even know she had her baby in the car with her!"

The writer then goes on and on about how much Chubby loved her child. Well, not as much as she loved getting drunk! And then the writer blasted me because the Grandfather cried when he read about Chubby killing her baby in my blog! See what I mean about misdirected anger?

This person was a friend of Chubby's and she could not face what Chubby had done so she became defensive and tried to rationalize it to where "it just happened" and it was not Chubby's fault and that she was "a good mother to that baby."

She saved her anger at this event for me. Blasting me for putting it out there. Calling it "gossip" even though she pretty much later in the letter confirmed every bit of it, and added that she was too blind drunk to know she had her baby with her (shudder!).

Example 3: I report that the police are not investigating crimes. That the dispatchers are sending advance warnings to anyone they like if there is a cop rolling in their direction. I report that a cop

knows of drug dealing because he watches it every day and does nothing (although he says he is, but don't hold your breath!) and this same cop, Badger knows about a rape and a beating and does not investigate either!

For some reason, he tries to redirect my information away from a character that is extremely violent. A guy that apparently rides with one of the cops as a narc, pointing out people (the competition, usually) he wants hassled. A lot of people are giving me information on this individual. The same people say they can't trust the badgers because he is friendly with them!

Not sure what being a badger means out there, nor how they can go home at night and feel like they have made a positive difference in the community.

I do know that if any of them was trying to be a real cop, they would be sabotaged from the Chief and from the Law and Order Committee (Run by Poopsie and Carl McKay). I know a lot of them are angry about that.

But that anger is also misdirected at me when I point out how they are not doing their job, and how they are, essentially, a joke, sick joke in their uniforms.

Instead of them getting angry at those who are committing the crimes, rape, assault, drug trafficking, they get mad at me for revealing how impotent they are, and how accustomed they are to being ineffective and a tool of those who are the most corrupt.

"It's all gossip!" this one badger told me. Mad he is because I came too close to one of his friends? Or just mad because he knows he has to park his balls far away from the work he is being paid to do?

I guarantee you, he knows about the rape and the assaults, and that he has not written one report on either!

You Would Not Need Me

For these reasons, the community loses confidence in anything ever changing. They have no one to turn to, essentially, except me, to get their complaints out there. Now, that is sad!

If they had a real police department, one that protected them from the drug dealers, rapists and the murderers, they would not need me.

If they had a real Tribal Council that worked to improve the community, not rob it and misuse it, they would not need me.

If they had a chance at being treated fairly in court, they would not need me.

If the US Government and the Justice Department gave a rat's south end about the criminal activity that is rampant on the rez, rather than continuing to fund and enforce it, they would not need me.

Root Ball

Poison Oak, Poison Ivy are plants we all know to stay away from. You touch them, you get blisters. Bright red colors, like warning flags, tell you there is danger and suffering if you come near. You stay away from it if you can.

But, if you lived in a place that was surrounded by these plants, you could not help but get some on you. You would, eventually, after you see everyone has it on them, think it is the normal way to live!

People on the outside look in and say, "Can't they see what poison they are surrounded by?"

Well, not after so many generations of government enforced abuse. Generation after generation in order to survive, had to learn denial. Surrounded by evil, nowhere to turn for help or respite, in a country that doesn't know them as anything other than the Dime Novel Stereo types, they had nowhere, and still, with government apathy and often participation in the abuse, nowhere to turn.

How does one find comfort under such extreme conditions that go on for generation after generation? Each generation feeling the misdirected anger of the previous and the next for things that happened to them? Denial. There was no place to go before now. Denial was all there was.

And it runs deep. Like the poison Oak plant, only a little is on the surface. The system that keeps it coming back again and again, is under the surface and it is huge! A friend of mine tried to get a patch of poison oak out of her back yard. She kept pulling and it kept coming back. She poisoned, it came back. She burned it, it came back.

Finally, a neighbor brought in a back hoe. They dug and what came up stunned everyone! It was a massive ball more than 16 feet in diameter and with clusters more than 60 feet in all directions! It was connected to every other patch of poison oak in the area!

What seemed like it should be a weekend job, ended up taking two years. And then they know they never got it all. Some trees had to be removed because the roots had become so ensnarled with the poison oak that it could not be surgically removed.

Even today, they know they did not get it all. That neighborhood has to be ever vigilant to keep it in check and keep it from taking over again.

Corruption

Same here. What I thought would be a simple open and shut case of murder and the wrong man convicted turns out to be a systemic sickness that needs to be looked at, uprooted, and cleaned out before anyone can feel safe and the community can begin to heal.

Some of you get mad when I dig in your back yard, tear it up, following the roots of corruption and to where they are spreading. Just because it has not surfaced visibly in your family yet, doesn't mean it won't. It is everywhere out there.

It touches, feeds off someone you know, someone you love. Denying it doesn't help them, but it does feed the poison and encourages it to grow. Telling me that it is only a little plant sprouting in your home, tells me you have no clue as to what this really is! That by the time you do see it, it will have taken over your life.

Overwhelming

The Turdclan has managed to infect everyone over the years and with the help of the US Government, kept you from weeding your own patch to free yourself of this poison. They control the jobs, so you are afraid of losing yours so you stay silent. The rage builds in you, but you stay silent. In a community where there is 70% unemployment, you make a hard choice, but it is one that allows the root system to pass under your home and strike another.

They pull strings to get an arrest stalled. You owe them now. Never going to quit paying the devil on that one. Your next beer, next fix, comes from them. Your parents are afraid of what you will do if you don't get your drugs. They don't want me to look at you. You don't want me to look at them.

Every family out there is connected to at least 50 other people out there, minimum. That gives you way too many behaviors to overlook! And when someone in your family is revealed as having the sickness, alcohol, gambling, drugs, incest, you think that denying it protects them and you! It only grows and gets worse.

Too big for you to battle, you strike out at me because I point it out. There, it is out! Now you can clean it up and heal it! Denial is just a dirty bandage over an unclean wound. It makes it fester, and everyone gets sicker.

You hope it won't surface in your home, so you pretend it is not there. You see where your children and your relatives, your friends and others show signs of this systemic poison. The drugs, the drinking, the assaults, rapes, incest, and it is too much for you to do on your own, and you know, from generations of betrayal, not to trust anyone around you, so you find comfort where you can.

Sometimes that is in your own drinking, bingo, or drugs. Sometimes that is in just praying until you

no longer hear the cries around you. Sometimes that is good enough and sometimes you just go into a rage, because something ugly has popped up in your back yard, your front room and I am coming with a backhoe to pull it out because I know there is much worse below.

You pull the blanket of denial up over your head and scream at me for ruining your life.

I did not come here to ruin your life, nor anyone else's. I came to get the poison out. To go after the system that supports it. And like that neighborhood with the poison oak root ball, it will take a lot of us working together, a lot of time, and someone's yard being dug up or tree being killed, and there is pain in that, but it is our only chance of finding healing.

What you do to get this out of your community now will make it possible for other communities to get it out of their homes.

If you stop, give up, because it is too much work, you have failed in the task that we were all sent here to do. Maybe someone else will pick up your part and do it along with their own, maybe not because it is too much for them to do without your help.

But, if you are not going to help, get out of the way.

And, if you are not helping, then you have no say in how it is being done. As long as you are content to let others do the dirty and dangerous work for you, you have no right to complain that it is not meeting your standards.

If you want this to be done better and cleaner, get in here and help those who are doing the work for you.

Until that time, I continue my work of helping you to help yourselves.

And when the work is done, it is not finished. It will remain up to all of you, generation after generation, to be aware of how this happened, what it did, and how it was stopped, to maintain the vigilance to prevent the corruption and the evil it thrives, back into your lives.

Once you abandon denial, you abandon misdirected anger, and your energy becomes more focused. You can heal and maintain a healthy vigilance only if you do not crawl back under that blanket ever again.

Calling unhappy news or information "gossip" does not change the facts nor the reality. It only shows you seek comfort from the truth. If you had the truth you would share it.

There are some really good people in your community. An oasis of clean living, right thinking, integrity and courage. How they have overcome and survived all this tells me the Creator has not

forgotten Indian People! It can be done. They cannot do this alone. Nor can they stand up for you if you do not stand up for yourself.

All this sickness was brought to you, forced upon you for generations. You have come to this not on your own, nor can you overcome it on your own, individually, without support from a community that is healing together. Somehow, we all have to work to make that possible. That is what scares the Turdclan so badly that Poopsie hides and shivers, afraid of the questions he knows his lies can't cover any longer.

That whole toxic family and their cronies see the backhoe coming. They hear the noise and they are scared. Look at how Weenie Boy can't hold still, and is so twitchy you would think he expects to be arrested every day!

The US Government is fearful that their part in this will be revealed and it is coming. There are people who are in the DOJ now, who are working to undo this mess. They are true idealists and they see and they know. They are being thwarted now, but that will change because the government is nothing if not flexible. They see that this is going to be exposed and they know they have to get in front of it. If not able to redirect it or stop it, they must look like they are leading it! It is their best survival skill, adaptability! The tide is turning, and it is because of public awareness.

You may not like people looking in at your dirty laundry, piled high over your homes and lives. But they are not judging you, they are working to help you by questioning the government that has been so unfair to you all these years.

I am not alone in this, we are not alone in this.

Now, roll up your sleeves, stop feeling sorry for ourselves and let's get this backhoe fired up!

There is an innocent man in jail, the wrongly accused wounded from the corruption walking among you, and your children are dying. This thing won't stop growing until we start working to end it.

Until then, you know where to find me!

~Cat

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