

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#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 NOTE: I reserve the right to NOT respond to whack jobs that waste my time.**

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

December 18, 2006

Indian Pride

Everyone should be proud of who they are in that they live up to a respectable standard in their conduct. "Indian Pride" emblazoned on a sweatshirt, ball cap, or bumper sticker is a joke if the person wearing it doesn't look clean, doesn't pay their bills, and the bumper that it rides on has bad tires, no brakes and smokes up the air like a cartoon cigar.

Indians have a rep for not paying for goods and services. The surrounding communities often won't do business with them except on a cash basis. Vets won't take in rez dogs because they have been stuck, too many times, with an

abandoned animal or for services rendered but never paid for.

Lawyers go unpaid and so they stop returning calls that come from the rez. Delivery services stop delivering unless there is cash at the start of the process.

Dentists would rather send you away screaming in pain than render hundreds of dollars of services that never get paid for.

Business can't afford to try out every Indian to see if they are as bad about paying as the last 30 were. Good people suffer the stigma along with those who really don't give a hoot. Hey, if you were the one doing business, you would shy away from Indians too! Even those that have money, refuse to pay what they owe! Look at your gutless leaders for examples of Indians not paying their bills! We'll discuss some of the highlights or lowlights of those events in a future blog.

You mess up, you bring the whole community down. A lot of good people in the community don't deserve that rep, but they get it from their relatives. Bad credit is contagious in Indian Country.

Yes, I know there are examples of hardass types that screw over Indian People. I can't fix them and neither can you. But you can fix yourself. And that is where the changes begin.

I know times are tough and you can find you are without funds really easily, but listen up: No one outside your community owes you anything. You pay for what you get or you don't get it.

Poor means you don't have what you need. It doesn't mean you trick people into rendering services or giving you goods and not paying for them. If you are not paying, you are saying you are poor.

Poor means you don't go to Bingo, you don't buy beer and smokes and you don't buy dope. Poor means you get off your ass and find a way to work one or more jobs and pay for what you want or need; or you live within the means, however unrealistic the terms are, of what you are given.

Think you deserve more? So do I. Boot out the greedy bastards that have impoverished your community and take back the millions of dollars that they have spent for their own pleasure and prestige.

If you are not willing to take that kind of action to help yourself, you will remain poor. If you are willing to stand up for yourself and hold those in charge accountable, you will overcome poverty and just about anything else that ails you in this world.

It is your choice. But don't expect that people who are struggling to make a decent living for themselves in the surrounding communities owe you their time or efforts, goods or services for nothing. They don't.

Tricking someone out of their time or trade by not paying them, is wrong. And it goes on way too often. It builds up a prejudice in the outlying communities. It is not acceptable. All Indians end up wearing that jacket.

You want to show you have "Indian Pride"? Show some personal pride. Clean up the trash around your house; mow your lawns, wash your vehicles.

Spend money on the upkeep of your life first. Yes, I am talking about that wallet full of "Bingo Money" that never seems to win you enough to pay the lawyer, the dentist, the delivery man, the utilities.

Get your children decent clothes and decent food with the money you have. Bingo and cigarettes are for when you have "extra" money, not as your first priority.

There are people in the community that do have self-respect. They take care of their property; clean their houses; maintain their vehicles and feed their children as best they can. You don't see them at Bingo and they are not wearing "Indian Pride" shirts, caps and pasting bumper stickers onto their cars.

You want Indian Pride? Earn it! Live it!

And while you are at it, stop calling lawyers if you don't have money up front. They have to pay bills too, and for their office, and for their hired help and insurance and fees.

If you do contact a law office, first thing out of your mouth should be: "How much do you charge for a consultation." Second thing should be: "I will bring 'X' amount of cash with me, is that okay?" and then you set up an appointment. You do it that way until they get to know you as a person, not as just another Indian that probably won't pay me.

You want a better life? Stop voting in the bastards that keep you down. Vote in and support those who actually care about the community and will do the work, hard work, of regaining some "Indian Pride".

And stop wearing those stupid shirts and caps! Be it, don't wear it. Indian Pride should not be something that gets beer spilled on it, or that stinks from not being clean.

Indian Pride is walking with your head up; your work completed and you being willing to help your neighbors.

If you want prejudice to go away, you have to do your part. Be an honorable member of society. Pay for what you get and stop acting like a victim. No one owes you anything, got it?

Using that to excuse your lack of responsibility in paying what you owe is only making *all* Indian People look bad.

There are so many Indians that are struggling every day to overcome the bad rap of so many other Indians around them that think they are owed something for free, bring down on everyone.

Tell you what: If you really think you are owed some goods or service and should not have to pay for them, then when you go to get groceries, or get your hair done, or your dog treated or a lawyer because you have a problem; tell the person that answers the phone:

"Hi, I'm an Indian and I don't pay. I won't pay. The world owes me," and then if they provide services or goods to you, they at least will not be expecting money. It is the Honest Indian thing to do, is it not?

Start representing yourself, your community, your people with dignity. And for crying out loud, throw that shirt in the dustbin! The hat, too! They are jokes.

While you are at it, scrape off that bumper sticker and wash that thing. Start finding your dignity. It is something you earn. It is not a \$10 shirt with a slogan you can't live up to written across it.

You do work, you expect to be paid, right? Welcome to the real world!

Geez! Why doesn't anyone take Indians seriously? Go figure!

Show dignity in your walk, your talk and personal cleanliness. Dignity earns respect. You can't bully people into "respect" and fear is NOT respect. Give your kids someone to look up to, and upon whom they can model their own behavior.

When the Black Man stood up in America, he was wearing a suit! He was speaking proper English and he got his point across in a way that could not be denied. Look at the old photos. Look at the protestors and how they were dressed. They were mistreated by the ignorant government around them, but they had dignity and they overcame the oppressive culture that surrounded them.

Look at Rosa Parks Mug Shot. She was arrested for not giving up her seat to a white man on a bus! She is dressed like a dignified woman. She didn't have stupid slogans all over her.

Dignity was in her eyes, in her manner and permeated her whole being. And it showed!

They changed a nation by changing themselves and what they expected of themselves and for themselves.

I am only telling you this because I think we all need to be reminded from time to time, what it takes to make things better for the future. Sometimes, we forget and we have to look at how others have accomplished the same thing in the recent past.

The Future is ours to lift ourselves up to a higher standard, higher quality of life; or to forfeit to increasing prejudice that we build ourselves by forgetting who we are.

You want to be proud of your Indian Blood? Then do something with it! Your ancestors did. Stop riding on their bones to claim their work and accomplishments as yours. Make something of your life and add to the heritage, don't just bleed it off. Do your share of the effort and then you can claim your "Indian Pride".

Once you forget who you are, I guarantee, more of those stupid shirts will show up to remind you. It's a poor substitute for the real thing, but if that is all you have, maybe you should keep the shirt, the ball cap and the bumper sticker.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

December 21, 2006--

Holiday Spirits

Easy to see how the Turdclan and their friends celebrate. They have money to burn, and they stole it from you. There will be gifts, new vehicles, more big screen TVs than you can shake a stick at!

They also get to gather round and celebrate together because those among them that commit crimes are allowed to roam free, no investigation, and absolutely no jail time!

Children can be raped, but the cops will not investigate.

Brian Pearson can rape, drive drunk, abuse and assault whomever he wants and still find himself surrounded by adoring fans. No investigation and he gets to keep the job of taking your money.

Terry Morgan can continue to be a free man with no investigation into his crimes of having sex with underage girls, because his mama, Myra Pearson, is close enough to the Turdclan to share the power.

**This just in: Apparently, Terry Morgan is being rewarded by being brought back, not only as a cop on the rez, but being trained for Bentley's Job. Geez! Bentley's chair isn't even cold yet! But we know that as corrupted as Bent was, they really needed someone a little 'More' on their side. Lock up the little girls, folks, that Badger is a predator!*

Carl Walking Eagle can continue to flaunt his stolen wealth and lavish the most expensive gifts and homes and cars on his mistresses. Barb, his wife, on the other hand, will continue to shop for bargains at the discount houses and Wal-Mart. Too bad she is not a mistress! Nothing but the best for them.

Poor Barb!

Cold Comfort that she can go into the casinos and bars and gamble thousands of dollars a night. A lot of people feel sorry for her! (*Pop!)

But there are other spirits, this holiday season, and they are the Restless kind.

They are the murdered and the families of those murdered who have never been allowed the peace of Justice in this world.

Christmas hits hard at the homes and hearts of families who have lost loved ones to murders and to drugs while those who do this evil and continue to poison the children and the community with their dealings are protected by the Tribal Police whose only job is to make sure no one, but no one ever investigates the crimes of the Turdclan or their closest allies!

Perhaps next year, the community will find a way to banish the Tribal Council and take back their power and hold those accountable for all these crimes? It would make a great stocking stuffer!

Great Wonders Abound

Still, among those who have suffered and lost so much because of these murders and poisonous dealings, are those who would rather not look too closely at how wrong it has been all this time. Their families have become entwined with the snakes and tentacles of those who perpetrate this evil into every life, and who cause all this grief.

They turn a blind eye, even become stupid in their defense of behaviors they don't want to look at. The Truth now threatens them because it is those they love and trust that betray them, daily, and they would rather not know.

Denial is a reflex action on the rez. It is the first refuge sought when the truth comes too close and they see that the poison has infected those that carry their blood.

And millions of dollars continue to go missing every month, into the pockets and backyards, vacations and off-shore accounts of those who perpetrate the evil on the community.

Some want to know, others are afraid of what will be revealed.

Will next year be any different than this year? Yes, but in ways I would rather not witness. More suffering, more loss and more "bad things gonna happen to a lot of people."

But there is hope. Despite the odds and inclination towards denial, the people are waking up, standing up and taking part in their own destiny. Although many people are becoming more fearful, many more are losing their fear and demanding answers, truth, and justice... even if those demands fall on deaf ears, turned away backs, and relentless oppression.

Great Wonders Abound! Whoever would have thought they would see the day when the eagles would start to return? Who would thought they would witness the people standing up and demanding their money, a pittance that it is, be given to them?

The Tide is Turning

And there will be some who are washed away, lost and forgotten because they did not walk the Red Road when they were called. Worse for those who became protectors and enforcers for the Turdclan and turned their backs on the people.

Some of them will not be with us much longer. Time after time, chance after chance, they turned their backs and refused to answer the call. Of no further use to either side now, they are left to the consequences of their own bad choices.

The only chance remaining for one that I know of is redemption. To speak up now and reveal it all now, is the only way there will be peace on the journey ahead.

For it is this way in how it works in this world and the next: You enter the next world on the same road you built in this one. If this life was a crooked path, of denial, hiding and deceiving; of misleading and not rendering help when the call came, then that is the road that must be walked in the next life.

Confusion, lack of help or allies, deception, and suffering. What we suffer in this life is but a moment in our overall existence. Our greater existence is in the hereafter and that foundation is built here and now.

So, as the tide turns, and the evil is more and more revealed, and those who have betrayed the people are left to their own suffering and hereafter, it is time to take a good look at who you are in this world and what you will be in the next.

Those who were cowardly in this life, face even greater fears in the next. Those who had courage, and who stood up and who found their dignity and healed up in this life, will find a much easier road to walk on the other side.

The choice is, always has been, our own.

Buying A Stairway To Heaven?

And no matter how much you confess to a priest, no matter how many Hail Marys, Our Fathers and Acts of Contrition you mumble, you cannot buy your way out of the consequences of the evil your do in this world and to those around you.

Especially not with those pitiful \$5 "gifts" you put in the basket as it comes around at mass! Worse yet, is claiming that you gave 100 x that much!

For even if you had given what you said you did, it would not absolve you of the consequences of your actions.

God is not impressed with you showing up in church when you can't stand the sight of yourself in the consequences of your murderous and criminal lives.

You say you believe in Heaven and Hell? I don't. I believe in the consequences of our actions taking us on a road that leads us to comfort or to horror in the hereafter. I say that Heaven is for the Angels and is the sky above all forever. Hell is the pain and suffering of cowards in this life who expect rewards for feeling sorry for themselves.

It is all just a road. Each road holds just one and each of us must walk our chosen path.

Those who seek comfort in denial in this world, refusing to see what is clearly their responsibility to see, will be as blind on the road in the next world, and suffer for that blindness and be much later in finding peace.

You know who these people are, both the living and the dead. Include in that knowledge, those who are dying from this world, and pray they find redemption and clear their path before they move on.

We all seek redemption in this world. None of us came here in perfection, and none of us leaves without some regret. It is only through redemption that we can find our way in Peace on the Journey.

So, if anyone is looking for a Stairway to Heaven under the Christmas Tree this year, forget it. No one can buy it and no one can buy it for you.

Suicides

Keep in mind, this time of the year, when suicides are at their highest in all communities: That suicide is a crime against life of the highest order. What pain you think you are escaping in this world is only greater in the next.

Suicide does not relieve your suffering, but adds more suffering to the ones you leave behind, and that becomes part of the muck and mire on your road in the hereafter.

To escape the suffering in this world, you must first survive it, and after you have taken a look at your life, look at those in other places where suffering is far more horrific than in your life. Ask yourself if your self-pity is helping you? Or holding you back?

See yourself as a survivor who has come this far in life, despite the odds and the acts against you. Look at the things in yourself that you despise, and reconcile with the knowledge that you can redeem yourself in this world only if you continue until it is your time and the Creator calls you home.

Every life has value, regardless of the crimes committed by you or on you. You would not be here if it was not the Will of the Creator. Who among us can defy the Creator and declare our life or anyone else's life a "mistake"?

Not everything is revealed all at once. For good reason! If we were to see how many obstacles we would have to overcome in this life, we would never begin the first step!

What child, just learning to take their first step, would bother if they knew that ahead were hurdles, mountains to climb, hard falls to take? The path is only revealed as much as we need to see and no further.

It is only when we look back at how far we have come that we can begin to perceive how great and wonderful this

life, even with all the pain and the loss, has been.

It is only then that we can see how grief and joy have tempered our being, given us greater understanding and appreciation. Only then can we see how our mistakes, our missteps, our confusion led us to places that we were able to walk out of only because there was more ahead of us and those who need our insight into these dark places, to help them survive their path also.

Each path holds only one, but like a thread in the fabric, it helps to hold the whole of us together. How each path, each thread continues and helps to build bridges and repair gaps that allow more of us to get further and farther in this life than we would without one another.

To take away your life, regardless of what you have done or what has been done to you, creates a tear in the fabric of every heart you have touched, and a void in every heart that has not had the opportunity to meet you.

The most ragged road of all awaits those who throw down the gift of life and the potential for redemption, by their own hand.

If your thoughts at this time of year are thoughts of making your own exit from this world, you need to think about the kind of world you will be entering and know this one thing: Learning continues. The problems do not go away. They are hard here, but harder there because we arrive as strangers in our own dark territory, and the light to guide us is elusive and obscured.

Whatever it is, work it out here. Find redemption here, no matter what the cost or how great the pain, for it is the only way to find Peace on the Journey.

Now is the time to think ahead of the work to be done. It can be done and no one is alone.

Reach out to those who will reach out to you and do not throw down this gift of life from the Creator. Do not cast yourself into deeper darkness. Do not, above all, underestimate the power of redemption.

Things are busier here this time of year than in years past so it is not likely that I will post every day (as you can see!) I will continue to read and respond to emails and will post if anything urgent comes along, or if there is time in the day!

You know where to find me!

~Cat

New Year's Eve

I am still here, just climbing out of the chaos of the holidays. It has been busy on all fronts, including this project, although much of it behind the scenes and as much as I would love to, can't discuss it -- yet.

I will tell you that things at this time are going in a very positive direction and there is a lot of activity that I did not think I would see happen until many years from now, taking place these past couple of months, more so these past few

weeks.

Let's do the Year End Review, shall we?

Nuts and Dolts

I did hear from one of the above that the reason the cops were called out in a show of force for the Oberon Town Council Meeting around the holidays was because "Bob Stensland sent a threatening letter to them threatening to show up at the meeting and kill them all!"

Yeah, right! Given that such a letter would be immediately handed over to the police (real cops, not Ned Mitzel and his clowns) and Bob Stensland would be thrown into jail, it seems unlikely that would even be the case. I doubt that such a letter ever existed and can assure you that it will never be produced because it can be proved as a fake, most likely perpetrated by the Nuts and Dolts of the Town Council that run around like chickens with their heads cut off, ala Keystone Kops in their attempts to cover up their own crap.

And, worse for them, the fact that the only Stenslands around were Loretta and Paul as the younger ones, including Bob, were more than another State away... and the deputy telling Loretta that it was her and Paul that were the threat (make up your lies before you tell them so you can at least get them straight!), the writer, who lamely attempts to justify this overt act of incompetence, is buying into a line of crap that a 5 year old could see through.

Nope, the Oberon Town Council, who have never even had to be smart in the past because they had Ned Mitzel and his clown squad to protect them from the consequences, are shaking in their crap filled boots because they can't get away with it all much longer.

That whole "calling all cars" fiasco was just a last gasp from the Town Clowns because starting in January, a NEW sheriff will be in town, and things will change drastically for those who have been doing the dark work in the town that circles Uranus.

Time Well Served

It appears that one of the people busted in that "big sweep" a couple of months ago, wherein all these drug dealers were supposedly nabbed, is going to do a 12-year sentence.

You remember that drug bust: They essentially cleared out the small competition to Kalum Turdman's meth empire. Even better, it turns out that this guy is the landlord to Kalum! So, they got the landlord, but missed the biggest player? Still scratching my head over that one.

The good news for Kalum is two-fold: He has fewer competitors now, and business is better than ever, and he no longer has to pay rent. At least not for the next 12 years or so! Not likely that his landlord can come and knock on his door for that amount of time!

What a hoot!

Bet those cops were all standing around with their trophy faces on, congratulating themselves on these major drug busts. Maybe there will be a commendation in it for them and a special night just for them at the Casino?

Oh yeah, job well-done! How they managed to net all the small fry while practically tripping over the whales, is a mystery to me. Wait, let's see who was narking for them.

Ahhh! There ya go! Their best sources of information came from--the Whales themselves! I wonder how much they paid them as "Confidential Informants"???

Anyone see the irony in this? Correction: Anyone in the Justice Dept. see the stupidity in this?

Moving Moments

Well, looks like April St. Pierre, nee Longie, the trusted bookkeeper for the Tribe, then the Casino, now has a most trusted position within the Turdclan Circle of Thieves: She is now running the HUD Dept.

And what was her first order of business? Why, it was to give Beasley a 4-5 Bedroom home! Yes, Beasley is fully embraced by the Turdclan and there is no looking back. She had a home, but wanted to be closer to her kind, the Turdkins. Now it will be easier for her and Poopsie to get together for those "meetings" and she can help Weenie Boy in those awkward moments, and she can even provide alibis for QBall when he goes on his rapes.

What will she do when it is her daughters? Well, seeing how she is completely sold out, I figure, not much.

Gee, I wonder if all the people who were on the list before her had a shot at the new home? I wonder if they all have homes now? Or was this just another case of "friends helping friends" or more like "Tiospaya"?

Well, seeing her reunited with her true family, just warms the cockles of our hearts, and with the Turdboys, it warms other parts.

April now having control over the millions that come into the HUD program, and her expertise in making the books look right, even when they are not, will come in handy in the upcoming months and years.

Church Mice

And the Turdclan, led by Turdmom herself, still march into Mass on Sundays, even though their presence there risks a lightning bolt to the congregation. They still sip the wine and consume the wafer... just to prove they are God-proof, and beyond consequence of the spiritual kind.

But they aren't. Church allows the Good, the Bad and the Ugly, even the mice and rats, to be in the house. It doesn't mean they are clean and it doesn't mean God doesn't know and it doesn't change a whit, what is coming to them all at the end of this life.

An end that is coming, with each passing day, closer and closer to Judgment Day.

The Priest cannot remove the Restless Spirits from Pisser's home, nor from shadowing her every move.

She gets "beer muscles" and stands up in the bar and proclaims "No one can touch the Yanktons because the Yanktons Rule the Rez!", but she knows the end is coming.

And that where she is going, neither her brothers nor her mother, her sister nor her children, can protect her.

She has blood on her hands and like Mac Beth, it won't wash out. Her brothers, and the others who murdered Eddie and the others, they have it on them as well and this life, as we all have seen, is temporary.

It is what we do here that is ongoing in the hereafter. This is why, without redemption, we are doomed to wander in

the terrifying world in-between existences. Doomed to be trapped in the nightmare that never ends and the terror that comes with that grows stronger and stronger as we become weaker and weaker.

There is only one way out, only one chance and that is in this lifetime, to redeem ourselves and find Peace on the Journey.

The more they protect themselves here by lying, murdering, raping, and oppressing, the more they suffer in the eternity to come. Pisser will, no doubt, be trapped in the walls of places she has been and where those who knew her dwell.

Knocking down those walls, destroying those places will not bring her peace; it will only make her soul more lost, more vulnerable.

So, as you watch her and her Turdkins walk so piously into Mass, know that the whole time she is only praying for it to be over with so she can go get drunker.

Mop & Shop

Prayers in that Mass are not strong enough to save her. In fact, there are stronger prayers, more sincere prayers in the Bingo Halls than there are in Churches! So, if she really wants to put herself into the spiritual surroundings, a place where prayers are the strongest, perhaps she should get her sip and snack at the Bingo Hall?

You know it is true! You have all seen and heard them: "C'mon! Please God! B-4!" and "I-28!" "N-44!"

And the donations are way better than in Church! People dump tons of \$\$\$ into the Bingo, and only a pittance for the Church! So, where do you think their priorities are?

Church is used, more and more, as the "clean up" for the week's sins and some advance forgiveness on crimes to come.

But you can't blame the Turdclan for trying. They have tried everything: Stealing Sacred C'anupas, practicing Black Road Medicine, and now they turn to the Catholic Church to protect them from the overwhelming consequences of their crimes.

The Church can only do so much. They can't even seem to admit that the priests that molest the children should be incarcerated. They hide them, transfer them from parish to parish, state to state, country to country. The Catholic Church knows all about sins and how to hide them.

They just have no clue as to how to rid them.

And yes, there are good people who are Catholics and good priests out there, but they are powerless in the system that takes them and their good ways down with them as they strive for power and protection from the sins of their Fathers.

Hmmm. Maybe Mass is the right place for the Turdclan to gather and to pray. Perhaps it is a way of gathering all the evil in one place at one time... give them an opportunity to redeem themselves, and then watch them decline and miss yet another chance.

And then, when the last hour comes, their whimpers and their pleadings mere background to the laughter of the Angels who now watch as they struggle out of their mortal skins and into their eternal tribulations.

They Bring It On Themselves

So too, those who get up close and familiar with them. They, and their loved ones will all pay the spiritual price for supporting the Turdclan. For denying the crimes committed by them and the suffering they have brought to the communities around them, they lock their fate to that of the Turdclan.

So when it comes, and your heart is ripped from your body by grief and horror, and yet you cannot die but must endure even more, know that you made the choice that brought this to your door.

It is the same for those who support the criminal pastimes and behaviors of others. You become a part of the consequences.

I don't care how much you lie to yourself to convince yourself that none of this matters and that your friends and family can do no wrong; the consequences come to you just as they come to them.

What you deny, will be what hurts you the most. Harm to the children cannot be ignored without consequences to the future.

Losing the children can be brought home in many ways to those who would turn a blind eye. Too often, too many times, backs are turned, shoulders shrugged and the opportunity to stand up and do the right thing is left for a "better time".

Events that come, even though it is happening to one family, bring horror to the whole community and traumatize all because the message will not be ignored: The message is this: "The Children Are In Danger. The Children Are Suffering."

Until each and everyone of us finds the courage to stand up, speak up, and clean up our own act, the message will grow louder and louder until it is a screaming that will ring in our ears, until the end of days.

Why Are the Evil Allowed to Keep Power?

Asking that question about the Turdclan is to miss the point. They are what they are and they are responsible for what they do. However, they are allowed to do it because you all so tied up in your own fears and BS that you are unable to come together for the common good and rid yourselves and your community of the blight they bring.

Over and over again, Good People shrug it off and leave it to someone else.

No one wants to risk their comfort.

Even as that comfort is less and less each day, people cling to it like shreds of a worn out security blanket.

Until people find their courage, the symbols of your Cowardice will continue to rule you and demean you as individuals, as a community and as a Nation.

They are allowed because it is up to each of us to find a way to stand up, say it is enough, and move all that is in our being to rid ourselves, our family, our community of this evil.

Free Will, a Gift to Man from God, is a responsibility. No one will fly in with a red cape and save us from ourselves. No one will even listen until we restore our dignity and stand together for the common good.

An Army of Star-Struck Wannabes crumbles under the slightest weight of reality so don't count on them either.

Our Ancestors made us proud of who we are. Now it is time to make them proud of what we have become. We must do the hard work, risk the comfort, even brave the ridicule, to make our stand. We must thrust the Coup Stick into the ground and say: "From this point I will fight until I die to do what is right."

Until we are ready to do that, expect that this coming year will be even more horrendous than the previous years.

The good news that is coming will pass over and around those who do not earn it. The suffering, instead of relenting, will increase. What is in motion right now is good, but it cannot prevail without support and assistance from each and every.

A man sits in prison for a murder he did not commit and you all know it. Yet you do nothing! You allow this injustice to continue and wail with indignity when your comforts and your loved ones are taken away from you.

Understand, it is the same thing and it is here, all this rotting, putrid evil is here, and in your presence, because you allow it.

The Time is Now. "Somebody" is YOU.

Take care and be well in the New Year.

We have so much work to do together and I need you all to be safe so that this work can be done.

The Choices are made everyday. Let's all make the best ones we can, the most right ones we can, this time around.

You know where to find me next year!

~Cat

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