May 13, 2009
Bad Medicine -Spider

Going to revisit some of the history of Black Road Medicine and the Turdclan.
Let's talk about Joe Tiona, that weasely Black Road Medicine Man who was the
one casting spells and doing dances to protect the Turdclan.

He liked to do the Peyote ceremonies. Hey, he liked Peyote, regardless of
ceremony. He was doing a sweat one time and the door was opened to let
Poopsie come in. They whispered a few things, back and forth, and Joe reached
into his bag of charms and pulled out a dried spider and gave it to him. Told him
that the spider would protect him, and help him to be sneaky and to hide so that
no one could see is crimes.

That is why I say, from time to time, "Take two spiders, and call me in the
morning." Joe was paid well for his magic. He was paid very well, but not well
enough as he always wanted more. He wanted something very special.
Something very powerful.

Power Trip

People who seek only power will never have enough power. They will always
want more.

There was a Pipe, and we will talk more about this Pipe at some point, but the
Pipe was a sacred Pipe and it was entrusted to a Priest who was told to only give
it to the True Descendants of it's original carrier. A man who was Red Road, and
a healer, but who in his later years, became completely blind. The Pipe was
tricked from him during a ceremony with government men. There was nothing he
could do. They stole it from him.

The Pipe had the power, they say, to heal anyone that touched it. That
government man touched that Pipe and he was healed, so he wanted to keep it
for himself. But it brought him misery, because he did not understand how it
worked, and he used it improperly. He knew he had to rid himself of it, but it had
to be in a good way, to keep him and his family from being haunted by their
desecration of the sacred.

So, the Government man gave the Pipe to the Monastery and told the Priests to
whom it had to be given, and to no one else. The priest tried to keep his word.
Poopsie showed up at the door and demanded the Pipe be given to him. He
brought papers, forged by Skip Longie, to prove he was the rightful owner of that
Pipe.
The Priest saw through that, and denied him the Pipe, and wrote a letter to support his decision to not allow Poopsie to ever touch that Pipe.

Poopsie then brought his friend, Spencer Helleckson with him, and they threatened the Priest. The Priest saw there was no way out. Either way, Poopsie would have the Pipe. So he handed it over.

The Pipe had a very loooong stem. Poopsie admired and coveted that Pipe. He knew that if Joe Tiona wanted that Pipe, it had to hold Big Medicine, and he decided to keep it for himself.

He tried to hold the Pipe, but it would not stay in his hands. The stem, longer than a man's arm, wiggled like a snake, and it terrified Poopsie and his brother, Weenie Boy. So frightened they were, that they swung the stem around, like a snake, and beat it against a stone, until it broke.

The Pipe was no good now. Poopsie needed to have a new stem made for it. He wanted it to look like the original. It is very hard to make a stem that long. It requires special tools and special skills.

Poopsie contracted with a man to make the stem. He wanted it to look like the original so he could give it to Joe Tiona and Joe would not know the difference. He thought Joe would not be able to tell or know that Poopsie tried to keep Big Medicine for himself.

Weeks went by, and Poopsie kept urging the carver to hurry up and make the stem. There were several attempts made, most of which failed, and he had to start over.

Finally, it was done. Poopsie came to pick up the stem. The man handed it to him, and he admired the work. But when the man told him the price, which was not much, Poopsie became enraged and said he would pay nothing. That if he paid for it, the Pipe would be worthless. He insisted the man give it to him as a gift.

The man said he would not. The two of them wrestled, briefly, over the item, which flew out of their hands and smashed against the wall, and shattered.

Joe Tiona could not get his hands on the Sacred Healing Pipe. He suspected he was being lied to by the Turdlings. Poopsie kept the bowl, hoping someday to have the stem made. Hoping someday to have the power. Not that he wanted to heal anyone, but that he wanted to have the power for himself. To turn the Pipe into a weapon to be used against his enemies.
Joe Tiona, after that, always charged thousands of dollars for spells and ceremonies. He did nothing that was not for money. Poopsie had no choice but to pay, and pay, and pay.

Eventually, they would all trip, stumble, and fall.

**Hunger For Ceremony**

There is a hunger for ceremony. For the connection to the Ancestors, and to The Creator that is experienced in true ceremony, there is a hunger for that.

There are not enough people who are Red Road and do these ceremonies in the Right Way. So people have to wait, travel far distances, and sometimes trust the wrong person, of which there are many, to perform sacred ceremonies.

When it is the wrong person, people get hurt. If people are crooked inside, the power comes through dirty, and everyone touched by it, suffers, and so does their family. Grandfathers do not like it when Ceremony is mocked, or worse, when it is misused. They bide their time. They wait for us to do our part in the healing. If we don't they give us signs that things are out of balance and need to be fixed. The signs get harder and harder to ignore. The messengers can come from anywhere in the world or in dreams.

People who did not know Joe Tiona was Black Road Medicine, and who attended his ceremonies reported different offenses. Tiona molested young men and boys whom he told had to go into the sweat naked. He threatened them if they were ever to talk. Worse, he threatened to do harm to their families if they spoke of what he did.

He did a few ceremonies at Evelyn Young's house. One of them, where she had invited relatives and friends, he did in her front room. The windows all blacked out and covered up, Four Directions flags hung up around his altar. People were desperate to know who murdered Eddie, and desperate for healing, and hungry for ceremony. They just did not know.

Just before the ceremony started he told those assembled that they should hang $100 bills on each of the flags so that the Spirits would know they were sincere. They did.

Then the lights went out, Joe began dancing and singing, and moving about the room. When the lights came back on, the bills were all gone. "The spirits took the money!" He declared. "They are very pleased!"

Well, we all know who took the money. Not like the spirits have a bank account in
the ethers. The Grandfathers only want food, tobacco, water and tea. Money means nothing to them.

The Turdclan heard about the 'robbery' and they knew they were dealing with someone cut from the same cloth as they were. Someone that would abuse power, lie, cheat and steal. And that is how it went, for almost 3 decades, until Joe just dropped dead two days after Turdling Scott dropped dead. A week before Willy dropped dead. Just as the elections were going badly for the Turdclan, and the Innocence Project was opening up the investigation into the trial that sent those innocent men to prison and where one innocent man, to this day waits to be free. Waits for the truth to set him free.

**The First Blow**

The Grandfathers see that the People, Oyate, are waking up, standing up, beginning to do the work we have been meant to do for a very long time.

The Creator, The Grandfathers are not here to do everything for us. They are here to help us to do our part. And they have work to do that is their work, and their work alone to do, and we may not interfere in that.

People who were angry and wanted to commit violence against the Turdclan, learned instead, to channel that energy into coming together to oust the corrupt and replace them with good people. Good people who will work for the community. Good people who, with the support of the community, can create even more healing and repair to a tattered nation.

We saw and we learned that we could, by working together, begin the hard work of cleaning up what part of the mess was ours to clean up. By doing that, we can better and more permanently remove the corruption and make this a better place for the children and the children yet to come, to live and to thrive.

We are learning to stand up against all that is wrong, and dark and evil in our midst and speak out against it. One young girl spoke up. She would not be silent. She spoke and she spoke until she was heard.

Her voice caused Lemon Longie, the oldest of the Turdclan, to go to prison for raping her and her younger sister. Not a very long sentence, as the Justice Department sees Indians as worthless and Indian Girls as whores, but even with all that she managed to be heard, speaking against the evil.

In my eyes, she is going to grow up to be a very powerful woman. A woman who, when she looks back and realizes how much she overcame and what she started, will realize that she is most beautiful in the eyes of The Creator for her
courage. She can then share that courage with her children some day.

She will have struggles along the way and she may stumble and fall. I just hope there are enough of you around to pick her up and acknowledge your appreciation for her courage. Maybe do a little for her of what she has done for the entire community. Hers was the first lance to pierce the wall of silence.

After her, another woman spoke out against her attackers. Again, the Justice Department, for the most part, ignored the more politically well connected accomplices, one of them a judge, but she also managed to have one of her attackers thrown in prison, and the sentence was longer.

**Momentum**

Each step is progress. Just in this past year, there have been so many marks of progress, I have lost count. The momentum is accelerating. Zit Puppet fell out of the ring of protection and is serving time. The elections where all the Incumbents and the Turdclan puppets were defeated.

The Innocence Project getting your help. They still need more so step up and do your part, tell your story, and get it off of you, out of you, and be free of it.

Things you cannot see from there, but which I can see from here: The lies and the liars being exposed. Those who betrayed being revealed.

And now, The Grandfathers, who have waited, held their disgust for as long as they had to, as their ceremonies were mocked, their sacred songs desecrated, the innocent abused... now they do their work. All who are accountable by deed, by lies and by silence, will be struck until none are left except those who tell the truth and set the innocent free. When the innocent are free, the tribe will be free.

As long as we continue to do our part, the Grandfathers will guide us, and do their part.

It has begun.

You know where to find me.

~Cat