

August 29, 2010 Rumors of Dying

It was innocent and well-intended. Someone was asked to attend a prayer for someone who had their cancer return. There is so much cancer on the rez, but no one is looking for the cause. Prayers generally all there is.

But that person misunderstood the request and thought that someone had died. He spread the word, out of kindness and wanting comfort to be extended to the Widow and Family.

But no one had died. It was a prayer to help the healing as the grueling process of treatments were to begin again. Imagine the surprise of those who called the house, only to have the deceased--answer the phone.

It was an honest mistake. It came about, partly because people don't talk to one another enough. Information gets guessed at, left out, or filled in.

Real Information Remains Hidden

The corrupt like it that way. No one knows for sure what is happening or whom to hold responsible for crimes committed.

Eddie would be 51 now. But he was murdered when he was only 24. Word spread quickly about a dead body, male, but beaten beyond recognition. Beaten so badly, his own father could not recognize him. Wearing Quentin Yankton's clothes, which were way too big for him. Funny, for some reason, possibly that he murdered Eddie, but Popsie knew who the dead body was, even though the identity could not be confirmed except through fingerprints, two days later.

So, Popsie, what did you do with Eddie's Wallet and ID? Keep it as a trophy? Remember how you mutilated the genitals, kept them as a trophy of your murdering Gilbert Fassett? And then you acted like the cop investigating the crime when, days later, the body was reported---to you?

How do you not break up laughing? You investigated your own murders! I know you like trophies. So, do you still have Eddie's Wallet? His Driver's License? Little mementos like that? I know you wanted to sexually mutilate him too, but that did not fit in with your planned "Hit and Run" scenario, so you couldn't do it.

Well, your Hit and Run Scenario didn't fly either, so *Snap!, you coulda had a mutilation! Oh the aggravation!

And now, twenty-seven years down the road, you are a pathetic, whimpering, paranoid bully who has to wear diapers. Too weak to even protect your own family from your own murdering brother, you allowed Q-Ball to murder Pissler's favorite son, and then he murdered your Brother Scott, and what did you do? Nothing. You started a fight at the funeral home, but not much else.

You have no balls. Except for Gilbert Fassett's, in a jar, as a trophy, on your desk. Better put it away now. Someone might be looking. Someone might remember. Someone might not be your friend when you can do nothing for them.

Poor, poor, pathetic Poopsie. Still tries to act tough, but cries out in the night like a 14 yr old girl, because some cold hand pushed against his chest.

Keeping secrets that are not secrets poisons the family. The toxic family poisons the community.

A community that begins to talk and to heal... terrifies the corrupt. They need the darkness of fear and ignorance to keep them safe, just a little longer.

Things Are Looking Brighter

I hear that now Wayne is gone for good and the Schools are already showing the effects of his absence. Teachers are more enthusiastic, students are more engaged. Walking down the hallways, one can feel the difference. A change for the better. A chance for the future.

I encourage all the members of the School Board to walk up and down those halls, talk to those kids and to those teachers, and see for themselves, what is happening, what needs to be done and then get it done.

Who knows? Maybe one of those kids will graduate and go on to learn investigative skills, and be the one to come back and open up the case of Eddie Peltier's murder. Maybe, if any of the killers are still alive, they can be brought to Justice. Maybe, if any of the co-conspirators and the accessories before and after the fact are still alive, they can be brought to Justice. Maybe.

Maybe more students will learn that they have value, and they can do amazing things, and come back to teach other students in the ways of government, politics, writing, arts, music, history and all the things that open up the whole world.

Maybe there will be fewer suicides.

Maybe there will be more qualified doctors and nurses. Maybe there will be prosperity instead of this grinding politically supported poverty.

The hope for the Tribe is sitting in those classrooms. Stop in, see how it is going.

We know the Tribal Council has no spine. They will not reopen this case, even though they could. They are afraid of a fat man in a diaper, a man who cannot read a word, and a man who murders his own relatives.

Perhaps a little more education and even they could see that those bullies they are so afraid of, are really more afraid of them.

Wow, what if the attorney for the man falsely accused and convicted of Gilbert

Fassett's murder, is reading this blog?

The possibilities are endless.

But so is the suffering if everyone does not do their part.

Crabs In A Bucket

You don't have to put a lid on a crab bucket. They can't escape. Every time one reaches to get out, the others pull it down.

So it is on the rez: Reservations all over North America are run without visible lids to keep them down. They rely on the corrupt taking everything, and the rest being like crabs in a bucket, pulling each other down.

Talk to each other. Help each other out. Let go of old, stupid feuds and help one another in times of need. I know it is happening out there. I hear about it. Everyone feels better and stronger, and it can spread to where, everyone is not afraid to look at the Truth--- and deal with it.

Until then, we have rumors, sometimes true, sometimes not. Sometimes deliberate, sometimes accidental. We need communication, we need education, and we need courage. We can only find that if we first look into ourselves and then at our effect on the world around us.

There is so much more we can do when we work together, than when we pull each other down. We are so much stronger collectively than we are when we are divided by jealousy, suspicion, lies and mistrust.

Once we start coming together, nothing can make us turn back to what we were when we were like crabs in a bucket, pulling each other down, so no one could get ahead. The corrupt count on us remaining 'crabs in a bucket'. They fear us losing fear, jealousy, feuds. They fear us coming together to talk, and learn the truth, about anything.

Try helping someone up rather than putting them down or being happy they can't get ahead of you. You never know. That someone may, or someone else may, give you a helping hand when you need it. Then all the crabs will be out of the bucket!

Meanwhile, take a walk down the halls of the schools, see how it is going so far. See if maybe you can't help it go further. Afterall, that is the *Future*.

Once we start, we can't stop and the momentum carries us far away from these dark times. Think of it as Planning The Great Escape.

You know where to find me.

~Cat