

February 26, 2010

Waiting Game

Yes, still waiting for someone, preferably at the Tribal Council level, but anyone official will do, to give me an official response to the commotion going on over the Wind Farm Project. I have received a very good response, and I would want that to be true, but I am not going to pass it on unless it is vouched for, officially. Otherwise, someone is just telling me a great story because they know I want to believe it.

Again, none of this would happen if there was someplace that the Tribal Members could go to that was a clearing house for the information they need in order to decide for themselves, issues that are relevant to their community and to their lives.

I know, the TC is presently in Las Vegas. I still say that is tacky. I still say they need to disclose ALL their expense reports and how every dime of Tribal money is spent on these excursions. Y'all may feel like Big Boys and Girls, but you are forgetting that you are answerable to your Members--all of them.

If there was a Bachelor &/or Bachelorette party held on this excursion, whomever okayed that needs to explain themselves, publicly, and apologize. I say "IF" because, unless all the expenses are presented for everyone to see, no one really knows what goes on, and to where the money goes.

Given the many decades that the Tribal Council has treated Tribal Funds like their own private piggy bank, that broken trust is not yet rebuilt. It takes real work.

Speaking of Piggy's Bank

Again, I repeat: Suicides don't just happen. The system has to fail, repeatedly, for it to be possible. Presently, anyone on the rez that is having serious mental or emotional issues, have no place to go. Piggy Cavanaugh, who has no qualifications, and who has, for her own benefit, breached the confidentiality of clients--repeatedly, and sabotaged those who were qualified by breaking into their files and exposing their clients to risk-- is clearly the worst part of the broken road out there.

No one has anywhere to go where they can feel safe and find healing. Everyone pays the price for her working in a position for which she is not only NOT qualified, but which she uses to gain information against the most vulnerable out there.

Until she is gone, you can lay every suicide at her door.

Dead Man Bingo Continues

Email 3: Finally!!! I think this is the way it goes Becky and April are half

sisters. Mark was a half brother too along with Erich, Cory, & Pete and probably several more. Anyhow hope this clears some of the confusion.

Email 4: IN RESPONSE TO ONE OF THE E-MAILS REGARDING MR. LONGIE. YES, APRIL WAS AT HER BROTHERS APT. AND NO, . APRIL WAS NOT "THROWN IN JAIL" BY THE POLICE THAT RESPONDED TO HIS HOME.

There were various "He was terrified of Needles...only took pills" and "He was known to use needles after he ground up the pills..."

So, I think we know to whom he was related and how. I think we can figure out that April was not "Thrown in Jail," ... And again, everyone I have heard from that knew him, liked him.

Drugs are killing people out there. Pills are not safe. People who are addicted need help. REAL HELP.

They need to be able to access help, professional help, and not feel like every detail they disclose in confidence will be used against them by Piggy Cavanaugh and her family.

Addiction is hard enough to heal from when all the best people and treatments are in place. Addicts have a hard time dealing with life to begin with, and it's worse as their addictions escalate. Not having anywhere to go, to not have any safe place to go to begin to heal, narrows the options until there are no options... suicide and death by OD are happening all too frequently out there.

Send Mark Longie's demise right to Piggy's door also. She's taking the money, while those who could, if they had the right people and services in place, heal; are taking their lives.

Piggy's handiwork is obvious out there. She's driving the tribal cars all over the place, running personal errands, and taking your money, while your graveyard is filling up, with people you used to love. It's filling up with people who needed help, and got tribal politics instead.

Pillsbury Doughgirl

Too many emails have been coming in over the years for me to ignore this one. Especially since Lisa Greywater was last time, a candidate for Tribal Council.

Lisa runs the Smoke Shop at the Casino. She's the one with the knee pads and is a frequent flier in Poopsie's Private Office. Well, sometimes he has other people there, but in general, she earns her keep and gets new knee pads as these wear out.

No, her runny, red nose is not from 'allergies'. She is becoming more and more

obvious in her addiction to pills. She has never been drug tested. Poopsie puts in the names of those who will be randomly tested and her name is never entered, so it is never drawn.

Yeah, so, she can keep her job. Here's how her pill addiction works:

Keep in mind, these are pain pills. I guess her knees are giving her problems?

She is selling and pawning anything of value to buy pills. She is also making deals with sellers to front her pills and have them go to the smoke and gift store and get things that she charges to her account. She is the manager of the store in the Casino.

Her boyfriend Merle Ironhawk (long time live-in lover) pays for a lot of her pills, hundreds of dollars worth at a time.

I wonder why she is not getting drug tested? She is not on prescribed pain medication yet her system is full of these medications. She is always sniffing and rubbing her nose from crushing and sniffing those pain pills, she looks awful with snot running down when she is not sniffing. Her so called good friend who's initials are SC tells all about her and all of her problems.

So, her addictions are going ignored, and the system she uses to score her pills and pay for them is actually ripping off the casino, which is, again, money out of your pockets. Well, not really. Not like Poopsie shares any of the revenues from the Casino with the Tribe. That is HIS Piggy Bank!

And Lisa is his pet.

Her telling all her problems to S. C. might just be as close as she can come to reaching out for help in dealing with her addictions. It won't do any good. There is nowhere for her to go. Who is she going to seek help from? Piggy and her family? Where can she go?

So, she is going to get away with this, until it is her turn in the box. Until it's her turn to be buried.

Until then, she pawns her stuff, her kids stuff, and makes excuses for things that are missing. She plays that game of putting things on her account, which she never pays off, and her nose is constantly draining.

Pills, Pills, Pills. Pawn, steal, pretend. The game will end the way it always ends. It doesn't matter if you are liked or not. It doesn't matter if Poopsie prevents you from getting tested, losing your job. You have nowhere to go.

Yeah, she wants to run for office again. Poopsie has promised to back her again. She is so easy to control. Want to see her ears perk up? Shake a bottle of pills in

your pocket when you walk by her. She'll follow you anywhere! Until she can't anymore.

When that time comes, I am sure, we can play Deadgirl Bingo.

Then again, this blog will probably scare her so bad, she gets help. Let me guess: She'll go to Piggy's Palace?

You know where to find me.

~Cat