

Restless Spirit: The Murder of Eddie Peltier

A True Story By Cat West

The Blog

(#16)

September 23 - September 29, 2006

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.

Texas Monthly Magazine has done a feature on this case. Read the October Issue, available at newsstands now. OR, go to the online version. Michael Hall went to the rez and saw for himself.

September 23, 2006

Let's Review, Shall We?

Yes, the previous blog did get HUGE! 30 pages worth of printing so sorry about killing all those trees.

What have we learned recently?

Well, the police don't investigate rape or assault, especially if the guy(s) who beat up a guy say it was because of a rape of their sister. That rape doesn't get investigated either. So, everyone listens for a minute or so, nods their bobble heads, say "dat's cool" and everyone goes on making the law up as they go along.

If a cop even attempts to make a report, say on a drug dealer he observes daily, dealing, he never manages to get that report written.

No matter, if he did, it would just be round filed.

And people are upset about the baby being killed, but the Turdclan is still thwarting the investigation into that one. So, if there is a cop like activity going on at the BIA Shop (where the badgers dwell), it too, will go nowhere.

Millions of dollars, tax dollars, go unaccounted for and so far, the government is not interested enough to even look for it. That might change as integrity becomes an electable trait to possess!

Turdmother won't be able to enjoy the drama of her own deathbed, Catholic or Indian Style because we all know how that is going to go!

Girl fights are NOT attractive and don't win you back your boyfriend nor your best friend that stole him. *(Really, Ladies, if your best friend takes your man from you, she did you a favor. She showed you that neither one of them was worth keeping, much less losing your teeth over).*

We have learned that Denial is still the prevalent theme on the rez and we are starting to see how it works and how to get out of it. Deception does not work as well unless the person you are deceiving is willing to deceive themselves by hiding in denial.

We have learned that like poison oak, denial and corruption run deep underground, and after decades of being unseen or ignored, it can take over in a real scary way. Anyone that tries to root it out has a real battle on their hands --- but it is worth it! It can't be done alone, but it can be done.

We also learned that Poopsie was anxious to get his hands on a video of Pete Hager accusing him of murdering Eddie Peltier, in a public meeting, at full volume, with a reporter from another town sitting in (just for fun!).

We learned that Beasley got a job in the Finance Dept. thanks to a glowing letter of recommendation that came from Myra (mother of Brian the rapist). A job which those with more education and qualifications could not touch!

We have learned that the community remains outraged at Chubby killing her baby and the investigation into that being headed for the round file because her Turdclan blood makes all crimes committed by them, "disappear". Especially the killings.

What's New?

(Oh Pete Hager is going to hate this one!) Poopsie has his hands on that video now! Too funny! You were trying to say that you did not say all those things? But now he can see and hear for himself, that you did!

Don't worry, he knows you can bring him down, so I guess the joke's on him, right? He has the video and if he had a case that would not land him in prison, and his family in prison for the rest of their lives, he would take you to court and sue you for defamation of character! A-woooo-Yahhh! The Coyote got you both on that one!

Beez doesn't seem to be at her desk in the Finance Dept. Maybe they gave the job to someone else? I heard she had a broken arm. How did that happen I wonder? Not the old man, because he has been on the road, probably doesn't even know about the arm or the recent employment/unemployment events.

Not to worry, I hear she is going to be a professional Bingo Player at the Casino. Maybe make all her money on those fixed drawings they have every week. Better than working, right?

Way to go, Beezer! You are my hero fo sho!

The Miracle I Knew Would Come!

Karen, Pete's squeeze, the one that claimed to be dying of cancer recently, seems to have had a miraculous recovery after the fundraiser held for her at the Oh Oh Bar! Yes!! It's a miracle!!! Ha-lay-Loooo! Not a trace of the cancer anywhere!

So, all of you who heard the announcement at the high school about the cancer, your prayers have been answered!

Of course, this is not the first time she has had cancer, fund raisers, and miraculous recoveries, nor will it be the last.

But hey, money well spent, I say!

(Score one for me. I predicted the fundraiser and the miracle and I was right!)

Pick a Side

The Mayor of Oberon and the Missus are frequent flyers at the Spirit Lake Casino. Always have been. Would not think that on his miniscule small-town salary he and she could gamble the way they do, but they do whack-a-do-do. Must be making a lot of money from something else, eh?

Well, Poopsie likes them a lot. Always has.

So has Pete Hager. I mean, Pete thought they were HIS best friends all this time! I have no idea what made him think that, but now his feelings are really hurt because he thinks they are the ones that gave the video to Poopsie. They were not the ones. Okay? They just go, gamble, eat, drink and be talky with the people you used to be partners in crime with.

So, Pete, what was it that drove you over the edge? Made you say those things about Poopsie and the rest of them murdering Eddie in Pisster's house? They gave you less than your fair share of the proceeds?

I dunno. Hate to see such beautiful friendships come to such a bad end. Hope a girl fight doesn't break out over this break up.

Not sure whose side they are on, Petesky, but rest assured, it's not yours!

Tendrils

Well, those of you who have been telling me for the past two years or so that you were going to tell me what you knew, saw, heard that night, but have never delivered, take a good look in the mirror as you justify your silence, broken words, and excuses. Now, look behind you. Do you see a sprout of poison oak wrapping itself around you? It thrives on your cowardice and your shame.

Don't cry when I come after you. I am here to free an innocent man, and to expose the criminal activities that are ongoing to this date. Your part in this, your silence, will eventually paralyze you and I cannot help you after that. I can only uproot what is left of you and put it on the burn pile. The community wants to heal now, and you cannot stop it.

Root Ball

I know where the root ball is, where it has been and to where it goes.

I have come to know that whole criminal network like a road map. Tell your friends in Florida, Montana and Nebraska, that I really am only guessing. Shall I say more?

Okay, everyone, see you Tuesday Night at Bingo at the Oh Oh Bar! I think I can get a reserved seat!

Hey, miracles, so it would seem, do happen, right?

You know where to find me!

~Cat

September 25, 2006

Balls

I am hearing from those of you who like and understand the "Root Ball" analogy for what I am doing here.

You totally get it, that this problem started a long time ago, and that silence, denial and apathy are the ground cover that has not only kept this evil from being a social topic, a political topic, but that has also allowed it to grow. Grow to the point that it touches, directly or indirectly, everyone out there. That continuing down the path of denial, trying to ignore it, is no longer an option.

What I hope others to see, those many, many readers from outside of the Spirit Lake rez, other rezes, people in towns, cities, countryside, what I want all of them to see, is that this same Root Ball has reached in and touched their lives, directly, or indirectly, as well.

This level of corruption, Government funded and enforced corruption, has a detrimental effect on all our lives, whether we know it or not.

"Where did all those drugs come from?"

"How do corrupt politicians stay in power?"

"Why is there so much crime and why is it getting worse?"

Those would be good questions for people throughout Turtle Island/North America, to start asking.

And before your brains shut down with the next flurry of mindless commercials and tech toys dazzle you into bankruptcy, and you want to shrug it off as too big to be dealt with; I want you to think of where and how you can deal with it.

Bite Size

Instead of looking at the Tsunami of crime, corruption and lack of response from those who are supposed to be serving the public, and feeling like nothing being ground up by something so big you can't put a face to it; instead of giving up without a fight, look at where all change begins: *within*.

Change what you can and whom you can. Change you. Change your attitude. Stop going along with the prevailing breezes about this person, that person, this religion, that race. Think for yourself with your own mind. That mind was a gift from God, along with the heartbeat that we all need to sustain our grip on this earth. Use the mind!

Examine what prejudices you have and how you got them. Rethink and retool the brain and the mind and the logic, using common sense.

Now, once the mind is open, the heartbeat is stronger and we can come together to stand up and say what we know is true. And we can learn about more true things as we go along because we will not backslide into that mindless chant that "Nothing I can do, so forget it." We can come together. We were designed to come together.

None of us can do it all. Hey, even Jesus Christ, son of God could not do it all on his own. That is how big the battle is. You, me, all of us, we each and every have to do our part to make it change. We must start within. We must rebuild in earnest.

It is not for us we do this, but for the children and their children. If we fail, if we allow ourselves distraction, give up before our last breath has been extinguished, we rob the children of their potential in a better world than what we have now. We leave them a bad situation only getting worse. And we give them nothing upon which to build a better life for themselves or their children.

Any Changes In Their Cages

Zoo animals resent their confinement, but they adapt. They put up less and less resistance to their captivity. They are "controlled" because their minds no longer dream of the Savannah, the rivers wild, the mountains or the misty jungles from which they were taken. Their offspring don't know anything other than captivity. They are dreamless except for the toys and dead food they get tossed to them at regular intervals by well-intended, knowledgeable keepers.

The one thing that disturbs them the most at this stage and stresses them out incredibly, is when there are any changes to their cages. Even if the change is a bigger, cleaner, healthier cage, they are suspicious. They resist to a certain degree and have to be coaxed, even shoved out into the new environment.

They are suspicious because they know that their captivity is unnatural and wrong. Even if they don't know what "right" is, because they were born into captivity, they know captivity is wrong.

Some can never adapt to freedom in the wilds again and must exist forever in captivity.

Someone comes along and tries to "Free Willy" --it does not go as planned. Willie is totally lacking confidence in himself as a whale (sure you all remember that one) and he seeks out his captors, or anyone that could be a captor, as a friend and eventually

dies of loneliness.

I think he behaved this way because he forgot the stories. He had no one around to tell him the stories of how Whales were the Monarchs of the Sea.

The politics of the captivity of groups is worse. Sometimes they get leaders, but that leader gets old, frail, and the young bloods vie for the top spot. They want the power and they don't remember the stories, and they take over.

Those animals, if they are ever released into the wilds, cannot survive. Nor is their captivity life span as long as was the previous leaders. It is because they don't know the stories of how they survived hard times long time ago. All they know is power, jealousy, fighting, and eating until they are in a stupor.

(No, this is not all Zoos so hold the emails on that one, will ya?)

A New Kind of Hard Time

As people we are born into societies, not into solitude. We must find a way to function and survive together. Especially during the hard times!

Indian People have survived hard times in the past. They survived the Ice Age, climate forced migrations, famines and droughts. There were wars, skirmishes, raids, peace-making, sharing and cooperating skills among the people that put bad times in the past and survival, strong survival in the future.

But what happened after Contact was a new kind of "hard time", and there were no stories of people surviving such mistreatments, and they had to find a way to do it on their own, while being treated like animals in captivity.

Forced to leave their lands, their homes, families, languages and beliefs, all under the control of the Government that wanted them extinguished from the map. Or, failing that, "assimilation" because their differences were so different, they were viewed as a threat. Not from attack, but more from people thinking they knew what they were doing and following those ways instead of the ways they brought with them.

They were not extinguished. Assimilation was a failure. There were those among the invaders that saw that what was happening was wrong, and against the will of God and against the Intention of Good People who had no clue what was really happening.

Those who refused to go along with the extermination, those who spoke out against it, were erased by those who control the ink of Historical Data. They gained nothing in

this world while their counterparts became wealthy, famous, legends! But they died having done their part to stand up against the rising tide of inhumanity that was upon us all.

Silent Glory is no glory some say. But I say it is rewarded in the Eye of God when each of us finds our time to stand and declare what this life, this gift of life we were given, was used for in our brief time.

I tell you that these hard times, the dark times all these generations, have not extinguished the Indian People. Rather, they have kept a spark of dignity alive and passed it one to the next. Some of those lights are stomped out, some are drowned, but there is still a spark here and there and the evil that has, for oh so long, wanted you to think suspicious of any life without them as your captors, are trembling in fear that spark will become a blaze of right thinking, right action and surround them.

Apathy and Denial are what they want you to eat. They will give you a little more this or that if you just refuse to see what they are doing, refuse to speak out against it, refuse to stand up to it.

They want you fattened and sluggish on drugs, alcohol and abuse. They need you to keep your light dimmed so that it is easier for them to blow you out. They need for you to let them hurt you. They fear you when you don't let them hurt you.

Each of you, in yourself, in your family, must decide what you do about what they do. You must decide to clean up your life and join those in your community who have kept clean, and share the light and the spark of life and allow it to grow.

Shine

The evil cannot stop you if you decide you will shine.

An entire room can be pitch black and you think it is bigger than you. Light one candle, just one, and the darkness flees. What is more, others who were lost or afraid in the darkness, can see the light.

Work now and there will be stories of the hard times and how, after 7 generations, they were overcome and the dignity was restored, the light to show the way to others was set free in the land.

I know I make you uncomfortable. I know that the evil I expose has touched most of you in one way or another. I start tugging on the vines of poison and you feel the pain coming closer to you and yours. You want it gone, but you cannot conceive of life

without it.

You think that if I just go away, everything will be okay. It was not okay before I got here, and it will not be okay after I am gone, unless you do something to make it better, to heal your wounded spirit and be strong in your dignity.

I know you think I judge you, but I don't. You judge yourself and you do not like what you see. Your anger is misdirected and unnecessary. Use your energy to heal the wounds created where the evil touched you.

I know you think that I ruin your family's good name. I do not. No family that hides its corruption or bullies others into not speaking of their wrongs, has a name worth protecting. Only the good name that is earned by those who have helped others, transformed and redeemed their own, are worth having. I cannot damage those names. No one can. They shine in the light from within and all who see it, whether they want to or not, recognize it.

Just having that name in your family means nothing if you stain it. Each of us carries a good name. We carry our own. That is the only name that rises or falls on our deeds and misdeeds.

My name, along with so many others, will disappear in history. And it should. I am only the narrator of your work, and it is *your* work that will be remembered, retold in stories over and over again. Stories that will remind each generation of vigilance, courage, spiritual integrity and the price of failing to abide in vigilant peace.

Okay, sermon over.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

September 26, 2006

Get Your Kicks

Kalum Yankton, local meth dealer, party animal, thief and worse, beat the crap out of his woman recently. Kicked her. She won't file charges. Gee, I wonder why?

Could it be that she already knows (like everyone else out there) that filing charges is a waste of time because there NEVER is an investigation? Especially when the criminal is a Yankton! Oh yeah, great big brave Tribal Badgers, with no balls. No

investigation.

Brief Review:

Severed Finger is found on Devil's Heart -- reported, but no investigation.

Months later, a Human skeleton is found buried in Devil's Heart - Reported, bones taken but the skull was left behind because it was not in perfect condition. They left the skull! Probably using the bones for Black Road medicine, Christmas Tree decorations or paper weights--- no investigation.

Mike Mead (last seen at Kalum's Party) ends up in the Lake and is not even looked for for 2 weeks, and NO investigation. Interesting to note that the night Mike Meade disappeared, Kalum was threatening the other party goers to keep their mouths shut. No clue as to why, because NO investigation.

Brian Pearson (Son of the Turdclan) rapes a young man whose father later tries to file a report but so far, NO investigation. When the father confronted Brian in the Blue Building (Civic Center for Ft. Totten, for y'all who are wondering that don't live there), William Herman, who also works there just yells at him that they are all fags, and walks out.

Hey, rape, murder, beatings, unsolved deaths, those all fly under the radar of law enforcement out there. No paper wasted on any of that crap. Why would a woman who just got beat up by that Ice Head, Kalum, who also kicked out her windshield, waste her time filing a report?

The good news is that "officially" there is no new crime, in fact crime has "officially" decreased on the rez! Just check Bobo's monthly reports to his superiors in Grand Forks.

Don't try to talk to a real person though, because they don't like it when you interrupt their feasts and card games. Izzat an apple turnover I spy there? Yummy!

So, Kalum, as you can see, can kick anyone's ass and never ever be arrested. He can deal drugs and never ever be investigated. People leave his party and die, and not one bit of paper is written up on that.

Brian can rape anyone and still hold his job as Tribal Secretary, not have his accounts frozen because there is no investigation!

Almost like magic! All of this bad stuff disappears! Bobo, the FBI Poodle to the

Yankton family, gets fatter and fatter on them yummy treats. Sit Bobo! Sit!

So, where would anyone go to report a crime on the rez? Am I the only one that cares?

Pick a Lie and Stick To It

Brian has to never ever leave the rez. His level of stupidity would make it impossible for him to find air if he left the security of the corruption in the rez.

To pretend he did not rape the man, he says he paid him. Uh, no. People apparently were not buying that. Even the ones he paid to buy his lies, would not buy that one.

Several people heard him say in response to the obvious questions: "It wasn't rape, I paid him!"

(At the very least, he would be guilty of soliciting prostitution, but hey, not like you want your Tribal Council to have morals, right?)

So, now the story changes. "We have a relationship," he tells one person, and then another. "We had an affair," he tells more.

Okay, so does that mean you were LYING before? And why would anyone believe you now? Answer? Answer?

What next? The victim "made him do it"???

Here's the thing: When you are telling a lie about a crime you committed, best you stick with one story and not keep changing it.

Oh, anyone on the rez as disgusted with the rapist as I am?

Anyone want to grow some balls and start up the petition? Force the cops to arrest and investigate? Force the courts to try the case in open session? Pass a sentence?

Anyone? Anyone? Or, are you waiting for the women to do your work for you again?

The White Buffalo is Male this time. You better step up or the consequences are all yours, boys.

Coffee Break

Cops:

So, questions for y'all: Do you ever sit around, reading this thing and look at one another and wonder, perhaps aloud, what it would be like if you were real cops? You know, with real balls?

Prosecutor:

Is your office getting dusty from you doing nothing? Got those travel brochures all lined up making plans for the winter? Figure you won't be missed? You are correct.

Judge:

So, how much of this is because you are in such a rush to side with your buddies and keep your own power base intact? How many of these charges have you thrown out in the past? When it is your family that gets hurt, will it make any difference to you then? Will you do something then?

That's me, laughing. Sorry, I laugh to keep from crying.

And those of you afraid to lose your jobs, take a look at your paycheck and remember: That is the price for your soul.

Not as cheap as those who sell out for a beer, or a fix, but you sold out and there is no other way to put it.

"A lot of suffering gonna happen," you were all told. Did you think it would not happen to you? Did you think it was up to everyone else to fix it for you? You all have such rich excuses for allowing this root ball of evil to thrive in your community.

Your excuse used to be that you did not know what they did. You had no way of knowing what was going on. What is your excuse lately?

It's rape, murder, drugs, dead babies, missing children, lost future, and millions of dollars gone into the pockets and life styles of those so corrupt their spirits look like shreds of black sooty webbing.

They can't do it without you. Neither the good guys nor the bad guys can do it alone. You are playing a part in this, whether you want to admit it or not. What happens to you, to your families, is what you bring on yourself by allowing it to happen to others, and saying nothing.

Do you understand that part yet? Will the next tragedy make it more real? The next funeral? The next suicide? The next rape of a child? A son or daughter?

Why are they laughing at you? Why not! You allow them to do it.

They can't do their dirty work without your compliance.

We can't do the clean up without your involvement.

Now, when are you going to do your part?

You know where to find me!

~Cat

September 27, 2006

Banned

Yes, once again, those terrified little weasels that run your lives, want to make sure you never ever see anything in my site that rats out their illegal, criminal, obscene behaviors. They have banned my site from the servers in the schools, including the community college.

Yes, you are old enough to access porn, but you are not adult enough to cope with the information contained herein.

That has to tell you that they are terrified that you will read this! That this will damage their otherwise "stellar" reputations. Trust me, if their reputations were any deeper in the cellar, they would have to decompress before surfacing.

They think that banning this site will show that they have power, absolute power over you and your mind. They want to control your thinking. They also think that it will stop you from accessing the site.

Well, apparently, showing that they are afraid of the truth has made you all more curious. My stats jumped significantly over the past two weeks.

Also, I hear that Jackie Yankton and some of her friends want to pile onto a young woman they think is me out there.

Get Her!

Well, Jackie was asked one time if she knew who I was and she said yes, and she knows I am from Canada and which province I live in. So, what's with the local girl? You so inbred you can't think straight? And what is with your girl gang friends? One of them is a DJ on Kabu? One has a degree in psychology? You playing them like a broken record there Whacky Jackie.

Ladies, grow up!

Ghost Walking

And now, **Texas Monthly Magazine** came out and mentioned this site in their article about Richard LaFuente. By the way, I say buy the magazine if you can. Order it online or from a newsstand. I think it will be a keeper. I think it will be a collectable!

These vile, slimy incest bound bullies that have ruled the rez all this time, figured that by killing Eddie, they would have nothing to worry about. They thought that he would be the only threat to their enterprises because he was not afraid to stand up to them.

They thought that by framing the innocent, and y'all buying into that because those who knew the truth were too weak or too drunk to speak out, that they would get away with it. That no one would look and no one would care.

Richard LaFuente was nobody to most of you. He did not belong to any group, organization, nothing that would raise a ripple, ping the radar anywhere. Even when the others were finally acquitted and the charges dropped, he remained behind bars along with John Lopez. As long as they had him behind bars, they figured the case would remain "officially closed" and no one would look because no one could look.

But Eddie's Ghost proved also, to be not afraid of them. Eddie knew their weaknesses and their fears before they murdered him. Now that he is dead, they can't keep him down.

Even with all the Black Road Medicine they employed to pray his spirit down, pray down the spirit of the land itself so that they could walk all over you with their crap covered souls, they failed.

Eddie comes knocking on the doors, windows and walls of those who could and should speak up.

He is trying to end the misery that is out there. The silence you keep allows the misery

and the suffering to continue. "A lot of suffering going to come," so it was said. "A lot of people gonna get hurt," so you were told, "until Nations come together."

When you hear the tapping, the knocking and you know it is Eddie's spirit. Don't go to your Medicine Man to pray him down or make him go away, because it will only get worse. Know that Eddie is there to stand with you when you tell the truth. He is there to help you tell the truth.

Eddie's spirit has always been around. He will find peace when you find peace. He is the symbol of all that needs to be done. The obvious work. Trying to hide under the covers will not bring you peace. Turning your back on the work that needs to be done will not make your children nor their children safe.

You know what you have to do. You all do.

There are so many ghosts walking that land. Ghosts of those wrongly taken from this life by the evil that wants to keep you down.

They cannot keep Eddie's Ghost down, nor can they keep your spirits down. They fear you. They fear you like they fear this site. If they were not afraid, they would not try to keep you from seeing it.

There are newspaper articles, this website, and now Texas Monthly Magazine all shining the light onto this monster. More will light will come if you do your part!

The bad guys thought that they had the perfect victim, just another dead Indian, and the perfect fall guy. But now, all of that is being revealed and their security is crumbling like a sand castle in the approaching incoming tide. They fear everything will come down. And it will. You who are doing the good work are making that possible. You who are helping those who are doing the good work, are making that possible.

They fear that you know them. You do know them. You cannot help but see what they are. Take your power back. Stand up! Stand up!

Those of you who do nothing, sit back and criticize the work being done, can either get on board and make it better or get out of the way. This will not be stopped. Even long after I am gone, this will continue.

Only when you all stand up, together, will the troubled spirits of that vast land find peace. Only when they find peace can you find peace.

Don't Fear What You Know

You can make them accountable. You can make the government accountable. You need to let your fear go, or embrace it by facing it. What a Rush! The evil that rules you needs for *you to protect them from their consequences*. You can take your life back. You are many and they are few!

And the world is watching. The evil that preys on you and your children knows that if you stand up, the world will stand with you and they cannot twist this into some stereotyped event. People are aware now. And I can tell you from my stats pages, there are Nations watching, reading, waiting to see if you will save yourselves or if you will drown in your self-pity and take your children with you.

Touching Everyone

The roots of this evil have touched every family. That means that your silence brings more grief into your family. Your fear, your cowardice will generate more danger to your children, their children.

If you want the drugs to stop, you want the rapes to stop, the suicides to stop, you have to act. You have to do your part, speak what you know, regardless of whether I have heard it before from someone else, you need to speak what you know to empower yourself, and make redemption possible for you, your family and your community.

Sitting back, waiting to see someone else do all the work is a joke. If you are not doing your part, you are the apathetic majority that makes this evil possible.

When it is your child, your sister, your brother that is brought down by drugs, rape, assault, murder, or suicide, you must ask yourself that one burning question: How different would this have been had I not kept silent? Would help have come to me if I had done my part?

Nowhere To Turn

Many of you turn your back, again and again, when you are asked to do your part. You don't want to face it. You allow others to stand alone, and you wait for them to fall. You even enjoy their failure because it proves you were right that nothing can be done! That makes you feel like you were on the winning side by doing nothing! A cowardly rationale, at best.

You keep turning away, turning away, and then one day you have nowhere to turn because it has come full circle and the grief is yours. Your child, your family, in such pain you cannot find respite.

Those who could or would comfort you all remember how you turned away when they needed you. You are alone. Being alone in your grief is the worst pain you can bring upon yourself.

People helping you, but knowing you are a coward, can leave you alone in a crowd.

These sorrowful events are going to get worse and worse out there. Until you find a way to see that you must be The One to stand up.

Remember when we talked about Peace on the Journey. You must earn it.

The Old Woman By The Fire

I told Melvin Grey Bear that I had seen the Old Woman By The Fire, and that I knew it was a time for me to ask her the question: "When will all this end?" She continued to face the fire as she spoke to me: "When we all quit feeling sorry for ourselves," she said. "It is the only way."

When I told him that, he knew what it meant.

So, as you justify your silence by claiming your victimhood; and as you wallow in your self-pity and do nothing to help anyone, realize that you are doing nothing to prevent the grief that is headed your way, like a freight train.

Melvin Grey Bear was just a man. An amazing individual who was profoundly touched by the Spirit and solidly on the Road to Redemption in his last years walking this earth as one of us. He dedicated his life to helping others to help themselves. Sadly, most people just relied on him to do it for them, rather than understanding they had to do their part.

He did what he could.

He understood the messages as they came, including those messages that told him what he did not want to hear, see or know.

And while we are on the topic of Melvin Grey Bear and all his good works, I must point out that he could not do it alone. He had helpers with him. Singers, drummers. Some helpers were not so helpful, others were deeply devoted to the Red Road.

All this good work that he did when he traveled away from home, could not have been

possible except for his wife, Lorraine, who often held the job that paid for these trips when those who were being helped gave nothing or too little in exchange. It was her paycheck that often got him home again.

Yet, despite this, I must go after those in her family that I see are part of the problem. Those who have sold out, given up, or who are so tightly wound up in their blankets of denial that they become a part of the problem.

I don't do this out of disrespect to that family. I do it because it must be done. There are good people out there, unwilling to see that their behaviors, their children's behaviors, their blindness to the problems and what part they may have played in creating them, cause more problems.

I go after Bentley, and I liked Bentley when I met him. But he is not doing his job. Being the son of Melvin Grey Bear, or the daughter, or related in any way will not give anyone a free pass here.

The Evil that is out there has touched everyone in one way or another. If I were to pick and choose whom I pursue in this blog based on family loyalties, I would be, essentially, doing the same thing as the bad guys, and nothing would change.

If I cannot get the good people to see their contribution to the wrong side and change their ways to rectify it, then I have no hope of getting anyone to change course, and get right side up out there.

This is work we all must do together. Regardless of our history, our flaws, errors of the past, we must look towards the future and where we want this to be and work towards that end. If we keep trying to justify our wrongs, redirect and point at others who have also done wrong, then we do nothing to make our own self better, stronger.

It has to start with us, each of us.

I had to go through a whole lot of changes to get to where I am and to be able to do what I am doing. None of it was easy. Most of it was terrifying, some of it so painful it brings me to tears at the mention of it. But it was all worth it. I regret none of it. I would, yes, in a heartbeat, do it all over again.

I am not expecting perfection from anyone out there. I do not expect perfection from myself.

I do know that in each of us there is enough light and enough good that we can, despite any political differences of the past, work together.

I know that if we do not work together, putting aside our wounds and our self-pity, this evil that is out there will only grow stronger.

You need not work with me, but you must absolutely work with yourself and your family to make the difference.

I have seen no people on this earth more resilient, more strong, more close to the spirit and the spirit of the land than Indian People.

You have not all survived this much, over this many generations, just to give up now. You survived because The Creator trusts you to rise again and bring the light.

IF ever there was a time in this world when this was needed, it surely is now.

You know where to find me!

~Cat

September 28, 2006

Doing the Right Thing Takes Practice

The community has an excellent opportunity to do the right thing in many ways at this point. Standing with the family whose son Brian Pearson raped would be a start. It would say that rape is unacceptable to you.

When the topic comes up in discussion, and someone snickers, derides or ridicules the victim, speak up! Ask them how they would feel if it was a man in their family that got raped. Rape is not a choice. It is a violent sexual crime. It should never be treated as a joke.

If someone hoots, hollers or makes comments to that family that are derogatory regarding this crime, ask them if they support rapists. If they want the community to know that they support rapists and think it is okay.

It does not matter if you are male or female, adult or child, rape is a violent crime. If you stay silent while the ridicule and insults are hurled at the victims, you stand with those who commit those kinds of crimes.

If you want such crimes as rape to diminish or cease altogether in your community,

you need to pick a side and be known for it. Otherwise, your silence is part of the problem.

I don't care if the victim's family is a bunch of drunks or church going saints. It is the crime you speak out against. It is the evil you speak out against. It is the darkness you stand up to that makes you a strong respectable person, not just another whimpering victim in waiting.

Start doing the right thing in the moment. Start small and build up to it. It is such a rush!

Walking Ghost

People are telling me they have seen Weenie Boy's ghost! They say it is really old looking, but it wears his clothes and boots and hat. It drives his car. It looks really ugly, has a sour smell to it and is really jumpy.

I have to tell them that Weenie Boy is not dead yet. That what they are seeing, that pathetic looking, sick looking wraith-like being is really him! On him it is easy to see the evil consuming him. Over the past year, more so over the past few months, he has deteriorated to the point that if he were a building he would be condemned.

Well, he is condemned, I suppose. Looks like Evil is taking really big bites out of him lately. Somebody give him some tape, I think he is falling apart. Wait, could it be something that is ON TAPE that is making him fall apart?

Rapid City Rapid Fire

I hear that Terry Morgan is now practicing his borderline pedophile police act up in Rapid City these days. I also hear that he has already found another young thang to occupy his.... time. Wonder how long that will last? Will he be fired if they catch him this time? Or will they put him in jail after they get a look at his hard drive?

Mayday Payday!

I guess Myra is getting annoyed that either the unqualified that she hired in won't show up to put in a full week's work, or just mad because her other son (not Terry Morgan, but Brian) got busted for drunk on the rez and she decided to "do something". In this case, she moved Payday to Friday so that people will show up to get their checks. "No Early Checks" is the rule. Well, unless of course you are one of the people she likes, in which case, help yourself! The vault is open!

That is what they do when they want to appear to be "doing something". An event happens that requires action. Instead of acting on that event, they redirect in an area that has nothing to do with the event. People know of the event, see them in motion, assume the two are related; event and motion, but they are not.

Rules of Exclusion

Myra had made it a solid "rule" that no parties and no liquor on the rez or you would be floated off (excluded). Anyone, enrolled or not who has a liquor violation or hurts another enrolled member would be excluded from the rez!

And there is her charming deviant son, Brian, raping a man last week and then the next weekend, he is busted for public intoxication! That is your Tribal Secretary? He represents Y'ALL? Okay, if that is the way you want it!

As painful as it was, Myra suspended Brian yesterday. Of course, he will still get his paycheck. He just won't have to show up for work to get it. Suspended? Why has he not been jailed for rape and worse? Oh! I forgot! He is Myra's and QBall's Oddball Son!

Well, we knew there would be an exception to the rule somewhere! I see he has not yet been excluded from the rez! Nor are there any plans for that. See, it says ri-cheer in the teeny tiny small print: "Best if used before.." No, wait, that's not it. It's the really small print, "Exceptions are any crimes committed by Turdclan and their cronies."

Well, that clears it up!

Isn't rape a Federal Crime out there? Just checking. I know your cops are really busy. That is what they tell people who phone in reports of rape, burglary, drunk driving, dead babies... "We are really busy!"

Wow! That'll teach you to phone in and bust up that card game!

Wah, Wah, Wah

The cops say they are just doing what they are told. The Judge is not doing her job. The judge says the cops aren't doing good work and paperwork somehow gets lost a lot.

The prosecutor, hello? Prosecutor! Where ARE YOOOO? Oh, looky here! There is a job opening for a prosecutor. Starts immediately! There's a list of qualifications, education, experience and that sort of thing. But I am pretty sure that if you are willing

to do what you are told, we can skip over that part and go right into salary, pension and perks.

So, while the cops are complaining that they can't do anything because of the politics out there, and the Judge is clearly doing nothing for the same reason, and crimes that are reported never get investigated, is it any wonder that people just flat don't respect you brave souls?

I mean, if wearing a badge, holding a gavel, being a dispatcher only means you are there to make sure your family is "taken care of", and everyone else will get a "busy" signal, where do you think your community is headed in this hand basket?

You who have the responsibility of doing what is right and are being paid to do what is right are NOT doing what is right and it falls to you first.

And, the rest of you, while you are bitching about your cops and your dispatchers, your judge and your Law & "Odor" committee and the corruption it wreaks upon you all; learn to stand up. Let them knock you down if they can, but stop being such doormats!

Don't wait until it is your turn to be the victim. Demand Justice NOW. I think you can figure out how to do that one without my direction.

Keep it legal, non-violent, but keep it loud and keep it up!

You know where to find me.

~Cat

September 29, 2006

Disgusting

Looks like Brian Pearson, the Rapist, was drunk yet again. Early morning commuters (yesterday) who had to go past the little coffee shop by the Lake could see his little blue pickup on the side. Where we are told, he was pulled over for being so drunk he could not even say his name.

I know that his being made to get out of his truck and ride in a Badger mobile was probably embarrassing to his momma, Myra Pearson and she probably took it out on

the employees under her thumb today, but she should be grateful that he was not allowed to drive himself into the lake!

That would be such a tragedy!

So, was he arrested? Or was he quietly delivered home? Why is that disgusting little runt still your Tribal Secretary? You think you can hold your head up high as members of the Spirit Lake Nation when you have such disgusting family clusters representing you?

Worthless

The young people out there, overall, don't feel that life holds any future for them. They only live for the next high, the next funeral, and have no real plans for any kind of future. They gladly drink themselves into a wretch, or get stoned to the point that their conversations are nothing more than idiotic ramblings, which of course, they think are brilliant.

The example they have to follow is a generation of cowards in their families that did nothing. When there were rapes, molest, they ridiculed the victims and supported the predators. When there were killings, they kept their mouths shut.

Standing up, standing for anything, is such a rarity out there, who can blame the kids?

So few of them will carry a life of sobriety, get an education, instill values in their children, that we can safely say, most of the future is now lost to us. Recovery is a dirty word among their peers.

Those who are sober, and have values and strive to make something better of themselves and their community are at a higher risk than one would like to think. They stand a higher chance of being killed in their own community, drug related deaths, alcohol related deaths, than one would think.

Just because some of you are raising your children in a healthy way does not mean that they won't be taken from us by someone who is drunk, stoned, or just plain brain damaged from one or both.

And what community can they help? The qualified are passed over, even threatened while the unqualified, uneducated receive special treatment, plum jobs, and salaries they don't deserve.

This is the community that presently surrounds you. To change that you all must

become pro-active, involved and change your way of thinking that if you stay out of it you won't be hurt.

Silence is no guarantee of safety for anyone except the evil that consumes your children and our future.

Worth More

Indians now, more than ever are facing extinction from within as well as from a corporate minded government that sees all that is sacred to Indian Peoples as impediments to their accumulation of wealth and power. Indian Lands, sacred places, all at risk and being taken without a fair fight because most Indians can't stand up for themselves, their communities much less have the wherewithal to stand together to save themselves.

If the young people only knew how valuable their lives are, and how needed they are for this time and the future, they would perhaps find a way to self worth and dignity and prove to be a powerful force for the Good and Safe Keeping of their heritage. They would know that their blood is the blood of warriors and they would not destroy themselves to make it easier for Indians to vanish from the land.

Those who see Indian Peoples and all that is Sacred as impediments, they want you drunk, they want you stoned and they want you violated so that you have no sense of self-esteem and no ability to stop them from making you extinct.

I have, on the documents page, a link to a letter from a reporter in the Black Mesa area of AZ. This reporter puts into words what is going on out there and why she was terminated to silence her campaign to get the Truth out.

These are people that can use all the help they can get. Tragically, there is probably no one in the Spirit Lake Nation that has anything to offer because we are all too busy feeling sorry for ourselves, chasing our own ghosts and unwilling to make the changes that would make us strong enough to make a difference.

Read on anyway because at least you will see more of what is at stake. Who knows? Maybe it will make a difference. Maybe fewer of you will show up at the next booze party, drug deal, sex ball. Maybe some of you will see that life should mean something and that you as a person, and as an Indian, most of all, as a Human Being, have value in this world and you are needed.

You know where to find me.

~Cat

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