

Minnekahta *eMessenger*®

VOLUME I

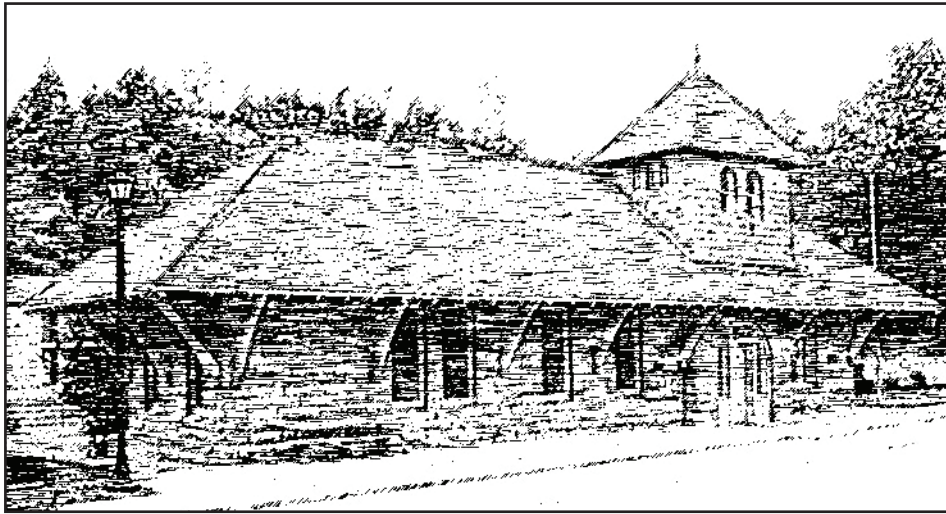
MINNEKAHTA PUBLISHING, LLC

NUMBER 7

SOUTHWESTERN SD.

BRINGING OUR COMMUNITIES TOGETHER

FRIDAY, JUN 23, 2017



We're not against
Printing
We're against
Wasting Resources

We don't want to stop printing
Minnekahta Messenger
for readers and advertisers.

We simply think that wasting paper, ink, and toner
doesn't make economic or environmental sense.

We hope you enjoy this copy of *eMessenger*; the electronic version of
the hugely popular original newsletter, Minnekahta *Messenger*.

eMessenger has the added convenience of programmed hyperlinks for
all cited source websites, table of contents page and story titles, and
news and feature stories' (continued on/from page) cross-references.

Readers say each issue is as great as the last one... We hope you agree.

Minnekahta Messenger



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BRINGING OUR COMMUNITIES TOGETHER

FRIDAY, JUN 23, 2017

**HAPPY FOURTH
OF JULY
HAPPY BDAY TINA
WE SUPPORT OUR
FIRST RESPONDERS
THANK YOU
ALL LIVES MATTER**

**UNITED NATIONS ADMITS
CHEM TRAILS ARE REAL**
By Lorelei Marie

It is called Geo-Engineering and it is being done on a widespread scale in the United States and Europe, according to a report released by the United Nations in 2015.

The United Nations admitted that chem trail spraying is factual, not a conspiracy theory. And it is making many people ill. Please refer to the following link to learn more: <http://yournewswire.com/the-United-nations-admits-chem-trails-are-real/>.

I remember one night filled with stars in Southern New Mexico. I couldn't sleep, so I stepped out into the still night and looked up at the sky. Sometimes strange things streak across the sky in New Mexico. Perhaps these things are coming from the nearby military base, or maybe other worldly visitors? New Mexicans never really know.

This night I was wanting to merely look up at the bright moon and stars and enjoy the beauty of the heavens, especially all the fascinating planets, twinkling stars and beautiful constellations.

However, when I looked up, I saw that the sky was crisscrossed with white trails. At the time I had no knowledge of what they were. Later my friend Kathy, who worked at the local health food store, informed me that these are called *chem trails*.

A lot of chem trails are being sprayed in Las Cruces, New Mexico, located in Doña Ana County, one of the poorest counties in the nation.

(see *Trails on back cover*)

**NATIVE YOUTH
BRUTALIZED BY POLICE**
By Lorelei Marie

If we as a society are evolving—and isn't that the goal?—it is difficult to understand acts of inhumanity, especially when they are committed by public servants. Two cases of atrocities directed at Native Americans are most disturbing.

Zachary Bearheels, a 27-year-old man from the Rosebud Sioux Tribe in South Dakota, was traveling to Oklahoma City to visit his mother earlier this month. He became unruly on the bus, mostly due to the fact that he was bi-polar and not taking his medications. After a stop, he was not allowed back on the bus. When he did not arrive in Oklahoma City, his mother called the police.

They located him in Omaha, Nebraska where the bus had left him. Even though his mother had explained his condition to police, he was forcibly taken into custody. When he attempted to run away, he was tased by a stun gun 12 times (tasing more than three times has been found to be harmful to human health). He was then punched repeatedly in the head and dragged by his hair to a police car.

Medics were called and arrived at 1:50 a.m. Zachary was transported to a hospital. By 2:16 a.m. he was declared dead, a direct result of police brutality.
(see *Youth on back cover*)

**DISASTER – IS AN IGLOO
BUNKER THE ANSWER?**
By T.L. Matt

I had driven by the strange humps in the ground from a distance and knew they were bunkers from the WWII era. But I didn't know they were available for people to lease as a hedge against possible calamities.

Igloo, SD, the site of the former Black Hills Ordnance Depot, is an eerie ghost town today. In its heyday, the town served the peo-

ple working at the depot and had public schools, a hospital, church, theater, recreation center, and club facilities.

The U.S. Army had used the depot as a munitions storage and maintenance facility from 1942 to 1967. It is interesting to note that the famed television newscaster, Tom Brokaw, spent several years of his childhood in Igloo.

According to Seth Tupper (*Hot Springs Star*, Jan. 2017), the 575 bunkers are located in an 18-square mile area about 10 miles southwest of Edgemont. The bunkers, constructed of concrete and steel with a thick deposit of soil piled over them, were designed to withstand a 500,000 pound blast.

(see *Bunker on back cover*)

**A GREEN LIGHT TO
SHOOT CHILDREN**
By Lorelei Marie

Protests and tensions have increased as Israel continues to build Jewish-only settlements throughout the West Bank in defiance of international law.

Soldiers who shoot and kill Palestinian children are not held accountable. "If you follow the rhetoric of Israeli leaders, if you listen to their statements, it is clear that soldiers and settlers have been given the green light to shoot Palestinian children," according to Ayed Abu Qtaish, Accountability Director of Defence for Children International, Palestine.

Last Sunday, three-year-old Rahaf and her 27-year-old pregnant mother were killed when Israel bombed a home in the Gaza Strip. On Saturday, Marwan Barbakh, 13, and Omar Othman, 15, were both shot and killed by Israeli soldiers during protests in Gaza. The day before that, 15-year-old Muhammad al-Raqb, along with five other Palestinians, died after being shot in areas around Gaza.

Ahmad Sharaka, a thirteen-year-old boy is the 24th Palestin-

ian to be killed this month. He lost his life at a checkpoint near Ramallah city.

Nuf Uqab Abd al-Jabar Infiaat was the 27th Palestinian to (see *Children on back cover*)

THE CHEYENNE RIVER
By T.L. Matt

I've always loved to look at rivers and trails and wonder where they start and where they might end. I would love to follow every river and hike every trail – but that's not possible!

When I first saw the Cheyenne River, a serpentine, muddy, wandering body of water, I was curious. It has been a nurturing river, known as *Wakpa Wasta* or "good river" by the Cheyenne who lived on its banks long ago. A giver of life to these indigenous peoples.

There are abandoned uranium mines at the head of the 295-mile-long Cheyenne River in Wyoming. It drains an area of 24,240 square miles, 60% of which is in South Dakota.

(see *River on back cover*)

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Mitakuye Oyasin

From The Highest Court of the Land

By Robert Horse, Oglala Lakota

The Highest Court of Great Turtle Island, U.S.A., once stated that the U.S. Government had charged itself with maintaining moral obligations as its highest responsibility concerning treaties of Indigenous Nations.

Throughout American history there has been consistent violations of these documents. I maintain hope that one day they'll be upheld.

I trust that these obligations will include Indigenous youth that are being tried and treated as adults in state courts that have proven to be discriminatory to Indigenous populations. Many of the youth incarcerated are now a part of the forgotten world, left to be molded by a system that practices discrimination and has a history of dysfunction within its system.

Scientific evidence shows that the brain development in young people does not hold the emotional maturity to give them the capability to appreciate the consequences of their actions either to themselves or to others. Neither do they have the judgement and foresight abilities of an adult.

However, scientific evidence is disregarded and life continues dimly for young people who will be raised among granite walls and razor wire, along with the heartless realities that come with each day and each year spent behind bars.

In the coming years these youth will grow into adults and many will be trying to obtain freedom through the courts. They will also try to obtain higher education only to be rejected or told that prisoners cannot seek higher education.

The days will soon come when these youth will be released. I wonder then how society will benefit from the release of those who have come from the most impoverished reservations and areas.

They will be released with little hope, no skills and no life experiences. They will encounter discrimination in the job market, housing and in regards to the basic life necessities.

As the state and federal corrections system continues to grow, they will maintain the use of false promises of rehabilitation as propaganda to incarcerate more and

more Indigenous youth and violate the Indian Child Welfare Act (ICWA). Violating this Act is a way to pull Indigenous children from their homes. I hope the moral obligations stated by our government will soon be honored.

To our tribal leadership, I hope you heed this warning, because after the system is done molding our children and young people in these Iron Houses of Oppression, where do you think they will return to when they are released? How much can our homeland people endure? How many times does the cycle have to repeat itself before mobilization becomes a reality?

As you are reading this, there is another round of prisoners being released and the conditions of violence, poverty and social ills will continue to grow.

I humbly request all of the water protectors to remember that there are human struggles that are happening this minute, this hour, this generation. From our current teachings, taken from our Lakota ancestors who have assisted us in our timeless struggles, I share these sacred words with the world community in hopes that they can make a difference.

"Mitakuye Oyasin, we are all related."

How Meth Came to Indian Country

By Lorelei Marie

It wasn't very long ago that people living on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming had never heard of methamphetamine. This was true for most of Native America.

In recent years, however, *meth* has infiltrated Indian country and caused widespread devastation. In 2003-2006, cases of child neglect increased 131 percent on Wind River; spousal abuse rose 218 percent; and drug abuse went up 163 percent. Most people now know someone on meth or who is in prison because of it.

According to Toni Red Bear, a member of the Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe, "Being addicted is like having the devil on your shoulder."

So where does the meth come from and why has it taken hold so quickly, especially on remote reservations? Back in 1997 law

enforcement learned of the Sagaste-Cruz drug ring, a Mexican cartel distributing meth on reservations in South Dakota and Nebraska. The cartel set out to make meth the main drug of addiction in Indian country. Gang members moved on or near reservations and set up operations, and began by giving away free samples of meth. Once people became addicted they became dealers themselves to fund their addiction.

On some reservations, 60% of people are hooked on meth. Children are losing their role models and growing up without parents, as families are destroyed by meth. Men and women who would otherwise be free and living productive lives are now imprisoned because of the devastation meth has caused in their own lives.

There are courageous individuals stand-

ing up for the people and advocating for change, however. This is happening not only on the reservations but inside prison walls. Organizations such as "Fathers Against Meth," have been formed in the past and rallies attempt to bring awareness and provide empathetic inmates a way to work for the greater good. Mothers Against Meth Alliance (Mama) sends women out nightly to confront drug dealers on reservations such as Pine Ridge.

Let us not allow the honorable and brave men and women who are standing strong against meth to do it alone. A concerted effort is needed to save the people. We as a nation need to stand together and to stand courageously against drugs like meth. This is how we outnumber the gangs and cartels profiting off of human misery, redeem our own lives and give a good future back to our children.

There's Something To Be Said

The Kindred Spirit By Barbara Hauseman

Green. Greener. Greenest.

In the springtime months of April and May, South Dakota had some pretty good rain storms. Cooler weather has brought much needed moisture. And now, summer is almost upon us!

The rain has nourished and replenished our pastures and fields and they in turn are showing vibrant green colors. Gardens and flowers continuously display the renewal of life. This is when calving starts and a new cycle of life begins.

Some of us local folks were wondering whether we would ever have the warmer and sunnier days that summer brings. When traveling across our state, one can see the lush greenness of our land brought on by refreshing and rejuvenating rains.

Livestock are relishing this bounty of green utopia, enjoying grazing in the tall grasses. As the old saying goes, "It's always greener on the other side." Countless times I have noticed during my road trips that the horses and cattle are almost reach-

ing beyond the limits of their confinements to find sweeter, greener nibbles on the other side of the fence. There must be a *secret* known in the animal kingdom that entices its inhabitants to that *other side* where the grass is more nourishing and sweeter than on their own home turf! Go figure!

Mother Nature has blessed us with many gorgeous and vivid colors. I especially enjoy those displayed in a rainbow. Although my favorite color is GREEN, there is not one color that I would omit. They all bestow our skies and earth with a flowing array of bright radiance, especially those often seen after a healthy rainstorm.

I'm sure each one of us has our own favorite bouquet of colors to choose from. As I already mentioned, mine includes green.

Mr. Webster's Dictionary tells me that GREEN can be described as "keeping the green grasses of summer." *Is there a song here?* Plus, green is the color of beginnings, of life springing forth. The coming seasons each play an important part in the color scheme comprising our world.

Lies They Tell Writers, Part 3: Writer's Block

By Rod Miller

Sometimes you just can't do it. You try, but there's nothing there. You stare and stare at an empty page or blank screen and it just stares back at you. And the more you think about it, the more you worry, the worse it gets.

Writer's block, they call it.

Some folks in the literary business bemoan the fact that such an affliction can befall would-be writers. Then they devise all sorts of remedies and exercises to rid you of the malady: Go for a walk. Change your routine. Consume caffeine. Do something else, instead. Try free writing. Or visualization. Whine about it to fellow writers. And so on.

Some of the best writers I know don't believe in writer's block. And if they do, they ignore it and write anyway. It's probably no coincidence that many who pay writer's block no mind come from journalism or ad-

vertising or other disciplines where deadlines are an everyday occurrence. When something has to be written, it's your job to write it. So you do. You collect your thoughts (quickly), fire up the computer, and clack away at the keys until you've finished writing, rewriting, and revising the work at hand. Then you turn it in and get on to the next job.

Whether it's an advertising agency, a newspaper, a public relations firm, a magazine, a marketing department, or any number of other places where your job is to write and getting paid depends on doing the job, there's just no time for the angst and anxiety and anguish (and absurdity) of writer's block. And what you learn by writing on demand carries over to writing in what may be less demanding circumstances—a novel, say. Or a short story. A poem. A magazine article. A biography. You write.

Always remember when thinking of your favorite color(s) to check out the definition of each one and see what surprises you will find in the descriptions. Enhance your mind and your life with an array of beautiful colors!

This Is My Dream

By Leah Harlow

Sun shining through the branches
Rustling leaves glide on the grass
Trees swaying in the dry hot wind
This is my home.

All must fall back to darkness
Being picked up is rare
Loving and breaking come close
This is my life.

Slowly corrupting itself
People strive to change it
We all have an unending dream
This is my world.

One day we all have real smiles
Only love and peace exist
No more war or fear or sickness
This is my dream.

(<https://www.poemhunter.com/poem/this-is-my-dream-2/>)

Assuming there is such a condition as the dreaded writer's block, there can only be one cure for it: get to work. Write.

"Lies They Tell Writers, Part 3: Writer's Block" is the title of a blogpost by Rod Miller. It was published on Aug. 1, 2014 on the author's website, <http://writerrodmilller.blogspot.com/2014/08/lies-they-tell-writers-part-3-writers.html>.

"Lies They Tell Writers, Part 3: Writer's Block" was reprinted with permission from the author.

Writer Rod Miller writes poetry, fiction, and history about the American West and writes online about writing and reading at writerrodmilller.blogspot.com. Information about Rod and his books and other works is available at writerRodMiller.com, his Amazon Author Page (<https://www.amazon.com/Rod-Miller/e/B001HCTX7G>), and at CowboyPoetry.com.

If You Could Change One Thing

Be-Coming

By Andy Skadberg

Be or do?
Be. Do to Be.
What to be?
Be Your God.
Don't like your God? – change your ideas about God.

Define God as you prefer, with all of the right attributes.

Then Be those attributes.
Know truth – what do we know?
“Law of ONE” – We are One.

The Breath is the movement/manifestation of the ONE.

Life is a metaphor – various expressions are just expressions of the ONE's variety. We can use the same ideas, processes – maybe in reverse, to make the world and life we want.

Find out what you are working with.
You are your first project – like a living sculpture.

What are you working with?
How do you work? – like how God made you.

What is your purpose? – You decide, but it may be to make the most beautiful sculpture.

How do you find out who and what you are?

Study – like in school. What to study? – books, I do have some suggestions, but it's up to you – watch for information overload though.

How to Think

- What are you made of?
- How does energy, thought create?
- What are you thinking?
- What are your senses for?
- What are your feelings for?
- What are emotions?
- How do you get things done now?
- Do you assess context, or not?
- What are you going to do?
- Make a decision to do something.
- Do you need tools?
- Do you need skills?
- Choice is one of your tools.
- Choose the steps you are going to take.
- Take action – if you make a wrong choice, or action, reassess – change direction.

I could give any number of metaphors, analogies or similes – sailing a boat, landscaping, writing a letter. In order to do anything, we make provisions, plans.

We use these tools, processes, skill-sets in the tasks throughout our day but very few people apply them to the greater context of our life, (e.g., health, happiness, contentment) to our family, to our community, to society, to our job.

Processing is learning from our mistakes – stopping insanity – defined as “doing the same thing over and over again, expecting different results.”

Whether you know it or not there is no chance - no random occurrences – the ONE is very deliberate – and You are One.

When life presents you an opportunity - take it. One way or another, then deal with the results, repercussions.

Most people live their lives without a real central purpose, or mission. They may not have really thought about it.

We have not been taught this in school or church – explicitly – maybe cryptically.
I don't think most people understand.

If Jesus is your God – Be Jesus – or if that scares you – Be LIKE Jesus. But here's a tricky thing – if you are afraid of being Jesus – why are you afraid?

Fear is not really truth – unless you decide you want that as your God – your life, your experience. If Love is your God – Be Love. Love and fear are not compatible. They can't exist in the same space without a problem arising.

Love is Truth.
Decide the course that the ship of your life is going to take. Imagine looking back at the end of your journey, your life, asking the questions, “What have I created?” and “Am I happy with what I am looking at?”

Have I been the captain of my ship or just a coal shoveler? Do I know everything about my ship? – How it works? – What can it do? Can I fix it if it breaks?

Do you have a map to help you? A compass? Anything?

I think you get the point.
But You and Your life are much more spectacular than being a captain of a ship. You can sail a ship, drive a bus, fly an airplane, write a poem, paint a picture, play with your kids, cook dinner and make love

– All this in just one day!
Each Now moment is another opportunity.

Do you know who and what you are?
Do you have the right skill-sets?
Do you have the tools to do what you want to do?

Do you have a plan? Is it written down – and you can always make adjustments – just like you do when you walk somewhere.

Life is about experiences. No one can judge your experiences (except you if you choose). God doesn't judge your experiences, IT is experiencing them. That is your purpose – at some level, to experience stuff for God. What do you want to Share with God? What do you want to do to God? What do you want to give to God? What do you want to Be for God?

If you really aspire those things to happen then stop *wanting* and Be those things, in your mind (in actuality you already ARE those things you just don't re-member, yet) and after you Believe you can Be that then you will begin to do those things. And the great thing is, if you don't get it right, then you can try again, and again, and again, and again ad infinitum.

And another great thing is that during that process you can be learning and experiencing a whole lot of stuff to help grow your character—which is another purpose of life.

Then as you continue to Be like the God you believe your God to Be you will continue on this fantastic journey, moment by moment, experience by experience to Be that God that you believe your God to Be. In truth you already are that God – even though you might not know or believe.

So, how are you gonna Be You today?
“Be-Coming” is the title of a blog-post by Andy Skadberg. It was published on Apr. 21, 2012 on the author's website, <http://13lightmessages.blogspot.com/2012/04/be-coming.html?m=1>.

“Be-Coming” was reprinted with permission from the author.
Andy Skadberg is a consultant in rural development and innovation in agriculture, with a foundation in environmental protection. He is a proponent of sustainability.

What Do You Wish? To VISUALIZE Miracles? Or DO Miracles?

By Dan P. Davison

Recently I have been thinking and downloading principles of life, wisdom and manifestation. They are all very clear and I have known them but needed a reminder. Thought I would share them with you.

1. The Mind/Intellect can SEE miracles, which is a first necessary start toward any changes.
2. The Mind CANNOT DO miracles; only SEE them. Often people feel that when they see them, it is accomplished.
3. The Spirit (pure thoughts and feelings) can both SEE and CREATE miracles. Often we want God to do that for us when instead we have been given the power. God loves to empower the new chosen Human-Angels to implement God's own plans. All changes to the Universe are channeled through human consciousness—rewarding us with the joy of creativity. Blaming God for not meeting our needs is like not ingesting our food and asking God to eat it for us—then bitching about being hungry.

If something we wish for does not happen, then one or two things has taken

place. Either our desire or wish is not for the highest good of ALL humanity and the earth (and only selfish), or we are refusing to co-create with another person using the Divine Power. Our civilization has become totally individualistic—and our ceiling for miracles stops where the brain stops. Co-creation (giving ourselves to another fully) for the Divine Purpose (without ego) who has the other half of the energy to introduce the paranormal miracles.

Seeing a miracle does not make you Spiritual—it makes you aware only. “BEING” a miracle comes from the HEART and then joins with the mind for implementation, and the resulting good impact is both for the individual but also for the entire world.

This is the current dividing line in humanity. It is easy to see who understands this or not. Those who completely comprehend are totally and completely at peace and happy—regardless of their circumstances. Those *stuck-in-the-brain* and thinking that their thoughts equal SPIRITUALITY—are in turmoil, unhappy, unloved, confused and thrashing about daily looking for the next “hit” of a few moments of excitement. And usually pissed

off at God for not giving them more toys to soothe their egotistic minds, addictions and intellectual arrogance.

I am going with the second option. I not only am AT PEACE, I AM PEACE in every cell of my body and every feeling in my heart and mind.

This is the message that will soon sort out our civilization. Which one will I embrace??????

Let's *step-up-a-step* into Co-Creative Humble and Serving Immersion to PEACE, POWER, PURPOSE and PROSPERITY! It is yours by embracing this little parable and lesson:

“You are starving! You are invited to a table with about 6 people. The table is piled high with the most amazing and nutritious fresh food you ever experienced! You run to the table and take a seat staring at the banquet! But there is one problem—you each have a single SPOON with a handle which is 4 feet long! WHAT??? Oh, I see!!!! I can only enjoy the banquet by feeding the person on the other side of the table! Hey!!! This is fun!!!!”

“Progress is impossible without change.”

– George Bernard Shaw

“A man would do nothing if he waited until he could do it so well that no one could find fault.”

– John Henry Newman

Bringing Joy to Others

By Jeff Schoenick

Just wanted to post a quick heart-warming story to my friends and family.

My 90-year-old neighbor, Joyce, called and asked if I would come over and take a look at the new lawnmower she and her husband bought. They couldn't get it running. I went over and added a little more oil and figured out how to get it started. Joyce was so happy and told me the story behind her request.

Her husband Earl has Alzheimer's and had been getting increasingly forgetful. When he was unable to get his lawnmower started, she told him that he was finished with mowing lawns and they would hire someone to do it for them.

Earl begged her to allow him to have one more year of mowing the lawn. He asked her why she was being so mean to him. She said he began to cry, so she relented and bought him a new lawnmower.

Earl spent the better part of the day putting it together but could not get it started. He was so depressed and dejected, Joyce said. So she called me without telling him.

I came over and within five minutes had it going. Joyce went inside to tell Earl. He came out, shoes untied, stopped in the driveway, and slipped his heel into his shoe. I showed him how to get it started. It fired up on his first pull.

The look on his face when he started mowing brought tears to my eyes. He was almost running across the front yard mowing the grass. Joyce said she had never seen him mow like that before.

Guess it doesn't matter what age you are, the excitement of getting a new toy is still there!

Just remember, it's not how much you do for someone, but the littlest thing that can bring so much joy to a person, and to yourself without your even knowing it will.

Many happy years of mowing, Earl!

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Special Section

Delivering Good News: A Story from a Minnekahta *Messenger* Messenger

By Grits McMorrow

Yes, here it is, you are holding the latest release of *Minnekahta Messenger*. I'll bet you didn't have any trouble getting *your copy*. If you live in Custer, Pringle, or Hot Springs, I was the person who delivered it into your hands or to your pickup spot.

"Wow!," you say. "The *publisher* is delivering the paper?" Sounds odd, doesn't it. Trust me, it isn't odd. I have done it before.

Twenty years ago, when I lived in Hot Springs, I published *Tourist Talk*, the Hot Springs *Conference* (later retitled Southern Hills *Conference* and then just *The Conference*) and *Fall River Review*. I drove through the Black Hills delivering those papers (well, the *Conference's* anyway).

I would pick up the paper from a printer and drive to the nearest watering hole, sit down with a glass of something cold, and begin folding and collating the pages (the two print shops I alternated between did not have folding and collating machines). It usually took about two hours to do those chores. Then, I would drop off stacks with friends who delivered them to Hot Springs and Edgemont while I drove to Custer, Crazy Horse Memorial, Hill City, Keystone, Mt. Rushmore, Hermosa, and Oelrichs. Yes, Fridays were full days for me.

Delivery locations were few. Service clubs, grocery stores, restaurants, bars, real estate agencies, libraries, senior centers, lodgings, and courthouses were the typical drop-off spots. A small stack would be left in designated areas and readers would pick up their copy... *If any were left*. (Can you believe that there was a time when low-life losers would go around Hot Springs and steal stacks of *The Conference* and toss them into a dumpster? And other people let them do it? Hard to believe, but it was true. So much for the integrity of some small-town people back then.)

Issues of *Minnekahta Messenger* are delivered into the hands of business owners and managers, and employees of municipal and county government. And don't forget the readers who receive the *eMessenger* in their emailboxes, sometimes the night before the

hard copies are ready from my printer, Deb Hendrickson of Deb's Printing in Custer. (Since High Plains Graphics in Hot Springs has closed, I recommend taking your print projects to Deb's Printing; Deb will take good care of you and your printing needs.)

One of the most significant benefits of personally delivering *Minnekahta Messenger* is having opportunities to meet people who read the paper and obtain their feedback about the content of the issues. My first question is always: "Are people reading the paper?" Yes, they are but, more importantly, they look forward to each issue. One reader stated that she reads every issue "from cover to cover." Her co-worker said, "We read everything and talk about the stories with each other." Another reader proclaimed "I read and save all your issues."

My next question, "What do you and others like best about the paper?" usually elicits answers similar to what Kathy from Las Cruces, NM, wrote: "The newspaper is certainly getting more interesting to me with the varying writing styles and topics. It looks like a great deal of work with quality writing showing up everywhere."

Well, sure. *Minnekahta Messenger* features many talented contributing writers, some of whom don't even live in the Black Hills or South Dakota. I would like to have more local writers. I have received tips and contacted writers and poets and writers clubs to entice them to join my team, but no sale. Oh, well. Luckily, at least half of the members of the Edgemont Writers Club have stepped up to the plate... *And each is batting a thousand*. High fives to you all!

Other comments include: "It's a very sophisticated paper. Congratulations." Bill, Albuquerque, NM; "It looks good." Doug, Nashville, TN; "Very informative." Kat, Montgomery, AL; "I think it is your best issue so far." Douglas, Las Cruces, NM; and "It has more interesting stories than our city paper." Kim, New Richmond, WI.

I used to ask, "Should I continue delivering issues to you." Everyone said, "Yes."

So, with such positive feedback, you may

wonder, "Why are there so few business ads?" Good question. There are few ads because I don't have an ad salesperson. I had expected my friend (the one who sold ads for the *Fall River Review*) to move back to Hot Springs, but she can't at this time. She tried to sell ads over the phone, but back in April she was told, "I can't right now, it's tax time" or "I need to design my ad" (*a creative task I can accomplish in less than an hour and at no charge*) or "Call me in June, when the season begins." Okay.

Well, it's June and now I'm hearing, "I've already budgeted for ads and can't advertise with you" or "I'm still designing my ad" (*Yeah, sure*) or "Call me in September, when the season ends." Not okay.

Sounds like bad news for readers. "The paper will probably fold," you say. I doubt it, not with over a thousand readers anticipating the next issue. Not with business owners knowing over a thousand readers would see their ad. Not with a team of writers who tell me, "I really enjoy writing. Thanks for the opportunities."

I ask myself, "How can I disappoint all these people?" That is the question that led me to suffer heat exhaustion on June 9 to deliver to Hot Springs' readers in 95° F heat. I may be stupid about hydration and incapable of ad sales but I am not a quitter.

Greet me kindly on July 7 with Issue #8.

River (cont. from back cover)

The goal of Save the Water is to get the government to pass the Uranium Exploration and Mining Accountability Act, something that would ensure cleanup of all AUMs. Though it was originated two years ago, it has yet to be formally submitted to Congress. Until then, there is currently no law requiring the cleanup of these abandoned mines."

There is hope. We must work together to ensure that abandoned uranium mines—and the leaching of toxic materials from them—are cleaned up. Contact your Congressman about your concerns.

Water is life, after all.

Buffalo Gap Bluegrass Festival Features Talented Black Hills Musicians

By T.L. Matt

Saturday, June 10, was a perfect day as we bumped along the dusty road to the Bluegrass Festival in Buffalo Gap, South Dakota. We anticipated hearing some great music and the four featured groups didn't disappoint us.

We were outside the Buffalo Gap Community Center under some awesome old elm trees. Because of the cool breezes in the shade, it was comfortable as well as magical. There aren't many stands of elm left in the country due to the elm disease that has ravaged these trees throughout the United States.

The Ruby Creek Band from Custer, SD, took the stage first. This band has "a couple of hundred years" total experience among the five band members, with backgrounds in country, western, blues and classical music.

Their mission is to play bluegrass and mountain music in the old-style tradition—just like it was played in the informal community gatherings of yesteryear. I remember my grandmother, born in 1898 in Boone County, Missouri, telling me of community events that featured music and dancing nearly every weekend.

Events like these occurred regularly in communities all over the West and South and helped bind people together in the spiritual experience and fun that music naturally offers. It also helped young people get to know one another, often resulting in marriages and families.

The Ruby Creek Band is influenced by J.E. Mainer (one of my favorite musicians), Tommy Jarrell and Bob Wills. Especially touching was the old favorite, "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" by the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. "The Auctioneer Song" by Leroy Van Dyke, an actual auctioneer, was very well-performed and was a real crowd pleaser. There were also old Southern songs about prohibition and the boll weevil.

Promoting the Bug Crawl, part of the annual Bark Beetle Blues event held every January in Custer, the band had me wishing the Bug Crawl was earlier! An effigy of the infamous bark beetle is burned with plenty of good music and partying beforehand. Hope to make the event in 2018.

Members of The Ruby Creek Band are Jimmy Ray Fechner (guitar, mandolin);

Mary Beth Fechner (rhythm guitar); Kate Girard (fiddle); Brenden Hendrickson (bass) and Roy Hendrickson (guitar, bass).

Next, with perfect bluegrass harmony, came the band aptly named Harmony in the Hills. It includes Craig DeBoer—with his great old-timey cowboy voice—on guitar, Laura DeBoer on the heart-thumping bass, Marcia Kenobbie on the mandolin, and Roy Kenobbie on guitar.

Marcia and Roy Kenobbie are a "matched pair of songbirds," with Marcia's natural-quality bluegrass voice highlighting the band's presentations.

The group played songs by Merle Haggard as well as those by John Fogerty and Don Williams. Their rendition of "Waltz of the Angels," by C.A. Hussey, brought tears to my eyes, it was so good. "On the Road Again" by Willie Nelson was a favorite, as was "Like a Fox on the Run" by John Denver—a toe-tapping number. You couldn't help singing along to some of these tunes!

I asked Roy how they managed to keep getting better and he replied, "If you like what you're doing, then you get better. We jam just for the fun of it!" Also, Marcia said they may consider a CD in the future. I sure hope so!

Buffalo Grass is a three-piece classic Americana band. It sure made me wish my mother were still alive and could hear the songs of her era. It made me remember her and I sure do miss her singing!

They played "Chattanooga Shoe Shine Boy," "Drifting Along With the Tumbling Tumbleweed" and "Oh, Shenandoah," which made a shiver run down my spine, it was so tenderly rendered.

With Kim Plender's vibrant, unique voice—full of pure energy and talent—and Peter Wouden on mandolin and banjo and Jim Bingham on guitar, this band covers every genre with ease. They even featured a song with expert yodeling!

Kim has a natural rapport with the audience and often provides historical background on the songs they perform. She was excited because her new CD, "These Are a Few of My Favorite Things," was hot off the press. You can contact her by email at ronandkimplender@yahoo.com to purchase one.

Kim is a recent recipient of the Steve

Thorp Award for Outstanding Area Musician. Her new CD features two original songs: "Black Hills," a beautiful tribute to the wonders of the Hills she loves so much, and "Home," a spiritual song to inspire you with joy.

Buffalo Grass ended its riveting session with a Randy Travis favorite, "He's My Rock, My Sword, My Shield," "Long Tall Texas" by the Beach Boys, and "Now and Then There's A Fool Such As I" by Bill Trader. The group can play anything – they do it all! Very impressive.

The last band, String Tied, was perfect for bringing the crowd together. They played songs to make people smile and then laugh out loud! The comedy theme was present throughout the line-up of numbers and helped energize the audience.

Members of the group are Ken Amereson (mandolin); Allen Biesman (guitar); Marianne Fridell (bass); and Hank Fridell (banjo).

Their voices reminded me of the raw-boned sound I enjoyed hearing in down-home Missouri/Arkansas bands that played near Springfield, Missouri (my home town). They are all good pickers and have a driving force of tradition to launch every song—tempered by the female lilt of Marianne.

The band has performed together for ten years, according to Marianne, and enjoy a large fan following in the Black Hills. The original number, "Essential Fatty Acid Breakdown" was a climax to a fantastic performance. They offered CDs of their music for sale as well.

I hated to leave the elm grove when the musical program ended at 8:00 p.m. Relaxing in the shade of the elm tree limbs, I had experienced a sense of safety and a feeling of peace one can only get from a gathering such as this.

By the way, there was no charge—but donations were encouraged!—and the food offered at the Community Center was really great!

There is real talent in these Black Hills musicians. I'll be waiting in eager anticipation for the next Buffalo Gap Bluegrass Festival.

This May Interest You

Life on the Rio Grande

By Larry Stocker

Hola Amigos.

I was sitting on the Music-Playing Bench, minding my own business, watching swallows fly over the sandy river bed pretending there was water in it. The sun was low and the air was still.

I saw a guy with a red shirt and a mustache approaching. I'd never seen him before. He asked if he could join me on the bench. I said, "Sure." I wasn't in a mood for talking a lot so I just listened to him. So did the sun.

For 70 years, he said, he has been coming to the river. He pointed with his chin to where he lives northwest of where we were sitting. He remembers when there was water in the river all the time (instead of just a few weeks a year) and he told me about it.

Little pictures appeared in my head of picnics, little kids in swimming suits, flowers, birds and bumble bees. He told me who owned the farmlands around the river and of how no one could make any money farming or driving a truck these days.

"They've taken all the fun out of it," he said. "Forty years I drove the big rigs, last ten years I drove cattle from Oklahoma to California. Flipped the cattle carrier over two times." He lifted up his clean, red, laundered-by-his-wife shirt to show me scars all over his torso. "Busted damn near ever rib on both sides, knocked out all my teeth and killed half the cattle," he said. "It was an awful mess."

I felt my sides and my intact ribs, grateful for the great fortune of not having had to endure that kind of punishment in my lifetime.

"I don't do it no more. Got the rig parked

in my yard. She's a pretty yellow." He pointed with his chin again. "I don't do that no more but I keep her nice."

Not long after the sun went down, he got in his Jeep and drove away. I wished he had stayed a little longer. I wanted to use his stories to fill in some of the historical gaps existing in my mind. What was it like sitting by the river in 1955? How was it to be born in Delicias, Mexico and to come across the border to the U.S. in those dusty old days? Maybe he will be like the sun which goes down every night but rises again every morning. So I will have time for a few more questions.

"Life on the Rio Grande" is a weekly email blog written by Larry Stocker. This story was published on Apr. 18, 2014.

"Life on the Rio Grande" was reprinted with permission from the author.

You're Doing What? – Back to the Woods

By T.L. Matt

We had done the impossible. Cleared a road through previously uncut forest, bushy and unrelenting. Grandad, husband and daughter cutting with Mom lifting bundles of limbs after the chainsaw did its work.

In a way it was sad, hearing the protests of the birds, chipmunks, and many other unseen wildlife. We were intruders in a pristine forest next to a primitive area in the Mission Mountains of Montana. Oh, but the excitement of at last being able to live on our ten acres. Little did we know what *adventures* awaited us.

It seemed that the electricity, sewer and other amenities would be some months in coming, but we were so excited to be out there that we didn't let that discourage us. Luckily, it was still warm and there was a stream not far away, so we decided to use that as a refrigerator. A trench pretty far from the house was our *private* place.

Carting water and laundry up the mountain road was quite a feat, but we were young—just in our 30's—so the challenge was worth the effort just to be independent. Huge ponderosa pines towered overhead and we named one of them *Granddaddy*

because he actually touched the side of our trailer home. That would be a mistake, we learned later.

I guess living in a remote area of a large forest gave me a perspective I had never had before. I became intimately acquainted with the various flowers that popped up in the spring and relished the wild strawberries that grew all around.

We had a small pond on our property, and on its banks grew the most delicious morel mushrooms I had ever eaten – they tasted like steak when cooked. We cooked on both a wood stove and a propane camp stove. I could actually hang up laundry in my nightgown outside because no one, I mean *no one*, was around.

Not knowing what animals lurked behind the dense forest was both a worry but also a kind of excitement that made us feel alive – truly alive and one with nature. I have to say that this environment brought me closer to my God.

Actually, we grew closer without the electrical things to distract us. Played games, told stories, sang, and my daughter played her flute. It was such a beautiful

thing to hear the mystical sounds from the flute wafting through the forest while walking home.

We read Laura Ingalls Wilder by the light of an Aladdin lamp. Our daughter felt a little out of it when her teacher assigned the 4th graders to watch a particular program on TV, but that was rectified when the teacher understood the situation.

We thought we would run a long, long hose from a house up the mountain down to our *bathroom*, so I drew a large elephant out of cardboard, placed it in the bathroom, and the hose became its trunk. Our daughter even brought a friend home to witness the unusual way we got water.

Since the Missions were connected to Canada and Glacier Park, we did have grizzlies upon occasion in our valley, but mostly it was black bear we encountered. One morning as I was walking down our road after accompanying our daughter up the mountain to the bus stop, our cat Fred, who always was by my side, like a faithful dog, lit out like his tail was on fire!

Seeing a black head rise above some bushes next to our home, I knew why.

You always hear people say that you should not run if you see a bear, but instead (*see Woods on page 9*)

Rhyme Or Reason

OVER THE BACK FENCE

By Carrie Cofer

Uncharted Territory

Everything is new;
Everything we do,
All the talk we talk,
All the walk we walk.

You tell me what,
I tell you why,
And it all is new.
Never here before,
Not with any other.

It is not so easy,
The honesty,
The answers.
No foolin', no pretense,
Just solid and real.

I ask you what,
You ask me why,
You tell me answers for now,
Maybe different ones
On another Day.

All the things we do
Everything is new.

Woods (cont. from page 8)

you should back off slowly. My legs didn't hear what my head was saying as I took off on a dead run to the door of our trailer and slammed it shut – my heart beating fast. What was I to do? No telephone and no way to get in touch with anyone. My daughter had to walk the half mile home after school. I thought and prayed just before I was to walk up the trail to meet her.

Sneaking around the corner of our home, I was able to locate a large stick. I headed out on the trail and sure enough, there he was right in the middle. Gaining strength I didn't usually have, I brandished the stick and pounded it on the ground, shouting and yelling, "Get out of here, you bear, you!"

By some miracle, I must have looked particularly fearsome for a 110 lb. small lady and he scooted up the trail ahead of

There are things I cannot do for myself
It's not like abstinence.
There are no all-over cuddle toys for me
When I'm alone and lonely in the night.

When I need a smile, the mirror helps;
I see through it to the other side
Where the rest are, looking back
Alone and lonely in the night.

After the storm's flash and pound,
I wait for the warmth of day.
I've a haunting, daunting feeling
Alone and lonely in the night.

Fog's ragged breath tiptoes down my back,
raising my hackles at the fear.
I wish you were here,
I'm alone and lonely in this night.

Untitled

As pasta water threatens to escape its container,
Bubbling and chuckling
From the application of heat to pot,
So laughter spills over the eyelids
With tickling delight
From the application of humor to reality.

me! Years later, when I told the story to my little rascally boys in the 3rd grade in Springfield, Missouri, they gave me more respect.

Yes, there was occasional flooding. And one time my husband had to climb the tree named Granddaddy to lop off the top during a storm. And there was the time we had to pull porcupine quills out of Fred's poor muzzle. And we learned that burning green wood in the pot-bellied stove resulted in smoke. And one time we had a chimney fire. There were always problems, but with the resulting realization that I could conquer and survive.

The memories of that time sustain me whenever I anticipate possible calamities in the future. We are stronger than we know and spiritual and physical adaptation is possible!

Hanging Out with Writers

By Rod Miller

During the past couple of months I have had the opportunity to hang out with writers.

Late September found me in Idaho Falls for the Idaho Writers League annual conference. I was invited to present a couple of workshops there—a half day on researching and writing historical fiction, and an hour-long session on creative nonfiction.

The conference drew a good group of writers from across and up and down the state. Both my sessions were well attended, and no one pelted me with wilted vegetables or otherwise expressed displeasure.

The red rock country of southern Utah was home for a few days in late October. I sat with three other authors at Read Cat Bookstore in Kanab for a book signing, then spent an evening and day at the Kanab Writers Conference. It, too, attracted a bunch of writers, all of whom seemed to have a good time.

Some of them sat through my presentation on how prose writers can improve their writing by using techniques poets use. Others attended my session on writing essays. And, again, a few people expressed appreciation and those who found it a waste of time were polite enough to not say so.

All in all, some good times and good places to be.

"Hanging Out With Writers" is the title of a blogpost by Rod Miller. It was published on Nov. 3, 2014 on the author's website, <http://writerrodmilller.blogspot.com/2014/11/hanging-out-with-writers.html>.

"Hanging Out With Writers" was reprinted with permission from the author.

Writer Rod Miller writes poetry, fiction, and history about the American West and writes online about writing and reading at writerrodmilller.blogspot.com. Information about Rod and his books and other works is available at writerRodMiller.com, his Amazon Author Page (<https://www.amazon.com/Rod-Miller/e/B001HCTX7G>), and at CowboyPoetry.com.

Well, If You Ask Us

Cool Waters of My Mountain Oasis

By Grits McMorrow

On Friday, June 9, I got out of the house in the late afternoon/early evening to enjoy the outdoors. I had been outdoors all day—delivering issues of this paper by myself since my Hot Springs helper, who drives me back to my parked truck, bailed on me—but it wasn't enjoyable. It was so hot (air temp above 95° F with no breeze) walking the length of Hot Springs' main drag... *Twice!*—*Why doesn't this city have sidewalk overhangs like Custer?*—that I exhibited symptoms of heat exhaustion. Yeah, I got sick.

During that unwelcome physical ordeal, I envisioned cooling off from the heat by jumping into Cold Brook Lake. Until then, I sought and found aid from Lucy and the Green Wolf, KSK Antiques & Pawn, Mornin' Sunshine, Whirlpool Appliance, and Fall River County Auditor Office. Later, at home, again visualizing the relief I would get from immersing myself in the waters of my mountain oasis, I grabbed my shorts, fired up the truck, and did it instead of just thinking about it. And boy, was it ever worth it.

The following day I took my new book (purchased at Black Hills Books & Treasures) and a folding chair (from Shopko) and headed to the stretch of greenbelt along the river south of Brookside Park. (Thanks, Karl Bochert, for informing me of the park's name.) It was cooler than on Friday (*Thank goodness!*). A zephyr made tree leaves clap and grass blades dance. People used the Freedom Trail, some on bicycles, a few in motorized wheelchairs, and many others on foot. One of three young fellas, seated on a nearby bench, approached me and politely asked, "Sir, how do we get to Buffalo Gap for the Bluegrass Festival?" I told him and he thanked me. He called me "Sir." Very respectful, a young man with manners.

And why not "Sir?" I have gray hair and my face probably shows my age (Tuesday I became 58 years old... *Oh my! 58!*). "Mister" would have been acceptable, too. Better than "*Hey...! Old man...!*"

I returned to Cold Brook Lake and it was the happening destination on Saturday. I joined bathers of all ages and someone's friendly dog in the water near the boat ramp and dock. Like on Friday, the water offered the heat relief I was seeking. Refreshed, I dried off and drove to the other side to sit in the shade and read, the steady breeze off the water keeping me cool. I'll surely be back.

Honoring Our Sacred Connection

By Lorelei Marie

In this life we are promoted by honoring our sacred connection to one another and to all living beings. Life is always giving us choices in this regard.

I have found that when I've been challenged by difficult people, turning my face to the sunshine dispels the darkness of ignorance and the negativity of anger and arrogance. By focusing on positive energies our collective reality is also strengthened. We are each of us powerful beacons of light.

No need to try to change those who perpetuate misery and inflict pain on others. I simply honor their journeys as well, knowing that in the spiral of life they will eventually return to their source and learn to create better. When we embrace light and truth, the Divine power of the Creator offers us great guidance and protection and manifests miracles in our lives.

Miracles, however, do not exist outside of us but within us. WE are the miracle with the creative power flowing through us. In truth, we are pure potential with the ability to create better lives for ourselves. Through our determination and examples, we can empower our brothers and sisters to do the same. This is how we honor who we really are.

We may not always be able to control the people and challenges that come into our lives, but we can choose how we react to them and to become better because of our experiences. Don't give away energy or power to negative people or situations or influences, such as alcohol and drugs, which inhibit our connections with the Creator.

Keep your thoughts unclouded and your spirits pure. Always remember who you are and where you came from and to listen to the voice within. Then, and only then, will you truly understand the sacred journey you are on.

"You have forgotten who you are and so have forgotten me. Look inside yourself... You are more than what you have become. You must take your place in the circle of life. Remember who you are... Remember... Look at the stars, the great kings of the past are up there, watching over us. So whenever you feel alone just remember that those kings will always be there to guide you and so will I."

— The Lion King

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Christian "Grits" McMorrow, Publisher • Lorelei Marie, Editor • Frank Gregg, Deputy Editor

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Off the Beaten Path

Dodging Traffic in Nicaragua is a Dance Step I Haven't Learned Yet

By Larry Stocker

I have a regular chair in a corner of a small plaza where I can sit in the morning after I walk back from the country where the school is. Of course, the morning is cooler and every morning I enjoy the walk as the streets become progressively busier and busier. The streets seem like the veins of a running person who starts out slow and picks up speed running into the heart of the activity around the Mercado.

Very well-organized ladies wait on me and bring me a very nice *Americano* every time I sit. From that perspective, I watch the activity for a time. The name of the place is “The Hot Dog Connection” and it is spelled out in English—though everything else is in Spanish. Those ladies will make you whatever you ask for. They are not there just for the hot dogs.

Right across the busy street are the guys I call the Cordoba Guys. They pay attention to everything, they see everything, and they have in plain sight a big wad of Nicaraguan currency in their left hands. They are ready to change those cordobas for Euros, Canadian dollars or US dollars in the blink of an eye.

I have been changing my stash of fifty dollar bills over there and I am amazed at how fast these guys complete the transaction. Each time I count the money because I feel I must. After all it is money. They are always right on. Twenty-five cordobas to the dollar. One fifty dollar bill equals one thousand two hundred fifty cordobas.

And it's pretty amazing what those cordobas will buy. For example, my *Americano* will cost ten, a bottle of water will cost ten, a taxi ride to the park will cost ten, a bus ride to the Masaya market will cost twelve, and there are hostels where a dormitory room will cost twenty-five.

When I focus on the street, the apparent confusion changes to a natural order that could only flow from minimal regulation. Of course, there are cars. The biggest cars are Toyota Corollas. Corollas are like the Mercedes Benz of the streets in Granada. The second biggest are Toyota Yaris. Yaris are like Cadillacs. Everything else is smaller—Hyundais, Suzukis and such.

Every once in a while a giant-sized bus comes down the narrow street. No one blinks an eye. Bicycles and motos are ever present. Carts pulled by one or two horses and often filled with passengers or materials to be delivered some place.

The horses are not freaked out by the activity at all. All the city horses have to wear bags on their rumps to collect the apples. Often the bags are decorated with flowers. That's funny because the country horses don't have to wear the bags and none of them cries out that it's not fair. The horses of Nicaragua have learned that not

all of them can expect to be treated equally.

In addition to all this traffic, you have to add a lot of hand-pushed carts going down the street under one man or one woman power. Like the city cleaners, for example: they get a little wooden cart to push around in which they put the refuse that they are responsible for sweeping up with their big straw brooms.

That is a lot of traffic on the streets. And I have not even included the pedestrians and the dogs. Dogs' leashes are about as rare as people using seat belts in their cars or taxis. *Forget about it.* And the North American habit of running after your dog with a little blue plastic bag in your hand has not caught on here.

When you put all this together—like my eyes do from my regular chair in the corner of the little plaza—it becomes quite a show. I watch the people walk. It's hard to walk on the sidewalks because the space is mostly taken up by men and women with little tables selling everything you can think of. (A table is just like a store in Nicaragua. You have a table, you are in business.)

So walking in the street is a special yoga exercise called *dodging traffic*. The Nicas do it better than I do. To them, it's a dance step that I haven't exactly learned yet. The vehicles that have horns use them and that mixes with all the other sounds to make the music—and it really is music. Pretty good music too. Nicas hate it when there is no music.

I'm going to be sad to leave this place. I go to places and I always feel it in my heart when I leave. How many times can you portion out pieces of your heart?

Nicaragua is a simple place, hot and fertile and friendly. A place where chaos becomes order. The people live close to the basics and they are happy. They have suffered, these people, but now they are back to having hope. I can feel it. If I stayed I would go and volunteer to work with the kids at the school I go to every morning. But that's not in cards for me right now. It's time to leave.

Maybe next time. Maybe I will miss the cool evening breezes coming up from the big lake. Maybe I will miss the bells in the churches clanging in the morning, or the constant sound of the horses clippity-clopping on the stone streets. Maybe, from my lonely, self-contained house in the United States, I will miss the perpetual song of the air of Granada and feel compelled to return to Nicaragua. Nobody knows, least of all me.

I know one thing: it would be easy to live in Nicaragua. *This story was written by Larry Stocker. It was published on Mar. 3, 2014 in the author's weekly email.*

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Trails (cont. from front cover)

Kathy told me of an acquaintance of hers who was stationed in the Air Force here at the time, and who had flown up into one of these trails and taken an air sample. It contained barium, aluminum and strontium. I wish I could have spoken further with Kathy about this, but she has since passed from cancer, perhaps in part caused by weakened immunity from chem trail fallout.

According to Dr. Len Horowitz, a university-trained medical researcher, the feeling of beingsick, having a stuffy nose, an aching body, sweating, coughing, sneezing, and lack of energy, are not symptoms of the flu, but symptoms of chem trail poisoning. The chem trail flu lasts for weeks, sometimes months.

Dr. Horowitz says that there are those within our government who are conspiring with major pharmaceutical companies to cause illnesses on a widespread scale for people across America. "The fact of the matter is, we have seen this type of an epidemic since the end of 1998 and the beginning of 1999. People have been hacking and coughing with this bizarre illness that does not seem to follow any logical viral or bacterial onset and transition period. <https://biselliano.info/2013/02/25/chemtrail-flu-yet/>.

One day I took samples of a substance I found on the ground after a rainfall. It resembled hail in appearance, but felt rubbery to the touch and it did not melt. Upon being analyzed, it was found to contain aluminum, barium and strontium. Another local woman had also sent a sample to an independent lab and it was found to contain the same. Viruses are also being added to the chem trail concoction.

The Armed Forces Research Institute of Pathology has registered a patent for the pathogenic microplasma causing these illnesses.

This microplasma is actually a man-made biological weapon. It does not have a cell wall and can penetrate deep into the nuclei of mammal cells, making it very difficult for the immune system to form a response to it. The patent

report can be seen in the book, "Healing Codes for the Biblical Apocalypse."

Ethylene dibromide, a carcinogen, is also being found in the chem trails Along with micoplasma microbes, ethylene dibromide is weakening people's immune systems and leading to upper respiratory illness. Patients are then treated with antibiotics, which cause their body chemistry to become acidic leading to further degenerative and chronic health problems.

This chemical intoxication of the American people, not to mention the toll it also takes on other life forms, is deplorable.

In order to protect ourselves, Mother Earth and all relations upon it, we must restore the integrity of both our government and our environment. The welfare of the people and life upon this planet should be the priority, not profits earned by drug companies from the suffering inflicted upon others.

Youth (cont. from front cover)

Adam Capay, a member of the First Nations, is imprisoned in Thunder Bay, Ontario, Canada. At 19 years of age, Adam was arrested on a minor charge and jailed. A subsequent fight with another inmate in the jail resulted in the man's death. The circumstances were not clear as to who instigated the altercation and whether Adam was defending himself.

He has since been awaiting trial for four years. During this time, he has been isolated in a plexiglass cell with no windows and bright lights are on for 24 hours a day. Having almost no social contact during these years, Adam is now losing his ability to speak and interact. The United Nations has stated that isolation that lasts more than 15 days is a form of psychological torture and should not surpass that time span.

Both of these situations occurred in the Americas, the so-called "Free World." Supposedly a beacon of hope to the less fortunate.

Perhaps the Western World is now joining the ranks of less de-

sirable places to live considering the violations of human rights that are occurring on a daily basis, especially directed at Native peoples and other minorities.

Bunker (cont. from front cover)

How can you latch onto one of these shelters today? Tupper states that for \$5,000 down, you can take out a \$20,000 loan for three years (6 percent interest). You'll also need a \$1,000-per-year ground lease. All of this (loan and lease) will cost \$692 per month. You could share this bunker with nine other people (212 square feet per person), split the cost and spend only \$69 per month.

Robert Vicino, an entrepreneur from California, promises no credit check, no fees, and no points on this loan. Vicino said, "We're just providing a solution to people who are looking for it. They can have better peace of mind knowing they have a solution if any of *this* happens."

What does "this" mean? Terrorism, war, anarchy, an angry Mother Nature, you name it! I visited Vicino's company website, Vivos – Life Assurance for a Dangerous World (<https://terravivos.com/>). It's a most impressive site; colorful, with intimidating video, and explains anything you might want to ask about the project.

Vicino tried to start a similar survival community in Kansas, but his project was deemed *unsafe*. He has also attempted to organize similar communities in Indiana and even in Europe. He seems to be a man with a mission.

In an online article for DeZeen Architecture and Design Magazine on 11 Jan. 2017 (<https://www.dezeen.com/2017/01/11/vivos-xpoint-south-dakota-bunker-field-worlds-largest-survival-shelter-community/>), the Igloo site was described by Vicino as being "strategically and centrally located in one of the safest areas of North America, at a high and dry altitude of around 3,800 feet with relatively mild weather, well inland and approximately 100 miles from the nearest known military nuclear targets."

To learn more about the Igloo survival community, email your

questions to info@terravivos.com or visit the site yourself and draw your own conclusions.

Children (cont. from front cover)

be killed by Israelis this year. Ten of these victims were minors and four were women and girls.

On June 1st, a 16-year-old Palestinian girl was shot and critically injured by Israeli security forces in the Jenin district of the northern occupied West Bank after she slightly injured a soldier.

A video camera recorded the scene as she lay on the ground wounded for more than an hour before receiving medical care, surrounded by soldiers while Israeli settlers insulted her, calling her a "b*tch" and telling her she deserved to die.

Israeli emergency medical service and blood bank, Magen David Adom (a health charity) released a statement to social media stating that the soldier was in "light condition," while the Palestinian had been "neutralized," a term used in Israel to refer indifferently to when a Palestinian has been injured or killed.

River (cont. from front cover)

Flowing east and passing Edgemont, SD, it skirts the southern Black Hills, passing through Angostura Reservoir. On the east side, it flows past Buffalo Gap National Grasslands, Pine Ridge Reservation and Badlands National Park. It is joined by the Belle Fourche River and flows along the southern boundary of the Cheyenne River Reservation. The last 35 miles form an arm of Lake Oahe, close to Pierre, SD.

A lot of area is covered in western South Dakota downstream as it runs through five counties. This originally pristine waterway can become a better source of life to sustain people and animals.

Suraj Rajendran, Research Project Leader for Save the Water (savethewater.org) on November 10, 2016 stated, "Ongoing campaigns, such as the Clean Up Mines campaign, have been attempting to resolve the problems of the abandoned uranium mines (AUMs)."

(see *River* on page 6)