

Minnekahta *eMessenger*®

VOLUME I

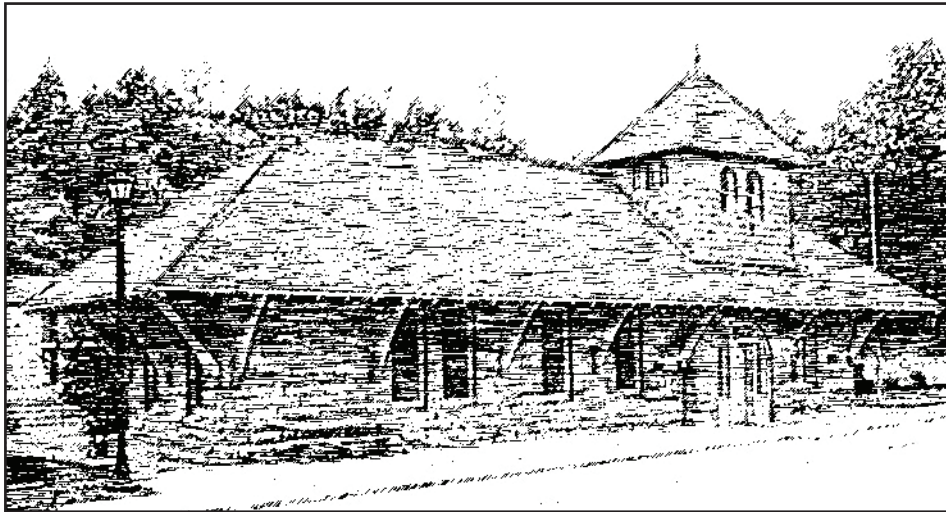
MINNEKAHTA PUBLISHING, LLC

NUMBER 8

SOUTHWESTERN SD.

BRINGING OUR COMMUNITIES TOGETHER

FRIDAY, JUL. 7, 2017



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HAPPY DOG DAYS OF SUMMER STAY HYDRATED

WE SUPPORT OUR FIRST RESPONDERS THANK YOU ALL LIVES MATTER

ACTIVISTS REDEFINED:
UNSUNG HEROES NO MORE
By Chad Nováček

The other day in my local grocery store parking lot, I noticed a preferential parking sign emblazoned with the American flag and entitled "Super Hero Parking Only." Included on the sign were the words "Veterans, Active Duty, EMT's, Police Force, Fire Fighters."

Messages like this inform us who or what is most revered in our society and who is considered, well, a "hero."

The professionals mentioned above certainly earn the title "Superhero" as they risk and sacrifice greatly to save lives, protect property and enforce the rule of law, etc.

But the sign got me thinking about another group of superheroes that have radically improved our Quality of Life but to whom we seldom pay much mind or public accolade: *The Activists.*

The beauty is that anyone can be an activist. To me, it's a broad term to include anyone taking action to challenge an elite and exclusive status quo whose guardians have hitherto withheld freedoms, rights, protections and access to opportunities and resources to certain subgroups in order to usher in progress and improve our overall quality of life whilst we inhabit Earth together.

Activists are often principled people, guided by values such as Truth, Justice, Equality, Inclusivity, Transparency, Love, Compassion, Ecology and Community Connection/Mutual Support.

(see *Heroes on back cover*)

FIRST NATIONS PLEA FOR HELP By Lorelei Marie

In northern Ontario's First Nation's Reserve in Attawapiskat, Ontario, there has been a rash of youth suicide attempts in the past year. These have dramatically affected this small community of 2000 people.

The Ojibways of the Onigaming First Nation lost four of their members in 2014 to suicide. Three were sisters, including a 12-year-old.

A healing walk was organized along the Trans-Canada Highway to help members of this small tribe of 450 people who have been devastated by the loss.

Shortly after the walk, there were more suicide attempts, sometimes 5 a day, beginning with the death of an 18-year-old boy. There was also an increase in alcohol and drug abuse.

Onigang Chief Kathy Kishiqueb called a state of emergency. However, the government responses were lacking due to a shortage of money and resources emerging in 2013 after being hit with seven deaths, including four suicides, and another 20 suicide attempts.

(see *Help on back cover*)

PIONEERING ON THE CHEYENNE RIVER

By T.L. Matt

I picked up a small book in the Edgemont Public Library, *Pioneering on the Cheyenne River*, compiled by the Robber's Roost Historical Society in 1947. The committee assigned to glean information from those pioneers still alive did a good job of interviewing them.

The old ranches of South Dakota and Wyoming were all built along the Cheyenne River. The grasses were lush and plentiful but, unfortunately, the cattlemen brought too many cattle onto the ranges by the river.

This overstocking depleted the grass that nourished the cattle. Also, the bad winters, especially the winter of 1886-87, contributed to many ranch business failures.

Yet, the men and women of the ranches in those days were a tough bunch and endured hardships we can barely imagine today.

The book includes many stories of lynchings, Indian worries and chilling tales of the exploits of the *road agents* or robbers of the stagecoaches and freighters.

The big cattle barons, many from England, Scotland, and Germany, were sure their herds were being rustled, so they sent for hired guns from Texas to shoot people from a list of their suspects. This was called the Johnson County War of 1892.

Two men were killed on the Kaycee Ranch near Buffalo, WY. A group of armed men assembled to confront the Texas gunmen but federal troops showed up and took the Texas men to jail where they were then released.

(see *Pioneering on back cover*)

NO NEED FOR FINE IN HAZARDOUS SPILL?

By Lorelei Marie

Residents in White Mesa, Utah on the Mountain Ute reservation were alarmed after a spill of radioactive waste occurred near their town.

The spill occurred on U.S. Highway 191 south of Blanding, Utah. An inspection by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission determined Cameco Resources, a Wyoming uranium mining company, had used an improper shipping container.

According to Mark R. Shaffer, Division Director of Nuclear Materials Safety, nine violations were identified, including failure to accurately assess, report, and label barium-sulfate waste shipments, failure to ship waste material in appropriate containers, failure to test whether the material could withstand the vibration and acceleration

of transportation, and failure to provide specific hazmat training. (<https://the-journal.com/articles/43868>)

(see *Spill on back cover*)

GUARDIANS OF FREE SPEECH

By Lorelei Marie

Censorship in America? Yes, it does exist and on an increasingly broad scale in both the public and private sectors. There is a concerted effort by corporations, such as Amazon and Google, institutions of higher learning, nonprofits, and special interest groups, to blacklist any criticism of the ruling elite. This includes controlling what we read in books and newspapers and what we learn from radio and television.

Words such as "fake," "misleading," and "conspiracy" are being used to label and discredit any alternative views from individuals with the courage to stray from the path of accepted thought. These individuals and the institutions that support them are being targeted and shut down in many cases.

(see *Guardians on back cover*)

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Mitakuye Oyasin

What Does Membership Really Mean?

By Robert Horse, Oglala Lakota

As a member of a federally recognized tribe, (the status of which automatically places the tribe that I have membership in into a special category), the tribe holds a government relationship with the United States. This legal standing is maintained by treaties between our nations through the U.S. Constitution, and more recently, the Civil Rights Act.

Many of my non-native friends and allies have questioned me as to why my tribe does not assist efforts to support community re-entry initiatives after being incarcerated, in regards to proven treatment programs that will benefit a large number of tribal members in the future.

I applaud many of the great accomplishments taking place in our communities, but with success comes the need to continue to improve our status and raise the bar. Pretending that a large number of tribal members are not being incarcerated because of addiction issues and not returning to our communities after a hard stint in prison, is not being in touch with reality.

Meth and other addictions are reaching

crisis levels in tribal and non-tribal communities. The solutions to these issues come in many forms. The most common are more law enforcement, more imprisonment and more laws. Some call for “an eye for an eye” mentality against users. A great man, Mahatma Ghandi, once stated, “If the whole world operated on this principle, then the world will be blind.”

Some say dollars are not available for treatment and rehabilitation. Funding allocations are grossly inadequate in other tribal programs. Can we fill these funding gaps by searching for alternatives or should we be looking at downsizing the huge salaries of tribal officials? We could also require funding from wealthy tribes and rancherías—whose indulgences have absorbed their spirits and their Indigenous identity.

I will continue to advocate for a greater mission for this generation and beyond. This mission includes humanity, compassion, fortitude, Mother Earth, and saving the future for the unborn. The primary focus is to utilize the millions of dollars that

are being mismanaged, spent on government studies, and immense tribal salaries, to search for real solutions to our problems.

As a community we need to educate our youth early, assist the addicted and bring awareness to reentry needs of tribal members.

“Before our white brothers arrived to make us civilized men, we didn’t have any kind of prison. Because of this, we had no delinquents. Without a prison, there can be no delinquents. We had no locks nor keys and therefore, among us there were no thieves. When someone was so poor that he couldn’t afford a horse, a tent, or a blanket, he would, in that case, receive it all as a gift. We were too uncivilized to give great importance to civilized property. We didn’t know any kind of money and consequently, the value of a human being was not determined by his wealth. We had no written laws laid down, no lawyers, no politicians, therefore we were not able to cheat and swindle one another. We were really in bad shape before the white men arrived and I don’t know how to explain how we were able to manage these fundamental things that (so they tell us) are so necessary for a civilized society.”
—John Fire Lame Deer, Sioux Lakota.

Honor Makua and Restore Our Native Paradise

By Lorelei Marie

Native Hawaiians have struggled for survival for more than two centuries. When Westerners arrived in 1776, the population which was estimated to be about 400,000 was quickly decimated by diseases. By the 1880’s only about 40,000 Hawaiians remained.

Native culture was further destroyed by Christian missionaries who condemned cultural practices including native attire and the Hula. The sacred Kapu system focusing on Hawaiian beliefs of a balanced universe was replaced by Christian dogma.

Kanaka Maoli (Native Hawaiians) considered the land to be their parent. By caring for the land, they in turn were cared for. The idea of ownership was foreign. When the Western idea of ownership was

introduced to them, it stripped Hawaiians of their ability to survive. The prevalent subsistence ideology was destroyed and Native people became field workers for the sugar cane industry.

Hawaiians lost their self-determination when the last reigning monarch of Hawaii, Queen Liliukalani abdicated her throne in 1893. United States Marines forcibly held her captive until she agreed to step down. A resolution passed by Congress then annexed the sovereign kingdom.

In current times, Hawaiians are coping with burial, housing and cultural rights issues. The U.S. military controls a quarter of the land including sacred sites. Makua is one. “Makua” means *parents* and is the birthplace of the Hawaiian people.

Unfortunately, this land is full of toxins from being used for military practices and repeatedly bombed by different types of weapons. The cap rock has been destroyed on the Island of Kaho’olowe, meaning the Island’s aquifer is broken, so it can no longer contain fresh water in its ground.

Today, Hawaiians continue their struggle for survival. They use a concept called Aloha’ Aina, meaning *love of the land*, which calls for defending the Islands from military and unwarranted development, instead preferring to nurture the lands so they are self-sustaining (or as much as they still can be today).

This is a concept we should all adapt, especially concerning the ongoing and wanton destruction of the common environment that supports us all. Mother Earth deserves better and so do we. Think of the future generations that will walk this land.

There's Something To Be Said

The Kindred Spirit By Barbara Hauseman

Old School

I was born and raised in the “Old-School” ways when a generation or more of people favored traditional ideas and values, known as the “Golden Rule” of life.

1. Old school (noun), meaning a style, way of thinking, or method of accomplishing a task that was employed in a former era, remembered either for its inferiority to the current method, or for its time-honored superiority over the new way.

2. Old-school (adjective), characteristic of a style, outlook, or method employed in a former era, remembering either as inferior to the current style, or alternately, remembering nostalgically as superior or preferable to the new style. The older style denotes something that would be considered out of date or out of fashion to some, but as such, is considered by others as cool

and hip. (This was news to me! I thought there was only one old school and it was from the past.)

If you are like me, a Baby Boomer, you remember the old-school ways were the back-bone of our culture. They included respect, honesty, loyalty and honoring thy father and mother. Manners were also on this list, especially when meeting new folks and attending functions. Above all, the golden rule meant using “Please” and “Thank you” in conversation. Saying “Yes/No, Ma’am” and “Yes/No, Sir” was considered appropriate etiquette.

Attending one’s class reunions can be a real old-school reminder! Walking back in time, as it were, always sets the scene for remembering old smells, the sounds of creaks in wooden floors, and staircases where ancient scuff marks may still remain.

The fire-escape was like a curved pipe

that we used to slide down to safety. These features are only seen in water amusement parks and playgrounds now, but kids still get to experience the thrill of sliding down.

“May Day” (a spring festival celebrated on the first day of May) was a memorable occasion when I was in grammar school. We created decorative paper cups (with or without a handle) that would hold candies, nuts and chocolate goodies. Then you walked up to a friend’s house, rang the doorbell and ran like heck, hoping NOT to get caught and get a kiss. It was pure innocence and we had mantles to display the array of goodies we collected!

The “May Pole” was erected on May Day. A tall pole was placed in the ground with different colored ribbons flowing from the top of it. Each child would selectively choose a favorite color of ribbon and, once the music started, we criss-crossed one another, up and over, down and up, again and again and again until we had created a *braided pole* of colors leaving *tails* of the remaining ribbons to blow in the wind. It was a family affair for all to attend in my local community.

The town swimming pool was a popular attraction on hot summer days. Hundreds of us kids would ride our Schwinn bikes (1950ish) to the pool and park them anywhere without the need for locks! Each kid knew each other’s *ride* and the understanding was, “Don’t you dare touch my bike!” No thefts ever occurred. Trust was the golden rule at the local pool (and anywhere else in town). All was good in our world.

So, since you’re reading this article from the old-school days, I will call you my friend! It was different back then, hardly any worries to speak of, and when the street lights came on you could find your bike where you left it and make a mad dash for home and a home-cooked meal! Ah, those were the good ol’ days of “Old School.”

Lies They Tell Writers, Part 4: Find Your Voice

By Rod Miller

Call me an idiot, but I have never understood the admonition to writers to “find your voice.” What does it mean, anyway?

First of all, if there is such a thing as a “voice,” how can you not have one? Then, assuming you do have a “voice,” why would you want only one?

Now, if you are a columnist or commentator, I can see how you would want to develop a particular, recognizable writing style. And if you’re writing a memoir or autobiography, it certainly ought to read—sound—like the whole thing comes from the same pen (mouth?).

But if you’re writing a magazine article for, say, *Cosmopolitan*, it certainly should not sound the same as a story you’re writing for *True West*. There, it seems the “voice” should be that of the publication and the story. And you wouldn’t want your Old West romance novel to read like your modern-day mystery novel. In fiction, it seems it’s the characters who ought to have “voices,” not the author. Each poem, each song, each short story likewise should

speak for itself, in whatever “voice” best tells the story.

Of course I could be wrong, lacking as I am in a literary education. But when it comes to finding my “voice,” I don’t even know where to look.

“Lies They Tell Writers, Part 4: Find Your Voice” is the title of a blogpost by Rod Miller. It was published on Aug. 31, 2014 on the author’s website, <http://writerrod-miller.blogspot.com/2014/08/lies-they-tell-writers-part-4-find-your.html>.

“Lies They Tell Writers, Part 4: Find Your Voice” 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 writerrod-miller.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.

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If You Could Change One Thing

How to Live

By Andy Skadberg

Okay, let's face it, all forms of government have failed to perform. All organized religions have failed. Economics, the money system, works bass-ackwards. The idea of survival of the fittest is not how the universe operates.

The forms of organized religion and governments have damaged the planet and allowed the majority of the population to live in squalor and misery. The rich have been miserable too, because living prosperously when others are suffering will not ultimately lead to a fulfilled life.

So, what principles can we establish by which to create an ever-expanding life? How can we turn things around? If we were to "go back to the drawing board" and start over, what could we do?

This idea came to me many years ago when I thought about personal responsibility inside of corporations. Ultimately, there is no "passing the buck" in life, even though "chain of command" has created this preposterous idea: that if someone is my master or boss, and they tell me what to do, I have no responsibility for my actions. This is worse than a lemming mentality.

For example: my boss gets an idea that it is a good idea to jump off a cliff, so he tests the idea by telling me to jump off the cliff. He's my boss, so I have to do it. What happens? I die, or am severely crippled for the rest of my life.

Now, in truth, both of these possibilities are not as bad as we think. In fact, at least in this world, they can lead to great demonstration. However, the point of my argument here is, just because my boss made the decision, am I not responsible for the action?

What happens to my boss? Maybe he doesn't die, but in a way, hasn't he suffered a worse consequence? Isn't that how it really works? That if I benefit at the expense of another, whether it be another person, another life form, or the planet, I ultimately lose much more – because, like the law of giving is multiplicative, so is the Golden Law.

The retributions for ignorance, especially those that are intentional, will come back around, multiplied. Cosmically, or some would say, *Karmically*, I will pay a price some day. But, this too is bass-ackwards, for the reason *not* to do something is not about saving my own hide.

However, beyond the potential benefits gained from passing from this life, or the powerful demonstrations that can come from people who overcome physical and mental challenges, the question remains: Did we come here to Live or to Die?—at least in this physical form. If we could learn the lessons of Love, I believe we would have to answer that we are born to Live, period. This conclusion is what Albert Schweitzer called the "will to live."

His simple but profound realization, that all life forms are born and have the creative source's inherent aim "to survive,"—to live a full life—then led him to realize the fact that, to live in absolute harmony with other beings, and ultimately with himself, he needed to establish a foundation, or "ethic" for his existence. His epiphany he called "reverence for life"—and that means all life—including insects and plants.

"So what is the point here?" you ask. "I don't see the 'How to Live' in this" and "Where is this all coming from?" I don't know, but it feels like inspiration.

I woke up this morning, after a wonderful Facebook chat last night with a high school friend, Tom Dooley, who has been on a similar life trek as I. It's as if he and I ventured out walking from Ames, Iowa, as high school acquaintances, to experience the world and life in all its trials and tribulations and—through some set of serendipitous circumstances—found that our wandering, weaving paths, ended meeting squarely head-on again after 30 years.

I found myself all last night dreaming, but also half-dreaming, about some of Tom's experiences and insights that he has come to—that "Everything is only One! Everything is a mirror!"

But, also as I was dreaming and half-dreaming, I was scripting a message to Tom about my admiration for his journey—acknowledging his accomplishments and dedication in pursuit of "the Truth."

And I'm not talking about the Christian truth, or the Buddhist truth, or the American Indian truth, or the United States truth, etc. I'm talking about the One Truth—the One Truth that I think Christ realized, that Siddhartha realized, and that Tom Dooley realizes—there is only One thing here.

I also told him at one point that I have now realized that I had profound epiphanies when I was young. He said "Like what?" And on the spot I didn't remember this one epiphany about "personal responsibility," but this morning I did, and I became inspired to write about it.

But what does this mean, the idea that there is "only One thing here?" How can this Truth—which many call Love, which isn't what it really is, because Love is only a word, and one that has been tremendously misunderstood, but comes as close as any word—be realized? How does one go about, day-to-day, to make decisions in a backwards world, to move toward a world that reflects the Love of the One?

How do we move from the world of wars, of suffering, of disease, of disharmony and pain, to the world of love and harmony and peace and understanding? How do we move away from the "status quo" where people are searching for the truth outside *only*, instead of inside and then reflecting the beauty that they discover to the outside and then have it reflected back?

How do we move out of the existing world we live in each day, where the economic system seems to be designed to destroy the very thing where the bounty comes from? "Modern" economics kills the geese that lay the golden eggs. And we blame it all on "greed."

The basic premise of Adam Smith's economic model of scarcity is the catalyst for greed which feeds "fear of lack," that puts us in the modality of "get what you can for yourself and your loved ones," but damn the rest of them. Who is responsible for all this stuff—these ideas, these theories, these beliefs, these excuses?

We are! Each one of us. As individuals, we collectively contribute to the continuation of all the things we say or believe are bad. So that is where the solutions to these (*see Live on page 5*)

Live (cont. from page 4)

“apparent dilemmas” must begin. At the individual level. One person at a time.

And the amazing thing is that if I change my mind about these things, then something magical happens: I will see the world differently, and subsequently *the world will change!*

These ideas of what is wrong or who is to blame are all based on a “cop-out.” If we say these things are “reality,” we have given up—given up some of our greatest attributes and capabilities, such as imagination, agility, and adaptation. It’s not even about corporate greed or government’s incompetence or political corruption. Because in the end, corporations, governments and political systems are composed of people, supposedly created and designed to serve the people.

I think it comes down to, basically, personal responsibility. That I need to take responsibility—to the best of my ability—for every thought, action and deed. I would say simply that the world would change significantly if we guided our thoughts and actions by Love. At some level, that should be enough.

The seven “virtues of the heart”—admiration, compassion, forgiveness, humility, gratitude, understanding and valor—provide a wonderful “acid test” of our thoughts, actions and behavior. But how do holding these virtues convert to practical methods? How do we convert the wonderful “ideas” of the seven virtues into a “practical technique?” Maybe just by asking ourselves a few questions.

I suggest this list as a starting point:

- Am I being asked to do something that I would do if I had to take personal responsibility for the action – or if I were to receive the negative repercussions?
- Have I given some thought to how others might or might not benefit? – and this means as comprehensive a list as possible.
- Am I keeping secrets?
- Am I telling lies?
- Do I think I can pull the wool over someone’s eyes and gain personal benefit at their expense?
- Of all possible choices of action, is my action the best choice for other people, to nature, the planet, and myself?
- Am I constantly challenging myself to do better? This includes helping others raise their awareness of this level of

personal responsibility?

- If I were being watched by a sort of *quality overseer*, would I feel ashamed of my efforts, or would I feel that I have done my best?

- Am I trying to justify my actions or explain them away with excuses?

- Am I expecting someone else to clean up my mess (this means in every aspect of my life)?

- Am I willing to consider the application of “Reverence for Life” in my life?

- Am I willing to take time to measure my thoughts and actions against the seven virtues of the heart—admiration, compassion, forgiveness, humility, gratitude, understanding and valor?

- And finally, do I realize that there is One infinite Loving presence that is over-seeing all of this?

So, really, these are not big deals. And all that I have written here doesn’t matter much at all, in the whole scheme of things, but at least I did my best.

Of course, all of these things roll into the “Golden Rule”—which I believe is really the “Golden Law”—but this short list of questions provides a practical way to evaluate any given action. The fact of the matter is that inside each one of us is the mechanism or guidance program that will answer each of these questions – perfectly – that is, if we are clear with our feelings.

It’s been called “our conscience,” but it speaks to us through feelings—anxious, angry, painful or fearful (bad) feelings—meant to say we’re making a mistake. Smooth, calm, happy, comfortable feelings mean it’s a pretty good decision.

The program associated with our heart feelings will guide us with absolute clarity—if we take the time to notice what they are saying to us. The questions provided here are intended to establish a means by which to measure the viability of each decision.

“How to Live” is the title of a blog-post by Andy Skadberg. It was published on Apr. 8, 2010 on the author’s website, <http://13lightmessages.blogspot.com/2010/04/how-to-live.html>.

“How to Live” 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.

Hymn to the Sun

By Dan P. Davison

Hymn to the Sun

By Pharaoh Akhenaten (King of Egypt ~1375-1358 BC)

Cattle browse peacefully,
Trees and plants are verdant,
Birds fly from their nests
And lift up their wings in your praise
All animals frisk upon their feet,
All winged things fly and alight once more—
They come to life with your rising.

Indeed, Sunlight, Dirt and Water were created for all creatures and humanity to browse, grow, fly, frisk, rest, with complete liberty, together for the common celebration of life. Where did that go? It WILL come back soon!

We will soon migrate rapidly to the new spiritual social-economic global environment which embraces the base principles, process, practices and procedures which elevate virtues and values of each Sovereign Soul.

Remember Who We Are

By Lorele Marie

When we remember who we are, the illusion of separation will no longer exist. We will then be able to envision and create the resources needed to provide for all peoples and enable all to enjoy happy and productive lives.

Instead, we perpetuate the notion of “lack,” that we are not enough and that Mother Earth cannot provide for us. We invent labels to further separate us from each other, dividing humanity into categories, some of which are perceived to be better than others.

She, he, black, red, white, native, non-native (aren’t we all natives of Mother Earth?) Christian, Muslim, Buddhist (there are many religious labels). Further, we tell ourselves that money can actually promote a human soul and existence to a higher category of being. The only power money holds is that which we attach to it through our intentions.

We are all sacred beings. We cannot be separated, no matter how much we pretend otherwise.

Special Section

Arts and Crafts Festival Comes to Hot Springs

By T.L. Matt

What a glorious day for a festival! The weather perfect and the crowd happy and friendly. Elks Lodge 1751 had created an outstanding tent for the children with varied games and a free supervised craft. Proud kids showed off the darling bird houses they had made.

There were many booths offering anything you might desire and more. One booth contained very flat glass bottles that had been baked in a kiln for four hours. Talk about a unique display item! A tent that really caught my attention was one that made use of bear teeth, coyote teeth and bear claws for interesting jewelry. Another booth close by featured unusual pieces made with elk horn, deer antlers, antelope horn and buffalo and even reindeer items as well.

Several vendors offered jewelry and homemade signs. A display of American flags made out of fire hoses was outstanding as well as old fashioned games for children that were nostalgic but still fun today. There was a tent devoted entirely to crocheted items and one which dealt with renovated furniture with a rustic theme. Talented artists displayed their paintings and photographers their original photos. Rugs, baskets, clothing, candles, spices, jams and jellies, backpacks (for dogs, too) and wire art were some but not all of the items for sale.

There was a lot of activity at the food vending areas and everyone seemed to enjoy conversing almost as much as consuming the food and drink.

Steve Thorpe started out the musical portion of the festival. His country blues style was influenced by Mississippi John Hurt. Steve always preceded his songs with a little history behind them. Apparently Mississippi John got lost after years of popularity and was found in his old age sharecropping in Avalon, Mississippi. He spent his remaining days performing for the college circuit! This story influenced Thorpe's song, "Avalon, Avalon."

It seems Steve enjoys writing songs with

"peace" themes. He said, regarding the Black Hills, "We are living in Paradise," a statement with which I profoundly agree. He grew up in Newcastle, Wyoming, three blocks from the railroad tracks, and the coal trains would blow their whistles every 20 minutes! "All Night Coal Train Blues" came out of that experience.

After his mother died, he found poetry she had written in a notebook. He didn't know she was a writer! Sometimes he said her poetry gives him inspiration for his lyrics. "Waiting on the Rain" followed. Steve included skilled harmonica interludes in many of his songs, which added to the impact of his unique repertoire.

People were walking up the sidewalk next to the lazy river that flows between the reeds through Centennial Park. Families with children and dogs and couples just couldn't help walking in rhythm to the music. Even the birds seemed affected and soared near the performers and audience, trying to get closer to the magic. One very young, curious bird cocked his head and hopped dangerously close to the performer, wanting to be part of the scene.

Steve said he searches for things the world has lost. One of his songs echoes that in the verse, "... we can live in riches if we live away from greed." Ending his performance was a heartfelt song, "Take Ye Care," that he composed for his wandering son who was a surfer and then later a fire fighter in California. The song speaks to us in the words "...don't waste a precious day in anger" and "...may your road return to me."

It was a rewarding, emotional experience listening to Steve Thorpe as well as a riveting musical experience.

Next on the venue was Keith Burden, of Custer, a seasoned and dynamic performer of folk and Americana music. He grew up in Hill City and said, "I took it all for granite." (Ha, ha) He stated that at around 9 or 10 years of age he started writing songs and played them on homemade instruments, as well as mastering the piano. He

also plays a mean harmonica! In 1870, his family came into this area to homestead. His song, "Good Times in the Badlands" was influenced by the experiences of the pioneers. Sometimes the Badlands could be brutal, as in 1937 when the temperature reached 126 degrees with very dry conditions.

As the clouds floated overhead, I noticed both white moths and butterflies flying by, as well as skateboarders and bicyclists. Drawn to the music, a young boy had climbed a tree near the stage and was rapt.

The Black Hills are known as "God's Country" and Keith sang a song with that title about living close to nature with the coyote and pronghorn nearby. The American flag flew in the background very gently and then, during the song, the breeze turned into a small whirlwind, blowing leaves around and making everyone laugh!

Keith is unique as he has many sing-along songs geared to developing a rapport with the audience. He was even brave enough to ask for requests and one of them was a song he didn't know. In response, he made up the words, with a poem thrown in for good measure – and nailed it – to the delight for the audience! He works at Blue Bell Lodge in Custer State Park and plays music for customers on the hayride to the chuck wagon supper in the canyon. Everyone enjoys the sing-alongs on the ride!

He wrote the song, "I'd Trade a Lifetime," about a young man who, after fighting in the Civil War, finds happiness in the Black Hills. Also Keith told about Scotty Phillip, who came from Scotland, was a successful rancher, married a Native American, and had eight children and 40,000 head of cattle. He was elected to the SD State Legislature and, of course, was "The Man Who Saved the Buffalo," a song Keith composed.

Keith also told stories of John Colter and Jim Bridger and sang songs inspired by them. His signature song, "Life is Good" reflects his philosophy. His goal is to uplift people and he is grounded spiritually to achieve that purpose. Keith loves performing and sharing his talent. He says that connecting to others is a "two way street" and (*see Festival on page 7*)

Festival (cont. from page 6)

he is energized by the audiences' reaction to his music. He had several CDs for sale.

About this time, the Hot Springs "Can Man" (native resident Roger Klein) came by with a huge load on his large tricycle, heading down the sidewalk by the river. A prime example of one who wants to make a difference and doesn't just talk about it!

Harmony in the Hills was next with their special brand of easy bluegrass. Once again, Marcia Kenobbie's pure female bluegrass voice was the hallmark of their performance. They sang "Whiskey Before Breakfast" by Norman Blake, which made people naturally smile and relax. Their "Blue Moon of Kentucky" by Bill Monroe is something with which I have to quietly sing along. I noticed couples walking by, swinging their arms, and a grandmother in the back dancing with a child.

They played Ingrid Michaelson's song, "The Way I Am" and "Another Man Done Gone," the old favorite sung by Johnny

Cash, and John Denver's "Country Roads," with the great *a cappella* ending. There was a cowboy dancing with his sweetheart to their music. This group always seems to relax and charm the crowd. A talented group of well-known musicians in the Black Hills, they are always a welcome sight!

Hank Harris, another well-known musician, was a hard-driving guitar player with a flair for interpretation. He is noted for his blues, jazz and folk music, although he excels at any genre. Hank has taken historic songs from this area from 1875 to 1910 and added his own upbeat innovations. He had two CDs for sale, *Deadwood Songbook #1* and *Songbook #2*, that include these historic songs that Hank has researched. Along with Kenny Putnam, he has worked with DD and the Fayrohs, Red Willow, and others.

Besides the Martin 1970 guitar, "his oldest friend," Hank plays several harmonicas throughout his performance. He was twelve years of age when he first took guitar les-

sons in Guatemala from a Mr. Rodriguez, who spoke no English. Wisely, Mr. Rodriguez procured songs from Hank's childhood favorites and revised them into guitar pieces, thus sparking Hank's interest.

He played, "Right on Time," a spoof that was a true crowd-pleaser and the folk song, "Hands of a Working Man" by B. Vincent Williams and Jim Collins. The songs of the South especially touched me and his interpretation of "Georgia" by Hogie Carmichael was very moving. Paul Simon's "America" was sung to an appreciative crowd. Hank is a musician "extraordinaire" and a great ending to the musical portion of the Arts and Crafts festival.

The music was enhanced all day by the installation of two large loud speakers that threw the sound all over Centennial Park, bringing the ambiance that was needed for such a great affair. I saw many friends and acquaintances and met new friends. I will be sure to attend next year – you can count on it!

Gerald Meets Custer State Park Wildlife

By Carrie Cofer

Oh, it was just beautiful, here in Custer State Park, South Dakota, during the summer of 2011. I was a volunteer worker, assigned to the Peter Norbeck Visitors Center, alternating with the Badger Hole, which is the former home of Badger Clark, South Dakota's first Poet Laureate.

Gerald was still just a youth, interested in anything and everything that might be visible from the windows of our 24-foot Coachmen trailer. He was not allowed to go outside, as small as he still was, at 6 months of age. So most of the time, he spent his days traveling from the bedroom windows to the living room / lounge windows, noticing the flying things and meeting and visiting with our neighbors in the Class A recreation vehicle next to ours.

It became time for the weather to change from hot summer to *also* hot but rainy weather as autumn approached. That is, traditionally, the time for many of the hooved members of the park to gather into growing clusters, and become more selective in their search. In other words, from searching for cool shade and grass to similar clusters of lady friends. In this case, they were looking for bisonettes.

On this particular day, the growing clan of adult and semi-adult bison males were grazing and having sand baths in the middle of the small green area surrounded by our volunteer RVs and trailer homes. When I got home from my shift at the Visitor Center, Gerald wasn't greeting me from the screen door, as he usually did. I parked my truck and went up to the trailer door, and was there in time to see Gerald RUSHING up to the screen door, complaining at the top of his lungs about the nasty huge brown things from earlier in the afternoon.

His eyes were huge, and cinnamon colored, his tail bushed out and his little ears were flattened out to the sides. I finally found out what he was saying, that had upset him so badly. He said the biggest bison

had tried to attack our trailer! And when it couldn't push it around, it started scraping its back against the corner of the trailer! "It could only break off one of the yellow side-lights, but not for lack of trying!" said Gerald. He was still panting and upset.

I went back outside to close the truck windows, and my neighbor from next door told me not to pay too much attention to Gerald's fears. Evidently, my neighbor, Bill, watched the whole thing, and it seemed to him that Gerald ATTACKED the screen window where the bison bull was scratching his back, and startled it enough to scare it away.

Gerald got a lot of good attention that evening, including vanilla ice cream and tuna!

This was not the only episode of "Gerald Meets" something; it was the first, but he is still doing the meeting and surprising thing five years later!



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605-673-2740
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This May Interest You

Life on the Rio Grande

By Larry Stocker

In 1882 Mark Twain returned to the Mississippi to go for a Steamboat ride. He rode from New Orleans all the way to Minneapolis-St. Paul, stopping at all the major towns along the way.

He had been, as you know, a steamboat pilot before the Civil War shut down traffic on the Mississippi. He may have stuck with that profession—which he considered to be the very best job a man could have—because it paid good money and afforded the greatest amount of independence that anyone could have in the world in which he lived.

But the Civil War changed his career plans. He had to find something else to do. By the time 1882 rolled around, the railroads were making steamboat travel

obsolete.

I think Mark Twain would have preferred to keep that great river and the steamboats the way they were a little while longer. He wanted to soak up what was left of that *Life on the Mississippi** while it was still there.

Steamboat traffic was introduced to the lower Rio Grande, too. In 1846, steamboats helped get Zachary Taylor's large army into Mexico so those ambitious Americans could stretch the boundaries of the United States to include vast lands formerly held by that country.

There was talk about opening the Rio Grande to steamboat traffic all the way to El Paso, but it never happened.

The Rio Grande doesn't think about these things any more. She never cared about being great. All she wanted was a chance to give a little water to simple farmers who grew beans and chiles and to provide a place for kids to play and birds to get

a drink. She's doing the best she can.

Last night we went down to the river's bank again. We played a few songs to let the sleeping river know we were there. We told stories and laughed until it was time to go home.

It is a beautiful time to be by the river. If you are alone, the dry river can help you think, and if you are with people, the dry river can help you laugh.

I don't know if Mark Twain ever sat by the Rio Grande and tried to soak up the kind of life that goes on along that river but it would have made a good story.

**Life on the Mississippi* (1883) is a memoir by Mark Twain of his days as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi River.

"*Life on the Rio Grande*" is a weekly email blog written by Larry Stocker. This story was published on Apr. 25, 2014.

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

Let's Stop a Bad Idea

By Mary Pederson

I object to the two draft permits for the proposed Dewey-Burdock uranium mine in Custer and Fall River Counties because of the following concerns: We need to protect our water, economy, health and way of life. Let's stop this bad idea.

This is a very dry area of the country, even for western South Dakota. We can't give up 8,000 gallons of water per minute for the next ten years. It would not only affect the Inyan Kara aquifer, but also the Minnelusa and Madison aquifers. All three aquifers are used in this area. We can't afford to lose that much water or have any of these aquifers become polluted. Since these aquifers are known to *communicate* with each other, polluting one pollutes them all.

If these permits are given to Azarga/ Powertech (which would allow them to pollute our underground water), then there are 10 more companies that will file for the same permits throughout and around the Black Hills. And what about the companies that are approaching from the plains in search of deep-hole disposable wells? Are we trying to make South Dakota the next uranium waste dumping area?

This kind of activity would also disturb cultural and historic sites, wildlife habitats and our ranching and tourism economy. Handling uranium in any form produces radioactive and toxic wastes that threaten people's health and our food chains.

Hannan LuGerry is a geologist who has worked in this area and knows of the many underground faults. Remember what happened to Chadron Creek? In 2007 it just disappeared one day into a fault in the earth.

LuGerry and his team reviewed over 10,000 pages of the permit. He looked at the Driller's Notes and found artesian wells popping out of some of the holes which show fault in the aquifers. And all the holes dug over there have not been plugged in accordance to the mandate of the U.S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

Several notations LuGerry found in the driller's notes included statements such as "Don't tell the land owners" and "Don't report Indian relics." These notes regarded the 760 well holes that weren't plugged by the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA). LuGerry also mapped the aquifers; they are flowing from west to east.

Proponents of the uranium mining project point to the number of jobs that would

be created, but that number is 80 versus the 350,000 people who would lose their water.

Go to Uranium Cowboy on YouTube to learn more on this subject (https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC_bLqN8jRy-1Cj0sM0kgY67g).

It has already been proven that injecting materials under high pressures deep underground causes earthquakes. This area is already having numerous earthquakes as the whole Black Hills is in an uplift stage. More and harder earthquakes are apt to break those deadly gasses stored under Igloo near Edgemont. It could kill every living thing in the area.

Just across our western border in Wyoming, Cameco Resources has been hit with nine violations on how they are shipping uranium waste. We also have that concern with Azarga/Powertech.

New information: All of the wells north of Hot Springs are in the Minnelusa. According to Ken Buhler of the South Dakota Department of Environment and Natural Resources, there are hundreds to thousands of domestic wells using water from the Minnelusa aquifer. There are 196 appropriated water rights permits in the Minnelusa, which include municipal, commercial, and industrial use.

Rhyme Or Reason

OVER THE BACK FENCE

By Carrie Cofer

I Just Wonder

How many candles can you light for your love
before it starts to burn out?
I wonder.

How many lies can you hang on your love
before it flies out the door?
I wonder.

How many chains can you put on a bird
before it dies at your feet?
Still wondering.

How many labels can you stick on your lover
before he fades from the weight?
I am still wondering.

How many times can you deny your needs
before it begins to be true?
I just wonder.

Tell Me How You Miss Me

Do you miss my laughter at your silly pun?
Or my sly grin and wink across the room?
Or my easy chatting with the family?
Do you miss our light-hearted fun?

Do you feel the absence of me?
With nobody behind you as you cook?
Only an echo instead of response?
Do you feel us wishing to be we?

Do you wish for a new perspective?
Perhaps a new Idea?
Maybe a new opinion?
Do you wish to become more reflective?

Do you think it might be clearer?
Might it be stronger?
Possibly might it be deeper?
Do you think we are becoming dearer?

Do you miss me more in firelight?
Or during storms' might?
How about during dawns' sight?
Do you miss me under moonlight?

Tell me how you miss me.

Dragon in My Soul

There is a dragon that thinks it owns me,
always demanding, keeping me a hermit.
Since there are only two ends to the spectrum
I have named them Hermit and Liberty.
Hermit Dragon does not want to share me. At all.

I'd like to wander up Hermit Road
from where I remember always being,
to less. Just a bit less.
Making progress toward
giving myself permission.

I'm not looking for the opposing Dragon
to catch me and rip open
the gates of Epiphany.
I'm not ready for that.

If all our souls travel around naked,
as Liberty Dragon hungers for,
where is the ultimate Joy of becoming visible?
Where is the incredible
Ecstasy of Discovery?

Goodnight Goes Riding at CowboyPoetry.com

By Rod Miller

CowboyPoetry.com is, without doubt, the world's biggest cowboy poetry gathering. There, you'll find collected thousands of poems by hundreds of poets from yesterday right up to today. On top of that, there are feature stories, essays, photos and art, news...you name it; if it has to do with cowboy poetry and the related ways of life, you'll find it there.

A review of my new poetry book, *Goodnight Goes Riding and Other Poems*, was posted on the site recently and you can read it here: <http://www.cowboypoetry.com/sincenews3.htm#rm>.

As you visit CowboyPoetry.com, spend some time looking around and enjoy the wealth of information and entertainment you'll find there. And it wouldn't hurt to reach into your pocket and support the work of the Center for Western and Cowboy Poetry, which runs the site and

does more—much more—for the arts and literature of the West.

“Goodnight Goes Riding at CowboyPoetry.com” is the title of a blogpost by Rod Miller. It was published on Oct. 9, 2014 on the author's website, <http://writerrodmillier.blogspot.com/2014/10/goodnight-goes-riding-at-cowboypoetry.com.html>.

“Goodnight Goes Riding at CowboyPoetry.com” 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 writerrodmillier.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

Beware of Bambi and His Family

By Grits McMorrow

The other day, as I entered the residential area of Edgemont, I pulled to the side of the street for a minute to observe a deer standing in and eating the short grass next to a fenced vacant lot. I rolled down my window (well, not really rolled; my truck has electric windows that drop with a mere push of a button) and gazed at the sleek body of this ruminant mammal as it nonchalantly went about its business. A wild animal, it surely was not tame but it was also not skittish around vehicles. It seemed calm in my presence.

The deer must have sensed that I was looking at it because, after a few seconds, it raised its head to look back at me. I said, "Howdy." It made no reply, instead turning its head and stepping a few feet to the side to begin cropping some untouched grass.

Immediately, I noticed on the ground, on the other side of the fence and inches from where the deer had been, a rabbit sitting in the grass. Naturally, I thought of Thumper, the Disney character that is friends with Bambi. Aside from seeing a deer and a rabbit together in an animated movie, I had never observed the pairing in real life. I doubt I shall forget it.

On the evening of July 4, at dusk and heading east, down the hill and hundreds of feet before the golf course entry on Hwy. 18, to watch the fireworks display in Hot Springs, I came upon another deer. It leaped from the left, swiftly crossing the two westbound lanes, and entered the single eastbound lane. I braked hard, turning the steering wheel to the left (but not too much to cause the truck to roll), but to no avail. Had I earned 2 feet of bonus points for my quick reaction, I would have missed it. Alas, I did not miss it.

I pulled off the road. My companion went to check on the condition of the deer (not to be found); I remained to survey the damage, which was considerable. It looked bad enough in the semi-darkness, but inspecting my stalwart companion in the brightly-lit garage at home caused my heart to skip a beat or two. My poor truck; this is the second deer incident we have had in nine months.

Responsibly, I have insurance, but I am still liable for paying the \$500 deductible. That's \$1000 that local deer have cost me in less than a year. At least my companion and I were not injured.

Thanks a lot, Bambi. I doubt I shall forget you.

Living a Sacred Life

By Lorelei Marie

Kanyini is a word used to describe our sacred connection with all life. This wisdom is held by one of the oldest living Indigenous cultures in the world, the Australian Aborigines. It translates as "Responsibility" and "Unconditional Love." To fully understand *Kanyini* is to feel a tremendous and eternal caring for all.

As our conscious evolution is progressing, we are being faced with many challenges. Often people feel obligated to remain in social-economic systems that take away their intrinsic sense of self and lower the quality of their lives. We know on a deeper level, however, that we need to awaken and embrace our higher selves, to take responsibility for creating a better world and bring about a greater good for all.

A wise man named Bob Randall is quoted as saying, "The purpose of being on this Earth plane is to be of service to all that will be. Be willing to care for all things equally."

Kanyini is based on four principles: *Ngura* is a sense of belonging to home and land. *Walytja* addresses family connecting with life. *Kurumpa* embraces the psyche, spirit or soul. The fourth, *Tjukurrpa*, describes the Creation period, which is also referred to as *Dreamtime*, and the right way to live.

Elder Aborigines who have held this living wisdom since ancient times, say it is to be shared at the time of remembering and reconnection, which is now. They remind us that if we lose our sense of kinship with life, we can no longer receive Spirit nourishment from the land which provides inner peace and sustains our whole being.

By experiencing our spiritual connection with life as a family, we can obtain the wisdom of nature to guide us, and our hearts are empowered and sustained by a deep unconditional love that remains with us always.

Become aware of who you are and remain attentive to your deepest thoughts, feelings, and dreams. Realize the spiritual presence within and around you. This is your journey back home, to your true self.

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

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Off the Beaten Path

Pretty Tree Flowers are Falling

By Larry Stocker

Wednesday I was on a big airplane traveling from the Rio Grande Valley all the way to Houston. I was looking out the window the whole way even though my neck was showing signs of making a permanent 90-degree bend. Close to Houston, for miles and miles, I passed houses planted in the middle of big squares easily visible from the air. The squares were big, of course, and so were the houses.

Nice straight roads connected all the squares and, I suppose, to everything else in the known world. Everything looked well-ordered, nicely-planned and well-figured-out—not to mention prosperous. I said to myself: there must be a lot of prosperous people in Houston, mile after mile of them.

In Houston I will change planes for Managua. People tell me that Nicaragua is the second poorest country in the Western Hemisphere. From the air, I'm pretty sure, it doesn't look much like Houston. There is a lot more green stuff, a lot less prosperity and it is way-less-figured-out. I'll bet those people living on the squares in Houston would love to go to Nicaragua. Some of them might be tired of living on their squares all lined up.

One of the first things they would experience is hot weather. It's hot in Nicaragua right now. I don't care what anybody says. It's a soft and thoroughly penetrating heat that seems to come up from the ground to surround you. It's not sharp and brittle like the piercing heat in the Southwest. The number of degrees doesn't matter that much because those degrees don't really tell much about the quality of the heat and how it effects your point of view.

Regardless, here in Grenada the people still go out on the streets every day to do their jobs at which they will, on average, make 80 to 100 dollars a month—paid to them in the proud currency of the proud Republic of Nicaragua. Money goes far in Nicaragua but it still stops way before a decent standard of living can be obtained by the majority of the population.

Hot or not, money or not, everybody still goes to their jobs. Since about half the population can't get jobs—in the sense that those guys from Houston get them—these Nicas go out on the street and make their own jobs. They are pretty good at it too, but it rarely leads to more than 80 to 100 dollars a month. Creative people that they are, they sort of made beans and rice a national dish and, being generous, ask you if you would like some more.

Yesterday I was pushing my little granddaughter around in a stroller, stopping at parks and shops on our way to a super market. Soon, the sky turned dark grey. Not long after that a huge wind blew all the unattached leaves from the broken sidewalk into the air. Then came the rain. Wow, did that change things! Suddenly it was delightful. We had offers from all kinds of people to take refuge but when we said we enjoyed the rain they understood right away.

Today I walked on the same streets I originally walked during my previous visit. I saw a lot of the same people in exactly the

same places they occupied in February and March—shoe shiners, lottery salesmen, money changers, corn cake sellers, fruit sellers, taxistas, hammock salesmen—everybody. And they were all on their little squares of their own territory—just like the Houston guys' houses—only their squares were a little smaller.

In the park, my little passenger and I paused by a statue of Augusto Cesar Sandino. I had been reading about him. He is like the George Washington of Nicaragua. George Washington kicked the British out of the American colonies, but Sandino had to deal with a different enemy. A short guy with a big hat, big boots and one goal, he kicked the U. S. Marines out of Nicaragua. It was one of the few successful native uprisings against U.S. intervention, even if it didn't work for long.

Sandino is a source of Nicaraguan pride for that reason, the Nicas thinking, "We might not have very much but we are one of the few countries to fight back successfully against the big bully of the hemisphere." Strangely, the Nicas like American baseball, American music and American people—they just don't like the American Marines poking their long bayonets into the already pretty-confusing politics of this little country.

It won't be long now that construction will begin on a new inter-oceanic canal cutting through Nicaragua and uniting the Pacific Ocean with the Atlantic. Operational in 2019, this canal will be built by a Chinese company and will be in direct competition with the American-built Panama Canal. It should be interesting to see how the politics around this unfold. I just hope the U.S. Marines stay on the sidelines this time and let the poor people of Nicaragua get a little piece of the action. I have heard predictions that the new canal could cause the per capita income of Nicaraguans to rise from one of the lowest to one of the highest in the hemisphere.

Right now I'm sitting in the big public park in central Grenada with a bottle of 7-Up sweating before me. I'm trying to be cool. Pretty white and pink little flowers are falling from the branches of a tree above me. As soon as I brush them off my clothes, they come down again. It doesn't make any difference what I think about it. They just come down again, flowers from the tree.

A white dog is resting under my chair, one eye partly open. He doesn't care at all what I'm thinking about—Houston, the Marines, the canal or per capita incomes. He doesn't care about the flowers or the Rio Grande so far away. Sleeping there by my feet he has utter confidence, I suppose, that he will get something to eat today.

I guess that's the same thing that the horses think. They are all lined up around the park, waiting for tourists to come and employ them. When given their orders, they march around the old colonial town while the drivers use their hard-earned English skills to point out things like the statue of Augusto Cesar Sandino not far away.

The clippity-clop of their feet and the perpetual sounds of the birds provide a pretty good soundtrack for this place. It is the beginning of the rainy season. I'm looking forward to more of those tropical downpours. I'll let you know how they come out.

This story was written by Larry Stocker. It was published on May 24, 2014 in the author's weekly email.

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Heroes (cont. from front cover)

An activist can vote with their dollar and buy local, trade home grown produce, volunteer to help the vulnerable and needy, boycott unethical businesses, donate to progressive causes, write, paint, sing or practice non-violent civil disobedience, etc.

There are many tools in the activist's tool kit to shine light on darkness and to help awaken and inspire others to not only fulfill their potential but the potential of their communities.

But activists must be patient and preserve their faith. Many nameless, faceless heroes have sacrificed opportunity, reputation, life and limb in multiple movements spanning generations forming "invisible roots of social change"¹ that will invariably produce beautiful fruit.

Beware that progress can recede, which is why lifetime vigilance and commitment to a "Permanent Activist Class" is essential to preserving improved quality of life.

Feel free to support your favorite cause whether it's by comforting and connecting with the vulnerable and abused, conversing respectfully with those that disagree with you on feminist, race, LGBTQ or class issues, canvassing the neighborhood to garner third party support, etc. The "power lies in the Proles,"² and boy, do we have power! The possibilities are endless.

So, great news, America! We suddenly have loads more super heroes than we thought! Despite the dark clouds, we just may be okay.

1 Zinn, Howard, *You Can't be Neutral on a Moving Train*, Beacon Press, 1994, p. 24.

2 Orwell, George, *1984*, Secker & Warburg, 1949.

Help (cont. from front cover)

Crime, child-welfare cases and drug and alcohol consumption continue to rise in these areas, along with overcrowding and unemployment.

One of the concerns expressed by indigenous leaders is the

reactive approach to crisis taken by the federal and provincial governments rather than attempting to discover the underlying cause(s) of the problems and offer real solutions to remedying the situations.

For example, Ottawa provided \$448 million for emergency management on Reserves from 2009-2010, but only \$4 million on prevention and mitigation measures.

Kishiqueb applied for funding for a prescription drug-abuse program to deal with addiction to painkillers like Oxycontin. It was denied. Oftentimes, states of emergency declared by First Nation Tribes are largely ignored.

The longest ongoing state of emergency in Ontario is six years. The Tribal Council refuses to rescind the declaration until there is a public inquiry.

Recently a state of emergency was declared in Attawapiskat. 100 people had attempted suicide in the past year. PiKangikau First Tribe has been under a state of emergency since a power system failure there in 2012.

Bearskin Lake First Nation declared an emergency in 2015 concerning its finances after a series of deaths beginning with the suicide of a 10-year-old girl. Funeral and travel expenses cost the tribe over \$100,000.

Pioneering (cont. from front cover)

The big cattlemen would buy up homesteads along the creeks and rivers and then own the water rights. The cattle barons were especially hated because of this practice, as it left the little rancher with no access to water for his cattle.

In the early 1900's, fighting between men who raised sheep and those who raised cattle became deadly at times. Sheep eat the grass down so far it almost dies and so the cattle can't feed on it. The cattle barons took revenge on the sheep men by killing their sheep in large numbers. Cattlemen killed three sheep men in 1909 in Wyoming.

One of the most fascinating biographies in the book was of Charles Melvin Hanson, who was

born August 15, 1876, in Laotio, Indiana. His mother died in 1884 and he went to live with a family thereafter.

Charles had a variety of jobs growing up. At the tender age of 10 he was herding cows for a farmer for \$3.50 a month. When he was pulling weeds one day from the farmer's garden, the cows got into the cornfield and he received a whipping, so he left.

Charles then went to work for his uncle, for \$25.00 a year, board and clothes. Then he went to work for a man named James Thresher, herding cows at \$5.00 a month.

He worked during the summer and fall and went to school three months in the winter. He then got 50 cents a day working in the fields, plowing and harvesting. He was now 15 years of age. He then herded sheep, worked in railroad shops and other jobs.

After a few years, he married and was in the sheep and cattle business, always seeming to go broke despite his best efforts. In 1926, he bought some dairy cows and "managed to eat most of the time."

In 1934, drought came and the bank said, "We can't carry you anymore, try to get something from the government." Charles said, "From the time I got away from the bank and high interest, I have made good."

Despite his rough life and many trials, he left this advice: "Dear friends, don't buy today and pay tomorrow or in the future. Save and pay as you go, and above all things, don't feel that you are too old to fulfill a place in this world—no matter what your handicap, someone is worse off than you are. Remember, you are only as old as you think you are, and only as rich as the kind things you do for others. You can never take riches with you, but the kind deeds live forever. I am 71 years young and hope to be that way a long time." — Charles M. Hanson.

Good advice for you and me in 2017 and beyond!

Spill (cont. from front cover)

Apparently, the paperwork for shipping the load was done

incorrectly. Cameco classified the radioactive waste level being shipped as lower than the actual amount. The wrong container was then misassigned.

The incident occurred when, according to the driver, "he braked hard to avoid [colliding with] a deer." Sludge sloshed over the back of the container, strewn radioactive waste down the highway while the driver continued to drive unaware that a leak had occurred.

Shipments of barium sulfate (the toxic byproduct of in-situ mining and an environmental and human health hazard) to the White Mesa Mill have been halted.

Despite the numerous safety violations and the potential hazards to people and the environment, Cameco is urging the NRC to classify any violation on the lowest scale of severity, one that does not result in fines.

Guardians (cont. from front cover)

Views contrary to those perpetuated by the establishment are being suppressed—especially when they pertain to the Middle East, World War II, history, the September 11 attacks, and big government.

Because reasonable evidence to sufficiently discredit these views does not exist, controlling elite powers strive to shut them down to eventually end all opposition to the mainstream propaganda.

George Orwell's well known book, *1984*, written 50 years ago, details a world that we are now experiencing. The main character in his book, Winston Smith, is an editor at the Ministry of Truth. His job is actually "historical revisionism"—he censors reports to the public. People who speak out against the ruling elites are not acknowledged.

We are living in an Orwellian society today. It is imperative that if we, as Americans, want to preserve free speech as our inalienable right, that we all take a stand for freedom in America before it is lost and we are totally integrated into the suppressive state of the Matrix.