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VOLUME II

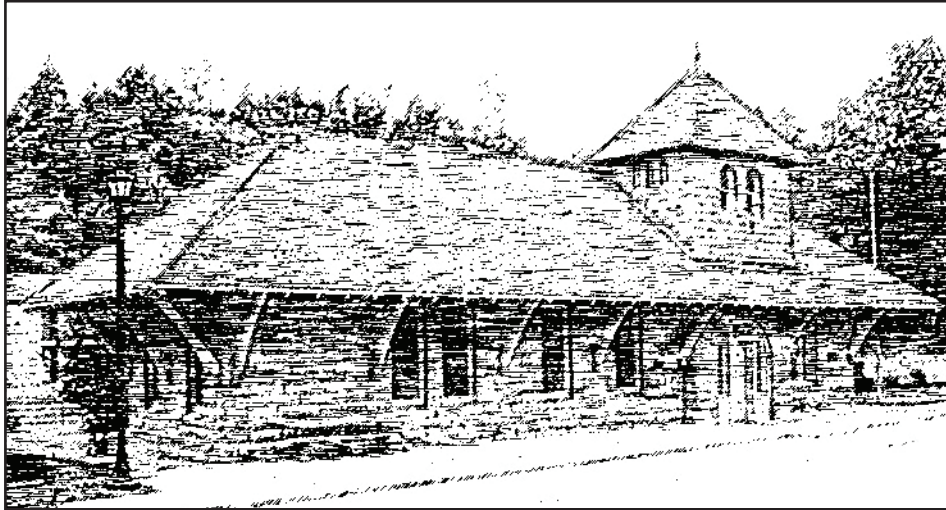
MINNEKAHTA PUBLISHING, LLC

NUMBER 13

SOUTHWESTERN SD.

BRINGING OUR COMMUNITIES TOGETHER

FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 2017



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WE SUPPORT OUR FIRST RESPONDERS THANK YOU ALL LIVES MATTER

EDGEMONT LIBRARY AND THE CITY COUNCIL

By Judy Kay Perrigo

The City Council does not seem to understand that the library, like all the businesses in town, is essential to the people of Edgemont. Remember them? We people who voted you into office? Are you not working for the community anymore?

I can't fathom your logic—maybe you could explain things to me. I've gone through four librarians in the 25 ½ years I've lived here and I figure that it is the Council who needs to understand the total aspect of a library and what our library does for the community.

Evidently it hasn't got a clue about how much time and work goes into making the library go from a mediocre library to an award-winning library.

This isn't the Council's doing. It's mostly because of the contributions of the librarian and her assistants that these changes have come to be true.

Step into the library patrons' shoes and you'll realize that the library is good for the community and the people who live here.

MINNEKAHTA MESSENGER GOES ELECTRONIC

By T.L. Matt

It was a drizzly day, with the threat of more thunderstorms, when Barbara Hauseman and I headed out to Custer to canvass recipients of the paper.

The printing of one of the last hard-copy issues of the *Minnekahta Messenger* was not finished, so we had a little lunch and enjoyed relaxing together, although we knew it was going to be a long, long day ahead.

By mid-afternoon, the paper was printed and we headed out

to talk to business owners and managers. As it was a busy time of the day, it was amazing that individuals stopped to hear us out and didn't brush us off. Which goes to show that Western hospitality is still alive and well! (see *Electronic on back cover*)

WILL THE WEST BE OUTLAWED?

By D.E. Matt

In the Old West anyone caught stealing another man's horse was subject to hanging. Why? The simple answer: the vast distances and harsh conditions made life without transportation both impractical and a potential threat to life.

Just as life revolved around the horse in the Old West, life in the New West revolves around mechanical horsepower. Attendees of the Annual Fall Festival Car Show in Edgemont, South Dakota on Saturday, September 23, instinctively knew this.

The show celebrated everything from Jaguars to factory muscle cars, to a minimalist VW Beetle, a Citroen 2CV and a Nash Metropolitan.

In the American hot rod "candoo spirit," if a car does not suit the owner's needs, it is time for a new engine, a long-legged highway axle, or a drag axle, or, in the case of rat rods, even a whole new body that turns a truck into a light-weight sport rod. Even the necessary horsepower of a 1937 tractor was celebrated.

This exhibition had a "show what you brung" egalitarianism demonstrating the independence and freedom of movement that horsepower gives to the West.

We cannot imagine life here without it, yet there are forces arrayed against it. Some attendees were concerned about moves in California and Washington to eliminate internal combustion engines and even to make cars self-driving.

(see *West on back cover*)

THE LINK BETWEEN DRINKING AND CANCER

By Alex Pietrowski

Waking Times

The alcohol industry doesn't want you to understand that alcohol consumption, even in moderate degrees, is strongly linked to the development of a number of cancers. Much like the resistance put up by the tobacco industry, the alcohol lobby and powerful industry trade groups are attempting to persuade the public that the risks are insignificant, although evidence continues to mount.

In a recent study undertaken by a global British-led team of experts, the alcohol industry was examined for its efforts to obfuscate and downplay the connection between alcohol consumption and cancer, especially breast cancer. Looking at the organizations that most impact public opinion, the study uncovers what the manipulation of public information looks like.

"Drinks industry organizations often present the relationship between alcohol and cancer as highly complex, implying there is no clear evidence of a consistent link," said the study led by scientists at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine and Karolinska Institutet in Sweden.

Other strategies include denying any relationship exists, or saying inaccurately that there is no risk with moderate drinking, the study found. The industry also seeks to mention a wide range of other real and potential cancer risk factors in an effort to present alcohol as just one of many, it added."

Of course, this type of industry behavior is typical when so much money and political influence is in play, yet just like revelations about the role of tobacco in cancer, the public deserves to know as much as possible, as soon (see *Drinking on back cover*)

THE HELL GAP SITE: A CELEBRATION

By T.L. Matt

As a grade school student in Missouri, I had vaguely heard of *mound builders*, but was unsure just what that meant. When we traveled across Missouri there were mysterious, huge hills of earth that didn't seem natural. I was curious.

Marcel Kornfeld, PhD, of the at the University of Wyoming Department of Anthropology, is an authority on Paleoindian Culture. The discoveries made at the Hell Gap Site were revealing and answered questions people had been asking for centuries.

Thanks to the diligent efforts of modern anthropologists and archaeologists, evidence has been uncovered and is believed to show that the mound builders were ancestral to modern native peoples. But what was the time and place of their origin?

(see *Celebration on back cover*)

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If You Could Change One Thing

Thinking, light, nature, truth, prayer

By Andy Skadberg

If we observe nature it shows us many lessons. These can be lessons for our living happily and fruitfully. All things in nature express their true nature.

So what is our nature? Our nature is consciousness, thinking, feeling. This is what is meant to be made in the image and likeness of God. Our nature is to think our reality into being. This means that we create our reality. Our nature is also that of light. Of course, our (physical) vibrations are lower than those that we imagine to be the light from the sun or from a light bulb – but we are of the light.

But the thing that we have been conditioned to not see, as a result of our senses, which are totally mesmerizing and consumptive of our conscious attention, is that through thinking and feeling (which again is the nature of God) we can raise our vibrations.

We can see this occurring in what we do with manipulating energy of various types. Through the instruments of electronics, and engineering we can amplify signals of energy to higher vibrations. This, too, was done through thought—someone had to first come up with the idea to do this, which followed to thought processes of making it reality.

But we are thinking centers and what we have not realized, or manifested, as a collective consciousness is that we individually can amplify our own energy. This is likely the consciousness that is being beamed down upon us. Maybe it is coming from the sun, the stars, the central sun or, in other words, from God, the One—inviting us to increase our vibrational frequencies to experience a more harmonious reality.

It appears from observing our day to day existence that we are all desiring this. You could deduce such from the level and extent of our complaining. On the other hand, you can also observe that we really don't want a new reality. This is because we appear to not be willing to change. If we really wanted a new experience then we would take the steps in order to remove ourselves from the systems of thinking and feeling to allow ourselves to experience what we intuitively, or from a feeling point, believe to be possible.

As a metaphor, this heavy, or slow vibrational reality is like quicksand. And we are like the man who is struggling to get out, making all kinds of noise and commotion, but as the hand or rope is extended to us we are unwilling to grasp it in order to extract ourselves from the sinking condition.

I see the hand or rope, in this metaphor, as the ancient teachings of the great and wise ones, and as the clear and simple messages streaming in from other places (probably, too, from our own hearts).

Many years ago I imagined God as having many radio stations that are broadcasting messages for rescuing myself from my

various conundrums. I would talk to other people about not growing any new antennae, so the capabilities must have already existed within me. I just needed to become receptive. Given what I feel is happening now, the number of channels has increased significantly.

The key is to not get distracted by the fragmentation reality I see—that being the aspect of existence that is based on the idea that there isn't enough to go around. This perspective is limited to cutting the pie into smaller pieces. Such a paradigmatic view seems to be the prevailing perspective in human consciousness.

But as I observe the greater reality (which is mirrored to me in nature and the cosmos) the “real reality” is one of expanding possibilities. In other words multiplicative in nature. The purpose of the contracting, or minimizing view appears to be to get us to turn around – as in Plato's cave.

All of the experiences which we seem to be so abhorrent of (pain, suffering, tragedy) have lessons in them, and physical revulsion (sickness, disease, etc.) that are literally pushing us to go toward the Truth—that truth, at least in the “light creation,” that there is only love.

This idea is well captured in thoughts that flowed to me this morning as I was trying to figure out what God's purpose was in creating in us this unquenchable, or undeniable, obsession with being better. In other words, this tendency for people to focus on what is wrong.

Ninety-five percent of our lives could be just great, but we spend an unproportionate amount of time on the five percent that we perceive to be out of order.

Here are the thoughts that came to me:

- The Truth*
- Pain's message is love.*
- Pain's lesson is love.*
- Pain's answer is love.*
- Pain's solution is love.*

There is no selection process in life for there is only love. Suffering, despair, and tragedy are God's messages to return love, to return to love. The truth is, is there is (See *Thinking on page 5*)

Lucy and the Green Wolf
 Finding the way back
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There's Something To Be Said

The Kindred Spirit By Barbara Hauseman

My Special Car

If you are among the few people who really cares about your car, this story will be of interest to you.

I have pride in my car and take the necessary maintenance steps to keep my car in tip-top driving condition in order to have a dependable vehicle to drive.

Her name is "Silver" (I named her after the Lone Ranger's horse). She is a 1990 Toyota Camry, with a five-speed standard transmission, and front wheel drive. She has lots of get up and go—even with 215,000 miles on her odometer!

She is white with black pin stripes on each side and has flashy mag wheels to enhance her beauty.

A black luggage rack mounted on the trunk hood is not used for luggage, but is fashioned for styling purposes. A clear wrap-around bra with black stripes helps prevent road debris from damaging her buxom headlights.

She also sports an after-market sun roof that works perfectly in any type of weather.

I decorated her dashboard with a manufactured car mat of blue fabric to eliminate

any ultraviolet deterioration. I attached a silver horse pin to the mat and tap it for luck each time I take her out for a spin.

American Indian beads hang from her rear view mirror and several other ornaments adorn her front interior. In the rear window, she proudly displays the American flag as well as the Denver Broncos horse!

I use a ledger to maintain accurate information on her continual maintenance, such as oil changes, replacement filters, new tires and rotation, and fuel consumption.

I feel confident and safe when driving her, knowing that with the care I have taken to keep her healthy, she will take me to and from any destination that we choose to travel.

Among our various trips was when we went to Victoria, Canada and several places along the way. Knowing we would be putting 5,000 miles on her, it was reassuring to know that my car was ready for the trip.

If you take care of your car, your car will take care of you! It is as simple as that!

Pamper your special car for your future road trips and daily errands and know that you are doing the best for your car and you!

P.S.: BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY!!!

Hearty Split Pea Soup

By Lorelei Marie

This tasty dish uses less sugar, salt and fat. Recipe includes Diabetic Exchanges.

- 1 bag (1 pound) dry split peas
- 8 cups water
- 2 medium potatoes, peeled and cubed
- 2 large onions, chopped
- 2 medium carrots, chopped
- 2 cups cubed cooked corned beef or ham
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 5 teaspoons chicken bouillon granules
- 1 teaspoon dried marjoram
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasonin
- 1 teaspoon rubbed sage
- 1/2 to 1 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon dried basil
- 1/2 teaspoon salt, optional

In a Dutch oven or soup kettle, combine all ingredients; bring to a boil. Reduce heat; cover and simmer for 1-1/4 to 1-1/2 hours or until peas and vegetables are tender. Yield: 12 servings (3 quarts).

Diabetic Exchanges: One 1-cup serving (prepared with low-fat ham, low-sodium bouillon and no salt) equals 2 starch, 1 lean meat; also, 199 calories, 352 mg sodium, 11 mg cholesterol, 32 gm carbohydrate, 15 gm protein, 2 gm fat.

Lies They Tell Writers, Part 9: Writing is a Compulsion

By Rod Miller

If I had a nickel for every time I heard someone say "I write because I have to" I may well find myself living among the privileged two percent.

Being something of an idiot, I don't know what they mean when they say that. It sounds as if sitting down and making words appear on a monitor is a compulsion. Or an obsession. Or an addiction. Or some other irresistible urge related to a disorder of some sort. And if they didn't write, they would suffer some horrible sort of withdrawal.

For me, writing is enjoyable. I do it because I want to (and when I want to, unless I am on deadline), not because I have to. When I don't want to, I don't. And I don't

feel slighted or guilty or get the shakes or anything else unpleasant as a result.

And that makes sitting in a chair for extended periods of time and tapping away on a keyboard and staring at a glowing window with the alphabet crawling around on it like so many little ants tolerable.

Otherwise, it could qualify as a torture.

Although I can't speak from experience—not being the addictive type—it seems to me that writing because you "have to" in order to satisfy some imagined (or, perhaps, real) compulsion is nothing more than going through the motions. And going through the motions is no way to write well.

Or live well, for that matter.

"Lies They Tell Writers, Part 9: Writing is a Compulsion" is the title of a blogpost by Rod Miller. It was published on Dec. 10, 2014 on the author's website, <http://writer-rodmilller.blogspot.com/2014/12/lies-they-tell-writers-part-9-writing.html>.

"Lies They Tell Writers, Part 9: Writing is a Compulsion" 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.

Off the Beaten Path

My Half-Baked Impressions of Guatemala

By Larry Stocker

The sunset which serves as the principle show going on every evening beyond the Rio Grande in Las Cruces has had a diminished importance here in Panajachel. That is because of the rain and the prevailing grey sky that produces it. I wanted to see what the rainy season was like in the tropics. I have accomplished that.

Earlier in the week, it rained for one whole 24-hour day and then it went right into the next one and rained for another 24 hours. The rest of the days this week it only rained for half the time. It's a nice rain and I like it but when you get soaked, your things stay wet for a long time afterwards. The concept of dryness seems like a distant memory.

I will be leaving Pana on Monday, catching a chicken bus to Guatemala City (the people just say Guate). I should be back in Nicaragua by Wednesday morning, fishing my way back to Grenada. But before I leave Guatemala, I wanted to leave some half-baked impressions. I know some of you who read this narrative actually are interested in some aspects which I have a hard time explaining

So I will try to do this by categories:

SAFETY – Americans, when they first arrive, are always (overly) concerned with safety. When you leave the states, the most common farewell turns out to be, "Be safe." I think that has more to do with a current American mind-set than with the actual conditions here in Guatemala. It is common to read warnings from the US State Dept. about the relative safety of countries and draw conclusions from that. People who have been here for a while have a good time laughing about people's exaggerated attempts to be safe. The longer you stay in a place, the more comfortable you become.

FOOD & WATER – I am not foolish but I pretty much eat what looks good to me now. There is a lot of good food prepared on the street and it is a joy to stop, for example, and have a nice lady prepare a roasted ear of corn (elote) over her little wood-burning grill and rub it with salt and lime for you to eat on the spot. Almost all

the water that you come in contact with is purified; still, many Americans insist on drinking only water from sealed containers with no ice. A doctor told me a long time ago that once your digestive system has adjusted to the different strain of bacteria found in Latin America, you are fine. I see myself as living proof of that concept. The only hitch is that usually it takes one time of getting sick pretty bad before that adjustment is made.

THE COPS & THE GOVERNMENT – These are just random impressions. The cops are not overly friendly. I smile and greet them and often they mumble something back. They don't inspire trust. I have read about the terrible genocidal occurrences from the not-too-distant past (mostly against Maya villagers) and I think some people had to be the perpetrators of that kind of violence when I see them. I may be wrong, but guys that blindly follow orders make me a little worried. The national government appears to be completely out of touch with the reality of life in highland Guatemala. Billboards advertising political candidates are all over the highways there.

The clothing of the candidates, the artificial smiles, the pale skin and the messages seem so radically different from the people of the area that they seem like clowns advertising for a circus coming to town. They say seven families run Guatemala. I don't know if it's true or not, but it seems likely—seven quite conservative families.

THE STRENGTH OF THE MAYA – Millions of Maya people (several linguistic branches) cover the highland regions like a big blanket of amazing color extending through Chiapas, Mexico and into Oaxaca. They are the one thing that makes Guatemala so unique. They are the best thing about this place—basic people living a basic and inspiring and creative life, largely oblivious to what the rest of the world is doing. In a way they seem like the Amish to me—doing their own thing. Yet these people are the most ignored, exploited and marginalized of groups by their own government. They are survivors, that's for

sure, but it's a shame that their own government that courts their votes with their inappropriate billboards seems to care so little for their welfare.

TUK TUKS – The main street of Pana is a tourist-walking route almost completely given over to stalls (puestas) selling typical Guatemalan weavings and craft articles. Needless to say, they are especially unique to this place and are beautiful. Tuk Tuks are three-wheeled vehicles with a motorcycle front and a covered bench seat for three people in the back. They take the place of taxis here. They zoom up and down the street carrying people and things to various destinations and, if you are walking, they are a good way to get out of the rain. Amazingly, they don't run into the people even though I always think this time they will.

The rain, by the way, is a serious hazard for the sellers. They have a hard enough time, with all the competition, selling the goods when the articles are dry much less trying to sell woven things that are soaking wet. Creatively applied sheets of plastic can usually solve this problem.

THE SAN FRANCISCO RIVER – At this point in time, that river is flowing strong. The water comes down from the high green mountains and volcanoes, which surround this town, and spills into the deep blue body of Lake Atitlan, creating a brown stripe extending pretty far into the blue. Local guys who can't find any other job go down to the river and work all day separating sand from small rocks and big rocks and creating piles of each. Every once in a while a truck comes down into the river bed and the separated material is loaded to be used as building material. It is back-breaking work but there are hundreds of guys that do it for 65Q per day (about \$9 US). They work from dawn to dusk and in order to save money, many of them live in a plastic-covered lean-to right on the site.

SCHOOL AND MEDICAL – Unlike Nicaragua, which has free medical care and free public education, the families in Guatemala have to pay. This is a hardship for the average families and an example of how the government in Guatemala seems oblivious to the needs of the poor.

(See Impressions on page 5)

Impressions (cont. from page 4)

STARBUCKS, GET OUT OF THE WAY – If you go to the right places in Nicaragua, Guatemala, or Chiapas (I don't know which is best) you will not find a better cup of coffee. It is so good it will make your day.

MIKE – Talk about a world traveler, Mike runs a tiny coffee shop called Crossroads. These days he buys and sells Guatemalan coffee but he has walked, for example, all the way from the bottom of Africa to Egypt. That took six months. Then he went to Japan, one of the most expensive countries in the world, with \$1000 US and stayed for three months, sleeping with families and on the street. He likes to talk and it's easy to get him started. There is always a lively discussion happening at Crossroads and you are often better off just listening. He says I remind him of his brother in New York, so he gives me my coffee for free.

GUITAR PLAYERS – There are a lot of aging American guitar players here. I have been playing with a guy named Steve. He goes back to Austin, Texas in his pickup truck every once in a while. He runs a little free music school for kids that want to learn music. I have had a lot of compliments on my songs. We play in small venues, bars and cafes. They say my songs are unique.

CHICKEN BUSES – Guatemala is the capital of the chicken bus. There can be no equivalent to common-denominator, totally-efficient, mass transportation in the world (as I know it). And Guatemala is the place where these buses are the most decorated and adapted to their purpose. Every time I ride one I am filled with joy. They really should be a national symbol. They should put them on the flag.

POVERTY – Particularly among the ambulatory vendors of textiles, mostly women, who approach you with a smile and try to sell you things you can't carry. It breaks your heart to see these ladies just trying to make a sale so they can feed their children for one more day. The competition is fierce and as a lone wanderer like me it is difficult to try to subsidize each one that approaches me. Sometimes I just feel like I want to go someplace and hide. It's hard to take. I buy things I don't know what to do with because I think what little I pay may help a baby get some food. And the babies of Guatemala are beautiful—like they are everywhere.

POLITICS – What most Americans know about these Central American neighbors is miniscule. Few have even read a book about these countries, much less traveled in them. They hear things on the news and the news is so obviously tailored to maintain things as they are and to promote US business interests. If you come here, your world view would change. Sadly, for many, many years our country has definitely not been on the side of the people of these countries. The wrong things have come first. The only things that can help are to garner a greater understanding of what it is really like here and a knowledge of the warm and friendly nature of the people. They are friends—and are good friends to have.

SOME PEOPLE WHO TRY TO HELP – Some people who try to help don't really help—they just disrupt and try to get people, who already have a good way of living, to change it so they will be more like Americans. They make organizations that work at cross purposes to what is already established and good. If you ask me, I think Americans have enough to do to just get their own house in order. There is no benefit to exporting our goofy ways of doing things to other places. I guess some Americans just forget sometimes that we can learn and not just teach.

SPANISH – It's a good language to learn and practice, but it doesn't work with a lot of people because they speak indigenous languages. Still, with all the harm done by 500 years of colonization, one positive relic of that era is a pretty good common-denominator language that can be used in something like 22 countries.

THERE IS A LOT MORE but that's all I'm going to say for now. Maybe for some people who read this, but can't make the trip, they will be able to gain something from the trip that I'm on. Right now, the sun is peeking through the clouds and getting ready to make an appearance. It makes all the green vegetation shine.

When I get back home to Las Cruces, New Mexico, I will tell the Rio Grande about a place that has plenty of rain. She will be all ears.

This travel story was written by Larry Stocker. It was published on Jun. 7, 2014 in the author's weekly email. This story was reprinted with permission from the author.

Thinking (cont. from page 2)

only love, we just think there is something different. This is just how powerful we are to create something from love that we believe not to be. But the real lesson in all of this is to be in the love, share the love, know the love. All comes from love and will return to love. I will love all until I die. *All That Is* is perfect.

All that is expected is to move the vibration of our life, and our collective experience to higher vibrations towards what we think is light even though we are really made of light. Yes, light is intelligent (fiber optics) but light carries DNA and life forms too. We are light, and light is the perfect expression of love—it is Good.

It is God's gift to us and it continues to be poured down upon us in such abundance that we cannot comprehend the extent because it is infinite. But that is not the point.

Of course, we can measure, but we probably don't want to get lost in measuring (at this point in my thinking I started laughing because this is what we are doing on this planet—counting and measuring “not enough to go around”).

The point is we are just supposed to enjoy the process and be grateful for the experience.

It is not limited—the illusion is having to proportion out—to measure. We have gotten lost in measuring. There is so much light coming from our own sun that we don't use.

I am happy. I am so grateful for illumination. I see the light. I love the light. I am the light so my most basic program is to love. It is the starting point of my existence so I need only invite, allow that program to reassert itself into all that I do.

Thank you, God!

“Thinking, light, nature, truth, prayer” is the title of a blogpost by Andy Skadberg. It was published on Sep 20, 2010 on the author's website, <http://13lightmessages.blogspot.com/2010/09/thinking-light-nature-truth-prayer.html>.

“Thinking, light, nature, truth, prayer” 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.

Special Section

Why Writing Isn't Easy

By Simran Khetpal

There is a good chance that you never exactly believed writing to be especially simplistic. In fact, maybe you know from first-hand experience that writing anything from a lab report to a poem requires hard work. Translating the ideas from your head to the paper is nothing short of frustrating and downright difficult. In fact, oftentimes, you have to rethink your thoughts, rearrange words, or revise the syntaxes of your sentences in order to effectively communicate a specific idea.

Many individuals seem to think that writing comes easily to certain people and that they're born with this innate talent. However, that couldn't be further from the truth. Most people don't realize that for every one line I've written in one poem, there were like five other stanzas that just didn't make the cut. That's the difficult part about writing. You never know what could be in your end product, yet so many people think that talented writers have their first thoughts make it into their final product.

Overall, like a skill, writing is something that requires time and effort to finesse. If you don't put in the time, you can't expect to be an expert. In fact, my creative writing professor once told me that the writers working today weren't necessarily the best at their craft, but they were the most persistent.

Also, writer's block is a very real thing that happens to most people. Creating something from nothing is a difficult task. Staring at a blank page and wondering how you're going to go about constructing something original seems daunting. Perhaps, it is the reason so many writers are prone to procrastination, which is even worse considering real writers have due dates and deadlines.

I guess the struggle is worth it. If you ever experience the joy of being published and having something tactile to hold and point to that showcases a work of your writing, then you know that nothing could possibly beat that feeling. That's why you continue to put up with the frustrations, and you keep going.

(<https://www.theodysseyonline.com/writing-isnt-easy>)

How I Became a Writer

By Barbara Hauseman

I have to admit that reading and writing have not been on my life's priority list. Since I was a kid, I felt I had no time for such *sitting down* activities and didn't feel the need to express myself in that way. Plus, I just wasn't interested in the subjects!

Older and wiser now (I hope) and responding positively, albeit apprehensively, to the prompting of a friend to get out of the house and join with others in a shared activity, I decided to join the Cheyenne River Writing Club in Edgemont. Among the members, I found there were other people who were just like me—inexperienced writers who wanted to learn to write well.

“What do I put down on paper that people would be interested in reading?” I asked myself after the first meeting. I wasn't sure I had it in me. However, with the encouragement of my friend—who saw I had the potential to express myself in writing—I chose a subject I knew and liked to talk (See *Writer on page 8*)

26 Letters

By Rod Miller

I confess to being something of a Luddite. When I see a technological innovation that will help me do something I already do easier or more efficiently or better, I will grab onto it. But I am not one who grabs every new thing that comes along only to spend a lot of time looking for something to do with it.

And so it was with some amusement that I read some time ago about a fancy new “writing tool” for your computer that has so many “powerful” gizmos and gadgets it practically writes books all by itself. Like many things related to computers, the people pushing it (or justifying their use of it) fall all over themselves with praise almost to the same extent they trip the rest of us up with jargon like “feature-rich” and “robust.”

Wow. What is it that makes us want to turn a simple job like writing (at least in

terms of getting the words down) into something so complicated?

Somehow, mankind has managed to write for far longer than we can remember, beginning with scratching characters in clay (a method which still works, should we care to employ it, whereas today's fancy “writing tools” will likely be obsolete long before you are). Today, with the English language, writing is really nothing more than wrangling the 26 little letters of our alphabet and a few punctuation marks. That's all. It's as simple—and difficult—as that.

The thing is, paying attention to what those letters say on the page is infinitely more important than how we get them there.

I am certainly no expert at writing. But I know, and know about, lots of writers of great accomplishment; some are authors of dozens, scores, even hundreds of books. And few, if any, of them seem to worry much about the process of writing.

Instead, they worry about the result.

Most seem content with ordinary word processing programs, which, nowadays, means Microsoft Word more often than not. But I have a good friend from up the road, Michael Zimmer, who writes top-notch, intricately plotted novels about Western America using that old sway-backed workhorse, Word Perfect. Paul Zarzyski, a lauded poet, writes his poems on a used, manual, baby-blue portable typewriter he's used since his college days. Loren Estleman, whose garage is brimming with literary awards for his many mystery and Western novels, likewise writes them all on a manual typewriter. Then there's Wendell Berry, whose numerous books, from poetry to novels to essays to nonfiction, were and are written in longhand, with a number two pencil, on a yellow notepad.

And so on.

Twenty-six letters. That's all it takes. You can either arrange them well, or you can't. If you can, you're a writer. If you're not, all the fancy tools in the world won't make you one.

Under the Writers' Curse

By T.L. Matt

In the 16th and 17th centuries, things got hot for the French Protestants, the Huguenots, and many moved around Europe to escape certain death. My Dad's family line, the Frink family (surname derived from the Norman "franc" meaning "free") moved to England. They eventually made it to the "new land" where many became Revolutionary soldiers.

Thomas Frink of Massachusetts, a fifer in that conflict, had a son, Sylvester. Sylvester gave money to his son, Harvey Dwight, to attend Harvard University. As in the Biblical story of the prodigal son, Harvey spent that money recklessly. Outraged, Sylvester put his hand on the family Bible in a fit of righteous indignation and pronounced a curse. He said that seven generations of this family would be destined to be printers, which, in that day, meant being editors and subsequently writers.

In truth, this has come to pass. My great-great-grandfather, Harvey Dwight, was editor of the *Springfield Leader* in Springfield, Missouri; his son, Harvey Edgerton, became editor of the *Wright County Republican* in Missouri; his son Thomas, took over the position as well; my aunts, Janet and Hopey, were teachers and writers. Aunt Janet, in her 90's, was a photographer and writer for the Marshall, Wisconsin *Courier*. No one could believe she was that old. She lived to be 100, and I have a picture

of her reading to her great-grandson three days before she passed away. Quite an inspiration to me! Aunt Hopey taught "The Newspaper in the Classroom" at SMSU and wrote as well; my sister Suzy was a journalism teacher and yearbook editor in Springfield and has a children's book published; and then there is me, now a writer and editor for the *Minnekahta Messenger*.

This curse may end with one of my grandchildren, Ashley, who recently graduated from Black Hills State University in Communications, and is a talented writer.

I was inspired to write when I read good books given to me by my grandmother, Lola Frink, a columnist for the Tri-Lakes, Taney County, Missouri newspaper and a writer for *Outers' Recreation* magazine.

My seventh grade teacher, Mrs. Tolliver, recommended me for *The Jarrett Broadcaster*. This led to becoming staff member and poetry editor of the Parkview High School *Viking Log*. I was also a co-editor of a literary magazine, *The Scriptor*.

It seems I can't stop writing. I have always kept a journal, citing daily activities and adventures. Also, I create poetry as a way of recording my soul's heartaches, countless joys and the often mystical magic of life. A reverence for nature and history are topics most prominent in my writing.

Since writing leads to research and reaching out to others, it is an uplifting way to spend my time—a way to learn and grow, no matter what my age may be.

I am indeed thankful for the curse, invoked so many, many years ago. May its spirit continue to haunt and inspire future generations of my family to write!

Writing

By Larry Stocker

Writing is something I have been doing all my life. I am always thinking of things that should be written down, things that people should be mindful of, things that should be shared, talked about and remembered.

I like letters and words. I like the way they are shaped and how they feel, how they tell so much even before you try to figure out what they mean.

Since I was young I have been writing letters and words in the air with my fingers and sometimes my right arm. My first name starts with an "L." So many times I have practiced the forming of that letter, always thinking that this time I have found the most elegant example of the forming of that letter.

I have always had, I guess, a sort of unique way of putting things down. This has been a great handicap in accepting myself as a writer. I have always had difficulty in doing it right, the way it was supposed to be.

Like, for example, in Composition Class. I could never quite get it right. It led to my work being judged unorthodox and irrelevant. Only recently have I been able to understand that this uniqueness was really the best thing about my expression, the best thing about any expression.

I am mostly content when I am writing. I procrastinate like crazy about doing it even though it almost always leads to a greater *(See Writing on page 8)*

My Father Taught Me the Mechanics of Writing

By Grits McMorrow

I wonder if you can tell from my editorials and stories that I can write well. If you wonder how a person who writes well learned to write well, I will tell you. My father taught me.

My parents were actively engaged in helping their sons become proficient in their studies at school. Dad helped with arithmetic and writing. Mom with reading and art. Both contributed to our learning of verbal communication and proper etiquette.

I had a lot of homework when I was going to school, and particularly when I was in preparatory school. My friends at the local

high school hardly ever had nightly homework *in every subject* and they seemed to never have weekend assignments. I, on the other hand, always had homework. In fact, I don't think there was ever a weekend when I didn't have a paper to write.

So, my father had ample opportunities to help me develop my skills as a writer. One of my most vivid memories is of seeing his hand scratching a No. 2 pencil on the paper in front of me. I do not remember what he was showing me; it could have been an outline for writing a report in a chronological manner, or how and where to

"My goal as a writer is to give a feeling, to express things of my heart and hope I touch someone else's heart, too."

— Debbie Daybrest

break large paragraphs into several smaller ones, or a list of words that sound the same but have different spellings and meanings.

A Harvard graduate, Dad was a financial business management consultant for Fortune 500 companies and spent much of his time writing a myriad of documents, reports, and speeches for CEOs and COBs. *(See Mechanics on page 8)*

Special Section

Writer (cont. from page 6)

about, and started writing about it. It was hard work and took a lot of time because I kept changing words around, but that first story came out okay.

Some time later, my friend told me there was a newspaper called the *Minnekahta Messenger* that just started and asked me if I was interested in writing articles for it.

I was VERY hesitant at first. Me, write in a paper that thousands of people read? I felt I would be laughed at if someone I knew read a single word I wrote!

Then I thought, "I can do this. I'll write about things I know well and people will like my articles or they won't."

So, I gathered my courage and wrote about who I was and what my purpose is in life. And people told me later that they liked it.

I try to write about something different when I write for the paper. Variation is good and I hope I can capture the imagination of all ages of people with my stories.

I feel more confident in myself as a writer now, especially when I think of how others will be captivated by what I am writing about or that they can relate to what I'm saying because they have experienced the things I am describing.

I am thankful for the chance to have my stories in the *Minnekahta Messenger* and I will continue to strive to make the paper the best it can be by sharing with others my lifetime experiences.

No matter how old you are, it's NEVER too late to start writing. Think about the subject(s) you are interested in and put pen to paper and write as if you were talking to someone. You'll be as surprised as I was at how much fun it is to be a writer.

Writing (cont. from page 7)

satisfaction than I have in almost all other activities.

I am always setting up conditions to allow for writing, such as keeping paper, pencils, erasers and computers ready to go. I like having a fresh set of Ticonderoga pencils sharpened. I like legal pads. I almost always buy too many because I like them.

My favorite pen is called Pilot Precise V7. This is a great pen. I once wrote a whole book called *Bad Dude Bread* with a pen like that. The pen allows me to simulate gracefully the letters I have been shaping in the air with my finger all of my life.

I think that writing on the computer is fine even though you sacrifice some of the individual elegance you get from penmanship.

I have had girlfriends who have gotten tired of me because the index finger of my right hand was always shaping letters, words and sentences in the air. Maybe they thought I was recording in the air personal secrets about them, but it was just a well-entrenched habit. Nothing I could do about it. I would have changed the behavior in order to save the girlfriend if I could have, but I couldn't.

I like writers. Too many to mention. John Steinbeck, Mark Twain, Annie Proulx, Richard Brautigan. I'm glad Bob Dylan won the Nobel Prize.

I like writing about places, ordinary things. I think the seeds for understanding great and powerful things are found in small, seemingly unimportant things.

I like babies and little children for their connection to other worlds which I believe exist out there somewhere beyond our field of vision.

I like books that you can hold in your hand and carry around with you. I am appalled at the trash that goes around these days posing as childrens' literature. I want to do something about it before I croak even though I realize that it is just symptomatic of the ungodly era we have the privilege of living through.

I have had great compliments on my writing. It has helped me to become more comfortable with calling myself a writer. It is always interesting to hear how other people view your stories. I don't think my stories will ever be widely popular. I can't stand the process of, once you have something written, to get it "out there." I will do the first part but I will no longer try for the second part.

Some of my material has been widely, fairly widely, read and some is known only to me. That's okay. I don't like the idea of

self-promotion. It pushes an uncomfortable anxiety into the question.

I am old now. Theoretically with plenty of time to write. I have enough money to live. I don't need to write to live. Therefore I can take the need to self-promote out of the porridge.

Every day I think of more things to write about. I don't think that I could ever cover all of it. Often I don't even try. I just sit down in front of a clean white page and start typing. No direction in mind.

Soon, bells begin to ring and the words start to line up. Perhaps I can ring a few bells that will reverberate with you, or someone, somewhere. Or, maybe just with me.

Mechanics (cont. from page 7)

My father would bring home something called an *annual report* and explain how the material in it was written. The spelling, grammar, and punctuation was impeccable, so unlike the poor quality of writing found in some, but not all, newspapers these days (I grew up with the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Wall Street Journal* in our home).

Dad would also point out the visual appeal of the layout of each report, how the text (*copy*) and high-quality images (*graphics*) were placed on each page. Unbeknownst to him, and most notably to me, graphic (and web) design would become my *métier*. And surprise of all surprises, I became a writer... and technical editor, too.

My father never lived long enough to witness my achievements as a professional writer. He may have caught a glimpse of my amateur proficiency back in the early 1990's when I shared with him a letter of condolence I wrote to the mother of my best friend after he was murdered while vacationing in Mexico. I recall Dad remarked that he was impressed with my writing style and the sensitivity with which I wrote the letter.

It is a shame but I must admit I do not possess any sample of my father's business-related writing. All I have—and I am grateful for them—is a personal note and his signature. After Dad's passing, several of my father's colleagues told me that he was an exceptional writer. I am glad to know I learned to write from one of the best, Dad.

This May Interest You

Mothballs: A Sweet Smell to Me!

By T.L. Matt

People use mothballs to prevent insects from attacking cloth, generally. I actually don't have a single mothball in my possession, as I try to live in areas that don't have these types of pests.

However, in Missouri, where I was raised, people—especially older folks—were well-acquainted with the mothball and they used it when storing clothing. The smell is very pungent and quite disagreeable to most people, but for me the fragrance of mothballs brings forth images of the sweetest woman in the world—my grandmother.

The reasons why I volunteer in a museum and love to write history articles can be

attributed—in part—to the mothball.

My grandmother, whom I fondly called “Gram,” occasionally took me outside her house to the *mysterious* shed full of all kinds of unusual items from ages past.

I remember the first time when Gram showed me the old trunk. She slowly, carefully, lifted the lid and revealed to me all of its secrets. Inside were special items that had been lovingly preserved with the scented ball.

Oh, the beauty of the old dresses made of silk and fragile lace! I could just imagine the stately women of my family—with small waists and hair piled up in a fancy sweep—gliding along the streets of the town with their parasols and lovely dresses.

Gram even let me feel the fine fabrics and try on the unique hats!

I think when Gram shared the stories be-

hind these unique pieces of the past with me, I was prompted—even at the young age of seven—to feel a fascination and kinship with my ancestors.

When I was a little older, Gram gave me two books from the old trunk, both written by Laura Jean Libby—*Madolin Rivers*, ©1884 and *A Forbidden Marriage*, ©1888. The books had belonged to my great-grandmother, Henrietta Comer Smith, or Lettie, as she was known. Gram whispered, “It was considered a somewhat sinful indulgence to read novels at that time.”

I have these books in my possession, but don't know what happened to those exquisite dresses and hats.

I will be forever grateful to an indulgent, loving and patient grandmother. Gram set me on the road to delving into the past, a pastime that has given me incredible joy!

Life on the Rio Grande

By Larry Stocker

I could see the people in the town getting ready for the big celebration. As I passed the library, I observed a parking lot filled with floats decorated in red, white and blue.

The police had Main Street blocked off, using police cars as barricades. The officers were standing around talking with one another—happy, I guess, to have holiday duty. This was Thursday. Tomorrow, Friday, would be the celebration.

Down by the river there was no evidence of the coming celebration. With water still surging between the river banks, the river seemed content, almost used to it. The swallows were out in greater numbers, having

told their friends that the river is a river again.

A huge cloud hung directly over the point of Picacho Peak, making the sun's disappearance from the sky invisible from my position on the music-playing bench.

You couldn't tell exactly when the sunset actually was, so I sat on the bench, single-handedly playing the guitar until I was pretty sure it had happened and that my self-appointed role in the universe of things had been completed.

There was a fisherman also playing a role too. He had a folding chair, a fishing pole and a book of crossword puzzles. Keeping the pole in the water—waiting for fish that would never come—he worked crossword puzzles until the darkness interfered with his ability to see the pages they were printed on.

He wasn't that far away. Listening to the

rolling hum of the river I played wordless songs that blended, I thought, quite nicely with the tranquility of the gradually darkening scene, but the fisherman acknowledged none of them.

I considered that appropriate, even welcome, because it was the truth. We have to do the best we can to make the world more beautiful without any expectation of recognition or reward. That's what I thought at the time.

I think the river agrees with me. She does the best she can to make things more beautiful.

“Life on the Rio Grande” is a weekly email blog written by Larry Stocker. This story was published on Jul. 4, 2014.

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

What Shall I Do with All This “Stuff?”

Contributed by Peggy Gregg

As I start stirring in my stuff for the upcoming rummage sale, I find there is a closet full of stuff, attic stuff and basement stuff.

I separate the good stuff from the bad stuff. Then I stuff the bad stuff anywhere the stuff is not too crowded until I decide if I will need that bad stuff.

When the Lord calls me home, my children will want the good stuff, but not the bad stuff,

stuffed wherever there is room among all the other stuff, so it will be stuffed in bags and taken to the dump where all the other people's stuff has been taken.

I even have an extra closet. A place for all that stuff too good to throw away and too bad to keep with my good stuff.

You may not have this problem, but I seem to spend a lot of time with stuff. Food stuff, cleaning stuff, medicine stuff, clothes stuff, and even outside stuff! Whatever would life be if we didn't have all this stuff?

Now, there is all that stuff we use to make us smell better, stuff to make our hair look

good, stuff to make us look younger and stuff to make us look healthier. Stuff to hold us in, stuff to fill us out.

There is stuff to read, stuff to play with, stuff to entertain us and stuff to eat so we stuff ourselves with food stuff!

Gee, our lives are stuffed with stuff, good stuff, bad stuff, little stuff, junky stuff, and everyone else's stuff.

But when we leave all our stuff and go to Heaven, whatever happens to our stuff here on Earth won't really matter, because you know what? We will still have all the good stuff God has prepared for us in Heaven.

Rhyme Or Reason

My Honor

By Debbie Daybrest

The morning bright, my mind on work
Open the shop; count the till, shelves all in a row
Ah yes one task left to greet the day, an honor I am bestowed
The flag

The sun smiles, the fresh air, the morning breeze,
I raise the flag and place it on the pole, a moment I reflect
The wind pops the fabric and ripples the stripes,
My heart sighs

The mountains tall, the prairie green, the ocean deep and blue
The farmland like quilts woven and the cities quick and busy
Train whistles call, airplane trail in the sky
My land I love

The soldier brave, the son I cherish; so far away
My heart yearns and I pray, bless us our Father this day
Guide us our way, for so often lost but only to remember Thee
My privilege

The day busy, the dusk sets, my thoughts turn to home
A warm place, my cozy chair, a loving embrace
I fold the flag and put away but as I dim the lights I pause and stare
My flag

The colors strong, the feeling deep, my allegiance I pledge
From childhood thought of school day, games on green fields
All of this our country and this our flag
My honor

wet behind the ears

By G. Douglas Jackson

and all this time
i imagined myself
to be so
kalihari-desert-
arizona-in-august-
watchout for cacti & sagebrush
dry behind the ears.

ready for every new turn—
(there are no new turns)

situation 1 – plan A,
plan D if time is limited.
situation 2 – plan E,
plan G if space is at a premium
situation 3 – Just phone it in.

and so why is it
i suddenly feel
so
monsoon-in-the-jungle-
over-the-falls-with-no-barrel-
in-a-whirlpool-without-a-lifestest
wet behind the ears
with you

frazzled by every old twist
(there are no old twists)

situation 1 – whaddoes she want?
whadda I want?
situation 2 – whadami doing here?
whadwouddi do anywhere else?
situation 3 – Duh?

and yet when
i yearn
to be so
mount-st.-helens-
195 mph-in-a-convertible-
roller-coaster-exhilarated

i will be
yearning
To be
wet behind the ears
with you.

Oldtimers

By Michael Neuertz

I like their stories of snow –
how deep it got by spring. And no one
would eat tomatoes, they were poison.

Butcherknife outlasts a man
if you hone it on a crock's edge,
the blade gets wafer-thin and curved.

like wings. Wait til second frost
before gathering ginseng,
black walnut, sassafrass. This

is how you shake a gourd to see
if it's hollow. A Petrosky Stone
polishes itself in your pocket

if you don't take it out. Keep a pot
of aloe handy, it's the best thing
for burns. Survive. Remember. Know.

Lost

By Michael Neuertz

She was lost in the backseat of
A 1970 Ford LTD

Nothing looked familiar
A passing motorist noticed her frantic
Pounding on the rear window
And opened the door

“God, I'm glad to be out of that Buick:
She breathed thankfully
She really didn't know her cars

Well, If You Ask Us

Sharing My Hobby

By Grits McMorrow

I think it apropos that what might be the last printing date of the *Minnekahta Messenger* should occur on Friday, the 13th AND its last hard copy issue is Number 13. What are the odds?

As most of our local readers know, several weeks ago Editor T.L. Matt and Columnist Barbara Hauseman visited with business owners and managers and other recipients of the hand-delivered newsletter in Custer, Pringle, Hot Springs, and Edgemont.

The purpose of their visits was to inform these readers that the paper would no longer be available in print but that the electronic version, the *Minnekahta eMessenger*, could be emailed to them. A lot of people accepted the opportunity to continue receiving the newsletter, albeit in a digital format, and many of them expressed positive comments about their liking for the paper. (Thank you.)

“How much is ‘a lot’?” you may wonder. Well, I’ll tell you. After adding them to the master distribution database in my email client, I counted nearly 100 files (names and email addresses) associated with readers in the four-city area. I will be honest; I don’t have “nearly” one hundred area business recipients because some of the files are for people who work at the same location (e.g., six readers work at BHFCU in Hot Springs) and one file is for a recipient who has been getting “his copy” delivered to his doorstep.

Irregardless, there are nearly one hundred people who have begun receiving PDFs of the *eMessenger* in bimonthly emails. In turn, they are forwarding my emails with the attached newsletter to family and friends. Prior to their inclusion in the database, I was already sending papers to twenty local residents—the contributing writers and poets, new acquaintances, and old friends. (I also send the paper to another group of readers who live outside of our area.)

Producing this newsletter is my hobby and it does two things: it allows me to develop my skills in writing, editing, page layout design and graphic design (in my spare time I practice digital illustration and photograph enhancement) and I get to share the paper with readers who appreciate the variety of interesting stories. Cool.

The best outcome of switching to an electronic version of the newsletter is I don’t need money to support it. If businesses don’t want to advertise, it won’t hurt my feelings. As long as I can share my hobby with others, the *Minnekahta eMessenger* will thrive.

Is Civility an Obsolete Word?

By T.L. Matt

Not many years ago, my husband and I were at the Denver airport awaiting the arrival of our granddaughters. As they missed their flight, we were forced to stay until the last flight arrived.

After a while, I became bored and, since my legs were feeling cramped, I decided to walk around the concourse. Denver has a huge terminal and I walked it in its entirety. It was an astonishing and revealing walk.

Every human being was seated with their eyes peering downward, engrossed in their digital devices. I passed these people several times and not one person glanced my way. I didn’t even see any of them talk to the individuals seated beside them. I felt somehow that the airport was inhabited with *aliens* from another planet!

I have observed younger people on dates who never appear to look up from their cell phones. I have seen older people in meetings who can’t seem to turn off their devices. And with all this digital communication, it sometimes feels like people think it is okay to be more rude in their discourse than they would otherwise be. Digital devices may actually be influencing us to lose our ability to engage others with civility and respect.

Drivers in Rapid City are lacking a *caring and sharing* attitude, as many of them heedlessly dart their vehicles in lane-changing moves that threaten the safety of other drivers—rudeness and obscene gestures abound. And though it is illegal, people are also using their cell phones while driving—many of whom are texting.

My mother was a vibrant little Southern lady who connected with anyone with whom she came in contact. She made friends in lines at the grocery store, among others waiting in doctors’ offices and while shopping at malls. She made eye-to-eye contact and shared her human spirit. If someone needed a hug, she provided it.

I admit social media is good for some things—visiting with family members, for instance—but actual physical human contact is a superior way for everyone to benefit. Our connections to each other involve taking risks, but not as many as some would imagine.

We must make an effort to connect and share with one another. We are all brothers and sisters and partners in this Earth experience. Each of us needs the wave, the smile and the verbal acknowledgment—to know that, indeed, we do matter.

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Electronic (cont. from front cover)

Most of the people we spoke to were positive in wanting to continue receiving the e-copy of the paper (the *eMessenger*), but some said they didn't have access to computers in their businesses to allow them to read it.

Custer readers offered many good comments: "I like your paper" and "Everyone reads it" and "It is very readable" and "I enjoy reading it and it is always interesting" and so on.

At Pringle, one of the main businesses in town wanted to continue receiving the paper while the other store did not.

Moving on to Hot Springs, we encountered even more positive comments. Janet at Hills Edge Auto Sales said, "Big yes!" to going electronic and keeping the paper available to people there. At Wanda's Finds, Wanda was most hospitable in showing us around and added a "Definite OK" to continuing with us.

Tom at Heartsong Quilts said, "It's nice to have a different point of view." Shaman's Fine Art Gallery's Jordan, who sat at the front desk, said he enjoyed the paper and wanted to continue with us. Lucia at Lucy and the Green Wolf said she "Loves the paper" and was very happy to give us her email address.

Some of the people we initially spoke with at the various businesses we visited didn't feel they had the authority to say "Yes" or "No" regarding receiving the e-copy, so referred us to the supervisors or owners of the stores.

Overall, Barbara and I thought it was a good experience to actually be in physical contact with people who enjoyed the *Minnekahta Messenger*. When you meet them, shake hands and look them in the eye, it is comforting to know your readers in person.

Personally, I will miss that heavy tan paper with tiny black specs that looks so historic in nature, but I know that the times dictate electronics and I would really be back in the dark ages if I couldn't see the future.

Since you are unlikely to lose a computer or step on it--you

can count on your computer to always be ready to receive and to present you with good tidings and interesting stories in the *Minnekahta eMessenger*.

West (cont. from front cover)

The central question then becomes, "Who actually controls your car?" Those same powers that can unlock your car by satellite can also disable it.

Edgemont's car show displayed the independent spirit, a necessary part of life here in the West. The hypocrisy of saying "Everyone will have an electric car" is shown by those same individuals telling people to turn off their air-conditioning to spare the electric system during a heat wave.

If everyone in our country instantly plugged in an electric car for charging, the nation's whole power grid would instantly blow. Why does no one ever mention this?

On Sep. 17, the *San Francisco Chronicle* reported that Governor Jerry Brown was trying to outlaw the traditional automobile and complaining about slow progress.

California may have lots of solar and wind, but around here we are in the Guinness Book for variable weather. If we were to try to go the California route and ban horsepower and guns, the western independent spirit that connects us to our ancestors would die—and life, as we now know it in the West, would be outlawed.

Drinking (cont. from front cover)

as possible, and this study highlights the lack of concern industry often has for human health.

While cancer may be the scariest possibility to consider, other negative effects of alcohol consumption are actually much more statistically dangerous.

"Binge drinking affects over 20% of the U.S. population," according to a recent report published by the U.S. surgeon general. The 2015 National Survey on Drug Use and Health (USDUH) estimates this to be even higher at 27%. Alcohol misuse

in the U.S. contributes to over 88,000 deaths each year. Globally, deaths in 2012 attributed to alcohol consumption stacked up to 3.3 million.

The statistics are even more staggering when you consider USDUH's estimate that 86% of people 18 or over who live in the U.S. consume alcohol."

"Our analysis shows that, on the contrary, the global AI is currently actively disseminating misinformation about alcohol and cancer risk, particularly breast cancer. This study shows that the AI uses similar tactics to the tobacco industry, to the same ends: to protect its profits, to the detriment of public health. The full scale and nature of these activities requires urgent investigation."

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Celebration (cont. from front cover)

This remained a mystery until 1919 when a cowboy noticed a pile of bones in an arroyo in northern New Mexico. The cowboy was George McJunkin, a former slave, who was self-educated in natural history. He had a hunch these were no ordinary bones. The bones were those of a bison and among them was evidence of humans—*ancient spearheads!* This discovery led to the beginnings of Paleoindian Archaeology.

Forty years after McJunkin's discovery of the extinct bison bones, avocational archaeologists uncovered several unusual spear points. James and Otto Duguid and Mel and Bob McKnight showed these points to George Agogino, PhD, of the University of Wyoming.

Through the stratified test site, university students found unknown projectile points. In 1959, the potential of the site to provide information that would link sites throughout North America in time and space

sequence was enormous. The unknown projectile point and the site was named Hell Gap, after a local Wyoming landmark.

In excavating the site from 1962 to 1966, Hell Gap was found to fill in the chronological gap by revealing the temporal sequence of paleoindian cultural complexes. Folsom, Agate Basin, Eden, Scottsbluff and Alberta had been previously-recognized complexes to which were added the new complexes of Goshen, Hell Gap and Frederick.

Hell Gap was a campsite, or living area, and a wide variety of stone tools, production debris, animal bone, stone and bone ornaments, bone tools (including needles), hearths and domestic living structures were found. The structures, which appeared as a circular pattern of post holes, were dated at over 12,000 calendar years. A 9,000-year-old stone circle was also found in the Frederick complex at Hell Gap.

People in the Frederick complex wore bone and stone bead ornaments and ate a variety of animals. They subsisted on resources other than buffalo and had a rich camp life.

In January 2017 the Hell Gap Paleoindian Site was named a national historic landmark, according to <http://www.uwyo.edu/uw/news/2017/07/uw-to-celebrate-national-historic-landmark-designation-of-hell-gap-july-22.html>.

The nomination pack summary states "The site fundamentally changed how archaeologists viewed Paleoindian foragers because, as a residential campsite, it showed a diversity of human activities including medium game hunting, tool stone acquisition and personal ornamentation—none of which were evident at the big-game kill sites and surface scatters that had dominated the Paleoindian archaeological record up to that point."

A celebration of the status of the new national historic landmark was held on July 22, 2017.

Many people have helped the research through donations and by volunteering. Visit wyoshpo.state.wy.us/aamonth/ to find out more about activities in Wyoming archaeology.