



Camas and Dr Be in Kapa
Kauai

We had the great honor of being part of a large group of Native American Indians sharing their cultures with over 700 grade school students on Thursday and Friday before the Kauai pow wow.

We did two 2 hour plus programs at the park we danced, told stories and did presentations. We had Chief Rock and his group of Smoke Dancers there as well as an eagle dancer from the Hopi People.

Bud & Rona & Camas danced with the group. Camas told the story of the jingle dance to both groups of 700 children.

Keepers Pow Wow

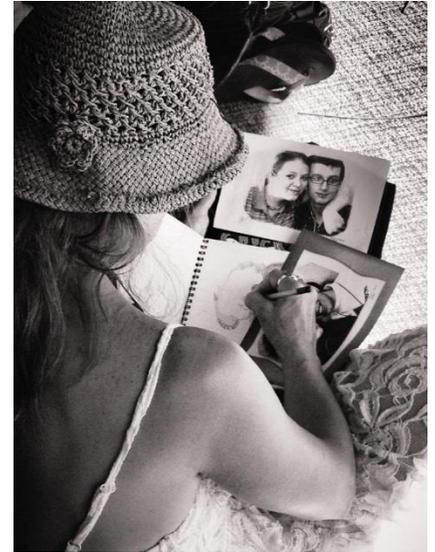
We voted this year at the annual gathering to no longer have the pow wow. We voted to put it to the Pipestone Chamber of Commerce to sponsor the pow wow we would help as consultants and not be responsible for all the fund raising and work. .

I would like to thank everyone for the part they played in keeping the pow wow going for so many years. People like Steve Bruce who would find and get commitments from the head staff and drums. Steve has also donated several items for the pow wows. A few members have gone out of their way to come up early or leave a little late so they could help with set up and take down. This year we had help from Denise and Bob who came and spent weeks helping out. We also had Rachel a girl from work away who spent most the summer, without them I do not know how we would have managed. I also want to say thanks to everyone who came and helped or donated every little bit helps.

Please everyone who as donated or helped out in the past two years email me the information I would really like to do a little story in the next newsletter as a thank you and let other members see the part members play in a successful organization.

So far we have not been able to convince the chamber that it is an important event to save.

Part of the reason for ending the pow wow now stems from the following letter.



I Rona Johnston was diagnosed with cancer in June. The first thing I was told by the doctor was you need to reduce stress, so I have tried to find ways to de-stress my life. I have been in the habit of doing everything at 200 miles an hour and have been told I get twice as much done as most people. That is likely one of the reasons for the cancer. There is also family issues with grown children which I have had to deal with in the past 3 years. Some of you know the details of what I am talking about. I believe that the cancer is Creator's way and my body's way of saying you are doing too much,

I have tried to honor all my prior commitments, stop to really enjoy my friends and family, and just slow down a little. My house is dirtier, I have not finished too many beading or pipes and the newsletter is really late. I apologize for any inconvenience to our members.

I am sorry to see the end to the pow wow although fun and exciting it is also a huge stress for me from July to July every year, how do we fund it to how do we get everything ready on time and everything in between.

Many of our friends, family and members have been praying for me and I want them to know how much energy they give me to keep going and hope for a successful recovery.

Last night while praying I had a vision. In that vision I had a wall of pieces of paper each paper had the word LOVE written on it in different colors, styles and designs below the word was a name. I felt such love and healing from all the people who had written these. So I would like to ask each of you especially those who have been praying for me to take the time to send me snail mail a hand written paper about 3x5 would do with the word LOVE and your name printed. I will

hang these in my room above my bed and will be a way to connect with the prayers of healing and love from all of you.

Rona Johnston
25250 482 ave
Garretson, SD 57030

Meeting Gathering
Next year we will be having our gathering without the pow wow. It has been suggested that we have the gathering at the Pipestone National monument at the Sundance grounds. We feel this would be a special place for us all, you will be able to camp, and we will have sweats and the quarries close by. We will have to change the dates to July 15-19th to use the Sundance grounds. We will have our gathering between the Yankton Sundance and Clyde's Sundance.

We will need people to commit to help with set up Monday and Tuesday before the gathering. We will be setting up our tipis please plan to come early if you want to stay in one. Those helping out will get first dibs on staying in a tipi. We will need porta pots, stuff for sweats, food, water brought in and bodies to help take care of the camp. Since this will take less set up, planning and money, Everyone will have more time for ceremonies and people.

Which is what the whole thing should be about anyway. Do we want to include any of the following?

- Food Cook Off
- ▽ Trading circle
- ▽ Talking circle
- ▽ Pipecarving workshop
- ▽ Beadwork workshop
- ▽ Other workshop
- ▽ Group meals
- ▽ Individual meals
- ▽ Pot lucks
- ▽ Pipe feast

We want your feedback contact us, send this page back with your choices circles, take a photo with your smart phone and text it to 605-376-5712, email pipe@iw.net but just let your voice and ideas be heard. Some workshops will have material costs. If you have other ideas please contact us with those also.

If the Sundance grounds does not work out we will have a camp at Bud & Rona's place they have 68 acres, sweat lodges, and area for camping. Their place is in South Dakota.



Beaded Moccasins

A European History of
Tobacco

2000 BC

Remains of tobacco leaves and pipes are found with Egyptian mummies. This is yet to be explained by Science

1500 BC

Pipes are used by North American Indians for ceremonial purposes.

300 BC

The Greek doctor Hypocrites used smoke inhalation from herbs as a remedy for certain female diseases.

1000

The Herb "Angelikarot" is smoked in pipes in Norway.

1492

Columbus find America and discovers tobacco.

1519

The tobacco plant reaches Europe.

1559

Jean Nicot launches the tobacco plant as a multi-remedy, among the French royalties it becomes fashionable to sneeze away headache.

1580

Chalk pipes are mass produced- mostly for marines, 1586 A ban on smoking is included in the ten revised commandments in Switzerland.

1600

Iron pipes are used in Norway, also among the Laps.

1604 The first anti-tobacco campaign is launched by Jacob the 1st of England.

1618-1648

During the 30 years war, pipe smoking gains recognition throughout Europe.

1619-1630

Christian the IV of Denmark & Norway punishes smoking on ships by keel-hauling.

1630

The death penalty is introduced for smoking in Turkey, Russia, and China. These punishments seem to be disappear when the regent discover the enormous amount of income tax tobacco generated.

1720

Meerschaum is discovered and becomes the highest regarded pipe material.

1820

The cigar becomes fashionable in Europe.

1840 From its birthplace in Jura, France, the briar pipe gains world popularity.

Bigger and longer pipes are however in use until about

1920.

1853-1856

The war at Crime introduces the cigarette to the west from Turkey

Cultural Camp

We want to know about the culture camp. Ask us about dates. We will explore native plants, tracking, survival skills and cultural arts, crafts, history and drumming. You get to sleep in a tipi under the stars, cook over the fire and more. We do the camp for individuals and groups. The camp can be held At Bud & Rona's 68 acre farm in South Dakota or Leon Carney's Nature Preserve in Minnesota. The South Dakota site is quiet and in the woods but you will have internet access and use of your phone and a modern toilet you can use. The Nature Conserve is very primitive no toilet only an out house, no internet, no phone and no bath facilities you must also hike a ways to the site. Yes you heard right your cell phone will not work. I have never heard of anyone getting any kind of service there. It is just like stepping back in time if you are truly ready for that. Now is the time to think about participating please contact us with questions or contributions.

Bud 605-595-5229

Rona 376-5712

Gift Shop and Gallery

Remember that your actions each day impact everyone.

That includes what we buy. We give power and money to the person or company when we purchase something. Make sure that the choices you make have the consequences you approve of. It is important to buy locally if you want a strong local community. Buying from artist and non-profits you support benefits them and you. We have choices make the best of them. Purchases from our store help support our programs, the gathering www.pipekeepers.org

"Sacred sites and areas are protection for all people — the four colors for man — and these sites are in all areas of the earth in the four directions."

Racism is so universal in this country, so widespread, and deep-seated, that it is invisible.

Every time someone says to me you don't look Indian I know it is true.

Food & Health



. Baked Butternut Squash Stuffed With Apples and Sausage

- 2 (1 lb) butternut squash, halved and seeded
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 8 ounces fresh [bulk sausage](#) (I use Jimmy Dean's Maple)
- 2 [apples](#), peeled and cubed into 1/4-inch cubes
- 2 tablespoons [butter](#)
- 1/2 cup chopped [pecans](#)
- 1 tablespoon [brown sugar](#)
- 1/4 teaspoon [ground sage](#)
- salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon [butter](#), cut into bits
- 1 tablespoon [brown sugar](#)

Preheat oven to 375. Lightly oil baking dish. Half squash lengthwise and remove seeds. Arrange squash cut side up on the baking dish. Brush lightly with oil and cover with foil. Bake until almost tender, 30-40 minutes. Keep the oven on. Meanwhile, crumble the sausage into a skillet and cook over medium heat until no longer pink. Add apple. Cook, stirring until crisp-tender. Let cool slightly. Scoop out the squash, leaving 3/8 inch thick shells. Lightly mix the squash pulp into the sausage mixture breaking up squash as little as possible.

Mix the butter, brown sugar, pecans, sage, salt and pepper. Pile the stuffing into the squash halves. Dot with bits of butter and brown sugar. Bake uncovered until piping hot and brown and crusty on top, 20-25 minutes. Let cool for several minutes before serving

Lakota Pipe Story

Long, long ago, two young and handsome Lakota were chosen by their band to find out where the buffalo were. While the men were riding in the buffalo country, they saw someone in the distance walking toward them.

As always they were on the watch for any enemy. So they hid in some bushes and waited. At last the figure came up the slope. To their surprise, the figure walking toward them was a woman.

When she came closer, she stopped and looked at them. They knew that she could see them, even in their hiding place. On her left arm she carried what looked like a stick in a bundle of sagebrush. Her face was beautiful.

One of the men said, "She is

more beautiful than anyone I have ever seen. I want her for my wife."

But the other man replied, "How dare you have such a thought? She is wondrously beautiful and holy--far above ordinary people."

Though still at a distance, the woman heard them talking. She laid down her bundle and spoke to them. "Come. What is it you wish?"

The man who had spoken first went up to her and laid his hands on her as if to claim her. At once, from somewhere above, there came a whirlwind. Then there came a mist, which hid the man and the woman. When the mist cleared, the other man saw the woman with the bundle again on her arm. But his friend was a pile of bones at her feet.

The man stood silent in wonder and awe. Then the beautiful woman spoke to him. "I am on a journey to your people. Among them is a good man whose name is Bull Walking Upright. I am coming to see him especially.

"Go on ahead of me and tell

your people that I am on my way. Ask them to move camp and to pitch their tents in a circle. Ask them to leave an opening in the circle, facing the north. In the center of the circle, make a large tepee, also facing the north. There I will meet Bull Walking Upright and his people."

The man saw to it that all her directions were followed. When she reached the camp, she removed the sagebrush from the gift she was carrying. The gift was a small pipe made of red stone. On it was carved the tiny outline of a buffalo calf.

The pipe she gave to Bull Walking Upright, and then she taught him the prayers he should pray to the Strong One Above. "When you pray to the Strong One Above, you must use this pipe in the ceremony. When you are hungry, unwrap the pipe and lay it bare in the air. Then the buffalo will come where the men can easily hunt and kill them. So the children, the men, and the women will have food and be happy."

The beautiful woman also told him how the people should behave in order to live peacefully together. She

taught them the prayers they should say when praying to their Mother Earth. She told him how they should decorate themselves for ceremonies.

"The earth," she said, "is your mother. So, for special ceremonies, you will decorate yourselves as your mother does--in black and red, in brown and white. These are the colors of the buffalo also.

"Above all else, remember that this is a peace pipe that I have given you. You will smoke it before all ceremonies. You will smoke it before making treaties. It will bring peaceful thoughts into your minds. If you will use it when you pray to the Strong One above and to Mother Earth you will be sure to receive the blessings that you ask."

When the woman had completed her message, she turned and slowly walked away. All the people watched her in awe. Outside the opening of the circle, she stopped for an instant and then lay down on the ground. She rose again in the form of a black buffalo cow. Again she lay down and then arose in the form of a red buffalo cow. A third time she lay

down, and arose as a brown buffalo cow. The fourth and last time she had the form of a spotlessly white buffalo cow. Then she walked toward the north into the distance and finally disappeared over a far-off hill.

Bull Walking Upright kept the peace pipe carefully wrapped most of the time. Every little while he called all his people together, untied the bundle, and repeated the lessons he had been taught by the beautiful woman. And he used it in prayers and other ceremonies until he was more than one hundred years old.

When he became feeble, he held a great feast. There he gave the pipe and the lessons to Sunrise, a worthy man. In a similar way the pipe was passed down from generation to generation. "As long as the pipe is used," the beautiful woman had said, "Your people will live and will be happy. As soon as it is forgotten, the people will perish."

The Girl Who Was Not Satisfied With Simple Things – Hodenosuane

There once was a girl who was not satisfied with simple things. Her parents despaired

of ever finding her a husband she would accept. Each man who came was not good enough. "That one was too fat; he will never do." Or "Did you see how shabby his moccasins were?" Or "I didn't like the way he spoke." Such were the things she would say.

One night, as the fire flickered low, a strange young warrior came to their door. "Dahjoh," said the mother. "Come inside," but the visitor stood at the edge of the light and pointed his hand at the girl.

"I have come to take you as my wife," he said. Now this young man was very handsome. His face shone in the firelight. Above his waist was a fine, wide belt of black and yellow wampum that glittered like water. On his head he wore two tall feathers and he moved with the grace of a willow tree in the wind.

But the mother was worried. "My daughter," she said, "you would not take any of the men in our village. Would you marry a stranger whose clan you don't know?"

It was no use, for at last the daughter was satisfied. She packed her belongings and walked into the night,

following the handsome stranger.

The girl walked for some time through the darkness with him when she began to feel afraid. Why had she left her mother's lodge to come with this man she had never seen?

Just then her husband grasped her arm. "Do not fear," he said, whispering in the darkness. "We will soon come to the place of my people."

"But my husband," said the girl, "how can that be? It seems we must be close to the river."

Her husband grasped her arm again. "Follow me," he whispered "just down this hill. We have almost come to the place of my people." The two of them walked down a steep bank and came to a lodge which had a pair of horns, like those of a giant elk, fastened above the door. "This is our home," the husband said. "Tomorrow you will meet my people."

The rest of the night the girl was afraid. She heard strange noises outside. She noticed that the lodge had a smell like that of a fish. She held her

blankets tightly about her and waited, wide-eyed, for the morning.

When the next day came, the sun did not shine. The grey sky was filled with hazy light. Her husband gave her a new dress, covered just like his with wampum. "You must put this on," he said to the girl, "before you are ready to meet my people."

But the frightened girl would not touch the dress.

"It smells like fish," she said. "I will not put it on."

Her husband looked angry but he said no more. Before long, he walked to the door of the lodge. "I must go away for a time," he whispered. "Do not leave this place and do not be afraid of anything you see."

And he was gone.

The girl sat there wondering about her fate. Why had she come with this strange man? She saw that if she had been satisfied with simple things this would not have happened. She thought of the fire in her mother's lodge. She thought of the simple, good-hearted men who had asked her to marry them. Just then a great horned serpent crawled

in through the door of the lodge. As she sat there, stiff with fear, it came up to her and stared a long time into her eyes. Around its body were glittering bands of yellow and black. Then it turned and crawled out of the door.

The girl followed slowly and peered outside. All around, there were serpents, some lying on rocks, some crawling out of caves. Then she knew that her husband was not what he seemed, not a human being, but a serpent disguised in human form.

Now this girl who had been foolish was a girl who was not without courage. She knew that she would never agree to put on her husband's magical dress and become a great serpent herself. But how could she escape? She thought and thought and finally, for she had gone the whole night without sleep, she closed her eyes and slept.

Then, as she slept, it seemed to her an old man appeared in her dream. "My granddaughter," said the old man in a clear deep voice, "let me help you."

"But what can I do,

Grandfather?" she asked.

"You must do as I say," the old man answered "You must leave this place at once and run to the edge of the village. There you will see a tall steep cliff. You must climb that cliff and not turn back or your husband's people will stop you. When you have reached the top, I shall help you."

When the girl awoke, she realized she had to follow the old man's words. She looked outside the lodge and saw her husband coming, dressed again in the form of a beautiful man. She knew she had to go at once or be caught in this place forever. So, quick as a partridge flying up, she burst from the door of her husband's lodge and dashed toward the cliffs.

"Come back!" she heard her husband shout but she did not look back. The cliffs were very far away. She ran as swiftly as she could. Then she began to hear a sound, a rustling noise like the wind rushing through the reeds but she did not look back. The cliffs were closer now. Then once more she heard her husband's voice close to her whispering, whispering, "Come back, my wife, come join my people."

But now she had come to the cliffs and began to climb.

She climbed and she climbed, using all of her strength, remembering the old man's promise, as her hands grew painful and tired. Ahead of her was the top of the cliff and as she reached it she felt the hand of the old man lifting her to her feet.

She looked back and saw that she had just climbed up out of the river. Behind her were many great horned serpents. Then, as she watched, the old man began to hurl bolts of lightning which struck the monsters. And she knew that the old man was Heno, the Thunderer.

The lightning flashed and the thunder drums rolled across the sky. In the river the serpents tried to escape but the bolts of Heno struck them all. Then the storm ended and the girl stood there, a gentle rain washing over her face as the Thunderer looked down on her.

"You're very brave, my child," he said. "You have helped me rid the earth of those monsters. Perhaps I may call on you again, for your deed has given you power."

Then the old man raised his hand and a single cloud drifted down to earth. He and the girl stepped into the cloud which carried them back to her village.

It is said that the girl later married a man whose heart was good. Between them they raised many fine children. It is also said that her grandfather, Heno, came back to visit her many times. Often she would fly with him to help rid the earth of evil creatures.

And when she was old, she always told her grandchildren these words: "Be satisfied with simple things."
History

Characteristics of Pipestone

Pipestone, also known as catlinite, is a fine-particled version of the type of rock known as metamorphic clay stone. It lacks silt-sized particles and consequently is soft and can be readily carved with harder stone or metal tools. Pipestone's color ranges from brick red to mottled pink and gray.

Where Found: Metamorphic clay stone is found throughout the Midwest. The best-known

location in Minnesota is at Pipestone National Monument in the southwestern part of the state. Here the pipestone is found six feet or deeper beneath the surface in several layers sandwiched between layers of Sioux quartzite. Unlike pipestone from other locations this stone is the nicest to work being smooth, soft, and with few hidden fractures. One drawback to the pipestone in Pipestone, Minnesota is the stone only runs from ¾ inch to 2 inches thick. Stone 2 "thick is not the norm and thicker stone occurs vary rarely.

Geological origin: The story of Minnesota's pipestone begins between 1.6 billion and 1.8 billion years ago. Slow-moving water, probably in a lazy river or along an ocean shore, deposited fine, clay-sized particles containing iron in what is now the southwestern part of the state. Over millions of years, heat and pressure transformed these particles into rock.

Uses

American Indians from 3-dozen tribes quarry pipestone and carve it into ceremonial tobacco pipes. They use only hand tools to quarry and carve the stone. Pieces left

over from pipe carving are sometimes made into small bear or turtle effigies.

Archaeologists have found evidence that people were using pipestone from the southwestern Minnesota site as early as A.D. 100. During the 1800s the North West Company had a white factory near Lake Wilson make and they distributed some 2,000 pipes throughout the upper Missouri River basin.

Lore: American Indian legends recorded by early American artist George Catlin say that the Great Spirit fashioned a pipe from pipestone and gave it to his people, telling them that they were made from this stone and that they too should make pipes from it.

Check out the online store if you do not see what you want email us or call we may have it in the store. 507-825-3734 @ pipe@iw.net @ www.pipekeepers.org

Please remember that your input is valuable to us. Please if you think that having a membership to our organization is important then take the time to be involved. Keepers can't continue without your input and time. The work done at

Keepers is volunteer including those of our board.

"I believe that being a medicine man, more than anything else, is a state of mind, a way of looking at and understanding this earth, a sense of what it is all about."

-- Lame Deer, LAKOTA

Membership

Your membership fees help us do many things and since no one at Keepers gets paid all the money we get goes to keep things running, put on our gathering.

Membership dues each year Cash is the best way to pay your dues.. Everyone's contribution makes a difference to the organization and each of its members. Thanks for all you do!

Members get 10% off in the gift shop and a newsletter

Members Application & Renewal

Name

Address

City,

State & Zip

Phone

Email

Please include dues & mail

We have made some changes to the dues all members who use Electronic mailing of news letters will be \$25.00 no matter where they live and all member who want their newsletters mailed will pay \$50.00.

*Yearly membership
(circle correct amount)*

Associate & Voting

	Support Silver Gold
Email	\$25 \$50 \$100
Mailed	\$50 \$100 \$200

Lifetime Membership

	Support Silver Gold
Emailed	\$250. \$500. \$1000.
Mailed	\$550 \$1100. \$2200.

CC# _____

expire date _____

Security code _____

Signature

For those who paying dues is a financial hardship we can accept trade of items which can be sold in the store or your time volunteering on one of our projects.

Contact us about Trades

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PO Box 24
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