



Fund Raising

We are working on raising enough money to repair the building. Patrick a volunteer from work away put together a fund me page.

<https://www.razoo.com/us/story/Mn8q7g>

Please check it out give what you can and then send it to your friends and family. Our first goal is to raise 10,000 to do the exterior tuck pointing. Our second goal is to raise 12,000 to do the interior tuck pointing and our third goal another 10,000 to fix all the rotting wood around the windows and doors and last but not least we will need to fix the period gutters and downspout and the roof which we do not have any estimates on yet.

Gathering

This was likely the best gathering ever. Lots of members old and new, great sweats, feast for the pipes and a ceremonial presentation of a wampum belt to Bud Johnston from Serge.

Serge is from Canada he came with 8 other members of his tribe

to recognized Bud for all the work that does.

Breon Lake and his wife were demonstrating quillwork, Danny got married, Dave taught tomahawk throwing, Susanne came to demonstrate beadwork, Sumac Bob did a flutemaking workshop, Bud did a pipemaking workshop, Jackie did pipestone carving mostly with the kids, Allison ran our kids activities and Tyna did a dream catcher class.

I had a great time visiting and making new friends. Thanks to everyone who took the time out of their busy schedules to come and be part of our praying and healing for each other and for the earth.



Gift Shop and Gallery

Our web site was completely redone last year and has resulted in more business for the organization. The traffic this summer is up and hope that our summer sales will also be up. It costs a lot to keep up the building and pay the bills. We are very blessed to own the building. We also have new t shirts, new beadwork and a new pipestone artist to see in the store.

www.pipekeepers.org

"Sell a country? Why not sell the air, the great sea, as well as the Earth? Did not the Great Spirit make them all for the use of his children?"

-- Tecumseh, SHAWNEE

The White Man's way is to possess, control, and divide. It has always been difficult for Indian people to understand this. There are certain things we cannot own that must be shared. The Land is one of these things.

We do not own the Earth; the Earth owns us. Today, let us ponder the true relationship between the Earth and ourselves.

No Pow Wow Again

Many people expressed their sadness at the lack of a pow wow this year. I can only say that I feel the same way. Bud and I have spent many hours trying to convince the community to sponsor and support continuing

the pow wow. There are two things that must happen in order to have a pow wow first we need the funding to put it on. If we were to get a sponsor to put up the 20-30 thousand dollars needed to fund the pow wow we could possibly then get the city and the chamber to do the work needed to organize it. Bud and I are willing to help we just can't do it all anymore. Another option might be to get more money and hire someone else to put on the pow wow we even know a couple of people who could possibly be convinced to do it.



The Story of the Big Pipe

By Bud & Rona Johnston

About fifteen years ago three spiritual people from different tribes all had the same dream within a two year period. Art Zimmiga a Lakota was the first, he came to help us write a business plan, and said we had one of the best kept secrets in North America in Pipestone Minnesota. He spoke with us and gave me an Eagle Feather from his medicine bundle. A couple of hours after leaving Pipestone I got a call from

Art. On his way back to Pine Ridge South Dakota he had to pull his car over because he had a day vision. He told me about his vision saying we had to build a humungous pipe and it had to be able to smoke, because in his vision the elders were giving us gifts and every time they gave us a gift smoke came out of the big pipe.

About 6 months later a Midi named Lisa Dietz from Sault St Marie Michigan called, they had brought down a group of spiritual people to bless our building and also give us an eagle feather when we first formed the organization in 1996. She called and talked to my wife she said she had been networking and we needed to build a humongous pipe and she knew a guy by Cloquet Minnesota who may help us build it out of logs.

About 6 months after that my oldest son Bill Johnston came down to Pipestone Minnesota with a car I bought in Spokane WA. He was only at the Keepers facility for about one hour before he flew home. Bill called me the next day and said he saw it when he was here, you have to build this huge pipe, I told him I had heard that story before, we talked for a while.

He called again the next day and asked did you see my fax? I told him yea so what you can draw a pipe. He told me he couldn't quit thinking about that pipe and

wanted to know what would it take to build it? I asked him, how big would the finished pipe be? He said about thirty feet long! I hung up and made a scaled drawing of it and called him back, I told him it could be made out of steel well casing 12" in diameter and 7 or 8 " where the bowl and stem fit together. I thought this would be the end of it Bill often got excited about projects and then got distracted by life with nothing being done.

A couple days later he called me back and said I bought all the steel, get up here and help me build this thing. A few days later I flew out to Spokane and we started to work on the sculpture by cutting out the pieces, I was having trouble so I called my youngest son John Johnston who was a meticulous welder, and asked him to come give us a hand. Soon we were making real progress. While working with John I asked if he could weld stainless steel because I thought it would be great to have 4 rings on the bowl to hour the four directions which our tribal people have come to Pipestone. He said he could weld anything and so we made it a four winds pipe. Soon the pipe was done but still in Spokane Washington.

We still had two problems getting the pipe to Pipestone and seeing what it would take to be allowed to put it up. It seems that the city was not keen on us having it on

our property since it was a historic site. My Wife and many supporters from various businesses in Pipestone came to speak in favor of our sculpture. After much debate the Historic Preservation Committee finally agreed if we could make a flower bed which would match our building which was made from a cream colored brick and the red quartzite. The bricks and the quartzite cannot be bought today. Mike assured them it would match even if he had to make the bricks himself.

Now that we had the permission to build the pipe we had to get it to Pipestone. Mike had been talking to a friend of his who drove truck for Bayliner boats about the project and he volunteered to pick it up the next time he was in Washington and bring it down if we would give him a couple hundred dollars for gas.

The pipe finally made it to Pipestone in January. When I told my son John that we were ready to assemble the pipe on the flower bed he wanted to know who would do the welding. I told him I guessed it would be me. He said don't touch that pipe you will just scew it up I will be there in 3 days so it can be done right.

Three days later we had a crane, the welding equipment and a crew of people to help move and our welder John. It was about as cold as it ever gets in South West

Minnesota in the winter and when we finished we all felt like we had been out in a blizzard without the proper clothing.

The next day John was assessing his work and after a long pause turned to me and wanted to know where the feathers were. I said no one had said anything about feathers. John said of course it has to have feather you taught me that the feather help speed your prayer to Creator. So it was decided that the pipe would have feathers but since it was so cold it would wait till warm weather.

That August John returned with some friend from Oklahoma to participate in our annual pow wow at which time we cut out, assembled and attached the feathers to the pipe. Soon after we got a local artist who worked at the local paper to paint the pipe and stem and the pipe was complete or so we thought. That fall brought some wild storms which moved the pipe and started a crack to the cement platform. Mike returned and it was decided that we would cut a hole in the cement use large bolts and pour more concrete to add weight and stabilize the sculpture. Because we didn't feel it would be attractive to patch and match the dyed concrete Rona wrote a poem honoring all our tribal people who have made the journey to Pipestone to the Great Pipestone Quarries. We had the poem engraved into a piece of red

quartzite and mounted below the pipe. Before the Winter of _____? The pipe sculpture was complete. People come from all over the world to visit Pipestone, to see the quarries and have their picture taken in front of the worlds largest pipe.

Stories

How the Ojibwe, Potawatomi, and Ottawa Became One People

A long, long time ago, the Ojibwe, Potawatomi, and Ottawa people were enemies. An Ojibwe man had ten children, all boys. He brought them up to be warriors and all ten sons were killed in battle. There was also an Ottawa man who had ten sons who were warriors, and they too were all killed. At the same time, a Potawatomi man had his ten sons killed in raids as well. Each father was left without children. All three men mourned their sons and could not see the point in living any longer. They wandered away from their tribes and into the woods, looking for a place to die.

The Ojibwe man traveled west until he was completely exhausted. As he came to a place to rest, he saw a tree which had a long root running toward the east. The root was as long as a tree is tall, and very thick. He laid down and rested awhile, and then looked towards the south. There he saw another very long root-as long as the one which went to the

east-running toward the south. He went to the west and north sides of the tree and found two other roots, each as long as a tree is high. All around the tree, the grass grew long and rich. He walked around the tree until he had come to the east, he realized that the four roots pointed exactly in the four directions.

As he looked up at the tree, he realized that there were also four huge branches, one to the East, one to the West, one to the South and one to the North. The tree had beautiful leaves, but only had these four branches, each extending out as far as the roots. As he examined the tree, he could also see that the tree had a big root that ran straight down into the earth and a huge branch that went up from the center straight to the sky. There were no leaves on that branch until the very top, and then there only a few. All around the tree he could see the blue sky, and there was no wind or breeze.

As the Ojibwe man walked around the tree, he was happy and forgot all of his sorrow at losing his sons. He had never seen so beautiful a place. As he sat there, he heard a noise like someone crying. He looked around, but didn't see anyone. At last he saw a man walking toward the tree, weeping and mourning just as he had earlier. He saw that the newcomer was an old man, just like him, and that he approached the tree from

the south. As the newcomer came to the spot, he saw how beautiful it was and stopped crying. He looked around and noticed all the things about the tree and then he saw the first man. He saw that the man was mourning, and asked him why.

The Ojibwe man, who was sitting at the base of the great tree, said, "I had ten sons and I lost them all in war. I decided I had nothing left to live for and wandered until I came to this beautiful place." The other man, an Ottawa, said, "I did the same as you. I had ten sons and they were all killed and I did not wish to live. I wandered off to die and came to this place."

They talked over the past, and while they were talking they forgot their sorrow and felt happy. While they talked, they heard the noise of a person crying. Far off they saw a man approaching, mourning and crying. It was an old man, about the same age as the other two, and as he walked along wearily. They watched him as he came from the west and approached the west root of the tree. He stopped and examined the root, and he began to notice how beautiful the tree and the place was and wiped away his tears. As he came up to the tree, the Ojibwe man and the Ottawa man asked him who he was and why he was mourning. He answered that he was a Potawatomi and that he mourned

his ten sons lost in war. Like them, he had wandered off to die.

They each told their stories and saw that the same thing had brought them to this place. The Ojibwe man said, "It is the will of the Great Spirit that has brought us here to meet."

They all agreed. They walked around and explored the place together, and saw that the air was very still and calm around the tree. It was very quiet and it seemed to them that every word they spoke could be heard by the spirits. Together they said, "The spirits have sent us here to hold council together. There has been too much fighting in our lives."

The Ojibwe man said, "I think I had better go back to my people." The Ottawa man agreed, saying, "Yes, I think it has been wrong for us to fight all the time. We have suffered and neglected our children. It is best for us to go home." And the Potawatomi man said, "All this is true. It is wrong to allow all these people to die because of the fighting between us. We should all go home, and stop the fighting between our tribes and live in peace."

They lit their pipes and smoked, agreeing on what they had said. They talked a long while. As they smoked and talked, the Ojibwe man-having been the first to get to the tree-felt he had a right to speak first. "Our people should

unite as one. I will be the eldest brother. And the Ottawa will be our second brother. And you, Potawatomi, will be the youngest brother." They all agreed.

The Ojibwe man said, "My brothers, I will make a pipe and a stem for it. When I get home, I will present it to my people. I will tell them that I had ten children who were all killed in war; but I will wash that away. I will paint the stem of the pipe blue, like the sky, and we will use this pipe when we make peace with other nations."

And the Ottawa man said, "I will do the same. I will remind my people of my sons, and I will have them quit fighting."

The Potawatomi said, I too will make a pipe of peace. I will call a council of our people and tell them of our resolution, and explain the foolishness of allowing our people to be killed."

The Ojibwe said again, "It is good. Our spirits have brought us together at this point, and have brought us to agreement." They agreed that in ten days they would all meet and bring their tribes to the roots of the tree, and at these roots their tribes would live, each sheltered by one of the great branches. And then they all went their separate ways home.

When he got home, the Ojibwe man took tobacco and put it in his pipe. He was not a chief, only an old man. He took the pipe to the

Chief and told him that it was the pipe of peace. The Chief smoked it with him. The old man told all his people to make peace. He told all the head chiefs of different Ojibwe bands to take the pipe, and to tell his story and to explain that the pipe was to be used in friendship. The smoke from the tobacco would soothe and purify their hearts and maintain peace. The older people, who had learned the lesson of peace through their losses, would teach the messages to the younger people, who would carry it on. The same thing happened with the Ottawa and the Potawatomi.

Ten days later, they brought their people to the roots of the beautiful tree. As they all got there, each set up camp on one root of the tree. The Ojibwe man brought a chunk of wood, and so did the Ottawa man and the Potawatomi man. Together, they started a common fire and brought food so they could cook together. As they began cooking, they took tobacco and lit the pipe of the Ojibwe man from the fire they had built together. They were going to offer the pipe to their chiefs to smoke together, but they thought that they should first offer the pipe to the Great Spirit who had brought them together. They pointed the pipe stem straight up in the air by the tree. Then they pointed the stem to the East and offered it to the spirit of the east. Then they pointed to the

south and offered it to the spirit of the south and then to the spirit of the west and lastly to the spirit of the north. Then they turned the stem down toward the central root of the great tree, offering it to the spirit that keeps the earth from sinking in the water.

After this, they offered the pipe to the Ojibwe Chief and he smoked it, and passed it to the braves and warriors. They all smoked. The man of the Ottawa tribe did the same, as did the Potawatomi tribe. After that, they all lived as one people, and said "We will keep this fire to represent our bond with each other, and the Potawatomi will be keepers of this sacred fire. The three old men made rules for the people to live together, and presented them as a path that their people must follow. From the point at which they met under the tree, they must live always in peace and friendship. From that time forward, they kept their rules and the three tribes lived in peace and intermarried with each other and came to be almost as one people.

(Adapted from Harry H. Anderson, ed., 1992, *Myths and Legends of Wisconsin Indians, Milwaukee History* 15[1]:2-36.)

Old Coyote Story

Among the people of long, long ago, Old Man Coyote was the symbol of good. Mountain Sheep was the symbol of evil.

Old-Man-in-the-Sky created the world. Then he drained all the water off the earth and crowded it into the big salt holes now called the oceans. The land became dry except for the lakes and rivers.

Old Man Coyote often became lonely and went up to the Sky World just to talk. One time he was so unhappy that he was crying. Old- Man-in-the-Sky questioned him.

"Why are you so unhappy that you are crying? Have I not made much land for you to run around on? Are not Chief Beaver, Chief Otter, Chief Bear, and Chief Buffalo on the land to keep you company?"

"Why do you not like Mountain Sheep? I placed him up in the hilly parts so that you two need not fight. Why do you come up here so often?"

Old Man Coyote sat down and cried more tears. Old-Man-in-the-Sky became cross and began to scold him.

"Foolish Old Man Coyote, you must not drop so much water down upon the land. Have I not worked many days to dry it? Soon you will have it all covered with water again. What is the trouble with you? What more do you want to make you happy?"

"I am very lonely because I have no one to talk to," he replied.

"Chief Beaver, Chief Otter, Chief Bear, and Chief Buffalo are busy

with their families. They do not have time to visit with me. I want people of my own, so that I may watch over them."

"Then stop this shedding of water," said Old-Man-in-the-Sky.

"If you will stop annoying me with your visits, I will make people for you. Take this parfleche. It is a bag made of rawhide. Take it some place in the mountain where there is red earth. Fill it and bring it back up to me."

Old Man Coyote took the bag made of the skin of an animal and travelled many days and nights. At last he came to a mountain where there was much red soil. He was very weary after such a long journey but he managed to fill the parfleche. Then he was sleepy.

"I will lie down to sleep for a while. When I waken, I will run swiftly back to Old-Man-in-the-Sky."

He slept very soundly.

After a while, Mountain Sheep came along. He saw the bag and looked to see what was in it.

"The poor fool has come a long distance to get such a big load of red soil," he said to himself. "I do not know what he wants it for, but I will have fun with him."

Mountain Sheep dumped all of the red soil out upon the mountain. He filled the lower part of the parfleche with white solid, and the

upper part with red soil. Then laughing heartily, he ran to his hiding place.

Soon Old Man Coyote woke up. He tied the top of the bag and hurried with it to Old-Man-in-the-Sky. When he arrived with it, the sun was going to sleep. It was so dark that the two of them could hardly see the soil in the parfleche.

Old-Man-in-the-Sky took the dirt and said, "I will make this soil into the forms of two men and two women."

He did not see that half of the soil was red and the other half white. Then he said to Old Man Coyote, "Take these to the dry land below. They are your people. You can talk with them. So do not come up here to trouble me."

Then he finished shaping the two men and two women--in the darkness.

Old Man Coyote put them in the parfleche and carried them down to dry land. In the morning he took them out and put breath into them. He was surprised to see that one pair was red and the other was white.

"Now I know that Mountain Sheep came while I was asleep. I cannot keep these two colors together."

He thought a while. Then he carried the white ones to the land by the big salt hole. The red ones he kept in his own land so that he

could visit with them. That is how Indians and white people came to the earth.

Great Spirit, I am Mother

Great Spirit, I am Mother.
I was made by You so that the image of Your love Could be brought into existence.

May I always carry with me
The sacredness of this honor.

Creator, I am Daughter.
I am the learner of the Traditions.
May I carry them forward So that the Elders and Ancestors Will be remembered for all time.

Maker-Of-All-Things, I am Sister.
Through me, may my brothers be shown the manner in which I am to be respected. May I join with my sisters in strength and power as a Healing Shield So that they will no longer bear the stain of abuse.

Niskam, I am Committed Partner:
One who shares her spirit, But is wise to remember never to give it away, Lest it become lost, And the two become less than one.

I am Women
Hear me.

Great Spirit We Thank You

Great Spirit we thank you for the gift of family, whether it be the one we were born to or the one we adopted on our Red Road journey.

Remind us Grandfather of the old ways of our People, when selfish need was weighed against the good of the tribe and family.

Help us to hold fast Native values and moral righteousness that was born from a time of seldom Concern of indecent lust and evil abuse.

You know Grandfather as time passed; traditions were hard to keep. Today we are returning Grandfather and we need time to heal. We hold sacred the seventh generation, we know too, Grandfather, that we must heal and love ourselves to be of good character and moral leaders of the children.

Let us not forget our Elders, to do so is a crime against you Grandfather, and our Mother, For we know what is done to the Mother, will soon be done to us. We have seen this. May it not scar us for eternity.

Today Grandfather, as we remember the times of past let us know, we must act as a family to raise our children. Aunties are important and able teachers. Uncles are caretakers for the Elderly. Each brother, sister, cousin has a necessary role. Unite us again as family as we cast off the patriarchal teachings of western society and return to what we know to be true.

Daily Acceptance Prayer

I accept myself completely.
I accept my strengths and my weaknesses, my gifts and my shortcomings, my good points and my faults. I accept myself completely as a human being.

I accept that I am here to learn and grow, and I accept that I am learning and growing. I accept the personality I've developed, and I accept my power to heal and change. I accept myself without condition or reservation. I accept that the core of my being is goodness and that my essence is love, and I accept that I sometimes forget that .I accept myself completely, and in this acceptance I find an ever-deepening inner strength. From this place of strength, I accept my life fully and I open to the lessons it offers me today.

I accept that within my mind are both fear and love, and I accept my power to choose which I will experience as real. I recognize that I experience only the results of my own choices. I accept the times that I choose fear as part of my learning and healing process, and I accept that I have the potential and power in any moment to choose love instead. I accept mistakes as a part of growth, so I am always willing to forgive myself and give myself another chance.

I accept that my life is the expression of my thought, and I commit myself to aligning my thoughts more and more each day with the Thought of Love. I accept that I am an expression of this Love. Love's hands and voice and heart on earth. I accept my own life as a blessing and a gift. My heart is open to receive, and I am deeply grateful. May I always share the gifts that I receive fully, freely, and with joy.

Aho !

Food & Health

Fried Squash Bread

- 1 c Corn meal
- Water
- 2 Summer squash, diced
- 1/4 c Buttermilk
- 1 Egg

Cook squash in water until soft; leave 3/4 c. water in pot. Combine other ingredients with squash and water; mix together. Fry in hot oil until golden brown.

Green Chili Balls

- 2 lbs. pork, boiled until well-done
- 2 lbs. boiled beef
- 3 cans chopped green chiles, or 1 doz. roasted green chiles, peeled & chopped fine
- 1/2 c sugar
- 1/2 c raisins
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 c flour
- 2/3 c shortening
- 2 sweet onions, chopped fine

Cool meat, put through grinder. Fry onions; add meat, chiles, raisins and sugar.

Mix thoroughly. Cool mixture. Separate egg yolks and whites. Beat whites until very stiff, fold in beaten yolks, and spoon into a shallow dish. With a little of the flour in one hand, shape meat-chile mixture into small, egg-shaped balls. Roll in egg mixture until thoroughly covered, lift gently with spoon and slip into heated fat (sizzling) in kettle. Keep turning gently until golden brown. Drain on paper.

This food is served as a dessert for weddings and Feast Days in a number of Pueblo villages.

Indian Bean Bread

- 4 c Cornmeal
- 1/2 ts Soda
- 2 c Cooked beans
- 2 c Boiling water

Put cornmeal in bowl; mix in drained beans. Hollow out a hole and put in soda and water. Make a stiff dough to form balls. Drop balls into pot of boiling water. Cook 45 mins. or until done. Serve with cooked greens and pork.

Black Bean Soup

- 1 cup sliced leeks
- 1/3 cup oil
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 lb canned black beans
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 1/8 tsp fresh ground pepper

Sauté the leeks in the oil in a large saucepan until golden. Add garlic and half the beans with their liquid. Mash the beans with a fork. Then add the rest of the beans with their liquid but do not mash. Stir in the water, salt and pepper, and simmer, covered, for 40 minutes, stirring occasionally. Serve hot.

Cherokee Succotash

- 2 lb fresh or dry Lima beans (baby limas are best)
- 3 cups fresh corn cut from cob
- 4-6 onions (wild or pearl)
- salt to taste
- 2 tbs melted bacon fat
- 2 pieces smoked ham hock
- 3 qts water
- pepper to taste (optional)

Soak beans, if using dry ones, for 3-4 hours. Bring the water to a boil then add the beans. Cook at a moderate boil for 10 minutes then add the corn, ham hocks, salt & pepper, and onions. Reduce heat and cook for 1 hour on a low heat.



Pipemaking class June 2016
Switzerland



Pipemaking class May 2016 Fargo North Dakota



Pipemaking class Fon Du Lac June 2015

We continue to do more and more workshops and presentation. We would love to do one in your area. Do you know a group who would like to sponsor a pipemaking class, a school who would like to have us come do activities with the kids, or a local event that might like to hire us to come put up a tipi and be part of their educational entertainment? Check out the web site or give us an email or call.

Website link to brochure
<http://www.pipekeepers.org/workshops--events.html>

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, and to put on our gathering.

Membership dues is due 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 are asked to 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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