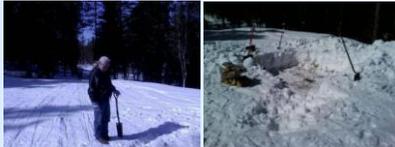




**Building sweat lodge in the Snow. Bud, Breon, Pascal and some locals helped to build a sweat lodge for a Keepers member outside Rapid City in March. We though we would share some pictures with you.**



### What's going on this summer?

Pow Wow on a budget. We have put aside 5,000 with 1,000 for drums a host drum and two other drums, dancers 1,000, 2,000 for advertizing, posters, rentals, supplies, rooms and food, 1,000 for head staff.

We are still trying to sell Buffalo Hunt tickets and if we are lucky we may sell enough to pay for the buffalo and have a couple dollars left over to help pay for the pow wow.

1. You can help by
2. Donating money
3. Buying or sell Tickets
4. Bring, send supplies, donate gift cards (toilet paper, paper towels, food to feed dancers)
5. Come early to set up
6. stay to take down
7. participate in Native Foods Cook Off

### Gathering Schedule

Wednesday 12:00 meet greet  
 Thursday 12:00pm Ken Cohen  
 Thursday 2:00pm Grace Sesma  
 Thursday 5:00pm Feast pipes  
 Friday 12:00pm Keeper Meeting  
 Friday 4:00pm Food Cook Off  
 Friday 7:00pm Concert  
 Sat 12:00pm pow wow  
 Sunday 9:00am quarries prayer  
 Sunday 12:00pm pow wow

Kenneth Cohen wrote: Kwe Kwe, Grace and I are planning to attend the Keepers Meeting, Pow-wow, events this July. Can't wait to see you all again! We would also be honored to each offer free talks/sharing, as we did in the past.

Grace Alvarez Sesma  
 "Curanderismo: The Tapestry of Mexican Healing",

Ken "Bear Hawk" Cohen "Breath and Spirit in Indigenous Cultures".

### Something to Think About

*Jimmy Jackson, OJIBWA*  
 Indian people have the ability to adapt. In these modern times, we Native people must walk two roads. We must get educated so our people don't lose. We need lawyers, doctors, nurses, foresters, scientists, educators, carpenters, welders. These skills are needed to help the people. While we are learning we need to remember to keep our culture, learn our dances, sing our songs, learn to speak our own language and maintain our culture for future generations. Great Spirit, let my education never lack the meaning and value of Indian spirituality.



Drum & Dance Class 2011

Classes were smaller than last year some kids or families were busy with school activities, some went off to college and others work week nights. Enjoy the pictures.



### Cultural Camping

We are putting together a group camping cultural experience for members. We want people to participate in exchange for the normal \$\$\$'s we will ask a small fee \$10.00 a day for food and ask everyone to be a contributing member of the camp. We will explore plant identification, tracking, survival skills and cultural arts, crafts, drumming and history. The camp will be held At Leon Carneys June 27<sup>th</sup> – 30<sup>th</sup> 2011.

Contact Bud 605-595-5229 or Rona 376-5712 ASAP if interested.

**Aelred Edmunds Here is the piece that I wrote in August 2010 after returning from Pipestone.**

"Make us want to set sail and explore inklings murdered in our youth." I don't remember who wrote that, but it hit home many years ago. The earliest "inkling" I have is of the figure - iconic for me - of Deerfoot in the Edward S. Ellis novels. You may know them. They are long out of print. That's where it all started for me. As the years have gone by I have come to see why that figure from my childhood - along with the other iconic objects of the tipi and the Pipe - are so very important.

Actually, though, the whole thing apparently connects with a previous incarnation - in the 19th century. A very powerful clairvoyant told me that in a previous life I was a Navajo medicine-man - "Medicine Hawk." I was killed in a massacre led by the infamous Kit Carson. My brother, "Little Bear," had tried to get to me to warn me, but was unsuccessful. As a result of that he has been with me ever since. The clairvoyant said that she could see him standing next to me as soon as I entered her room for a private interview. At first I was skeptical, but when she told me of a number of episodes from my life in Australia - in detail - I was convinced of her veracity. She is also a prominent psychotherapist who was very much involved in the rehabilitation programs for Vietnam vets. In fact, she pioneered it. Her qualifications are impressive. The day before she had led a workshop using three different Native American drums, and in the course of that I had had a

very powerful experience of a blue "sun." She explained to me what that was - the opening of what is called "the Third Eye." I viewed it immediately as some kind of initiation (intended or unintended), and as a call to try to get closer to my childhood vision of "Deerfoot."

On the subject of Native American drums, I should add that while listening to the great drums in the pow wow at Pipestone, Minnesota, in July 2010, I began crying. The tears were coming from somewhere very deep. I had an extension of that feeling when I joined the public Circle Dance shortly thereafter.

I knew, even as a child, that I was "different" - that I did not really "fit in" - and the Native American warrior, among other figures available to me in childhood, fitted that reality so well. Deerfoot is the marginal figure in my childhood. He represented living on the edge, or the margins. In some ways, I knew that he was me. He was a child of the forest who was losing his heritage. I identified strongly with him - in ways that a child could.

I have been intensely devoted to that figure - to the extent that at age 71 I can now see that Deerfoot has always been in the sacred core of my life. That being so, I have concluded that he is MY visualization, perception, intuition, of the figure called "the Christ." Had my tradition been Hindu, I dare say Deerfoot would have become my intuition of Krishna.

I agree with the American spiritual writer William Anderson as he

writes: "The course of their future lives has been set for them in the experiences of childhood, and these experiences, often linked to specific incidents, or personal discoveries, have the quality of mystical illumination." This is where/how Deerfoot fits for me. Indeed, when I was about 8 years old I set out early one morning to hike to North America - to South Dakota - in order to join an Indian tribe and to earn money for my mother. I was so young that I didn't even know that the Pacific Ocean stood in the way! Needless to say, I didn't get very far. The police found me next morning asleep under a bridge just a few miles out of town. What I had wanted was to find my Deerfoot, become his blood-brother, and join his tribe. The hard reality was that the next day I had to go back to school and do my hated arithmetic!

Well, about 60 years later, I did get to South Dakota and Pipestone.

One New Zealand writer, Peter Wells, points out how fascinating it is that childhood feelings have "a way of returning on the long loop home."

I have been remembering that innocent (well, mostly innocent!) connection to my childhood: "When you realize how much you've lost, you have to go looking again for those moments when your spirit first came alive." I can say that I found some of those moments again at the Pipestone Pipekeepers' Gathering in 2010. I also found some very severe testing of my commitment - especially after I returned to New Zealand. But that's OK: I set out with the clear intention of seeing

the Pipestone trip as a pilgrimage or vision quest.

In the same vein: Albert Camus discovered, as I have discovered, that "A man's life is nothing but an extended trek through the detours of art to recapture those one or two moments when his heart first opened."

My trip to Pipestone has really been about the living-out of my core personal myth. This myth of Deerfoot has helped me in so many ways to organize the experiences of my embodiment - including as a "Two-Spirit" person.

Carl Jung and Joseph Campbell have been my main mentors over the years. In *SYMBOLS AND TRANSFORMATIONS* Jung talks about the central task of his life being to identify the mythology by which he was living. He concluded that in order to locate this he needed to think deeply about what it was that most engaged him in fascinated play when he was a little boy. He knew that key answers lay exactly there. He remembered spending hours and hours building little villages out of stones he collected. This led, eventually, to his building of the famous retreat Tower at Bollingen - which still stands today. This is what happened in his adult years. For me, the recent Pipestone/South Dakota pilgrimage was the thing.

The writer who has probably helped me most with the Native American connection itself is the American academic Leslie A. Fiedler. I am referring to his book *THE RETURN OF THE VANISHING AMERICAN*. What a

book! It quite blew me away. It seemed, when I first read it, that he knew me personally and was writing specifically about me. You will see why.....

\*"In the language of the archetype, the Indian stands for alien perception...

\*And while the West endures, the Western demands to be written - that form which represents a traditional and continuing dialogue between whatever old selves we transport out of whatever East, and the radically different other whom we confront in whatever West we attain. That other is the Indian still, as from the beginning...the ex-European beside his Red companion.

\*The ultimate Westerner ceases to be white at all and thus turns back into the Indian, his boots become moccasins, his hair bound in an Indian headband, and a string of beads around his neck - to declare that he has fallen not merely out of Europe, but out of the Europeanized West, into an aboriginal and archaic America...

\*The Western story in archetypal form is, then, a fiction dealing with the confrontation in the wilderness of a transplanted WASP [White Anglo Saxon Protestant] and a radically other, an Indian - leading either to a metamorphosis of the WASP into something neither white nor red...or else the annihilation of the Indian...."

Understandably, when I was a child - and even for some decades later - there was a large, rather dreamy romantic component in this whole "Indian thing." I don't mind

admitting that. However, here at the latter end of my life, I know that it was always deeper than the romance. It was about my SACRED romance - about the sacred figure I have always been searching for. He was, and still is, my "Native American Christ," my "Native American Krishna." He is also plain, straight, Native American!

Thank you for being patient in reading this long piece. It has been worth writing - including for the practical reason that it will assist my Native American friends in understanding my motivations.

### Food & Health

Here in the United States, we're spoiled. Food is cheap. I know it's hard to believe, given what you've probably been paying for groceries lately. But it's true. Even with rising food prices, we still pay a smaller percentage of our income for food than residents of just about any other country in the world. But the farming system that helps keep our food costs down also puts us at great risk. It's the same farming system that caused the Irish Potato Famine. And we all know what the result of that was - 12% of the Irish starved to death. If an event of the same magnitude happened in the United States today, we'd be talking about over 37 million lives lost.

What is this farming system and why did it cause the Irish Potato Famine? One word: monoculture. In case you're not familiar with the term, it simply means growing a single crop over a wide area. That's the very picture of how we grow food here in America today. Giant growers typically choose one type of plant - corn, wheat, and soy

are the biggies here in the U.S. - that performs well, and plant acres and acres of just that one type. In fact, almost all of the fruits and vegetable varieties you find in the store today are grown that way. Growers just want lots and lots of food per acre, and it doesn't matter much to them how it tastes or how nutritious it is.

Ever wonder why the tomatoes you eat in the grocery store seem to be a pale imitation of the ones your grandmother grew? Store-bought tomatoes aren't grown for flavor or nutrition. They're chosen, instead, to do well on large industrial-scale growing operations, and to withstand being transported thousands of miles to their destination in grocery stores across the country. And the same goes for broccoli, lettuce, potatoes, carrots, strawberries, apples, and just about everything else in the produce department.

That's exactly what happened in Ireland in the 1840's. Back then two thirds of the Irish population depended upon agriculture for their very survival. In 1845, the Irish planted over 2 million acres of potatoes. Potatoes were actually a New World crop brought back to Europe in the late 1500s. They caught on very quickly. It's no wonder. Potatoes are, for the most part, pretty easy to grow. By 1840, potatoes were the only significant source of food for 3 million Irish. Until 1845, that is. That was the year potato blight struck. Potato blight was actually *Phytophthora infestans*, a fungus-like infection. The disease spread quickly through windborne spores. The blight spread at the rate of 50 miles a week or more. The whole countryside reeked of rot. The Irish

population fell by almost 25%, as a million people died from starvation and over a million left the country.

Today, just a mere 166 years later, we're making the same mistake the Irish did. We practice monoculture. Wheat, corn and soy are the 21st century equivalent of yesteryear's Irish potato. We plant over 60 million acres of wheat each year, and over 70 million each of corn and soy. Even potato production encompasses over a million acres. It would take just one disease with the same kill rate as *Phytophthora infestans* to cause a major collapse of US agriculture.

### Coconut Oil and Alzheimer's Disease

Posted By ANH-USA On October 5, 2010 @ 4:00 pm In Integrative Medicine, Mental Health  
How worried should drug companies be about supplements eating into their monopoly profits? Of course, just about everyone worries about Alzheimer's. It currently afflicts 5.2 million people in the US and is the seventh leading cause of death. The cost of treating it is estimated at \$148 billion. Mary Newport, MD, has been medical director of the neonatal intensive care unit at Spring Hill Regional Hospital in Florida since it opened in 2003. About the same time the unit opened, her husband Steve, then 53, began showing signs of progressive dementia, later diagnosed as Alzheimer's Disease. "Many days, often for several days in a row, he was in a fog; couldn't find a spoon or remember how to get water out of the refrigerator," she said. They started him on Alzheimer's drugs—Aricept, Namenda, Exelon—but his disease worsened steadily. When

Dr. Newport couldn't get her husband into a drug trial for a new Alzheimer's medication, she started researching the mechanism behind Alzheimer's. She discovered that with Alzheimer's disease, certain brain cells may have difficulty utilizing glucose (made from the carbohydrates we eat), the brain's principal source of energy. Without fuel, these precious neurons may begin to die.

There is an alternative energy source for brain cells—fats known as ketones. If deprived of carbohydrates, the body produces ketones naturally. But this is the hard way to do it—who wants to cut carbohydrates out of the diet completely? Another way to produce ketones is by consuming oils that have medium-chain triglycerides. When MCT oil is digested, the liver converts it into ketones. In the first few weeks of life, ketones provide about 25 percent of the energy newborn babies need to survive.

Dr. Newport learned that the ingredient in the drug trial, which was showing so much promise, was simply MCT oil derived from coconut oil or palm kernel oil, and that a dose of 20 grams (about 20 ml or 4 teaspoons) was used to produce these results. When MCT oil is metabolized, the ketones which the body creates may, according to the latest research, not only protect against the incidence of Alzheimer's, but may actually reverse it. Moreover, this is also a potential treatment for Parkinson's disease, Huntington's disease, Multiple Sclerosis and Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis (ALS or Lou Gehrig's disease),

drug-resistant Epilepsy, brittle type I Diabetes, and type II (insulin-resistant) Diabetes.

So Mr. Newport, not being able to get into the drug trial, started taking the coconut oil twice a day. At this point, he could barely remember how to draw a clock. Two weeks after adding coconut oil to his diet, his drawing improved. After 37 days, Steve's drawing gained even more clarity. The oil seemed to "lift the fog," and in the first sixty days, Dr. Newport saw remarkable changes in him: every morning he was alert and happy, talkative, making jokes. His gait was "still a little weird," but his tremor was no longer very noticeable. He was able to concentrate on things that he wanted to do around the house and in the yard and stay on task, whereas before coconut oil he was easily distractible and rarely accomplished anything unless he was directly supervised.

Over the next year, the dementia continued to reverse itself: he is able to run again, his reading comprehension has improved dramatically, and his short term memory is improving—he often brings up events that happened days to weeks earlier and relays telephone conversations with accurate detail. A recent MRI shows that the brain atrophy has been completely halted.

Let's take a moment to consider what actually happened here. Synthetic (patentable) Alzheimer's drugs have failed. A drug company reluctantly decides to put a non-patentable natural substance (medium-chain triglycerides derived from coconut or palm) through an FDA trial. It works. But, darn it, a smart doctor figures out

that a natural food can be substituted for the super expensive drug. Not only that, the ketones from natural coconut oil last in the body longer than the drug version eight hours instead of three hours. One large chain sells a non-hydrogenated (no trans-fat) brand of coconut oil in a one-liter size (nearly 32 ounces) for about \$7. It can be purchased in quantities as small as a pint and up to five gallons online. It is important to use coconut oil that is non-hydrogenated and contains no transfat. We would also strongly encourage the use of virgin oil (chemicals used to extract non-virgin oil are potentially dangerous, and better still, virgin organic, still quite reasonably priced.)

### History Serpent Mounds

PEEBLES -- An archaeological investigation of Serpent Mound State Memorial is set to begin April 8 The society approved an application for the investigation, and William F. Romain, a research associate with The Ohio State University Newark Earthworks Center will do the work.

"Dr. William Romain and a team of archaeologists from various institutions are attempting to get a definitive answer to the question of the age of the Great Serpent Mound," said Sharon Dean, OHS director of museum and library services. "Some people think it might be as old as 800 B.C., and others think it might be as young as A.D. 1000."

The work will be weather dependent and continue in phases during the next several months. Designated a National Historic Landmark by the U.S. Department of Interior, Serpent Mound is in the process of being nominated for

listing as a UNESCO World Heritage site.

Although Serpent Mound has worldwide recognition, much remains to be learned about it. For example, archaeologists do not definitively know who built it or when it was built.

To help answer these questions, the investigation will do remote radar sensing of the earthwork and will extract small-diameter soil cores from various points in and around the effigy mound to obtain samples of charcoal from an "ash layer" that Frederic Putman of Harvard University's Peabody Museum identified when he excavated portions of the mound in the 1880s.

"The Serpent Mound effigy demonstrates a sophisticated understanding of geometry and astronomy in its design," Romain said. "By securely dating the effigy, we seek to better understand the time of Native American accomplishments."

Serpent Mound, one of 58 Ohio Historical Society historic sites and museums, is a spectacular effigy earthwork of a serpent uncoiling along a prominent ridge top in northern Adams County. From the tip of its nose to the end of its tail, the effigy is 1,348 feet long. When it was originally described, in 1848, the body of the serpent was 5 feet high and 30 feet wide.

### Why can't I own a Canadian?

In her radio show, Dr Laura Schlesinger said that, to an observant Orthodox Jew, which she is, homosexuality is an abomination according to Leviticus 18:22, and cannot be condoned under any circumstance. The following response is an open

letter to Dr. Laura, written by a U.S. man, and posted on the Internet. It's funny, as well as informative:

Dear Dr. Laura:

Thank you for doing so much to educate people regarding God's Law. I have learned a great deal from your show, and try to share that knowledge with as many people as I can. When someone tries to defend the homosexual lifestyle, for example, I simply remind them that Leviticus 18:22 clearly states it to be an abomination ... End of debate.

I do need some advice from you, however, regarding some other elements of God's Laws and how to follow them.

1. Leviticus 25:44 states that I may possess slaves, both male and female, provided they are from neighboring nations. A friend of mine claims that this applies to Mexicans but not Canadians. Can you clarify? Why can't I own Canadians?

2. I would like to sell my daughter into slavery, as sanctioned in Exodus 21:7. In this day and age, what do you think would be a fair price for her?

3. I know that I am allowed no contact with a woman while she is in her period of menstrual uncleanness - Lev. 15: 19-24. The problem is how do I tell? I have tried asking, but most women take offense.

4. When I burn a bull on the altar as a sacrifice, I know it creates a pleasing odor for the Lord - Lev. 1:9. The problem is my neighbors. They claim the odor is not pleasing to them. Should I smite them?

5. I have a neighbor who insists on working on the Sabbath. Exodus 35:2 clearly states he should be put to death. Am I morally obligated to kill him myself, or should I ask the police to do it?

6. A friend of mine feels that even though eating shellfish is an abomination, Lev. 11:10, it is a lesser abomination than homosexuality. I don't agree. Can you settle this? Are there "degrees" of abomination?

7. Lev. 21:20 states that I may not approach the altar of God, if I have a defect in my sight. I have to admit that I wear reading glasses. Does my vision have to be 20/20, or is there some wiggle-room here?

8. Most of my male friends get their hair trimmed, including the hair around their temples, even though this is expressly forbidden by Lev. 19:27. How should they die?

9. I know from Lev. 11:6-8 that touching the skin of a dead pig makes me unclean, but may I still play football, if I wear gloves?

10. My uncle has a farm. He violates Lev. 19:19 by planting two different crops in the same field, as does his wife by wearing garments made of two different kinds of thread (cotton/polyester blend). He also tends to curse and blaspheme a lot. Is it really necessary that we go to all the trouble of getting the whole town together to stone them? Lev. 24:10-16. Couldn't we just burn them to death at a private family affair, like we do with people who sleep with their in-laws? (Lev. 20:14). I know you have studied these things extensively and thus enjoy considerable expertise in such matters, so I'm confident you can help.

Thank you again for reminding us that God's word is eternal and unchanging.

Your adoring fan,  
James M. Kauffman, Ed.D.  
Professor Emeritus,  
Dept. Of Curriculum, Instruction,  
and Special Education  
University of Virginia PS (It would be a damn shame if we couldn't own a Canadian.)

## Origin Stories Coyote's Sad Song to the Moon – Acoma

Long ago, when the world was young, the sky was very dark at night. The Creator Spirit that had made the world had made the sun to ride across the sky by day, but the night sky was empty. The Creator Spirit heard the prayers of the People and the animals who wanted to be able to see at night. He called on Coyote to come to him and serve him.

Coyote came and waited respectfully, looking down as the Creator Spirit gave him a deerskin pouch tied with a piece of sinew. The Creator Spirit told Coyote to walk a certain path and to open the bag when he came to the highest point on the trail. Coyote was not to open the bag any sooner than the highest point The Creator Spirit told Coyote that the trail would be long, and he would go many days and nights without rest. He told Coyote to be strong.

Coyote took the pouch and went on the path he had been given. Coyote was not highly regarded by the People and other animals, and he was proud to have been chosen to take the pouch to the highest point on the trail. At first he walked proudly, the pouch hanging from his mouth, along the path he had been given. As the day wore into night, and the night became day again, Coyote walked less proudly. He grew tired and hungry, and cared less about the great honor that had been given to him. As another night came and went, the spit from Coyote's mouth soaked into the dried deer sinew, and it began to soften, and tasted liked meat.

Before he knew what he was doing. Coyote was chewing on the

sinew, just as a hunter on a long hunt will chew on dried meat. Soon the sinew was chewed in two, and the pouch fell out of Coyote's mouth.

Coyote was only half-way up the great mountain when the pouch fell. The pouch hit the ground and came open.

Out of the pouch flew thousands of pieces of shiny mica; they flew like the butterflies up into the sky and settled against the blanket of night to become the stars. Out of the pouch rolled a ball of mica, and it rolled up the trail and into the sky to become the moon.

But Coyote was not at the highest point of the trail when the pouch came open, and the moon did not climb into the sky on its proper path. Instead of riding only across the night sky, the moon sometimes comes up at night, and sometimes comes up by day. And it turns this way and that, like a hunter who is lost, looking for the proper path to follow.

Because he did not live up to the trust the Creator Spirit had placed in him, Coyote hung his head in shame. Then he looked up to the moon and sang sadly his apology to the moon for his lack of courage.

To this day, Coyote is He-who-hangs-his-head, and he only lifts his head when he sees the moon. He lifts his head and sings his sad song of apology to the moon for not carrying the pouch to the highest point of the trail.

A story of the People of the Eight Northern Pueblos along the Rio Grande in New Mexico [Told by a curio shop owner in Albuquerque, New Mexico, in the summer of 1967.]

### **Bear - Ainu**

How it came to be that certain Ainu were descended from a bruin "In very ancient times there lived two people who were husband and wife. The husband one day fell ill and soon after died, leaving no children, so that the poor wife was left quite alone. Now it happened to have been decreed that the woman was at some future time to bear a son. When the people saw that the time for the child to be born was nigh at hand, some said, 'Surely this woman has married again.' Others said, 'Not so, but her deceased husband has risen from among the dead.' But the woman herself said that it was all a miracle, and the following is [her] account of the matter:

"One evening there was a sudden appearance in the hut in which I was sitting. He who came to me had the external form of a man and was dressed in black clothing. On turning in my direction he said, "O, woman, I have a word to say to you, so please pay attention. I am the god who possesses the mountains (i.e., a bear) and not a human being at all, though I have now appeared to you in the bodily form of a man. The reason of my coming is this. Your husband is dead, and you are left in a very lonesome condition. I have seen this and am come to inform you that you will bear a child. He will be my gift to you. When he is born you will no longer be lonely, and when he is grown up he will be very great, rich, and eloquent." After saying this he left me.'

"By and by this woman bore a son, who in time really became a mighty hunter as well as a great, rich, and eloquent man. He also became the father of many

children. Thus it happens that many of the Ainu who dwell among the mountains are to this day said to be descended from a bear. They belong to the bear clan, and are called Kimun Kamui sanikiri—i.e., 'descendants of the bear.'"

### **Crane - Ainu**

Why the Ainu hold the crane in such high regard

The crane is thought much of by the people. He goes by the name of sarorun chikap, that is to say, "the bird among the tall grasses" ... The inner lining of the crane's nest is said to consist of wool, and the name given it is setsambe, i.e., "the pulse or the heart of the nest." Should an Ainu find one of these, he considers himself a rich man at once, for such a treasure will, it is supposed, speedily bring prosperity and riches. The nest lining is taken, wrapped up in inao shavings [inao are ceremonial totems made of whittled willow sticks], and carefully put away in a box at the northeast or sacred corner of the hut.

I am told that this treasure is sometimes taken down, placed by the fireside, and devoutly worshipped by those who possess it. Inao also are then made and presented to it, and sake drunk on its behalf. When they can get it, the women stow it away in their little storehouses as charms. They believe that the possession of one will procure an abundance of garden produce and give them special skill in their embroidery.

The Ainu and Their Folklore, by the Rev. John Batchelor (London: The Religious Tract Society, 1901).

