

Lilian's March Newsletter

In slang the term: "You're so crazy" indicated that one makes decisions questionable by others, even though the action taken by a person makes sense to them and them only.

I was : "You're so crazy" for a couple of weeks in reference to my back. It went from worse to bad to impossible. Even at that I was determined to beat the odds....painful as it was... and do everything I wanted to do. One of the things on my agenda was to film the Valentine Music Review Show, preformed by my favorite band Society's Child at the Casino, located at the Chehelis Reservation.

My camera person is under age. Since I was unaware of the fact I could have gotten a special permit for her to work, I filmed 3 hours by myself. 3 hours of intense, crazy-making, no moving, try not to breath too hard, filming. After a friendly back rub in between sets I was FINISHED, unable to move. The shows are great and I was happy and miserable for several days. The mind over matter did not work for me and I concentrated on my next adventure, scheduled for 5 days later.

I need to add that 2 days prior I met with the friends and danced a spell. I had advertised the event on myspace. Several people showed up. Word had gotten around as to what happened 2 month earlier when they...Society's Child.. preformed at the Nisqually Reservation and people wanted to talk about that.

In essence what happened was, as I came up the 2 steps leading to the lounge, which is slightly elevated, I felt a NON-HUMAN presence.

I greeted my friends and sat at the table they reserved for me. The table was next to the dance floor. As we chatted I kept ...scanning... the room, trying to find what I was sensing. After a while I noticed an extremely attractive, tall Nordic looking gentleman. Well dressed and he was wearing a diamond earring in his left ear. He was sitting directly behind my friend. Eventually our eyes met and I KNEW he KNEW I had seen him. After a few minutes he got up, deliberately brushed against my friend and asked the lady next to my friend to dance.

My friend gestured me to turn around... my back was turned away from the dance floor... and take a look at the man and our friend dancing. The man was about 6'4" and slim. It appeared he was wearing snake boots, which were turned up in the front... like a shoe would look if too big... then the toe-part of the boots were turned downward. Not wanting to appear rude I quit staring, however turned back around almost immediately to take a second look at these boots, at which time it was VERY OBVIOUS that in fact they were feet, rather than boots. Very Reptoid. We all saw it except the friend dancing with him, she was smitten with his extremely good looks and dance skills. After escorting our friend back to the table he sat back down and PUFF disappeared. About an hour later another man sat at the same table. A Tibetan Monk drinking a whiskey over ice. He also vanished as soon as we had seen him.

We all discussed this in detail later that night and 2 more nights after that. We asked the band members what they had seen from the stage, if anything, they had also noticed the feet, thinking it might have been part of a costume. The band themselves are unable to see much of anything from the stage because of the lights aimed at them. They did not linger with observing the feet, they were busy playing. BUT... when I asked about it, they, all 6 of them... remember having seen the same thing.

Now armed with the camera we saw NOTHING resembling a visitor/observer from another world.

According to Webster the word COWARD means: one easily intimidated, lacking courage.
According to Follette by Klugman COWARD means: one which does not speak up, one which avoids confrontation.

Five days after my Valentine Shoot escapade the North West Tribes hosted a Pow Pow. Originally the

celebrations consisted of Patlatch, which is similar. It is a get-together which last for days and exchange of gifts. When the Casinos came along Pow Wows were added to the benefits of the tourists, as requested by the public. In their mind a Pow Wow was expected, since it is associated with Indian culture. In reality Pow Wows are gatherings, in most parts of the Americas, in reference to war dance.

So come along.....

As soon as I drive into the vicinity of the location I can see people walking. They have backpacks, baby buggies packed with children...the baby strollers... Color attire everywhere. They are wearing their tribal makeup. there is the sounds of bells and shells as they walk. click...click...click.

As I come around the corner to find a place to park I see food stands and vendors and can hear the drumming 2 blocks away. I have to walk about 4 city blocks in order to get to the old Tobacco Company, which provides enough room to accommodate the hundreds of people gathered there.

The building is vibrating from the sound of the drums and the movement from everyone dancing. From 2 years olds to the Elder in the wheelchair, everyone is dancing. A brief interruption in the dance in order to make announcements, prayers and honoring some of the members, the Color Guard and a salute of thanks to the Veterans and the dancing starts again.

I see friends I have not seen for a while, Cheyenne from the Dakotas, Shawnee from Bishop, CA, Piutes from Mountain View, Idaho. Friends from Warm Springs, OR, Navajo from Shiprock, NM and Ft. Defiance, AZ. Taos from NM. And of course many local friends I made while listening to the band. Puyallups, Nisquallys, Kalmatchies, Quinaults, Queets, Kamalas, Squaxin and just every tribe you can imagine, Some dancers had come from as far away as Alaska and Florida.

Imagine for a moment all the different INDEPENDENT Nations of the Native population in one place, in UNITY socializing, singing, drumming, praying together and dancing. I know it is hard to describe the energy and the colors one is surrounded with. To give you a visual take a LOOK



Now that you see what I mean I want you to think for a moment. After centuries of rivalries and disputes a whole UNITED people celebrating their shared earthly journey!

We shared fry bread and native foods, from salmon from the north to tamales from the South.

Everyone takes care of any child which need help, small children are not afraid of being kidnapped, no child is being jelled at or slapped and the old and disabled get help from someone without having to ask.

Time does not exist, everything gets done, if it takes 2 hours or 8, no one complains or tells you you have to do anything, people just DO.

I situated myself on my walker....I had no back left after the long walk...I sat in front of the old Tobacco Company for a good while, listening to the drums from a distance and thought about some things.

I thought about how the government calculates their budget around the cigarette taxes... lets not forget the other sin taxes. When the smoking ban went into effect the life of smokers was made almost unbearable, to the point where I used to report on the behavior of people via the BUTT Patrol. It was soon recognized that was not a smart move, the ashtrays reappeared on side of the buildings and public parks. It was recognized that we, the smokers, could only smoke so fast, it was the taxes from our vices which paid... in part... for health care for children, parks, museums and substitute teachers.

Now, when the government allocates money to " Help" people quit smoking.... nothing said about freedom of choice... HOW are they going to pay the bills., if we all quit smoking? How can you base a budget on something you would rather outlaw? What are they thinking?

We, most of... THE PEOPLE... wanted change. We got change when Mr. Obama was elected. Some of us, we...THE PEOPLE... felt wonderful as we noticed the shift in energy.

We were able to breath all of a sudden.

We were no longer in fear.

We thought the country had turned a corner and got in step with the 21st century.

We thought that no matter how bleak the next few month looked, we could adjust.

We thought it was so helpful to finally have a leader, which cared.

We thought we would finally have a leader, which kept us informed.

We thought we had a First Lady, which was a real person and projected such.

We have all that you say?

Then why the hell is it so hard to acknowledge it?

Then why the hell don't people give the president a chance to straighten things out?

Then why the hell don't applaud the First Lady for trying to remain a real person?

Then why the hell does the national news fill 24 hours with complaints and the same crap they talked about for the past 8 years, rather than concentrate on something positive which is taking place, rather that analysing every word and eye movement of everyone.

Then why the hell is it necessary to, AGAIN, have to march in protest because the media has turned many things into a circus.

Then why the hell does Al Sharpton have to walk the streets with the same watchful roaming eyes just like it was necessary in the 60's.

Then why the hell are some people trying to get back to the same hateful times which we have finally....or thought we had... finally overcome.

What do we want? Do we ever know what we want? Why can we not be happy with the moment. If we don't like the ride, GET OFF THE TRAIN!

A week or so ago, an Amber Alert was issued. The television program was interrupted. Not only that, the Amber Alert also ran across a ticker on my computer on myspace.

Once I was driving on the Autobahn...Freeway... in Germany. It was night and barely any traffic. I was listening to my Blaupunkt Cassette recorder. All of a sudden something kicked the tape out of the player and a voice came on on the radio. I was startled all during the time the voice said:
This is a warning. This is a warning. A ghost rider is coming right at you if you are northbound on Autobahn Number 86. This is a warning. This is a warning.

I did not know what a ghost rider was. I looked up and there was a car coming straight for me, head on. A driver going southbound in a northbound lane.

When a warning is sound, whether by technology, natural occurrences or by the behavior of animals, it would be wise to pay attention.

Fear and hate has no place in the 21st century.

When it is possible for the indigenous people of this country to unite to honor each other and Mother Earth, I am sure we can pull ourselves up by the bootstraps and figure out in a NON-COWARDLY-WAY to do the same. IT CAN BE DONE.

Where did the time go? Been a great experience, I am glad I came. Now I have to ask for help to get me to my car so I can go home. A long 5 days and I have been "You're so crazy"

If we saw...for argument's sake...what we KNOW we saw on the dance floor, who is not to say there aren't observers from another world studying us, in order to see if they would really like to meet us, the people of the planet Earth!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3s9z3lOpH1g>

NAVAJO POW WOW FANCY DANCERS

Love and Light
Lilian