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Manning: The Picture in Our Hallway: My Story Growing up With the (Manning) Trudell Family

[Sarah Sunshine Manning](#) [12/15/15](#)

Growing up, we had this picture in our hallway of a beautiful smiling Tina, and her glowing children, Ricarda Star, Sunshine Karma, and Eli Changing Sun. My parents made sure we knew who they were. The little ones were our cousins, and Tina, our auntie. We knew that they were important, and I knew that I shared a name with Sunshine. Yet, tragically, they all perished in a fire just a few years before I was born. As a young girl, from that one picture, this is what I knew.

As I grew older, I remember hearing his name spoken of fondly, by my parents and relatives. John. Uncle John. JT. I remember hearing his powerful voice speak over tribal songs, as my big sister played his cassette tape, over and over ... and over. Drum beat, beautiful voice of a man

and woman singing, and John, laying down rhythmic lines. We listened to songs like “Heart Taker” and “Tina Smiled.” John, I learned, was married to my late auntie Tina, and he was the father of Ricarda, Sunshine, Eli, and the unborn Josiah Hawk. Tina, I learned, was pregnant when they all perished in a fire, and Tina’s mother, Leah Hicks Manning, also perished in the fire along with them.

One day, John showed up to our home, and my parents hugged him, and they all spoke like they were old friends. I later put it all together, that they were great friends, and in our way, my mom and dad would call him brother. John, I later learned, who we were introduced to as our Uncle John, knew just who we were, and we were meeting him for the first time. Or at least I thought so.

And it was like this: my big sister Lynn was the age of the late Sunshine, and sister Morning the age of the late Eli. My sister Dawn would have been the age of Josiah Hawk.

John would return to Duck Valley, intermittently, to visit the graves of his family, and visit old friends and relatives. I didn’t quite understand how it all happened; I just knew that they were lost in the fire and John was not. And I knew that John was important. And I knew that he had a powerful voice, and I knew that we all loved him. And I knew that my parents asked us to acknowledge him as our uncle, out of respect.

As I grew older, I heard John’s name spoken of when the old ones spoke of our old Sundance, up in the mountains. I later learned, that John was an activist. OK. I was putting it all together. And then I later learned, that John’s activism was centered around Native American rights. OK. Got it. I liked that. It was slowly all coming together. Picture in the hallway, music, and John. OK.

As his album, “Tribal Voice,” played throughout our house, it all sounded so beautiful, but when you are that young, you really have no idea what he is saying. What you do know is that you feel power, and you feel good.

RELATED: [John Trudell: An Appreciation](#)

As I grew older, my understanding of John, naturally, evolved. When I moved on to high school, I learned about the American Indian Movement of the 70s, and as many young Natives know, when you learn about AIM, it lights a fire in you, and wakes you up to injustice that our people once faced, and still face. I began to understand the work of our Uncle John, and I began to ask questions to my parents.

What really happened to Tina and the kids?

My mom would get a big lump in her throat, and she still does. The fire was suspected to be foul play. Arson, mysteriously started in the middle of the night, while John was away protesting in D.C. The fire came less than 24 hours after our Uncle John burned the United States flag on the steps of the FBI headquarters. Just hours later, the home of his wife and in-laws on the Duck Valley Indian Reservation went up in flames in the middle of the night. Inside, was his wife, Tina, pregnant with their unborn son, their three children, and Tina’s mom, Leah. They all were

lost, and Tina's father, Arthur Manning, the lone survivor. A tragedy like this, unseen on our reservation.

This tragedy, I later learned, shook our community. And obviously, shook our Uncle John to his core. And shook out Auntie Tina's sisters, and her cousins, and her friends, and many throughout Indian country.

John drifted, after the tragedy, into words, and lines. Those lines, a parting gift, he said, from Tina.

I later learned that Tina embodied, in many ways, the humble strength of our elders. They say she was compassionate, and intelligent – a remarkable combination. She was an activist of water rights, and Native American civil rights, but she was also a tender mother, a skilled craftsman of traditional arts, and a devoted relative to old ones, and friends, and sisters, and cousins, nieces, and nephews. She gave her children powerful names, and had dreams for them. She wrapped them in beautiful cradle boards, with smoked buckskin, and beadwork. What her legacy might have been materializes in those who still love and remember her today.

John remained a part of her. The living embodiment of her, and all of their shared children together.

As a college student, I listened to John again, and began to piece together his message. Still, I couldn't completely grasp the depth of it all. In my freshman year, I had an opportunity to invite him to speak at Arizona State University. I remember being awed as he spoke, but I still couldn't grasp all of it. I was only 18. But I wanted to understand him more. As I hosted him around the town, and then dropped him off at his hotel to depart, he hugged me and said, "Always remember, I am your ally."

I listened to more of his music and his talks, slowly understanding, bit by bit. Understanding his message, I learned this is a process of moving toward consciousness, and away from years of social programming. And not only that, you must know what the heck all those big concepts were. This was my early understanding. He would speak far above the consciousness of most, and unabashedly embracing the idea that this made him look "crazy."

Some years passed, and when I transferred universities I invited John again to the University of Minnesota Morris. Years later, hearing him again, I began to get it, even more. More and more, I was getting it. Perhaps many of us have that experience with John. Each phase of our lives, hearing his same song, or same poem, or similar speech, we understand more and more. Changed, more and more, unable to go back to the unconsciousness of who we once were.

When we learned that our Uncle John was ill, we all prayed that he might stay on this earth a little longer with us. We clung to his words, and the teachings we drew from them. We prayed, and cried, and gave thanks, and held on tight to our relationship with him, whether it was a relationship through words, or song, or through blood, or through a name.

And then, our Uncle John, he flew away, so peacefully. To meet ancestors, and relatives, and Tina, and the kids. My sister, in a bigger understanding, explained it like this: it is as if his energy

now is exploding across the universe, like a flash of light, penetrating into the atmosphere, and changing it forever.

I cried so hard. I didn't completely understand why, because I was happy for him, that he was reuniting with his babies, and Tina, and Leah, and his mother, and other relatives. I just cried, until my eyes were swollen.

What I know now, for certain, is that John, and Tina, and all of their shared beautiful children, changed my world. They shaped me, and my sisters, my cousins, and many of our relatives. They shaped Indian country, with their calming strength, and fiery intelligence. What I know for sure, now, is that I am still learning from them. All of them.

I am grateful, beyond any combination of the most powerful words, for all of their lives and their most beautiful legacy that continues to reverberate across our world. So many lives have been changed, and impacted, and many more will continue to be influenced just the same. And my one experience alone is but a small ripple in the bigger pool of John and Tina's influence. I love them both, as we all do. In honor of the late John Trudell, and Tina Manning Trudell, her mother Leah Hicks Manning, and precious children, Ricarda Star, Sunshine Karma, Eli Changing Sun, and Josiah Hawk, who are smiling in the spirit world, reunited with their daddy. I am thankful.

Sarah Sunshine Manning

Sarah Sunshine Manning (Shoshone-Paiute, Chippewa-Cree) is a mother, educator, activist, and an advocate for youth. Follow her at [@SarahSunshineM](https://www.instagram.com/SarahSunshineM).

Read more at <http://indiancountrytodaymedianetwork.com/2015/12/15/manning-picture-our-hallway-my-story-growing-manning-trudell-family-162776>



I am poor and naked, but I am the chief of the nation.

We do not want riches but we do want to train our children right.

Riches would do us no good. We could not take them with us to the other world.

We do not want riches. We want peace and love.

- Red Cloud, Oglala Lakota Sioux (1822-1909)

Healing Hearts at Wounded Knee

Letter of Invitation to Indigenous

Letter of Invitation to Indigenous

From Grandmother Flordemayo's Sacred Land

We send this message out to the world today!

Coming from Grandmothers and Peacemakers:

This is a very different and more powerful message that the world needs to hear in light of the global events taking place.

We already know how to make War! Let us learn to make Peace!

Dear Respected and Treasured Relatives:

This is a very special invitation and call to all Indigenous peoples around the world. You are invited to help create and bring forth a worldwide ceremony, a series of global ceremonies starting on this December 29th, 2015 at 12 noon, in each of your respective time zones for these three sacred purposes:

- 1. To honor all of our human ancestors who have ever perished in war, genocide and holocausts, and our relatives who are still dying from these actions by ourselves upon one another;**
- 2. To initiate and carry forward the great and deep healing needed by all people, all families, all nations, the ancient and mostly denied wounds, the buried pain, the bitterness, and the rage caused by all our heinous acts; and**
- 3. To lead humanity, to help return (TURN) humanity to a state of remembrance, the remembering of who we truly are — sacred, divine, precious, embodied spiritual beings. We Indigenous are called to lead the great turning.**

Throughout the 12,000+ year cycle of this current human flourishing, the Indigenous have maintained ties and relations with the spirits: of the plants; animals; trees; insects; earth; planets; suns; the spirits of those departed who once lived embodied lives (our Ancestors); and with many spirits that have never taken physical form. Humanity of all ages and locations have always had gifted teachers, healers, shamans, and spiritual guides. The sacred great mystery has been our constant resource in this sacred task.

However, most of humanity, and many Indigenous too, have been, and continue to be, in a very lost state of being. But we are all awakening! Our hearts are re-opening, re-igniting with the flame of Love, Wisdom, Courage, Power, and Compassion. The Indigenous

ceremonies are coming back. Our ties with Great Mystery are growing strong again. The Indigenous are realizing a dawning strength in alliance with the sacred. Each pilgrimage, each prayer, each meditation, each talking circle, each sweat lodge, each Labyrinth walk, each Sun Dance, each healing ministration in which we invite the sacred to join with us, inspire and journey with us, is making us stronger each and every day. Indeed, ceremony is important on a daily basis and in every venue of our lives.

Our Indigenous sacred wisdom, ceremonies, plant knowledge, star knowledge, and communications are needed by the rest of our brothers and sisters on our planet. We all need to heal! We need to reach out to our lost oppressors, because they are too lost right now to reach out to us!

We have grown strong enough now to do this! Enough of us have healed. Enough of us have protected our sacred ones. Enough of us have been brought together, so we can serve our future generations in this sacred trust.

An essential piece of historical background: Many Lakota, Minneconjou, Dakota, representatives of other tribes and their supporters have been making a great ceremony each Dec. 15-29th for the last 29 years called The Chief Big Foot Band Memorial Ride and Ceremony. In 1990, at the 100 year memorial of the Massacre at Wounded Knee, Chief Arvol Looking Horse held a great Wiping of the Tears Ceremony to bring our people out of mourning and into healing. He asked that there be no more Wounded Knees throughout the world. He called for the end of all massacres. We would like to honor Birgil Kills Straight who had the dream for this ceremony 25 years ago. Similarly, many other Indigenous across the world have been hosting more and more ceremonies as our healing has already begun. Chief Looking Horse helped create World Peace and Prayer Day. It is time to make every day and World Peace and Prayer Day.

We begin the leadership for our great turning starting this December 29th, 2015 at 12 noon in each time zone around the world by holding our first Global Wide Ceremony: *Healing Hearts at Wounded Knee*. Our prayers, our songs, our devotion, our commitment, our love, will encircle our entire planet; be carried by every wind and breeze, be heard by the birds, the plants, the animals, the mountains and rocks, the streams, lakes, and oceans, our Ancestors, the earth, and most precious of all, Great Mystery, Wakan! ! We offer a great Heart Song flowing forth into space: Our singing Blue/Green Planet serenading the Milky Way!

Dearest, Most Precious, Most Beautiful Native Indigenous Peoples of Each Land...

Ring out this news to all your kindred, your family, your friends, your neighbors and come to listen with clear hearts, nostrils, ear sockets, skin, eyes wide open and searing discerning mind; ready yourselves.

Listen, Hear...

We, the Indigenous of Earth are being invited and called to inspire and lead this great turning, which we know is already here. We are already at the forefront, the leading edge in this turning tide of human relations! Embedded within our very souls lies the rising tsunami of spirit that has already birthed us to do this, this very planetary miracle.

We are bringing forth, honoring, nurturing, and launching the greatest Tidal Force of Love the world has not yet known. The Love in our Hearts is the Love in our Minds, in our Stomachs, Love in our bowels, legs, arms, hands, feet and hair. Love is in each cell, each atomic bit of our very being.

Beauty is in the Love. Beauty is in each cell, molecule and atom of our being too. We are Love and we are Beauty.

Radiance. The great shining, brilliant radiance of Love, shines out, heralds forth Power, power in each fiber and breath of our being

We are Love, Beauty, and radiant Power!

We are Joy! We are the Joy in radiant, powerful, beautiful Love! That is who we are! This is who we are! Love, Joy, Beauty, Truth, Power, Wisdom, Eternal, Infinite, Compassionate, Tender and Forgiving, this is who we are!

In our great songs, ceremonies, dance, music, art, poetry, marriages, families and friendships, we express and enjoy all these elements of our being.

We worship. We pray. And, We listen.....

For a long time, many millennia, mostly we have forgotten who we are. Some to lesser amount, some to greater amount, we have forgotten. Fear, greed, hoarding, envy, hatred and deceit have grown into murder, lying, war, massacre, mutilation, slavery, and more. This has been a great journey into the darkness of Lost. We have abused power and been abused by power in every form and in every way. There is too much to say.

Now is the time for the great turning.

We are being healed by Great Spirit, Great Mystery, its Power and Love.

We are being called by Great Spirit to lead a great healing.

On this December 29th, 2015 at 12 noon around the Earth:

We initiate the tide of healing and ending war, massacre, racism, genocide, holocaust, rape, mutilation, slavery, and deceit; we pledge to end these acts,

We pledge to embrace Love and Peace. This Ceremony will mark a great moment in time. As our unique Indigenous relationship with the Earth and with all her citizenry is honored and shared with all of humankind, thus blooms our leadership as we share these sacred gifts.

We do hold a unique responsibility in our wisdom and heritage. As these and other ceremonies and various modes of healing rapidly grow, we will be witnessing and birthing more than we can yet imagine. This worldwide ceremony will inspire many different expressions and actions for healing.

We will be holding the Healing Hearts at Wounded Knee Ceremony over the next 4 years. This is to ignite many other ceremonies and healing practices in all modes and forms to heal the multi-generational, multi-lineal wounds deep inside of all of humanity.

We are returning all of our lost souls back into remembrance of who we are! And it will take a bit of time. But not much time. With Love we face our abomination and the wisdom, the understanding, the compassion, the forgiveness explodes! Epiphany!

We who suffer, who know privation, who endure rape, torture and dismemberment, who have died in gnawing shame;

We who have lost our homes, our families, our lives, it is time to come home.

It is time to empty our prisons, forgive and heal our transgressions.

We are all the same.

We are ONE.

It is time to feed the hungry, house the homeless, clothe the naked, embrace our too rich and unhoard our stores, and our homes.

Our pain is coming home! This very maelstrom is hiding whilst flowering and feeding the seeds of the greatest love we have never known.

Yes! And yes!

We are awakening.

We are being pulled out of our slumber however deep.

We do this for Ourselves, for our Dearest, Most Precious, Most Wonderful — our Children, all Children, grandchildren, great grandchildren; for our Ancestors, back beyond time; for the flowers, honey bees, gnats and weevils, weasels, mountains, streams, clouds, birds, shores.... Our precious Earth.

We do this For All!

Jean Fleury
Flordemayo
Audri Scott Williams
Stephanie Rose Pratt
for Healing Hearts at Wounded Knee

[Click Here](#) to Sign our Pledge

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Are your tribal newspapers digitized with safe storage for original copies? *Most states have a newspaper project; call your state archivist or emessage me. sdc*

Our colleagues at the United States Holocaust Museum have asked AASLH's help in spreading the word about their remarkable history crowd-sourcing project [History Unfolded: U.S. Newspapers and the Holocaust](#). This is something worth your attention. Outside of commemorations for wars and other major events, it is rare for a history project to have this much potential to reach so widely and deeply. History Unfolded is a national "citizen history" project using local newspapers to understand the Holocaust by answering the following questions:

How much did Americans know about the Holocaust when it was happening? How did they respond?

The project empowers individual history enthusiasts and students to research how their hometown newspapers covered specific events in the 1930s and 1940s related to the Nazi persecution of Jews and others. There is a unique opportunity here for state and local museums, historical societies, libraries, and historic sites and houses to support this international project as well. I wanted to personally encourage you to make the most out of this project.

I've written a brief article ([read it here](#)) on how to use this project to engage your visitors and community. Please think about how you can incorporate *History Unfolded* into your programming, and spread the word so that as many people get a chance to participate as possible.

You can share this information by forwarding this email or by sharing this blog post: on.aaslh.org/HistoryUnfolded

P.S. Are you following AASLH on social media yet? [Our Facebook](#) - [Our Twitter](#) - [Our LinkedIn](#)

[Robert Martinez](#) to [Elveda Martinez](#)

Good morning to my Amazing, Beautiful, Intelligent, Courageous Auntie Veed.
A memory I'd like to share.

The REZ: they say, you can take an Indian off the REZ, but never the REZ out of the Indian, well, thank god. The Rez taught me to fish, to hunt, to think before I speak, to respect my elders, to ALWAYS wash my hands (Kitty), how many alfalfa sandwiches to feed a horse, how to use a

shovel to dig the perfect garden, to love unconditionally, how to eat an Indian taco, the definition of culture and, how to solve any puzzle on Wheel of Fortune (Haaa). The reservation may be missing what some may want, but, to me, the Rez provided, for me, a very stable foundation from which, I am able to appreciate much of what this world takes for granted. A beautiful sunset, a raging thunderstorm...the love of family. Yeah, the Rez, to me, will always be home. Schurz is a mystical & magical place where kids can be kids, where Indians can be Indians. To

all my family
& friends on
the Rez, I
miss all of
you. I love
all of you.



**Frybread
done right.
Mary
Todecheeine
cooking
frybread in
her house on
the Black
Mesa
plateau in
the heart of
the Navajo
Nation**

The Little-Known History of How the Canadian Government Made Inuit Wear 'Eskimo Tags' | VICE |...

For decades, Inuit had to wear numbered identification tags around their necks because white people couldn't pronounce their names. vice.com

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Canadian Prime Minister Justin Trudeau confirms he will seek a formal apology from the Pope for the Catholic Church's role in the residential schools controversy, a... cbc.ca

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ctv.news <http://ctv.news/SZAmd3H>

Coal's Hidden "Double Whammy"

Saskia Ozinga, New Internationalist Blog: A growing body of evidence shows that the best guardians of forests are those who live in them, and that recognizing customary land tenure can prevent deforestation. This is true whether forests are being destroyed for timber, agriculture or coal. [Read the Article](#)

Will the Little Shell Tribe Finally Be Recognized?

Gabriel Furshong, High Country News: The Little Shell Band has never been acknowledged under the federal tribal recognition rule, which outlines the criteria tribes must meet in order to establish a formal government-to-government relationship with the United States. But there may be hope on the horizon for unrecognized tribes.

[Read the Article](#)

[Goran Zajec](#)

Joseph White Cow Bull. Died 1942. According to David Miller's Book- Custer's Fall this is the man that killed George Armstrong Custer.

“That was a good day for our people. Custer should have waited for the rest of his party to show up. I always tell people when they ask me what tribe Lakota is I tell them our people are the ones who taught Custer how to wear arrow shirts. Sometimes they like it and other times they say that's not funny. I tell them you are right but when you pose a threat to a person's family and way of life, somebody is going to get hurt or die, that time our people won that is just the way war goes. And yes eventually our way of life was destroyed by the encroachment of the white man,



we stood our ground to the bitter end because our freedom meant that much to us. Hoka Hey (It is a good day to die).That was the cry of the day for our people on June 25,1876.”