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Aspen Challenge

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The Modoc and the Matah Kagmi, Yah'yahaas or Sasquatch

Mass Murder in California's Empty Quarter - A Tale of Tribal Treachery at the Cedarville Rancheria

A few beautiful words from the late, great John Lewis

Family Relationships explained

How grandchildren perceive their grandparents

Bobby Burns



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<https://www.aspenchallenge.org/#inspire>

Trump Administration Official Who Questions Global Warming Will Run Key Climate Program

Andrew Freedman, Jason Samenow and Brady Dennis, The Washington Post

Excerpt: "David Legates, a meteorologist who claims that excess carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is good for plants and that global warming is harmless, has been tapped to run the federal agency that oversees a major scientific report on how climate change is affecting the United States."



Some of the most brilliant minds
I've come to know are the minds
of beadworkers...

~Biskakone

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Jefferson Chief Greywolf ·

The Modoc and the Matah Kagmi, Yah'yahaas or Sasquatch

My Grandfather was born in 1853; he later fought in the Modoc War in defense of our Homeland. It was the same story as most defeat, family being murdered and sent away. Grandfather did not like the Klamath Reservation and soon returned to the part of the country he loved. It was by some very good fortune and help of a white friend in Yreka California he was able to buy some land in the mountains. He built a cabin and lived there from then on until his death in 1935. He fell asleep on a riverbank and never woke up. Grandfather lived a long and eventful life but not always a happy one.

He told me a story when I was a child and never tired of hearing it. His first contact with Matah Kagmi was one evening in the summer of 1897. He was walking along a deer trail near a lake just about dusk, when he saw up ahead something that looked like a tall bush. When he walked closer, he smelled a strong kind of musky odor. He looked closer at the bush and suddenly realized that it was not a bush at all it was covered in a thick coarse hair much like horse hair. He took a step closer but the creature made a sound that sounded like "Nyyaaaah!" Grandfather knew this was what the old ones spoke of "Matah Kagmi".

Although it was growing dark fast, Grandfather was able to see quite clearly two soft brown eyes through all that hair. The creature moved slightly and Grandfather made a motion of friendship and laid down the string of fish he had been carrying. The creature evidently understood this as it snatched up the fish and struck out towards the timber that was nearby. It stopped for a moment and made a sound that my Grandfather never forgot a long low "Aagooooouummt".

Grandfather never told anyone outside the family the story, he called them people too. He called them Matah Kagmi.

It was a few weeks after his encounter that he was awakened one morning by some strange noises outside his cabin. Upon investigating, he found a stack of deerskins fresh and ready to be tanned. Off in the distance he heard the strange sound again "Aagooooouummt". After this, there were other items left from time to time, wood, acorns, wild berries and fruit. It was a few years later that he had his second but far more amazing contact with his friend.

Grandfather had taken a job with some white men from San Francisco area to help them search for gold that was supposed to be on Mt. Shasta.

Grandfather never much cared for money but times had changed and living off the land was increasingly getting harder and harder. The men had a map and were bound and determined to find that gold they were told was there. Grandfather agreed to show them the area but he could scarcely conceal the fact that he thought all white men were a little crazy that searched for this yellow metal. They stated if he helped them find the Gold, he too would be a rich man. It made no difference to him one way or the other.

After the treasure hunter party had reached the base of Mt. Shasta, they began drinking a lot so Grandfather told them he would go on ahead and explore some of the lower level rock shelves, as they were in no condition to do so themselves. So that next morning he set out up a mountain trail, after a bit of climbing he reached one of the shelves he wished to examine. Then it happened, a timber rattler struck him in the leg without warning.

Grandfather killed the snake and started heading down the mountain trail to a more comfortable spot but soon found it very difficult to continue walking. The best he can remember is that he became sick to his stomach and fainted. When he came too, he thought he must be dreaming for there were three large Matah Kagmi about eight to ten feet tall surrounding him. He noticed they had made a small cut on the snakebite and somehow removed the venom and placed cool moss on the wound. Then one of the Matah Kagmi made a kind of grunting sound and the two lifted him and carried him down a trail he did not know. Finally after some decent down the mountainside they placed him under a low brushy tree and left. Again Grandfather heard their mournful cry “Aagoooooooooummmm”.

After a long while he began to feel better and took his old .44 caliber cap and ball pistol out and began firing off some shots in the air. Finally the gold party found him; Grandfather said nothing about the encounter with the Matah Kagmi.

He was taken back to where the pack mules were tied up and then on to the nearest town where he rested for a few days. He then returned home. Grandfather only told his family about the encounter and after that he would never take any amount of money to go to that region again. He said “it was a Holy Place, Matah Kagmi lives there and they are my friends”.

For many years after that in the still of the evening or sometimes late at night, he would hear the sound he now knew “Aagoooooooooumm” the call of the Matah Kagmi. Grandfather went on to state that they were not vicious but very shy, especially to white men. They generally came out in the evenings and at night. They lived chiefly on roots they dug and berries and only ate meat in the bitterest of cold weather. Their homes are in the deep mountain side Burroughs unknown to any man.

I never grew tired of these stories my Grandfather told me as a boy, he said they were true and I believe him. May his Spirit always know Peace. Written by a Modoc Spring of 1970



[The Fabulous Weird Trotters](#)

The Chinese Water Deer do not grow antlers but instead grow tusks. They are also known as “vampire deer”.

Was gifted with a book recently that you may wish to add to your library:

"Mass Murder in California's Empty Quarter - A Tale of Tribal Treachery at the Cedarville Rancheria" by Ray A. March University of Nebraska Press Wilso

Book Jacket: "Mass Murder in California's Empty Quarter" exposes a story of mass murder, a community's racism, and tribal treachery in a small Paiute tribe. On February 20, 2014, an unreasonably warm winter day for the little agriculture town of Alturas, California, Cherie Rhoades walked into the Cedarville Rancheria's Paiute tribal offices. In the space of nine minutes she killed four people and wounded two others using two 9mm semiautomatic handguns. In that time she slayed half of her immediate family and became only the second woman, and the first Native American woman, to commit mass murder in the United States.

Ray A. March threads the story through the afternoon of the murders and explores the complex circumstances that led to it, including conditions of extreme economic disparity, privations resulting from tribal disenrollment, ineptness at the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and family dysfunction coupled with a possible undiagnosed mental illness.

This account of the tragic murders and the deplorable conditions leading up to them shed light on the formidable challenges Native Americans face in the twenty-first century as they strive to govern themselves under the guise of US-sanctioned sovereignty.

From Dedication:

"While tribal sovereignty is limited today by the United States under treaties, acts of Congress, Executive Orders, federal administrative agreements and courts, what remains is nevertheless protected and maintained by the federally recognized tribes against further encroachment by other coverings such as states." —-excerpt from BIA website

"The politics in the land is still volatile — a Molotov cocktail. I stand far from tribal politics because I see the 1934 Indian Reorganization Act as a most sinister piece of legislation. The

contract tribes sign with the the government is an "an act of surrender", a surrender in terms ritten by the government. The contracts come with built in diseases that infect only the tribe members." — Darryl Babe Wilson

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*The IRA is not well known or understood in many venues. If one deeply reads the writings of John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs at the time, it helps.*

*In looking at where the US was - arriving at the Industrial Age - he conceptualized the only way for Tribes to survive the ensuing economic fallout was to become corporations. (Remember the Merriam report prognosticated there would be no more Indians by 1950 if the conditions of the 1920's prevailed). He was also a great fan of the Zuni and wanted to draw on that strength and community organization.*

*Of course the rollout of IRA is fraught with the stories of personal action (good and bad), bureaucratic administration (good and bad), tribal community debate (some in depth, some not at all), etc., etc. "There's a thousand stories in the naked city" and at least that when one looks at more than 500 tribal groups.*

*It took more than a quarter century for many groups to understand the power of corporate organization and another quarter to utilize it beneficially for their people. The story continues. sdc*



One of the most powerful art pieces from Burning Man: A sculpture of two adults after a disagreement, sitting with their backs to each other. Yet, the inner child in both of them simply wants to connect. Age has many beautiful gifts but one we could live without is the pride and resentment we hold onto when we have conflicts with others. The forgiving, free spirit of children is our true nature. Remember this when you feel stubborn.

### **A few beautiful words from the late, great John Lewis:**

"About fifteen of us children were outside my aunt Seneva's house, playing in her dirt yard. The sky began clouding over, the wind started picking up, lightning flashed far off in the distance, and suddenly I wasn't thinking about playing anymore; I was terrified...

Aunt Seneva was the only adult around, and as the sky blackened and the wind grew stronger, she herded us all inside.

Her house was not the biggest place around, and it seemed even smaller with so many children squeezed inside. Small and surprisingly quiet. All of the shouting and laughter that had been going on earlier, outside, had stopped. The wind was howling now, and the house was starting to shake. We were scared. Even Aunt Seneva was scared.

And then it got worse. Now the house was beginning to sway. The wood plank flooring beneath us began to bend. And then, a corner of the room started lifting up.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. None of us could. This storm was actually pulling the house toward the sky. With us inside it.

That was when Aunt Seneva told us to clasp hands. Line up and hold hands, she said, and we did as we were told. Then she had us walk as a group toward the corner of the room that was rising. From the kitchen to the front of the house we walked, the wind screaming outside, sheets of rain beating on the tin roof. Then we walked back in the other direction, as another end of the house began to lift.

And so it went, back and forth, fifteen children walking with the wind, holding that trembling house down with the weight of our small bodies.

More than half a century has passed since that day, and it has struck me more than once over those many years that our society is not unlike the children in that house, rocked again and again by the winds of one storm or another, the walls around us seeming at times as if they might fly apart.

It seemed that way in the 1960s, at the height of the civil rights movement, when America itself felt as if it might burst at the seams—so much tension, so many storms. But the people of conscience never left the house. They never ran away. They stayed, they came together and they did the best they could, clasping hands and moving toward the corner of the house that was the weakest.

And then another corner would lift, and we would go there.  
And eventually, inevitably, the storm would settle, and the house would still stand.  
But we knew another storm would come, and we would have to do it all over again.

And we did.  
 And we still do, all of us. You and I.  
 Children holding hands, walking with the wind..."



In my culture, my family structure looks a little different than the outside world. I don't have a great aunt because I call her Grandma. I don't have a great niece because she's my grandchild. It may seem complicated, but it's AMAZING! Let me show you.

**Dominant Society**

**Vs.**

**My Culture**



|                     |            |               |
|---------------------|------------|---------------|
| Great Aunt          | becomes my | Grandma       |
| Great Uncle         | becomes my | Grandpa       |
| 2nd Cousin (male)   | becomes my | Uncle         |
| 2nd Cousin (female) | becomes my | Auntie        |
| Great Niece         | becomes my | Granddaughter |
| Great Nephew        | becomes my | Grandson      |



My own children call my 1st cousins auntie and uncle! That is super cool isn't it?! There's never a shortage of aunts and uncles in my culture!

We treat our nieces and nephews like our own kids.

*(Made my day!)*

Yá'át'ééh,

I want to let you know that I continue to use your journal in the classes that I teach in American Indian Studies at Phoenix College. My students find the topical news items that you list in the journal very informative. My students are also very fascinated by the historic pieces and the artwork that you include in the journal.

Thank you so much for delivering the journal to us each day. Best regards, R.



## **How grandchildren perceive their grandparents *(It is Friday)(after a verrrry long week)***

1. I was in the bathroom, putting on my makeup, under the watchful eyes of my young granddaughter, as I'd done many times before. After I applied my lipstick and started to leave, the little one said, "But Grandma, you forgot to kiss the toilet paper good-bye!" I will probably never put lipstick on again without thinking about kissing the toilet paper good-bye....
2. My young grandson called the other day to wish me Happy Birthday. He asked me how old I was, and I told him, 72. My grandson was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, "Did you start at 1?"
3. After putting her grandchildren to bed, a grandmother changed into old slacks and a droopy blouse and proceeded to wash her hair. As she heard the children getting more and more rambunctious, her patience grew thin. Finally, she threw a towel around her head and stormed into their room, putting them back to bed with stern warnings. As she left the room, she heard the three-year-old say with a trembling voice, "Who was THAT?"
4. A grandmother was telling her little granddaughter what her own childhood was like. "We used to skate outside on a pond. I had a swing made from a tire; it hung from a tree in our front yard. We rode our pony. We picked wild raspberries in the woods." The little girl was wide-eyed, taking this all in. At last she said, "I sure wish I'd gotten to know you sooner!"
5. My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?" I mentally polished my halo and I said, "No, how are we alike?" "You're both old," he replied.
6. A little girl was diligently pounding away on her grandfather's word processor. She told him she was writing a story.  
"What's it about?" he asked.  
"I don't know," she replied. "I can't read."
7. I didn't know if my granddaughter had learned her colors yet, so I decided to test her. I would point out something and ask what color it was. She would tell me and was always correct. It was fun for me, so I continued. At last, she headed for the door, saying, "Grandma, I really think you should try to figure out some of these colors yourself!"
8. When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use Grandpa. Now the mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."
9. When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied, "I'm not sure." "Look in your underwear, Grandpa," he advised "Mine says I'm 4 to 6." (WOW! I really like this one -- it says I'm only '38'!)

10. A second grader came home from school and said to her grandmother, "Grandma, guess what? We learned how to make babies today." The grandmother, more than a little surprised, tried to keep her cool. "That's interesting," she said. "How do you make babies?" "It's simple," replied the girl. "You just change 'y' to 'i' and add 'es'."

11. Children's Logic: "Give me a sentence about a public servant," said a teacher. The small boy wrote: "The fireman came down the ladder pregnant." The teacher took the lad aside to correct him. "Don't you know what pregnant means?" she asked. "Sure," said the young boy confidently. "It means carrying a child."

12. A grandfather was delivering his grandchildren to their home one day when a fire truck zoomed past. Sitting in the front seat of the fire truck was a Dalmatian dog. The children started discussing the dog's duties.

"They use him to keep crowds back," said one child.

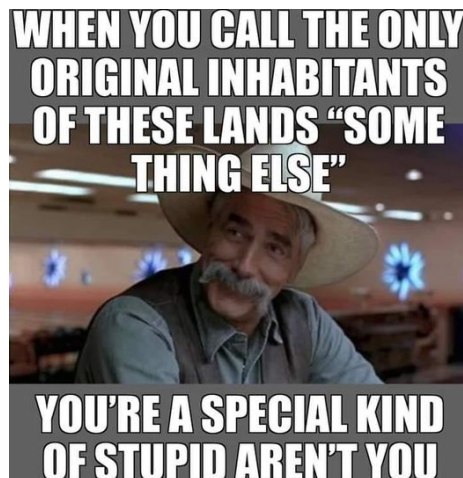
"No," said another. "He's just for good luck."

A third child brought the argument to a close. "They use the dogs," she said firmly, "to find the fire hydrants."

13. A 6-year-old was asked where his grandma lived. "Oh," he said, "she lives at the airport, and whenever we want her, we just go get her. Then, when we're done having her visit, we take her back to the airport."

14. Grandpa is the smartest man on earth! He teaches me good things, but I don't get to see him enough to get as smart as him!

15. My Grandparents are funny, when they bend over, you hear gas leaks and they blame their dog.



RIP Bobby Burns

We smudge our hands to  
do good work

We smudge our eyes to see  
the good in everything

We smudge our mouth to  
speak the truth

We smudge our ears to  
hear the messages that are  
sent

We smudge our hearts to be  
forgiving & kind

We smudge our legs to walk  
a good path

We smudge our backs because  
Creator always has our back!