

Journal #4882 from sdc 10.24.21

Deb Haaland Hearings

The Man with the Owl Spirit

Google Doodle celebrates writer and activist Zitkala-Sa

K-12 Robotics Center

'Piecing Together a Broken Heart': Native Americans Rebuild Territories They Lost

Inuit Hunters Braved -30 C Weather to Block an Iron Mine

BJA Funding Webinars

'Wild Indian' is much more than just an Indigenous film

More Scholarships with March 16-31 Deadlines



[Love the Sierra](#)

[Keep Tahoe Blue...](#)

Second session this mornng! (6:30 am). Well worth your time.



2:21:20

[WATCH LIVE: Senate committee considers nomination of Deb ... YouTube · PBS NewsHour](#)

https://www.huffpost.com/entry/deb-haaland-confirmation-hearing-day-1-biden-interior_n_603542d3c5b673b19b6ba74a

AOC Criticizes Manchin Over Apparent Targeting of Biden's Nominees of Color
Ed Pilkington, Guardian UK

Pilkington writes: "Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez has stepped into the intensifying dispute around the treatment of women and people of color nominated to top jobs in the Biden administration, as the confirmation process in the US Senate begins to sour." [READ MORE](#)

Native Americans Finally Have a Cabinet Nominee. Will an Adopted Tlingit Take Her Down? (Politico)

Other hearings are tentatively on the books: On **March 17**, Sanders is planning a hearing on **income and wealth inequality**, followed by a **March 24** hearing on “making corporations and the wealthy pay their fair share of taxes” and an **April 14** hearing on the costs of climate change.

To lay the groundwork for that effort, Sanders said, he plans to continue holding hearings on big issues and perhaps — pandemic willing — taking his panel on the road.

“I think it would be really interesting to go to communities around the country and hear from working people about what is going on in their lives and how the national priorities that we have now impact them,” he said.

And if you want to get hooked on a few other congressional archive resources:

Office of the House Historian: history@mail.house.gov

Office of the Senate Historian: historian@sec.senate.gov

Office of Art & Archives, Office of the Clerk: art@mail.house.gov, archives@mail.house.gov

*In Texas, you can add another overlay to this mindset. We pride ourselves on a **spirit of rugged individualism**, the myth of the cowboy alone on the prairie driving the herd through a storm. Of course most of us aren't cowboys, and anyone who has spent time around cowboys knows that even they lean on each other when times are hard.*

*But as this **myth of self-reliance** has spread from proud individuals to the local, state, and federal government, damage has occurred in its wake.*

Dan Rather 2/17/21

The Man with the Owl Spirit

#6 Cheelo and his journey.

Cheelo is the nickname of my dad. His real name is Donovan. But who calls their dad by anything but, Dad? He died in 1986. I must have been 22 at the time.

This story focuses on one of the three ways that I have learned to communicate with ghosts.

The first one is seeing an actual spirit. A real ghost in the real world. Either the apparition is kind of hazy. Almost invisible and the most common way to see a ghost. Other times seeing a ghost is just like seeing a human in real life. I think it matters only to the ghost and how much they want to reveal to a person.

The second way is mostly how I see them. Tiny orbs of light. As if someone has a laser pointer and shines it Right in front of me. If the orb of light is the size of a golf ball I consider that large.

The little pin light is mainly what I see.

The third way is where this story is going. Seeing ghosts in dreams. Here is my theory: There are three parts to the human mind. The conscious, subconscious and finally, the unconscious. I believe the doorway to the ghost world lies between the subconscious and unconscious.

The problem, for me, is when switching from the subconscious to unconscious my mind doesn't want to let go of its control. So what does the mind do? A defense mechanism kicks in to wake me up. In my case it creates sleep paralysis. Where it feels like some kind of demon or devil is holding me down. I can't move. Very scary. So I wake up. My mind uses fear. I know that fear is rooted from the movie, The Exorcist. That movie scared the crap out of me. And that's exactly the defense it uses to keep its control over me by wake me up. Very simple and effective. How to combat this? I was fortunate enough to have a person tell me that a simple mantra will turn it off. It was that simple. Like a deep meditation mantra. Something simple that you can repeat over and over. The mantra I use "shut up mind". Also a quote from an Indian man who didn't want people quoting him,

"The only devils in this world are those running around in our own hearts"

Here's a small example of how it works. Laying down at night going to sleep. I can feel my body relaxing. When it relaxes twitching occurs. That's a signal that you're almost ready to fall asleep. Finally falling asleep the mind loses its consciousness. Then it goes into the subconscious. Starting at a light nap heading its way to REM sleep. All this time the mind still has control. It tells you what to dream. Only when the threshold comes near the unconscious the mind it starts to get scared of losing its control. It brings out the big guns. The devils. The sleep paralysis demons holding you down. It'll bring out whatever fear you have that will wake you up. Most of the time it won't wake you to full consciousness but just enough to get you back into the subconscious. Because once you enter the unconscious the mind no longer has control. That's why we can't remember anything. Nobody remembers anything from the unconscious mind.

Good news though. Crossing that threshold has two side effects. One is Lucid Dreaming and the other is an Out-of-body Experience. The idea is to maintain the level between the subconscious and unconscious mind. It took me about 3 years to practice at this level.

And this is where our story begins:

Getting past the fake sleep paralysis and the fake demons. My mantra of telling my mind to shut up works. For a brief moment I stand in darkness knowing I am awake in my dreams. I quickly want to go straight into a zombie dream. Those are my favorite. I love being chased by them. The apocalypse rules!

Normally a zombie dream starts up right away. Not this time. I'm still in full darkness. When I see the small white orb coming my way. Coming into view I see my dad, Cheelo. I had to think hard. He just died not too long ago. A week or two? I saw him in his casket. Is this real or was his funeral a dream? I'm starting to get confused.

He turns and looks. I look in the same direction. The darkness flashes and now we are riding in a car. Is it from Wadsworth going into town? Looks like it. I'm seeing this through his eyes. Sylvia is driving. He's looking out the window for this prairie dog that sits on a rock. He doesn't see the small animal. He's a little sad because he was fond of seeing that little creature each time they went into town. He's thinking that this might be his last ride.

Everything fades to black. And then I don't remember anything. Until another scene opens up. He's sitting at a desk in an armory. He's got his military uniform on while talking on the phone. The person on the other side is me. Talking about how excited I am that we are going hunting this weekend. This must be the armory at the fairgrounds. Things fade to black again. (When going into the darkness it feels like a roller coaster ride. A little scary but I'm actually starting to get used to it now. Since I know what to expect.)

This next scene opens up and they are moving into one of those duplexes up in the old Stead Air Force Base Housing Area. Sylvia is there and they are both excited about this new life they are entering. They are genuinely happy. That makes me smile. I'm happy for them. Into darkness again.

Coming out of the dark I can't help but wonder why things are not in chronological order. I've already figured out that I've been invited to tag along on his journey. You always hear people tell the deceased, "journey well my friend." And here we are in tandem doing just that. I don't even know if this qualifies as a ghost story. In fact, all my stories are not really ghost stories at all. It's just me sharing my memories. This particular memory is very personal. Even now I feel the big cry slowly bubbling up. Sooner or later it's going to happen and I will break down. That being said I won't share everything just because it's his story, not mine. Besides, some of the scenes are sad. Some of the scenes are scary. That's just how life is. I just feel very special he let me tag along. Again, to be included on one's journey is unheard of.

The next scene unfolds and we are in a motorboat on Pyramid Lake. The boat is named after his daughter, Jennifer. And guess who is driving? My sister Jenny. The boat's namesake. I see myself

through his eyes as I sit in the back seat. He's laughing as Jenny is taking these crazy 90°, serpentine turns. They're making me all dizzy. Our laughs fade as we go into black again. I really wish we could remember what we see as we come out of the unconscious.

This time he is driving a VW bug? I don't remember it but here it is. And he's singing real loud to Simon and Garfunkel on the radio. I start laughing in my head and he starts looking around wondering where the laugh is coming from. Like he almost forgot I was there. We both start laughing. He's heading home to where they were staying in Reno near Casazza Drive. Grandma Nona is there as well as the Brady kids. He heads to his room to change and my God, he has a million LP records. He was really into music wasn't he? He puts on a Neil Diamond record and starts to hum along with the music. We fade to black once again.

It feels like we open our eyes shaking off a restful sleep as the scene focuses on baby Suzie. Haha. My gosh, she's a handful. A bundle of energy. looks like they're trying to feed her spaghetti but it's just getting everywhere. I start laughing again. He's tired. He's cranky. But he loves his little girl. I actually feel that love since I also am seeing this through his eyes. I can't get over the fact that I was invited to be in tandem with him on his journey. So unreal.

There are many more scenes that unfold. All out of order. All scenes from his birth to death. I didn't even mention the scenes before us kids came along into his life. There's so much that it's overwhelming. I can see people's journeys taking months. Being allowed this glimpse is good enough for me.

I'm going to guess that when things fade to black it's when we dip into the unconsciousness.

Then come out like one of those biorhythm sine waves. There's a negative number and equal amount in a positive number.

Deep in the back of my mind I know this will have to come to an end sooner or later. Knowing that causes a swelling of sadness inside of me that will soon have to be let out or that pressure will just kill me. It's been building up with each memory shared. Nobody ever wants to say goodbye to a loved one but let's move to the last scene.

We're in this sunken valley where the Truckee River flows right through it just south of Pyramid Lake. This small part of the land seems so fertile compared to the hills above which seems so barren. Just lopsided hills covered with sagebrush from the old dried bed remnants of the ancient Lake Lahontan.

This time we are both standing there. No more me seeing through his eyes. Looking at each other I study his face for an extra moment longer. Trying to memorize everything I can. This scene just "feels" like the last scene in the movie of his life.

We're standing in front of an old tree and to the right of it is the foundation of a house. He goes on to explain,

"This was our old house. That is the tree I fell out of that gave me this scar."

He lifts his chin to show the scar under his neck. I look back at the tree and back at his car. I am just in awe. This is his history.

Squatting down near the cement slab that served as their front porch I squat next to him. He uses his hand to brush away the sand to reveal names written in the square slab. I see his and his brother Byron's. He goes on to explain that Byron isn't here anymore. Part of me wonders if he knows he's not here either. He's talking as if he thinks he's still alive. But I don't mention anything. I just go with the flow of his words.

We hear the wind pick up and a small dust devil heads our way. We shield our eyes and face as it comes near. Blowing through us we both hear voices in the blowing wind. Yelling and gunshots overtake our ears just for a moment and tell it passes. We both look at each other and say, "Whoa!"

I ask, "What was that all about?"

He says, "They say this was the site of one of the battles in the Pyramid Lake Indian War"

I try to add. "1860-something"

"1860". Looking at me with sad eyes. We both know his journey is coming to an end.

Looking at him I instantly know. He's Army. I'm Navy. We both know how to answer that call. I just flat out ask,

"You're going to answer that call", I state matter of factly. Adding, "I don't think it's going to be

He smiles. And in a sing-song voice he's famous for he says, "Follow the Yellow Brick Road"

Now, is it even possible to feel that incredible sadness inside me start to bubble up to the surface while at the same time smiling as I add to the banter in my own Munchkin voice,

"Follow the Yellow Brick Road?"

He counters in a female munchkin voice,

"Follow the Yellow Brick Road"

We quickly trade The Wizard of Oz one-liners,

"Because, because, because because, becausssssse"

"Because of the wonderful things he does"

(The emotional pressure inside me builds to a critical level.)

"We're off to see the gizzard"

"Oh no, I'm melting"

"Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore"

We both stop as we hear the faint voices from another dust devil coming our way. Inside I'm about to burst and fall to pieces. I do my best to hold it together. Knowing he really will be gone in just a moment.

"Here comes your horse with many colors. Time to answer that call", I say in a childlike voice.

He grasps my shoulders. Looks me in the eye and says, "Tony. I love you".

That emotional pressure explodes. That is the first and only time he's ever said that to me in my entire life. He drives me in for a hug. Practically another first for him. The dust devil gets louder as it envelops us. I do hear the sounds of war. But my eyes are flooded with tears and sand. I can't see anything. His hug fades as the dust devil passes.

Taking my father within it.

I'm left standing there. Alone. In that sunken valley they call Little Nixon. Looking at my empty hands I tell myself,

"It's okay to fall apart"

Tears burst, my throat instantly closes up, it feels like I can't catch my breath. My heart hurts so much my body shakes. I guess they call this the big cry and I've no control when it will stop.

Not sure how long I was crying but I can find myself kneeling in front of that concrete slab tenderly touching the two names written there.

Gathering myself together. I walked to the edge of the Truckee River to wash my face. Feeling a little better I walk back to their old house one last time. I see the tree where my father fell out of.

I see their names written in the concrete slab. I want to memorize this. But another dust devil glides by a stone's throw away from me. Distracting me. I hear the voices once more. I wonder if they could hear me as I yell,

"I hope you're happy Numaga! You got the Lollipop Guild coming and he's going to kick some ass!!!"

Just my luck. Nevada weather kicks in and it starts to rain. Looking up I see no rain clouds. Crazy old weather. Looking down I see our footprints dissolving back to the Earth with each raindrop. Resetting. Renewing. Ready herself for the next cycle of life.

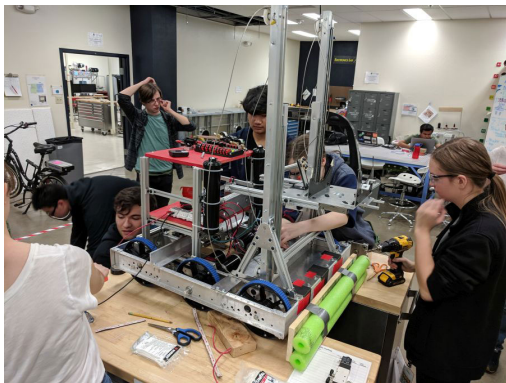


[Google Doodle celebrates writer and activist Zitkala-Sa](#)

Check the #GoogleDoodle today! (**Monday**) Zitkálá-Šá, activist, writer and teacher, born February 22, 1876 on the Yankton Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Came to @necmusic for violin and piano studies, went on to write about Native American life and rights.

Want to learn more about Zitkálá-Šá, the subject of today's Google Doodle? Watch the full episode of "Unladylike2020" here: bit.ly/3aFLAAO. Original artwork by Amelie Chabannes. #GoogleDoodle #AmericanMastersPBS #Unladylike2020PBS @unladylike2020

"Everything has been said before. But since nobody listens we have to keep going back and beginning all over again." *-André Gide*



For several years FYRE Robotics has designed and built for the FIRST Robotics Competition in the University's Innevation Center and its Makerspace. (Photo of the 2019 team taken pre-pandemic.)

The past will soon meet the future of workforce development in the historic Southside Studio, operated by the [University of Nevada, Reno](#) in downtown Reno. K-12 robotics competition teams help to stimulate interest and development in robotics, computer science, engineering and automation, and these teams need large, open areas in which to design, build and test their creations. The upstairs space of the former Southside School – which was once used as the combined gymnasium and performance stage – offers an answer. It will be home to the **K-12 Robotics Center**! University of Nevada, Reno, opening in the first quarter of 2021.

[Tesla](#) and the [Economic Development Authority of Western Nevada \(EDAWN\)](#) are supporting the project and share the University's vision to create a space that encourages young people's interest in these critical fields of study.

Related Programs

- [Computer Science & Engineering](#)
- [Computer Science & Engineering](#)
- [Nevada Teach](#)

Mike Kazmierski, EDAWN president and CEO, sees the K-12 Robotics Center helping to answer a big question: “Where are we going to be as a region in 10 years? If we are going to be a tech hub, we need to reinvent how we think about and teach technology.”

EDAWN has added the position of regional robotics coordinator to its team to support programming and connect the region’s robotics-related efforts, people and organizations. In this role, Caroline Hanson is already coordinating with the team at the Innevation Center which oversees activities in the Southside Studio and the K-12 Robotics Center.

Chris Reilly, Tesla’s director of recruiting & workforce development, is confident the K-12 Robotics Center – and other efforts to encourage robotics-based curriculum and activities happening across the state – will lead more students toward careers in advanced manufacturing and engineering fields. Many Tesla employees tell Reilly their involvement in high-school robotics competitions sparked their interest in these future-oriented career possibilities.



The Southside Studio, home to the K-12 Robotics Center.

Tesla is investing in the development of the Southside Studio, located across the street from the University’s [Innevation Center](#) and on the same block as [The Discovery Museum](#). The current remodel is addressing ADA accessibility, adding a new HVAC system and adding a space for woodworking to complement the Innevation Center’s well-equipped makerspace. The historic nature of the building, including the old gym floor and the stage area upstairs, will be retained.

“It will be a place where kids and parents, coaches, teachers and University faculty, all come together,” said Mridul Gautam, the University’s vice president for research and innovation and professor of mechanical engineering. “The kids will learn to design and build, and they will see the opportunities and the support for their future success.”

“We are especially interested in encouraging underrepresented and first-generation students to be part of this,” Gautam said.

“It really changes a kid’s life, and it has nothing to do with the robot the kids build or whether or not it works. It has to do with what they learn and what they can accomplish,” said Kerry Thompson, primary organizer of and mentor to FYRE Robotics, a community-based team. For

several years FYRE Robotics has prepared for the [FIRST Robotics Competition](#) (For Inspiration & Recognition of Science & Technology) in the Innevation Center and utilized the specialized equipment in its Makerspace.

Dale Payne, robotics program coordinator with the Washoe County School District, reports that already almost all Washoe County high schools have some robotics-based curriculum or programming in place, and resources such as the [Nevada Robotics program](#), coordinated through the Desert Research Institute, are supporting teacher training.

Reilly envisions a day when all high schools in Nevada offer curriculum and programs in robotics, putting a larger number of students on the path toward careers in robotics and automation.

“Having dedicated spaces in our community centers and at our schools will help accelerate this,” he said.

“It will be an educational platform that creates a pathway to careers and success,” said Kazmierski.

As of January 2021, renovation of the space is underway. After completed, initial use of the space will be limited to comply with restrictions on public gatherings. However, this doesn’t stop the broader impact: the network of interest gathering around the K-12 Robotics Center will provide support to students preparing for competitions such as the FIRST Robotics Competition, which is happening remotely in spring 2021.

Gautam talks often about the energy of the University’s Innevation Center. He sees the Southside Studio, and the K-12 Robotics Center within it, as expanding the Innevation Center’s impact and the University’s footprint.

“It is so exciting to see this project come together,” he said.

The Southside Studio is located at the corner of Liberty and Sinclair Streets. It remains the home of Sierra Nevada Journeys, a science-education nonprofit organization serving Nevada and California, and it will also expand the space available for early-stage entrepreneurial companies engaged with the Innevation Center.

Contact for the K-12 Robotics Center is Crystal Harvey, assistant director of the Innevation Center at crystalh@unr.edu. Contact for volunteers, organizations or businesses wanting to be involved is Caroline Hanson, EDawn regional robotics coordinator at hanson@edawn.org.

'Piecing Together a Broken Heart': Native Americans Rebuild Territories They Lost

Hallie Golden, Guardian UK

Golden writes: "Tribes across the US are buying back land lost during and after the colonization period on the open market."

[READ MORE](#)



A kangaroo rushes past a burning house in Lake Conjola, Australia, on Dec. 31, 2019. (photo: Matthew Abbott/NYT/Redux Pictures)

<https://readersupportednews.org/news-section2/318-66/67686-one-year-since-australias-devastating-wildfires-anger-grows-at-climate-change-inaction>

Inuit Hunters Braved -30 C Weather to Block an Iron Mine

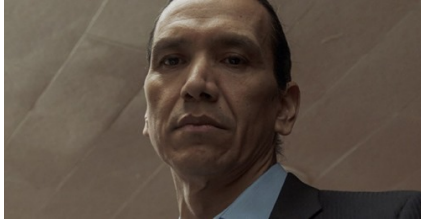
Anya Zoledziowski, VICE

Zoledziowski writes: "Braving temperatures as low as -36 C, a group of Inuit hunters spent a full week blockading an iron ore mine in Nunavut in northern Canada, in an attempt to protect animals from further harm." [READ MORE](#)

Register for these upcoming BJA funding webinars to learn about the goals, purpose, and eligibility requirements related to 2021 open funding opportunities:

- [Safeguarding Correctional Facilities and Public Safety by Addressing Contraband Cellphones Program Funding Webinar](#)
- **February 25, 2021, 1 p.m. ET**
- [Byrne Criminal Justice Innovation Program FY 2021 Solicitation Webinar](#)
- **March 2, 2021, 2 p.m. ET**
- [Coordinated Tribal Assistance Solicitation: Budget Worksheet Completion](#)
- **March 2, 2021, 2 p.m. ET**
- [Coordinated Tribal Assistance Solicitation: Application Checklist and Final Q&A](#)
- **March 9, 2021, 2 p.m. ET**

[Register Now](#)



hcn.org

‘Wild Indian’ is much more than just an Indigenous film

Lyle Mitchell Corbine Jr.’s new picture pushes Indigenous cinema into the realm of the thriller genre, but does it go far enough?

<https://www.hcn.org/articles/indigenous-affairs-culture-wild-indian->

[‘Wild Indian’ is much more than just an](#)

[is-much-more-than-just-an-indigenous-film?](#)

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Scholarships with March 16-31 Deadlines

Minnesota Clean Air Choice Biodiesel Scholarship	Varies	03/29/2021
Mississippi Higher Education Legislative Plan for Needy Students	Varies	03/31/2021
Mitchell Ostry Memorial Scholarship	\$500	03/31/2021
Monarch Awards Foundation, Inc. Illinois College or University Scholarship	\$3,000	03/31/2021
MWGA Foundation	\$12,000	03/31/2021
NAAAP Philadelphia Scholarship	Varies	03/15/2021
NATAS-PSW Scholarship	\$5,000	03/31/2021
National Academy of Television, Arts & Sciences - Pacific Southwest Chapter	Varies	03/31/2021
National Federation of the Blind Merit Scholarship	\$2,500	03/31/2021
National Federation of the Blind of Utah Scholarship	\$12,000	03/31/2021
National Restaurant Association Educational Foundation Scholarships	\$10,000	03/31/2021
Navy Wives Clubs of America, Inc. Scholarships	\$1,000	03/31/2021
NCNSFPE Bendix-Williamson Scholarship Fund	\$2,000	03/31/2021
NCOA Scholarship Fund	\$900	03/31/2021
Nebraska Insurance Federation/Nebraska Actuaries Club Scholarship	\$4,000	03/31/2021
New Mexico Manufactured Housing Association Scholarship	Varies	03/16/2021
NEWH Dallas Chapter Scholarship	Varies	03/29/2021
NFB Scholarships	\$1,200	03/31/2021
Nico Linesch Boundary Crossing Scholar's Award	\$4,000	03/18/2021
NIH Undergraduate Scholarship Program	\$80,000	03/17/2021
Nora Baldini Memorial Scholarship	Varies	03/26/2021