

Journal #5037 fromsdc 9.29.21

COVID Memorial in DC at Washington Monument

James Webb Space Telescope to be 100x as powerful as Hubble, changing how we see the universe

Regeneration, Justice, and Renewal

Trump and Biden Collide Over Access to Presidential Records

Kellie Haven at National Spelling Bee

Save Our Water

Stewardship of Public Lands

Hidden secrets written in stone: Decoding Hallett Cove

Archives/Materials from National Trust for Historic Preservation seminars

This Insect Has The Only Mechanical Gears Ever Found in Nature

Dry conditions may boost Minnesota's wild rice crop this year; climate change leaves future uncertain

Vote Nevada - Redistricting

Tony Katenay - The Man with the Owl Spirit; #11 - The Young Woman with an Old Spirit

Ubuntu

Film Maker Myron Dewey Killed in Car Wreck (after roadcasting live from Yomba bombing range)



Lyn Huston is at **Washington Monument**.

Lynn Houston: I was so fortunate to tour some of Washington, D.C. today on my ElliptiGO during the BikeDC event. At the Washington Monument, these are 684,000+ flags: each one has a name of a person who perished from COVID. It was so emotional. Thanks so much, [Jim Stahlman](#) for all the planning and for guiding and giving such great info and background. Really appreciated.



The largest space telescope in history is about to blow our minds

The James Webb Space Telescope will be 100 times as powerful as the Hubble. It will change how we see the universe.

By [Brian Resnick@B_resnickbrian@vox.com](mailto:Brian.Resnick@B_resnickbrian@vox.com) <https://www.vox.com/science-and-health/22664709/james-webb-space-telescope-launch-date-december-science-hubble>

Regeneration, Justice, and Renewal

<https://www.sierraclub.org/sierra/2021-4-fall/feature/regeneration-justice-and-renewal-paul-hawken>

Trump and Biden Collide Over Access to Presidential Records

<https://jonathanturley.org/2021/09/23/trump-and-biden-collide-over-access-to-presidential-records/>



azcentral September 22, 2018

This is Kelly Haven.

She wore turquoise jewelry and traditional Navajo clothes when she stepped onto the stage at the Scripps National Spelling Bee. As the first full Navajo speller to make it as far as she has, the moment was more than just a chance to compete.

Kelly is from Fort Defiance, Arizona, a town that struggles with a 41.7 percent poverty rate and high rates of substance abuse and high school dropouts. Kelly and spelling bees have helped transform her Navajo community.

Save Our Water

[https://saveourwater.com/en/?](https://saveourwater.com/en/?utm_source=RSEDigital&utm_medium=Facebook&utm_campaign=Unified_SaveOurWater&utm_content=Renters_Holiday_Girl&fbclid=IwAR3Y8wb-CgAvWWsX1qUrpi2T_hJUBTdzYfRGI4_Oas3jW0ek49wu9E7Ehfc)

[utm_source=RSEDigital&utm_medium=Facebook&utm_campaign=Unified_SaveOurWater&utm_content=Renters_Holiday_Girl&fbclid=IwAR3Y8wb-CgAvWWsX1qUrpi2T_hJUBTdzYfRGI4_Oas3jW0ek49wu9E7Ehfc](https://saveourwater.com/en/?utm_source=RSEDigital&utm_medium=Facebook&utm_campaign=Unified_SaveOurWater&utm_content=Renters_Holiday_Girl&fbclid=IwAR3Y8wb-CgAvWWsX1qUrpi2T_hJUBTdzYfRGI4_Oas3jW0ek49wu9E7Ehfc)

Stewardship of Public Lands

Stewardship is an everyday job at Friends, but National Public Lands Day is still a special time for us, knowing that thousands of volunteers across the country are out on their public lands caring and gaining new appreciation for it. We so appreciate all of our Nevada volunteers who have signed up to help us celebrate this weekend.

Several projects in Northern and Southern Nevada are planned for volunteers of all ages and skill levels. Outdoor enthusiasts will help restore sensitive wildlife habitat, remove hazardous fences and other debris and help spruce up the Soldier Meadows Cabin. Volunteers will camp out in a scenic location and enjoy some social time when the work day is done.

In addition, Friends invites lovers of our wild areas to help observe National Wilderness Month all month long as proclaimed by President Biden in this urgent and [inspiring message](#).

Celebrate Public Lands Day!

VOLUNTEER



Dance Screen designed by **Haida artist Jim Hart** - now permanently installed at the **Audain Museum** in Whistler.

The Dance Screen was completed at the **Bill Reid Gallery**.

Both institutions are well worth a visit to better appreciate Northwest Coast Native Art.

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### [Hidden secrets written in stone: Decoding Hallett Cove with ...](#)

<https://www.unisa.edu.au > Media-Centre > Releases > h...>

Aug 17, 2020 — Now, thanks to *virtual reality* technology, the ice-age past of Hallett Cove Conservation Park is revealed in a new, gamified VR experience ...

### **National Trust for Historic Preservation**

All webinars and materials are archived on ... <https://forum.savingplaces.org/learn/conferences-training/forum-webinar>. It sometimes takes 2-3 days for it to be uploaded.



[smithsonianmag.com](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)

[This Insect Has The Only Mechanical Gears Ever Found in Nature](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)

[The small hopping insect \*Issus coleoptratus\* uses toothed gears on its joints to precisely synchronize the kicks of its hind legs as it jumps forward.](https://www.smithsonianmag.com)

**Dry conditions may have boosted Minnesota's wild rice crop this year, but climate change leaves the future uncertain | MinnPost**

<https://www.minnpost.com/environment/2021/09/dry-conditions-may-have-boosted-minnesotas-wild-rice-crop-this-year-but-climate-change-leaves-the-future-uncertain/>

From Vote Nevada: Here's the webpage with the information on how to draw & integrity check redistricting maps as well as submit information about communities of interest. I will be going over this webpage this weekend to put together a How-To Guide. ... **See More**

**LEG.STATE.NV.US**

[www.leg.state.nv.us](http://www.leg.state.nv.us)

[Tony Katenay - The Man with the Owl Spirit](#)

### **#11 - The Young Woman with an Old Spirit**

I get this call from a worried father. He tells me his daughter, 20 is homeless. Seems she's living in her VW bug on the beach. Part of me thinks the father is exaggerating. Not coming home at night. Smoking pot. Drinking. Maybe she just wants to "have fun".

His main concern is she doesn't want to continue on to higher education. This is where I begin to wonder if they had all these goals for her in her life only to find out she doesn't want them. It's their goals. Not hers. Nonetheless, I go check it out. He tells me where I can find her.

Sure enough. She's sitting in her bug. It's late afternoon and you can tell a gorgeous California sunset is on its way. She's sitting on the passenger side. Parked in a spot reserved for scenic

overlook view of this perfect beach. It's practically a postcard setting. All that is missing is Seals and Crofts song, Summer Breeze to enter our minds through our eardrums in between the waves crashing on the beach.

It's the off season so any sun setting gathering crowds are sparse.

I come up and squat down to eye level and lightly rap my knuckles on her window.

She has mirror shades, a big floppy sun hat and she's about to spark a joint. Pulling her sunglasses to the edge of her nose she looks over them at me.

"Did my dad send you?", She asks.

"Yes", I reply.

She sighs. Reaches into her little purse and pulls out \$200. Opens the window halfway and hands it to me.

"Here's your payment. Just tell him we talked for 6 hours and you gave it your best." She says this with the joint hanging off the bottom lip of her mouth. Wagging as she talks.

I take the money.

However, there is something going on here. Something supernatural. I sensed it when the closer I got to her parking spot i could feel the energy. Before she closes the window I just flat out say,

"You have a recurring dream of a red Mini Dachshund. Every night around 10:00 p.m."

She stops rolling up the window. That joint about ready to fall off her lip and stares at me with a keen suspecting eye. Making her judgement she says,

"Get in", as she leans over to open the driver side door for me. As I walk around she does some kookie hand signal. I begin to think maybe she's already high. I get in with no expectations. No judgment.

"Who the hell are you? No wait, what the hell are you? Some kind of psychic?", She asks what that joint still dangling on the bottom of her lip.

"A psychic? That's a first. No one's ever called me that before." I say as I settle in the seat after closing the door.

"Then how did you know about the dog?" She asks, finally taking the joint out of her mouth. Putting it down, taking her sunglasses and hat off I see she is serious about this question So I give her a serious answer,

"I felt it as I walked up. Something supernatural. Like an energy or a generator hum. Then I get a flash in my mind and without words I quickly understood the message. A red mini dachshund. Recurring dream. Around 10:00 p.m.", i say , looking her straight in the eyes.

"You got to be some kind of psychic. I've never told anybody about that dream." She says.

"I'm no psychic. But I do realize I'm sensitive to those weirdo kind of things." I say.

I finally get to look at her. Without her bank robber disguise she's real pretty. I'm guessing she's smart. And this attitude she's throwing at me? She probably hates men.

At first I thought it was because she was from a wealthy family. I don't even know how they got my number. These aren't exactly the kind of clients I usually see. They look non-native but that doesn't mean anything. I'm part of that "All My Relations" crowd. I will help anyone that asks. I'm just assuming my uncle contacted them to get in touch with me. That's something I'll have to ask him later. It could also just be one of those happy coincidences. Who knows.

She asks, "What's next?"

I answer, "I don't think it's a recurring dream. I think it's an actual event that happened to you in a past life."

I continue,

"My suggestion is: we wait until 10:00 p.m. and see what happens."

She does that weird hand gesture again only this time I look over to see a group of people looking at us through binoculars. And they flash the okay sign.

I get it. She is smart. She's using sign language. It's around 9:00 p.m. with an hour to go I asked her,

"Your dad portrayed you as a homeless beach bum. Unprotected and an easy score for some predator. He's totally wrong isn't he?"

"I know my dad loves and cares for me in his own way but yes, he is wrong. The Beach community watches out for one another. They're like the children and grandchildren of hippies. And it's passed down, to a lot of us, that hippie vibe of caring for each other."

"I was going to say it's a Native thing. But it's not. There are communities like this all over the world. In cultures all over the world. So no, it's not exclusive to Natives.", I say as we pass time waiting for 10:00 p.m.

"See. You get it. But you won't get in calling them beach bums." She laughs.

I can see her false persona starting to crack. The tough girl attitude ebbing away like the waves creating all that sand on the beach. It just takes a little time.

In fact, she brings it up, and with her voice change back to normal she sounds like the young woman she really is.

"I'm sorry about that attitude earlier. I saw you coming a mile away. And I do mean a mile because the sunset crowd takes up all the parking spaces."

I didn't even notice it. I look around and see the empty spots now. Crap. That means I got a walk in my near future.

She continues,

"I'm scared. I'm at my wits end. I don't think I can take another night of this." She says with that underlying hint of suicide.

Listening intently an idea forms in my head,

"I want to try something I haven't done since I was a teenager. I want to see if I can see what you see. The act itself is simple. We just hold hands. I don't know if it's entering the spirit world or entering a dream. Maybe even another dimension. I really don't know. I do like to think of it as entering the spirit world. It just sounds cooler. Since we know what time this event occurs I think the opportunity is right. Are you in?"

"I'm in", she says with a face of determination that really wants to get to the bottom of this.  
It's 9:58

We sit in silence for those two minutes. I have no clue what's to come. But I respect her and give her that time to prepare.

She reaches out both hands and says,

"Let's do this."

Taking hold it takes but 3 seconds for me to see what she sees.

And it's frightening. So much that I let go instinctually.

"Demon bats? Really?", I say louder than normal.

"Oops, did I forget?", She says with a mischievous smile and adds,

"Ok. Maybe I was just testing you. To see if you really could see what I see."

Patting my chest and trying to catch my breath I ask,

"Any more surprises?"

She answers, "No. I can't get past those bats. They scare the hell out of me. Not only am I losing sleep I'm losing my mind. My sanity. What do you think they are?"

I simply answer, "Your demons."

"Are you saying I have to face them?", She asks.

"Yes. But you're not alone. We're in this together.". I answer

She gathers her courage. Reaches out her hands once more and says,

" Let's do this"

Taking her hands in mine we are transported back to the spirit world. The demons making such a racket about getting inside that it is very frightening. Still holding my hand she reaches over and rolls down the window on her side. Allowing one bat to enter the interior of her bug. It flies around in confusion but finally lands on her arm. Opening its mouth, tiny sharp fangs bite down.

Her arm flinches that I squeeze a little tighter and she relaxes. She looks at me and her eyes go up in her head and she passes out.

The bat calmly switches to my arm. I feel the needle like pain as I'm bitten. I can feel the venom quickly shoot up my arm and it doesn't take but a few seconds and I'm passed out.

Opening my eyes I look around for her because she is not in her seat. Her door is open so I open mine and get out of the bug.

It's night time but I stand next to her. No bats. The air is calm and it is a nice summer night. We see a camp of about eight people on the beach. Sitting around a campfire. We can hear the laughter. We watch as a man and a young girl are walking towards us. We can tell that this is the girl in the bug. And it crosses my mind that I don't even know her name. She looks about 12 or 13. The man she just simply calls Uncle takes her to where we are.

We both look at each other and wonder if we should do anything. I finally say,

"Just let events happen sounds. I don't think we can do anything if we tried. Look around. This was from a long time ago. Your bug is gone. The parking lot is gone. The hotels and other businesses dotting the coast are gone. This is Virgin territory. The road we came up is even a small dirt road. This is your past life unfolding."

She nods. I nod.

We stand beside each other as the young her and Uncle reach the spot where the bug was once parked. It's actually a sandbar with some vegetation growing out of it. They both sit to



enjoy the night time scenery. The camp is off to the right and the Moon is out but we can't see it yet.

We hear muffled screaming. Looking back we see the uncle with his hand over the young girl's mouth. She starts to fight back and he viciously punches her to near unconsciousness. This frees his hands as he starts to undo the belt of his trousers to do the unthinkable.

The young woman and I watch and I look in her eyes to see tears for me. A hand covering the gasp that's escaping her mouth.

We both look to see the little red mini dachshund running away from the camp with loud barks. Everyone in the camp stands up and starts yelling for the uncle and the young girl's name. But the father knows better and follows the little red Mini.

The little dog leads him right to where we are. Her father is close behind the Dachshund as the little dog runs up on to the sexual predator and bites his ear off. The little dog spits it out and goes for a second attack but the uncle grabs the dog and breaks the neck of this little brave creature protecting the most precious thing in the world. Her human.

The father witnessing this is first confused. Why would his brother kill the family pet? Then his eyes glaze over the scene. And quickly realizes his own brother is sexually assaulting his daughter.

The dog killing man realizes his predicament. he raises his hands in surrender and tries to say it's not what it looks like. Not knowing the father has expertly (to the untrained eye) has his knife in his hand.

Placating his brother to get closer for father stabs his own brother with one single death blow. The rest of the family catches up and sees the aftermath. The young girl trying her hardest not to fall into unconsciousness. The uncle with a knife stuck in his body. And the little red mini dachshund lying lifeless in the sand next to a bitten off ear. Blood everywhere.

The family demands an explanation so the father tells them what happened. They are so angry that they dismember the dead man. The bits and pieces of him burned.

The little dog, Sammi is laid to rest where she died. Tears fall from all family members. It's clear they all loved Sammi. And without her courage the truth would be forever buried in the sand.

The young woman and I are in total shock. The tears that welled in her eyes have not stopped.

A strange mist starts to form and the scene disappears. We find ourselves back in her bug. Our hands still holding.

This is the moment she breaks down. She starts to cry uncontrollably. Her hands covering her face. The energy released is tremendous. All I can do is sit there and let her cry.

And she does. For over 20 minutes.

She tried to talk but it was unintelligible. I reassured her that once the pain subsides a little we'll talk.

Her words are making sense now. And she keeps asking why. Asking why no one protected her.

I put my hand on her shoulder and said,

"Sammi ..."

Before I could finish she takes her hand away from covering her face and yells at me,

"SAMMI IS DEAD!!"

I sit there with a stupid smile on my face and point to the little ghost on her lap. There sits Sammi. All 11.5 pounds of her. Wagging her tail furiously as these two old souls reunite.

The young woman hugs her little dog.

"Did I ever mention that it's part of my job to help people find their spirit helpers?", I say with a smile

"No you didn't", she answered smartly but with no real venom.

Taking a line from her book I respond,

"Oops, i guess i forgot."

"Now what?", She asks.

My mind already made up based on the actions we just saw I tell her my idea.

"It's clear that you are a young woman with an old spirit. Only now, you have Sammi. Two of you together are real bona fide demon slayers. Take a look around."

She does. She sees the piles of ashes around her bug. And whispers,

"It's over. It's really over."

I continue,

"It's over for you. But putting this together I believe that you were lost because you had no purpose. I honestly believe that it is your calling to help other children in this world. Slay their demons. You and Sammi."

She looks at me with understanding. Nods her head. I add,

"That means going to school."

Before I could say anymore she cuts me off,

"I'll do it. That will make my dad happy. But he won't like the field I'll be going in."

"You know, I don't think he will mind at all.", I say with genuine feeling.

"Thank you. Thank you so much for everything."

She reaches over and pulls me in for a three-way hug with her newfound Spirit helper. And the trail that never stops wagging. We stay in the hug. It's her hug so I don't move away until she does. I just think that's how hugs work.

When she does her eyes are swollen but the tears are gone. She has a purpose now. One that she can grasp. Something inside of her has awakened. I know it. She knows it. And Sammi knows it.

Opening the car door she gets out as do i. Holding the door for her she gets in her driver's seat and I close the door. She tries to start the car but the battery is dead.

She says, "Give me a push"

I do and she pops the clutch sputtering the motor to life.

Sammi on her lap we both feel content about what just happened. No words need to be spoken that this is her start. She drives away. Sammi barking her goodbye to me.

It dawns on me and i yell,

"Hey! You're suppose to give me a ride to my car!"


She yells back,

"Oops, i forgot!"

"Damnit", I whisper to myself. I start walking back to my car as the sound of her bug grows faint. In its place I hear people yelling,

"Hey! Over here!"

Looking over I see the group waving me over. Hmm. The night is still young. I've got no plans. And miraculously, that Seals and Croft song, Summer Breeze floats in the night air from their boombox. That damn song beckoning me to the children of the hippies. Now what did she say? Don't call them beach bums?



*ubuntu*

In certain regions of South Africa, when someone does something wrong, he is taken to the center of the village and surrounded by his tribe for two days while they speak of all the good he has done. They believe each person is good, yet sometimes we make mistakes, which is really a cry for help. They unite in this ritual to encourage the person to reconnect with his true nature. The belief is that unity and affirmation have more power to change behavior than shame and punishment. This is known as Ubuntu - humanity towards others.



BSNORRELL.BLOGSPOT.COM

**Paiute Shoshone Filmmaker Myron Dewey killed in car wreck after broadcasting live from Yomba bombing range**

Censored News is a service to grassroots Indigenous Peoples engaged in resistance and upholding human rights.



Democracy Now!

[Myron Dewey, Who Documented Resistance to Dakota Access Pipeline, Killed in Car Accident.](https://www.democracynow.org/2021/9/28/headlines/myron-dewey-who-documented-resistance-to-dakota-access-pipeline-killed-in-car-accident) <https://www.democracynow.org/2021/9/28/headlines/myron-dewey-who-documented-resistance-to-dakota-access-pipeline-killed-in-car-accident>



Native News Online.

[Native American Journalist Myron Dewey, a 'Dedicated Water Protector and Digital Warrior', Dies in Car Accident](https://nativenewsonline.net/currents/award-winning-native-american-journalist-myron-dewey-founder-of-digital-smoke-signals-passes-away)

<https://nativenewsonline.net/currents/award-winning-native-american-journalist-myron-dewey-founder-of-digital-smoke-signals-passes-away>



INDIANCOUNTRYTODAY.COM

**Digital Smoke Signals founder Myron Dewey dies in tragic accident**

Dewey was known for his iconic drone footage of Standing Rock that gained international attention