



THE MUCKLESHOOT REVIEW

VOLUME 1



Welcome

We hope you enjoy this debut edition of The Muckleshoot Review. It is the product of much collaboration and support, created to highlight the writing and artistic talents of students and faculty at Muckleshoot Tribal College as well as Muckleshoot community members.

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It has been a pleasure to assemble this compelling reflection of the tribal college and community and we would like to extend our heartfelt thanks to all of our contributors.

Sincerely,

Instructor and Editor: Alicia Woods

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We Sing

By Tekamthi Saluskin

The music of my people is still strong to this day
We sing to celebrate, more importantly to pray
Welcome songs for other tribes as they arrive ashore
Farewell songs as they depart in canoes once more

We sing dinner songs to bless the food being served
Songs for all the cooks, to give them the thanks that they deserve
We sing uplifting songs to strengthen each other's spirits
We heal communities to those ears that hear it

Sing songs that tell stories from long ago
Important history that the singers have to know
Sing love songs when feeling romanced by others
Maybe sing a sad song, if you're left for another

We sing prayer songs for family and friends
Sing to bless their lives and their minds to be cleansed
We sing birthday songs to welcome babies after birth,
Also when someone passes on and returns to the earth

Our people sang to lead us in the right direction
Through these songs we maintain Mother Earth's connection
We all continue to sing so the people remain strong
Through these songs our people will live long

Eagle

By Louie Gong



Grandpa

By Mary Starr



George Starr

There are many people in my life that have been an influence whether it be good or bad. To single one out is like having to choose a favorite star. My parents taught me family values and how important it is to get along with your siblings. No matter what happens or has happened between the two of you, they are your family for the rest of your life.

I know the lesson came from them, but they learned it from their parents. I know it's sad to say, but Dad's parents were the grandparents we knew best growing up, so I'll write on my grandfather George Starr, April 1918-August 2001.

My fondest memories of grandpa occurred at the Shaker Church where he was the minister for as long as I can remember. This is where we learned most of the lessons he passed on to us. The importance of sharing what you have with someone that may not have the means to get it themselves. I remember during one Sunday we had all been working together to finish things before the service was done. The kids had finished setting the table and the people started coming in to sit down for lunch. A stranger came in and sat down toward the end of the table by himself. The food was set before everyone and as the person was chosen to bless the meal, the stranger helped himself and ate while everyone prayed. When he finished he got up and walked out.



Leslie Starr & Carl Starr-Williams , Photo by Mary Starr

When he was gone Grandpa stood up to speak. He said that he was proud of us for not saying anything rude to the newcomer. Then spoke of how Native people used to always make sure everyone in the tribe was provided for and that this custom isn't practiced enough anymore because people are only worried about number one. He continued to talk about when he was younger, and he would go and check on his elders to see if they needed anything like water brought in from the well or firewood... Anything.

I don't have any children, but all my sisters do, so I try to help pass on these lessons I learned to them when the chances arrive. When I would bring them to the mountains with me, everything they picked on the first day would go to a grandpa or grandma that they chose. Then I would tell them because it's your very first picking for the season and because that person they chose might not have anyone to go pick for them, or a way to get to the mountains.

Grandpa grew up thick with traditions and passed a lot on to everyone. The first catch, the first kill, the first picking of the season is always put on the table before the family and community.

Welcome My Friend

By Renee Lozier-Rojas

I welcome you once more Springtime
So very happy that you could make
The long, lengthy, lovely journey
It took you to arrive at your final destination
Here....

We missed you while you were away
It has been way too long since you
Have graced us with your presence
I truly do hope that you can stay for
A nice, long visit and hopefully
You brought a lot of very good friends
Like maybe a few flowering bushes
And trees, or perhaps a few of them
Sweet smelling flowers and plants
That I love so much have trailed along
For the visit that never lasts long enough
It always seems as though you just get here
And then in a flash you are gone

I will miss you for the short time when you
Do leave but then SUMMER will be here and
Again I will be busy with all she has to offer
I thank you for taking time out of your busy
Schedule to stop by for a visit and I will see you
Again next year at the same time...Take Care.

Yellow Bell

As told by Renee Lozier-Rojas



When Creator was getting the plants together to send them down here to this world to be foods for The People of Turtle Island, all of the plants were preparing themselves and getting ready for the journey. That is, all but the Yellow Bells. She just wanted to play and was lazy and would not get ready and didn't want any food qualities given to her. So when all the plants were sent down to be a food, The Yellow Bells were left behind. That is why, to this day, they hang their heads in shame and never look up to greet the Sun.

Home

By Kitty Heite

Hot bricks burnt my feet as I stepped out onto the porch with the colander full of pole beans. Every summer I dared myself to stand for longer and longer on the burning bricks, and every summer my feet got more and more calloused. Eventually I would have tougher feet than my cousin William, and then I'd show him who was a soft city girl.

The sun won out eventually, as it always does. I tucked myself into the shady part of the porch and started picking through the beans. Mom would steam them tonight for dinner with the fried chicken, and I'd get to steal hush puppies out of the basket without her noticing. I watched my Dad wander down the driveway, a peach in one hand and a report in the other, his glasses perched precariously on the very top of his floppy too-long black hair. I wondered if Dad had remembered to sleep that night. Come June in Delaware, most of us switched our days and nights around if we could.

The heat of the day was reserved for flea markets and auction halls, and playing at friends' houses where the AC actually worked, but by four in the afternoon it would be safe to go outside again. You could hear cars moving along the small town bringing kids luckier and richer than I was back from their summer camps and pool parties. This was when the gangs of young ruffians would start milling around with our skateboards and basketballs and cigarette lighters and comic books. I always hung around with the same boys, and always got in trouble with the same adults. Epic adventures were to be had in backyards and garden sheds, where Robin Hood fought the Sherriff, Luke and Leia destroyed Darth Vader over and over again.

Eventually the sun would start to set and we could start to think once again about eating. Dad would blow the old policeman's whistle that could be heard in the next town over and let me know it was time to come back home and help get dinner ready. I would sprint down the street in my bare feet, my pigtails flying out behind me smacking at the mosquitoes and horseflies.

As we finished dinner together and cleared the table, trying to decide whether we would go to Dairy Queen for dessert or not, I could hear the cicadas telling their stories to whoever would stop and listen. The first of the fireflies would come out as I argued with my Mom about whether I needed to wear my sandals or just carry them.

As I licked the last of the sticky chocolate off of my fingers a family member or old friend would come by the porch for a beer and gossip, and I would listen to them talk with my Dad about how the town had changed, how the people had changed. I just thought to myself they had stayed the same, only with different clothes and different words. I found comfort in knowing that I was doing exactly the same kinds of things as a kid that my Dad and his brother did when they were kids, which was the same thing their parents did when they were kids. I stood on the shoulders of the family that came before me and wrapped their stories around me like a security blanket as I let the sun and the heat leave my body and carefully positioned myself to fall asleep in the puddle of moonlight coming in through my bedroom window, pooling on my great grandmother's quilt.

Proud

By Kendra Aguilar

I am watching you

As you dig into the ground and turn over the soil
Preparing it for the delicate thing that you'll place there to grow
You look like a pro
Using that shovel that is taller than you

Just moments before, you had been standing by
Shy
Or maybe just apprehensive, unsure where you fit
Among all the people and plants, the tools and the noise
All the boys
And the girls
Much older than you
Knowing what to do

But you watched and you learned
And then took your turn
Second nature for you
Because she had been a tree talker too
And had taught you the way
Even if you hadn't tried, till this day
To make your connection, to pray
The way she did

Arms wrapped around bark
Her hands in mother earth
That was her church
And now it is yours
Your mother's gift
From the spirit world beyond
But I see her spirit in all that you do
After all
I am watching you
And I know she's watching too

Proud

My Mother

By Steven Yanish

When I think of my mother, I think of her as a role model and hero. She has withstood tragedy, adversity and has been able to stand tall through it all. In a major way she has come to my side to help me achieve important goals in my life. With her help and support I have gained a real desire and ambition for life.

A huge part of why I admire my mother is that she always does her best and never quits. My mother right now is a full-time student, has a job and maintains her house. She never complains about this; she just does it. She had to deal with the death of her oldest son and then almost losing the other two. Through all of this she has never quit and stayed strong. As for me, I am enrolled in school, maintain a clean and sober life and am dealing with life one day at a time. Like my mom, I don't plan to quit.

During my life she has shown me over and over again just how big of a heart she has. Everyday my mother is constantly opening her doors and home, offering people help when they need it. In a lot of ways, she has shown love and has gotten a lot back. I have also been described as having a big heart toward friends, family and other people I don't even know. If someone needs something, I wouldn't hesitate giving it to them. My love for my family is what keeps me going, if not for them I would not be here right now.

I want to be just like her. I want to be there for my family through thick and thin and show my friends and family whenever needed that I will be there for them. She has shown me life through her eyes and shown me how to correct mine. I now live a good life and make good decisions and don't take life for granted. Maybe one day I will be where she is in life and be able to provide her with a lot more. Without her and her influences, I really would be lost in spirit.

Huckleberries

By Carrie Rincon

I am going to share a story with you on how my great grandma used to gather berries before there were any cars and roads. This story is from the early 1920's and was shared with me by my mother before she passed away.

My grandmother used to go gather berries every summer up on Mt. Rainer. My grandma's name was Grandma Betsy and my father, Frank Lozier, used to take my grandma by horseback. They would leave at daybreak and use two horses to get to the mountains. One horse would have all her camping stuff and the other one would carry her to the mountain. It would take many hours to get to the campsite. After they arrived, my dad would set up the campsite, and then he would travel back down to the reservation and get the rest of the belongings needed for camping for two weeks.

My dad and grandma would gather from daybreak till the sun would be setting, and my grandma would dry berries while camping up in the mountains. My father would hang them up high at night so that they wouldn't lose the berries to the wild animals while sleeping. It would take my dad a few days going up and down the mountain trail to bring the berries and camping stuff from their long trip. My father used to do this with my grandma every year.

Huckleberries are one of the most traditional foods you can eat and one of the healthiest and are available throughout the year, if you have good family members that will share with you.



Photo by Mary Starr

December 17th

By Gil Adame

It was December 17th 2003, and I weighed 120 lbs. Methamphetamine was my drug of choice. I used to go from motel to motel, smoking and using drugs. I never really ever considered myself to be beneath anybody in this world. I thought my "friends" would always be there for me, turns out they were worse than I was. This motel room I stayed in had a funny smell almost like the smell of anti-freeze from a car that leaks. The walls were covered with old paintings from artists that were unheard of to me. Although I'm not the cleanest person, this room could use some Lysol. I knew one day this dark time in my life would fade away like a bad dream. My goals were to get a good paying job, take care of my children, and eventually go to college, but that seemed very distant at this time. We continued on our mission of drugs, chaos, and drinking. So focused on the drugs I was using, I failed to realize there were cops all around this poor excuse of a motel. Even though another person in the room had a scanner it was too late, they were everywhere. Now I know what a caged animal feels like; I was very much trapped.

My mind was everywhere, but my body was not. I couldn't move, I felt frozen. I gathered my thoughts and headed towards the door. I looked through the hazy peephole, but saw nothing. Never in my life did I feel like such a loser. This was my only chance to make a run for it. I quietly opened the creaky door, looked from left to right, and slowly slid my way down the hallway. I reached what I thought was freedom, but didn't make it too far. We were outnumbered and they were there for one thing, to find drugs and weapons. The guns! Oh my God the guns! I asked one of my comrades if he had took them out of our car. I couldn't understand what he was saying it sounded like gibberish. I was thinking of my son, and my family, and how I had failed them. Being on parole for a gun charge would send me back to prison for 15 years. So I began to do what most people do in this situation....pray.

Silently I prayed "Lord please don't let them find those guns." I felt like I just got off a treadmill the way my heart was beating. I was arrested and placed in the back of the patrol car. I shed a few tears, wondering how they never found the pistols. I could only think of one thing. God answered my prayers, but why? The events that happened that night really sparked the change in my life for the better.

I was released from prison on April 20th 2004. I can truly admit I do not regret what happened the night of my arrest, 4 months earlier. I learned so much during my time away from the outside world. My relationship with my son, and my family are so much better. I continue being a productive member in this society. I've reached my goals and I'm still pushing forward to achieve them. My mistakes do not define who I am today; in fact, that night opened my eyes to a whole new universe. To learn that God is first really made me think of my future. My kids are in my life, I have a good job, and I made it to college! Who would ever have known the path of darkness would lead to a very positive path? I give thanks to God, and to everyone who never gave up on me.

Grandma's Road

By Luella Sandoval



My mother grew up in Snoqualmie, Washington. When she was alive we used to travel through this road on the outskirts of Snoqualmie to visit my aunt. I asked her once how these beautiful trees ever came about on this road, where no one hardly ever travels. She said that when she was small child there used to be government houses on this road and a Korean camp up over there towards the hills. It is gone now and all that is left are these trees. The government tore down the houses.....

No Choice

By Clinton McCloud

We have no choice but to become stronger
We have no choice to become stronger when some one steps out of our life against our own will, when we have to move on without them
When we have to figure out a way to do the things they were supposed to do
When we feel the gloom in the hallways and have to deal with it
We are becoming stronger with every tear and every heartache, it is making us stronger,
As an individual and as a team we become stronger
In the new morning I know I am stronger than I was yesterday
With the support of my friends and loved ones I will make it to
Another morning another month another year,
Another year where I have lived and learned
Not only for myself but for the ones that lean on me
And need the strength, to make it to
Another day another week another season
I am here to support you, to support me and to support us
Because together and individually we are strength for this community
Our community.

Addicted to an Addict

By Bettina Brown

I'm addicted to an addict does this make me and addict too? Because my drug of choice is you.

It's not the drugs I'm addicted to or even chasing the high you get; I've been addicted to you from the first time we met.

Your pain and suffering will eventually go away; as for me my symptoms they come back every day.

Headache and heartache and everything in between, I hope you truly realize what this really means.

It means I love you and won't ever stay gone. How could this feel so right when I know that it's wrong?

My mind is right telling me to leave and let you go, but my heart threatens to stop beating if my dose of you gets too low.

So my mind asks my heart why such strong feelings for another when they don't feel the same; my heart responds that it is the love to blame.

I'm so tired and just want out of this game but without you I know my life will never be the same

The difference between your addiction and mine is you are lucky you have the power to choose, but in my situation I feel I am destined to lose.

You see if I chose to give up this addiction, I will be losing you, and that's not something I'm willing to do.

So I will keep my head up and take this day by day because I realize how much more it hurts to walk away, so I'm going to take the easy road and stay.

So with all that said, my name is Bettina, and I have a problem and the drug I chose to do and what makes me and addict is you.



Photo by William Fleet

Neighbors

By Todd Johnson

The neighbor is one of thousands.
Non-compliant. Nude
behind the French doors, she rages
about nuclear shit. This is
not a test. The cats' green glow confirms
the worst nightmare. You can't see
all your eyes burn to see.
You have no cats. Just a velvety
red vizsla that sniffs
at the figure behind the glass.
One day she'll shave
the dog. The letters P I G
left above the pink skin.

The loud cry in the dark
night is deeper than the green
cat's sex. It's human. Too human.
Is it her? No, it's a boy. Like you.
Once you open the blinds into the black,
the wailing grows louder. More visceral.
Are you dreaming in this
rare penumbra? You see a gun
in a boyhood closet thirty
years from here. Unreachable.
You feel the cold, hard grip,
the worst fear. The moon's light
is lost.



Photo by Dan Williams

Untitled

Anonymous

I am determined yet sad
I wonder when their lives will change
I hear the cries of my people
I see the pain of the endless cycle
I want them to know, you don't have to live this way

I am willing and ready
I pretend they don't know better
I believe my people have immense potential
I feel that they've lost their way
I worry whether they don't believe
I cry for my people's endless suffering

I am patient and here
I understand it will take time
I say, let's begin now
I dream they will follow
I hope they discover their strength

I am determined yet sad



Photo by Dan Williams

Cowboy

By Sonny D. Bargala

It is story telling time at Grump-pa's house, and the grandchildren eagerly gather around the family patriarch. The one daughter's children refer to him as "Grump-pa" to distinguish him from their paternal grandfather, papa, who has a sunnier disposition. It is not that they love Grump-pa any less than papa, or fear Grump-pa for his surly disposition; it is just that these particular two grandchildren are clever at vocalizing observations from their unique perspective. Story telling time is really fun for the grandchildren, and a time of anxiety for their parents because their mothers never know what their dad may tell stories about. Will it be a story of when they were children, and did something that was embarrassing to them now? The suspense was building.

"So, can any of you tell me why I am called Cowboy?" Grump-pa asked.

"I know," said Devil Lee. "It is because you wear a cowboy hat." "That is a good guess, Sweetheart, but it is not why I am called Cowboy. You see, I do not wear a cowboy hat. It is a cavalry Stetson and it is part of my warrior regalia. My Stetson is decorated with my warrior medicine," Grump-pa replied.

"There were two times that I remember being called Cowboy," Grump-pa continued, "The first time was when I ran over a cow by Boise Creek. Your auntie was just a baby then, and we were travelling home after visiting some friends in Buckley. The experience did rattle me a bit to say the least, but, when I told my friends what had happened, they laughed, and said that they would start calling me Cowboy. The cow was not hurt, and my car did not even get a scratch so there were no consequences either way; but, I did get the moniker Cowboy."

"The second time was when I was a hunter many years ago. The first sixteen elk that I harvested were cow elk so my hunting partners said that they would call me Cowboy because I had never ever harvested a bull elk. I do not know if I can keep the name now that I have harvested a really nice bull elk, but, I probably can, since my cow harvest has a longer personal history," Grump-pa concluded.

"Oh Grump-pa," said Baby Lee. "That's not a funny story. Tell us another one; and, this time, make it a funny one."

"Did I ever tell you the story about how your grandmother got the nickname, the Mecca Mauler?" Grump-pa continued as grandma glared at him with a threatening look, and the grandchildren gathered closer because this is one of their favorite tales. "Well, it was back when she..."



Photo by William Fleet

Wolf Chucks

By Louie Gong



A Story

By Kendra Aguilar

One day, a young Indian woman came across a path she did not know. She decided to ask the council where it led. They told her that it was the path to knowledge. She said she wanted to walk the path, so the council gave her tasks to see if she was ready. When she had passed their tests and was ready for her journey, the council gave her one final task. To show she was honorable and deserving, she was to find a leader where the path ended and sit with them and hear their story, and all they would share, and bring back the knowledge she'd received as a gift to the council and all her people.

The young woman set out with many songs in her heart, the songs of those who were strong or wise or brave. Her task would not be easy for there were so many great leaders in the land. At first she met Bear, who was known for his strength, but Bear was too hungry and busy fishing to tell her a story and carry her to the end of the path. Then she met Eagle, who is very wise, but Eagle was too focused on feeding her young to share her wisdom of how to reach the path's end. The young woman's heart grew heavy for fear that she would not find the leader the council described.

She sat on the edge of the path where it bordered the sea. A single tear slid down her cheek and landed in the water. It caused a ripple that caught the attention of Turtle who carried it out to Whale. Whale came to her and asked why she was sad. She explained her journey and her task and then her woe that she would never find who she sought or the end of the path and she would not be able to give a worthy gift to the council.

Continued...

First Whale made her laugh by tossing large boulders into the water with his tale and splashing coyote, who was passing by, and she knew he was strong. Then he soothed her by telling her stories from long ago that he'd learned from his mother, and she knew he was wise. Then she asked Whale about his life in the big wide Ocean, and he told her of its vastness and where he had traveled and seen the vastness of the land that bordered it, and she knew he was brave.

"Too bad you could not take me to the end of the path," the young woman said. Whale answered, "Do not fret over what you would find at the end of this path, for I am of the Sea that borders this path and although it stretches far and long and takes many turns and ups and downs and even has many branches, they all lead back to where you stand now and then they take off again. You could spend a lifetime walking this path and never go the same route twice, if you so chose, and you would always see something new and experience something different."

The young woman thanked Whale and gave him the fish she had kept for the trip. Her spirits lifted, the young woman decided to return to her village, although empty-handed, for she had made a friend and that had made the journey worthwhile.

When she arrived, the council was eager to hear what she had brought them. "I have brought you nothing," she said, "and although I met many along the way with things to share, none could take me to the end of the path for the path to knowledge has no end, as I learned from Whale, who is strong and wise and brave." "You are strong and wise and brave as well," said the council, "for this journey was yours alone and what you learned belongs to you, and only you have the choice to share it with others and lead them to the path in the hope that they would take their own journey."

And so it was that many people would decide to take journeys down the path to knowledge and they all would share what they found and all would benefit and see that they were also strong and wise and brave just like Whale and just like the young woman.



Photo by Dan Williams

Let Us Flourish

By Clinton McCloud:

Please Creator
The one that created all, the one that has infinite understanding,
I pray to you
Please grandmothers and grandfathers that have gone on before us
I pray to you
All of our ancestors back to the beginning of time
I pray to you
To all of our spiritual brothers and sisters
The plants the animals the insects the wind the water the fire the mother earth the unknown elements in the universe
I pray to you for the understanding and the knowledge
To let us flourish
Let us flourish in the old ways
Let us have the knowledge of yesterday
and the knowledge of today, so we can use it in a good way.
If we have earned it,
Let us flourish in the old ways of our people

Let us have that connection and understanding with all of our surroundings like our people so abundantly had.
Please Grandmothers and Grandfathers
Let us have the understanding of the universe at our finger tips
Like you once had, so we can carry our people into another millennia
I come to you
And ask you to help us in this way,
Because the line of our elders grows thinner with everyday
And the knowledge that our young people have of the old ways grow thinner
Let us flourish with the teachings and the understanding of "why"
I come to you as the son and as the grandson and so on
And ask you to pass this thru the good hearts of our people
And touch the hearts that may have strayed from the straight and narrow path.
So we can be undivided and stand strong together once again.
The time of our traditions and culture are growing thin
So I'm going back to the basics of praying and asking you my ancestors that have gone on before me but most of all I am asking you, our creator the source of all for this guidance.

With all my heart, your son

