



THE MUCKLESHOOT REVIEW

VOLUME 3



Welcome to the third volume of the Muckleshoot Tribal College's literary and arts magazine. This issue was inspired by the theme "traditional foods" and about half of the submissions are responses to the topic. This subject was chosen in conjunction with the planning of the First Annual Muckleshoot Berry Festival; a collaborative event between the college and community to celebrate traditional plant teachings while also promoting wellness. I think the diverse submissions produced on the topic reflect our interesting and complex thoughts on both food and tradition. From a humorous poem about a decrepit can of Spam with a vendetta (William S. Yellow Robe, Jr's "And the boss says a 1. 2. 3. 4") to a somber recollection of the unjust imprisonment of tribal members for fishing (Tanya Rojero's "Memories"), the works present compelling perspectives and reflect a dynamic community of artists.

The Muckleshoot Review has grown a great deal since the last issue and has over doubled the content from Volume Two. A special thanks to the staff of the Muckleshoot Tribal College for creating and supporting an environment in which creativity can thrive. I'd especially like to acknowledge Wilma Cabanas, Tribal College Administrator, for her guidance and leadership. Northwest Indian College was instrumental in the production of this issue and I'd like to express deep gratitude for their support. I'd also like to thank John Loftus for his graceful guidance, and Gerri L. Williams for her poetry, recruitment of artists, and vision. Finally, I would like to extend a heartfelt thanks to all of the artists that participated. I am honored to assemble a collection of works from such a creative and talented group.

Sincerely,
Alicia Woods
Editor

Cover and Berry Festival artwork by Doug James and Louie Gong. Design by Alicia Woods.

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Elk, Bear and the Muckleshoot People

By Dana Matta

This is a creation story that was first heard and retold over thousands of years; thus it has been handed down since time immemorial. It tells the story of how the Muckleshoot people and the Green and White Rivers came to be. This story will give you a sense of why we are so close to the elk, bear and salmon in our lives and in our cultural history.

It is a story of two massive animals; one of which is a bear and the other an elk. They were said to be the guardians of the mountain regions, yet they did not see or know of one another! They lived on opposite sides of the great snow covered mountain that we know as Mt. Rainer. It was inevitable that they were going to cross one another's paths.

Early one morning, at the first break of light, when the sun started to make all the valleys and canyons visible, the two giant animals set eyes upon one another. The bear began to growl and snarl as he stood up on his hind legs. It is told in the story that when he came back down on his front paws that the mountains shook everywhere. His long claws tore at the ground and trees, challenging the great elk to combat. The elk, with his massive antlers and his mighty hooves was not scared of the bear's show of strength. He also tore at the trees with his antlers and made deep ruts in the ground with his sharp hooves. They both threw dirt and trees from the surrounding area, making a clear spot for battle. It was just beyond this clearing that deep blue lakes they both drank from marked the edge of one part of the battlefield. Trees and mountains surrounded the rest of the battleground.

With a thunderous growl from the bear and a just as loud snort from the elk, they attacked each other. They rolled and fought; fur and blood flew everywhere, it was a fight to the death. Equal in size and strength the fight went on for days. The bear's claws and the elk's antlers tearing at each other, a lot of damage was done to each one. Finally there was a silence in the mountains as they both lay exhausted and bleeding on the ground.

They both knew they were dying from their wounds, yet they felt a peace come over them because they also sensed that they were creating new sights, sounds and smells to the mountain area they guarded for thousands of years. They gave their giant bodies and spirits up so that smaller spirits were able to be created in their place. Little did they know that the Creator had this plan for them from the beginning of their creation. It is from their strength and courage that all other creatures came.

The clawing of the bear and the tearing of the elk's antlers in the lakes created rivers that did not exist before; their battle is what created the Green and White Rivers that our people, the Muckleshoot, know today. All of the fur that floated in the air from the two giant's battle turned into the animals of today and the fur that floated up higher became all of the different birds.

The blood of the two, that fought so valiantly, which landed on the trees and brush along the new rivers, White and Green, turned into all of the Muckleshoot people. Berries that had blood from the battle that fell into the rivers turned into the salmon people. The sacrifice of the two giants giving up their lives in battle gave all of us and all other life surrounding us our part in the Creator's circle of life.

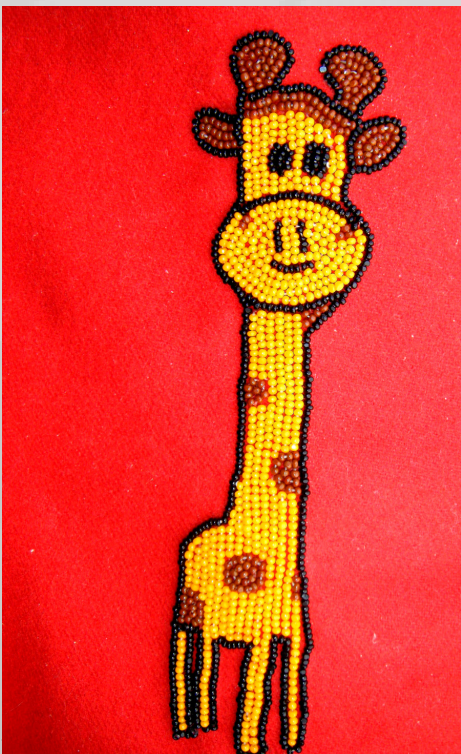
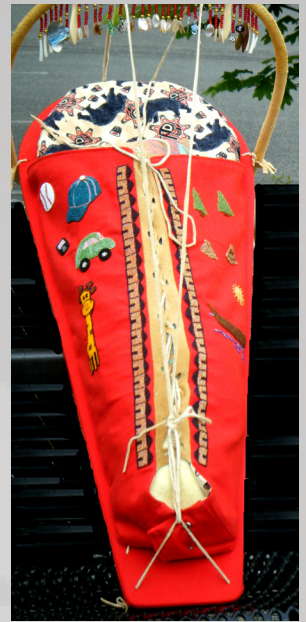
It is said that from that time of the great battle there are no longer any giants in the mountains; yet the thunder and lightning that we hear and see coming from the great mountains is said to be the bear and the elk, still celebrating what they helped create. To this day you can look at Mt. Rainer and see the elk and the bear on the sides of the mountain.

To the Muckleshoot people the elk and bear are important parts to our own being. We shall always have a great respect and connection with the two giants that gave us life and the salmon, which is so much a part of our circle of life. Whenever we hear thunder and see lightning in the mountains, it is the two giants still talking of what they helped create. In return we give our thanks and utmost respect.



Baby Board

By Jackie Swanson for Greg Swanson



Memories

By Tanya Rojero

The water glistened and sparkled and the breeze was warm as the rays of the sun beat down on the Columbia River Gorge. As a child I looked forward to summertime, what could be better than having a place to swim anytime you want? This was my most memorable childhood event mainly because I was with my family. My Uncle David, my Auntie Bonnie and all my cousins, my grandmother Myra, and my grandfather David, as well as my Auntie Penny and my Uncle Sam. It doesn't get any better than being around people that love you no matter what. Each and every one of them have a special place in my heart.

I felt that I had the greatest grandpa ever. His skin was soft and wrinkled and his hair was a silvery gray color and he wore glasses when he read. He was always reading the newspaper and big law books. The way he talked and carried himself made me believe he was really smart. I never knew just how smart until I got much older. He even spoke his native tongue fluently and would carry on conversations with my grandma. He was very patient and kindhearted. I would follow right behind him everywhere he went. He had to pick up his meds across the bridge at Hood River and we would go for a drive off to the store and he always bought me chocolate licorice, that was the best.

To me it always seemed that my grandma Myra was so different. She had thinning hair and it was dark black with streaks of silver in some places. She always had things for us to do and toys for us kids to play with but it seemed like she didn't have a whole lot of patience for all of us. As if she would be slightly irritated if I wanted to tag along with them. My grandpa on the other hand was always patient and I always felt loved in his presence. It never ever bothered him that I was asking him a million questions. My grandpa was a morning person and breakfast and coffee was a must for him along with the newspaper. I would sit there and ask him about everything. I remember asking him, "Grandpa why do drink that?" referring to the coffee, he would respond that it was his morning cup of coffee and that I wasn't to drink it because it was for adults and it tastes bad to kids and that it would make me be short and would put hair on my chest.

Every summer our family hosted a huckleberry feast that was usually around the last weekend in July. This is also my birthday weekend and I knew I would get money and nice gifts from people that came. In prepping for this big event the whole family would head up to the mountains and go huckleberry picking. When we arrived all of cousins and myself were told not to eat the huckleberries. For me this lasted for the first day but by the second day I could not hold myself back from all the berries I had picked; they looked so juicy and so plump and I figured they wouldn't notice if a few were gone. As one turned into a few then a few into a handful, the next thing I knew I had eaten my whole basket. At this point I felt kind of guilty so I headed back to camp and there they sat. My grandpa then asked "Did you eat any berries?" My eyes were as big as saucers and I replied, "No remember you said we were not allowed to eat any berries?" They started smiling really big and laughing. They told me to look in the mirror and tell them why my mouth was all blue and purple. I was caught and very irritated that the berries turned my mouth blue and purple.

I had no idea that the inevitable would happen and there would be a time that I would not be able to enjoy time with my grandpa the way I always had. I remember that all the adults around me were very secretive about everything. I was sad that it seemed like I could not spend time with my grandpa at the river. Every chance I got to see him it seemed like it just was not enough time. I would ask grandpa "Where are you going?" I would hug him and feel like I just could not let go, because whatever was going on just seemed so scary. I could tell he knew I was scared and he told me he needed me to be strong for Cuppa. I would tell him "But Cuppa, I want to be with you" and he told me that I couldn't right now and I remember that I couldn't understand all that was happening but that I just wanted things to be the way they once were. That was the last time I saw my grandpa before he was arrested and taken into custody.

The next thing I knew I would have to visit my Cuppa in a very depressing place. The weather was hot and we were escorted into a building that had wire fence and sharp wires on the top of them. I was so excited to see my grandpa and my uncle David. When I saw grandpa after what seemed like an eternity to a kid my age, he did not look the same at all. I ran over and hugged him really hard. His face had become more wrinkled, his hair thinner and he looked sad. I said "Grandpa I missed you. When are you coming home?" He hugged me back and said "Soon." I would have so many more visits like that with my grandpa and my uncle. The only other times I would get to see them was in a courtroom when they were on trial. I could only see them from a distance and I could not talk to them or hug or kiss them and that made me sad.

(Continued)

It seemed like forever until I had my grandpa back home. When I saw grandpa he still did not look well, only one half of his body worked and it was hard to understand him sometimes. I was happy I had my Cuppa back. I had no idea that my grandpa was this famous person that had even celebrities supporting him such as: Bonnie Raitt, Jackson Browne, and Senator Daniel Inouye. He was in the newspapers as well as all over the news.

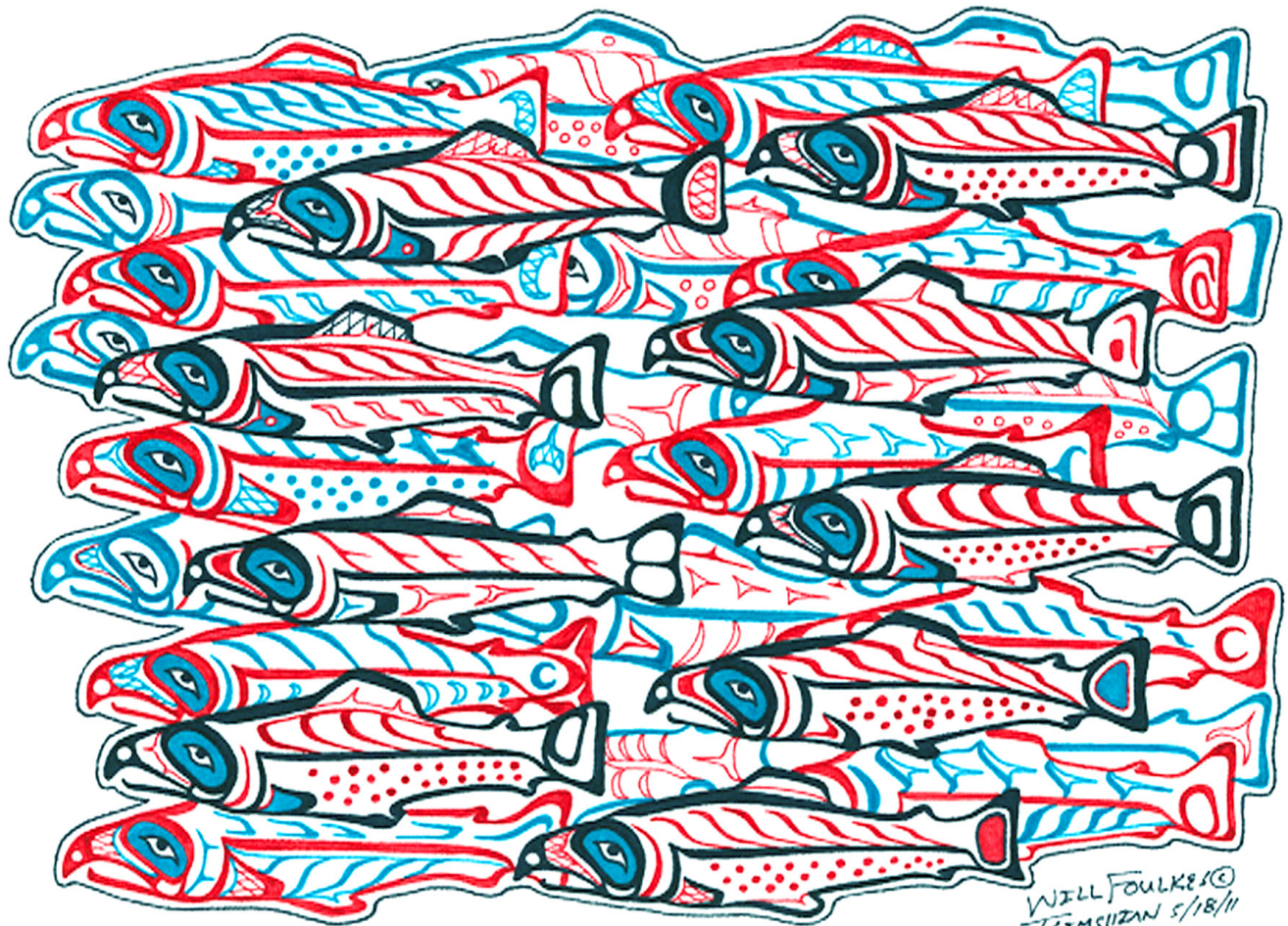
When my grandpa and my uncle went to prison for fishing it was a shock. I remember feeling confused; I was just a kid and what seemed like something so normal for my family could not be wrong. My grandfather did not have much but he was a very giving person. If anyone would stop by he would always offer whatever he had- dried fish, a cup of coffee, a meal. He definitely was not greedy like the people would say in the papers and on the television. How could somebody that did not even know my grandpa say such things? I remember that exact thought running through my head.

Now as an adult I look back at what had taken place with my grandpa David Sohappy and my uncle David Jr and realize that it was indeed a very trying time for our entire family that also had an impact on people outside our family. This was all over the news and all over the newspaper and there were actually people out there that thought my grandpa was a bad person. My grandpa was the most gentle and soft spoken person that meant the world to me and to hear that people had a totally different opinion of him made me feel hurt and a little angry.

I am now an adult and I have a family of my own. I want my kids to know what it was like for me and the special relationship I shared with my grandpa as a young child. I now know that memory of my childhood is truly a treasure. The short time I had with my grandpa will always be remembered. He was a great man and made history. I have two daughters, Daveya Rojero and Leeschelle Rojero, and they go and spend time down at the Columbia River as I once did. I hope that the best of memories are made for them as well.

Salmon School

By Willy Foulkes



The Butterfly Boy

By John Loftus

The Butterfly Boy

It was one of those rare sunny days that sometimes come in early spring. My daughter was lying on the beach at St. Edwards State Park, a former Catholic seminary, talking to the little boy in her tummy. She loved him so much!

She remembered how hard he kicked when the Shakers rang their bells on her wedding day. He was not kicking today.

He was quiet, desperate, starving... needing to escape. But his mother didn't know this. The kind and well-meaning intern, her doctor at the Seattle Indian clinic, hadn't seen that her pregnancy was failing, had told her all was well.

As she basked in the warm sunshine, happy and carefree, a small white butterfly landed squarely on her chest. It stayed there for several long minutes, looking at her intently, before it finally fluttered away.

She didn't realize it till later, but with it went her little boy. He was free now. For the rest of her life, whenever she sees one of those small white butterflies, my daughter will think of her lost love – her beautiful little Butterfly Boy.

And so will I. Always.

* * * * *

Thank you to Joan Staples, Archbishop Alex Brunett, Sister Julie Codd, Roberto Maestas, Frances Charles and Arlene Wheeler of the Lower Elwha Tribe, the Muckleshoot Shakers, and Father Pat Twohy. They all had a part in this, were there when we needed them. And a special prayer for the sweet young intern, who came to the Shaker Church and shed tears for baby at his memorial service, saw his tiny hand clutch his eagle feather as he lay tucked into a Pendleton pillowcase inside a cedar box. This all happened back in 2005. He was my daughter's firstborn, my first grandson. She has two more little ones now.



Room Full of Ashes

By Gerri L. Williams

When I learned how to walk, I was living in low income housing behind the YMCA less than a mile from where my mother's childhood was planted. Rooted, like *kayəʔ*'s willow tree in the front yard. My mother's home was a log cabin built by her father, Grandpa George, a Puyallup Indian whose tongue made the same 41 sounds, whose *səliʔ*- was rooted in wolf prayers, red.

The house where I first lived is a canoe in deep fog. I only see 1101 in charcoal letters, rocking of mom and Dad Mackie tipping back and forth around me; silence.

Silence.

I remember singing, Solider Boy, to Mackie, the only father I ever knew. He was the blanket against my skin; the only one that stood at the stove making supper; split pea and fish egg soup; white rice and smoke halibut. His hands were the ones that placed band-aids on skidded knees and cut fingers.

My mother, a slender woman with long, long black hair. Marlboro ashes bruised our furniture; smoke lathered our walls. Her voice was an 8 track always playing Elvis; my father's Heartbreak Hotel. I learned to walk with fish egg soup in my stomach in a room full of ashes.

kayəʔ-- grandma
səliʔ- spirit

Kiyah

By Gerri L. Williams

Alvina King George

She spoke to me while I was in my mother's womb in a language of 41 sounds. A language created in rain, birds, salt water waves. A language un-fractured when it was spoken to her in 1906; stiqayuʔ waited for leaves in October.

I've only heard her voice while I was in the womb of my mother, although my face is her reflection, her AulaA rise and morning prayer. If she was there that morning she would have brought a clamshell with water, dipped her finger and placed drops upon my lips: The First Cup. If she were there she would have wrapped me in a cattail blanket and sang Sla-Hal songs to me. If she were there, she would have woven a cradle-board with cedar strips, intertwined blackberry and salal dyed pieces into mountain designs.

She spoke to me while I was in my mother's womb, in a language before the divide. A divide of location, before recreation of bəqəlšut and Ilalkoabsh. Alvina, Kiyah, I now hear your voice. As Auntie Donna says, "The language was only sleeping; shake it, wake it up."

kiyah/kayəʔ-- grandma

stiqayuʔ - wolf

AulaA- Sun

bəqəlšut- Muckleshoot

Ilalkoabsh- The Village of Ilalko

Counting Snowflakes

By Gerri L. Williams

Come with me, you say,
a mirage of myself in winter snow.

You sing a coastal love song
in this December night,
tapping glass
with your finger-
molding sunflowers
from midnight snow.

I stand underneath a lamppost
and watch you.

I am making this for you.

Red numbers flicker
through masquerading snow-
an angel reflection
underneath mango
and soft pink lights,
a white shimmering halo
in front of De Ja Vu.

I walk in circles-
hand upon brown metal,
black paint trembling
underneath hazel green eyes-
burberry coating
arms of snow.

I lie on the ground
counting snowflakes,
no one is around
but me and you-
I am everyone who
has lived on 1st and Pike,
you are a raven tale



Photo by John Loftus

I place my hand in yours,
my body evaporates
as another ghost
of downtown
is pressed between concrete,
spray painted on
building in alleyways-

as another ghost
of downtown is frozen
in cedar carvings behind
Pike Place market,
reborn in a glint of snow.

Food Series: Dinners

By Tanya Keene



While these photos are not of our tribe's traditional foods such as the Mescal plant or Piñón nuts that we use during our annual coming of age ceremonies, these shots were taken of more recognizable foods during a BBQ dinner that my family had in 2009. We were celebrating another kind of monumental milestone, my niece's first birthday.

Along with birthdays, dinners are thrown for everything worth celebrating from graduations and weddings to baby showers and holidays, while some dinners are held just because. Just as the reasons vary, so does the food. The dishes we served at my niece's dinner stands out in my mind—I remember getting some ice for my soda then seeing all the food on the counter and thinking, 'damn, this chicken could be in a commercial!'



I laughed to myself and went to grab my 35MM camera before the next round came off the grill. I ended up having to wait—our kitchen is small and there was a constant traffic jam with kids getting handfuls of chips, aunts finishing the potato salad and vanilla & wafer pudding, uncles getting ice for their drinks and the griller asking for the rest of the chicken and burger patties. During this mash of people, my photo op slipped further and further away until the aunts scolded the kids and the uncles herded them out the door.

Once they were gone, that cusp of late afternoon and early evening light flooded the front room and most of the kitchen through the open windows and front door. Time paused and everything on the counter was lit with such an emanating glow, it stopped me in my tracks. For a moment I forgot why I was standing in the kitchen until someone bumped into me and I almost dropped my camera.

(Continued)

(Cont. "Food Series")



Like a rodeo bull out the gate, I jumped and shot our "commercial" dinner. I took seven photos in all, right before that mid-September light gave way to the evening. I looked up to see several puzzled looks. 'What are you doing?' 'Mom, why is Tia have her camera?' 'Tiabeans, did you just take pictures of those hamburgers?' 'She took pictures of the burgers?' 'Who's takin' pictures of my burgers?'

I covered my lens as the kitchen filled back up and answered, 'Takin' photos for my food series... So I can take pictures... Yes I did... I got the chicken too... Oooh. There was some awesome shots dude. I know the food will be good'.



As I put my camera away I heard my sister say, 'You should see the one she took of a pot roast we had for dinner this one time. It was soo good. We just ate all of it that night!' before they went outside to join the birthday girl, the rest of our family & friends.

And I was right. The food was great. Like the night we had pot roast, we ate everything from this dinner too. It's a good thing. That's the way it's supposed to be, especially when it's in celebration of something or someone.

The way I see it, my food series photos are celebrations of the food itself, the one thing that brings everyone together, whether it's for a traditional coming of age ceremony or a first birthday BBQ dinner here in Mescalero, New Mexico.

Excerpt from “My Path”

By Melvin Daniels

Little can be said about the Old House other than it was cold; when the wind blew you could feel it reach right through walls and it shook you under the blankets. The house was not much more than a shack really, split cedar siding with newspaper for insulation. The unpainted plywood walls of our bedroom seemed to have images of evil spirits trapped in the grain- and there were no barriers that kept them out of my mind. The wood did, however, provide some barrier between us and the winter, even though it was possible to peek out through cracks in the wall and see the world outside. Glass and wood frames provided a view of Mt. Rainier through the front window.

We were fenced in by concrete on three sides. The highway to the west was a hundred feet away and 416th was only fifty feet to the south. The road to the east had once been the highway. Solid concrete to this day with tracks in the road, said to be made by my grandfather. I always imagined him marching across in an act of defiance; the road builders could do nothing to stop him. Laying claim to that section, making his trail. I never met my grandfather, seen a picture or heard a story. He died when my father was young. A warrior's son, all our grandfathers were, no other way.

The back door led to the outhouse. Behind that was a stream that ran when it rained- which was all the time. Farther still was a small field, spotted with fruit trees and brush. The remains of a large old growth tree fifteen feet across and fifteen feet high provided a personal fort. The years of decay had created a hollowed out shell with tunnels and valleys to explore. It was always damp and cool no matter what time of year- my fort.

When I was playing by the old house I wanted to be like the Indians that held special magic “power,” a connection with the past and future. They told us that we could see both in our dreams, visions and in songs.

“Your great Grandmother was blind, we used to try and trick her by sneaking up behind here on the trail or hiding from her when she walked in a room. She always knew when someone was there and who it was. If there was more than one of us, she would call our names. She was always right too.” My Great Grandmother had strong Indian Power; there was some of her power inside of me.

“She used to walk the train to the river anytime of the day by herself and set her nets. Sometimes we'd see her coming and hide from her; she'd call out our names when she went by. The old people could do these things.”

“I am going to be like that ain't I father?”

“Ha-ha, yep son you are.”

I closed my eyes and imagined I could sense my surroundings.

The Day Jesse Turned into a Wolf

By Regina Morrison

Jesse awoke early that morning to get ready for school. He thought to himself, "This is a very nice day with the sun shining warmly on my face." Jesse went to school on the bus, as he did every day. Like all young boys, he was mischievous when things got to him. At school his work made his head hurt so he decided to listen to his music. He was listening to music when no one else was. They wanted to take his music; they tried to put their hands in his pockets when he tried to hide his music. They frightened him and he started to run. He started to howl, as he howled, he began to turn into a wolf. They didn't even care if he was scared or even that he changed into a wolf, they still chased him. Everyone was yelling at him in a language that he could no longer understand. Then they finally caught Jesse the wolf and they called grandmother.

As they arrived a big building the grandson Troy asked, "Is that where they keep the bad wolf boys? Can I still be his brother? I'm gonna have my songs in here" he said as he pointed at his heart. Grandmother and her grandson Troy waited as they brought Jesse to them. When Troy saw his brother walking down the hall he ran up and hugged him. Seeing that he was still a wolf, he let out a sigh and said, "Grandmother is here to take us home."

"And the Boss says a, 1, 2, 3, 4..."

By William S. Yellow Robe, Jr.

Deep sleep,
in my dream,
Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band
are doing a show,
"This is dedicated to our friend, Clint," says the
boss.
My favorite,
the excitement is thick,
and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

"Clint?"
I'm nearly pulled out of my dream.
I cling to anything to keep me here.
I want to be here,
not there.

"Clint!" says the voice.
and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

My body feelings return to me,
I blink my eyes,

I'm not there any more,
I'm here.

"Clint!"

I look around the best I can,

scratch what needs to be scratched,
"What?" I say.

"Clint-why?"

and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

On the very corner,
of old small dresser,
marked from black felt pens,
coffee, tea, food, and kids crayons,
There
sitting,
patiently

half covered in green mold,
hair, fuzzy hair, not stubble,

but fuzzy,
white fuzzy,
the maker of the voice.

"Clint-why did you leave me?"

and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

Was I here, or there?
Was I awake, or asleep?
What was this voice?
Who owns this voice?

"Clint, I'm barely half done."

The skin was hard,
a little shine to it,
but it was pale,
sickly,
with green spots.

(Continued)

(Cont. "...boss says...")

"I don't know," I responded with a minimal amount of courage.

"You've dropped parts of me on the floor,
held them under running water,
cleaning them,
healing them,
and then placing them on
plate or bread,
devouring them.
Why do this to me?"

and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

Why are you upset?

This is ridiculous.

You, you are,
what are you?

My mind was formulating a logical response,
but to what?

"When all had abandoned you,

I was there.

I was available to you.

You never discussed me with your
friends,

but I am here.

Why Clint?

Why did you discard me?

I feel I was never fulfilled," said the voice.

"You, you are a half of can of spam?" I said
with a little bit of fear.

"I nourished you and all your relatives," said
the voice.

"You could have saved me,
I do welcome storage,
just keep me cool,
serve me cold,
or warm,

I never fail to please fatigued taste buds," said
the voice.

and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

What do I say to it I thought to myself.
Some good point being made here.
Low sodium diet,
not hungry,
watching my calories,
dieting-it would never believe that.
How do I respond,
what will it do if it doesn't like my reply?

"I did not discard you," I began my reply.
"In fact I looked for you,
from shelf to shelf.
Between the bowl of bean soup and old
potatoes,
You were nowhere to be found.
Maybe you fell out when I choose something
else."

(Continued)

(Cont. "...boss says...")

"Really," its reply in its most snobbish spanish voice.

"You could not find me?

I found you,

and now you must

be made responsible for your
waste."

and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

From the floor rose a paring knife.

It landed gently in a little spam hand.

I gasped.

The chunk being staggered towards me,
weaving from its weight and decay.

"You wasted my kind no more," said
the voice.

"You must be made an example."

I tried to move from bed when I realized the
sheets had wrapped around my legs,
there will be no walking or running,
only retribution.

The spam chunk being came closer,
waving the small paring knife in the air,

"Where to begin," the voice said, "what
to go with it? Eggs, potatoes, maybe some
bread."

The blade shining in the night light.

and the boss says, "1,2,3,4..."

Pike Place Market

By Yvette Diltz



Infallible Proofs

By Dawn Karima Pettigrew

I am Este-Cate.
My Auntie makes good cornbread.
I shall not want.
Creek council decides in my favor.
I have plenty of sofkee.
I shake shells at the stomp ground,
Wreath my calves with slow turtles singing.
I walk through the valley of the shawdow of commodities.
I have no fear.
RedStick Warriors are with me.
War clubs and panthers, they comfort me.
I stir corn stew in the presence of my enemies,
Soliders who have run on a long time,
Long in the tooth,
Too quick with a rifle,
I pour red kool-aid and sweet tea.
My cup runs over.
It is just an old jelly jar, anyway.
Granny Harjo never throws them away.
Surely trout will follow all the days of my life.
If they forget, then deer will find me
And I will dwell in Arkbeka, Okmulgee, Muscogee forever.

In Derision

By Dawn Karima Pettigrew

After the Long Walk,
Trailing tears,
Creeks came to Indian Territory,
Sighed, "Where is the sofkee?"
Answered by rations and the absence of game,
Fingered old bread and lost meat and fell dead in pain.
All the food at the agency is baked ash and bone,
So,
Venison and wild turkeys fill feasts made in dreams
Of fish and sweet water flooding ancient streams.
In this dry, tired land where no water came,
Sugar is money,
There is salt in the rain.

Pink

By Sophia Williams

Pink tastes like fresh made pink lemonade.

Pink feels like soft eraser rubbing on my skin.

Pink smells like a fresh made pink cupcake.

Pink sounds like a pig snorting.

Pink looks like a bubble floating in the sky.



Sophia and Dan Williams

Rattle

By Katherine Arquette

Soothing sounds of small pebbles,
Going back and forth Chi! Chi! Chi! Chi!

The sound of my grandmother's
Rattle as she heals me.

She was a little woman, somewhat of a busy bee,
And lived very reclusively.

And when I would go see her
Wisdom was in her words.

My Grandmother's rattle is now
Mine.

Now I am a grandmother and I have a special someone,
Whose smile is bright, innocent and pure,
My granddaughter.

I sit her on my lap and tell her words of wisdom
Brining the invisible into focus.

We speak of our ancestors
And the old ways.

I made her a rattle
This one here.

Maybe she will remember me
When the rattle talks with her.

Spirits

By Katherine Arquette

Approaching the Island with no inhabitation of man
Spirits of the unknown take my hand.
Spirit of life
Spirit of death,
Spirit of the unknown, the one I know best,
Take my hand
I his guest.
The guardian spirit I feel is here
a place of peace
Place of no fear
The Smells of salt mist
clouds the air
Arousing mystics from everywhere....
The taste of herbs found on the island
Refresh me like new rain
Carpets of colors green, purple and orange remind me of
A salad dish through the forest floors and dangled in trees.
The hike through the woods sets me free!
The songs of birds speak to me
Passion of the sun gently warms me
Becoming acquainted with the situation
What is not obvious, Inhabitation of man.

Down and Out on the Scene

By Jonathan Taylor

They called me the voice of a generation
A moniker that made me antsy
I just sing songs and play guitar
I'm not the answer
I'm just blowing in the wind
So I tried disappearing
Moved to the top of a mountain
They came on skis and in helicopters
Even at the top of the world
I couldn't have peace of mind
So I came down and made an album
I wasn't the same they said
I changed
What happened to the music? They asked
From Messiah to Pariah
I was down and out
I didn't ask for this
I never created this scene
I'm just walking its streets

Sunday Morning

By Jonathan Taylor

Turned on the radio
This cat was howling about his broken heart
If I close my eyes
I can picture him in the studio
Sweat lashing off of his face
Forming a pool around his shoes
I bet they're expensive shoes too
He's clinging to the microphone
Like it's a sinking ship
Might as well be 'cause his woman split
It doesn't matter if your baby's gone
Or if she's by your side
You feel it you know
Now he falls to his knees, moaning
I've got ramblin'
Ramblin' on my mind
The song fades out
Leaving tears in my eyes

Yarrow

By Renee Rosa Lozier-Rojas



Real good “Sunburn Stuff”

Infuse Yarrow (fresh or dried) in Witch Hazel for a week. Then press it out and mix it with equal parts of Aloe Vera gel and Rosewater. You can add 6-8 drops per ounce of lavender essential oil.

Yarrow is also known as Warrior Medicine. When warriors would go off to war they would fill their medicine bags with yarrow. If they got shot with an arrow or bullet, they would stuff the wound with yarrow to stop bleeding instantly.

Dog Deck

By Louie Gong



Dog Deck, 32" x 8", 2011. Acrylic paint on maple skateboard deck.

Most people think of the "rez dog" as being dirty and a nuisance. Yet, the rez dog also displays tremendous resilience, courage and ingenuity, which are highly valuable characteristics. By featuring the rez dog on this custom skateboard deck, I hope to illustrate how a person can reclaim negative ideas, things and experiences by choosing to focus on their positive characteristics.

LOVE + (2) REALITY + MEDICINE = (2) REALITY + MEDICINE

By Angelo Baca

Strawberries are the sacred food

That the Creator made one time in recent history

To bring together the man and woman who loved each other

When they had a fight and argued hard, she left him

He begged the Creator for help so he could find her again

Creator took pity on both of them in their rage and pain

Another time, another age, in recent memory

I made waffles that were shaped like Valentines

Sliced strawberries to make delicious, edible hearts

Cut slices of oranges to complement the red colors

Drizzling in golden pools of honey inside each perfectly square cell

And I asked the Creator to let her know I cared about her

She slowed down to pick them up from the ground

These were different than the rest, not like the other plant people

Beautiful and sweetly fragrant, unlike anything else she knew

They were pleasing to the eye, the touch, the taste

She was surprised and happy to eat the breakfast I made

Impressed and comforted, not a simple feat

It was easy now to see the future together

The quiet of the morning where only flavors whispered

Endless possibilities of life and love

He raced toward her now praying the whole way
Every step he hoped would bring them closer as she picked strawberries
He was unsure and frightened thinking he could lose her forever
Everything interested her and caught her attention now
Nothing was certain but the steady prayer of his song
And the finality of one possibility if he could not reach her in time

The divide occurred in the rising summer
During the height of everything at the peak of the season
This split broke hearts in two, in fours, squared, cubed
Shapes of our hearts no longer resembling berries in half
Racing to her as fast as I could with prayer inside me

I begged the Creator to slow her down
Too late, I'm too late; I'm too foolish, I'm sorry
Strawberries are the sacred food, timeless and eternal
That brought the two who loved each other back together again
A blessing to the people, a healing medicine

Creator, Thank you for helping them
Even though you could not help me for I could not help myself
It was not my time or my destiny
Thank you for its good power, this gift to us all

Please help me to take pity on myself in my rage and pain
The sacredness of this love medicine

It tells me its story,
A history lesson,
A tale with a moral,
Every season,
Thereafter.

Wanting You

By Victor "Playboy" Omnell

Dedicated to G.L.W.



You are so amazing
When I look into your eyes
I feel nothing but love

You make me feel so ecstatic
Chills rush down my spine.
My heart beats fast
I feel warmth throughout my body

All I hope for is just one kiss
Your sweet lips against mine
My arms around you
Holding you until the end of time

Our Moment

By Victor "Playboy" Omnell



Our moment in life has just begun
The spirit of our souls embracing this world
Keeping our love and freedom sacred

Knowing each and every move can cause disaster

Moving along this path of danger
Living the lives of our soul

Untitled

By Doug James



Untitled

By Doug James



3 Untitled Poems

Anonymous

I

I know what you did
And it hurt me
Slapped me
Spanked me
And pushed me
I felt as if you threw me in the trash
Picked up your pipe and basically said
"Fuck you"
Lied to my face many times and disappeared for years
Always worrying about that next hit and money
I was ashamed
Avoided telling about you because I did not
Want anyone knowing you were my mom
Until today, I felt like a 6 year old
Dressed in ragged clothes begin drug down by you
Now I am working on me and mines
I will no longer allow your addiction or actions get to me
All I can say is I love you and thank you
For making me who I am today.
I took the blame off you
My shoulders are stronger today
I am taking on my responsibilities and no one else's.

II

Down, Down, Down is where I went.
Falling further and further into the deep abyss.
Too prideful to ask for help
Too scared to show my weakness. No, excuse me- to scared to show me.
Appearing immutable is how I was seen
But soon I will prosper in my recovery
I have learned that change is good.
I want to get comfortable because then I ain't working on anything or going anywhere
The child within is losing her voice and wearing down from screaming for help
So I am reaching for her, pulling her closer, brought her to the surface
We cried in each others' arms
I apologized for letting her hurt so long and piling issues upon issues on her plate.
Being as innocent and forgiving as she is she just smiled at me and said
"But why? It's not your fault. Those bad things do not define who you are.
I know they kidnapped you, but you are here now.
That's all that matters."

III

Sweet Lullabies
Has this heart begun to sing?
Various paths have these feet traveled.
Many faces these eyes have seen
Twenty one winters
A thousand seventeen storms
And full of life yet to come

Life without regret
Forgiveness is on its way
The past is done

Life

By Richard Chance AKA MrNDNMA

When I open my eyes am I awake or still sleeping still dreaming.

That I am going to be successful in these times where days and nights are stressful.

I am a Native American Indian. Does that mean I pack bows and arrows and tomahawks for the white man?

Let the past be the past and move forward with this world.

It's a new era where society still remains the same.

Where people are racist and vindictive to anyone or anything.

Are you a leader or a follower?

Do you try and complete goals or do you conquer.

I am a leader straight face

brown eyes cheekbones high.

I was born in this world to live but I know everybody dies.

Cherokee tribe wolf clan my pride is higher than the sky.

But sometimes you have to just give in.

I say prayers all the time in my head and aloud.

Whoever our creator is I know they are proud. There are many beliefs and I can respect that.

Are you the one chosen in life to do well or do you feel like a setback?

Life is what you make it trust me I know this very well.

I have been through a lot in my lifetime and it's far from a fairytale.

My profession is music I am a rap artist that speaks life through a microphone.

Some of its good some of its bad that's why there's a right and wrong. I will succeed my goals the time is almost here.

To be a famous rap artist and help people out and teach them to have no fear.

My eyes are open now I know I am awake.

Just remember one thing from this poetry.

You can you will accomplish and succeed your dreams and goals.

Only you and our creator know what unfolds.



Backstraps

By Fawn James

It's still dark outside and cold September air is filled with a fog which mists the ground and trees. Before we leave the driveway we do a quick inventory that all necessary items are in the rig – tags, knives, rope, tarp, ammo, rifles, and a cooler filled with food & drinks. We pull out onto the main road where it seems the only people working are the semi-drivers since they are all we pass on our way towards the mountains. As we enter the foothills just past Enumclaw we debate over which areas have been hunted by relatives, neighboring tribes, and the “sporties” (sporties are the Caucasian State hunters) and this helps us determine where deer may be left unspooked and in abundance. Finally, we decide spots to hunt along some of the U.S. Forest Service (FS) and Weyerhaeuser roads and then put them into order of which will be best to go to first then last. The order is determined by past experiences of when animals are seen and/or taken in that particular area. For example, if we have been successful in the morning along FS road 6100 over the past 3-5 years then it's quite easy to predict that those animals like that area in the morning.

Once we are on the roads we want to hunt the whole atmosphere inside the truck changes; no one is a passenger just along for the ride- they are scouts looking for any sign of deer on the ridges both up and down the road sides and in the trees or shrubs. At this time of year, fall, the deer are a brighter orangey brown making them a little easier to spot amongst the lush greenery. Not only do most become scouts but storytellers as well and numerous memories are shared about how each hunter or family member shot a deer or elk over so much distance and with one bullet. These stories also include the “one that got away.” It's these stories that are fun to hear as you can tell their egos are still recovering from the disappointment and sarcastic jokes. These rides hunting can be very scary at times as no one, including the driver, is paying close attention to the road as we are looking into the trees and shrubs. Every once in a while someone will shout “Hey, Watch It!” and a quick jerk gets us back towards the center of the bumpy gravel road.

After 4-5 hours we come upon a nice clearing and below about 50-100 feet are two young doe and a spike buck, and everyone piles out announcing which one they are going to shoot. Before you know it there are three loud gun shots that echo throughout the valley then another shot rings out followed by the boasting of the successful kill from the first shot by our friend and the excuses by our other friend of missing because his scope is not dialed in. More excuses come from my boyfriend because he had to take two shots to kill the deer since he was not ready when the first shot went which spooked it causing it to run. Once they unload their rifles, we pair up and set out with knives, rope and tarp to locate the harvest. As each approach their kill, they yell back where the kill shot hit on the deer so that they can brag for the season and seasons to come about who is the better marksmen. Then the gutting process begins and each teases the other about not hitting the poop bag and ruining the meat as well as sharing the few stories of amateur hunters who have accidentally hit the rectum and intestines. Each hunter makes a cut along the belly of the animal from the rectum to the rib cage which allows them to scoop the innards out of the cavity easily into a pile. From this pile they take certain organs as requested by elderly family members, as there are beliefs that go along with these pieces like the heart is eaten to strengthen it or the liver to help with cleansing. Upon completion, each ties the legs and thrusts the animal upon their backs like a huge knap sack and start their climb back to the rig to cover it with the tarp and we start our descent down the hill towards home.

Once home, the deer is hung upside down to let the blood drain out and will usually hang for a day or longer pending the heat. There are two things that are enjoyed the same day as the kill, the ribs and the backstrap. It's the backstrap which seems the most prized piece of meat- its tender, lean, and tasty. After my boyfriend cleans up he goes into the kitchen and prepares a pan with some oil, then piles flour on a plate and shakes excessive amounts of pepper, salt and Johnny's seasoning onto it. As the oil warms he takes and cuts the backstrap into nice medallions which are then dredged through the flour and fried in the oil for a few minutes on each side. He brings his mom and me the first few pieces that are done stating, "I know this is your favorite and I don't cook often so enjoy them." It is these backstrap medallions that I savor from the deer as they are great no matter how they're prepared: steaks, stew meat, dried or smoked.

Poor Food

By Fawn James

As a kid, growing up eating commodities didn't seem so bad. We didn't know that it meant we were poor.....I thought it was a supplement. Almost all Native people can remember something about commodities and it's usually the cheese! Yes, the block of cheddar cheese was delicious. My least favorite item is a toss up between powdered milk and powdered eggs. It's funny though because my grandma could make them into some wonderful omelets or quiches. She would get the oven preheated and chop up onions and ham or bacon and cook them in a big cast iron pan, add the milk and eggs, then mix and put it in the oven. About 30 minutes-1 hour later a fluffy delicious omelet would be the final product. I'm looking back and missing some of my favorite commodities like: meatball stew, canned peaches, pears and cheese. I feel lucky to have been poor enough to enjoy such foods.

Food

By Cord Rose

When I need nourishment
When I need energy
I turn to food

When I need comfort
When I need to calm down
I turn to food

When I need escape
When I need distraction
I turn to food

When I need to hold back tears
When I need to relieve the pain
I turn to food

Food is my best friend and sometimes my worst enemy
It is my salvation and sometimes my drug of choice
Variety is the spice of life and that, is my food.

Corn Soup

By Kareen Lewis

I shuck multi-colored Indian corn
while wood burns to ash
I shuck the purple, orange, white and yellows
and think of sunsets and sunrises and
lavendar dancing in the wind
I think of all the colors of purple
and how people show their colors
and the dancers who work hard all year
so their regalia can come close
to the beauty of creation

with the corn all loose in brilliant piles
I scoop handfuls of ash and put them in the pan
I think of blackened faces
that have made sacrifices
for the food we're gonna eat
the ashes of our ancestors
who nourish the earth
that grows the corn
and I'm happy that I know the earth

I put the corn in the pan
and fill it with water
it hits the bottom like thunderous rain
I remember drinking from the natural spring
behind grandma's tar papered house
and the water grows cold
as lake superior that can cramp your legs in August
I place the pan on the fire
it clears my thoughts and warms my soul
and the water warms
and I remember birthing my children
thier first canoe trip into life
and I remember
sweatlodge steam
that brings me home
back into my life

I spill the water back into earth
and wash the corn clean
cut up buffalo meat
and see a glimpse of the parfleche replica
on the cottonwood
the tree that keeps life going
and I say a prayer
over the soup

I remember you sun
I remember you rain
I remember you earth
I remember you fire

You above us and below us
You who surround us

Keep the people
I pray
Keep the people



Ngabe Chocolate

Photos By Alicia and Kaya Woods



These are photos we took while visiting the Ngabe Tribe in Panama. The pictures show different aspects of traditional methods of chocolate production they have fairly recently revitalized to increase tribal revenue. Their endeavors have been extremely successful and Ngabe organic, high quality, unrefined chocolate is shipped around the world. Both the chocolate production and tours of their farms have strengthened the tribal economy and funded a wide array of community projects.



TRADITIONAL FOODS

By Dawnda Nahanee



I come from a commercial fisherman family from Bella Bella, a village on central coast of British Columbia, Canada. Bella Bella is the English name, the traditional name is Waglisla, and our people are the Heiltsuk. We were blessed by the bounty of the ocean while I was growing up. Our food and recipes have revolved with the seasons, and one of my favourite times of the year is early spring when it is herring season.

Herring season is a busy wonderful time. Some years have harvested more than others and traditionally; we always went by the moon. At the beginning of herring season, if the moon is half size or bigger (like a bowl) it will be a good harvest. If the moon is thin, what we call 'finger nail' moon, it will be a slim year.

Herring season produces a fish we call 'oolichans' which we eat fresh, smoke in the smokehouse, freeze and make a condiment called 'oolichan grease'. We also harvest the roe aka 'herring eggs' which is a small tasty white herring roe. Some herring eggs are spawned on kelp, and some on pine branches; I prefer the herring eggs on branches. In Heiltsuk language herring roe is called 'ah-unt' and is cooked by boiling very briefly so as not to make them tough to eat; and then eaten with seaweed, oolichan grease, soya sauce or butter, depending what you like.

I hope there comes a time where you can make it to our village and enjoy oolichans or herring roe with us! Thank you, in our language is Giaxixa ~pronounced 'guy ah see ka'!

When I Think About Home

By Steven Yanish

When I awake it is still very early. I rise to my feet and head to the front door, the same thing every morning. I open the door and take in a deep breath of fresh air and light up a cigarette. Rain or shine this is a must. I take a look around me and all I see are trees swaying in the wind or cracking with the powerful gusts of wind that blows through them. It is very peaceful and I can actually hear myself think.

I head down the stairs to the gravel driveway that took two weeks to make and end up on the road. I wander a bit farther and see a giant cedar tree. I continue a few more yards and see the river flowing hard and as peaceful as ever. Never has life been so good or a better time to look upon Mother Nature's creation flowing and outlasting anything in its way.

This is a journey I take in my mind all the time to take away the pressures life has dealt me and one day soon I hope to be back home again.

Posole

By Felipe Rios

My son likes to say that he eats posole everyday even when he just finished a bowl of peeled naranja and a manzana nibbled like a squirrel down to the core.

Between the home cooked meals my jefa (mother/boss lady) and my lady make, coming home to the overwhelming mouth watering aromas is addicting on its own. The tasty tongue tingling posole, tamales, empanada, enchiladas- the ever changing variety of home cooked meals doesn't help if you are trying to count calories. Even if my lady was raised here and my jefa in Zacatecas, the difference between the home cooked meals is subtle like "mmm" and "amm."

I used to buy a Happy Meal every Thursday for my son but I didn't want him addicted to fast food so I eventually weaned him off. Luckily for me he is easily bribed with pepino and sandia. Still, at dinner he picks away at the meals prepared for him by his mom. Later, in his sing song voice, he asserts, "Tengo hambre. Yo quiero chicken nuggets." I think that if it wasn't for chicken nuggets my son would cease to exist. I also went through my chicken nugget and nacho cheese phase in high school. I hope my son learns to appreciate traditional home cooked meals like I did.

ʔihišəd

Photo by John Loftus

Submitted By Gerri L. Williams



ʔihišəd- Relatives (Family)

Being a parent

By Lucas Nelson

Waking up at different hours

Making bottles

Changing pampers

Giving them a bath

Putting the baby in the car seat

Taking them for a ride

Feeding the baby

Buying the baby clothes

Watching them take their first steps

Listening to their first words

Seeing how they do their own little dance

Seeing how happy they are when they get their toes

Us parents get to do all that fun stuff as they grow up



Photo By Dan Williams

Ridler Records - Fish-Point Studios

By Ray "Si" am Lhu't" Charles

(V1)

Ridler...Ridler, tha N8tive Warrior Bro, Rid be dropping N8tive Pride giving Lummis sum hope! I was thinking about tha highs and lows and yesterdays dead bros! Lummi hit tha Cemetery with my mom's red rose. I'm tha Rid and tonite, imna rap and delight, This Salish Pride from my inside is such a sight! I'm crusin Lummi peeping eagles every day in flight. Tossing it up to my people yes once again, slapping words together with a message to send. I'm gathering all medicine tapping Warrior Power, Walking down tha beach while I seafood devour. Fish-Point is my home, I'll let you know wut I say, drop my sweat while I pray and be humble today. Mixing up my beats cause they're quite unique, hooking up dope tracks, record levels on peak! Native Album Visions, feel my tracks of steel, best believe I'm on tha scene and oh, so real! It's no faking or fronting, it's N8tive Pride World Wide, N8tive Wars aren't over keep a strong inside!

(V2)

I waz, standing at the gate of Lummi feeling TRU, to myself and Peoples as my thoughts break thru. Brotherhood spilt blood, an stories in my head, put tha past behind me cause tha past is dead. My focus in my life, is sharp likea blade, but it used to be twisted just like my braids. The spirits of my brothers, are calling in tha nite, so peace to my bother bros and N8tive spirits in flight. Its time ta speak loud and stay proud, and speak my N8tive tongue over a drum machine loud, "Yat sun soy uk a tee a keye us" cause a fisherman iz wut I am, drop tha beats on the mic in my master plan. Its tha Ridler, an I'm so for sure, that I got tha raps that's 100 pure. Im justa red man with a master plan, tryin ta make a few grand as I demand an command and lead my own, to promised land where tha big doggyz like ta roam.

(V3)

N8tivez hating on N8tivez ona Tribal War Path, N8tivez acting like whites, educate yourself to tha past. Leonard Peltier, US Government locked him up, cause they didn't care. They cut our long hair, killed our women and kids everywhere, stabbed Crazy Horse in tha back, cause they was scared of his wrath, to calculate all his scalps it'd take multiple math. US Calvary killing elders and N8tive babies, they're my enemy, our unarmed N8tive People massacred at Wounded Knee. Giving us whiskey, rotten meat, blankets fulla disease, breaking every Treaty they made, they didn't even say please. Ridler's fighting back, years 2G, feel my beats crack, my lyrics fulla knowledge cause my mind don't lack. I'm thinking bout tha force of my words while I do this, talking bad about my N8tives, it makes me so pissed! Raised ina broken family now my circle's gonna mend, kick back and check tha rhythm that this N8tive's gonna to send. Working hard on my Album, poetry meaningful and vast, I've learned from my mistakes and my messed up past. Hatters in all four directions, all this hattin is getting obese, I had to work all by myself, just to get some inner peace. Ridler Records is a dream that a N8tive invented. It's something that couldn't be prevented or demented, it was God sent! Had me bent for years. Fulla love, paint, and joy with buckets of tears. It's all about the Red Road and Grandfather's ripe Red seeds, in tha middle of my raps and all my deeds....

Everlasting Beauty: The Photography of Bill Fleet

By John Loftus

I remember the first time I walked into Bill Fleet's office at TGA. The walls were covered with large framed pow wow photos, each signed in gold pen. As a pretty fair photographer myself, I'm always interested in seeing someone else's work. I thought they were good, but also figured that, because pow wows are so spectacular, it's not too hard to get great pictures.

I started having Bill photograph pow wows for the newspaper from time to time, and each batch of images he captured was better than the last. Bill worked hard on his photography, took it very seriously. He constantly learned, improved, invested. He had a dream of being a great photographer, and had the dedication to pursue it just as far as his talent would take him.

And then – last fall I think it was – I saw a collection of about 30 photos he'd left for the Tribal Council to view. The first few were from the Southwest, and I thought, "Well, that's a scenic place..." but I do know how hard it is to capture the delicate nuances of light and shadow just right, and he'd done this exquisitely well.

I continued to thumb through the photos and was astonished to see that they'd been taken all over the world – Russia, China and who-knows-where! They were flat-out stunning. Breathtaking. I never got to tell him, but I said to myself, "These are absolutely National Geographic quality!" This is the highest compliment one photographer can pay to another. Bill Fleet had become a truly great photographer.

Bill was planning to photograph all three pow wows here at Muckleshoot for me this year. But before that, he was going to embark on a photo odyssey to Alaska, where he hoped to capture the massive grandeur of this wild untamed land. Sadly, it turned out to be his last photo adventure, and he never did photograph those pow wows.



His wife, Joan, tells me that he had them all written down in his date book. She also tells me that when he got back from Alaska, injured, he immersed himself in all the images he'd captured, sitting at the computer for hours on end. They were even better than he'd imagined, he told her.

Bill and Joan were high school sweethearts, and were looking forward to celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary next spring. Joan loves this Muckleshoot Community, as Bill did, and will be sharing the photos from that last trip to Alaska with us in a future edition of the Muckleshoot Monthly.

Our friend Bill Fleet has finished taking pictures, but he leaves behind a huge and wonderful body of work – a legacy of everlasting beauty.

In Remembrance

Photos by Bill Fleet





My Menominee Grandfather's Morning Dreaming

By Thomas Pecore Weso

My grandmother always got up at four in the morning, every morning, and start the furnace. That was the first sound I heard every day. My grandfather, however, emerged from the bedroom at six a.m., fully dressed and groomed. He would come downstairs, and breakfast would be waiting on the table for him. I would say my grandpa got up at six, but that would be wrong. I now believe in the two hours between four a.m. and six a.m., my grandfather would perform a ceremony and pray, in private. I don't think even my grandmother knew exactly what he did. Among Northern Indians, especially Menominees, men are expected to dream, and everything else is secondary to that. I think "dreaming" was the word that suggested matters that are primarily spiritual.

I never saw my grandfather wake up, but he really was one of the last of the old Indians, from that era before substantial intermingling of cultures. In those days Indians stayed with Indians, and there weren't that many outsiders on the reservation. He spoke his native language fluently.

In his public guise outside the reservation, my grandfather was a very cultured man, like a southern gentleman. He was always genteel and charming. Even more than that, my grandfather could out-whiteman the whiteman in civility. That is the man I grew up with, traveling around the northern Wisconsin area. There were a few times when we were with other Northern Indian bands—nearby Potawatomis, Ojibwa, and Winnebago—and he allowed the Indian side to come through. But mostly he was a public leader.

My grandfather usually expressed his private, Indian self in Peyote meetings, since then known as the Native American Church. I went to Peyote meetings with my grandfather all my life, and I saw that Indian side of him, but I always thought that was simply proper church behavior, not distinctive Indian culture. In Peyote meetings, I saw that he had visions, spoke in tongues, and other church experiences.

When I was thirty-five years old, I saw my grandfather wearing an Indian headband for the first time, in a Peyote meeting. This was in during Johnson's Great Society, the era when people were expressing their cultural heritage more easily. Headbands had become a common thing. Anyone with one recessive Indian gene wore a headband. Those were the days when I always had a pair of moccasins. From early spring to late fall, I just wore moccasins, not as an expression of culture, but because they were very comfortable. At that time, I would not be teased or harassed.

So for the first time, in the 1960s, I saw my grandfather wearing a headband. It was reds and blues on a field of yellow. Knowing a little something of the Algonquin motifs, I knew it was floral in the Great Lakes style, but not like anything I had seen before or after. I don't know who made it for him. This was a gift from outside the family. My stepfather, a German American, was very good at duplicating patterns and many Indian people bought things from him, but his designs were simpler. I had never seen Grandfather's floral headband patterns before.

There are different levels of ornamented objects, according to complexity. Certain designs are easier to do than others, and I think people are doing the simpler ones today. These beads were very small and the design was very intricate, so I know it was not my stepfather's work. Beading is a technical skill, with traditions like the peyote stitch, which my Grandfather taught me to do. This stitch is like darning, with a couple knots and then a bead and so forth, very time consuming. This headband was not peyote stitch.

Maybe this headband was not made on a loom. It looked like each tiny, tiny bead was sewn onto something in isolation, and then the entire design would not be evident until it was all done. If you look at any design made in the last hundred years, it is symmetrical, made in a binary pattern, so if you had ten columns of beads, then there is a regularity and repetition of two times ten, which can be expressed quite easily in math. The headband design my grandfather was wearing did not have the regularity of being made on a loom. It was free flowing, and yet it was an evenly edged headband strip. I have not seen examples of this kind of artifact in all the museums I have been to, not even the earliest 1700s objects. This headband must have been made just prior to then, after contact, because it was those glass beads, but before the loom technique was used. The gift of the headband indicates the esteem my grandfather had among his people.

This was a striking occasion, because I never saw my grandfather before or after wearing beadwork. When he was buried, he was buried in a beaded vest. The only other times I saw him wear headbands was bandanas folded like Apaches, in the context of a tipi meeting. The Native American Church, or tipi meeting, was really a cult. The difference between a cult and a church is: a church has regular rituals, so if one priest died, another would replicate the same ritual. So the tipi meetings were ceremonies adapted to the occasion and with variance from person to person. This was what I thought was my grandpa's Menominee spiritual expression.

So now, reinterpreting the past, I see that my grandfather was a lot more mysterious than I realized, and I think the mystery is centered in the two morning hours after he woke up. I think that two hours was his spiritual expression of his Indian-ness. This was not his tribal culture, because tribes were created by white people so they could get property rights. Algonquin people were living in bands. The small villages, isolated in the north woods, consisted of people who were mostly related to each other, so the Potawatomi tribe is one entity in that area, the Forest Band, and they include many Wesos or Weshos. There are some Wesos in Prairie Band Potawatomi. By circumstance, my grandfather became enrolled in the closely related Menominee tribe.

Among these bands, my grandfather was what white people would call a medicine man. I think my grandfather's duty as a medicine man was to create a spiritual climate in which his relatives could survive and thrive.

(Continued)

(Cont. "My Menominee")

A lot of people knew my grandfather. He got around as a game warden. Although he did not hunt or fish, he knew all the Menominee and Forest Band Potawatomi hunters and fishermen. He knew all the white storekeepers and officials in nearby Shawano, Wisconsin. My grandfather went out every day politicking, getting around and glad-handing both communities. He was not prejudiced, but he observed that the nature of white men was greed. He gave many examples, and I lived and watched, and he was right. But if we continued sniping at each other, nobody would have survived and thrived, and it would have been all white people or all Indians, and because of numbers, probably all white people who prevailed. He carried news between factions and negotiated differences.

I can now see Grandpa was trying to create a political climate, in accordance with a spiritual climate, and I think people expected him to do this in his role as a medicine man. My grandfather talked to white people, black people, Indian people, and he tried to learn how to interact with each equally. He never used the N word, at a time when a lot of Menominees were going back and forth to Chicago, and many came back with that word, but my grandfather never used that word.

He never told stories about himself, as he was very modest, but he was a leader. Our family used to be migrant workers. We always had some kind of store or business going, as a way to keep living on the rez. One scheme during the business off-season was to drive to Door County and pick apples and cherries for a few weeks. In Door County, all those years, much interaction among ethnicities occurred. The orchard businesses always put my grandfather on as a foreman. Those orchard farmers liked the Mexican workers, but they couldn't speak English, so farmers couldn't use them, unless someone like my grandfather was hired.

One year at Reynolds Orchard, a group of Jamaicans hired on as a crew, and Reynolds made my grandfather their foreman. The Jamaicans spoke English better than the white people, my grandfather said, but when whites spoke to them, they gave no sign of awareness. So the white people would tell my grandfather what the Jamaicans should do, my grandfather told them, and they did it. Later, we were back home in Keshena, and that crew of Jamaicans came to visit my grandpa, just a wonderful party of people. I remember voices and foods cooking in the kitchen late into the night. They were on their way home and wanted to come by and visit and see what an Indian reservation was like.

These successful cultural interactions would not have happened without people like my grandfather. I will use that as an example of my grandfather trying to make a spiritual environment where everyone could co-exist happily. If things are not good now, how much worse would it be if people like him had not made these efforts? He was not the only one. There were those he looked up to. They learned and taught that building things is better than tearing things down. If you are shooting at each other, nobody can build anything.

We worked for Reynolds Orchards quite a bit. I remember we would go there and live in the residences they had—cabins, houses, barracks for the workers. In those days all the picking and grading of fruit was done by hand, so it took a lot of manpower. I remember my grandfather interacting with Spanish-speaking people. He didn't speak Spanish, but he was able to communicate. He liked tamales, so he would go to Mexican homes and buy food. I think he knew a few Spanish words and Indian sign language. I think he mostly led by example. He'd go do something and show others how to do it by example. So he was a foreman of Mexican groups as well.

While we worked in Door County, we had a regular supply of fruit for the extended family, which we brought home and preserved. Also, in traditional days, Menominees would travel this area during the summer to harvest fruits and other foods. This was an aspect of spiritual life.

In the 81 years that my grandfather was on earth, he was in a Catholic church only one time, a couple hours, and he was already dead, so he didn't have much say in the matter. My grandmother was Catholic. He did all of his spirituality outside the structures of organized religion. The essence of his spirituality was individuality.

I suspect that my grandfather thought that churches in America are social structures seeking to modify behaviors. And those behaviors are legal and social in nature, not spiritual. In his view, churches prevent a person from being an individual. Little original thought occurs in churches. For the last hundred years or so, there has been a handbook of behaviors, a catechism, but people have to put their faith in the authors of the book. My grandfather put his faith in his experiences and heritage. My grandfather was on the trail of the essence of spirituality, that which guides all people. Perhaps he was able to discern some mode of thought that was used by many people.

Medicine men and women, and all people who are spiritual in that sense, practice at a local level, and if something doesn't work out, they find out about it fast. I don't think my grandfather would have given the advice to anybody that if you are a good person, obey the laws, and get persecuted, you should turn the other cheek. Then in eighty years your reward is you are going to die and go to heaven. That kind of advice does not work in the practical world. He would have told you something more realistic: move, get another job, go to school. He would not have said, "The meek will inherit the earth." This was not the practical spirituality that people were actually benefitting from day-to-day.

I think when my grandfather was praying, he was not praying to what white people call God nor the Great Mystery—but to something more elemental, perhaps nature. He knew plants, he knew herbs, he knew animals. I think the Great Mystery is a way for Indians to affirm what white people call God.

(Continued)

(Cont. "My Menominee")

I think reciprocation defined his outlook, because if you are abusing nature, do not expect nature to provide food for your table. People are not at the apex of the food chain. Rather, all living creatures are an expression of God. We have the ability to kill, but we are not in control. We live amongst other living beings. I don't think he would have thought favorably of factory farming, not because he was afraid of wringing a few chickens' necks to feed the family, but because if an animal has to die, there should be some dignity to that death.

If the world was going to hell, it was because there was an imbalance of spirituality. If people feel good about themselves, they take better care of themselves, their domain, their town, and their land. So if a man like my grandfather wants to make a difference, he shows how people can feel better about themselves. That betterment has to be self-evident, or they won't continue it. This improves spiritual outlook as well. Part of Grandpa's teaching was gardening. We always had a family garden. If any of us went to the garden to do some watering or hoeing, we could see our efforts bear fruit. That reward also had a spiritual aspect

The old life was not simple. People talk about the good old days, when things were simpler. It was not. You had to order your day according to what nature was doing, not what you wanted to do. If it was the season to pick cranberries, my grandmother went out to the bogs and picked cranberries. It was a cool season crop, when a film of ice was on the swamps. She couldn't wait for a warm day. She had to get out when there were ripe cranberries. The land had its ceremonies, unfolding through the seasons, and people followed them.

Every meal was not far removed from the woods or the lake or the garden. It wasn't like you could choose, "Today I will have pork." Those choices were planned a year ahead of time. If you chose pork, that meant you bought a pig and raised it until it was ready to butcher. The foundation for all these spiritual practices—easing relations among peoples, Peyote meetings, harvesting fruit, and gardening—was the time my grandfather spent each morning in prayer or dreams or visions. This was private, even within the family. The effects of this time were seen in all the ways he helped our family and our clan survive those difficult years.

Western Ways of Knowing My Past

By Rosa Maldonado

You may see the trails of tears imbedded in my veins,

But what you don't see is what you took for claims.

You may see my brown face and long black hair,

But what you don't see is how I resemble my ancestors you killed, that's not fair.

You may see my moccasins are beaded with pride,

But what you don't see is the blood I try to hide.

You may see me flying high above the trees,

But what you don't see is the Western World still hasn't set us free.

You may see that you think you have won.

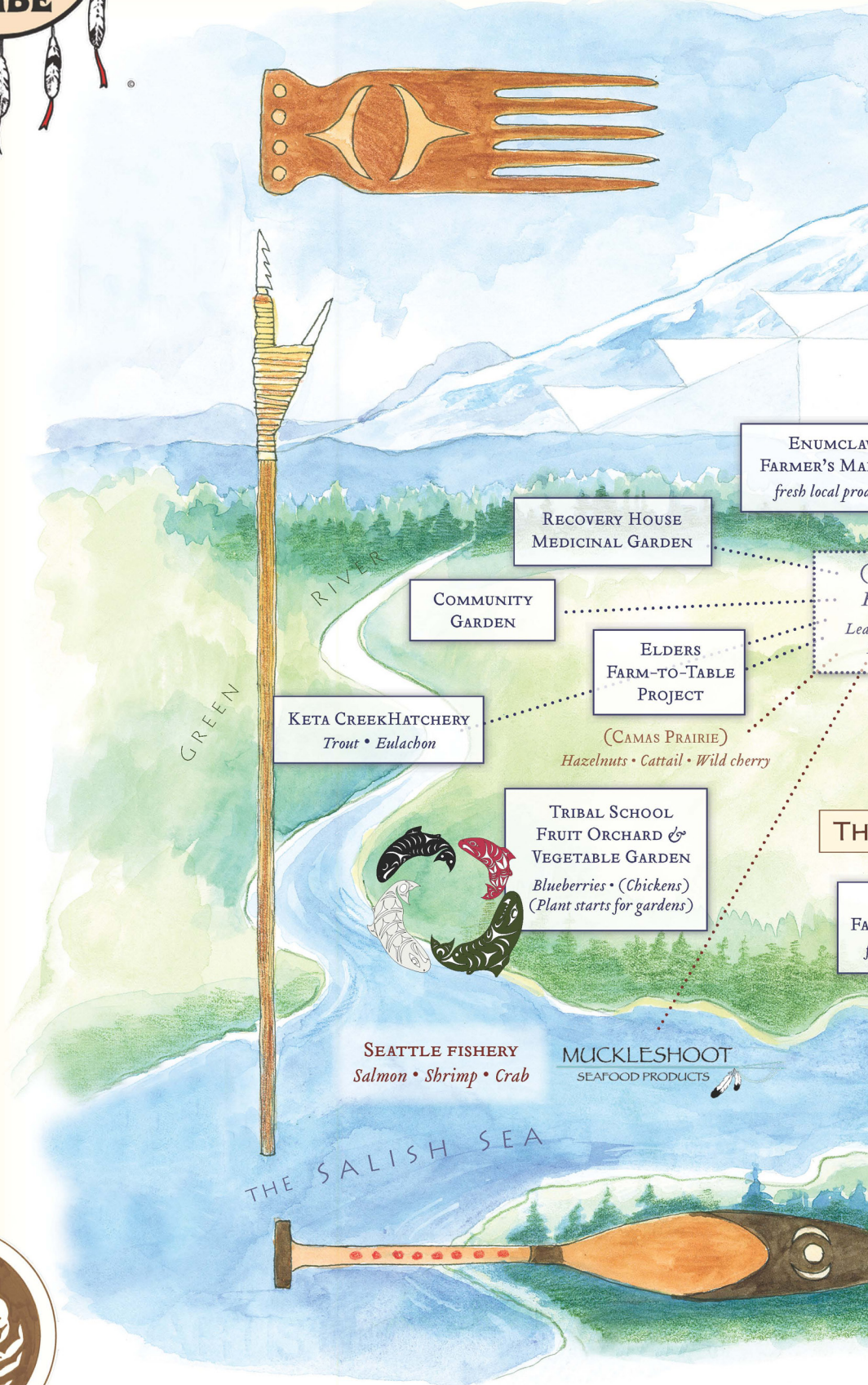
But what you don't see, I'll never forget my Whulshootseed tongue.



MUCKLESHOOT TRAIL

HOW TO NAVIGATE YOUR TRAIL

LOCATIONS IN PARENTHESES ARE PROPOSED OR



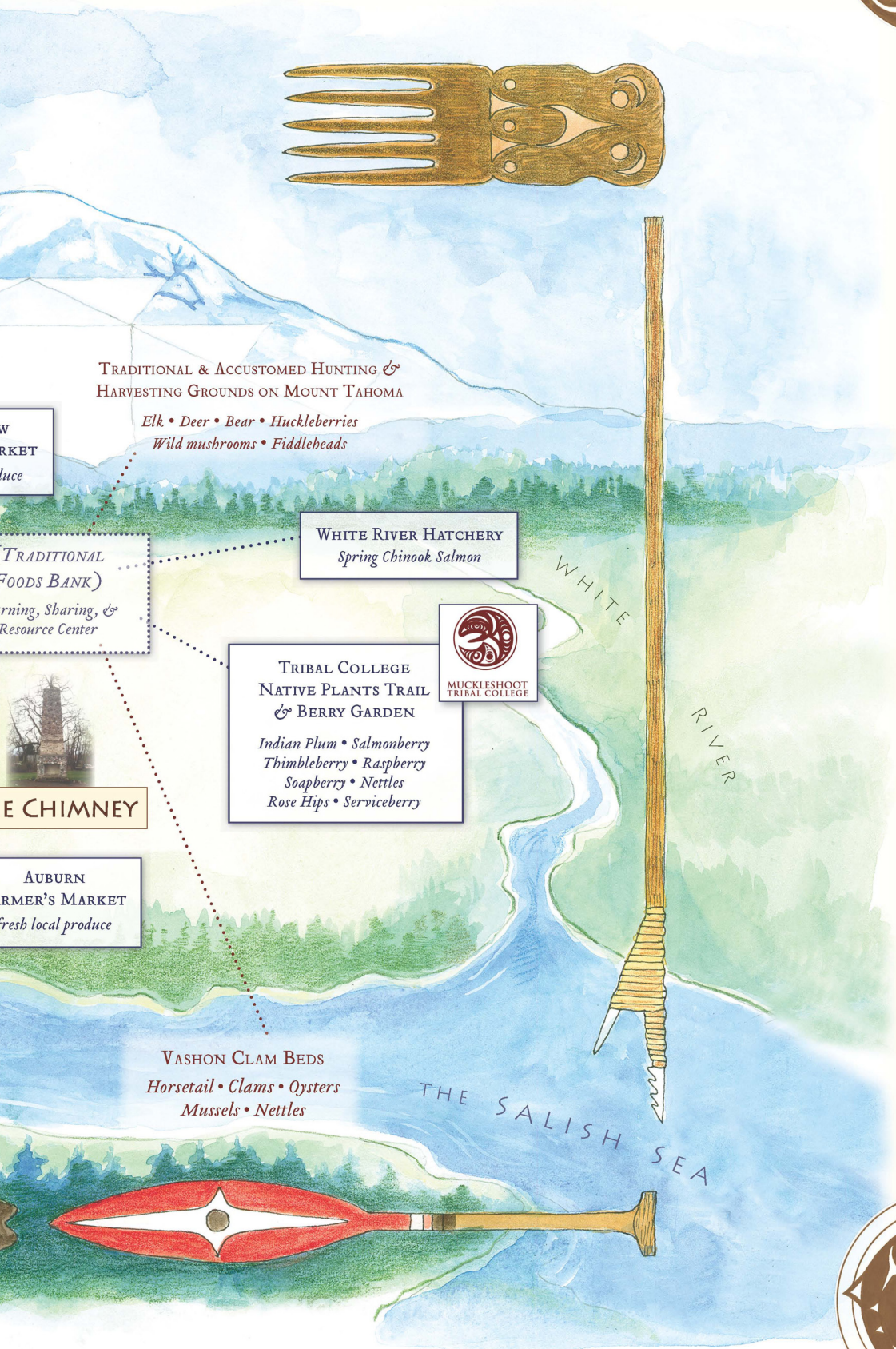
NORTHWEST INDIAN COLLEGE
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This map was produced with the guidance of Muckleshoot community members, organized and supported through the Northwest Indian College, United States

ADDITIONAL FOOD MAP

OUR FOOD RESOURCES

FOR FUTURE FOOD RESOURCE SITES AS OF APRIL 2011.



FOOD SYSTEM RESOURCES AT MUCKLESHOOT

Traditional & Accustomed Hunting & Harvesting Grounds

Managed, protected and preserved by the Muckleshoot Preservation and Wildlife Programs, whose mission is to assist in the perpetuation of game resources within the Point Elliott and Medicine Creek Treaty reserved areas and within traditional hunting areas for current and future generations of Muckleshoot Tribal members. Hunting tags are available to eligible tribal members. Designated hunters can hunt on behalf of single parent mothers, seniors or others in need upon approval by the Wildlife Committee. Meat requests for tribal ceremonies are available upon approval by the Wildlife Committee and per the Ceremonial Meat Guidelines. Meat requests for tribal member funerals do not require committee approval.

Contact: ATOM-ACS Phone: 253-939-3311 Location: Philip Starr Building

Muckleshoot Fisheries Division

Includes: Vashon Clam Beds, Keta Creek & White River Hatchery

Current Fish/Shellfish Openings

Information regarding what fisheries are open to fishing: specific dates, times and gear and area restrictions.
Contact: Fisheries Hotline Phone: 800-FISH-NOW

Fisher Registration & Vessel Registration

Registration of Tribal members who wish to fish and annual validation of those previously registered. For annual validation as a fisher, you must be an enrolled Tribal member, have a current enrollment card, at least 16 years of age, with no outstanding fishery violation penalties or fish tax owed. For vessel registration you must provide proof of ownership.
Contact: Fisheries Personnel Phone: 253-876-3111

Shellfish Issues

Information regarding training opportunities (spot shrimp in Elliott Bay and clam digging at Vashon Island), shellfish enhancement, harvest management and monitoring for biotoxins ("red tide") is available. Tribal members who wish to harvest shellfish must be registered fishers. Information on access to Tribal property on Vashon Island is also available.
Contact: Fisheries Personnel Phone: 253-876-3111

Fishing Derbies

The June Kid's Derby, August Family Derby, and Fall Fishing Classic are three fishing derbies sponsored each year at the ponds of the Keta Creek Hatchery, which are specially stocked for this purpose. Breakfast and lunch are served, prizes are awarded and there is plenty of fun for Tribal members and their families of all ages.
Contact: Fisheries Personnel Phone: 253-876-3111

Fish Dinners

Fisheries sponsors two dinners per year, to which all community members are invited. These are the First Salmon Dinner typically in the second half of June, and the End-of-Season Fish Dinner, which is after Steelhead season in January or February. Both feature salmon, clams, oysters and other traditional foods.
Contact: Fish Commission Members
Phone: 253-876-3111

Traditional Springer Drive

Each spring a traditional White River Spring Chinook Drive is scheduled. This is an event for Tribal members and families.
Contact: Fisheries Personnel Phone: 253-876-3111

Ceremonial and Subsistence Fish

Fisheries provide fish for ceremonial functions such as dinners and funeral to Tribal members subject to availability. Subsistence fisheries provide fish distribution to elders and Tribal members when available.
Contact: Fish Commission Members
Phone: 253-876-3111

PUGET SOUND TRADITION

In our conversations with elders and traditional foods specialists about that many Indian people hold common values that are as applicable to our Principles. They address the physical and spiritual health of individuals.



Cook and Eat with Good Intention

The way we eat is just as important as what we eat. Eating is a reminder that we are human. Cooking is a time to honor the foods we eat, and to pay respect to the life that has been given to nourish our bodies. The food we consume ties us to our place and our purpose in that place. Good intention becomes a part of what we prepare, serve and consume. It is important to thank the plants and animals that gave their life for you to sustain yours.

Wild and Organic Foods are Better for Health

Wild foods are dense in nutrients and lower in calories, and guarantee that we are getting all the nutrients our bodies need. Processed and refined "foods" (like high-fructose corn syrup) tend to provide empty calories and may only offer part of a food. This contributes to weight gain as our body, in its natural wisdom, craves all the missing parts of processed and refined foods. Intensive agricultural practices deplete mineral content in both the soil and the plants that grow from it. When we eat wild and organic foods, we are supporting a healthier body and a healthier environment.



Eat Local Foods

Plants breathe, respire and require water. After they are cut off from their food source they begin to die, which means they are losing nutrients and flavor. So, eating fresh food is really important. Think of how you feel after traveling (exhausted, dehydrated, drained, low energy). Food gets tired from travel as well. Eating local is also good for the environment as it reduces the amount of fossil fuels used to get the food to us, and helps support our local economy.

Traditional Foods are Whole Foods

Traditional foods are "real foods" that have grown in nature—not industrialized foods that have been refined or contain additives, dyes or chemicals. A whole food is alive, and consists of one ingredient: itself. If you read the ingredients list on a pre-packaged food and do not understand the words, or if you cannot picture an ingredient growing in nature, it most likely is not food at all. Think of going to the grocery store with your Great-Grandmother. What would she recognize as food?



TREATY OF MEDICINE CREEK, 1854

ARTICLE 3. *The right of taking fish, at all usual and accustomed grounds and stations, is further secured to said Indians in common with all citizens of the Territory, and of erecting temporary houses for the purpose of drying fish together with the privilege of hunting, gathering roots and berries, and pasturing their horses on open and unoccupied lands: Provided, however, That they shall not take shellfish from any beds staked or cultivated by citizens: they shall alter all stallions not intended for breeding-horses, and shall keep up and confine the latter.*

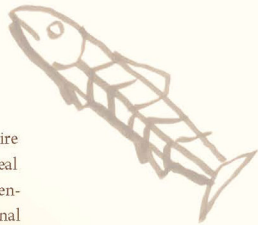
Treaty of Point Elliott, in 1855, guaranteed many of the same rights.

TRADITIONAL FOOD PRINCIPLES

...out what a modern traditional foods diet might look like, we noticed
...e today as they were generations ago. We call these Traditional Food
...uals and communities, in conjunction with the wellbeing of the land.

Food is at the Center of Culture

People traditionally harvested, processed, prepared and shared meals together. This unity is an integral part of cultural identity, but during colonization, many foods and cultural and family traditions around food were suppressed. Eating helps feed the desire for wholeness within us, and it is amplified when the entire family participates in a meal together. Eating collectively can also be a time when traditions are passed from one generation to the next. Individuals are nourished and enriched, not only by their traditional foods but by sharing with the ones they love.



Honor the Food Web & the Food Chain

Living in harmony with nature is a Native teaching. As we know, everything is connected. It must be remembered that the ramifications of polluting our soil and our water can be seen in the health of plants, animals, and ultimately ourselves. We have a responsibility to maintain the health of our food system as our ancestors did, so that we pass down a world that will support generations to come.



Eat with the Seasons

A traditional food diet is diverse and is based on the seasons. The power of being in the moment and harvesting what is available ensures that a variety of foods will always be on the menu. Seasonal foods prepare people for seasonal changes as well. For example, eating nettles in spring helps your body to cleanse and detoxify after eating heavy winter foods.

Eat a Variety of Foods

Our ancestors ate more complex foods and so received a greater variety of vitamins and minerals in their diet. Eating many types of foods also helped preserve the diversity of the environment, upholding the entire ecosystem by avoiding over-harvesting of any one resource. We know that diverse ecosystems are healthy ones. Now that people are eating very few foods, due to widely produced crops like corn, wheat and soy, we are losing both our environmental diversity and diversity within our own bodies.



THE TREATY TODAY

Part of tribal sovereignty is a community's ability to harvest and enjoy foods that are culturally and nutritionally important. Food sovereignty means "the inherent right of a community to choose its own food system". The treaties of Point Elliot and Medicine Creek illustrate our Ancestors' desire to ensure that future generations have access to traditional foods. Harvesting, fishing and hunting our traditional foods is more than just a treaty right, it is also our responsibility as Indian People.

Muckleshoot Community Gardens

In 2010, the Tribal Council initiated a new program to provide gardening opportunities for tribal members, a Community Garden/Pumpkin Patch Program. A fenced area was filled with topsoil plowed and fertilized to provide a nutrient base for the garden. Tribal members can sign up in the spring for one of the 32 plots available. Plots come in 15'x20' or 20'x20' dimensions. Water is provided to the site. Tribal members are responsible for tools and planting materials. The site has been enhanced with apple and plum trees, strawberries, raspberries and blueberries. Contact: Director of Planning Phone: 253-939-3311

Muckleshoot Utility District

Provides water treatment and safe distribution of plentiful drinking water to all Muckleshoot Utility District residents located within the reservation boundaries south of 368th Street, Auburn, WA. Contact: Public Works Department Phone: 253-876-3030 Location: 39620 176th Lane SE, Auburn, WA 98092

*Muckleshoot Seafood Products

MSP mission is to provide all the necessary services to support fisheries within our usual and customary fishing grounds as designated by the Treaty rights. This includes providing trucking, totes, labor and ice to insure that the fisher's can promote their product as a quality seafood item that is well known and sought after by all consumers. In addition, MSP is instrumental in providing a variety of Seafood items for the Muckleshoot Casino and assists Tribal programs providing seafood items for special events. Contact: Muckleshoot Seafood Products Phone: 253-876-3301

*Tribal College Berry Garden

In 2011, the Muckleshoot Tribal College and Northwest Indian College partnered with the Fruit Tree Planting Foundation to implement a berry garden on the college campus. The program is oriented toward increasing knowledge of handling traditional plants as well as facilitating access to fresh, nutritious foods for tribal members. Contact: Tribal College Administrator Phone: 253-876-3183 Location: 39811 Auburn-Enumclaw Rd. SE Website: www.muckleshoottribalcollege.org

*Tribal School Fruit Orchard & Organic Garden

In 2011, the Muckleshoot Tribal School and Northwest Indian College partnered with the Fruit Tree Planting Foundation to implement a fruit tree orchard. They also developed an organic garden to increase environmental as well as edible education opportunities at the tribal school. Contact: Tribal School Superintendent Phone: 253-931-6709

Muckleshoot Senior Center Farm-to-Table Program

In 2011, the Muckleshoot Senior Center is partnering with King County in a pilot-project that makes healthy foods accessible to seniors by bringing local produce straight from local farms to senior homes. This is a very exciting opportunity to use our local food resources to create new, sustainable market opportunities for local food producers while feeding people most in need.

Auburn & Enumclaw Farmers Market

We are lucky to have two farmers markets nearby. At these markets many fresh foods are offered. Fresh locally grown produce far surpasses the quality and flavor that you will find in the typical grocery store. Shopping at farmers markets are a great way to support your local food producers and economy! More information about farmers markets including location & hours can be found at: www.wafarmersmarkets.com

Recovery House Medicinal Garden

At the request of residents of the Muckleshoot Recovery House a medicine wheel garden was planted in October 2010. The garden program is just budding, but hopes to support the demand for medicinal teas in our community.

Submissions



Photo by Kim Turnipseed

Are you interested in submitting something for the next issue of The Muckleshoot Review? Send your poetry, lyrics, photos and stories to Alicia at: alicia.woods@Muckleshoot.nsn.us; or call: (253) 876-3375. We can also arrange to have artwork such as beadwork, carvings and paintings photographed for publication.

(Food maps on pages 70-73- Content by Valerie Segrest, graphics by Annie Brule and artwork by Roger Fernandez.)

