

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the editor:

My name is Phil Rilatos, Sr. It's coming up to election time again and time for me to let you know that I will be running for election again.

It was a close race last year. I received 330 votes and I still lost. The first time I was elected to the Tribal Council, I was elected by a "landslide" of 175 votes. How times have changed!

I have some hot issues that I will address during my campaign and that will be on my agenda if I get elected to the Tribal Council: housing, ICW, hiring/firing practices, and Tribal Council involvement in all the boards.

When we started all this, we set about creating programs and enterprises to benefit our tribal members. We built homes, we built a clinic, we set up a court system, and we built a casino, supposedly all for the benefit of our tribal members. Then a ton of rules and regulations were created that keep our tribal members from participating or being successful.

I would like you to know that my concerns are not with the staff of these programs. My issue is with the policies, rules, and regulations that govern these programs and the governing bodies that develop them.

This past year, I have experienced, or have heard of situations that are just plain dumb. What have we become?

Today, tribal progress, success, and wealth have destroyed what we once held dear to us when we were poor. Grandparents used to always have a voice that was honored and respected. "Homeless" was not a word in our vocabulary because we cared and shared what we had. It may not have been much, but we shared.

I can get quite emotional when talking about some of these things because I am old enough to remember "the good old days" when money didn't mean much because no one had had any. We never had such a thing as homeless because our doors were always open and no one went hungry because we shared.

Children always had a home as long as we had grandpa and grandma. Eviction was something white folks did. There was nothing to evict from. Eviction creates homeless people.

If elected, I want to work toward reviewing and revising some of these policies, rules, and regulations so they benefit tribal members as they were originally intended to do.

If you have any issues/concerns you would like to talk to me about, you can reach me at 541-563-2739, or by fax at 541-563-6789, or P.O. Box 1927, Waldport, OR 97394.

Phil Rilatos, Sr.

To the editor:

To my family,

I've never asked permission to act as I do, never felt compelled to explain myself. I act as I do straight from the heart, as it comes naturally to me, right or wrong.

I see need and I'm there. I often feel misunderstood. But I know those who would judge me probably should. For as they focus their anger on me, someone else who normally carries that burden is finding relief. Without benefit of even a conversation to get to know me, people often judge me.

I am loving everyone, praying for forgiveness, understanding, and a sense of community. Maybe I just hurt too much inside to see that I'm not alone, but all my life, for 29 years, that's how it's been for me.

I was punished for my parents' sins, just like all the kids taken by ICW who will end up like this. No foundation of spirituality, no traditions, no roots, just skin that looks different and a heart that beats stronger than anything they read about in books.

We are Native! That can't be denied. I'm living proof that given time, the blood will rise. It'll rage out until it's heard. If I've offended, if my actions have pushed you away, please understand that they were screaming for what I was too afraid to say. I need all of you.

If you knew how hard it was to get here, maybe you wouldn't see a men-

ace, but a child who is frightened, not been hugged, loved, or comforted in years. And because of my life, I won't let anyone near. Just like a wild animal, I can sense the fear that means there's no trust and it screams danger to me.

Ask one of the kids, they all know me. I see them every day as I run the streets. None of them fears me. I'm doing the best that I can to make up for my hatred by sharing in love, by learning to forgive.

But it's so hard, it terrifies me. I haven't quit, so please, don't quit on me. The kids listen and if they're down in the trenches, that's where you'll find me. I'll leave no child abandoned as long as there is breath in me.

I did it once to my own son and it's all I can do to look in the mirror and remember. All these messed-up kids on probation, headed for MacLaren, they help me. They teach me to hope because they trust me. And together, we're brothers – a tribe – so please, I beg you all, **help me!**

I just want to clear up my life and help keep kids off the streets, teach them the songs around the sacred drum. I swear before my Creator, all of this is true. I don't know how you can help me, but please do what you can.

Thank you for listening.

AHO-Undatyae (All My Relations)
Randall Butler



To the editor:

I just want to thank my husband, Todd, for all the support that he has given me, for letting me quit and have a good summer with the kids. I have been in need of a long vacation and finally I was able to do it this year.

I still keep busy, but not in the way as before. My kids have been fun to hang out with. I have learned a lot from them and I am glad that I have had the opportunity to spend quality time and do things that we never were able to do before. I also had fun with my little cuddies (Ryan, Ab, and Damian). Thanks, boyz.

So now that summer is over and all the kids are back in school, I will have to find something else to keep me busy. Not too hard to do, rainy weather coming, good time to play on my quad again.

Violet Lafferty-Moore



The Siletz Honor Guard leads the procession of donations – blankets, soap, shampoo, decks of cards, and snacks – from Chinook Winds Casino Resort to U. S. troops overseas. These items were collected during the 2004 Senior Fair in October.