

TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS

TLC Attitudes of Gratitude

by Lynn Whitlow

"Tis the season to be jolly." So says the author of *Deck The Halls with Boughs of Holly*. I think it's an olde English Christmas carol.

It's not always easy to be jolly during the holidays, depending on circumstances and past unresolved issues. Old "stuff" can be triggered by associations, harried schedules, being tired or family dynamics. We can avoid stressors if we take an honest inventory with ourselves and plan our time ahead, take a nap or go to bed at a specific time that allows for needed rest and minimize our people contacts that we know will be painful or otherwise distressing.

It's easier said than done, but if we truly want our holidays to be brighter, we need to take personal responsibility for our self-care and the choices we make.

A bright spot for TLC residents and staff occurred on Nov. 8 when we went as a group to Chinook Winds to the Native American Arts Festival to see Robert Mirabal – a phenomenal artist, writer and entertainer. (For several years, one of his CDs, *Music From A Painted Cave*, has been a road trip choice of this writer.)

The crowd was small but totally enthralled by Mirabal's performance. He writes his own songs, crafts his own flutes and melds traditional and modern dance into breathtaking art. Each of us who attended from TLC is so grateful for making the choice to go.

TLC residents have many things to be grateful for, including the love of my family, my baby girl, for the conference, for my son, for my higher power to get me through these hard times.

Other things to have gratitude for include: That I finished my 4th step, that I am helpful, that I voted for Obama! That I can go to my son's Halloween party proudly, that I'm clean on Halloween.

Finding things to be thankful for continues: That I can practice principles before personalities, grateful that I voted, I'm thankful for the weekend staff person, Jackie. Spending time with my grandkids and my NA family, I'm thankful that I got to see and hear Robert Mirabal and know who he is.

We also are appreciative for our wonderful volunteers, Alice McCain and Lisa Brown. They bring love and encouragement to us all, not to mention the time they spend with us.

One of the TLC residents brought the following quote from Erma Bombeck and asked me to include it in this piece: "Volunteers are the only human beings on the face of the earth who reflect this nation's compassion, unselfish caring, patience and just plain loving one another." Well said.

If you would like to add to our volunteer pool, please call me at 541-444-8238 or 800-600-5599. Volunteering can add warmth to your heart and a glow in your soul. Try it!

Have a wonderful holiday season! Merry Christmas!



Veterans' Ceremony
Nov. 10, 2008
Siletz Valley School

Top left:
Clint Muschamp

Middle left:
Jerry Marzan

Middle right: Stan
Werth and Tony Molina

Top right: Ed Ben

Below:
Students greet
veterans at
the end of the
ceremony.



Photos by Diane Rodriguez

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Well, Happy Winter, almost anyway. Getting colder and wetter and probably will be getting white later on, hopefully around the second elk season.

On the other hand, I don't know about that. Cold seems colder now than it was years ago. We are told the earth is warming. I don't know about Mother Earth, but here it's cold and we don't even have a volcano to rely on.

I was talking with a Tribal member the other day about hunting success. I have not heard very many success stories for the number of hunters I've seen heading to the woods at 4 or 5 in the morning. He said he hadn't had any luck and had not talked to too many who had.

Seems like many of us have lost the art of lying. Used to be, when asked how we were doing, we always said that we just missed a big 4-point this morning or one of the group is tracking a wounded animal. We always had an answer. I guess we will need special education to have some classes on how to tell big believable lies.

Fishermen have a good line – hooked one giant, maybe 60 pounds, then broke the line, snagged upon a limb. Uh-oh, bad

word – snagged – that is a no-no, but it works sometimes. Of course, if stopped by a game officer, it's hard to explain that hook mark on the fish's back.

Personally, I did not do too much fishing. Well, now and then with a pitchfork, but that doesn't count. Besides, it's hard to get a steelhead to cooperate even in a small stream. Maybe after a few hours, the poor fish just feels sorry for us tormentors and gives up. Then we can brag about the battle he gave us

There was a time when a heavy rain in September would get the fish excited. Then the rains would quit and the bright fish would be stuck for awhile. That made for fair fishing (snagging), especially in streams that were closed to fishing.

And of course that also was during hunting season and I often have thought about tying a string to the end of the rifle barrel to hunt and fish at the same time. My uncle didn't see it that way, though, and what he said went.

The good part – the end of the season is over by the time this paper comes out and we did not have to search for someone who read their GPS wrong or

backwards and did not break any limbs (off themselves).

Actually, it was a boring hunting season for search and rescue, no cars or trucks slid off the road and had to have a wrecker. Of course, I would guess over half of the hunting rigs have power winches and cable blocks and patience.

I think over the many years I have traveled the back woods I have used the winch maybe five times, sometimes using three blocks. Only one time was someone put back on the road. That person left and did not say thank you or anything, and didn't help wind the cable in.

That was irritating, having let out so much cable and having to wrap it back right. Those types, however, are few, thank goodness. For the most part, there is considerable camaraderie in the hunters. They do seem willing to help.

I have had help dragging animals in and have helped others. It's enjoyable to be in the woods – looking, hoping and fearing that one would get a deer or elk. That's a lot of da'burned work then, but I was out there, at this time, is it, maybe?