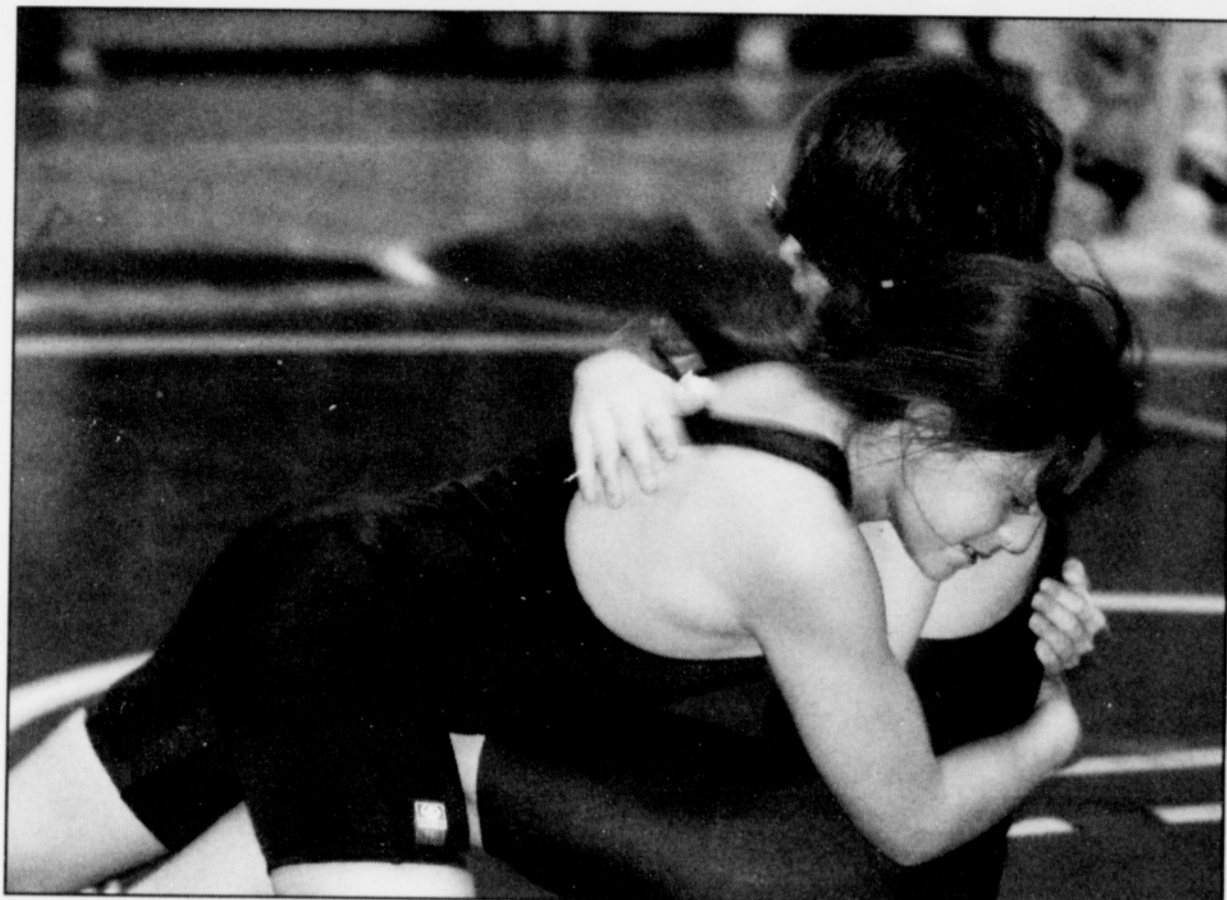
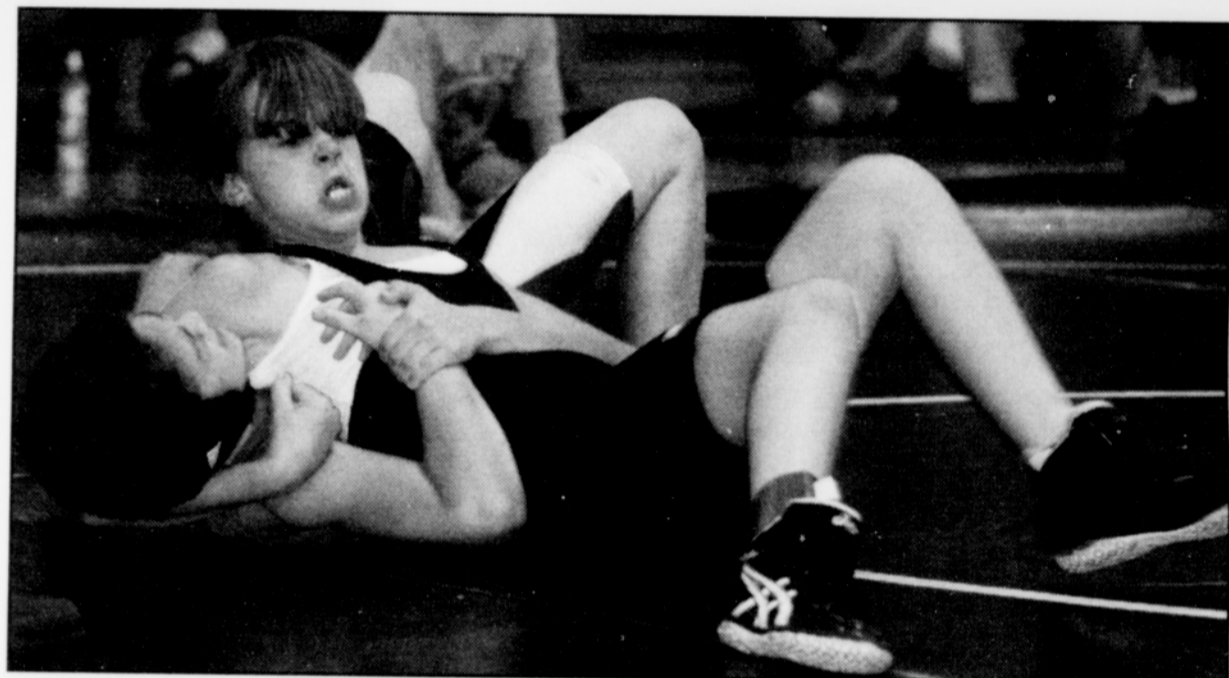
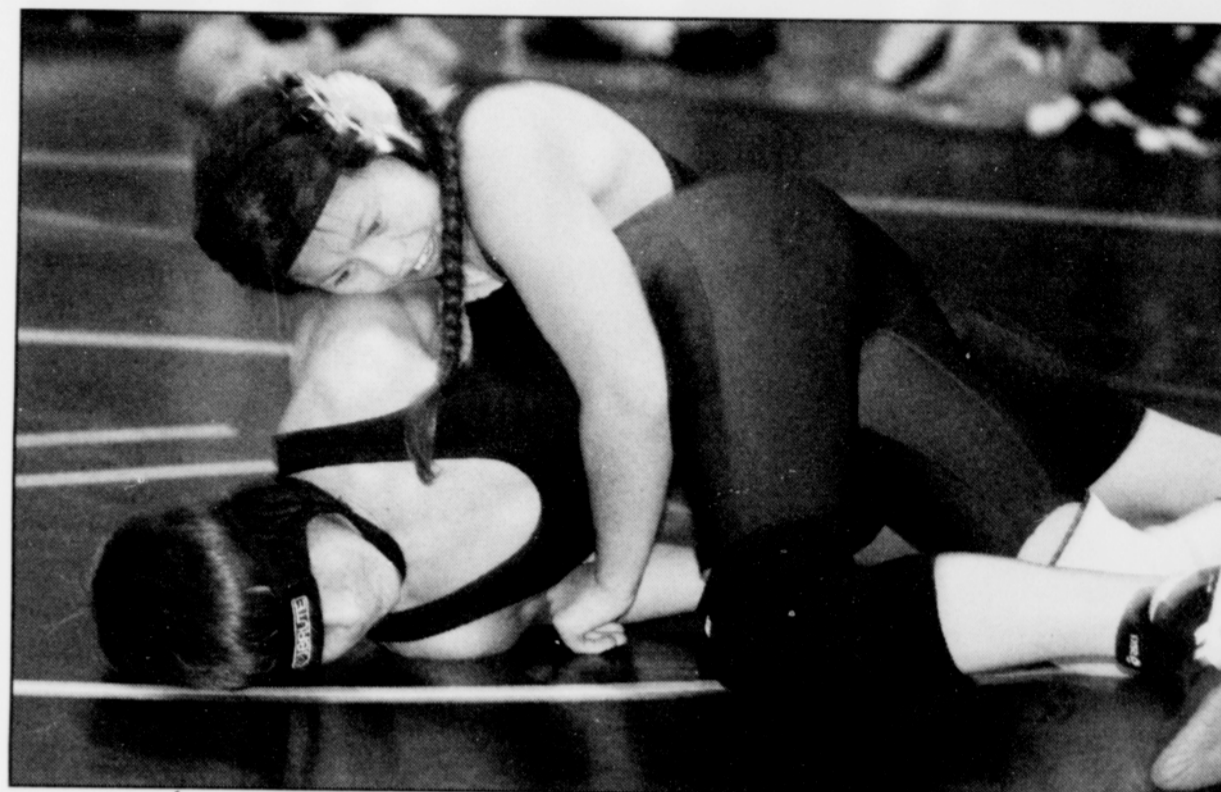


TRIBAL PROGRAM NEWS



Siletz Mat Club Dual Meet
Siletz Valley School • Jan. 15, 2009

Kai Skidmore (above), Logan Butler (above right) and McKenzie Watson (right) all wrestle for the Siletz Mat Club. They and the rest of the team participated in a dual meet with the mat club from Newport and the Oregon School of Wrestling from Mid-Coast Christian School.



Photos by Natasha Kavanaugh

TLC Attitudes of Gratitude

by Lynn Whitlow

"Love cures people – both the ones who give it and the ones who receive it."

Karl Menninger

February, the month most of us associate with romantic love, with hearts, red roses, chocolate, lace and Valentine's cards. Romantic love, however, accounts for only a portion of the love category.

We thrive on the caring and affection of friends and family members. Their sweet affection, caring words, tender touches and smiles give us good feelings, can change a day that started poorly into a special occasion. How small, yet how huge, is a well-timed hug, a word of encouragement or endearment, a note of appreciation.

Every one of us likes and needs to be recognized, to get some attention, to know that someone cares about us. A friend once said that for bliss, we need 18 hugs a day. I don't know if there is any scientific evidence for that, but I'd guess that if you liked the huggers, 18 hugs would make you feel pretty darn good!

Be aware that you have the power within you to make the world a more positive place. Smile at strangers as you pass on the street, hug and kiss your spouse before either of you leave the house for work, your children before you send them off to school.

Call a friend you haven't talked to for awhile and let him/her know you were thinking of them and miss them. Call your mother and tell her you love her ... your dad too.

Give a genuine complement to a co-worker, friend or family member. Love is one thing that multiplies the more you give it away. So start today. Don't wait for Valentine's Day or tomorrow or next week. And give Valentines...they aren't just for lovers!

The women (and children) at the TLC have some love, appreciation and gratitude for a number of persons, things and events. Following are some of them: I am grateful for Christmas trees, for wood stoves and wood, for snowflakes. For clean and serene days, months and years. For stone soup!

For old-school Christmas carols, for snowy days and crispy nights. For my TLC family, a fireplace, for White Bison teachings. I am grateful for chicken soup, for family, a clean room, to be able to visit with my sister. Friends and lollipops.

Other gratitudes include: Jan. 20! Obama! For the CEDARR meetings, for being a volunteer. To have 16 months clean and sober!

We also have gratitude for a few other folks – for our regular shift volunteers, Alice McCain and Lisa Brown. Thank you so much!

Also great appreciation for Denise Riding In and Holly Jackson for covering three days of Christmas! What an awesome gift to all of us. Thanks too for the stimulating Boggle games. We had great fun.

Also to Monique Jackson for helping organize the Christmas decorations and boxing them up. And for helping a resident organize her room. Nice personal touches.

We also want to let our law enforcement/security folks know we appreciate them. A special thanks to Officer Desmond Harpster for the rescue at the bullpen when the equipment would not let the gate open and to Perry Johnson for keeping an eye out for us and patrolling the TLC. You are appreciated!

Happy Valentine's Day to all of you. Love somebody real good!

Walt's Words of Wit and Wisdom

by Walt Klamath

Another month, another year, new beginnings, today the first day of the rest of one's life.

I had thought of doing some growling about some circumstances. After thinking about it, however ... my uncle told me many years ago that, "When you work for someone, do your job, do the best you can and don't talk bad about the company that you work for. If you must, then quit and then complain."

Most of the time, it will not do anything but cause hard feelings and the wrong ones will see it and make something entirely different than intended. I have followed my uncle's advice for many years now and have witnessed all the things he said could happen. So much for philosophy.

Back to what I like next best – don't know for sure what is best.

Last year while hunting, I was not able to get out and run around like a scared jackrabbit. With my rifle lying across the hood, I was watching hunters and of course looking back in time when this spot had no roads, just trails looking down on the head of Serene Creek.

Anyway, time has passed and roads have become widespread – well not roads, more like glorified trails. Jeeps became very popular; I would see Jeeps everywhere, the old ones with the four-cylinder engine and inadequate heater. As time went on, the doggone Volkswagen began showing up in places that a self-respecting Jeep wouldn't be caught dead at.

There were standards of rifles being used very seldom; about every other hunter had a 30-40 Krag or a Winchester 30-30. I have seen a few Winchesters in the last few years, but I cannot remember seeing a 30-40.

Of course, from a distance some of them were like any bolt action, but the majority I have seen were lever action. When I was young, we didn't have any elk, just deer and bear and cougar. Many a bear was brought down with the old Winchester.

My uncle used a shotgun that I could not figure out. He had to be so close, at least that's what it looked like to me at the time. Since then I have seen the slugs that come from that single-shot. The slugs are as big as your thumb.

Eddie Bensell used to hunt with my dad's 25-35. He brought down many a deer and bear with that low-powered low-velocity rifle.

Nowadays, the more power the better (maybe), the magnums have become the hunter's choice distance. Sometimes, that is a disadvantage to reach so far down a canyon across a plain. Those magnums are quite accurate with factory loads and even more accurate with self-hand loads. I don't really know why, my experience with hand loads has not been great.

All these thoughts go through my mind as I wait patiently (no choice) for my hunting partner to emerge from the canyon, wondering if maybe he got lost. It has taken so long. There I am with my magnum, a range finder and hot coffee – and I'm freezing. My truck doesn't have a heater, just like the old Jeep.