

# Editorial E Coosh EEWA:

(The way it is)  
Letters to the Editor



## "Spilyay Speaks"



AHHH! Christmas: What does Christmas mean to you? In the past, during the Christmas season, everything referred to the Lord. The story was told of the birth of Christ, His lying in the manger in Bethlehem because there was no room at the inns.

Each year in school kids used to act out parts of the Christmas program which was the story of Jesus, the Christ child, Joseph and Mary. The story went on of how the angels came upon the shepherds who watched their flocks by night to bring them good tidings and the message of the birth of Christ.

Kids acted out these parts including the three wisemen who saw the star from the east and traveled to see the new born king. As each scene changed, different classes sang songs relating to the story, songs like "O Little Town of Bethlehem", "Hark the Herald Angel", and "We Three Kings".

Well, that was in the "olden days." And now, when you go to the Christmas program, or whatever it's referred to—the Winter Concert, there doesn't seem to be any feeling of Christmas. Of course they sing a Christmas carol or two, but the real meaning of Christmas is not there. To some kids today, the Christmas season is just a break in school and a time to get gifts. Some people are trying to out-do the Joneses, out-doing each other buying gifts. Even the music we hear on the radio changes the thought of Christmas. Once pretty songs like "The Twelve Days of Christmas" was played, today you hear "Broken lights, Hangovers and a Beer"! It's no wonder kids turn to alcohol and drugs after hearing trash like that while many people are working to prevent the use of alcohol and drugs by their children.

What the heck! Christmas was great, even with all those gripes. And, we'll do it again, and again, year after year. This sounds like the president of the "Hum-bug" club.

###

BRRRR...It's been cold these past few days, on Sunday, the 23rd, I woke up, took a look at the thermometer and was thankful that it was only nine degrees below zero as compared to a couple of days before when it was near 20 below at 6:00 a.m. Of course, these readings came from my "Mickey-Mouse" contraptions. But it wasn't far off, and it was cold.

Speaking of "Mickey-Mouse" contraptions—Our office heating system doesn't work worth a darn. It's set up at the centrally located Utilities Office. They control the heat gauges. We are constantly calling them, and begging for heat. It seems to be very painful for them to change the regulated temperature. In the days when we regulated the temperature ourselves, we could just go to the wall and adjust it for our comfort without going through all that crap. One portion of our office is heated and registers 70 degrees, but that, of course, doesn't mean the entire office is heated because the vents don't go to all the rooms. They set the temperature gauges and it registers 70 degrees but they don't check the temperatures of the back rooms. They say we have a lot of heat...

Oh well! Next summer we'll be thinking about all this cold weather when the temperatures soar to 100 degrees. The heat is easier to handle because you can go jump in the river and cool off...for a moment I thought I said lake! What would this world be without all these gripes 'n stuff like that. AHH-NA-CHI-UMNI.

## Toe Ness

Father: "Son, do you realize when Lincoln was your age he was already studying hard to be a lawyer?"  
Son: "Right, Pop, and when he was your age he was already president of the United States." YIKES

SS SS SS

"Young man, there were two cookies in the pantry this morning. May I ask how it happens that there is only one now?"  
"Must have been so dark I didn't see the other one." YIKES

SS SS SS

"The best way for a man to remember his wife's birthday is to forget it once." YIKES

SS SS SS



## Shared memories important to family members

Dear editor,

I am writing on behalf of my brothers and sisters and myself. Our father, Edward Henry, Sr., has left us on December 7, 1990.

His sons and daughters are Joel "Binx" Henry, Edward Henry, Jr., Jana Jackson, Jay Henry and Jena Henry. He also had eight granddaughters. There were two other children who preceded his death and they were Christy Annette Henry and Allyn Niles Henry.

### Montee expresses excitement about going away gift

To the Editor and to my friends in Warm Springs:

Since I do not know the names of those who donated toward the gift certificate allowing me the pleasure of a ride in a hot air balloon, please let me take this way of thanking you all. I am so excited about the ride. It will be one of the greatest things I have ever done. I promise to think of you a I soar among the clouds. There is nothing you could have done for me which could have given me such pleasure. Thank you all very much.

Eva Montee

We are thankful for the memories that were shared with our father. He always treated us good and very seldom did he raise his voice at us. The one thing that we are most grateful for was his unconditional love. We will all miss him.

I would like to thank the long-horse leaders, the drummers and singers, the family members and friends who gave us their support and comfort and the people who chipped in for the funeral. They

made our last good-byes distinct. Special thanks for the people who said pleasant things and their special shared memories.

Sincerely,  
Jana Jackson

## I am me and I am okay

I am me. In all the world, there is no one else exactly like me. There are persons who have some parts like me, but no one adds exactly like me. Therefore, everything that comes out of me is authentically mine because I alone chose it. I own everything about me—my body, including everything it does; my mind, including all its thoughts; and ideas; my eyes, including the images of all they behold; my feelings, whatever they may be—anger, joy, frustration, love, disappointment, excitement; my mouth, and all the words that come out of it, polite, sweet or rough, correct or incorrect; my voice, loud or soft, and all my actions, whether they be

to others or to myself. I own my fantasies, my dreams, my hopes, my fears. I own all my triumphs and successes, all my failures and mistakes. Because I own all of me, I can become intimately acquainted with me in all my parts. I can then make it possible for all of me to work in my best interests. I know there are aspects about myself that puzzle me, and other aspects that I do not know. But long as I am friendly and loving to myself, I can courageously and hopefully look for the solutions to the puzzles and for ways to find out more about me. However I look and sound, what ever I think and feel at a given

moment in time is me. This is authentic and represents where I am at that moment in time. When I review later how I looked and sounded, what I said and did and how I thought and felt, some parts may turn out to be unfitting. I can discard that which is unfitting, and keep that which proved fitting, and invent something new for that which I discarded. I can see, hear, feel, think, say and do. I have the tools to survive, to be close to others, to be productive, and to make sense and order out of the world of people and things outside of me. I own me, and therefore I can engineer me. I am me and I am okay.

## Native American art work wanted

Fry Bread Productions of Mt. Tremper, New York, is seeking art work and other items for the Native American Indian Traditional and Contemporary winter Crafts and Art Show to be held in Woodstock,

New York. For more information contact Fry Bread Production, Box 99B Wittenberg Road, Mt. Tremper, New York 12457 or call (914) 679-6763.

## Remember the reason for Christmas

To my friends, relatives and people:

Another year has gone by and we are into a new decade. I have a lot to be thankful for. To begin, I am thankful for everything the Lord has done for me and my family. For the day He came into my life and saved me by His precious grace. For coming into Easton's life and changing him into a new person. For all our friends, our children and family, those that have helped us in our time of need, for prayers during our saddest times, for laughter during our joyous times and understanding when we have needed it.

Sometimes our daily life becomes so routine, we forget about everything except ourselves. Our jobs, our families, our bills and getting into the same old tedious rut. I have never told Easton how thankful I am for him. He has stood by me through the good and the bad. Loving me as I am and not trying to change me but by being that example for me, I came to know and accept the Lord. After many trials we know there is a God. For it is due to many prayers and a very large Christian family, we still praise and serve Jesus (thank you Merle, Rose and family).

People, we are nearing the time of the coming of the Lord, we have

no time to bicker, with one another, or turn our nose up at someone because they're different. God gave us the commandment to love one another and He ordained each and every one of us that has accepted Him in our lives to go out and preach His gospel to every living thing. Sharing our love with others less fortunate and to give so that others will hear His Word by the evangelists that travel.

It was by another Christian's example that I accepted the Lord, don't let your "example" turn people off to the Lord. The one biggest and most often used phrase is: "I thought they/you/he/she were Christians..." When we don't carry ourselves as Christians then we need to watch what we say or do around the unsaved because one day we will have to stand before the Lord and answer for our actions. BUT again, the devil tries to use the same phrase to get us to contribute a dollar or change for someone "pitching-in" for booze/drugs, or trying to get a ride to purchase booze/drugs in the middle of the night. The Lord will guide you what to say and do in these situations.

Those of you that know the Lord but for one reason or another have chosen to take the easy, wide road (to hell), I urge you to get back and start serving God as He wants you

to. He never made hell for anybody except satan but with satan being the father of all lies, he wants to take as many of you as he can because he knows his time is short. Don't think it'll be one big party because each and everyone including satan will be tormented day and night. Don't wait, because tomorrow may be too late. We aren't promised tomorrow but we are promised eternal life with Jesus if we accept Him, admit we are sinners and ask Him to forgive all our sins. He will never turn you away, no matter what you have done in the past. He will forgive you. We love you and have a burden for all the unsaved, backsliders and the ungodly. Our vision is still there...it may have been on hold for a spell but remember: "They shall mount up on wings of eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint..."

Remember JESUS IS THE REASON FOR THE SEASON. Thank you, Tribal Council, for the bonus. It helped defray our bills. God bless you all.

May God bless you and yours for the coming year and bestow upon you His presence and His precious blessings.

Love,  
Tina Aguilar

## Happy Birthday Toya!



John Katchia Jr. and Saphronia Coochise would like to wish their baby girl Victoria Marie, "Happy First Birthday Toya," December 28, 1990. It doesn't even seem like a year ago I gave birth to you. But it has been a year of memories. You've changed our lives, watching you change and learn so fast. Thank you so much, you've made us two very proud parents.

Love,  
Mom and Dad

## Need a babysitter?

Need a babysitter for New Year's Eve? For more information call 553-1671.

## Member feels disgruntled with tribal decisions

Dear Tribal Members,

It's about time we all started to voice our concerns. Whether it's by letter, phone or personal contact. Let's band together for a common cause in hopes that we get results, not only action, but solid acceptable results. I won't cover everything but I hope to open your ears and eyes to things that I'll overlook.

Do you get the feeling that you're nothing but a number—an enrollment number? Different programs and departments submit head counts and how much money they are requesting for their operations. It's supposed to benefit the Tribe, i.e. museum board, Kah-Nee-Ta board, forest products board, tribal council, victims assistant, the list goes

on and on. I never realized that Warm Springs was so blessed with riches.

Let's hit on a few of these departments. It is my understanding that the radio station was to be managed by and employ tribal members. It looks like another enterprise that's going to benefit non-tribal people.

Kah-Nee-Ta has always been a subject of discussion. Still another tribal enterprise that's run by non-tribal personnel. Go to Kah-Nee-Ta and see how many tribal members hold management positions, instead of "go-for" positions.

I'm not too familiar with the forest products but I can speak about the logging portion. When

the mill needs logs, they encourage the non-Indians to fire up their trucks and haul in the logs to the mill. Then, the local loggers are cut short of their season. Also, the McQuinn strip has been raped of its standing timber. Go take a personal tour of the logging practices. Our children's children aren't going to benefit from the McQuinn Strip.

Of course let's look at our own tribal government. Many of you may think you're not being thought of—WRONG!! The court, housing, credit and utilities have your number. Let's face it, we all have debts. Many tribal members live from hand to mouth, near poverty, if not actually in poverty. I'm like many of you, borrow a nickel here,

a dime there, but we still have our dignity and respect, if nothing else. The tribal council is the keeper of the checkbook; the court, housing, credit and utilities reap from council's actions. We, the people, that put these council members there in those chambers, have to eat what falls off the master's table.

I have had personal experiences that back up what I've written. When are we going to put a stop to all these actions? Stand up for your rights, voice our opinion, stick to your guns!! When I give up here, I hope my creator will accept me into his bosom.

A concerned tribal member,  
Phillip G. David

## Thanks given for donations

To the editor,

A very deep heartfelt "THANKS" to all the people who purchased our Pendleton coats and pies over the month of November and December.

These fundings gave three grandchildren and a daughter-in-law a beautiful Christmas, and food for their table. Their father has been shipped to Saudi Arabia and with the hardship it has caused the family, they couldn't afford Christmas. But YOU made it possible.

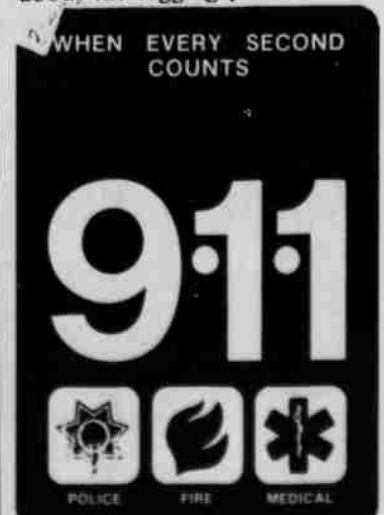
All our military families are struggling and it has happened to my family. But with the help from all our communities, it has brightened up Christmas for all our boys

Continued on page 5

### EDITOR'S NOTE

Spilyay Tymoo welcomes articles and letters from its readers. All letters, preferably 300 words or less, must include the author's signature and address. Thank you letters and poetry will be published at the editor's discretion.

All letters are the opinion of the author and do not reflect in any way the opinion of Spilyay Tymoo. Spilyay Tymoo reserves the right to edit all copy OR refuse publication of any material that may contain libelous statements.



# PEACE!