

Cocaine addiction causes drastic changes

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Though Kerri muddled through college, she never applied to law school. Only one thing mattered now: cocaine. Besides, she'd used all her tuition money on the drug.

Once a close couple, she and Toby began attacking each other with increasing violence. Twice Kerri fled to a safe house, but she soon returned, drawn by the prospect of more cocaine. When neighbors complained to the police, the children were sent to live with their real mother.

Kerri spurned old friends as well as her family. Her father had succumbed to a heart attack after years of struggle with alcoholism. Her mother and sister so despaired of Kerri's recovering that they actually discussed the service they would have when she died.

Now, just to feel normal, Kerri had to freebase an "eight-ball" a day—an eighth of an ounce, worth almost \$500. To help pay for her habit, she became a partner in her dealer's business: an antique shop that was a front for a drug-running and money-laundering operation. The pay was good—over \$50,000 a year, plus whatever cash and cocaine she could siphon off.

When Kerri wasn't high on cocaine, she was often drunk. Alcohol countered the crash that followed each cocaine high. She often popped Valium for good measure. Then she needed more cocaine to perk up again, trapping her in an ugly, downward spiral.

Each time the effects of cocaine wore off, dopamine levels in Kerri's brain dropped, sending her into a tailspin. Normally, the brain replenishes dopamine from proteins in food. But in cocaine addicts dopamine is quickly depleted, partly because of poor diet, partly because cocaine blocks the mechanism that recycles the neurotransmitter for future use.

Because they depress the action of the central nervous system, the alcohol and Valium that Kerri used helped counter the effects of dopamine loss, but only temporarily. Paradoxically, the aftereffects of too much alcohol or Valium—the "shakes" of a hangover, for example—only heightened Kerri's need for more cocaine.

Kerri's skin started to crawl and itch. She showered obsessively, up to 12 times a day, but couldn't get rid of the sensation. Then she began seeing things. A disembodied woman with red hair and dark, cavernous eyes floated above her head. The shadowy valleys that followed the soaring highs grew so unbearable that Kerri twice attempted suicide. Once, she downed a quart of whiskey and a fistful of tranquilizers and painkillers. Another time she swallowed so much Tylenol that she spent six days on a dialysis machine while her kidneys recovered.

Kerri now needed cocaine just to exist. She wasn't euphoric; she was simply wired. Her craving for the drug overwhelmed any interest in food, sex, family or career. She trembled, twitched, threw up. But

if she tried to reduce her cocaine intake, her body screamed for more.

Kerri's delusions were the result of cocaine psychosis: long periods of too much dopamine floating in the synapses of her brain during each high were driving her insane. Nerve pathways stimulated by the drug fed her brain false sensory information. The crawling sensation on her skin was a common phenomenon known as cocaine bugs.

Meanwhile, when the drug wore off, Kerri's dopamine levels dropped ever lower. Her brain cells could no longer replace the dopamine being used by the drug. Eventually, there was so little of the neurotransmitter on reserve that not even cocaine could produce much pleasure. Instead, the chemical imbalance in her brain plummeted Kerri into deep depression.

With superhuman effort, Kerri managed to try a final reconciliation with Toby and make a stab at motherhood. But by the time she was four months pregnant, she realized her mistake. Toby's own addiction and his volatility made Kerri afraid for her unborn child. So she moved in with a friend, continuing to freebase and drink. Only during labor did she consider that her baby might be born deformed or addicted. Please, God, she prayed, let it be normal. I swear I will never use drugs again.

A healthy boy was born right on schedule, and Kerri named him Joshua. Her promise to God, however, was quickly forgotten. She was snorting cocaine even before leaving the hospital.

At home, when Josh fussed, Kerri would scream at him. And when he was quiet, she was apt to forget he was there at all and neglect him.

At work, Kerri grew paranoid that her partner was setting her up in case the antique shop was raided. So she abandoned the job. Still, she needed money for her habit. The answer came from her new dealer, a sallow-faced heroin addict—who was also a pimp.

Kerri Miller became a prostitute. The term was "escort," the job description—"accompanying wealthy businessmen to parties." No matter, Cocaine had long since dulled her appetite for sex. It might as well be for business.

Hitting the pipe now made her pulse gallop and brought on coughing fits. Tingling sensations shot through her jaw and neck. Sometimes, the force of the drug literally knocked her to her knees.

The tingling in Kerri's jaw and neck was a side effect of a small seizure, common in cocaine addicts. The drug was wreaking havoc with her vital organs. Neurons began firing in synchronous bursts, setting off electrical storms in her brain. Her oxygen-starved heart, struggling against soaring blood pressure, pounded unevenly. Her lungs, filling with fluids backed up from her heart, functioned poorly. She gasped for air, hacking and coughing to clear them.

The worst demons were in Kerri's mind. For protection against imaginary pursuers, she bought an attack dog and a handgun.

By now Kerri had been an addict for six years. She had lost almost everything, including Toby, who had succeeded in suicide where she had failed.

Josh was all Kerri had left, but in the end cocaine took him too. The city's social-services department finally put him up for adoption since Kerri was a negligent parent, a drug user and a felon (because of her drunken-driving convictions and two drug-related arrests).

August 16, 1988, was Kerri's 27th birthday. Her roommate, Annie, planned a party at a local pub. Kerri told her she'd be along later, then ducked into the bathroom, locked the door and put a chair against it. She wanted time alone to freebase. She sensed demons coming through the floor and hunkered terrified in the tub.

Kerri took a deep drag from the pipe. Her heart pounded as though it would explode. Her head spun. When she tried to stand, she fell over the side of the tub. Then she blacked out.

When she came to, she somehow pulled herself to the bathroom phone. Dialing a friend, she slurred a cry for help. Then she blacked out again. The demons had finally caught up with Kerri.

Kerri's body temperature had soared to 105 degrees. Her brain waves were in mayhem, as millions of cells fired wildly. She lapsed into unconsciousness, her limbs jerking spasmodically. But the drug wasn't finished with Kerri yet.

When she regained consciousness and crawled to the phone, a small artery in the right side of her brain, constricted by cocaine, went into spasm. A clot dislodged by the spasm jammed in the narrowed vessel. All circulation stopped to the right side of her brain. Kerri had suffered a stroke.

Within seconds, muscle-controlling neurons began to die. Her mouth sagged, and her left arm and leg would not respond. Then she stopped breathing. Her exhausted heart began beating so irregularly it was unable to pump blood through her body.

Kerri was not conscious of any of this. Effectively, she was dead.

When paramedics arrived, they gave her cardiopulmonary resuscitation and shocked her heart with a defibrillator. To their relief, weak vital signs returned.

Kerri awoke in a hospital bed with a tracheal tube down her throat. The emergency-room doctor told her that he was amazed she had survived the cocaine-induced stroke. Her left limbs were paralyzed, and only time would tell if she would walk again. One thing was certain, he warned. If she ever touched cocaine again, it would be the last time.

Discharged in a wheelchair, Kerri went home determined not to be a cripple for life. A visiting nurse took her frequently to a rehabilitation facility, and by Christmas she had graduated to forearm crutches and a leg brace.

Incredibly, though, the lure of cocaine called her one more time. Kerri had been free from the drug for six months when, in February 1989, friends invited her to a party at a downtown hotel. One guest brought out a pipe and offered her

a hit. Maybe I can do this now and keep it under control, she thought. She picked up the pipe and inhaled. Her head spun with the giddy feeling she knew so well. She took another hit, and another....

Seven days later, Kerri was the only person left in the hotel room. The week was a blur. She hadn't showered or eaten in days. She went to a mirror and shuddered at the wasted image that stared back.

Suddenly she knew she was through—not just with cocaine, but with alcohol, Valium and all other chemicals. After wasting six years of her life, losing her family and squandering over \$200,000 on the drug, Kerri Miller realized she had hit absolute bottom.

Three days later, she attended a meeting of Cocaine Anonymous, then checked into a hospital for detoxification. When she left after

two weeks to resume physical therapy, she worked so hard that nine months after her stroke she was able to lift a cup to her lips with her left hand. At 16 months, she took her first steps without a cane.

As her body mended, so did her mind. She forged relationships with other recovering addicts and broke off all contact with acquaintances from her drug days. Cocaine was still beckoning, waiting for one small mistake. But Kerri resisted.

Today, an office manager at a financial-services firm, Kerri appears normal. Yet cocaine has left an indelible imprint on her. There is a lingering weakness in her left leg. The damage to her brain triggers periodic seizures that cause twitching and temporary loss of consciousness. Her memory has gigantic gaps—entire weeks, even months, she cannot account for.

And, of course, she longs for her forsaken child.

Kerri has been "clean and sober" for two years now. Yet she knows the moment she lets down her guard, the monster will return.

There is an air of sadness about Kerri, but also a sense of hope and renewed spiritual faith. She's engaged to Steve, a fellow addict-in-recovery who brings her roses when she's feeling low. With the help of Cocaine Anonymous, and each other, they hope to live, drug-free, one day at a time.

Kerri's story is not unique. What is special is her courage and willingness to share her experiences with others. "Cocaine is a big lie," she says. "It promises paradise while it destroys everything around you. I know—I have seen the devil. He comes in a small glass vial."

Tribal Court sponsors workshops

The third annual "Kah-Nee-Ta Gathering," presented by the Warm Springs Tribal Court and the Cascade Law and Policy Institute, will be held August 21, 22 and 23.

The theme for this year's Gathering is "Harmony for Our Children." Harmony results when all involved, including children, families, community members and the legal system, work together toward common goals. Harmony does not just happen, it must be gained through the use of skills that can be learned by all.

Numerous workshops and panel discussion will focus on topics such as cross-cultural communication, advocacy for victims of crime, problem-solving fundamentals and many others. Each of the 15 workshops will be offered twice.

Registration for the three-day conference is \$235 per person if received by July 20. Late registration is \$265. The fee includes all scheduled program sessions and materials and three meals. Rooms at Kah-Nee-Ta are \$55 per night, single or double occupancy. When making reservations, state that you are attending the third annual Juvenile Justice Gathering. Kah-Nee-Ta's phone number is (503) 553-1112.

All registrations and requests must be made to Donald O. Costello, PO Box 850, Warm Springs, OR 97761 or phone (503) 553-3454.

Appellate judges receive training

Warm Springs Appellate Court Judges George Clements, Sr. and Raymond Calica, Sr. have completed a comprehensive two-week course to help newer judges perform more efficiently and effectively.

"Special Court Jurisdiction", at the National Judicial College at the University of Nevada, Reno, is designed to help judges with all aspects of their professions, from legal research, to evidence, to conducting a jury trial. Participants, from courts throughout the U.S., learned how to solve problems by comparing methods and court procedures used in other areas of the country.

da chose I.D. bracelets. Donald Courtney, Gerald Huff, Lee Johnson, Douglas Dunlap and Richard Craig chose Gerber Knives.

Myrna Courtney and Aurolyn Stywer chose brooch necklaces. Carolyn Luey chose a stick pin.

Urbana Ross chose a split bracelet while Adrena Cassel chose a necklace.

The following people received Fifteen-Year awards.

Anita Davis, Ed Bruce Fones, Lori Fuentes, Elton Greeley, Urbana Manion, Delores Parker, Rick Souers, Patricia Tanewasha, Alfred Wolfe and Richard Craig chose rings set with one diamond and two emeralds. Dean Seyler chose a belt buckle. Faith Dick chose a locket necklace. Darrell Winishut chose a tie tac. Doug McClelland chose a pocket manicure. Myrna Courtney, Eva Montee and Nellie Spino chose post earrings. Walter Quinn chose an I.D. bracelet. George Moses chose a Gerber knife and Robert Boffin chose a money clip.

For working 20 years, Woodrow Warren Smith and Kenneth Stevens were presented pocket watches set with two diamonds and one ruby.

Hamilton Greeley and Amelia Teece chose watch bands set with two diamonds and one ruby. For 30 years of service, Patricia Speakthunder received a watchband set with three diamonds.

The three-teepee logo, representing the three tribes comprising the Confederated Tribes, appears on all awards.

The Old Days

Warm Springs Boarding School, Oregon.
Report of Horace G. Wilson, Supervisor
March 24, 1913.
Section 10.

Farm & Stock:

The equipment for farming, gardening and dairying at this school is fairly good. About four more horses are needed though in order to properly carry on the farm work. I found the farm machinery in fairly good condition. An inventory of the cattle showed two heifers and one steer missing. The Superintendent will make an effort to find these cattle and if not found they will be sworn off the property return. The Superintendent informed me that the dairy herd would be examined by a veterinarian as soon as he could get the necessary authority.

The school farm is in very good condition. Mr. John B. Stenbrink is farmer. I consider him a very good farmer. There is on the school farm now about 20 acres of oats, 30 acres of wheat, 7 acres of rye, 1 1/2 acres of orchard, 40 acres of alfalfa, 200 acres of pasture and 5 acres of school garden. About 35 acres of grain will be planted this Spring. The instruction in the farm work is very good but the farmer does not have enough large boys to assist him in carrying on the work.

There is quite a number of hogs raised at this school. These hogs are well housed and the yards and every thing in connection therewith were in good condition but there was one thing that I noticed that I think should be changed — a portion of the Shitike Creek flow through one corner of the hog pen. This was fenced in for the purpose of furnishing the hogs water. This water returns to Shitike Creek; there the Indians living below and using water from the Creek. I think that an arrangement should be made so as to bring the water into the hog pens through pipes which will take the water into the hog troughs which should be so constructed that the hogs may drink but not wallow in the water. This matter was brought to the attention of the Superintendent and farmer.

A laborer is needed and should be authorized at \$400 per annum to assist in farm work and take charge of the stock barn. I noticed that whenever the Superintendent needs a team he is obliged to hitch up his own team. I do not think that a superintendent should have to spend his time in caring for a team or horses. This is also true of the physician and some other employees at the agency and school. A laborer (Indian) could be employed at \$400 per annum to attend to the barn work and assist in caring for the stock.

Section 11.

Academic Training:

The class room work at the Warm Springs Boarding School is very good. A yearly calendar has been prepared and also weekly outlines for the school work. Daily programs are used in both class rooms. The daily class room session is five hours. Proper evening exercises are held. On Monday, one of the teachers takes charge of the larger pupils in the reading room; the pupils are instructed in the use of the books belonging to the reading circle library. On Tuesday evening, the physician lectures to the pupils on hygiene. On Wednesday, the pupils attend prayer meeting; the Presbyterian minister is in charge of this work. On Thursday evening one of the teachers has charge of the pupils in the reading rooms; the exercises are similar to those held on Monday evening. On Friday evening a social is given; several of the employees attend this social and the pupils are encouraged to play games. On Saturday evening the teachers have a reading circle. The pupils do not have any pupils organizations; this matter was brought to the attention of the Superintendent. The Superintendent was also requested to organize societies of the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. in the school.

The school is properly graded. There are six grades representing the grades from the primary to the sixth grade. The pupils appear to have been properly promoted. Regular examinations and reviews are held periodically.

Mrs. Rose C. Hall, teacher, and Mrs. Mary M. Shirk, kindergarten, are both excellent employees. An effort is made by the class room teachers to correlate the class room work with the industrial work. The pupils receive excellent instruction in the class rooms in the use of good English. The teachers make considerable use of educational publications in their class room work.

I respectfully recommend that the Oregon State Course of Study be adopted for this school, also all other schools in Oregon and that the Oregon text books be adopted. The present supply of books for the class room is sufficient but I think it would be much better to adopt the text books used in the public schools of Oregon and discard the books now used.

The blackboards in the class rooms are not in very good condition and the new black-boards should be furnished. All of the maps now used at the school are old maps and now and up-to-date maps are needed. No stereopticon has been provided for this school. There are no kindergarten supplies on hand; these are needed and should be furnished. The class rooms are in very good condition. Ventilation of the classrooms is fairly good.

Tribal employees receive awards for service

Tenure was awarded at an Employees Award Luncheon June 27. The luncheon was held at the Agency Longhouse and featured salmon, fruit, potato salad, cole slaw and cake.

The following employees received Three-year awards, which were either necklaces set with three rubies or tie tacs set with three rubies.

Ruth Adams, Julia Barney, Myrna Courtney, Kathy Danzuka, Rosa Graybael, Mina Estimo, Karla Hood, Susan Ike, Roberta James, Shari Macy, Kathleen Marston, Corina Morales, Saraphina Morning Owl, Alexandria Perez, Doris Ridenour, Lavonne Rotz, Patricia Sanders, Sonya Scott, Dorothy Shadley, Lucy R. Smith, Radine Spino, Mariam Souers, Laura Switzer, Sophie Lynn Thomas, Wanda VanPelt, Melissa Wainanwit, Crystal Winishut and Paula Brisbois received necklaces.

Kevin Climer, Orlando Doney, Douglas Dunlap, Jimmy George, Brent Graybael, John D. Halliday, Eloy Ernie Henderson, Lee Johnson, James Keene, Duane King, Allen Langley, Jr., Thomas LeClaire, Mikell Pischke, Randall Wallace, Travis Wells and Leslie White received tie tacs.

The following employees received Five-year awards.

Donna Anstett, Beth Berman, Myrna Courtney, Rosa Graybael, Leona Ike, Barbara Jim, Natalie Johnson, Nancy Kirk, Myrtle Markgraf, Sue Matters, Teresa Matson, Mary McNevis, Annette Polk, Lavonne Rotz, Lucy A. Smith, Mary D. Smith, Frances



Dee Parker, left, receives a 15-year award from Norma Smith.

Thomas and Crystall Winishut each received 10-karat gold necklaces set with three emeralds.

Walter Armstrong, Louie Aripa, Larry Arthur, John Chambers, Matthew Conner, Douglas Dunlap, Ivan Gabriel, Wendell Jim, Lee Johnson, Allen Langley, Jr., Art McConville, Ken Miller, William Quinn, Elmer Scott, Jr., Nat Shaw and Clinton Smith received 10-karat gold tie tacs set with three emeralds.

Ten-year awards were presented to the following people. Employees

had a choice of awards.

Joseph Anstett, Roxanne Brown, Pat Leno-Baker and Ron Suppah chose belt buckles set with one diamond and two rubies.

Ed Bruce Fones, Eugene Greene, Jr., Roy Vaughn, Chester VanPelt and Carl Howe chose money clips. Anna Hurtado Moira Miller, Anne Kirkwood, Ada Sooksoit, Tony Suppah and Rose O'Dell chose locket necklaces.

Ivan Gabriel, Edwin D. Manion, Gualberto Medina, Michele Payne, George Williams and Manuel Ban-