



Signals

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Mid American Indian Fellowships Gathering

The 17th annual Mid American Indian Fellowships Gathering brought together and balanced the four indigenous cultural aspects of Language, Oral Tradition, Ceremonies and Agriculture more fully than ever before.

GA wado (Thanks) Jesse, yahuli, Janet and others for setting up.

GA wado (Thanks) Food Team: wadulisi, Colet and Ledina for providing wholesome, nutritious, indigenous foods connecting us with land and ancestors.

GA wado (Thanks) Bud for facilitating the Moon Ceremony, Colet, yahuli and ama osda for facilitating Going to Water Ceremonies and Bud and James for facilitating the Cedar Ceremony.

GA wado (Thanks) Jay and Randy for facilitating feather wrapping, Joseph for facilitating necklace and choker making, Kathy for facilitating corn-husk doll making and the Food Team for facilitating making Bean Bread as a craft.



GA wado (Thanks) Joseph for taking photos.

GA wado (Thanks) wadulisi (Debbie McSweeney) for the herb talk and the talk on Indigenous Foodways; these were excellent.

GA wado (Thanks) Lilly, James and others for facilitating our indigenous games: Stickball, Cherokee Marbles and Alligator jalsgi.

GA wado (Thanks) to all who helped incorporate jalsgi language throughout the Gathering.

GA wado (Thanks) to the Auction Team: Bud, Randy, yahuli, nvya and James. Once again the auction secured funds for next year's Gathering.

GA wado (Thanks) to all who participated in the Sunday morning singing and talking circle. GA wado (Thanks) to those who participated in the Council Meeting Sunday afternoon and to all who helped with packing and clean-up.

GA wado (Thanks) to Creator & all the people, all our relatives and all our relations. Once again, all worked together to make for a wonderful Gathering.

Since the Mid American Indian Fellowships Council is in the process of reconsidering the location of the Gathering, announcement of the dates and place for the 18th Annual MAIF Gathering will have to wait until after the February Council Meeting. Watch for an e-mail and check the MAIF website.



The Most Important Work

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(Robert Francis) September 2018

Sunday morning at the Mid American Indian Fellowships Gathering, as we waited in line to smoke ourselves off at the cedar fire, I looked down at the bare feet of my son, nvya. During this past year, as part of his personal decolonization, nvya has gone barefoot most of the time. Looking down at his bare feet, I casually remarked, “No shoes, no shirt, no service.” It was meant as a joke, yet it was not funny. It was completely out of place, wholly improper.

Back in 1995, you might say I was not far down the path of decolonization. I remember sitting in my office alone and saying out loud, “One of these days.... I will grow my hair.”

“Why don’t you grow your hair now?” a quiet voice asked.

“Oh, there are those who wouldn’t like that,” I answered. “I could lose my job.”

“Seems to me,” the voice commented, “you’re not willing to give others a chance to oppress you; you’re too busy oppressing yourself.”

I grew my hair, and yes, there were those who didn’t like it. It may be alright for a white man to grow his hair long, but when an Indian does it, it’s scary. With every step I have made along the path of decolonization, there have been those who have seemed frightened and threatened, doing what they could to pull me back, saying in one way or another, “You’re going too far.”

This year at the Gathering, we had a food team rather than food coordinators, with indigenous foods, mostly cooked on site over fires. These wholesome foods, the very foods enjoyed by our ancestors of generations ago, were greatly appreciated. Even so, the old style tuya gadu or bean bread along with some of the other foods may have stretched a few comfort zones. Likewise, at the Daksi Gatiyo, where my family lives, where the Sacred Fire is kept and traditional aniyvwiya or Chickamauga Cherokee ceremonies held, wood heat and lack of air conditioning, composting toilets, water carried in buckets and minimal mowing have, no doubt, stretched some comfort zones as well. Some of these stretched *my* comfort zones, until I got used to them. If comfort zones are not stretched, we are not going far enough.

When nvya first started going barefoot, I commented that I might try that myself, if not for my peripheral neuropathy. Looking back on the improper comment I made at the Gathering, first I apologized to nvya, then I considered why I would say such a thing. That was fear talking. What am I afraid of? Bare feet? The best thing to do with fear is confront it. Peripheral neuropathy or no, I determined to start going barefoot for part of each day, at least until cold weather sets in. Since then and until the time of this writing (late September 2018) I’ve walked barefoot each morning up the hill to the Sacred Fire and out to the garden before breakfast. Usually I am still barefoot when going back up the hill to check the Sacred Fire at noon. No one is forcing me to do this. Decolonization is not forced. Yet, I have found as millions before me have found, there is nothing more grounding, more connecting with the Earth, than going barefoot. Is it painful? Sure it’s painful. Decolonization is always painful, at least in the beginning. No pain, no gain. And yet, in this time in which we live, there is nothing more important than decolonization and indigenous cultural restoration.

Decolonization is resistance to, escape from or engagement in a process of freeing oneself from colonizing imperialism. Decolonization happens on both individual and group levels. For those intent on decolonization rather than surrender to empire, decolonization is an ongoing process, lasting as long as colonizing empire may last in the Earth.

Even so, the opposite or inverse of “colonized” is not “decolonized” but rather “indigenous”. Being indigenous is less a factor of where ones ancestors lived 500 years ago and more a factor of how one lives today. To be indigenous is to be connected in respectful, reciprocal, cooperative relationship with the land and the peoples of the land where one is. By “peoples of the land,” I mean animals, birds, plants and waterways as well as indigenous human beings. To be indigenous is to live as a true and integral part of the land as opposed to living as proud flesh or a cancer in the land which is what we become when we treat the land as inert matter for extraction, exploitation and destruction. Being indigenous means leaving light footprints in the Earth, living with regard to all creation and to the needs of our children’s children’s children of the seventh generation, rather than grabbing all we can now as if there is no tomorrow. That is how I see it.

As my son, nvya points out, indigenous cultural restoration happens primarily at the group level. Restoration of indigenous culture requires restoration of indigenous community, and restoration of indigenous community requires restoration of indigenous culture. This is very difficult. After decades of armed resistance, our aniyvwiya or Chickamauga

Cherokee people scattered like coveys of hunted quail eluding the hunters in a field. When quail scatter, they wait for the hunters to leave the field then promptly regroup. Well, the hunters are still in our field, still picking us off, maybe not physically, although that still happens, but most often culturally, even as we try to regroup. Too many of our people are left as disconnected individuals trying to make a way within the empire. Too many fall for the trappings or traps of the colonizers, accepting whatever the colonizing empire has to sell as normative and superior to the priceless culture gifted to our own people by land and Creator. Too many take the indigenous culture of our own people as a quaint diversion or something to be tacked onto the edge of a colonized life rather than as the fullness of a real and unpretentious life lived free and decolonized. In the face of all this, restoration of indigenous community grounded in connection with the land and common cultural practices is next to impossible, and yet the spirits of our ancestors say, "Don't give up!" Of course, as indigenous thinking would understand, nothing is ever really done alone or accomplished individually. The indigenous are always surrounded by community, not just the members of our human families, bands and tribes, wounded and scattered as we may be, but also the plants, the birds, the animals of all sorts, the Earth in all her aspects, spirits of our ancestors and spirits of the place, of the land in which we live, all working together as one, gadugi.

Rejection of colonized death-ways in favor of indigenous life-ways requires both decolonization and indigenous cultural restoration in the four indigenous cultural aspects of oral tradition, ceremonies, agriculture and language. To illustrate, decolonization is hacking away the Johnson Grass, multi-floral roses and bull-thistles from a field. Indigenous cultural restoration or revitalization is planting that field in selu (corn), tuya (beans) and squasi (squash), tending the field, harvesting the crop to feed the people and saving seed for the following year. Vigilantly keeping the noxious weeds from retaking the field is the ongoing process of decolonization. Now, think of your whole life and the life of your people as that field, and you should get the picture. Lead, follow or get out of the way.

The primary weapon of colonizing empire is fear. We must not allow fear to hold us back or cause us to pull another back from the most important work of decolonization and cultural restoration.

There were seven crabs in a bucket. Four of the seven didn't know they were in a bucket. Two of those four didn't even know they were crabs. Of the remaining three crabs who knew they were in a bucket, two believed that particular bucket to be the best place for a crab to be. "It's better to be in *this* bucket than in some bucket we don't know about," they reasoned. Only one crab out of seven was completely aware of his captivity and unconvinced of the benevolence of his captors. Only one crab tried to climb out of the bucket. Every time he almost got out, another crab pulled him back down again*.

Making negative comments, sabotaging the decolonization efforts of others, trying to pull people back or re-colonize them in any way – these are not friendly actions. This is aiding and abetting the adversaries of our people.

We must be very careful to live by the harmony ethic, to live lives characterized by gratitude, reciprocity, patience and especially respect, not to let fear prompt us to shoot at the backs of those who are leading out in decolonization and indigenous cultural restoration efforts, not throwing lassos around their necks, not pulling them off the edge of the bucket.

Saturday night at the Gathering, Lilly and the children: Duncan and Serenity, in the Circle, with no light but the Fire, telling the Grandmother Turtle Story with the children as the voice of Grandmother Turtle; this was the most heart-touching rendition of that story I have ever experienced. The Chickamauga Cherokee story of Grandmother Turtle giving her life to bring up mud with which to create the land is a story of the power of weakness, the power of that which seems powerless. The very old may seem weak, but they are not powerless. Little children, as in this case speaking with the voice of Grandmother Turtle, may seem weak, but they are not powerless. A person who may be seen as "different" or "out of the ordinary," may be thought by some to be weak, yet that person may be very powerful.

I heard a man say of his little grandson recently, "Sometimes I think he may be one of my ancestors."

Looking into the child's fathomless, dark brown eyes, I replied, "Maybe he is."

The spirits are sending them back, those who are needed in this time, and maybe the spirits are saying, "Do what you can. Be courageous. Know that in many ways, you will fail. But, it is your task to create the world anew."

Early Christian colonizers were offended by trans and two-spirit people accepted as normal in indigenous communities. And, one of the first things they set out to do was to teach us to be offended as well.

Acceptance is easier at a distance. It is said that a prophet is not without honor except among his or her own people. Lilly is a test for us. I like Lilly. And, when Lilly, a trans person, was asked to go out with the women to dance at the Flint Corn Ceremony this summer at the Daksi Gatiyo, tears came to my eyes, for I felt, deep inside, this is as it should be. I felt that again as Lilly, Duncan and Serenity told the Grandmother Turtle story in the Circle at the Gathering.

Remember the Harmony Ethic. It applies in this case as well. The Harmony Ethic is about respect. Patience yes, gratitude yes, reciprocity yes, but especially respect. There are two aspects of respect: Holding the other in high esteem *and* practicing an attitude of non-interference, not taking from another or attempting to take from another the right to choose.

Indian Fellowship of Joplin: Joplin, MO. Meets the last Sunday of each month. For meeting location, times & other info contact Bruce Redden kannonkocker@yahoo.com (417) 291-5848 or Jay Redden (417) 781-6791.

kanalusgv Indian Fellowship: Hermann & Holts Summit, MO. Meets the first Saturday of each month. For meeting location, times & other info, contact Bud Moellinger budsheri@ktis.net (573) 252-4494 or Robert Francis maif77@hughes.net (660) 464-1749.

walela Indian Fellowship: St. Joseph, MO, has suspended meetings for the time being. To be contacted when meetings resume or for other info contact Kathy Whitley kathywhitley@ymail.com (816) 244-8942 or Randy Whitley (816) 676-8895.

Traditional aniyvwiya or Chickamauga Cherokee Ceremonies are held at the Daksi Gatiyo in Bates County, Missouri. Those seriously interested in attending and participating may contact Robert Francis at maif77@hughes.net (660) 464-1749.

To help with Compassionate Veterinary Care, serving indigenous people and their animal helpers in South Dakota and Missouri. Contact Sheri Moellinger, DVM (573) 252-4494 budsheri@ktis.net.

Heirloom Seeds Available

Several varieties of Native corn, beans and squash (selu ale tuya ale squasi) are grown at the Daksi Gatiyo in Bates County. Corn varieties grown include giniji selu or Cherokee White Flour Corn or Mother Corn, unega uwohali selu or Cherokee White Eagle Corn dalonige selu or Cherokee Yellow Dent Corn, gigage selu dewisgala diigi or Cherokee Red Flint Corn, selu wagug ukta yosti or Cherokee Gourds Corn and ganvhida selu anhtasgisi or Cherokee Long Popcorn. Bean varieties grown include Cherokee Cornfield Beans and Cherokee Striped Cornhill Beans. Squash varieties grown include ganvhida squasi or Long Neck Squash and iya siqua or Hog Pumpkin. We also grow jolagayvli or Cherokee Old Tobacco. Contact Robert Francis, 8471 SW State Route V, Butler, MO 64730, (660) 464-1749 maif77@hughes.net to ask about seeds that are available. Other sources of Native Seeds include

Native Seeds <https://www.nativeseeds.org/> 3584 E. River Rd., Tucson, AZ 85718 520-622-0830

Seed Savers Exchange, <https://www.seedsavers.org/> 3094 North Winn Road, Decorah, Iowa 52101 (563)382-5990

Southern Exposure Seed Exchange, <http://www.southernexposure.com/> P.O. Box 460, Mineral, VA 23117 gardens@southernexposure.com (540) 894-9480

Elohe Seeds, Randy and Edith Woodley, <http://elohehseeds.com/index.html> P.O. Box 935 Newberg, OR 97132, help@elohehseeds.com 503-554-8052

Please Note: We do not recommend Baker Creek Seeds

Roots of Injustice, Seeds of Change Presented Again at William Jewell College

On September 27, 2018, ama osta (Jan Owens) and yahuli (Ron Owens) conducted a Blanket Project presentation, officially entitled *Roots of Injustice, Seeds of Change: Toward Right Relations with Native Peoples*, at William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri.

This is the second time a Blanket Project presentation has been conducted at William Jewell College. The interactive presentation condenses the 500+ year history of European and European-American conquest and colonization of Turtle Island into 45 minutes of dramatic readings which include quotes from historians and American Indians as well as excerpts from European letters, historical documents and treaties.

Blankets covering the floor represent the lands of this Turtle Island on which we live. The audience becomes the Native people and are given colored cards, each representing a different event that created disaster for Native populations. As events occur in the reading, the population on the blankets decreases as people holding a particular color card are instructed to move off the blankets to seats in the periphery of the room; the blankets are turned in, crowding those remaining, as each treaty is signed. The Blanket Project has proven to be an attitude changing and life changing experience for many.

Two months later, on November 27, a follow-up to the Blanket Project was held at William Jewell College. Facilitated by Chaplain Jeff Buscher and Professor Milton Horne, the follow-up brought interested students together for a discussion with members of our anyivwiya community, including ᐃ ᑦ ᑲ ᑲ ᑲ ama osta (Jan Owens), ᑲ ᑲ ᑲ P yahuli (Ron Owens), ᑲ ᑲ ᑲ nvyia (Peter Francis) and ᑲ ᑲ ᑲ jisquequo (Robert Francis). Legand James was also there in the unique position of a William Jewell student who also participates in ceremonies at the ᑲ ᑲ ᑲ Daksi Gatiyo, as does Milton Horne.

The Most Precious Gift for Today; The Best Hope for Tomorrow



Elena Rea DeBrodie

Arlo Finn Colbeck Peters

Doyle Bee Francis

I am the shining Morning Star that chases away the covering darkness.

**I am the clear day.
Clouds of the sun, sunrise and the Eagle that flies, higher than these, indeed, truly am I!**

- From the Chickamauga Cherokee Baby Blessing, As passed down by our Elders

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