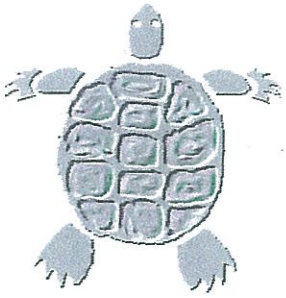
Spring 2015



THE NIPMUCK TALKING STICK

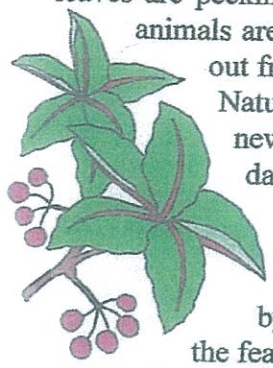
Wunnegin Ninnimissinnuwock

A Correspondence of the Chaubunagungamaug Clan of Nipmucks

Webster-Dudley
Massachusetts

New Year Moon

We the Nipmuck, people of the Chaubunagungamaug Clan, celebrate the changing of each moon. We begin with the New Year Moon, *Sesquanakeeswush.* We celebrate this moon in May, when every thing is growing and fresh and new flowers are blooming. The leaves are peeking out from the limbs of the trees. We can't forget the birds and the animals are out looking for their mates. The grass is starting to grow, its peeking out from Mother Earth after a long sleep, under the ice and snow that Mother Nature left with us last winter. The people come out and rejoice, to see the new spring come. We gather in our sacred circle and drum, chant, and dance, to celebrate our new year now that the cold season is over, we can get on with our, planting. First our medicine person cleanses our circle, he has a rattle in one hand, and four feathers in the other. He shakes his rattle and sweeps his feathers four times in the direction of the sky; by doing this he is sending his prayers to our Creator. He sweeps the feathered fan to the east, then the south, then the west, and last the north with new life. The south is where the warmth comes from, and brings the color to a new life. He then turns to the west; this is where the sun sets. The east represents sunrise and the coming of new life and preparation for the next day. He turns to the north, and asks the Creator for wood for the fires, good hunting to feed our families through the cold, and long nights of the winter. He turns toward the east and offers the pipe to our Creator, asking him to receive our prayers. This is the ceremony in which the pipe is first used.



Women do not touch the sacred pipe. The medicine man taps the left shoulder of the female participants and each man grasps the stem. The prayers rise to Creator by smoke. He returns to the entrance, of the circle, and with the feathers in his hand, and a vessel of sage burning in the other, he invites the people into the circle smudging them as they pass him. Our ceremonies are very sacred, and we share our love for the Creator and with everyone.... Everyone who enters our circle of peace and love leaves his weapons outside the circle, for it is a circle of peace and love. Everyone who enters the circle participates in the ceremony.

Aho

By
Loving one and Chief Wise Owl

- Illustrations By
  Snow Elk and Southern Butterfly

Awakening of the pipe

The Last Full Measure

Lori Piestewa was the first Native American woman to die in combat for the United States. In April of 2003, during operation "Iraqi Freedom," Lori's convoy was ambushed. By all indications, Lori put up a valiant fight. On August 16th, 2003 the Southwest Indian Foundation presented to Lori's surviving children (Brandon, age 5, and Carla, age 3), a $20,000 Educational Trust Fund for college education. Lori's dream was to return home, be reunited with her family, and to enter nursing school. Perhaps the SWIF trust will allow Lori's children to realize their mother's dreams.

On May 16th, I performed a ceremony for the Vietnam Vet's Motorcycle Club. It was started at their clubhouse around 11 a.m. They then drove to the Paxton Memorial Park Cemetery where I met them at 12 noon. I had blessed the grave of a Fallen Brother by the name of John J. Fannell and the mother of Charles "Buster" Richardson, Helen Richardson and another grave site to which I can't recall the name at this time.

The ceremony was given for Buster. There was approximately 250 people that attended this ceremony. I said the Prayer for the All Souls, and the Lords' Prayer as the people said it in english and I said it in our language. A Sacred Pipe Ceremony was done by myself to honor those fallen. The Pipe was offered to all of those that wished to touch the stem of the Pipe, or the ladies, left shoulder.

Tim Roderick was a drum keeper. He sang a beautiful honoring song to Buster by his graveside.

As Tim sang his song George "Running Bear and I went to offer a little smudge to the motorcycles for the riders that stayed to guard the bikes.

After the ceremony at the cemetery was complete there was a potluck dinner at VNV MC Clubhouse. There was enough food for all to enjoy. There was pasta, ham, salads of every type, finger sandwiches, and a large sheet cake. There was coffee, soda, water, and juice for the children.

It is truly amazing how all the members can come together for an event such as this, even from different motorcycle groups. They share such emotions from their memories, almost coming to tears at times. I enjoy being around these guys. They show me respect as I do them.

Tim is shown with Love Richardson, riders coming to the cemetery and to the clubhouse.

Respectfully submitted,
Tom "Silver Fox" Morse

New Year Moon was the past Saturday May 9th. There was 16 people in attendance. I cleansed the the Sacred Circle by awakening the Spirits and inviting them to the Circle. David "Tall Pine" White, Ken "Kind Warrior" White, and Tom "Silver Fox" Morse awakened the Sacred fire and it was blessed. The People in attendance were blessed as they entered the Sacred Circle. David " Tall Pine" White offered the Nipmuck Daily Prayer in our language and translated it to english.

Ken "Kind Warrior" White welcomed everyone to the ceremony.

I offered the Sacred Pipe ceremony in the Four Directions, offering the stem to the Creator then to Mother Earth. Once completed I offered the people the pipe, touching the women on their left shoulder, as the men touching the stem of the pipe.

Despite being without a drum and singers the silence had its own benefits in its own way. It kind of lead the people to concentrate on way this ceremony was about, and to reflect in their own thoughts.

There was a small potluck dinner. The fellowship of all the people was great because of everyone not seeing each other since Nikkomo.

Respectfully submitted,
Tom "Silver Fox" Morse

1 Attached Images

I'm writing this in hope of the healing process. We all went to Second Chance Animal Shelter in East Brookfield in hopes of adopting an animal to our liking. At that time we didn't see anything that caught our eye, hard to believe, I know. So we left the building.

On the way back to the car we noticed a family coming into the the shelter with a box full of kittens. They said they were about 3 - 4 weeks old, all of them were pure white. They were American Longhair. So, we followed them back in the shelter and expressed our interest in a female in the bunch. The vet on duty said they all had to be checked out health wise and have their surgery. They wouldn't even be ready for 2 - 3 weeks after that.

Second Chance named her Hilda. She was born in February of 2007. She didn't look like a Hilda though. Well, anyway we went to the shelter every weekend and sometimes during the week to play with her. Theresa would bring her food and snacks for her and her siblings. Finally the day came for Abby to come home with us and meet the rest of the animals. It was a rough go at first as you can imagine. She had a dog by the name of Dylan to deal with. She stood up to him pretty well, even though she could fit in the palm of your hand.

Later in time she liked to get vacuumed. Probably because of the length of the her and her always having to groom it all the time. Her favorite thing to do was eat, at any time. She would wake me up in the middle of the night by gentle patting me on the face or arm, just enough so I would feel her claws. Yes, she had quite a personality.She was never an outside cat, it never seemed to interest her.

Her favorite place to sleep was in my bed on the left side. I could say, Abby time for bed, she would be there before me, lol. Yup, it had to be the left side or she would growl and get mad. Also, it had to be nearest my head, but she had to have her own pillow too. I really think she knew I had medically conditions that required attention. I gotten woke up many nights with her looking into my eyes and crying. So she knew I was either having a seizure or a sleep apnea event and she brought me out of it. One could say she was a " Service Cat" in some kind of way that our Creator sent to me without me really knowing it.

Abby started to become sick about 1 week ago. She wouldn't eat only at first. It didn't concern me at first. You can't really force feed cats or force them to do anything, they have a mindset all their own as you know. she would drink and use you box on a regular basis, so I figured she was just not hungry. I would look in the morning and notice her dish only had some food missing. She was snacking.....hahaha. She wasn't lethargic, her gait was fine in the beginning. Then everything started going wrong. We gave her 2 more days to try and get out of it. Theresa bought her some liquid snack food. She liked that. Then she wouldn't even take that after a day went by. The I called Second Chance Wellness Clinic for an appointment.

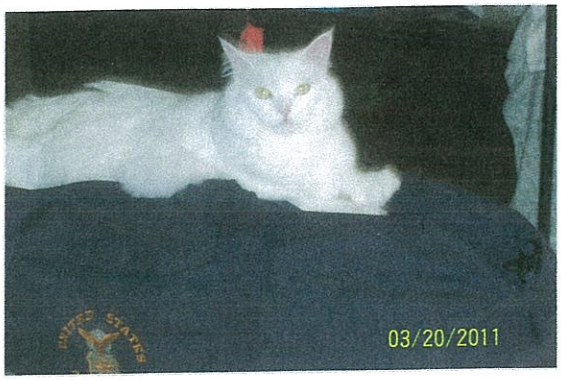
On Tuesday June 9th at 6p.m. Abby had her appointment with the clinic. I had them run a blood test. It came back as she was going into kidney failure, her blood was thick, she was dehydrated from excessive urination, despite her drinking. Abby passed away at 640p.m. in the Second Chance Wellness Clinic

Her animal friend friend Sox was roaming around yesterday crying and looking for her. .

So, Abby is More Than Just A Cat to me. She is my friend, she was guardian in her physical life. She is a great animal friend, not that I don't have another in the house I don't cherish. I have many pictures of Abby to look back on and laugh and remember all the good times. She gave me the best 8 years and animal could give of herself.

Abby a prayer for you: During your journey with God may you be playing in green fields running and jumping higher than you ever did before. I know you are not suffering any longer, enjoy your new life. I feel Dylan met you as you entered the Kingdom. Creator I know you'll take care of all the sweet animals for they are the innocent beings you sent here to comfort us.If you have another Abby 2.0 for me please show me her. AHO

Respectfully submitted,
Tom Silver Fox Morse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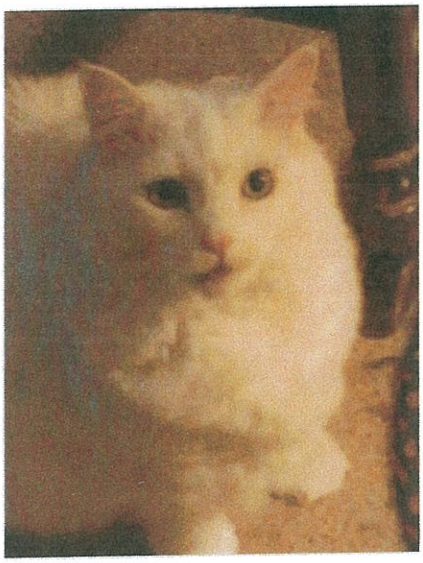
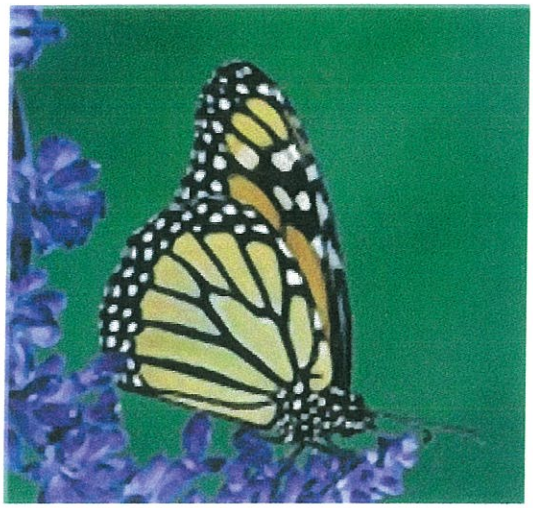




Why the Butterfly Died

By Julie Loe, B.S., PTA, Director of Pediatic Services

This story was given to me many years ago. It is a lesson I try never to forget. I hope it has meaning for you.

There's a story attributed to Henry Miller, the writer, about a little boy in India who went up to a guru who was sitting and looking at something in his hand. The little boy went up and looked at it. He didn't quite understand what it was, so he asked the guru, "What is that?"

"It's a cocoon," answered the guru, "Inside the cocoon is a butterfly. Soon the cocoon is going to split, and the butterfly will come out."

"Could I have it?" asked the little boy.

"Yes," said the guru, "but you must promise me that when the cocoon splits and the butterfly starts to come out and is beating it's wings to get out of the cocoon, you won't help it. It is important not to help the butterfly by breaking the cocoon apart. It must do it on it's own."

The little boy promised, took the cocoon, and went home with it. He then sat and watched it. He saw it begin to vibrate and move and quiver, and finally the cocoon split in half. Inside was a beautiful damp butterfly, frantically beating its wings against the cocoon, trying to get out and not seeming to be able to do it. The little boy desperately wanted to help. Finally, he gave in, and pushed the two halves of the cocoon apart. The butterfly sprang out, but as soon as it got out, it fell to the ground and was dead. The little boy picked up the dead butterfly and in tears went back to the guru and showed it to him.

Word scrabble

$10 to the first person to send Loving One the correct answer.

EQEANU

OMKINMO

HKSESWEU

PNPEIAENKSQSUHSUWESEA

UQTIN

NGENWNUI

UCHNEWTE

MWEA

Why the Butterfly Died

"Little boy," said the guru, "You pushed open the cocoon, didn't you?"

"Yes," said the little boy, "I did."

The guru spoke to him gravely, "You don't understand. You didn't understand what you were doing. When the butterfly comes out of the cocoon, the only way he can strengthen it's wings is by beating them against the cocoon. It beats against the cocoon so it's muscles will grow strong. When you helped it, you prevented it from developing the muscles it would need to survive."

It's a story every parent should remember. . .

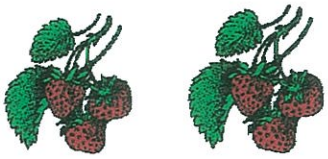
Handing a child the toy he wants instead of letting him crawl across the room for it or try his best to crawl for it; fulfilling his every whim; loading him down with toys and other shiny beautiful things before he really needs or desires them; emphasizing the importance of grades in school instead of the importance of education. . . all of these things tend to weaken the muscles a child should be developing on his own so that when the time comes to function independently, he will have the strength he needs.

So often, what seems harsh or cruel in nature, is in reality wisdom and kindness for the time ahead.

UNITED NIPMUCK/NIPMUC

STRAWBERRY MOON CELEBRATION

Strawberry Moon is a time for forgiveness, harmony and unity



Sponsored by the

Chaubunagungamaug and Hassanamisco Bands

All Nipmuck/Nipmuc People are WELCOME

Join Us

Saturday, June 20, 2015

HASSANAMESIT NIPMUC RESERVATION
80 BRIGHAM HILL ROAD
GRAFTON, MA 01519
1:00 to 4:00 p.m.

Potluck: **Bring your favorite dish** and share with your friends and neighbors for a Tasting of Strawberries and other delicious dishes

shhh! We are having a Silent Auction.

Rain Location: Nipmuc Tribal Office, 25 Main St., South Grafton, MA 01560

Don't forget to bring your strawberries, favorite dish and a folding chair to sit in during the ceremony

NIPMUCK TRIBAL

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

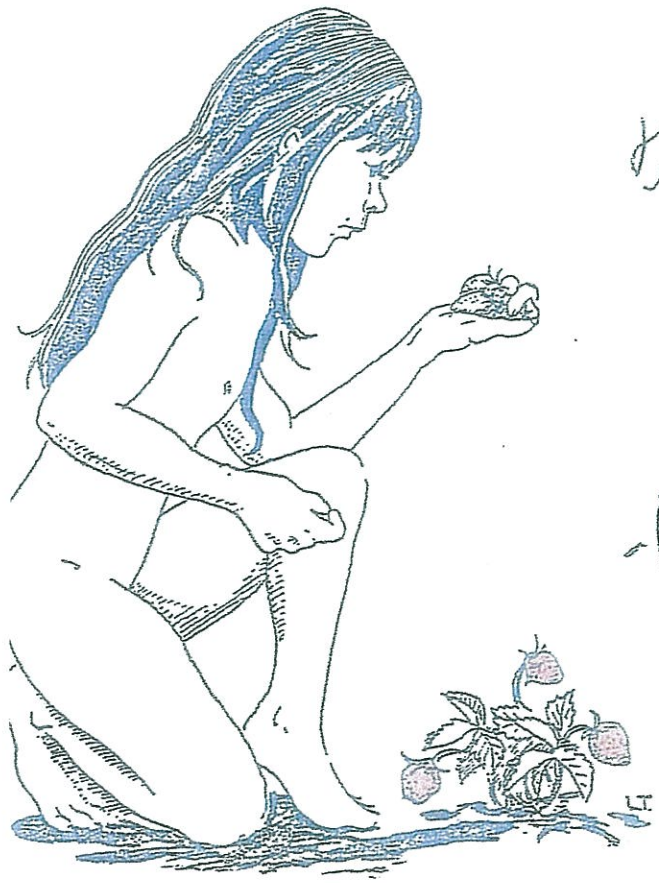
at Chaubunagungamaugg
reservation land

Saturday July 11th 2015 12:30 pm

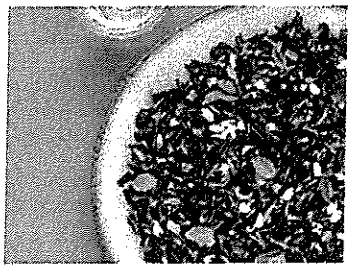
A Celebration of Forgiveness, Peace and Healing.....

Traditional Ceremony
Social Gathering
Pot-luck Feast

-Please let us hear from you!



Wild Rice Salad with Cranberries and Mint



Serves 8

30 minutes or fewer

Elliott Prag, a cooking instructor at New York's Natural Gourmet Institute, offers a culinary history lesson with this recipe. It calls for wild rice, dried cranberries, and maple syrup—all of them indigenous to North America.

½ cup olive oil

¼ cup orange juice

2 Tbs. grated orange zest

2 Tbs. pure maple syrup

1 Tbs. plus 1 tsp. Dijon mustard

2 10.5-oz. pkgs. fully cooked wild rice

½ cup pine nuts (4 oz.)

½ cup dried cranberries (2 oz.)

½ cup fresh mint, finely chopped

2 green onions, white and green parts thinly sliced (¼ cup)

Whisk together oil, orange juice, orange zest, maple syrup, and mustard in large bowl. Add rice, pine nuts, cranberries, mint, and green onions, and toss to coat. Season with salt and pepper.

November/December 2008 p.38

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Who populated Americas?

Multiple origins theory is proposed

By Mark Stevenson
THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

MEXICO CITY — A scientific reconstruction of one of the oldest sets of human remains found in the Americas appears to support theories that the first people who came to the hemisphere migrated from a broader area than once thought, researchers say.

Mexico's National Institute of Anthropology and History on Thursday released photos of the reconstructed image of a woman who probably lived on Mexico's Caribbean coast 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. She peeks out of the picture as a short, spry-looking woman with slightly graying hair.

Anthropologists had long believed humans migrated to the Americas, in a relatively short period from a limited area in northeast Asia, across a temporary land corridor that opened across the Bering Strait during an ice age.

But government archaeologist Alejandro Terrazas says the picture has now become more complicated, because the reconstruction more resembles people from southeastern Asian areas like Indonesia.

"History isn't that simple," Terrazas said. "This indicates that the Americas were populated by several migratory movements, not just one or two waves from northern Asia across the Bering Strait."

Some outside experts caution that the evidence is not conclusive.

Ripan Malhi, assistant professor of anthropology at the University of Illinois, said that "using facial reconstructions to assign ancestry to an individual is not as strong as using ancient DNA to assess the ancestry of the individual, because the environment can influence the traits of the face."

"All of the current genetic evidence points to Northeast Asia as the main source for Native Americans," Malhi said.

However, there have been few opportunities to use DNA or other methods to identify the origins of the first inhabitants because only a handful of skeletons from 10,000 years ago have survived.

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

This is a scientific reconstruction of an ancient woman known as La Mujer de las Palmas, based on the skeletal remains of a female who lived 10,000 to 12,000 years ago in Tulum, Mexico.

The female is known as "La Mujer de las Palmas," or "The Woman of the Palms," after the sinkhole cave near the Caribbean resort of Tulum where her remains were found by divers and recovered in 2002.

Because rising water levels flooded the cave where she died or was laid to rest, her skeleton was about 90 percent intact. Archaeologists and physical anthropologists calculated she was 44 to 50 years old when she died, about 5 feet tall and weighed about 128 pounds.

Experts also measured skull features and calculated the muscle and other tissue layers that once covered her face, which served as a guide for experts in paleo-anthropological modeling at the Atelier Daynes in France to complete a model of the woman.

The model shows a stocky woman clad in a simple knee-length woven tunic. She had a broad face, prominent cheeks, thin lips, and little trace of the epicanthic eye-folds that characterize many modern Asian populations.

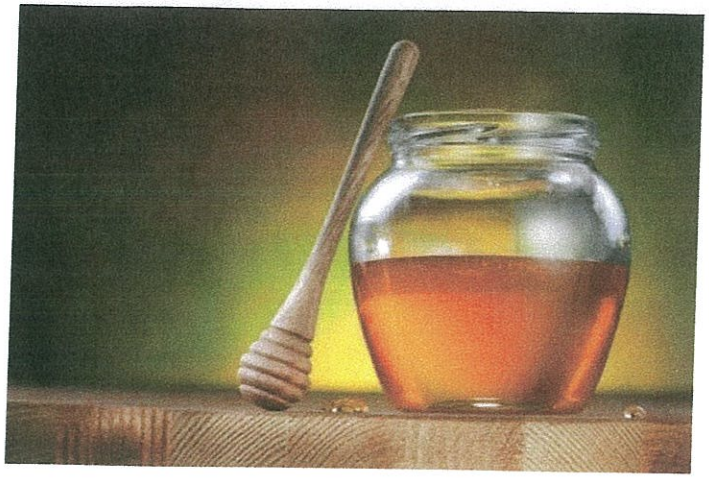
"Her body structure, skin and eyes are similar to the population of Southeast Asia," the institute said in a statement.

Susan Gillespie, an associate professor of anthropology at the University of Florida, noted that while the Bering land bridge theory still has a lot of support, "the situation is messier than the straightforward scenario ... of big-game hunters chasing woolly mammoths over the exposed 'Bering bridge' to Alaska."

She cautioned in an e-mail message against comparing a reconstructed face from 10 000 years ago to modern pop ılations in places like Indonesia, which have also probably changed over 10 millennia.

"You have to find skeletons of the same time period in Asia, or use genetic reconstructions, to make a strong connection, and cannot rely on modern populations," she wrote. "Do we have any empirical data on what Southeast Asian women looked like ... 10,000 years ago?"

Our ancestors were wise to use natural sweeteners in moderation, like maple syrup, agave nectar and honey. We should avoid sugar when possible, whether we have diabetes or not.



Think

The earliest historic mention of honey was in 2100 B.C. The honeybee is believed to have originated in southern Asia, although some scholars say Africa. About 12,000 varieties of bees exist in the world, yet only a few called *Apis mellifica* store honey. There were many bees native to North America, but few honeybees until the early mid 1600s. Indigenous people called them "the white man's fly." By 1800, honeybees went off into the wilderness, built their hives and crossed the Mississippi River.

American Indians enjoyed a different kind of honey prior to the arrival of Spanish conquistadors. The Mayans and Aztecs ate honey from a bee, *Melipona beecheii*, that used hollowed out logs as hives. The honeybees of today mostly use the nectar of clover and alfalfa. Modern beekeepers are delving into new varieties such as orange-blossom, raspberry, buckwheat, linden, sage-blossom and many more.

The term "busy bee" is an understatement—it is estimated that it takes 160,000 bees to produce one pound of honey. The life span of a bee is four to six weeks, in which she can only collect about a teaspoon of nectar. They must die of exhaustion. So many generations of bees are involved in the production of a single jar of honey. All bees are valuable; they pollinate all types of plants that produce our food while they gather nectar. Sadly modern-day pesticides kill them off.

Honey is a very valuable food and medicine. When I had a sore throat as a child, my mother would give me a couple spoonfuls of honey and lemon juice. Some healthcare professionals agree that consuming honey rather than cane sugar may improve blood glucose control in diabetics.

Honey retains its moisture and does not freeze. It is used in the tobacco and baking industries to keep their products moist and fresh. A general rule of thumb when buying honey is the darker, the more flavorful. All honey imparts the distinctive flavor of the flowers from which it is made. One of the world's favorite flavors is thyme. Clover honey is the most available commercial type and is light-colored and thick. Although honey does not freeze, it does ferment. In the mid-1500s, a drink called mead, also called "nectar of the Gods," was made from fermented honey.

And honey even has roots beyond the gastronomic and medicinal. There is even a legend saying that Cupid dipped his little arrows in honey before shooting unsuspecting lovebirds.

Nowadays, people often enjoy honey drizzled on yogurt, bread or fruit salad. It also serves as good substitute for sugar in some recipes. We keep it on the dinner table. For dessert, we sometimes dab a little on a small roll. I like to combine honey with butter, and spread it across warm cornbread.

When my kids were little, I made them "sundaes" of plain yogurt, drizzled with honey and sprinkled with wheat germ. It's a delicious and healthy treat. (Honey is only safe for children over the age of 1 to eat.)

Honey-Lemon Dressing

3 tablespoons honey

4 tablespoons fresh lemon juice (I use Meyer lemons, any will do)

1 clove garlic, minced or pressed

1 tablespoon chopped fresh parsley

½ teaspoon sugar

½ teaspoon salt

½ teaspoon fresh ground pepper

1/3 cup light tasting olive oil or vegetable oil

Whisk together in a small bowl until emulsified. Store, chilled, up to five days or use right away. If chilled, let it stand at room temperature for 15 minutes and whisk before serving. It's delicious served on spinach, most salad greens or even

My grandmother used to make a cough syrup with honey, lemon & onion. She'd keep it on the back of her stove. And it worked!

Congrats!
Bachelors Degree
my
Beautiful Girl

I'm sooo proud & Love you Soooo muches

Be Healthy with Honey

By Dr. Maoshing Ni, LifeScript Natural Health Specialist
Published January 15, 2009

Ask Dr. Mao

VIEW 1 COMMENT RATE PRINT PREVIOUS NEXT

Ads by Google

Laser Spine Surgery
New 30-Min Laser Spine Surgery. Get Pain Relief w/ Fast Recovery.
northamericanspine.com/LaserSurgery

The healing power of honey sooths a range of ailments. As a folk remedy, it is taken for heartburn and stomach ulcers. And Western research indicates that honey may halt the growth of H. pylori, the bacteria responsible for most gastric ulcers. Plus, the caffeic acid found in honey may also prevent colon cancer.

The only warning for this delicious, bacteria-fighting sweetener is that it should never be given to a child under the age of one because raw honey may contain botulism spores.

Here are some home remedies for common ailments, in which honey takes center stage:

Ask Dr. Mao

ALSO SEE

Lycopene Supplement

Thiamin - Vitamin B1

Which Supplements Should You Take?

Can Chamomile Benefit Your Health?

Selenium Supplement

First aid for wounds. Soak gauze in honey and wrapped around burns and wounds to help healing. Apply it to insect bites to sooth and prevent infections.

Sooth a sore throat. Eat a teaspoon of honey to sooth and coat the throat.

Remedy your allergies. 1 teaspoon of unfiltered and unprocessed honey taken daily can do wonders for allergies.

Cure a cough. Core and peel one Asian pear, add 1 tablespoon of honey to the center, and steam or bake for 10-15 minutes. Eat this two to three time a day to nourish your lungs and sooth a cough.

Counteract constipation. When you wake up in the morning, drink a 12-oz. glass of lukewarm water with 1 tablespoon of honey on an

*No honey for infants under one year.

We Are Responsible

We are responsible for children

who put chocolate fingers everywhere,
who like to be tickled,
who stomp puddles and ruin their new pants,
who sneak popsicles before supper,
who erase holes in math workbooks,
who can never find their shoes.

And we are responsible for those

who stare at photographers from behind broken windows,
who can't bound down the street in a new pair of sneakers,
who never "counted potatoes,"
who are born in places we wouldn't be caught dead,
who never go to the circus,
who live in an X-rated world.

We are responsible for children

who bring us sticky kisses and fistfuls of dandelions,
who sleep with the dog and bury the goldfish,
who hug us in a hurry and forget their lunch money,
who cover themselves with Band-Aids and sing off key,
who squeeze toothpaste all over the sink,
who slurp their soup.

And we are responsible for those

who never get dessert,
who have no safe blanket to drag behind them,
who watch their parents watch them die,
who can't find any bread to steal,
who don't have any rooms to clean up,
whose pictures aren't on anybody's dresser,
whose monsters are real.

We are responsible for children

who spend all their allowance before Tuesday,
who throw tantrums in the grocery store and pick at their food,
who like ghost stories,
who shove dirty clothes under their bed and never rinse out the tub,
who get visits from the tooth fairy,
who don't like to be kissed in front of the carpool,
who squirm in church and scream in the phone,
whose tears we sometimes laugh at and whose smiles can make us cry.

We are responsible for those

whose nightmares come in the daytime,
who will eat anything,
who have never seen a dentist,
who aren't spoiled by anybody,
who go to bed hungry and cry themselves to sleep,
who live and move but have no being.

We are responsible for children who want to be carried and for those who must be,

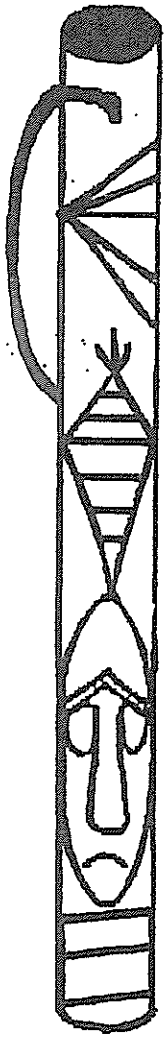
For those we never give up on and for those who don't get a second chance, or even a first,

For those we smother with love and for those who will grab the hand of anybody kind enough to offer it.

Ina Hughes
Charlotte, North Carolina

The "Talking" Stick

For many years now, as long as the story tellers and elders of the tribe can remember, the tribes were governed by Chiefs or Sagamores. The Sagamores governed tribal affairs, like court justices, and all decisions affecting the tribe were made at council meetings. The council was a gathering of the Chief, the older men, and sometimes an elder woman. This perfect order was due to the mutual respect that existed between tribal members rights to speak in a council meeting without interruption. When a person spoke or wished to speak, they would hold up their hand and extend the first index finger as if pointing toward the sky. They continued pointing during the time they spoke, even when they had finished speaking, there was complete silence for several minutes after, in case the speaker thought of something they wish to add. The next speaker would raise his hand, point and wait to be recognized by the Chief. This system was the beginning of our modern "Robert's Rules of Order" used today to govern meetings.



As time passed the pointed finger was replaced in many tribes with a large feather that was held by the speaker and passed onto the next speaker recognized by the Chief. Now the large feather has been replaced with the "Talking" Stick. A tree branch is cut, the bark is removed and after drying; it is carved with Indian designs and hand burnt. A leather strap is attached and the talking stick is ready for use during meetings. The speaker who holds the stick has the right to speak and others must have the mutual respect to listen. The tradition of the carving of the "Talking" Stick is carried on today by Richard Keezer, Woodcarver Artisan, member of the Passamaquoddy Tribe, of Pleasant Point Reservation of Sipayik at Perry, Maine. Each of the Talking Sticks carved by Richard is unique, no two are identical, according to Richard each stick he creates is guided by the spirit contained within each piece of wood.

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