

WAISHKEY NEWS

Happy Birthday Chloe! We love you!
Mom, Christian and Auntie

Happy 17th Birthday to Loretta Trudeau. Can't believe you're almost all grown up. We love you!
Mom, Emmett and Sheena

Happy Birthday, Kendall! Hooray, you're a big 4-year-old. Love you lots!

Grandpa, Grandma Dar, Loretta and Sheena

Happy Birthday, Andrew, on March 2. I'm so happy that you've grown so big and strong. You're 4 years old and we're very proud of you.

Love, Grandma, Papa, Aunt Loretta and Aunt Sheena

Happy 4th Birthday, Kendall Jesse, on Feb. 23. We

love you!

Aunt Selina, Uncle Steve, Jordan, Raina and Jared

Happy Birthday, Auntie Loretta!

Love, Raina and Jared

Happy Birthday to our big brother, Jordan!

We love you and miss you!
Raina and Jared

IN MEMORY ...

Yesterday's Child

By Dru LeBlanc

Summer of 1969

I have no presents or trinkets to give in memory of our days spent together

My words, though simple, are a portion of my heart I give to you to carry on your life's journey.

All the days of my life I will thank you for these memories I hold within my heart

My love for you, my brother, can only be written on the pages of time

By chance we sowed the seeds of youth, giving life to all our hopes and dreams

We laughed and played like children, yet always knowing soon would come the day



We put aside our games to become the men and women of the world

In years to come, by chance, or fate, or plan, we'll share always the joy and sadness we have gathered on our way.

In memory of Floyd Riggs who walked on Friday, Feb. 4, 2005. He was a member of many nations.

150 Years of Endurance

By Elaine Schuster

All was lost to our people: Our land, our homes, our livelihood, our language, our religion, our tribal and family structures. And still we remain, distinct and proud. Yet a part of today's world.

"Grow potatoes," they said, and we tried, but the soil was poor.

"Bless yourselves," they said, "Dominus vobiscum." and we did, but still we were hungry.

They took our children, "to teach them," they said. And they did. They taught them shame.

But our spirit would not die. It fed upon hunger; it grew stronger on shame, and we stood tall. We drew about us the tatters of our past. We wove them and patched them like a rabbitskin robe. Today, like that blanket, our culture is stronger than before. Today, we stand in two worlds distinct and proud. Confident in our own strength. A match for and a part of today's world.

Dec. 15, 1986.



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Kings Club Casino patron Katherine Prall sent in the above photo of a bird eating at a feeder she received from the casino's "Gift of the Month" promotion. "This gift has brought great joy to us," she said.