



GUYAUSHK'S NEWS

Dedicated to the Overall Health of the Heart, Mind, Body and Soul
for Individuals, Families, Communities, and Tribal Organizations



Ode-i-mini giizis (Strawberry Picking Moon)

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THE UNBROKEN CIRCLE

These months are just flying by...June 30th represents half of the calendar year being over (already!).

In the Anishinaabemowin (Chippewa/Ojibway Language), June is referred to as Ode-i-mini giizis, or Strawberry Picking Moon. I remember as a young child, walking through the field by our house and picking these little wild strawberries, putting sugar on them, and of course eating them! I didn't too much cause I got "fired" for fooling around too much, but, many people would go to Erickson's, Betzold's, and Rabideaux's and pick berries to earn money.

With the Anishinabe being a Woodland Indian, many of the designs in art work, i.e., beadwork, quillwork, basketry, etc., would be in patterned after flowers, leaves, berries, etc. The beaded strawberry is a beautiful piece of Native Art to see!

Since the last edition of Gyaushk's News, again many things happening in our little Community, as well as the local area. Verdayne Hanson, was one of the teachers/staff person at the Bayfield School for thirty-one years, passed away. While I was in High School (1970-74), Mr. Hanson served as the Guidance Counselor, Physics Teacher, and Advisor for my class. From what I remember, he was always a kind person, treated everyone with respect, and helped students in many ways.

Dr. Nancy Betzold passed away at the age of 51. Her family had one of the local fruit farms, just outside of Bayfield. My cousin Susie Cameron, who passed away from breast cancer had Dr. Betzold as her primary care Physician for 13 years.

Again, always seemed to be a kind person, treated everyone with respect, and helped many people. Just going on from what I heard, it sounds like Dr. Betzold was diagnosed with cancer and three weeks later passed on.

Mary Jane Cadotte also passed away. I think the last 25 years or so, she lived in Red Cliff, including with her granddaughter Cheryl Basina. She lived a long life and at 87 years old began her journey into the Spirit World. I remember her at the Bingos and seemed to be very lucky. She was one of those people, when they won...people would say..."Ah...Mary Jane won..isn't that nice...."

Not everyone can get those kind of compliments when they win at Bingo, but Mary Jane was just that kind of person you felt good when she won!

Each time someone passes on, there is so much involved with that unfortunate event. James Hawk, 25 years old, son of Jeannie and Larry Gordon passed away from a car accident which involved alcohol. I was surprised my sons, Kelly and John, knew James where I believed they served sometime together in the local County jail. And I am sure partied some here and there together...well, that is about all I want to know there! I cannot even imagine the shock Jeannie and Larry went through when the Cop stopped there to inform them of what happened.

I have to be honest and mention, there have been many sleepless nights, pacing the floor, etc., that I (and am sure their mother, Sharon) over the years, was waiting for that call or that visit from the Cop(s)

about our sons.

During this time, I attended the services and observed many young people in attendance. I thought that was great that they would show their support for the family, for each other, and maybe think a little about life and how quick it can change. I also saw so many other individuals in attendance, who have experienced similar tragedies involving alcohol related incidences.

I also know that James's spirit will continue on, through all people that knew him and through the little one he and his fiancé Caitlin Gorman created, which is expected in November.

In our little Community, we can have a wedding, birthday party, a grand opening, and a funeral all at the same time and realize how the circle of life goes on...the unbroken circle.

One of my Guiding Principles has become is "destiny in the hands of the Great Spirit," and I guess that is so true, as we have no control over our fate, the weather, or what happens on a day to day basis. Offer your asema and prayer to the Creator you believe in, and accept what is there!



FISHING...ANOTHER UNBROKEN CIRCLE

Again, I get information and suggestions from various people. Last month, Pat Peterson (wife of my cousin Gilmore) suggested posting an article about their fishing business in Michigan. Originally, I was going to reprint the article for the June 2010 edition of Gyaushk's News. However, in the recent edition of the Great Lakes Indian Fish and Wildlife Commission (GLIFWC), the complete article is included. To read this, please go to GLIFWC's website at: www.glifwc.org.

I've been thinking about writing an article of my dad, Louis "Uncle Butts" Peterson and his dedication to fishing. In January 1982, at the age of 63, he passed away from cirrhosis of the liver due to his alcoholism. Throughout his life, serving in World War II, the drinking, losing a 17 year old son, and other tragedies of life, there was one passion that was near and dear to him....the calling of Lake Superior and fishing for his livelihood.

Ever since I can remember and until the time of his death, he owned and operated his own boat, originally named "Bobbie." The BOBBIE was built at Bayfield by Evan Christensen, in 1939 for William Noring, of Sand Island. The boat was about 30 ft. in length, and equipped with a 2 cyl. 18 hp. Regal gas engine. By the mid 1940s Floyd Hoopman was owner, followed by Louis [Uncle Butts] Peterson, who eventually re-named the boat UNCLE BUTTS and repowered with a Chrysler Crown marine gas engine. The boat changed hands several times after that

and is currently sitting ashore at Bayfield.

From my recollections, the passion for fishing within the Peterson family probably began when my great grandmother, Isabell Bresette married Martin Peterson, a Norwegian, who passed it down to his son, my grandfather, Martin Peterson. One aspect of this family tradition is just a natural fit. The Tribal side with the importance of using a natural resource with that of my Norwegian Grandfather bringing into more of a family business for their livelihood.

My Grampa passed it down to his sons: Wilfred, Louis, Martin, William, and Leonard. From there, each one of my Grampa Peterson's sons and their children have been and are currently still involved with the fishing business. For my father's side of the family, my brother Earl (Butch) Livingston continues on this tradition. As a young child of about 7 or 8

years old, I would go with my dad on the lake in his fishing boat. I am not sure if I was any help or not, but years later I realized the process had started for my grooming into the family tradition of fishing. However, this was curtailed, significantly, with my dad's drinking and parents divorcing.

But a couple of things I remember in going out on the lake with dad are some good memories. When we would get to a place where buoys were, I would be on the back of the boat, looking over and watching the nets being pulled up into the boat. From there, I would watch for "big" fish...and then say..."Pa, here comes a big fish..." He probably had me do this just to stay out of the way, but I took my responsibility seriously. Another time, there was a trout in the nets that was probably about 5 inches in length. My dad gave me the fish, whereby I put it on the hook of my fishing pole and threw it into the lake, as though



Fishing, continued on Page 4

I was fishing and caught this fish. As my dad was driving the boat to the next lift, I was reeling my fish in that "I caught," only to have a seagull try to take it from me. The seagull and I fought over that fish and can't actually remember who won....but years later, (and just remembered as I am just

writing this...), how ironic that I would be given the Indian name of Guyaushk, or Seagull! Wow...I guess my Indian name was fate from many years ago.

Even though it is painful to remember my dad's "down time" due to his disease, I take great pride in remembering how

much passion and dedication he had with fishing on Gitchi Gumee (Lake Superior). I remember how he cared for his boat and making sure it ran well, was always painted up, and how he changed the name of his boat from Bobbie to Uncle Butts.

HELMA'S HAPPENINGS!



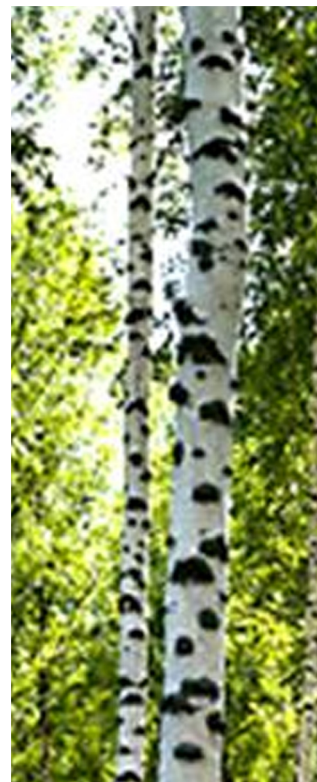
Indanimoosim ezhichiged bezig giizhigadinig
what my puppy does 'one' day
Agwajiin gii izha indawakaan, indanimoosim.
Outside (he) went. My puppy/dog went outside.
gii gichi babaamibaatoo igo epii chi minwendang agwajiing ayaad.
He ran around. He was so happy/glad (to be) outside.
Aanish na gabe biboong gii ayaa biindig.
For (al)most all winter he was inside.
Agwajiing wiin igo na izha ji wi zhiizhiigid miinawaa ji zhaga'ang.

He went outside to do his 'duty', peed and (other thing)
Ayaa pii go gaye gii maazhichige omaa biindig o'sa gii miiziid.
Every once in awhile he did something [wrong] in here by doing #
2.

gii ishpagonaganig apii iwe igo gii maazhichiged iko. hyyk!!!
It was when snow was high when he did wrong. hyyk!!! [exclamation]
gaawiin igo onjida gii izhichigesiin.
He did not do that on purpose.
Giishpin igo ishpagonamagaasinongiban agwajiing waayiiba da gii izha.

If it wasn't [snow] so high, outside, he would have went sooner.
Goon gii ayaa imaa jii'gishkwandeng.
Snow 'was' by door [implied] which prevented 'going out'.

noogom wiin igo mino chige agwajiing izhaad ji wi zhaga'ang.
He now does good by going outside.
ingi chi apiitenimaa indanimoosim.
I am proud of my puppy.
Mii sago apane ezhi babaaminizha'od omaa biindig.
He always follows me around here inside.
Ani dibikaadinig dash awi ga wishimo iwidi jiiigayi'ii ninibaagan ayaamagak.
When it's getting dark, he goes to rest [bed] near where my bed is.
mii imaa gaye wiin nibad michizag gabe dibik.
That is where he sleeps on the floor all night
gaawiin gaye migisiin dibikadinig.
He does not bark at night.
gaawiin awiyaa bi baabaagwa'ige siin. bangan iko omaa ayaayang.
[It's] quiet here where we live.



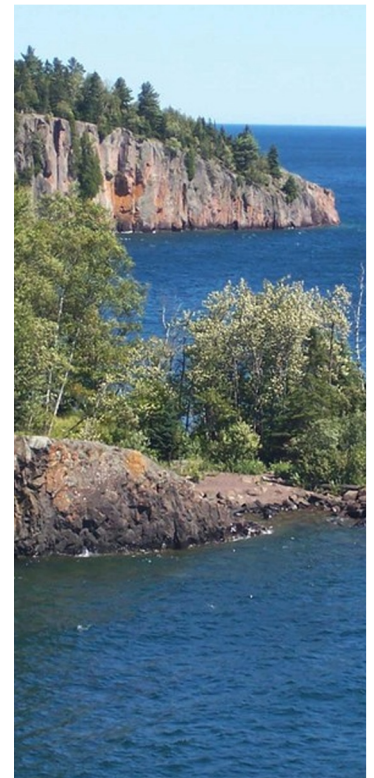
Happenings, continued on Page 5

Happenings, continued from page 4
 mi'iw....That's all...finished...the end!

WORD TRANSLATION

agwajjiing - outside	indawakan - pet
indanimoosim - my little dog	babaamibaatoo - running around
epii chi minwendang - how happy he is	ayaad - where 'he' is
biindig - inside	zhiizhiigid - peed
zhaaga'ang - go outside	mazichige - does wrong
miiziid - poop	ishpagonaganig - deep snow
onjida - on purpose	izhichigesiin - do(esn't) something
ishpagonagaamaagaasinongiban - if snow wasn't so high	goon - snow
wayiiba - early/soon	zhaga'ang - go out
jiigishkwandeg - near door	apane - always
apiitenimaa - proud of	ani - when
babaaminiza'od - follows me around	gaawisimo - go to bed
dibikadinig - dark/night	jiigayi'ii - near
iwidi - over there	ayaamagak - where it's at
ninibaagan - my bed	michizag - 'on' floor.
nibaad - sleeps	bangan - quiet
babagwa'ige - someone knocks	

maybe too much aa's or not enough. *
 contact author for misspelled, etc words.



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Planning: Short and Long Term Assessment of Organizational Structure Topics Related to Personal and Professional Change Personal Wellness and much more - please contact us.	Team building Grant Proposal Development Program Development Evaluation of Services
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CULTURAL RELEVANCE AND ORGANIZATIONAL MANAGEMENT

In October 1995, I took a huge risk in beginning my own Tribal Management Consulting business. Since that time, it has been very rewarding, lots of challenges, lots of “successes”, and over of course, lots of disappointments. I wanted to concentrate on providing services which were culturally relevant to individuals, Tribal Organizations, Departments, and Tribal Communities. Along this journey, I was able to obtain my Master’s and Doctorate degrees that would assist me in this effort. Along this journey, I’ve also been able to utilize resources to help me, also in this effort. Many years ago, I read the book “The 7 Habits of Highly Effective

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<p>People” by Steven R. Covey. Maybe it was just me and where I was at in the time of my life, but, I found this book to be rather spiritual in nature. I connected immediately with the messages the author was illustrating. I</p>	<p>highly recommend this book for reading! On my journal and in a cultural way, I also found how the following Anishinaabe Guiding Principles can help us in our</p>	<p>everyday lives, including within our jobs and organizations. This reaffirms the teaching of the four directions, the Great Spirit, our land, and ourselves...and guess what? The importance of the number 7, in a cultural way!</p>
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7TH HABITS OF HIGHLY EFFECTIVE ANISHINAABE

ANISHINAABE VALUES

“TO OFFER HOPE, ENCOURAGEMENT, AND INSPIRATION”

“CULTURALLY ENCOURAGING.... BALANCE OF THE HEART, MIND, BODY, AND SOUL....”

ANISHINABE VALUE # 1 – LOVE

~Compassion ~Empathy ~Understanding ~Kindness ~Emotional safety
~Unconditional love

ANISHINABE VALUE # 2 - HUMILITY

~To be humble ~Be wise without arrogance ~Think of others first ~Don't Judge
~Acknowledge mistakes ~Remember where you came from

ANISHINABE VALUE # 3 – TRUTH

~Be honest and don't lie ~Practice Ethics ~Have Integrity
~Remember your Values ~Don't Gossip ~Be upfront

ANISHINABE VALUE # 4 COURAGE

~Be honest ~Fortitude ~Do the Right Thing ~Be Yourself ~Okay to be Afraid
~When Afraid, ask for Help

ANISHINABE VALUE # 5 HONESTY

~Tell the Truth ~Admit Mistakes ~Trustworthy ~Don't do anything Unethical

ANISHINABE VALUE # 6 RESPECT

~Don't Judge/Gossip ~Strive for equity ~Positive regard ~Treat people fairly ~Feed 'em
~Have respect for yourself, individuals, environment, and animals

ANISHINABE VALUE # 7 WISDOM

~Acknowledge experience everyday ~Continually growing ~Share experience ~Listen ~Learning
~To know the difference



THE GEE-GA WA-BA-MIN SECTION

Honor is the best word to describe what I am feeling. The following is picture of a necklace I was asked to make for the Waadookodaading Anishinaabe Language Immersion School in LCO. It was for one of the students who was “graduating” from the School and going into the regular LCO School in the fall. I say honor, because there are a lot of very talented traditional artists from LCO (and other Reservations), but was asked if I would/could make this in time for their ceremony and gathering.



The other pictures are of Anishinaabe Ah-bah-nooji Moccasins (Indian Baby Moccasins) that I recently made and gave to a new born. I’ve been trying make and give these out for the young babies being born in our Community. The purpose has many meanings, but for me, it helps me with my continual learning of making Traditional Native Art and to pass on a tradition for the young child to begin their life in a cultural way.

I’ve been doing Traditional Native Art (a term I use now...instead of Arts and Crafts) since a very young age...like 7 or 8 is when I think I started to “dabble” in it. And while I have been influenced by Tiny Cadotte, Sis Newago, Idell Duffy, Antie Jenny Goslin, my mother Elma Peterson, and many others from other Tribes...much of my learning has been self-taught. A couple of years ago, my sisters Mary and Donna received their Indian names. I decided to make them moccasins to wear that day. As I traced their footprints, I could tailor Donna’s more, cause she was right here. With my sister Mary living in Pittsville at the time, I had to just make ‘em! Well the first ones I made for Mary...which should have been a size woman’s 5 or 6...turned out to be a man’s size 11/12! So, I got an extra pair of moccasins for myself...which I hadn’t planned on! As it turned out, Mary and Donna ended up switching their moccasins with each other...cause of the fit! So, as I have been doing Traditional Native Art for 45+ years...I am still learning!

Earlier in this edition, I talked about the passion of my Dad had with his fishing and how throughout the hardships he faced with alcohol...always had that passion in fishing to fall back on. And as with me and the hardships I face(d) with my own alcoholism and having sobriety for almost 18 years now...and I find myself turning to my passion....Traditional Native Art. It is something that gives me great solitude and serenity...it allows me to continue a part of our Anishinaabe traditions...it allows me to give something to individuals that I hope they will cherish and maybe...just maybe inspire them to carry on a part of our Anishinaabe traditions.

Find your passion! Don’t forget to treat each other with goodness and kindness..be respectful to our women and men, especially with May having Mother’s Day and June having Father’s Day.... GEE-GA WA-BA-MIN, NA-GUTCH! (I WILL SEE YOU LATER)!

