

NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN CENTER NEWSLETTER

Title VII: Native American Indian Education Program



CONGRATULATIONS:

Johnnie Peraza

2nd Grade - Hoover
Perfect Attendance

Janissa Perez

Kindergarten - John R. Williams
Perfect Attendance

Robert McCarl

Senior- Chavez High
Principal's List 4.5 G.P.A.

Anissa Reyes

6th Grade - Hazelton
Outstanding Citizenship

Carlos Montenegro Jr

Happy 11th Birthday!

Giovanna Salcido

Happy 16th Birthday!

Ariana Salcido

Congrats Early Graduation!

Karyn Ann Gareis

Congrats Early Graduation !

PLEASE SHARE!

Send us your birthdays and any announcements that you would like us to include in our newsletter. If you have any artwork, photography, or poetry that you would like to have published in our newsletter please email it to drivas@stocktonusd.net or call (209)933-7425 x 8083

CALENDAR

Native Journey Through Ed.

Dec 17th 4 p.m.-7 p.m.
Wahsoe TANF Office

Winter Gathering

Dec. 18th 6 p.m. -8:30 p.m.
Edison High Cafeteria

Winter Break

Dec. 23rd - Jan. 3rd

PSAC

January 8th 5:15 p.m.-6:15 p.m.

Cultural Clas

January 14th 6 p.m. -8 p.m.
January 21st 6 p.m. -8 p.m.
January 28th 6 p.m. -8 p.m.



NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN CENTER

Location: Edison High School

100 W. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd
Stockton, CA 95206

Portable 105

Phone:

(209) 933-7425 ext 8083

Hours: 7 a.m.-2:30 p.m.

Native



Washoe TANF Beading Circle

Every Tuesday 10 a.m. -1 p.m.

5151 Montauban Ave , Suite 100

Stockton, CA 95210

(209) 461-6304

New Year's Eve Red Road Pow Wow

December 31, 2019 – January 1, 2020

Fresno Convention Center Exhibit Hall 1

848 M Street Fresno, CA 93701

Stockton Native American Dance and Drum Class

Class is typically on Wednesday's at 6 p.m.- 8 p.m.

Please request to join their Facebook group to get updates on where and when classes will be held. Young Eagle Spirit Dance and Drum use this class as practice as well as a teaching opportunity for the Native Community. It is a volunteer based class.

RECIPES



Laverne Glaze's Recipe for Acorn Soup:

Pick up the fallen acorns and remove the caps. If the tops are white, they're good; discard ones with brown tops.

Place in a basket or a mesh sack for a month or two to let them dry.

When dry, crack the shells with a hammer or a rock. Rub off the outer skin (which may require soaking).

Grind the acorns as fine as flour with a mortar or a crank mill --- no chunks.

Place the flour in a fine flour sacking cloth lined colander and pour very hot un-chlorinated water through it.

Follow with cool untreated water until the flour is no longer bitter.

Cook on a stove with spring water and keep stirring. The soup thickens and can be made watery or thick according to taste.

Season with salty fish; Laverne's mother liked salt in her soup.

Story Telling

Winter is the time for telling stories in many traditions. The days were very short and the nights were very long, and it was a good time to tell stories. A good story would get you through those long nights. It's also true that the stories were not supposed to be told in the summer. For example, a good story is so powerful that everyone wants to listen to it, including the snakes who are awake in the summer time. So if you don't want snakes in your house, you don't tell these traditional stories when the days are long. Another reason is that many traditional stories contain animal characters. To be respectful, people wait until the winter when animals hibernate or become less active so they could not hear themselves being talked about.

To have a storyteller tell you a story is like receiving a gift. To be respectful, a gift of tobacco is offered to the storyteller before the story begins. The storyteller will often take the tobacco outside and place it on the earth as an offering to the spirits of the story.

Fire : A Story from the Alabama Tribe Retold by S.E. Schlosser

In the beginning of the world there was a Bear who owned fire. It warmed Bear and his people on cold nights and gave them light when it was dark. Bear and his people carried fire with them wherever they went.

One day, Bear and his people came to a great forest, where they found many acorns lying on the forest floor. Bear set Fire at the edge of the forest, and he and his people began eating acorns. The acorns were crunch and crisp and tasted better than any other acorns Bear and his people had ever eaten. They wandered further and further away from Fire, eating the delicious acorns and seeking out more when the acorn supply grew low.

Fire blazed up merrily for awhile, until it had burned nearly all of its wood. It started to smoke and flicker, then it dwindled down and down. Fire was alarmed. It was nearly out. "Feed me! Feed me!" Fire shouted to Bear. But Bear and his people had wandered deep into the forest, and then did not hear Fire's cries.

At that moment, Man came walking through the forest and saw the small, flickering Fire. "Feed me! Feed me!" Fire cried in despair.

"What should I feed you?" Man asked. He had never seen Fire before.

"I eat sticks and logs and wood of all kinds," Fire explained.

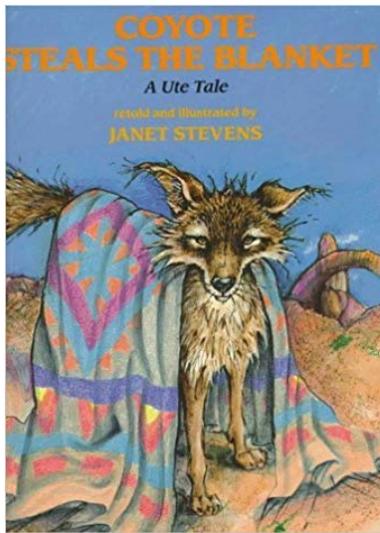
Man picked up a stick and laid it on the North side of Fire. Fire sent its orange-blue flames flickering up the side of the stick until it started to burn. Man got a second stick and laid it on the West side of the fire. Fire, nourished by the first stick, burned brighter and stretched taller and eagerly claimed the second stick. Man picked up a third stick and laid it on the south side of Fire and laid a fourth stick on the East. By this time, Fire was leaping and dancing in delight, its hunger satisfied.

Man warmed himself by the blazing Fire, enjoying the changed colors and the hissing and snapping sound Fire made as it ate the wood. Man and Fire were very happy together, and Man fed Fire sticks whenever it got hungry.

A long time later, Bear and his people came back to the edge of the forest, looking for Fire. Fire was angry when it saw Bear. It blazed until it was white-hot and so bright that Bear had to shade his eyes with both paws. "I do not even know you!" Fire shouted at Bear. The terrible heat rolling of Fire drove Bear and his people away, so they could not take it and carry it away with them.

And now Fire belongs to Man.





Coyote Steal the Blanket by Janet Stevens

Ages 4-8 Grades Pre K-5th

"I go where I want, I do what I want, and I take what I want," boasts Coyote; when Hummingbird warns him not to touch the blankets draped over desert rocks, he seizes one for a coat. The huge, round rock follows him, threatening to crush him each time he rests. Mule Deer and Big Horn Sheep try to stop it, but only break their antlers and hooves.

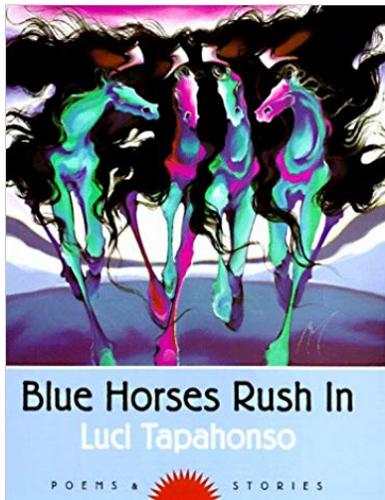
Hummingbird scolds: "There is a spirit in the rock...You have taken what does not belong to you." After the rock crushes his tail, Coyote finally gives its blanket back and tenderhearted Hummingbird mends his tail.

Still, like Iktomi, Coyote will never learn... Stevens's briskly informal, well-honed telling is beautifully complemented by illustrations where the

subtly caricatured Coyote--rendered, in vibrant detail, as irrepressibly arrogant yet appealing--makes his wily way across a more impressionistic landscape of desert cliffs beneath a brilliant sky whose color is echoed in the blanket's.

Objectives: -Students will be able to tell the importance of handing down stories from one generation to another -Students will begin to reason why understanding the past benefits us today -

Students will be able to explain what cultural remains (artifacts, structures, and rock art) can tell us about the past.



Blue Horses Rush In by Luci Tapahonso Poems and Short Stories

Wrapped in blankets and looking at the stars, a young Navajo girl listened long ago to stories that would guide her for the rest of her life. *"Such summer evenings were filled with quiet voices, dogs barking far away, the fire crackling, and often we could hear the faint drums and songs of a ceremony somewhere in the distance,"* writes Luci Tapahonso in this compelling collection. *Blue Horses Rush In* is the title of a poem about the birth of her granddaughter Chamisa. The poem reads, *"Whose heart pounded quickly and we recognized / the sound of horses running / the thundering of hooves on the desert floor."* Through such

personal insights, this collection follows the cycle of a woman's life and underlines what it means to be Navajo in the late twentieth century. The book marks a major accomplishment in American literature for its successful blending of Navajo cultural values and forms with the English language, while at the same time retaining the Navajo character. Here, Luci Tapahonso walks slowly through an ancient Hohokam village, recalling stories passed down from generation to generation. Later in the book, she may tell a funny story about a friend then, within a few pages, describe family rituals like roasting green chiles or baking bread in an outside oven. Throughout, Tapahonso shares with readers her belief in the power of pollen, prayer feathers, and sacred songs.

Many of these stories were originally told in Navajo, taking no longer than ten minutes for the storytelling. *"Yet, in recreating them, it is necessary to describe the land, the sky, the light, and other details of time and place,"* writes Tapahonso. *"In this way, I attempt to create and convey the setting for the oral text. In writing, I revisit the place or places concerned and try to bring the reader to them, thereby enabling myself and other Navajos to sojourn mentally and emotionally in our home, Dinetah."*



**STOCKTON UNIFIED SCHOOL DISTRICT
NATIVE AMERICAN INDIAN CENTER**

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