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Could that really be Kokom in the mirror?

It is hard to believe another year has gone by. What ever happened to 1957, anyway, it was just here.

I can even hear my kokom yelling, "what stah kahtch, shut that radio off and get to work! And what are you guys doing? You look like a couple of fleas on a hot stove."

The noise, of course, was Elvis Presley and we, my cousin and I were jiving instead of scrubbing the floor and my kokom just didn't understand.

She was real old fashioned, you know. She still wore long skirts, blouses buttoned up to her chin and her hair twisted into a bun.

Well, you know how thoughts, actions...stuff...always comes back and bites you in the bum. It happened to me.

Several weeks ago I walked into my daughter's house to the deafening sounds of "something." My granddaughter, with her two colored hair and baggy pants, was dancing and talking on her cell phone.

To my great surprise I heard someone say, "wahts kahtch shut that noise off and what are you doing anyway, you look like a flea on a hot stove."

There is a mirror on my daughter's kitchen wall and guess what? There was my kokom, with her blue eyes and little grey bun. Just as I was about to say something, I heard my granddaughter, "I gotta go," she said, "my kokom just walked in. And kokom, it's not noise, it's Atreyu."

Need I say more? My New Year resolutions, I will never open my mouth without first asking myself, "Whose words are these."

And I will raise my hemlines and lower my necklines a few inches. Who knows, I might even get radical and get rid of the bun?

Well enough of my resolutions and me.

There is a blizzard tonight and the view from my window is beautiful and eerie. The wind is blowing wildly and all I can see is drifting snow. There are no houses, no cars, and no people.

I am totally and completely alone. I have always loved storms, respected them, and, yes, I have also feared them and this storm, although beautiful, is one of those scary ones.

"Aweea kah otinew," the old people would say about storms like this. "It will take somebody."

I remember the cultural stories I heard growing up in the northern bush. Stories of pervious worlds destroyed by the elements because humans forgot their kinship to creation.

Forgot to love and respect the land, the creatures and their environment.

The stories taught us that we had to observe all the protocols and to never ever forget that there is always reciprocity, meaning you give an offering to receive and offering.

As I look out at the storm I wonder how many offerings the multi-nationals who mine and clear-cut throughout the world have made to the Creator.

By the governments who make, or support or ignore wars that kill and pollute not only innocent children but the land as well.

By the farmers who spray pesticides and by us who want neat and tidy lawns and gardens and say nothing about the chaos happening around us.

Perhaps, you have heard these words before. I believe they are wise.

"Everything is in a state of constant change. One season falls upon the other.

"People are born, live and die.

"All things change. There are two kinds of change. The coming together of things and the coming apart of things.

"Both kinds of change are necessary and are always connected to each other."

It would be good I think for each of us in this new year to pick up a child, sit down with them in a quiet place discuss the inheritance we are leaving them.

They should know why we are doing this.

It is now Thursday noon and what a storm that was. People stranded all night in stores, service stations, schools and ditches.

Three lives taken and almost the whole province at a standstill.

We won't forget this week for a long time.