

# CELEBRATION OF LIFE

Grand Entry: September 25<sup>th</sup> 1988



Grand Exit: December 30<sup>th</sup> 2020

“During the year of 2020 we as a people both Native and non- Natives have suffered mentally, spiritually, physically, and emotionally. During these trying times we as (AIC) have been limited in practicing cultural event and any programs that will channel our minds to positive thoughts, and a sense of accomplishments. We, the Lakota Oyate Ki Club/ Red Road to Transition Program would like to offer a beading pilot program to certain (AIC’S) that the Lakota Oyate Ki Club and with the finale approval by Activities Staff and Security. To keep track of inventory the Lakota Club will issue on a case by case basis, depending on what the (AIC) can handle on a weekly basis. This would ensure (AIC’S) are not hoarding or making gifts/bartering. All finished beading will be brought to the Lakota club’s

head of beading programming. At which point this appointed person will adjust both the individuals inventory and Lakota clubs inventory.

This in-cell pilot program will be temporarily and will be only during this Covid pandemic. The RRT Team program believes this culturally incorporated program will help in keeping our Native community in-side busy while finished products will be donated for our (Lakota Club) commitments like our Portland Elders feed, pow-wow and club supporters.” **-The last Proposal Bro wrote-**



I want to respect the Siletz Tribal custom of not speaking the name of someone who has passed away, so I'll refer to B.G. as Elder. He passed away as a young man and will be missed by EVERYONE who knew him. This Elder was a leader among the men he was doing time with. He was active in the Lakota Oyate Ki Club here at O.S.P. He helped out when it was needed. Mostly on the yard when problems came up. He would help Brothers out if they needed. That was how he was, always looking out for the Bro's. This Elder had an idea to help the Bro's who were getting ready to get out of prison. He saw the need to give theses Bro's some support and skills so they can make it out on the streets. So he, with the support of the Lakota Club created a program, Red Road To Transition. He helped bring Oregon Department of Corrections, and five Tribes together to work together to bring Red Road To Transitions program to a reality. We had to put a hold on this program because of Covid-19. He was the Director of Red Road To Transitions, and he was committed to seeing this program to

completion. He will be missed. The Lakota Club will continue to get this program approved and working.

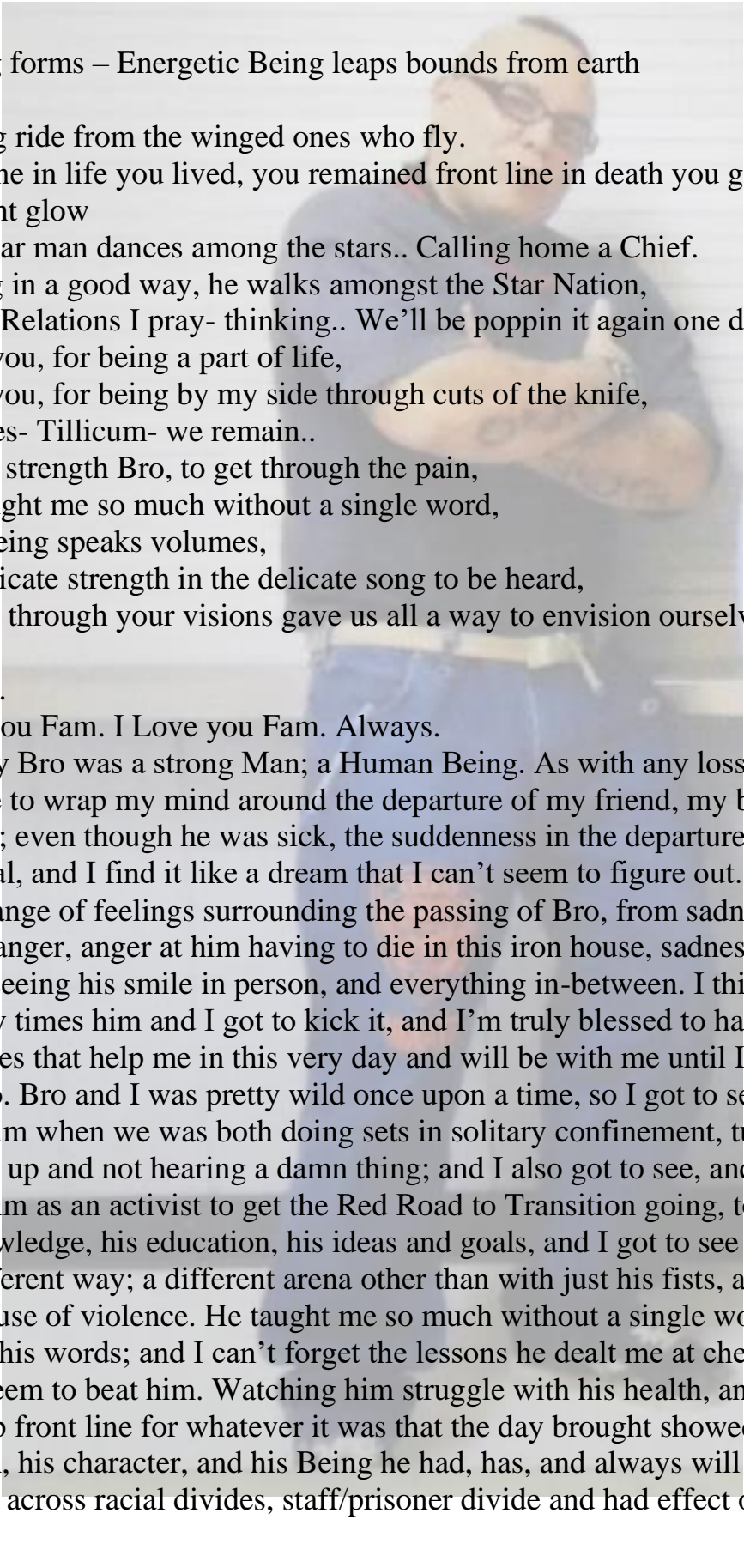
The Red Road To Transition will incorporate a Native Cultural component that will apply to the over curriculum of our program. With the Wellbriety movement/ programming, as well as White Bison, Mending Broken Hearts, Warrior Down, and The Red Road to Webriety The Red Road To Transition team will be able to target specific areas where participants need help such as co-dependency, alcoholism, drug abuse, domestic violence, family and family dynamics, anti-social behaviors and over all a healthy life style.

This brother was a good friend to me, and my son Earl Allen the fourth. I'll miss talking with him, laughing and joking with him. On behalf of my family, I've kept his family in our prayers.

Na-Nook Gaa- Sa-Amoks  
Earl Allen (WASLA)



A Bear dances amongst the stars, Star Nation calling home A Chief.  
Fancy dancing to a crow hop, his moves puts the show to a stop,  
A Chief trails in Ancestral pathways... yet,  
leaves imprinted moccasin trails his own,  
like circles of dust waves within a stone,  
imprints left on the mourning hearts that feel  
ripped apart in the suddenness of departure.

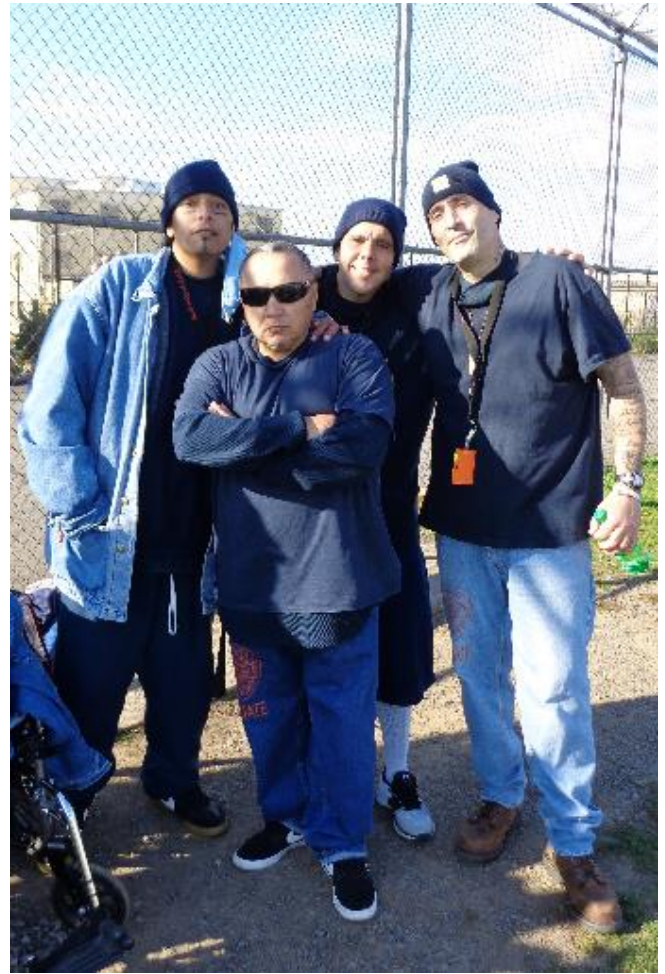


Shifting forms – Energetic Being leaps bounds from earth  
to sky-  
catching ride from the winged ones who fly.  
Front line in life you lived, you remained front line in death you go..  
Star light glow  
as A Bear man dances among the stars.. Calling home a Chief.  
Leading in a good way, he walks amongst the Star Nation,  
All My Relations I pray- thinking.. We'll be poppin it again one day,  
Thank you, for being a part of life,  
Thank you, for being by my side through cuts of the knife,  
Relatives- Tillicum- we remain..  
Give us strength Bro, to get through the pain,  
You taught me so much without a single word,  
Your Being speaks volumes,  
An intricate strength in the delicate song to be heard,  
Insights through your visions gave us all a way to envision ourselves  
Free  
Outside.  
I miss you Fam. I Love you Fam. Always.

My Bro was a strong Man; a Human Being. As with any loss, It's a struggle to wrap my mind around the departure of my friend, my brother, my tillicum; even though he was sick, the suddenness in the departure of my Bro is surreal, and I find it like a dream that I can't seem to figure out. I feel an entire range of feelings surrounding the passing of Bro, from sadness all the way to anger, anger at him having to die in this iron house, sadness in no longer seeing his smile in person, and everything in-between. I think back to so many times him and I got to kick it, and I'm truly blessed to have these memories that help me in this very day and will be with me until I make that trip also. Bro and I was pretty wild once upon a time, so I got to see, I got to know him when we was both doing sets in solitary confinement, turned all the way up and not hearing a damn thing; and I also got to see, and I got to know him as an activist to get the Red Road to Transition going, to further his knowledge, his education, his ideas and goals, and I got to see him fight in a different way; a different arena other than with just his fists, and with out the use of violence. He taught me so much without a single word, as well as with his words; and I can't forget the lessons he dealt me at chess, I never could seem to beat him. Watching him struggle with his health, and still show up front line for whatever it was that the day brought showed his strength, his character, and his Being he had, has, and always will have. He reached across racial divides, staff/prisoner divide and had effect on lives all

over. I'm a better person for having had the time to have with Bro. I Love You Tillicum!

All My Relations  
Nolan Briden (Two-Kubs)



Those who knew our Bro, his friends, his Family, and his loved ones, were truly blessed to have a man like Big Bro in our lives.

What can I say, except that he was a warrior through and through. Battling health issues, and adversity of all types, he still made sure his family, his elders, and his people were looked after and cared for.

The positive influence that he had will be felt in the years to come, as it was felt in the years gone by. The programs he started, and the love that he had will continue to look out for the people in the decades to come.

Can there be a greater love, than that of a warrior who believes in his people? This he did to his last day.

He may not have been strong of body, but he was strong of mind, strong of heart, and strong of soul. Now he will forever be strong of spirit as he walks with the creator, and looks after us all from those lands across the river.

Aho my Brother, my Tillicum, it was my honor and privilege to know you and call you Family.

May your spirit run free. All My Relations  
Raymond "Ray-Ray" Eddings  
War/peace Chief



My Brother,

Bro, I sure do miss you. I miss being able to see your smile. Hahaha what just came to my mind was when you, Todd and me was walking in from yard and you was laughing so hard, uncontrollably. It was over something so little but man Bro hearing your laugh made me laugh so hard. I looked up to you more than I knew I did. I want you to know that I thank you for being

kind to me by showing me who you are bro. I am very fortunate to have met you back in 2012, I was younger than. In 2020 I was able to see you again and show you how much I've grown. I was excited to show you who I was and have become now. Like a little kid shows his older brother or uncle. Well bro I just want you to know that you are not forgotten.

-Matt Reyes

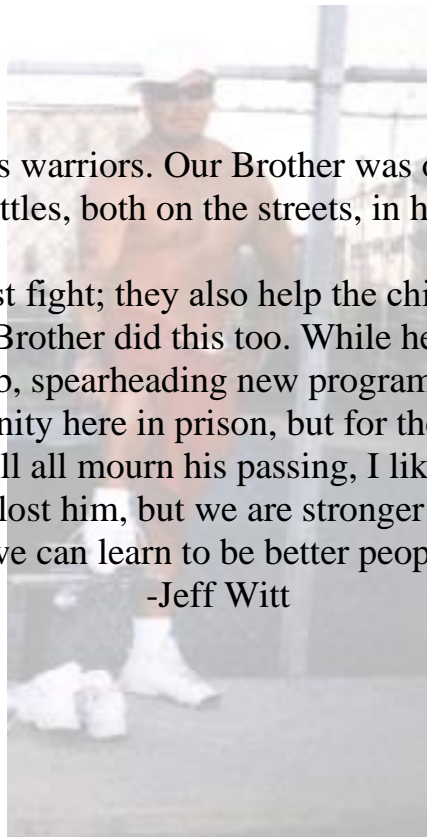


Our Bro,

Every generation has its warriors. Our Brother was one of them. All through his life he has fought battles, both on the streets, in here, and with his own health.

But warriors don't just fight; they also help the children, the elderly, and their community. Our Brother did this too. While he was in here, he played an active roll in the club, spearheading new programs, grants, and proposals not just for the community here in prison, but for the outside community as well. And while we will all mourn his passing, I like to believe that we are not weaker for having lost him, but we are stronger for having known him. Through his example, we can learn to be better people, and better brothers. -

-Jeff Witt





The biggest thing for me is that people know how humble and honest my Brother was. Also how he was able to create and get things done. My Brother was driven and all about his family and people. My Brother was and is a warrior on so many types of levels and as long as people know this they will understand that he was all about and is all about the love of family.

-Toby







Gone, but never forgotten!!

I appreciate you as my friend and the good times we had. You were always someone that I could joke with even when we were supposed to be serious, like when I would be on a call when we worked together at the call center at snake. We had to do something to pass the time with that job.

You'll always be my Friend and in my heart. See you again when I see you!

Your Friend,  
Randall Cless





Our people have truly lost a real warrior! But will never be forgotten! I will always remember our long talks and the plans that you wanted to do for our people. I will never allow your dreams to go unanswered I gave you my word along time ago that I would do everything in my power to help those dreams come true and I have full plans to see that through. I know I will see you again in the sky world keep the campfire burning for me, and the coffee hot and I'll meet you there. Nika-Mi Tillicum

-Buck



To My Brother,

I love you I miss you, but I know this is all apart of our journey. You are a special being and touched the lives of many from those days and nights I sat by your bedside, we connected we spoke of importance, and what that was to you, and we both said family. We spoke about life, and what that was about, and I told you we wonder around to find our purpose, meanwhile touching lives of others to leave a legacy, something for many to remember and you were a warrior and leader, and a loyal friend. I will forever consider you my brother, and not a day goes by I didn't think of you. Till we meet again we miss you and love you.

Always and Forever  
-Orlando Pouncey



A Brother like no other,  
My Brother the way that you were always there for me and others alike,  
unique in your many ways, all in extending your love, we are all touched,

my Brother. As it hurts my heart that you are no longer here in the physical, I manage to smile in a sense of relief, you are now in a better place looking out for us, from the spirit world Brother. The many memories I will forever cherish. Thank you for always being there with the utmost love and respect.

Your Brother,  
Apache

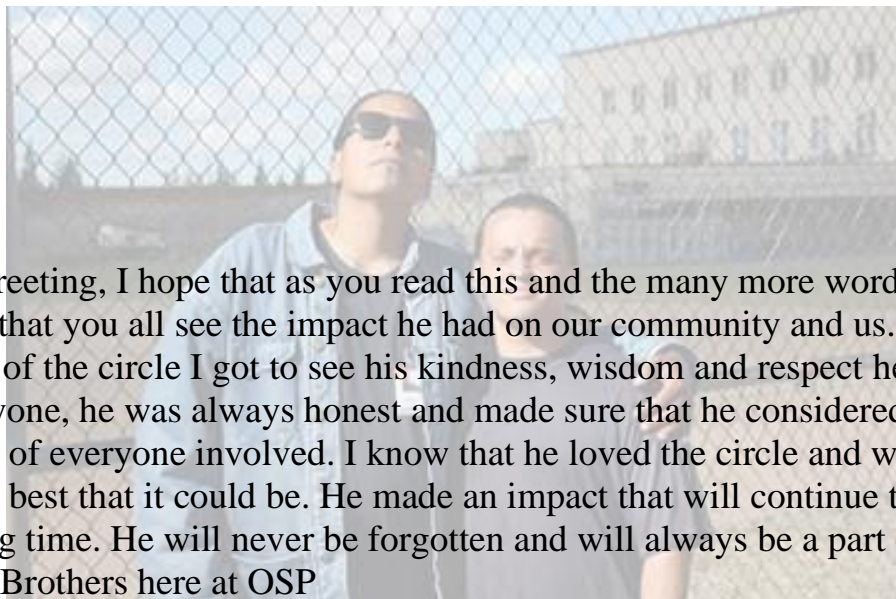


Even after he died I expected to see him show up on the yard. That's how willful and defiant our elder brother was during his journey through this life. The strength of his character is undeniable and I have witnessed many men second guess who they were in this life once they begin to face their final days-not our brother.

He stayed true to his beliefs and refused to let his struggles bind him. Those who know him well will all agree there was an old soul and young spirit in our friend. I sat many hours with him in the infirmary and watched how he faced a failing heart by fully embracing his every day. Living fully aware his days here were numbered. I remember one night after returning from an emergency hospital trip where the doctors had ordered him to lay of the salt due to some swelling issues-the first thing he did back in the infirmary was have the orderlies make a spread.

"I'm live my time how I want to live it" he told me.

In brief, this example is the most accurate description of the man I got to know. There has been no other like him. He is missed. -Sterling



Greeting, I hope that as you read this and the many more words about YAYA, that you all see the impact he had on our community and us. As a member of the circle I got to see his kindness, wisdom and respect he had for everyone, he was always honest and made sure that he considered the opinions of everyone involved. I know that he loved the circle and wanted it to be the best that it could be. He made an impact that will continue to be felt for a long time. He will never be forgotten and will always be a part of the Band of Brothers here at OSP

All My Relations  
Kashi



I wasn't lucky enough to know bro for as long as some of the other brothers but I'll always remember him with that big ole smile on his face. Everything was always given without question because Bro never demanded anything of his brothers. It was just the way he carried himself and the way he portrayed himself to the entire OSP community. The world lost a warrior that day, the likes that is rarely seen behind these walls, but his spirit will live on. They continue to live through all of his many words of wisdom and cherished memories we all have. Like I said in the beginning, I didn't know him for very long, but I can't wait to hear all the ways he impacted people through this Celebration Of Life.

In Memory of Bro  
Nothing but love, Eric





I would like to start this letter sending my love, loyalty and respects. I am a fellow tribal member enrolled in Shoshone Bannock Nation. I first met Bro 2018 at Snake River he was a respectful brother and accepting. I'm sorry for your loss. He was a strong friend.

Sincerely,  
Manuel Sanhey



I appreciate how polite Mr. Garcia was during our few interactions.

Lisa Stanley  
Correctional Counselor  
Oregon State Penitentiary



Dear loved ones.

My Heart laments with you for your loss. Bro was a good man and had a lot of great qualities that are missing in a place like this. He was the first person I spoke to when I hit mainline at OSP. What I appreciate most about him was his willingness to understand my walk.

He understood that I was ashamed of my past and the harm I caused without judgment and he supported my desire to change. When we spoke, spoke of family and wanting so much to be back among our loved ones. How, for our families, we'd do anything: I heard told stories of warriors and activist that will be with me all my years. It hurts me deeply that a man so young was made to spend his final moments behind bars. That he wasn't given a life sentence but was made to live out his last days serving time that was more valuable than the years he was sentenced to. Many emotions come to the surface that I could only express with war paint on. I would not be alone but we would be without an enemy that has a face. Instead, we will circle up and send prayers up and out amongst our people. Praying that our ancestors' strength continues to beat in our hearts unbound. Though it hurts we know he is now free, and being so is now among our ancestors. Always in our hearts.

Aho,

Joshua Mulbreght



I was saddened to hear of Bernie's passing. Bernie was thoughtful and cared for the healing of his brothers. He inspired me to become a part of the



effort to work with the members of the Lakota Club to establish Native based programs inside and out. He often served as an articulate spokesperson on behalf of his fellow bros. I came to admire his insight and desire to give natives a better chance to become successful. I know that he touched people with his presence. When he came into a room he could light it up with a giant smile and a laugh. I could easily see that other bros looked up to him, as I did.

I hope he is finally at peace.

Sadly, I will miss my friend!

Jim



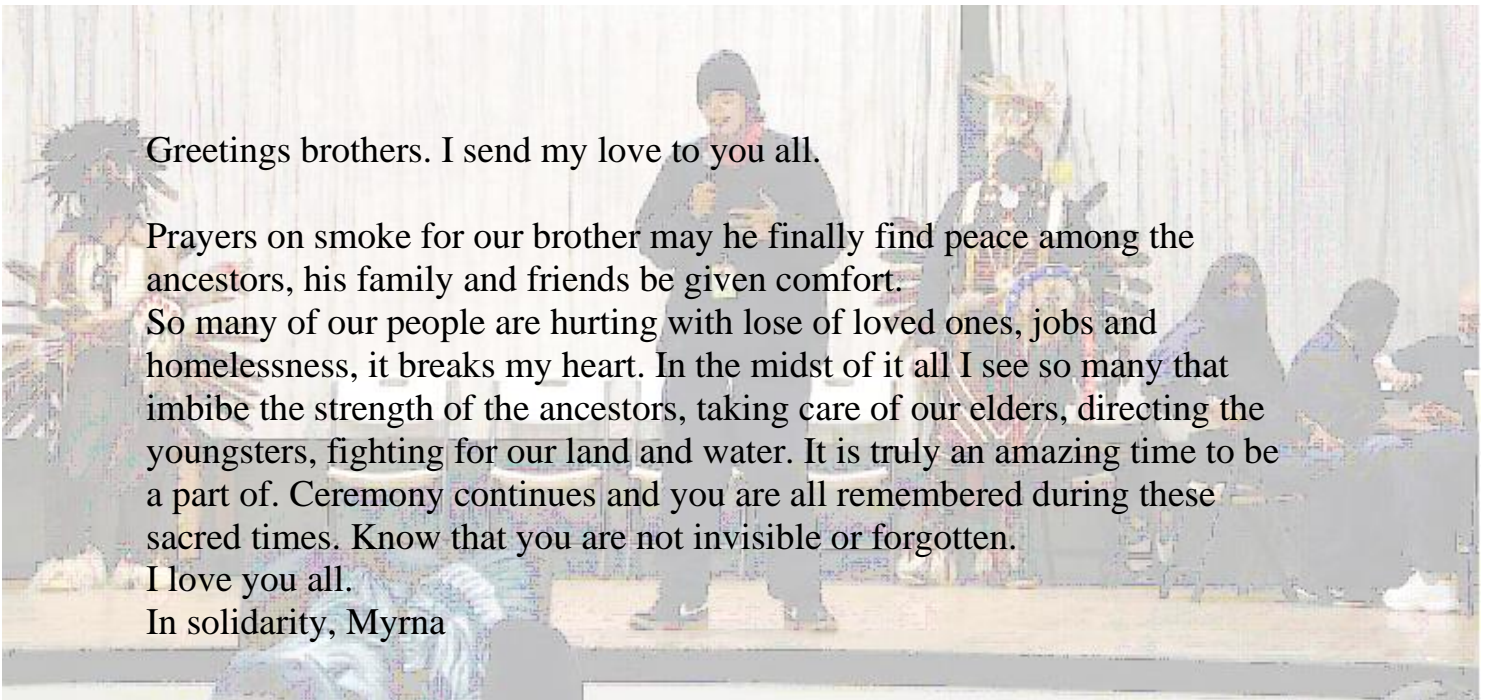
Greetings brothers. I send my love to you all.

Prayers on smoke for our brother may he finally find peace among the ancestors, his family and friends be given comfort.

So many of our people are hurting with lose of loved ones, jobs and homelessness, it breaks my heart. In the midst of it all I see so many that imbibe the strength of the ancestors, taking care of our elders, directing the youngsters, fighting for our land and water. It is truly an amazing time to be a part of. Ceremony continues and you are all remembered during these sacred times. Know that you are not invisible or forgotten.

I love you all.

In solidarity, Myrna

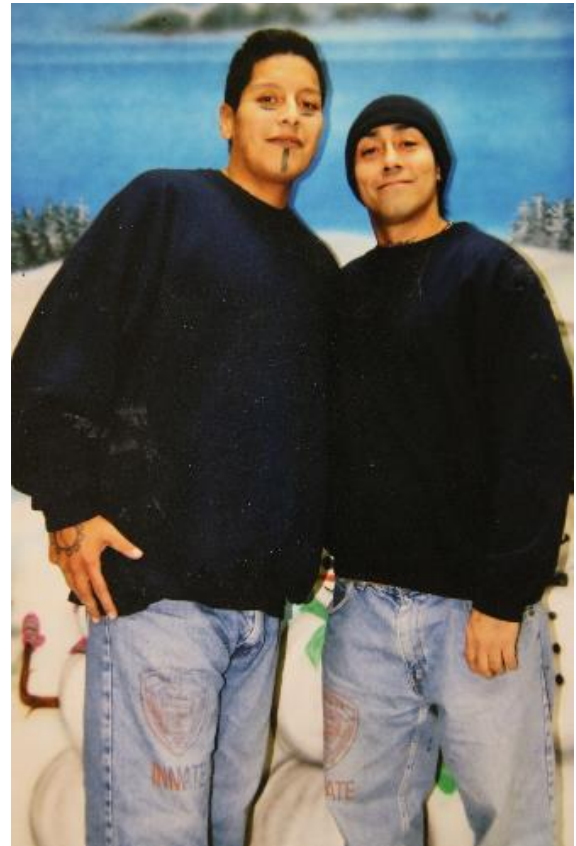




The day Creator called you home it broke our hearts to lose you (But) you  
didn't go alone,  
For part of us all went with you,  
That day, that the Creator called  
You home.  
-IK-TOME  
8.3.1.



You were, and still are, a Friend. A man I respected because despite being soft spoken and gentle of spirit, you demanded a certain level of respect. You are loved by many and will not be forgotten. You were able to see people for who they were and see things for what they are, while so many others are blind to the things around them. Stay true and Strong. You will be missed greatly.  
Rest in Peace Friend,  
Will



Starchief was a good bro. He was a loving caring person who cared for his family and those around him. If you were a person of need and need help he was there. He was instrumental in helping me getting into the beading program. And for that I am thankful. Even tho he was taken from us to early. He will never be forgotten and he will truly be missed. Miss you Bro.

AARON



From a friend to another it is truly a blessing to call you that, walk with the spirits my brother it was pure joy to have met you from a warrior to another warrior. -LUCY



I was fortunate to spend time with Bro on the streets, because he was a close friend to my little cousin Ryan Boatwright. Other than Bro's close circle of his cousin, that you know he's about in prison, Bro and Ryan had another crew of their own from "shallow shan" with youngsters that they grown up with. I always known Bro as brave, fun, and loyal. -TJ



I was saddened to hear of the death of Mr. Garcia. He was in some of my groups in SMH. He not only participated by responding to questions and furnishing information, but he also helped some of the other guys who did not understand what was being taught. When he left our area to go to GP, Mr. Garcia would say hello when I was passing in the halls. I wish to extend my condolences to his family.

Regards,  
Melva Penne





He knew me  
I knew him  
He didn't know me  
I didn't know him  
Does any person ever,  
Know any other person,  
Truly, completely?  
And yet we both know Creator  
Then, now and forever more  
Closely, with one heart  
Today I was humbled,  
Reminded dynamically  
That I will always know him,  
In the hearts and eyes,  
Songs and stories of  
The people  
His life touched,  
So very many.  
I find myself truly  
Blessed to celebrate  
The life the heart and soul  
Creator gave us all  
As a gift shared  
Through him.

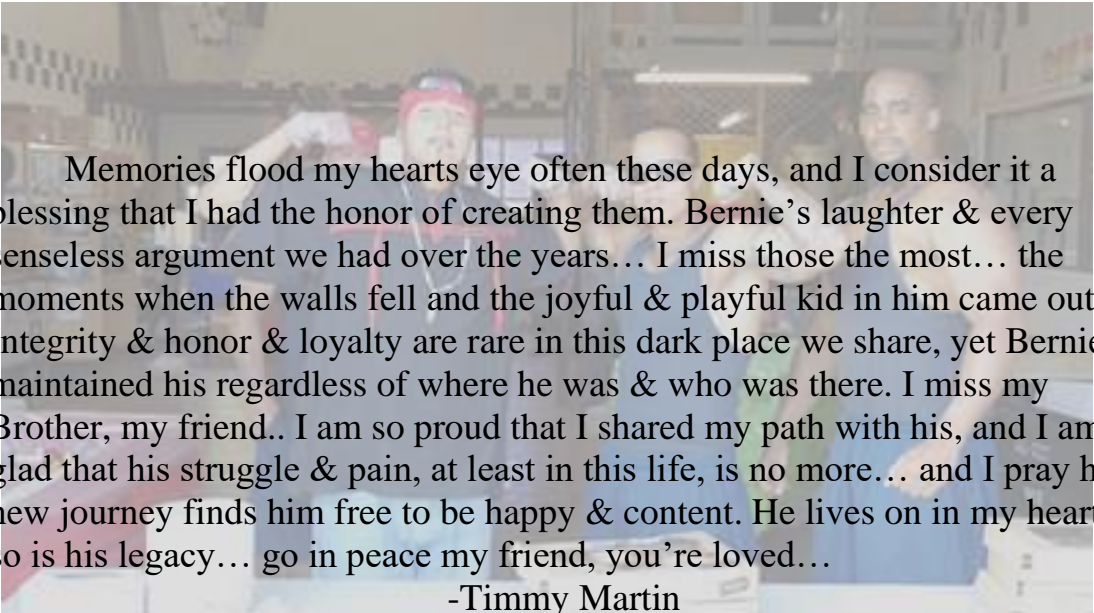


He knew we are all Creators children  
And that love is  
The only thing  
More precious than water  
Even tears  
Collected by my cheeks  
May Creator bless you and keep you, Brother  
And guide us all in good ways 7 generations back  
And 7 generations forward, then now, forever more  
AHO. -Ji



So many words I have grasped at in what I feel has been a futile attempt to encompass the greatness of the man I knew & loved... ineffable is how I choose to describe Bernardino Garcia... he will always remain more than I could ever say.

Our friendship was born in solitary many years ago, our mutual struggle against that unique oppression only found in confinement united us, and some how both of us let our biases, (culture, racial, political) faded and, at least for me, one of the most genuine relationships of my life began.



Memories flood my hearts eye often these days, and I consider it a blessing that I had the honor of creating them. Bernie's laughter & every senseless argument we had over the years... I miss those the most... the moments when the walls fell and the joyful & playful kid in him came out. Integrity & honor & loyalty are rare in this dark place we share, yet Bernie maintained his regardless of where he was & who was there. I miss my Brother, my friend.. I am so proud that I shared my path with his, and I am glad that his struggle & pain, at least in this life, is no more... and I pray his new journey finds him free to be happy & content. He lives on in my heart, so is his legacy... go in peace my friend, you're loved...

-Timmy Martin



Dear Lakota Club,

On the passing of our mutual friend, I want to express my condolences and deep feelings of loss. Teaching is a profession that keeps me humble. At its best, I feel teaching is an invitation to a conversation, one that evolves and develops over time. In the case of our friend, he began so many



conversations that have proven to be invitations to me to learn more and to search harder for answers. Why was it so hard for him to trust me? How do we account for generation trauma and generational resiliency? How does someone caught up in systems of oppression strive and reach beyond? How does one live when our bodies give us a death sentence? The questions raised in me by his life and our exchanges are ones that do not have easy answers. They are the questions that I ruminate on in my quest for deeper understanding. They are the kind of questions that change a person, that change me, and my interactions with the world. His life and passing are a challenge to me to do more, to not be complacent in the face of injustice. They change my relationships with others. After the TJI opinion piece ran, we were contacted by his 4<sup>th</sup> grade teacher who remembered him fondly. I think about the web connections he leaves behind in body but animates in spirit. In my practice and understanding, prayer does not change a higher power but changes ourselves. I offer my prayers in honor of his spirit. Blessings to you all,

Melissa Michaux





Life is Forever....

We all live amongst each other's company, we learn from one another on how to be and sometimes how we survive thru one another, either thru immediate family or extended family, we all survive. We shall pray for our fallen ones', and in turn our fallen ones make sure our prayers get taken to our Creator..... When certain Bro's male a real impression by helping all Bro's & Sisters this has a profound impact on us all and we will never ever forget them.

A-ho Mitako O Yasin  
All My Relatives  
Sony B. CrazyBull



Humans necessarily commit harms and wrongs whether intentionally or not, we do damage to our relationships with others. Usually, these are people we know well, but sometimes we wrong perfect strangers. There is a legend about a bird which sings just once in its life, more sweetly than any other creature on the face of the earth. From the moment it leaves the nest it searches for a thorn tree, and does not rest until it has found one. Then, singing among the savage branches it impales itself upon the longest, sharpened spine. And dying it rises above its own agony to out carol the lark and nightingale. One superlative song existence the price. But the whole world stills to listen. And God in his heaven smiles. For the best is only bought at the cost of great pain... or so says the legend.

I got to witness bro rise above his own agony, find his way among the savage branches of imprisonment to find his song here in prison, but the price was too great. Can there ever be retribution? Can one song ever be that superlative to make amends. He tried very hard to make this world a better place even if its just saying hi and thank you to someone with a smile. Prison does not give us a lot of opportunities to make amends, but it can be done. I believe you heard of death by a thousand cuts. I got to witness bro make this world a better place by a thousand acts of kindness.

-Ernie



# RED ROAD TO TRANSITION

