

Maria Campbell, *Eagle Feather News*, January 2006

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I've got a room full of old New Year's resolutions

Whose idea was it anyway to make New Year's resolutions? It must have been someone who was into some S & M.

Imagine giving up potatoes and bannock for six months. Tobacco, booze and even your old man, I can understand, but potatoes and bannock? I don't know about you, but I don't think we should have to give those up. If we do, what's next? Neck bones? That's not something I want to give up.

But hey, there's some really important resolutions floating around Indian country right now. Resolutions like, "I'll never drive without a license and registration again," "I won't yell at my kids anymore," "I won't spend my money on the VLTs for two months."

And then, there's the really big ones like, "I'll never make dead people vote again," "we will never again announce a special year to honour Aboriginal women and then proceed to fire or remove them from office."

And then, last but not least "I'm gonna get a job this year and send my old lady on a holiday."

So, how many resolutions have you made over the years, and how many have you kept? I've made a few and my storage room is a testament to that. It is full to overflowing with a yoga ball, a treadmill, a set of weights, a Jane Fonda exercise video (still in the package) and a thigh master.

The list goes on and on beginning in 1997 when I went from a beautiful 120 pound iskwe to a never-mind-how-many-pound Mahk sokanew kokom. That was about the time I also realized I was getting old, which reminds me of a dear friend from the North who called the other morning to ask me to wish him a happy birthday.

He said his mom was too old to remember, his wife was not talking to him and his friends didn't want to think about birthdays.

"I'm 62 years old," he said. "Where in the hell did the time go anyway? It seems like it was just 1985 and I was jigging at Batoche now I have to watch where I step for fear I'll slip and fall."

I agree, the years really do roll by. Do you know what I find startling sometime? When I look in the mirror and see my kookoom staring back at me. Thank goodness I really loved that old lady, it makes getting old easier. Anyway, happy birthday old friend. I've marked the day on next year's calendar and I promise I'll call you.

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But now for something serious. I would like to ask all of you to drive by the Duck Lake Museum and look at the large painting in the front yard and tell me if I am being oversensitive.

The painting is of three dead Aboriginal men, sprawled out on the frozen snow.

I know what it is supposed to represent historically, however that's not true for everyone. Last summer a visiting friend, who knows little about old history, commented after seeing the painting that she found it unnerving to be reminded of frozen Aboriginal men in Saskatchewan, in the middle of July.

I personally find it to be not only offensive, but disrespectful as well. If you agree, please phone or write the museum asking them to remove the painting.

There must be other aspects of history that can be used to lure tourists to Saskatchewan.

So that's it, my time is up. I hope you all had a wonderful holiday, and I wish you a gentle and peaceful New Year. Good luck with those resolutions.