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Kazehaya, honey, what tuks he was tax cuts, Yalea him mama cut Waikoloa in a minute less atit. What's it Suyapa we need to ask tie Simpson in less me put it in accessor. He wants to the light Sakinah to watch it in Netzer. So this might be the part where some of you get really, really excited that there's a real love Native American walking the stage right now. So you have plans to run up to me later and tell me exactly how much Cherokee pedigree you have. Don't do that. Don't do that. That's not a thing that connects us. It's not the Native American jewelry you may or may not own, nor is it your upbringing in proximity to indigenous people that connects us. But before I go there, I will translate for you. I curse all of you. And it is customary in many of our nations to introduce ourselves first in our indigenous language. It is a way of honoring our elders and our ancestors for the sacrifices that they made for me to be alive and to take up the space. I spoke Nimmy Putin's the language of the Nez Perce nation. My ancestors hear me when I speak our language. For those of you who don't understand, I think the creator. First I offered thanks for our good day today. I told you that my name is the storyteller in the language of our colonizers. I am called Ty Simpson. I told you that I am a Nez Perce woman, Nimmy PWG, as we call ourselves. I told you that I am a direct descendant of chief read Heart of the Nez Perce Nation. I told you also that I'm happy to be here. And I told you that as a storyteller, the stories that I carry are not my own. They are passed from generation to generation and belong to my ancestors. But the stories created in my lifetime belonged to my descendants. That's an important recognition for us to make. It is also important to recognize that we are guests today and every day on the ancestral homelands of the force displaced and dispossessed Boise Valley. Indigenous people are colonizers refer to them as the Shoshone Banach, the Shoshone Paiute, the Burns Paiute, the Fort McDermitt and Warm Springs Paiute Tribes. You're welcome for the Land Boise. As a storyteller, all of my favorite stories involve Coyote or SCA. He's the trickster who over time carried our ways of knowing there is a contemporary variation of our creation story that speaks of Coyote meandering along the river one day and he sort of stopped where he was and he said, you know, I want to create the different races. So he bent down and reached for truly, truly is a large reed like plant that we use for weaving. And he made himself a mold with two legs instead of four arms, legs, fingers. I mean, we all know what humans look like, right? He makes his clay by the fire, by the river. And then he made a fire by the river as well. He put his clay in his mold into the fire. And the first time it's here, it was just impatient. And he pulled his mold out while it was undercooked and pale, almost white. Where to use it's he said this isn't quite right. So he chucked that mold across the ocean that became white people or suyapa, as we've come to call them. It's tried again. He made another mold and he mixes Clay and he stoke this fire and he put his mold into the fire. And this time he got distracted. He ran off to the prairie to play tricks and he ran back down to the river to play more tricks. And then when he made his way back to his fire, his mold was overcooked and dark, almost black Wazza yacked. This isn't quite right, Isaiah said. So he threw that mold to the south. He was frustrated but determined. So he tried again. He made his mold and he mixed his clay and he put that into the fire as well. But he waited this time and he danced and he sang and he prayed by his fire until just the right moment. And when he pulled that mold out yacked this is right. We were Coyote's creation. He called us to token. And the lesson that I've always been taught from that story is that Indian people are from the land and the water and the fire here. We don't come from anywhere else. But

I also rethought that story. So let's circle back to the beginning. Despite being undercooked and trucked across the ocean, white people are also Coyote's creation. That's the thing that connects us, it's a bit of a reach and kind of laughable, I laughed at it. Despite the sordid, tumultuous history between us of decolonization, dehumanization, forced displacement, sterilization, I could go on all evening. That doesn't mean that human to human, we are not connected. My white brothers and sisters, some of us are a little more undercooked than others. I do believe in our connection because Coyote was at the meeting that creator called on the slopes of the Clearwater River near what is now known as Lewiston, Idaho. Nimmy people call that Simmone. Come on. That day, creator called together all of the large animals that were here before there were humans. He asked, he told them all there's going to be a great change and some of them wouldn't survive. He asked each of them to step forward and offer a piece of themselves so that humans could be created with Roqia. Elk stepped forward and said my took my horns can be used for tools in my hide, can be worn for warmth and my flesh to eat. Nazzal Salman stepped forward and said, My flesh can be eight as well, and he promised to come to humans in the winter time. Leptis Eagle stepped forward and said, I want to fly so high and bring the humans messages to you, they will use my feathers for ceremony and they will know creator through me, I will be their wisdom. And it was like this for each animal, for bear, for otter, for deer, for steelhead, each of them offering a part of themselves so humanity could be created. And all we had to do as humans was be good stewards of the land. All we had to do was keep things in balance. Don't waste, don't take more than we need, protect the sacred. And that's an intergenerational, lifelong lesson that we live by even now, don't strip the huckleberry bush of all of its berries, don't hunt cow elk in the winter when she could be carrying calves, don't dig so deep below the root that you damage the earth beneath it. Everything in balance. But that's not where we are anymore, is it, as humans with our fancy cars and our iPhones, our mineral based computers faces that we've carved onto rocks to honor presidents climbing on our sacred sites, poisoning our water, plastic, did we hold up our end of the bargain? Do we keep things in balance? Is humanity not so much, but are we so far gone that we can't come back to the center, that we can't come back to this idea of protecting the sacred, protecting the sacred means, recognizing the sacrifices that were made for us so that we could exist. It means giving back to the community so the community is strong. And, you know, protecting the sacred is a relatively new term based on our old ways, our old ways of knowing and our old ways of being in our old ways of living. Many of those things taught to us as children, as a child. I didn't grow up on an Indian reservation. I was afforded the privileged opportunity to travel and live abroad. I did, however, spend my summers with my grandma or CATSA mother's mother. She's equal parts, fury and love, a trait shared amongst the Red Heart women. I would just babble her ear off with all the cool things I thought I was doing. Cozart I can play the cello Cozart. I got straight A's Cozart. I read this book in that cool book and we were living overseas so I thought I was fancy and exciting. She would just laugh and smile at me in her quiet way. There was one summer afternoon where my toddler niece was outside with her spoon and she was using that spoon to scrape the insides out of a fish and in the middle of my incessant chatter, cut turns to me, she says Tarty. She used to call me, Can you clean fish? Can you help her finish? Well, no, I don't know how to do that. Well, here, then we'll help you. Morningstar will teach you. So to my chagrin, at like thirteen years old, I've got a niece who's like negative four years old, schooling me with her tiny little hands and her tiny little spoon

digging the guts out of this fish. But none of that was to embarrass me or shame me or put my accomplishments down. What Qatar was teaching me was that regardless of all of the cool things we think we know and all of the cool things we think we can do, there's always something more to learn and always something more to give back to the community, our old ways. Traveling the world is awesome to see, but you know how to provide for your family, playing the cello is cool, but do you know how to provide for your community in the old way, gathering roots, catching fish, harvesting berries, beating , weaving, sewing, storytelling. And that was the powerful lesson for me that day at 13 to learn all of this cool stuff, but then learn how to filter it so that I can provide to my family in our old ways. And I have another Oldways story that's more of a sidebar than a life lesson, but it talks about old ways, so it might segue way back to the point. But I digress. I hit that really awkward age of like half woman, half teenager. I was feeling myself. Yeah, I knew everything. I had all the answers. Just ask me and don't judge me. All were teenagers once, too. It was at that age too. And my boys would notice me and I would notice back and my mom would just kind of laugh at it all. And she told me one day she's like, You can date whoever you want, but you can't get married until you have a man. That brings me 10 horses, half a dozen blankets, a few pounds of beads, hides and a freezer full of meat every year for four or five years. Excuse me, what? Mother? I was aghast at her dowry like grocery list, because at that age I'm like, I'm going to do what I want an idiot who I want. But of course I did the wrong thing and I dated the wrong man and I ended up crying in my mother's arms anyway. And she reminded me, Ty, you need the man that will bring me 10 horses, half a dozen blankets, a few pounds of beads, hides and meat, because that's him providing and protecting and giving in our old ways. That became a filter for me and all of my interpersonal relationships and how I interact with my community. What are we doing to show the people in our lives that they are sacred and that they matter and that they're protected? What are we doing as acts of kindness to each other in our community and to strangers, especially in this nonchalant, indifferent age of self checkout and Uber eats and swiping right. The ones that chuckled swipe left most of the time. Fast forward to now. If I ever bring home a swipe right dude with nothing from my mom's list, she's probably going to send me to go live with my dad's family. Will be his problem then. Then again, Red Heart, women, equal parts, fury and love. She may give the right man room to prove himself in our old ways. But real quick, who brought 10 horses, half a dozen blankets, few pounds besides me? My mom is here. Anybody always. Some days I think our old ways should be the only ways, but always need to come back in style. They need to go viral. As the kids say these days. They're the thing that centers on protecting the sacred, on keeping things in balance and on protecting the sacred. Old ways are what help us repair nature, especially in the aftermath of our damage to nature humans or why humans can't have nice things. Back in 2016, I went to Standing Rock when the prayer and protest camps were being set up in staunch opposition to the Dakota access pipeline, we arrived mid-morning and drove all night from Lilliput country to North Dakota. That first day we set up our tents and we milled around the camp and we made ourselves as useful as we could. But that next morning was life changing for me. I woke up at about 5:00 in the morning listening to the camp come alive, and at one point I got up and I made my way to the big fire at the top of the hill near the entrance to the camp. And there were elders there telling stories. There was one particular Lakota old woman that was telling stories about her upbringing on the Standing Rock Indian reservation, and she was captivating. Midway

through one of her stories, there was an older gentleman who interrupted her and asked, why are we here? When will this protest be at its end? How long will we be here? She took her time and her response. She took a few sips of her coffee and then she glanced slowly at each of the faces, watching her with eager interest, and then she took a few more sips over coffee, and then she heaved this deep, concerted sigh. And when she returned her glance to him, she said, My people are from here. I have no other home. I have no other place to go. I don't belong anywhere else. So I will be here. Fighting these oil pipelines until they stop drilling or until I die. I have never been moved by that level of conviction in my life until that moment, I will be here until they stop drilling or until I die. As a community, as a broad, everybody's an American kind of community, we've lost that sense of conviction. What are we all committed to? What makes us better? What are we striving for? I will be here until they stop drilling or until I die. And if that doesn't change you in some way in this moment today, is there anything that can save us? Think about the similar older women in your lives. And listen, they could probably be telling you stories about a time you couldn't possibly fathom in those stories. Listen, for those moments of conviction that drove, propelled and inspired these women to lead and to fight and to die for what they believe in. This Lakota woman wasn't dying or putting her life on the line recklessly, her ancestors had lived and died on that very land. She was compelled to protect and defend that very same land for the descendants coming after her. I don't belong anywhere else. I will be here until they stop drilling. Or until I die. So you see, we've come full circle, we've come from creation to growth to change to death, all of it centered on protecting the sacred. And if there's anything we take away from today, it's that we have an obligation to do so to protect the sacred, to give to our communities and to keep nature in balance. I hope that in this room full of my mostly white brothers and sisters, that you're changed in some small way, that you're changed in such a way that you will lead and live lives and teach and vote in such a way that reflects what indigenous people have known for a very long time, that the way that we behave politically, socially, economically, ecologically since the inception of this country isn't working. There is an old adage that says that indigenous people live and walk into worlds that we cling and clutch to our culture and our religion and our language, everything about who we are while simultaneously educating and advancing ourselves in a predominantly white, non-native world. It is an everyday struggle to keep one foot in your world while maintaining who we are and remembering who we are as indigenous people. Maybe it's time for all of us to be in one world, to walk in one world together, and that world is not the world that you're accustomed to. We are all coyote's creation. Some of us undercooked, some of us overcooked. Some of us perfect's, we have a responsibility to each other because we are all a community. We've committed to stay in balance. We've committed to protect the sacred as coyote and as creator intended. In Texas, a Houston Kenneth, I am a descendant of chief read Heart of the Nez Perce Nation in a minute. Yes, I did watch it. I am the storyteller. Cachalia, York, hello, thank you, that is a.