

DECEMBER 19, 2016

STATE OF NORTH DAKOTA

Hulm, Petra

From: Shawn Parker <shawnrobertparker@gmail.com>
Sent: Sunday, December 18, 2016 6:26 PM
To: (SUP) Clerk of Court Office
Subject: In the Matter of a Petition to Permit Temporary Provision of Legal Services by Qualified Attorneys From Outside North Dakota

Please. Allow these peaceful people the rights given to them through the constitution. They have suffered greatly for 500 years now from contact with our european ancestors and our current governments.

We all owe them so much for the atrocities they have faced.

The simple fact that they can still talk of prayer and peace is a testament to their strength and character.

Please read the bellow peom written by Guildford H. Windley.

Some people have the misunderstanding on where I stand on this pipeline. I would like to share a humble poem I wrote. If I was younger and able to walk better then I can I would be with the Sioux fighting this thing.

Anyway this poem is in honor of the people of the Great Sioux Nation.

Standing Rock

On wind swept northern plains is where the Dakota flat land lay stretching out until it meets the sky. The endless sea of blue, above so near, yet so high, those white billowing marshmallow clouds, of fluffy characters unique to each passerby.

Here on this sacred Dakota land, a Native people take a stand, at Sacred Stone on Allard land, they come and demand; No oil pipeline through this private Native American land. The water here is crystal clear, the only water that is near, it provides for their way of life. Now strangers bring this pipe, a snake of death that crawls across the land.

There standing tall upon the arid soil, people of all types, more than thousand, several times more, they stand strong, some native Sioux, other tribes coming too. People young and old alike not all are born of, native tribes, they come from all walks of life, they are of color and some white too. There facing off machines that scar the land and men with guns at hand, these solders of the rich, they come to bully each and every one who stand in their away. Dogs, water guns and pepper spray, the Bakken army take the land away, so the black snake can be laid.

But still people come to stand their ground, on this sacred soil, where generations have come and gone. Where the buffalo herds fill the land as far as one could see, where the Missouri gave life to this parch plain. They lived, they love, they cried just like you or me. They lived their lives so long ago on a world so far away from what it is today. There are stories told of brave warriors from long ago who hunted these grounds way before the white man came.

Like a plague of lotus the white man did come, and they came, they took away a world; a way of living, it faded away like the morning dew. The white man took the land and took their food, drove them off, the land they knew. Forced to live in what they saw, a prison. What the white called a reservation. The land taken to fill the growing need as immigrants quite poor came seeking riches from a promise land. Where there had been many nations, now just one, a foreign one. The people from across the sea care not for the sacred land, or its native people; they saw them as less then man. Treaty after treaty, just broken words written for the moment, discarded with the wind, whenever greed enters in.

Now the tale is told again about a black snake built by man, it will carry a poison gold, the kind that can foul a person's soul and blinds them from the truth that we all know. These people, who live not near, don't want to

hear the words of fear. These corporate folks don't care, the water they drink is quite clear. But the people of the Sioux know there be a day when this ugly snake will raise its head; then it will spew its toxin brew. The waters that give life will die; there won't be any left to drink. The river Missouri, Lake Oake will be black with death.

Standing Rock my friends is not just about water, or the taking of private lands. It's not about indigenous people rights. For all these things are separate but, they are also one. My friends the world that we knew, is going and will be gone one day very soon. Like our native sisters and brothers a strange new world will be soon at hand. Some will deny it but you just can't hide it. The weather is getting harsher, the tempers hotter. Our oceans are rising, and creatures are dying; each to be no more.

On this planet our lives go by like little ants scurrying through the grass, we are barely noticed by those that pass. We think that we are part of some great plan with a great God looking down with open hand, but in truth our planet is so small; it is but nothing really at all. In the universe so big, so vast where trillions of galaxy survive; here one little place where water, air and earth give life. This place we call home. Now maybe out in that vast sea, somewhere there live others; I'll give you that, but what I know as of now, we are still all alone. Like the people of the Sioux, standing guard, for water pure, battles rage around the world for what is dear, taking a stand, a fight for man, to protect this land, from the greed of man. These souls cry out for the human need with words that demand to be heard.

Let me tell you this my friends please don't hesitate, for the time is at hand, the clock is ticking there's no time for wasting. For Standing Rock on Allard's land is just a place, but Earth our home, a tiny speck in space is the Standing Rock for the human race.

Guildford H. Windley

11/20/2016.