



Paths (Re)Membered

Stewarding Relationships

An Exploration Rooted in Gender Fluid Ancestral Knowledge Systems

Table of Contents and Content Warnings

Elder Introduction(Reference to Colonization)	1
Taking Root(Mentions of intergenerational trauma and colonization)	2
Cycles of Healing(Mentions of trauma)	6
Cycles of Healing: Medicine Wheel Activity	8
Blossoming	9
Blossoming: Boundaries Garden Activity	11
Composting	12
Composting Activity	13
Celebration(Depictions and mentions of loss and grief, mentions of boundaries)	14
Resource Page	18
Special Thanks & Meet the Artists	19

Greetings dear one,

We would like to invite you on a **journey**. Come walk with me; I want to share some stories on relatives and relationships.

The path of love & growth isn't always easy. As things come up for you, **breathe**, deep and slow, and **ground** yourself with your medicines, teachings, and helpers. We will also find some good tools along the way. **Good medicine** is awaiting at every dawn and sunset. **Come, let us see.**





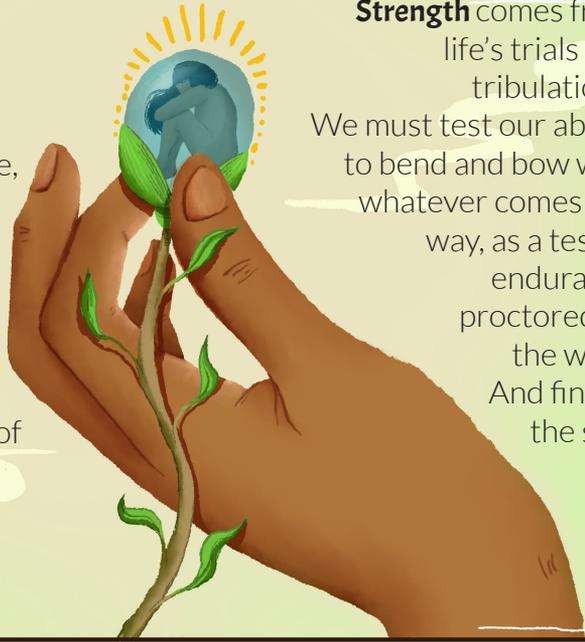
Gender fluidity is ancestral
 Gradience was honored and sacred
 Before the colonizers set foot on our shores,
 We found balance

Lived in good relations with
 animals and plant relatives
 Learned the errors of our ways
 with care and guidance
 Listened to our elders' knowledge
 and wisdom

Seeds will sprout and take root
 Hoping that we grow tall and strong
 So that one day
 We can pass down life's lessons
 Acquired through trial and error,
 patience and practice
 To those willing to listen
 Generation after generation
 until we return
 To the place where it all began.

Our story begins much like a seed.

With the proper nutrients and care, the growth cycle begins. The rain and water cascades from above, and activates our creation. A point of inception.



Strength comes from life's trials and tribulations.

We must test our ability to bend and bow with whatever comes our way, as a test of endurance proctored by the wind. And finally, the sun.



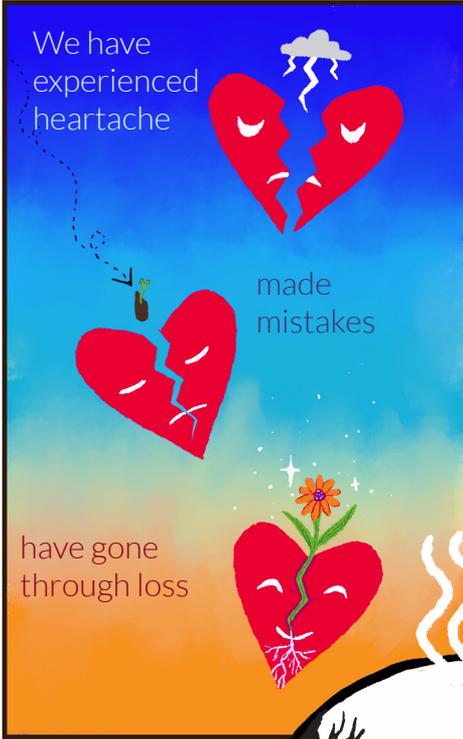
We reap the benefits of the warmth, coupled with the light that feeds and initiates the cycle- cell growth & mitosis fueled by photosynthesis, so that our roots may penetrate far beyond the topsoil. We anchor to what's below, and often forget.



We are often never told of the power we hold in our own growth,

some of us have had to grow alone, some without proper nutrients and some in the presence of pollinators guiding us to the honey. For every way our roots bend toward those of others, we are connecting, across diasporas, land theft, intergenerational trauma and loss, but also through the medicines, the faint smell of sage burning in the early morning, the bannock and three sisters stew your auntie makes, the roar of drums beating against the earth and calling us to rise up. You see, dear one, we are both interconnected rootlings, climbing up towards the light of the moon and sun, you are never more than a prayer away.

We are before you and you will carry us into worlds where we are not lost memories but guides. So, we may slather the sap across your wounds, lay you in a warm cedar bath, and keep the fires of our kitchens, ceremonies and hearts lit for generations.

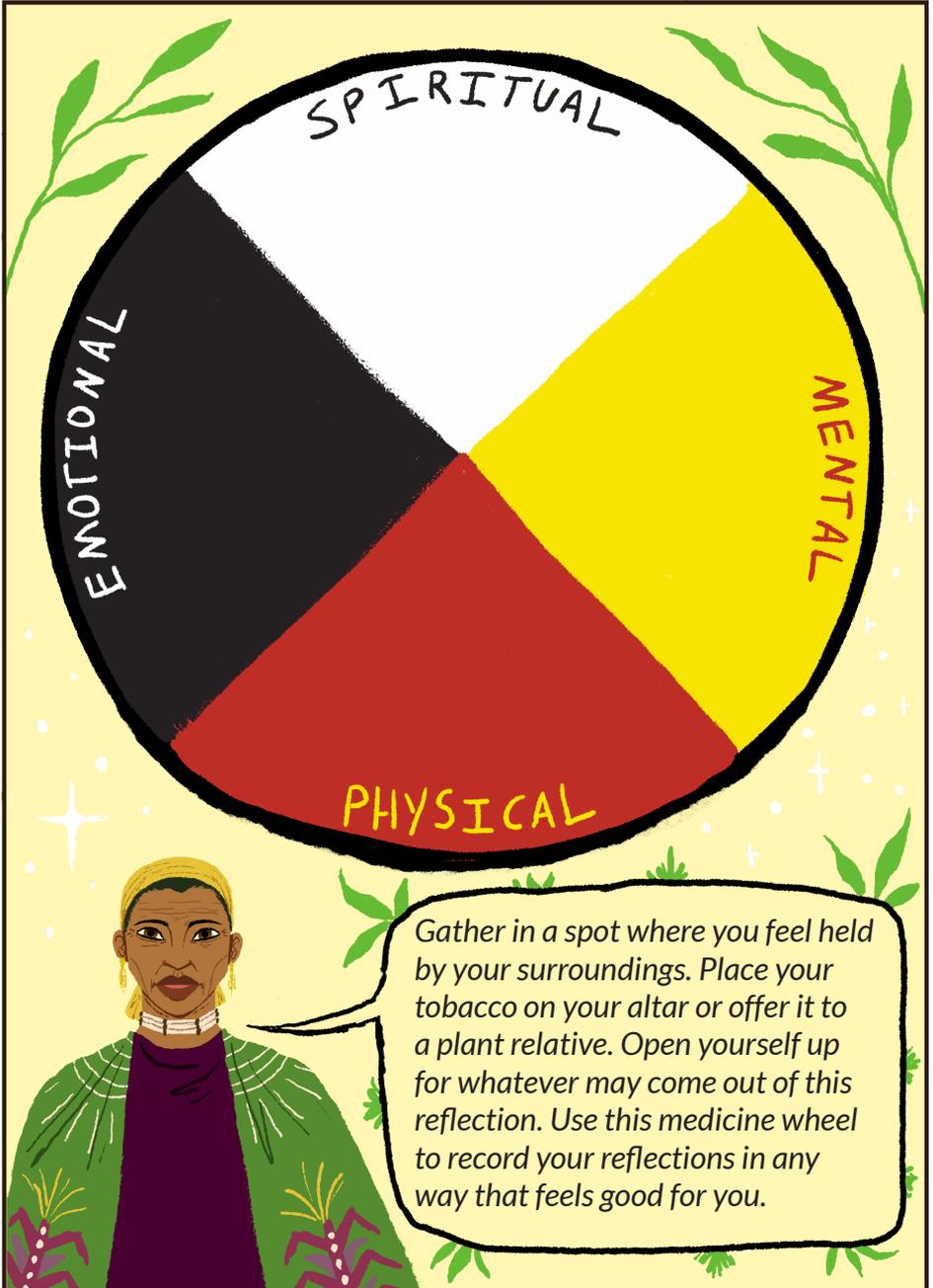


Are you able to shapeshift? Do you want to?
 What ancestors are you checking in with?
 Who is answering back? In dreams, in wind
 whispers? What beings (two-legged, winged
 creatures, the creepy crawlies) Which bodies?
 Which realms?

Take a Breath, Here we can do a self check in...
 Full body scan - where is the tension being stored or held?
 Where does this show up in your bodymind?
 Gratitude! Where is the time for joy?

Are you checking in
 with your physical
 form?
 Are your needs being
 met?
 In what ways are you
 nourished and taken
 care of?
 Is your foundation
 strong?
 Can your roots
 anchor beyond the
 topsoil?

How do you show up in
 the world for others?
 How do they
 show up for you?
 Are you making kinship
 connections
 important in your life?
 How are you doing
 emotionally?
 Are there things you
 could ask your relatives
 to support with?

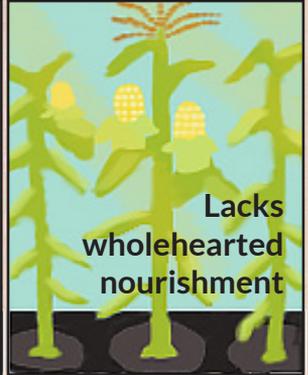


Return to your soil,
young one.
To blossom,

The perfect
concoction of
water
And sunlight



Wont do,
If our foundation
to take root



Lacks
wholehearted
nourishment

We ought to seek
balance
From all those
around us



that take
Whether it be just
enough to get by



Or so much
That we deprive
the other
And turn our back
on giving plenty



Patience my dear
Let time run its
course

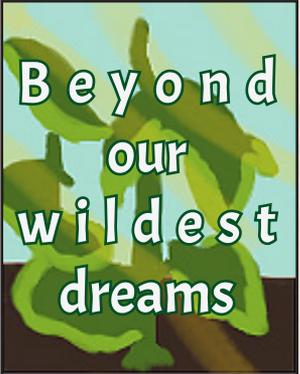
If love and
patience can be
coupled together



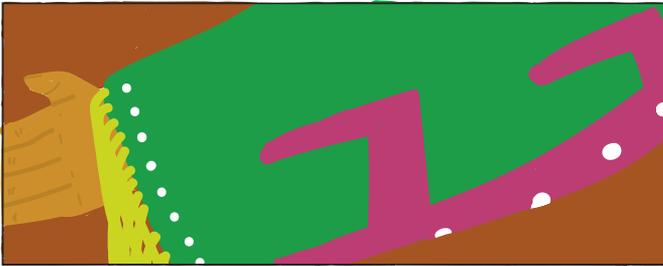
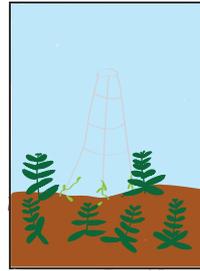
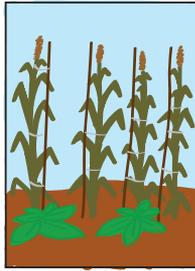
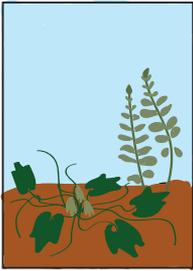
Our garden will
grow
And prosper



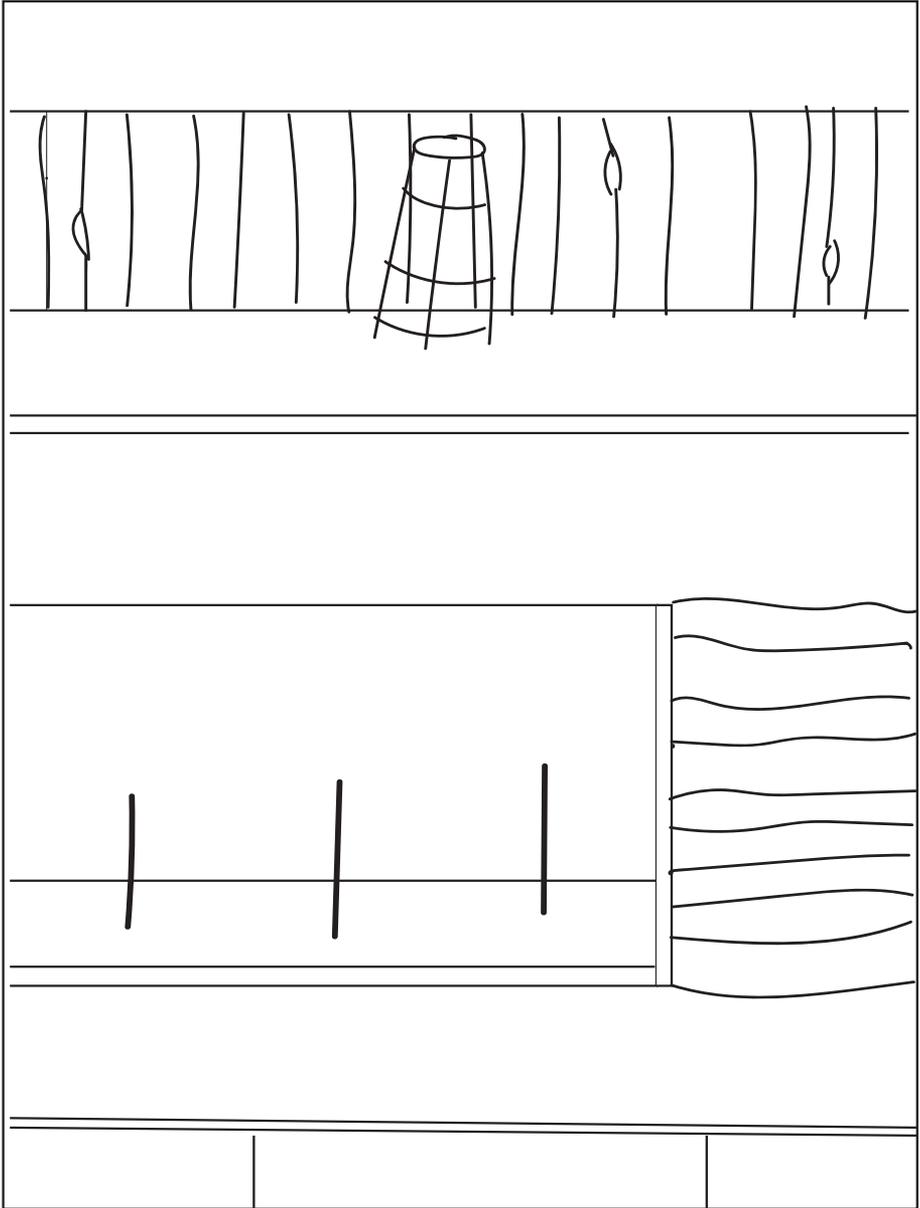
Beyond
our
wildest
dreams

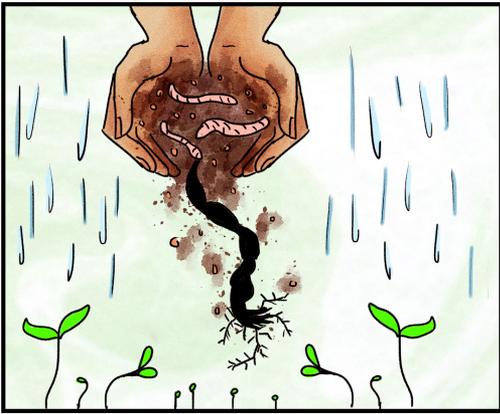
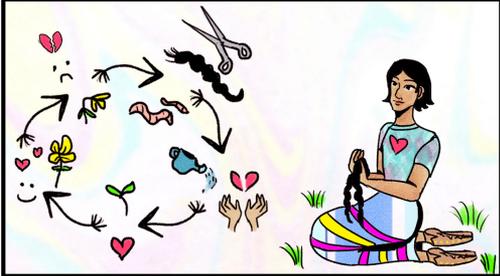


When growing a garden full of various plants, it's important to know what each plant needs. Some plants need direct sunlight, some only need to be watered a few times a week, and so on. Caring for each plants' specific needs is what helps nourish plants so they can grow. Boundaries are much like the needs of these plants. Each relationship needs specific boundaries. What boundaries do you need with your friends? Community? Family? Partners? Self? Etc?



Use this example garden to fill in with plants that represent your relationships and what boundaries you have to help you feel nourished and to help you grow.

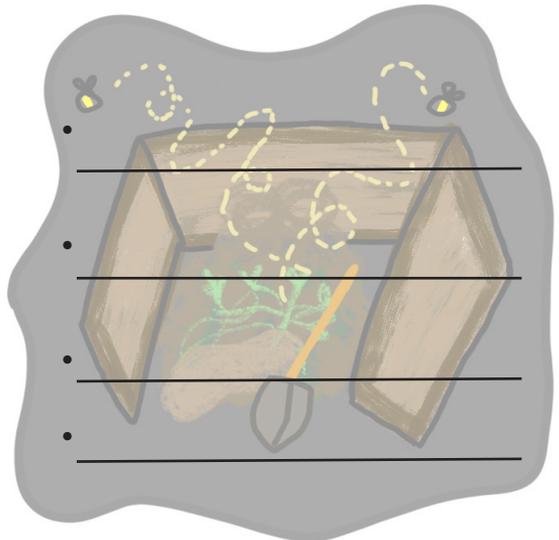


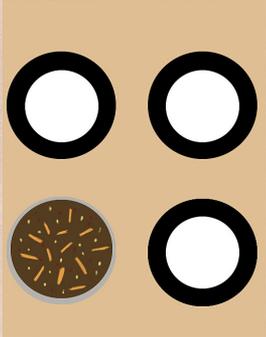


*and so we sharpen the blade and cut away
 at the strands that need to let go
 to be sown yet again
 under the tender light at dawn
 and return to the earth the memory
 medicine of our grandmothers
 we are but sprigs of tulsi and peppermint growing
 out from the concrete
 blossoming in places we were never thought to exist*

Composting allows for nutritious soil to be made from that which we discard. This means that we can grow, heal and transform from the letting go. What are you currently composting for your growth and wellness in regards to your relationships?

Write what you are letting go in this compost bin to the right.





Rest, dear one,
 Under the shade of the cedar tree
 So we may grow up in harmony,
 Outside of colonial gender identity,

Watch me set this spirit plate intentionally,
 Filled with corn, beans, squash and hominy,
 The one that my grandmothers taught to me

The earth, the sky, the honeybee
 Lay tobacco down right onto me,
 Pollinating dreams and plants for all my relations to see,

To smell sweet magnolias under summer skies
 To memorize the how's and why's,
 Of when we got our medicine back,
 When we said to hell with that.

Re-Indigenizing

Decolonizing

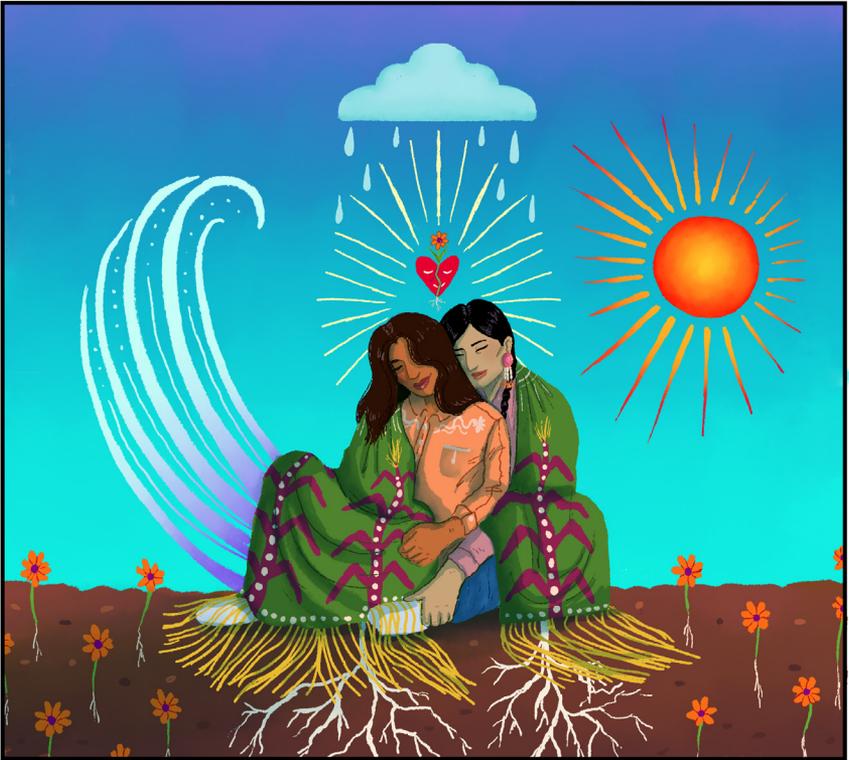
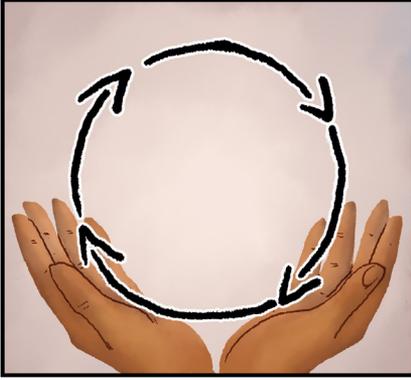
Breathe-in the horizon

You are the future and what our prayers rely on
 You are more powerful than you know,

Now go on child,

You've got some seeds to sow.





In the end, we return to the beginning
Just as the seasons change and cycle
We must begin again
Guided by moon phases and spending more time with
sun relatives
Calling upon our ancestors
The plants
And animals
Winged creatures, too

We nourish the soil with offerings in promise of harvest
We can uproot ourselves with ease knowing that when
we re-plant ourselves in rich soil,
We will be welcomed and tended to.
Our past experiences now composted and rooted within us,
The confines of colonialism can no longer break us down and
deprive us of love and care.

May your ancestors adorn you with cochineal-dyed weavings
and pieces of amber,
May you leave these pages knowing that your gender brilliance
is ancestral, it is gradient like rainbow corn, delicious as three
sisters stew, and as powerful as your mountain sage
You are amongst many seeds planted long ago, you are not
alone and never will be again.

Resource Page

Here are some resources for support and care.

To engage with our NPAIHB Two Spirit and LGBTQ+ community, text 2SLGBTQ to 97779 or follow us on Instagram at 2SLGBTQ.

If any of your clients are struggling and needs immediate assistance, they can access the Crisis Text Line by texting “START” to 741741 or call the suicide prevention lifeline at 1-800-273-8255. They’re available 24/7. They can also contact the Trans Lifeline at 877-565-8860 from 10 AM to 4 AM EST. They don’t have to be suicidal to contact any of these resources. Also, nowmattersnow.org has videos and resources that others who were having suicidal thoughts have found useful.

LGBTQ+ youth and their relatives can contact the Trevor Project at 1-888-488-7386 or by texting “START” to 678-678. They’re available 24/7.

You can find more resources at:

www.npaihb.org/2SLGBTQ

<https://seedingsovereignty.org/>

<https://www.sovereign-bodies.org/>

<https://www.indiancountryecho.org/find-resources/>

<https://www.indiancountryecho.org/teleecho-programs/>

www.indiancountryecho.org/program/trans-and-gender-affirming-care/

<https://graduate.lclark.edu/live/files/15810-tribal-equity-toolkit-20>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MSnvtj0G3cA>

Gratitude

to all our relations who made contributions and made this zine possible including:

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Itai Jeffries

Morgan Thomas

Paige Smith

Dandy Johns



**NORTHWEST PORTLAND AREA
INDIAN HEALTH BOARD**
Indian Leadership for Indian Health



**PATHS
(RE)MEMBERED
PROJECT**



Youth Advisors & Artistic Collaborators



My name is Anpa'o Locke. I am an Afro-Indigenous filmmaker. I am Húŋkpaŋña Lakota & Ahtna Dené. I come from the Standing Rock Nation. I have a passion for Native representation within popular media. My instagram is @anpa.o. (Contributed pg 11 and 7).



Cualli tonali; nafa notoka se cuetzpalintzin; good day my name is Bridgette (aka One Lizard) (xe/xer any). I'm a Zambo (afro-native) Nahua-Guerrerense freelance artist. My Indigenous roots hail from Guerrero Mexico (a famously Afro-Indigenous region). My family are Indigenous artisans and I want to help them rebuild our heritage and give representation to afro-natives, Two-Spirit people, and Indigenous Mesoamericans.



Okí nistoo nitanikoo (hello my name is) Dove Little Home, my pronouns are he/they. I am a Blackfeet, Cree and white Ashkenazi Jewish Two-Spirit artist. Currently pursuing a BA in game art and design to help add representation of Indigenous people to modern media.



Giizhigad [Christy B.] [she/her/they/them] is an Anishinaabe artist, filmmaker & cultural producer based in Detroit. Her praxis in storytelling is rooted in her ancestral knowledge systems as an Anishinaabe person, where stories travel through spacetime and their meanings and lessons are multidimensional; stories have the capacity to heal, educate, as well as spark creativity, movement, and change. @giizhigad on insta.



hau! jerico cummings (he/they), emacyapi yelo. paha sapa (Black Hills) is home. I live in the Valley of Flowers, colonially known as Bozeman, MT. For far too long, I've been trying to make sense of this world that has excluded people like us. identity development and exploration with bipoc lgbtqia folx, creating community, and writing from a place of love and loss gives insight to the version of myself that I chose to share with y'all in the coming pages.



My name is Katie Johnston. I am mixed Chickamauga Cherokee and white project manager and coordinator with a love of arts. I always try to work towards getting more support and resources for both Indigenous and LGBTQ+ folks.



My name is Nikko Jay Johnston (he/him). I'm a mixed white and Chickamauga Cherokee performing artist who acts, sings, and does comedy. I'm very passionate about making performing arts spaces safer for all people of color and queer folks! If you want to see what I'm upto follow me on Instagram @nikkothewizard or on Twitter as @nikkothector.

My name is Sarah Gould (she/her). I am Kamilpa Yakama and Wallowa Nimiipuu, and I live on traditional Kamilpa land. I am working towards being a Native lesbian elder someday, while also engaging in youth-led QTBIPOC community organizing.



Niltze dear ones! My name is siembra aka sarah maría (they/she/we) and I am a 2S copalera, artist, crisis worker and herbalist currently living on occupied Three Fire Nations land in so-called Pontiac, MI. I am mixed Mexika and Desi, which informs my work in building an ancestral apothecary centered around divesting from colonial structures and towards decolonial care work. To see what I am up to and follow my work check me out on Instagram @twosacred. Contributions: writing and poetry throughout.



Lios enchim aniabu, azoul! My name is Zulimar Zuhair Abeytia (he/him) aka King Baba Moon. I am an artist, drag king, and activist of Yaqui and Moroccan Amazigh origin currently living on Tongva land in Los Angeles. I work towards goals of decolonialisim and LGBTQ+ rights within my communities through all the forms of art that I partake in, hopefully my blessings can be felt through them all.

(Contributed pg 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 12).