

January Birthday's

January 3rd – Aiden
Wassillie

January 8th – Kaleb Hill

January 23rd – Annie
Wilson



Happy New Years!

By Ida Nelson

2016 was a busy year and 2017 is here! Happy New Years to you and yours! May all your resolutions and goals that you've set for yourself be accomplished and successful. With that said, December was busy and want to know what Igiugig has accomplished in year 2016, you can read the Presidential report. If you haven't noticed already, we have two new employees working at the office: Beth is our new village administrator and Alicia is our new ICWA worker. If you have not done so please feel welcome to come to the office and introduce yourself to Beth. I hear she has a nice little bowl of candy to share with you.

Alicia loves being the ICWA worker and you can read why she loves her new job so much!

The students have been busy writing for a school competition just before the Christmas break and you'll be able to enjoy their writings. Following that Tate wants to share his idea for next fall from the Aborigines and you can read about it. You can also read about Simeon the great hunter and what he caught just outside his porch. The high school students are onto their next sport, which is basketball and Fewnia has a little update for you with that event and where they will be traveling. Kaylee did a survey within the school and found out what most students and staff like about the Christmas Holiday. There are some excellent Christmas writings done by some of the Igiugig students for the Christmas writing competition, go read them and let us know what you think!

Quyana! Have a very safe New Years and I look forward to what the rest of 2017 will bring!

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IVC PRESIDENTIAL REPORT

2016 Program Highlights and 2017 Pursuits

The Igiugig Tribal Village Council serves Igiugig, a self-sufficient village with strong cultural and environmental values. Our mission is to provide resources, programs, and infrastructure to enhance our quality of life.

In 2016, Igiugig Village Council administration, employees, and subsidiaries continued fulfilling our Comprehensive Community Strategic Plan and organizational mission.

BIA Program & ICWA Social Services

The BIA continues to fund our main government staff: Administrator, Administrative Assistant, Accountant, Tribal Clerks, Maintenance and Janitor Personnel, and all of our office supplies. It also staffs our Indian Child Welfare Assistance Program with a Social Services Director. This year we were due for an Annual Single Audit which began at the end of November – Sandy Alvarez worked around the clock to prepare and endure it. A new administrator –Beth Layton— began work for us in December. Welcome to the team Beth!

Environmental Program-IGAP

In 2015, the Director position was filled by Stacy Hill, and she has been doing an outstanding job since – just look at her report, or see how good the community looks as you drive through it!

Tribal Library

Igiugig Tribal Library continues to operate from IMLS and State funding, and under a Memorandum of Agreement to use the Igiugig School library space. Roz Goodman is our Professional Librarian who visits once a year and weeds our collection, conducts onsite training, and does our long-term library plan. We are in need of another dedicated part-time librarian who could train under Roz in the spring.

IVC Rental Homes and NAHASDA Services

IVC has 7 rental homes, all occupied, and 2 needing a water source. Our NAHASDA services and rental subsidies are budgeted to continue through 2017. We also budgeted a one-time down-payment for one HUD Section 184 loan program applicant. A shortage of adequate housing is an ongoing problem. Recommendations for Igiugig include: 1. File housing applications with BBHA. 2. Request IVC to apply for BIA Housing Improvement Funds if you are an eligible applicant. 3. File for HUD Section 184 for a guaranteed low interest loan to have a new home constructed.

Igiugig Clinic & Emergency Services

We have spent our first year with all our health services transferred from BBAHC to Southcentral Foundation. We currently have one health aide and are looking to fill a second position. Our emergency response vehicles have been maintained (fire truck, PTV, rescue boat) and we have 5 ETT certified responders.

VPSO Program – no funding through BBNA for FY2017.

Igiugig Electric Company

Our primary operator Dave Hostetter continues to do an outstanding job. We had 2 secondary operators trained in 2015 – Alicia and Sharolynn Zackar. Tony Wassillie also covers for Dave when needed. Sharolynn managed her first shift while Dave was on leave and we had power throughout, quyana!

Public Water System

In 2015 we upgraded from the community well to the surface water source. This year we assumed ownership of our new water system which is much more expensive, regulated, and high maintenance than our previous “high arsenic” ground water well. The good news: we have high water quality that meets all federal regulations! Thank you to everyone that has helped, and continues to help out, with our water infrastructure.

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Dan Salmon Scholarship Fund & AVT Funds

In 2016 we awarded seven education and AVT Fund recipients totaling nearly \$14,000. We have temporarily halted awarding new scholarships until more funds can be raised. We continue to receive a small amount of BIA AVT funds each year for interested applicants. There is a significant community service component associated with those funds.

Wanguta Qanriarait Nanvarparmiut Yugestun & Cultural Revitalization Efforts

2015 was the beginning of our 3 year language preservation and maintenance grant. A project director, project coordinator, 5 apprentices, and 4 elders are hard at work in Year 1. We are now in Year 2, and have begun 3 hours a week of Yup'ik headstart immersion and have been teaching 30 minutes of Yugestun to upperclass Igiugig School Monday – Thursday. We completed our grant titled, “A Yup'ik Understanding of the Plants Around Us” which allowed us to enjoy two local plant knowledge workshops with an indigenous plant expert Meda Dewitt-Schleifman, and the end result is the plant guide available at the Igiugig Gift Shop. We have also completed the community trip of a lifetime to New Zealand – please watch the video for the highlights! In 2017 we expect to have our human ancestors that are stored in the Smithsonian Museum of Natural History to be repatriated to Kaskanak – an ongoing effort. We are under-way a BBNC grant to put new signage around the village all in Yup'ik!

Local Foods Program/Greenhouse Production

In 2015 Jeff Bringhurst rose to the challenge of Local Foods Program Manager. 2 new hoop houses were constructed. We executed a “First Nations Development Institute Grant” where the high school students operated their very first food cart. We had reindeer sausage dogs, salmon salad, and endless delicious entrees. We are already craving fresh produce for 2017!

Transportation: FAST

Iliamna Lake Contractors manage our roads program. We are continuing our Government-to-Government Program Agreements with the BIA that allows for more self-management of the program.

2016 ALTERNATIVE ENERGY PURSUITS

Hydrokinetic Project

IVC, in cooperation with ORPC, were the successful recipients of DOE funding: NEXT GENERATION MHK RIVER POWER SYSTEM, OPTIMIZED FOR PERFORMANCE, DURABILITY AND SURVIVABILITY. We are currently in our first 10 month budget period.

Our Wind Resource

IVC has one open grant with AEA for the design of a wind turbine project for Igiugig. Meanwhile, the Gordon and Betty Moore foundation is still supporting the vertical axis wind turbine test study, and are committed to installing a high penetration wind system if it works.

Solar Thermal Resource

IVC is currently pursuing solar thermal options for IVC buildings.

Capital Improvement Projects

In 2016 we will finally installed the gas card system and completed the Emergency Building, and secured funding for the repair of the bulk fuel farm retaining wall which is 80% complete. We also received funding for an elder/handicapped van and are in progress of purchasing a tugboat.

Iliamna Lake Contractors and Iliaska Environmental

This report is being provided by Karl Hill, ILC Assistant Manager, and Christina Salmon, Manager IE.

THANK YOU for another wonderful year serving this community and IVC Board.

Alussistuaqegtaarmek Piamteggan Cali Allrakuqegtaarmek!

Quyana,

Alexanna Salmon

Waqaa!

By Beth Layton



Beth Layton
Igiugig Village Administrator

Waqaa!

My name is Beth Layton and I am the new Igiugig Village Administrator.

Originally from Georgia, I have worked in Alaska for many years including Anchorage, Barrow, Dutch Harbor and Delta Junction and enjoy activities such as baking, making snow balls, reading, fishing and berry picking. Thank you so much for the kind and warm welcome I have received since moving to Igiugig. I look forward to the New Year with all the great possibilities for Igiugig.

Feel free to stop by my office in the hangar to say hello.

Quyana

ICWA

By Alicia Zackar



I don't think I've written a newsletter article since before moving to Kokhanok in 2006! So bear with me guys. I just recently got hired for the ICWA position at the office, and so far it's been good! I attended the BIA providers Conference meeting in Anchorage. I attended the human services meetings and they were depressing which makes me glad I come from such an amazing village!

The meetings were about tribal courts, ICWA and OCS working

together, and activity ideas for staying away from drugs & alcohol. What I like about my new job is planning fun games and activities for the kiddos and adults. For my first activity, I did decorating sugar cookies and I loved it! I have some games planned for our next meet and it should be pretty fun. Having this job gives me the ability to play games that are fun for kids, which means I can act like a kid and play right along with them. I love it, I don't think I'll ever grow up fully.



Cookie decorating at the Hangar

Christmas Writing Competition by Igiugig No-See-um Students

*Ella and Kiara tied for first place in the Christmas writing challenge for the Intermediates.
Fawnia's "Kelin's Christmas" won first place for the high school.
"Christmas Thoughts" won overall first place in the competition.
Congratulations to everyone and their beautiful Christmas writing!*

Christmas Thoughts

The day before Christmas, the tree is filled with decorations but only a couple of candy canes are left hanging. All the presents are under the tree just waiting to be opened. The pine tree smell is still in the air; your mom and sisters are cooking. The greatness, oh the greatness of Saint Nick. If I could just get one glimpse of your sleigh, Rudolph the red nose reindeer and maybe an elf. I would take the elf to my house and make it do all my chores. That would be my Christmas present.

What I really want for Christmas is for my mom to have a good time, like the kids cooking instead of my mom because my mom does most of the work in our house. If she could just have a month without work and still get paid for it, I would love life, because my mom won't be that stressed most of the time. During fishing she does all the splitting, I just check the net. Let's get back to the subject though.

We were all sleeping in our beds while Saint Nick and his reindeer popped through our door and left stuff in our stockings and presents under our tree. At 5 am after he had just got done eating the cookies, we woke up and were happy that there were presents under the tree and that our stockings had candy filled to the top, we were all so joyful.

The stove letting off heat makes it feel like Christmas. After you open all your presents you're a bit tired so you go to sleep, and when you wake up and realize that it's still Christmas, you think to yourself, is there still pie and turkey on the table? It's always a delight to see snow on Christmas. It means hope to me that the winter is going to be alright.

Kelin's Christmas

Christmas means love, joy, presents, family, friends, your pets, and most of all Jesus Christ. Snow glistening on the ground, letting off a cold vapor. When you were smaller there seemed to be more presents. But when you get older they seem to disappear to only a couple presents.

Late on Christmas Eve, this kid named Kelin Grey woke up and went to see what the racket was. He slowly walked into the living room, where their big tree stood with the bright lights, and the beautiful ornaments. He was super surprised because he thought it was his parents. His eyes were huge and bedazzled with fear.

He saw this huge guy, big tummy, he was wearing all red, and his long white beard touched the ground when he bent down. The big guy had rosy red cheeks and a white face, with a big grin.

The kid said, "Who are you?"

The huge guy said, "I am Santa, you have never heard of me?"

Kelin was beyond scared because the big guy named "Santa" had a very deep voice. It even sounded unreal.

Kelin said, "No, I have never seen anything like you in my life."

Santa then said, "There is no need to be frightened, Kelin. I am good, I go around houses, put presents under kids' trees, I watch kids open their present and see how jolly they are. I love seeing their reactions because they don't know that I always know what they want for Christmas, even before they all send me their

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Kelin's Christmas

Continued

letters. But you see, Kelin, it is not only about presents, it is about Jesus Christ, our maker."

Kelin was quiet for a moment then said; "Now I know what Christmas is about. I have never believed in you so I have never wanted to see you. I didn't know what Christmas meant, but my parents made me celebrate it with them for 14 years, and now I finally know, how great and jolly it is."

Santa disappeared through the chimney; before he left he gave Kelin a small telescope because he knew the stars always amazed him. Santa said "HO-HO-HO! Merry Christmas! Have love in your heart."

Kelin went to bed. The night when this happened, he told his parents he did not want to celebrate Christmas because he did not like it at all. But when he woke up he was happy as ever. Kelin's parents were surprised but happy about his appearance. He finally enjoyed Christmas with his family. Merry Christmas!

Through the Eyes of a Spruce

Christmas is almost here! I have waited for seven years since I was very little. I have grown my limbs to near perfection. Soon somebody will arrive and I will see what Christmas is like for the first time! Well, I don't know what Christmas is like but I've heard about it from pass-goers. I lived in the middle of nowhere, at least 10 miles from the nearest town. Animals like moose and wolves would trot by but nothing else out of the ordinary happened until one day, I heard voices.

"Dad look over here! I found a good one!"

"Hang on Tucker, you have more energy than me."

The kid, Tucker, who looked about six or seven, was plowing through the deep snow. His heavy ski pants didn't keep him from jumping over saplings and running over snow drifts coming right at me. It was not common for people to come here but these two, a dad and his son were out to get wood. Or that's what I thought they were going to do. When they approached me, they looked at me and smiled.

"This *is* a pretty one isn't it?"

"Yeah, let's cut it down!"

With an axe in hand, the dad swung forward and started to cut me down. Soon enough, I fell to the ground; the soft blanket of snow cushioned me. "Help me with this rope, would'ya son?"

"Is it a yes or no question?"

"Just get over here and help please."

With a rope, they tied it around my trunk and started to drag me. About 20 minutes later, we came to a stop. I was suddenly hoisted in the back of a truck. On the move again, I couldn't see where we were going and all I saw was the moving gray cloudy sky and the occasional burst of snow from the tires running over the bumps. We stopped; I was taken out of the back of the truck and squeezed through a door. Struggling hands put me on some type of stand so I didn't need support from my roots in the ground back in the woods. Tucker grabbed a cup of water and poured it in my stand I felt refreshed. He stood back, proud of himself for what he had done.

His dad walked into the room with a box of clinking ornaments.

Squealing with excitement, Tucker grabbed a couple and started to put them all over my limbs. Christmas lights, ribbon, and tinsel were draped all over me. The weight now was unbearable. Tuckers dad had a star in hand, and lifted Tucker up onto his shoulders. He placed the star right on top of my head, perfectly balanced.

"Honey, I'm home!"

"Hey! Look we decorated the Christmas tree mom! Aren't you proud? Are ya? are ya?" He asked pleadingly as he slid from his dads shoulders and ran to his mom, hugging her.

"Yes Tucker, very proud. It looks so beautiful! Where did you find it?"

"I don't know, me and dad just found it out in the woods," he replied looking up at her with a smile.

"How was your day today Claire?" Tuckers dad said walking over to her to give a hug too and squishing Tucker in between them.

Claire sighed, "Stressful. Around this time real estate is a bust."

"Lef mer ouf!" Tucker said muffled by his mom and dad. He eventually squeezed through and ran to his room.

"What's for dinner, mom?" He yelled from his room.

"Spahgetti!" She yelled back.

That night they had their dinner of spaghetti around the table. They were talking about Christmas and what Santa should give to Tucker. After dinner, it was time for the boy to go to bed.

"Aww, please mom just a little longer?" He said in a whiny voice.

"No, you need your rest. You are still a growing boy! My big, big boy!"

"Mooom!" Tucker said embarrassed. "Can I at least say goodnight to the Christmas tree?"

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Through the Eyes of a Spruce

Continued

"Go right on ahead."

Tucker went up to me, toying with my needles, "Goodnight Christmas tree."

Good night Tucker. Claire and Tuckers dad put presents under the tree from them for Tucker. They held hands and went to bed, both exhausted from their day.

In the morning, Claire went to work at the real estate agency while Tucker and his dad stayed home and made cookies. Different shapes like little stockings, gingerbread men, trees, and stars. The house filled with the smell of the browning sugar cookies in the oven. When the cookies were cooled, they frosted them with different colors of icing. Tucker slathered his star-shaped cookies with loads of the sweet stuff.

"Just one more day until Christmas! I'll make sure I will go to bed so Santa can put our presents under the tree and eat my awesome cookies and milk!"

"That's right son," his dad said without looking up from frosting the cookies. When they were done, they played a game of chess as they waited for Claire. Fortunately, Tucker had won, I was impressed by his skills for a six year old. He didn't need guidance from his dad. He just stared at the board making swift moves with his pawns moving across the battle field and had his opponent in a checkmate.

"I win!" exclaimed Tucker as he danced around the game board throwing his fists in the air.

Claire came home late that day, I could tell that she was very tired by the way she walked and talked, all groggily and zombie-like. Just as promised, Tucker went to bed early and so did his parents. The fireplace was lit that night and it felt nice on my needles. All of a sudden the fire went out. I didn't hear anything until a muffled "Ho, Ho, Ho!" Came from the fireplace. Soon after, it was followed by boots popping out with a *zip!* A man appeared. He had a red coat and trousers along with a hat with a snowball dangling from it. His half moon spectacles rested on his nose. He had a sack over his back with a handholding tightly to it. He opened it and grabbed gifts and put it under my boughs. I finally knew who he was... Santa Claus. When he was done, he went for the cookies that were placed by Tucker on a stool and washed them down with a splash of milk.

With another *zip!* he left the house without a sound. In the morning, Tuckers parents walked in the room smiling. Their son was still sleeping so they yelled at the top of their lungs calling for Tucker. Tucker walked in sleepily with his fire truck pajamas and a messy head of hair. Rubbing his eyes, he went over to hug his mom. But it didn't take him long to realize that more presents were under me. His eyes widened with excitement and rushed for them. On his knees, he ripped open the presents.

"Wow! Mom look! It's a new chess board!" he said happily, "They look so cool! And look! Its not wood its..umm its.."

"Marble." Said Claire.

"Marble?" asked Tucker in question,

"Yes marble." Claire said.

"Well I don't know what that is, but I'm excited to play!"

He opened more and more gifts. With *oos* and *ahs*, every present that was for him were already opened.

"You forgot one." Tuckers dad looked down at him.

"Oh, yeah."

Tucker went way under my branches to reach something. He crawled back out with a small square gift wrapped carefully with paper that looked as if Tucker had drew them. *To Claire* it read, *from: Tucker and Dad.*

Tucker got to his feet and gave it to his mom.

"Did you get this for me?" she asked, as she cautiously open the gift.

"Oh my."

Inside the box was a magnificent ring. Small diamonds were specked on it and it was centered with a silver pearl.

"Oh my." She said again, speechless.

"Dad and I wanted to get you something for Christmas for you too you know." Said Tucker proudly.

With tears of joy, Claire hugged them both.

"You know what? We are going to have an extra special breakfast! How does bacon, eggs, waffles, and pancakes sound?"

"Yaaaayyy!" said Tucker.

That morning then on, they had a wonderful day. I was happy, they were happy, everyone was happy. I just wish my life would stay like this forever.

Igiugig - Traditional/Local Foods Challenge.

By Tate Gooden

A group of Aborigines, walked back into the Bush for seven weeks and ate only traditional native foods. Their health improved when they went away from foods of commerce and dined on what nature intended for them to eat. We learned about this experiment while reading the book “In Defense of Food” by Michael Pollan for our Non Fiction literature standards at Igiugig High school.

We, Igiugig School and Community in Igiugig, AK, are planning to conduct a similar experiment and embark on our own walkabout to Big Mountain and Kokhanok beginning on Columbus Day October 9th, 2017. The walkabout will finish in Kokhanok on or near October 24th. The traditional native/local foods experiment will continue through Nov. 20th for a total of six weeks. These dates are totally arbitrary.

This trip will focus on Health, Culture, Geography, Botany, Climate Change, and Survival skills.

Participants will undergo a battery of health tests prior to, during, and after the trip. Health tests to be determined by Igiugig Clinic and available funds(BMI, blood pressure, blood sugar, cholesterol-adults, pulse rate,etc.). Participants will only eat traditional native and local foods save whole grain oatmeal and added salt for a six week period. Results to be published as a class Science Project.

During the walkabout, students will visit important cultural sites and study the geography of Lake Iliamna. We will also be focusing on the natural flora and fauna to keep us fed. We are hopeful that a local herbalist/botanist will accompany us on this trip as well as a photographer/filmmaker . Elder stories to be compiled about the area. Special Moose Permit to be applied for through ADF&G. Students will also learn and test valuable survival skills while on the trek.

If you would like to become a sponsor/donor for this project or are interested in becoming part of this endeavor please contact Tate Gooden at Igiugig School 907.717.7136. Please pass this on to other folks who might be interested. Thanks!

tgooden@gmail.com

Basketball

By Fewnia Zharoff

This year's basketball team is Tatyana, Simeon, Dolly, and Fewnia. Our official practice starts on January 16th but our coach wants to start practice sooner than normal. Our coach this year is Alicia Zackar. On January 30th we will travel to Nondalton for the Jamboree, and then on February 20th we travel to Chignik Lake for Districts. The count-down is happening. If we started on the official date for basketball practice we would only have 15 days. Wish us good luck.

Simeon, the Hunter

By Simeon Zackar



Simeon's wolf on the back of his 3-wheeler

Simeon is a pretty good hunter. He was sitting in his house watching TV. He heard something in the porch. He went to check on what was out there he thought it was a dog but when he went outside he went on his porch on saw that there was a wolf. He hurried up and went in and told Aiden, he had a scared face at first then he looked really excited. Simeon grabbed his 22/250 in his room. It was his new gun and its left side because Simeon is left eye dominate. He put one bullet in side of it and ran outside while Aiden was yelling at Taty that there was a wolf in the porch. Simeon got all propped up and ready to shoot. He was scared to shoot because it was towards Yako's house. While Simeon had the wolf neck inside the cross hairs it was moving around so he whistled at it to distract it. It looked over so he took the shot and got it in the neck. It looked like it was dead so I called my dad and asked him what to do with it. My Dad was at Kevs, so that's where I went. They came out and looked at it and said it was medium size. I didn't know because I usually don't catch wolves. He caught only one before that. Ida was like

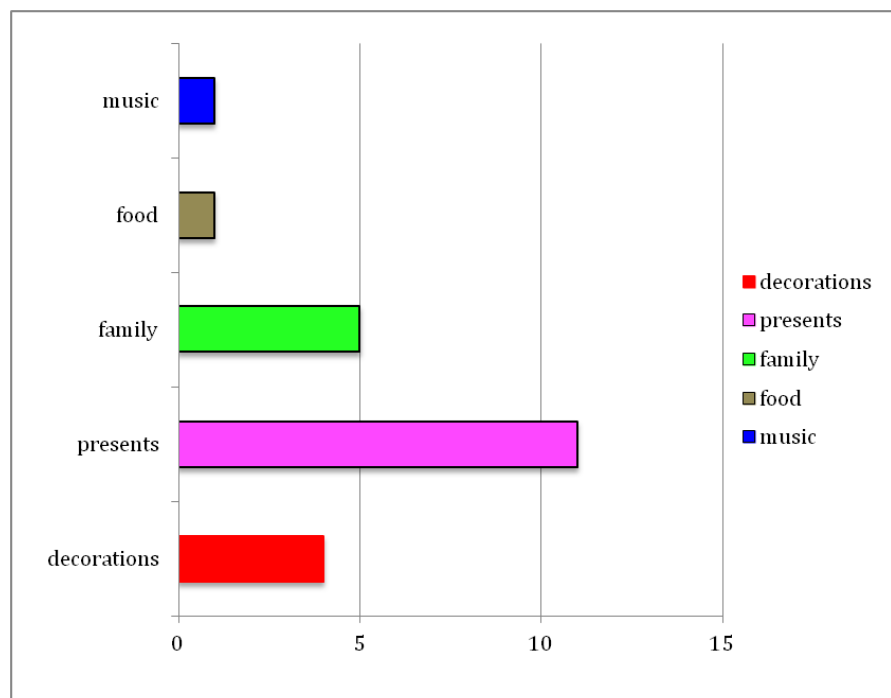
that looks like a dog. I was pretty mad because I didn't want it to be a dog but my dad said it was a wolf so I was ok. They said we will skin it tomorrow so we did. My dad basically skinned all of it. I skinned two paws.

What is your favorite part of Christmas?

By Kaylee Hill

The birth of Jesus Christ is very important. We wouldn't be here without him. What is your favorite part of his birthday celebration? Decorations, giving and getting presents, family, food, or music?

* to the right is a graph of the survey taken at the school.



The True Meaning of Christmas: In a Simple Story

Darcy had everything she wanted, a big house, her own room, fancy dresses, and two rich parents who pampered her with treats and candies of all sorts. She was an only child and she acted like one too. She was arrogant and foolish-only caring about herself. Darcy's favorite time of year was winter because eventually Christmas would come along and she'd get whatever she pleased.

That was usually the case. This year was different. Darcy was aboard a train, headed for her Grandma Mae, who she had never met. She wouldn't admit it but she felt like crying. All she could think about was her beautiful room and her mountain of toys.

When she stepped off the train into the cold night the only person there was an elderly woman sitting on a bench with her cane propped up in front of her. Rolling her eyes and groaning to herself, Darcy waltzed over to her and spoke in a baby-like tone

"Excuse me, but where might I find a taxi?" Darcy stood there hands on hips impatiently waiting a reply.

"There aren't any taxis these days," croaked the old lady. Then she lifted her head and her piercing blue eyes shown like twinkling stars which caught Darcy off guard.

"You must be Darcy," she said smiling. Darcy didn't know what to say. The elderly lady hoisted herself up using her cane.

"Well, we'd better get moving because we have a lot of work to do." And Darcy wondered much work one old lady could have. And was this really Grandma Mae? Her parents had warned her to stay away from strangers. Darcy who was obviously undecided, quickly regained her composure when she caught the lady watching her.

"Who are you?!" Darcy demanded harshly.

"I'm your grandma Mae, and don't you think you can talk to me like that young lady." Darcy reluctantly followed her as she shuffled down the crumbling street. They walked down icy roads and dark alley ways until finally they reached a small house that was old and rattily. Darcy stepped through the door way and the floor boards moaned. A dog was lying on a rug which apparently was worn from use. A cat enter-twined itself with Darcy's legs, playing with her white satin bow on her shoe that was now all muddy from walking through the streets. Angry and exhausted she kicked the cat off and dropped her sun hat on the floor, expecting some-one to pick it up for her.

"Don't you have any servants around here?" She snapped.

"Of course not."

"Well, then won't you pick it up?" she asked, a hint of whininess coming into her voice. She was mistaken, Grandma Mae merely poked it with her cane and chuckled.

"Just as I thought." Grandma Mae whispered more to herself than to Darcy.

Darcy whirled around accidentally knocking a glass vase over with her puffy dress. Trying to hold back her frustration she repeated,

"Well, aren't you going to pick it up?"

"No." Grandma Mae replied. "But you can, and while you're at it, pick up the mess you made. Darcy heaved a big sigh, knelt down and painstakingly picked up every shard of glass. She knew it wasn't going to be easy living with Grandma Mae; it would be even harder staying for the Christmas season.

As the weeks passed and Christmas got closer, Darcy grew accustomed to helping out with chores and sharing space with who she thought, was an uncaring old lady.

Finally it was Christmas Eve. That morning Grandma Mae woke Darcy up very early to begin baking. Darcy moaned and groaned, but Grandma Mae ignored her. No matter how hard she tried she couldn't get out of her work. After all the cookies, bread, muffins, and all the other Christmas concoctions were done baking. Grandma Mae got some baskets and started putting the baked goods inside. Darcy stood there dumb-founded, "Aren't those for us!?"

"You really think we can eat them all?" grandma Mae asked.

"Well, we went to all the work to make them shouldn't we get the reward?" Darcy questioned.

"No, we're going to give them to the people who need them most."

Darcy sighed and put on her winter coat. As they walked down the cold streets, Darcy thought of what she would have been doing if she were at home. She would be sleeping in her own bed waiting for the morning sun to peek through her curtains. She would wake bright and early and rudely wake her parents so they could watch her open her gifts. She would get a whole new pile of toys that she could show off to her friends at school.

The True Meaning of Christmas: In a Simple Story

Her mind flashed back to reality as Grandma Mae knocked loudly on the door of an old run down brick cottage. A tired looking women opened the door. As Darcy looked at her pale face, Darcy felt a deep twinge of pity prick her inside.

For the rest of the night Darcy handed baskets to the poor people along the streets. She couldn't help but smile as she saw the look of gratitude when they received a basket all decorated and full of warm tasty treats. She felt warm even in the chilly night air.

When they finally got home, Darcy collapsed on the small couch and slept till morning. When she awoke she saw a Christmas tree that had yet to be decorated. Out of joy she suddenly jumped up and hugged Grandma Mae. She had never felt so strange; something deep down inside her was being created.

"Well that's a first." Grandma Mae said, astonished. Darcy smiled and hugged her again—she had found the true meaning of Christmas-love. After Christmas Darcy rode the train back to the big city. Her parents went how they were so sorry for sending her off to a stranger. But Darcy had changed. She had the perfect plan for next Christmas. Giving. Sharing. Loving. And being grateful for what she had.

THE END

Announcements

Remember in Igiugig we:

- Keep our Dogs Tied up or on a Leash
- Turn off lights when leaving a public building
- Recycle: #1 plastics, aluminum cans, glass, & tin cans. We also separate batteries and e-waste.
- Do not park in front of the hanger or the white trash trailer.
- Do not litter, we confront those that do, and we pick up trash that we see.
- We compost! Bring it to the green-house, please no dairy or meat products.
- Contribute to the newsletter! Send photos, news, important events to Ida:
igiugignewsletter@gmail.com
- Love our village? Join Igiugig Village Info zone on Facebook if you haven't already

Clinic News:

The Igiugig Emergency On call # is:

907-533-6020

If you have an emergency you can call the Nilavena emergency on-call PA phone at **907-444-4588** for the physicians assistant on duty.

Have a Happy New Year and Blastnego

Winter Library Hours: Temporarily
Monday -Saturday
2:00pm to 4:00pm

Important Dates:

January 1st: New Years

January 4th: School Starts

January 7th: Russian Christmas

January 9th: Evelyn Yanez returns

January 14th: Russian New Years

January 15th: Moose season closes

Send in your hunt reports!

Igiugig Village Council

IVC Board & Main Staff

Beth Layton, Administrator

AlexAnna Salmon, President

Karl Hill, Vice President

Kevin Olympic, Member

Alicia Zackar, Member & ICWA Director

Christina Salmon-Bringhurst, Member

Sandy Alvarez, Director of Accounting & Finance

Stacy Hill, IGAP Director

Ida Nelson, Tribal Clerk & Newsletter Editor

Halay Turningheart, Grant Administrator

Loretta Peterson, Tribal Clerk

Sheryl Wassillie, Procurement Clerk

Visit us on the web @ www.igiugig.com &
on Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/IgiugigVillage>



P.O. Box 4008
Igiugig, AK 99613

First Class Mail

Front Page Photo: Taty Zackar: Back behind the village near Pecks Creek.

Back Page Photo: Sharolynn Zackar: Icicles hanging down by the beach.