



Native Sons



Equipping Native Leaders to Reach Native Americans

CRISTIAN CANALES

CRISTIAN'S PRAYER REQUESTS

- Salvation for each of his family members (below)
- His mother Christine and her second husband. She needs to spend more time with the children.
- Javier—his little brother. He is a sophomore in high school, very smart, loves to read, but does not know his division tables.
- Vanessa— His sister. She has a Social Science degree.
- Elisa—His sister. She has twins and is with a man with a Buddhist background.
- Jose—His father. Remarried with 3 young sons. He is Catholic.

PRAYER POINTS

- New financial partners.
- AIC as it transitions with Southwestern Assembly of God University (SAGU).
- Wisdom to minister effectively.

John & Theresa Flood
US Missionaries to Native Americans

4820 W. Kristal Way.
Glendale, AZ 85308
Phone: (623) 518-6775
jflood@sagu.edu
b4theflood@me.com

Field Address:
US Missions
1445 N. Booneville Ave.
Springfield, MO 65802
johnflood@usmissions.org

"I was far into the world. I barely graduated high school. I hung out with gang members — they were like a family that took me in. I knew of the Lord, but I was into my hussle. I was doing more drugs and hanging out with worse and worse people. I became tortured with paranoia and was seeing shadows and hearing voices at night. I wasn't sure if I had demons, but didn't know where to turn for help; my friends offered me drugs, my family scolded me, others thought I was crazy. One night, wearing fancy clothes I drove far out on a country road with a car full of money, drugs, and cigarettes. I was going to walk away from everything. I had a Bible in the trunk that I grabbed as I started walking. I saw things following me, so I ran. I lost my jacket, money, everything... everything except the Bible and a lighter. I heard footsteps coming closer, so I climbed a tree. I began crying, I had nothing but the Bible and the lighter, I opened the Bible and began yelling out its words. The footsteps and shadows stopped. I yelled the words of the Bible until daybreak, then everything was fine."

Cristian did not grow up in a Christian home. His father came from Mexico to the US. His mom taught his father English and

It's been an interesting fall - on top of the usual busyness I dropped my external hard drive and lost all my files so was unable to do September's newsletter. Data Doctor's was able to recover many files, but I ended up losing one of my classes and 200 people on the prayer partner newsletter data base. I used back copies to restore the files, but if you know someone who signed up for the newsletter and does not receive it when you do, please have them contact me and I will re-add them to the list.

As I write, AIC is in final exam week. The students are hussling to prepare for exams and turn in final papers. I am hussling correcting the papers!

Theresa continues to teach 4-5 year olds at her school and thoroughly enjoys the children

he taught her Spanish. Cristian's grandfather was a pastor on the Grindstone Rancheria Rez and he would come and take Cristian to church with him. Cristian liked being with his grandfather, but the church services were for adults and had



Cristian Canales

nothing in them for children.

Cristian's childhood was rough; his father was in and out of Folsom and San Quentin prison. He was deported repeatedly. When he was out of prison he was a part of a prison gang. He drank and when he was drunk he was abusive to Cristian, his two

sisters, and younger brother. He and his oldest sister did what they could to protect the others, but... They would call the police and then there was always a late night call to his grandparents who would come and take them to the Rez for the night. "It was hard. I had to love dad when he was sober, comfort mom, and protect the rest of the family while maintaining relationships at school pretending nothing was wrong. I went to school bruised, but no one ever asked about it. If they had asked I would have told, but they never asked."

Cristian is enrolled in the Cortina Wintun Tribe. His bloodline is Nomlaki and Pit River Native. The Nomlaki live in the North Valley of CA, the Pit River in the northeast corner. Today, Cristian is 22 and in his second year in the Christian Ministry program at AIC. He took the Introduction to Counseling course here and it resonated with him. Growing up he wanted to help those he saw struggling, this combined with his childhood abuse make him want to help others. He wants to go on and get a MA in counseling and then a doctorate in psychology.

ON A PERSONAL NOTE

and her co-workers. Please keep her in prayer—she is in constant pain with her fibromyalgia and back problems.

Theresa's mom, Shirley arrived here the first Saturday in December from VT and will again be spending the winter with us. We are glad to have her here and she is good company for Theresa as I work nights on my doctoral program.

Levi and Alicia are well. Alicia loves her dream job working maternity. Levi took a semester off from seminary, but I think he is going back for the spring semester. Dillon and Torrin spend 1-2 nights a week with us and often spend the day Saturday.

Caleb and Natasha are now in Georgia outside of Atlanta. They both recently

accepted positions as EMTs in fire stations—their dream jobs.

Thanks for all your prayers & support!

Have a Merry Christmas & Wonderful New Year!



Model of new faculty housing provided by SAGU

The night in the tree happened 3-4 years ago. Cristian did not speak of “asking Jesus into his life”, but at the end of that night he knew peace and he knew Jesus. His family had sent a search party out looking for him and when they found him in the morning he was required to spend a couple days in a behavioral house. They wanted to medicate him, but he refused knowing that he was now OK. “I still had the old issues to deal with and I knew I had to change, but I knew the Lord. I struggled, but had the conviction to do better. I started telling others about Jesus. I started working, helping out at home, going to church for every service and the workdays. I was helping to pay the bills at home.”

Cristian is from Chico, CA, but was raised in Willows. He says it is the 5th most un-churched place in the US. He says some people were “out for him”, most were hostile when he shared his faith — “it was not an easy environment.” At work he would pray while on break. He prayed for his co-workers and watched as they changed from anger to happiness. “God opened doors of work for me, but there were never many other Christians.” His past tended to follow him and he ran into some of his old gang-member friends. At one job he worked with an gang member that was also a backslidden Christian and they talked about Jesus often.

Cristian attended Butte Community College for a

while intending to become a heavy equipment operator. “I have an uncle who is the Chairman of the Grindstone Rancheria Rez who does this and makes good money.” Cristian also had a desire to go to school for ministry. “One day out, of no where, my aunt called and told me about AIC. I did not know anyone there, but felt God wanted me to go.”

Cristian arrived here last fall. His first impression was, “there is nothing here but desert.” Two days after arriving he broke his ankle and had to wear a big boot for three months. He knew no one, felt alone, and missed green grass, plants, lakes, etc. It was intimidating. His mom and sister were struggling financially and he wanted to help, but could not. He prayed for his family and for friends. Two weeks after he started at AIC his mother and sister both found work. His other sister moved home shortly afterwards, had twins, and has been home since. He began to make friends. He says, “God has done so much for me here. He has provided for all my bills. At first my rides to church were unstable. This fall I was asked to help at my local church. I did not want to bother anyone for a ride. God sent me some money and I was able to buy a cheap car to get myself back and forth.”

Cristian says he likes AIC because, “You can get close to people and they are very encouraging. They make you want to try to learn. I like the one on one

with the teachers—this is way better than the bigger schools.” He also likes the outreaches, “They open me up more and more. I like ministering to the teens and children.” He never knew of Royal Rangers, youth meetings, youth camp, etc. growing up. He enjoys playing sax on the worship team both in chapel and on ministry outreaches.

He says that he wished more people knew of AIC, especially at his home. So many fixate on their problems and the abuse of the Native people. Cristian knows that there is more, that Jesus impacts and changes lives for the better. He says, “Its not just the Rez Natives that suffer, there are many in the cities that struggle too. In the cities you get treated poorly for being brown. If you go to a church and they discover that you are a Native then they see you as a ‘treasure’. My cousins warned me to stay away from whites, because ‘They will try to make you like them.’ My (white) pastor treated me well, but I have been places where the mindset is ‘You can’t hang out with them, because they are different.’ AIC is helpful because you get to know people of different races and ethnicities. I feel like I belong here. If I had known about a place like this growing up, I would have wanted to come and stay.”

The Wintun & People

“Wintun” means “person.” The tribe is located in the North Valley area of CA and is comprised of three sub-groups: the Patwin (Southern), the Hill Nomlaki (Central), and the Wintu (Northern). Originally, the tribe lived west of the Sacramento River; today they

Jedediah Smith and Peter Ogden who were exploring the region. Malaria epidemics killed about 75% of the Wintun population in the early 1830s followed by severe small pox epidemics in 1837. By the mid 1800s most of their land had been stolen, sheep and cattle ranchers had destroyed the people’s main food supplies, and miners had polluted the drinking waters. The massacres included Capt. John C. Fremont killing 175 Wintu and Yana in 1846, a white “friendship feast” in 1850 when a 100 Wintu were poisoned, and in 1851 miners burned the Wintu council home killing another 300.

er, such minimal living for so many years forced the tribe to become dependent upon the government for survival. In the 1980s some ancestral land was restored to the tribe providing a land base for housing and economic development. The Indian Gaming Regulatory Act (IGRA) was also enacted around this time allowing the tribe to build a casino. The income from the casino provided economic development and stability and has become a revenue source for land acquisition, educational development, and other philanthropic activities. Originally called the Rumsey Band, the tribe legally changed its name to reflect its heritage to the Yocha Dehe Wintun Nation. Yocha Dehe is from the Patwin language and means “home by the spring water.”



California's Rancherias

live on Rancherias (reservations) in Colusa, Glenn, Yolo, Mendocino, and Shasta counties.

In the 1700’s the Wintuns numbered app. 15,000. By 1800 the Patwins were being forcefully taken by Spanish missions as slaves. Around 1808 some Nomlaki had encountered the Spanish, but were not influenced by them. In 1826 the Wintu met

In 1852 the government signed the Cottonwood Treaty acknowledging 35 square miles of Wintu land. Other tribal territories were also acknowledged around this time. Even so, massacres, enslavement, and on-going theft of Native lands by Whites continued through the 1860s. The population was reduced to about 2,576 Wintu and Nomlaki, but the Patwin were gone.

In the early 1900s the federal government forcibly moved some of the Wintun to a barren, non-irrigable Rancheria in Rumsey, CA. In 1940 the people gained a hard-won victory allowing them to move south to the Capay Valley where they were able to cultivate subsistence level of food, howev-

Cristian is from the Grindstone Rancheria which is part of the Namlaki Band. The Grindstone was created in 1907 and sits on about 120 acres of land. 98 of the tribes’ 162 members live on this Rancheria.



The Nomlaki in 1900