

SURVIVED BY

Connie is survived by her mom Shelley Davlin and dad Herman Murillo, and her step-dad Larry Davlin, and step-mom Ione Davlin and step-mother Elvira Murillo; her sister Barbara Rentner, brothers Mike and Rick Murillo. She will be missed most of all by her beautiful sons Nicolai James Ervin-Murillo, and Cohen Eugene Collier-Murillo.



REMEMBRANCES

Connie Murillo you will continue to move us. In this lifetime and the next!

Alicia A.

I will always be grateful for being able to watch your fearless nature and the brave way in which you have lived your life.

Genevieve K.

Left On, Connie Mo!

Jeremy S.

Connie Murillo was a friend, co-worker, fellow student and one of the first people I met when I first moved to Grand Junction. I'll never forget hanging out on the picnic table outside of the library at Mesa plotting revolutions or Sunday wine dinners! Thank you for helping me become who I am today.

Krystal M.

I love you cousin Connie Murillo. You are in my prayers always.

Jessica M.

Thinking about and loving Connie Murillo and her friends and family today. You'll always be the #1 music fan.

Dustin C.

Connie by the Numbers

Date Shelley Walton and Herman Murillo brought Connie into this world: 12.23.1979

Year Connie graduated from Plateau Valley High School: 1998

Date Connie Murillo and Michaela Ervin Brought Nicolai James into this world: 1.31.2008

Date Connie Murillo and Quentin Collier brought Cohen Eugene into this world: 7.29.2010

Number of tattoos Connie has: unknowable

Number of times Connie has seen her favorite band, Gogol Bordello, in concert: 7

Number of political arrests: 1, not for a lack of trying.

Date of last protest (for women's rights and against trump): 1.21.2017

Number of lives touched, change, or forever altered by Connie's time on this earth: legion

Date Concepcion Marie Murillo passed from this plane of existence to that of the spirit: 3.20.2017

BE THE CHANGE!

CALL TO ACTION

Connie lived a life devoted to helping others, spreading love, community, and making the world a better place. She spoke truth to power, and stood up for what she believed, always trusting her moral compass. Echoes of her impact in this community will be heard throughout this valley for a long time to come. May we all inherit the strength and courage she had for the trying times ahead.



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GRAND JUNCTION,
COLORADO

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH TAKE

The Red Pill



MISSING

YOU

MARCH 2017

SPECIAL EDITION



Concepcion Marie Murillo

December 23, 1979 — March 20, 2017

REFLECTIONS ON CONNIE MURILLO

By Tim Casey

"She was once my student, but always my teacher"

As Connie lies in bed preparing to release from her body to dance forever effortlessly among the stars, I take this opportunity to reflect on a life, briefly but well-lived. When I first met Connie she was a young idealistic revolutionary posing as a college student, but living as an activist—studying the world by enthusiastically attempting to change it. Those were early days when she was engaged in debating the finer points of philosophy by day and practicing that commitment at night. There is a synergy that serendipitously arises when friends find common cause and strength to fight the injustices they see in the world around them. Connie was part of a truly magical cohort of students, the likes of which I might never see again. Jacob C., Jacob R., Joel, Alicia, Connie, Mallory and others challenged each other to speak (and act) truth to power, literally throwing their bodies on the line for the most marginalized in our society. They fed and clothed the homeless, stood up to authority, filled their minds with dreams of justice and change, and wrote to inspire others to do the same. I was honored to walk with them for a few years in the classroom, and blessed to be inspired by their ideas and their actions as their professor.

Each of them brought unique gifts to the mix that was so much more when they were together than any of them were alone.

Their house, on the corner of 15th and Elm, stood as a temple to community and a refuge for those alone. Connie brought heart and optimism as her charisms to the collective. She always believed that together we have the ability to overcome any obstacle through the transformative power of love. Not a trite "Kumbaya" version of that word, but a passionate love that is the fire from which all of us are made, and through which all things are possible. Gandhi refers to this as "satyagraha," strength tempered and shown

in the service of love of others. This is her gift. It is a revolutionary understanding of power that is most fully manifest in the love she shows to her children by checking her ambitions in favor of what is best for them. It is a revolutionary understanding of power that faces cancer with and overwhelming display of love

and compassion for those walking with her rather than diving into an abyss of despair, or a blind promethean optimism that a willful individual with the help of Western medicine can beat anything. Her decision to face this cancer, cutting her beautiful life far shorter than she deserves, through hospice care in the company of her children and lifelong family/friends/compatriots is a revolutionary understanding of power over even death by transforming her suffering into the joy and

*Dance well among
the stars, my friend,
we are indelibly stamped
with the tattoo of your
spirit on our souls.*

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A MESSAGE FROM CONNIE

reprinted from *Connie Murillo's Journey Through Cancer*,
www.ckcdh.wordpress.com, October 14, 2015

These last few weeks have been quite the rollercoaster. It's beyond cliché for me to say that words cannot express the gratitude I have for each and everyone one of you that have helped me during this time. There's no way I can name each person individually, but each person sending thoughts, hopes, and prayers, each person that has provided amazing food for my family, each person who has offered so kindly their resources to be my resources, each person who has put time and effort into events in my name, each person who has done even the smallest amount I

appreciate and I thank you. I don't know where I would be in all of this without the love, care, and support from my community. It's quite humbling for me to see the amount of care from everyone out there. It's unlike anything I would've expected. I wish I could tag every damn one of you, but just know that I see all the hard work everyone is doing on my behalf and it is something I will cherish for the rest of my life. Thank you every last one of you. I hope I'll be able to say that in person to many of you in the coming months. THANK YOU!!! •

*"SOME MAY ARGUE THAT RAISING A CHILD IS NOT RADICAL.
MY HOUSEMATES AND I WOULD DISAGREE. RAISING CHILDREN IS THE
MOST RADICAL THING YOU CAN DO!" —CONNIE MURILLO*

reprinted from "junction rising!" *Mammaphiles* #4,
Confluence Media Collective, Fall/Winter 2009



BELTANE GO WILD!

By Connie Murillo

reprinted from *The Red Pill*, Volume 4 Number 9, May 2006



Beltane, along with Samhain/Halloween (see *The Red Pill* Vol. 3 No. 7), is one of the major holy days on the agrarian-based Wiccan wheel of the year. May Day, as it is also called, is the second time of the year when the veil between the material world and spiritual (astral) world is the thinnest.

Although many of the holy days on the wheel of the year revolve around fertility, Beltane, occurring on May 1st, is by far the largest fertility festival of the year. During this time of year, our pagan ancestors would run through the fields and jump as high as they could to show the grain how tall to grow.

In some traditions, this marks the full-flowering of the Goddess into womanhood, a transition from maiden to mother. This is the time of the handfasting ("marriage") of the Goddess and God. They consummate their marriage and he sows the seed for his own rebirth during the winter solstice.

The May Pole has been a symbol of Beltane for centuries. It was made from a small tree, traditionally fir, with its lower branches removed. The Pole was placed into the ground (the symbology of this act hardly needs explaining) and then decorated

with flowers and other adornments. People danced around the May Pole holding ribbons that were attached to the top of the May Pole. This act of people weaving in and out of each other, wrapping the Pole in ribbons symbolized the coming together of two to make three, in the spirit of Beltane. Also popular in Beltane celebrations is jumping over small bon-fires to bring good fortune in the following year. The cauldron has become increasingly important for this time as it is a symbol of the Goddess and life that springs forth from her.

Beltane is a time to 'let one's hair down.' A time where in some traditions, rings were removed and vows put aside as people paired to share in the Great Rite in the fields to be fertilize by their union, in symbolic re-creation of the coming together of the Goddess and God. The fertility of the earth and land were intimately connected with the fertility of humans, as well as all of nature.

So this May Day, let your hair down, grab one you love and go run naked in the fields, share with nature, and the Goddess and God, the spirit of this season. •

THANXGIVING

By Connie Murillo

reprinted from *All the Dirty Words: A literary stab*, Fall 2002

A day of thanks is given
for the destruction of a
nomadic nation
False prophesies sent
Through electric box fuzz
Retained by dead ears and silence
Thank the land for falling to the
Desecration of god's greatest creation
Thank the native Americans for being acceptable
to disease from old world wonderboys
Thank you "In God We Trust"
America—

Thank you for your oil hungry machines
that suck the life out of our noses
Thank you for the failed war on drugs
Thank you wal-mart and Labor day
X-mas trees and Valentine's Cadbury eggs
Thank you CNN, FoxNews, ABC
story snatches selling propaganda
To black masses

Thank the million dollar football player
rapists without them life wouldn't be
half as exciting

Thank you america for your lying face
of consumerism
blind elitism
Your unfaithful embrace covers
the dead children
Hidden in the alms
of adulterous moneygod

classy pornos
fake Reality tv
make-up cartels
for Barbies
Trick models
with plastic tits
Ken jocks
hungry money
men

All exposed in apse of sin
All accost the eyes of soft world poetess

Dies a little all the time.



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peace of time spent in the company of those whom she has lived her whole life for.

These words might seem as if Connie walks on water (she does not, as far as I know). It might seem as if she can do no wrong (she can, I am sure). But, it should be read as a tribute to an amazing person who was once my student, but always my teacher. She taught me that we are best, not as islands, but as bridges to one another. Although she is one of the most unique individuals I know, the real wisdom I gained from Connie is that she is who she is because of her solidarity with all the communities she is a part of. These communities include her beautiful little boys whom she has shaped into an indelible stamp of hope in our future; her friends and adopted family of the collective who carry on her struggle for justice and intentional living; her faith communities who have journeyed with her on the path to enlightenment and peace; and even the many communities she stood in solidarity with from the Standing Rock

Reservation to the detention centers across America. Connie lives forever in the fabric of these communities she has stitched together by her love, her passion and her boundless optimistic commitment to the “better angels” of our nature. Connie beats death itself by the lives of all whom she has touched as we renew our commitment to live the love, compassion, solidarity and optimism she has modeled in her brief, but blazing presence in our midst. I am and I will be a better human for knowing Connie.

She is a rare individual who made us a rare community. The ties we share with each other and all our fellow creatures on the earth are the ties she nurtured and taught us. These are the most important “things” in the world. Connie knew this in ways we have yet to discover, but we can discover them by keeping her story and our communities together and alive. She was once my student, but always my teacher. Dance well among the stars, my friend, we are indelibly stamped with the tattoo of your spirit on our souls. For this, I am eternally grateful. •



WALK THE WALK

By Tom Acker

As I sit thinking about Connie Murillo and her passing, I was reminded by Jake Carpenter that we were co-conspirators in a direct action.

The “GJ Anarchists” as my colleague at CMU (then Mesa State), Tim Casey and I affectionately referred to Connie, Jake Carpenter, Jacob Richards, Eric Niedergruger, Laurel Carpenter, Joel Dyer and too many others to recall.

Their energy and courage were infectious. We were frequently confronted on the walk from Houston Hall by one of the gang with the recent edition of *The Red Pill*. I had recently moved into the Grand Valley from New Hampshire where I had participated in the movement against the U.S. Army School of the Americas. Previous to that I belonged to a group in Allentown that protested against the U.S. involvement in Central America under Ronald Rayguns.

Here in Grand Junction I was becoming involved in activism through Bev Goodrich’s trainings on Catholic Social Teachings at Immaculate Heart of Mary. So, needless to say, it didn’t take much to spur me to action especially when the target was the hated Wal **** with their ubiquitous awful blue plastic crap and local commerce killing Chinese junk they call merchandise.

So, as I recall, I came into the plot a little late, and we decided to enter the beast as a protest against their low wage policies. There were perhaps 10 of us if I recall. We had created — not very artistically — white t-shirts with “Always the Lowest Wages” on the chest. These were worn under our coats (it was a cold winter day in the afternoon). We agreed to enter the beast separately, grab shopping carts, and do a conga-line formation in the seafood section and proceed to march around the store with our provocative chests displayed.

We met in the fish section, formed our line and moved from isle to isle, causing some to smile, others to pretend not to see. Shortly a store employee came up to one of



us and, as we had planned, we all split up and scurried to other parts of the warehouse to reform and start all over.

I think we created about 30 minutes of minor chaos when one of us, I don’t recall who, became aggressive, suggesting violence to the Wally world staff. That caused the security to call the GJPD. We all began to evacuate the scene but, at that point, the men in blue were obliged to detain us, check our ID, and make us kneel out in the cold, wet grass, until it was determined that we were harmless.

It was exhilarating and probably not real smart. These days I wonder if we wouldn’t have a SWAT team called in or Tasers used on us. Who knows. But we went on to great things: the Uravan trip protesting uranium mining, the protests against the first invasion of Iraq under Bush, I and later Jake Carpenter, started chasing sheep herders with Ignacio.

I last had an opportunity to chat with Connie at a Bernie rally early fall at Barons on Colorado. I knew she had been dealing with health issues but I guess you never really pay enough attention to these things till it’s too late. I was made aware of Connie moving to final stages on Facebook. I was moved by the selfless acts of Jake and Laurel and others that I am not aware of. This anarchist spirit teaches by example. They walk the walk and the beauty of Connie’s courageous elegance in this terrible reality again has caused me to be moved. Thank you for your example. Adios, querida guerrera de amor! •

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about Connie’s specific faith, but nevertheless, completely recognized that she was a highly evolved spiritual being, tolerant and accepting to a fault. Connie had a lifelong thirst for spiritual truth that left her in good stead with all gods, goddesses and powers-that-be. She felt comfortable working in groups, and indeed was a member of the Unitarian Universalist Congregation of the Grand Valley for years. She has regularly delivered sermons of her own writing. She was equally comfortable with Wicca for the solitary practitioner. When it all comes down to it, Connie was firmly grounded in the Earth and was reaching for the stars in a quest that was refreshing and inspiring to share in.

Of course, there is no way to talk about Connie without talking about motherhood. While not a seemingly obvious choice at first, she took to motherhood like a bear takes to honey. In fact, while pregnant with her first son and well into his first year, she produced, printed and distributed a zine called *The Peep Show* (“Peep” was her oldest son Nicoli’s uterine name). Through this, she developed connections with a national zine known as *The Mamaphiles*. She was firmly establishing herself as a radically inclined good mother. By the time her second son Cohen arrived, Connie was well seasoned and seemingly effortlessly performing her role as a mother.

Connie was diagnosed with stage IV breast cancer on September 23, 2015, and

hence began an epic struggle with the disease. Few people endure such indignity upon their mind, body and spirit as well as Connie had. Few can forget the sight of all the beautiful, bald-headed people who shaved their heads in solidarity with Connie. Bald is beautiful. Connie set about living life with renewed vigor and energy. She was in touch with the gravity of her situation but was determined to make it impact others as little as possible. Surprisingly, when her hair came back in, it retained its rich, thick lustrous quality but was substantially wavier than before, giving the impression of a newly born woman. We all like to think that death is distant and Connie transformed this simplistic thought into a rational, workable philosophy of going for the gusto every day.

While on a road trip to Flagstaff, Arizona to see her favorite local band, Zoloft, Connie experienced seizures. With a bang, the cancer had reappeared in full force, this time lodging in her brain. The brain cancer, indeed all of the cancer, had made up its mind to take her. It was only a matter of time at this point. Connie’s transition was notable for its dignity and love. Connie slipped into near unconsciousness and without difficulty or strife, passed gently over to the rainbow side. This issue of *The Red Pill* is dedicated with much love from many people to attempt to commemorate a truly beautiful person’s all-too-short journey through our worlds. Much love, Connie Murillo. Peace, and blessed be. •



MUSINGS ON AN ANARCHOHIPPIYPUNK

By Eric Niederkuger

It all started out innocently enough with a simple unobtrusive flyer thumbtacked to a bulletin board in the old library at Mesa State. In its tiny size, it had articles about 9-11, Bush, Iraq, etc.

I had to contact this writing posse! I nearly melted when I read their email address: thepamphleteers. Holy Thomas Paine!

We arranged to meet at a coffee house and the “entire posse” was Connie Murillo and Jacob Richards. For those who know him, this was over a decade ago, and he had enough actual hair for a man bun when needed, but this tale is not his.

To the uninitiated, Connie was, is and will always be beautiful, in both body and spirit. She brought some of her banana-chocolate-chip-walnut bread, which was famously known “banonnie bread,” a signature of hers. She had beautiful long dark hair, intense brown eyes, she wore a t-shirt with the sleeves cut off, long skater pants, which she needed for riding her long board. She had a sly smile that is easy to visualize even now, but she was also a bit intimidating. I watched Connie mature into the Woman every parent wishes their daughters will become.

Soon we began to notice Connie the belly dancer. Connie the belly dancer was sensual and never failed to engage the crowd. You do know she was fully sleeved and had a beautiful chest piece, amongst other tattoos that have all been tastefully done. When combined with the silks and jewelry of a belly dancer, the transformation was quite striking.

Connie was a geek. At that time, we were watching many informational non-fiction governmental and military documentaries. However, Sunday was *Simpsons* night. Connie knew every line and character from every episode of every season, and quoted the show frequently.

Although a bit nerdy, she was fiercely competitive, as anybody who has played with or competed against her in any true challenge knows. From disc golf to fly-fishing, Connie loved to win.

We were drinking a lot of burgundy jug wine for some time as “the house” drink. However, when Connie began to work at the Ale House and was exposed to such a tremendous variety of beer, it was not long before Colorado micro-brewed IPAs became the order of the day. Everybody knows Connie had a sophisticated palate and the quality of the brew has always been more important than the quantity.

Connie was a great listener. She was chock-full of honesty and compassion for all. She was honest to a fault. When you got a smile from Connie, it really meant something because you know it meant something to her.

Connie blossomed with *The Red Pill* and contributed many stories, including the stunning “I Feel Like I’m Being Raped Again” cover article. She was also an avid and adept photographer. One of my favorite *Red Pill* covers is a photo she took in the fog driving across the Golden Gate Bridge.

We were organizing political events as a media collective, and Connie was involved in every element of every action. Anybody who might have mistaken Connie for being a quiet, laid-back hippie woman would be pleasantly surprised to stand next to her in a march or gathering as she led chants.

She was an avid traveler. Some of her report-backs informed *The Red Pill* in its new found international status.

Ask any local band who their number one fan and supporter was, and chances are high it was Connie Murillo. Connie supported music in general, but local music specifically. She was the woman who got everybody dancing. She bought CDs and sometimes traveled with the band.

Connie was also famously left handed to the point of activism. In the early days, occasionally she would ask for a show of left hands from left handed people. Smiling broadly, she would chant, “Left On!”

Some are not directly knowledgeable

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