



2 P's are better than 1

A collection of newsletters and short stories

Fatima "LILIAN" Mustelier

Bookcover & Picture by Michael W. Lillie

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This book is dedicated to JOHN T. WILLIAMS

John T, Williams was a Native American wood-carver.

He was shot and killed on the street by Seattle police 7 seconds after requesting to drop what police thought was a knife.

John, 50 years old was hard of hearing and deserved more than 7 seconds before needlessly loosing his life.



Thank you!

Here I go again with my long list of all the wonderful people in my life.

My Family, of course.

Michael Lillie for allowing me to use his fabulous photo for the cover.

Kathryn Grandfield was the spellchecker.

Cari Houston for the final proof.

Tim Loncarich maintaining the web site, which, of course includes hosting the E-book.

Lisa Bielski cheered me on.

Elijah Sanchez my genius Numberer.

Authors Notes

*I was actually toying with the idea to add the 2010 newsletters to the book:
The big P.... Imagine the amounts of pages that would have resulted in!
Instead I started a new edition, a sequel, is that what it is called? Plenty of room to
add 2011, when the time comes.*

*As always it was a turbulent year, I hope I kept it historically correct, yet humorous
and as always met my goal of making you “THINK”*

FOREWORD

A storyteller can relay an idea in a way that captures your interest and imagination. A historian will record the events of the time, and teaches the impact on daily life and society. An artist will weave the two together and create a journey.

As you read these “newsletters” you will be captured in Lilian's tapestry. Humorous, thought provoking, and maybe even “politically incorrect,” you will be captivated by these articles.

Human nature is a a fantastic study. When you don't understand why humans behave the way they do, it is healthy to question and discuss. When humans do wonderful things, you should celebrate. Communication is a tool for healing. We should open our hearts and our minds to all perspectives, and try to meet common ground. Open your mind to Lilian's words, and enjoy the journey.

Lisa Bielski



Stonehenge Maryhill, WA

Over the summer I enrolled a couple of young people in Broadcast/Camera/Editing classes at TCTV, our local station. To help with the fee, it was agreed the boys would donate 4 hours, in exchange for payment. During their “work off my fee time” they filmed 5 shows during the elections. Local politicians. The candidates running for Sheriff had similar agendas. Rather than preventative measures, they were both more interested in making more arrests, since that would further payoff for the new jail, which had been built. The Sheriff retired and of course, one of the Candidates was elected.

It left quite an impact on the 2 young brothers, they had never thought about the seriousness of how the community views their thoughts and /or actions as young people.

A few months later I received an e-mail. I was unable to find out who wrote this, so I am unable to give a credit.

SCHOOL 1970 verses 2010

Scenario:

Johnny and Mark get into a fistfight after school.

1970 - Crowd gathers. Johnny wins. Johnny and Mark shake hands and end up best mates for life.

2010 - Police called, arrests Johnny and Mark.. Charge them with assault, both expelled even though Mark started it. Both children go to anger management programs for 3 months. School board holds meeting to implement bullying prevention programs

Scenario:

Robbie won't Keep still in class, disrupts other students.

1970 - **Robbie** sent to office and given 6 of the best by the Headmaster. Returns to class, sits still and does not disrupt class again.

2010 - Robbie given huge doses of Ritalin. Becomes a zombie. Tested for ADD. Robbie's parents get fortnightly disability payments and School gets extra funding from state because Robbie has a disability.

Scenario :

Billy breaks a window in his neighbour's car and his Dad gives him a whipping with his belt.

1970 - Billy is more careful next time, grows up normal, goes to college, and becomes a successful businessman.

2010 - Billy's dad is arrested for child abuse. Billy removed to foster care and joins a gang. Government psychologist tells Billy's sister that she remembers being abused herself and their dad goes to prison.

Scenario :

Mark gets a headache and takes some aspirin to school.

1970 - Mark gets glass of water from Teacher to take aspirin with.

2010 - Police called, Mark expelled from school for drug violations. Car searched for drugs and weapons.

Scenario :

Johnny takes apart leftover firecrackers from Guy Fawkes, puts them in a model airfix paint bottle, blows up an ant's nest.

1970 - Ants die.

2010- Police, Armed Forces, & Anti-terrorism Squad called. Johnny charged with domestic terrorism, MI5 investigate parents, siblings removed from home, computers confiscated. Johnny's Dad goes on a terror watch list and is never allowed to fly again.

Scenario :

Johnny falls while running during break and scrapes his knee. He is found crying by his teacher, Mary . Mary hugs him to comfort him.

1970 - In a short time, Johnny feels better and goes on playing.

2010 - Mary is accused of being a sexual predator and loses her job. She faces 3 years in Prison. Johnny undergoes 5 years of therapy.

This should be sent to every e-mail address to show how stupid we have become!

Think about it!

We talked about it and it became apparent that young people really think like we, the parents did... I would assume most of us parents and grandparents have no idea how stressful the world must be for the young ones, especially if we are unable to explain the reasoning behind the new laws, having been put in place since the 70-s. When having a young passenger in my car, I often point out yellow traffic signs. I always point out that it is a suggested speed and a warning and that I think many people died before someone finally put that sign there and why it would be wise to follow it willingly. Ignoring it will have consequences to no ones liking.

Oh, what a difference a year makes.... December 2008 Washingtonians were buried in massive amounts of snow, this year, 2009 it was just an ungodly cold spell, which wanted to make some of us cry. Watching the rest of the country getting snowed under or over did make some of us think. In the predictions for 2010 I saw weather systems resembling a slow train as they moved across our land, and just as I had seen it, Mother Nature was on the move, stopping almost in every town within 8 states, at a time.

Early in the month I had a medical procedure... a RECLASP INFUSION... I felt closer to death than ever before and I am still struggling with my recovery on a daily basis. I am better, but my existence is still a challenge. Had finally ventured out to get some groceries, that went OK for the most part, except on my way home I wrote my entire newsletter in my head. It is good, I thought as I was writing it in my head, of course by the time I got home and close to writing utensils I forgot everything I had formulated, guess we have to settle for what materializes today.

Something happens to people prior, during and right after holidays, such as the ones we just observed, lots of phone calls and an opportunity to actually have a conversation, rather than an e-mail. Myself, I do not handle e-mails too well, especially when people expect me to answer, it is too time consuming and not enjoyable for me at all, to the point I rather not get e-mail. Try snail mail, I prefer that.

I talked to a Lady in Germany, she told me she was going to TARF. I had no idea where or what TARF was, so she explained to me that it was not a where, it was a what. Once a week Grocery stores, along with other establishments, will hand out food, which is close to an expiration date or items not moving in a timely fashion to anyone, who is in need, rather than to discard it. She said no-one in Germany needs to ever be hungry, the giveaway is plenty and there to help people. I thought that was great, especially since no one has to wait for a holiday to get their needs met.

For the last 40 years Barb and Friends have fed the homeless at Thanksgiving and Christmas. So it was this year. The preparations for the yearly undertaking started in July, in order to get enough donations to

meet the need of the local people. Between 1500 and 3500 guests were expected, the number enjoying a meal was somewhere in between that. This year a clothing bank was added. Warm coats and blankets and at Xmas many toys were handed out to the towns children, which would not have a gift. I am proud to report my family was active with volunteering each month. A local Jazz Band gave an added touch to the festivities.

Some of us were delighted to see several stores and eateries open for

THOSE of us, not observing the holiday.

Again, hikers ventured out into the mountains during properly forecasted dangerous weather conditions and not only died themselves, they also put many rescuers into harms way.

A talk with a friend revealed the need to examine a statement I make regularly. When asked how I am, health or/and otherwise I often answer I am overcoming several challenges. My friend pointed out that the term: I am facing several opportunities would be more appropriate.

Opportunity according to Lilian means: a chance to try something new, to alter course and a new beginning for a different experience.

Challenges according to Lilian means: an obstacle to overcome, to examine, correct and overcome a present condition, a matter needing to be attended to.

Opportunity allows me, Lilian, a choice in no particular time-frame, altering of a mindset at one point, not urgent and put into place after some consideration, provided procrastination does not set in and the opportunity is missed entirely.

Challenges according to me, Lilian, represent the need to immediately confront an obstacle, meet a problem head on and find a solution, in order to rectify a problem. At least try to find means to deal with what is present in a somewhat functional and operational manner, so present situation will improve, rather than become more aggravated.

I prefer CHALLENGES to OPPORTUNITIES.

My oldest Granddaughter had a birthday party. Even though I was in the early recovering stages of my procedure I attended the party. For her B-day present I picked a table/picture book: My Eyes Have Seen The Glory. It was a documentation of the Civil Rights Movement. A Lady I barely knew joined the party and looked at the book for a long time. Eventually she got up and gave my Granddaughter the longest, most sincere hug I have ever witnessed. While holding her, the Lady, with tears running down her face, told that she had recognized many of the people in the pictures, she was a **white** participant in the movement. It was a moving experience for all of us present. I mentioned what had happened to my friend, Kathryn Grandfield, she in turn send me the following report:.

Dear Lilian,

You asked me to write a little something about my view of the Civil Rights work that took place in the 1960's. One experience was going to Alabama on a bus of other young people. The goal was to get Black adults registered to vote. At that time a literacy test was being used in parts of the south and regardless of the literacy ability of Black People, many were denied the right to vote.

We rode a bus through Missouri, Tennessee and Mississippi into Alabama. One of the things that I recall the most was the farm fields of cotton, and other crops were full of hundreds and hundreds of Black Farm workers. The town where I grew up had a segregated living situation for black and white people, so I knew segregation existed from that experience. What I was not prepared to see was the level of poverty of those people where I was going. In the fields and along the roadways the black people were dressed in tattered clothing, often barefoot or with shoes that were either too big for their feet or falling apart. But the thing that humbled me so much was that as we passed by on the highways of these states, the workers in the fields and the people living in what could only be called shanty houses all stopped what they were doing. They watched us pass by. At first I thought it was curiosity. But then I noticed the men all took their hats off and held them over their hearts. The women and children all stood silently watching us. No one was talking. Worked stopped in the fields as we passed. It still brings tears to my

eyes to think of this even now. We were young white kids who knew nothing of the life of these people except what we saw on television or read in magazines and books. But something called all of us to help.....we knew they should be allowed to vote. So we got on the bus and went. I shudder now to think that the people who had suffered for so long by antiquated laws that denied them their basic civil rights saw us as some kind of solution to their lives of suffering.
Kathryn

Throughout the year people talk to me about a multitude of subjects, including the present state of the economy and the approaching concern of some about the year 2012. On Jan 21, one of my scientist friends e-mailed the following to me: If you believe in 2012 you have exactly 3 years from today.

Some friends are worried, always trying to figure out how to overcome the doomsday prediction and trying to get ready for survival.

I try to explain that either way what will be, will be. It is my way to respect peoples opinions, even at times when my opinion somewhat varies from theirs. We can worry about 2012, just like when we worried about Y2K.

On Dec. 27th 2009, my oldest grandson was the victim of a armed home invasion. He was injured physically. He was struck in the head with a shotgun and kicked in the lower torso, which made his kidneys rather vulnerable. He was very traumatized, barely escaping death.

What disturbed us the most about the incident is the fact that 2 of the perpetrators came from such unusual backgrounds. A Soldier and a man working for DSHS. People we usually trust and seek out when we need help.

HOW can the State employ former felons of such magnitude? It has been known that the military lowered standards for enlistment, due to need for more bodies on the ground in war zones, but how can a Soldier with such severe problems maintain active and how can a judge set bail so low, that it does present a small hardship to make bail.

It is the second time a grandchild in my family has been the victim of a

armed robbery. My Granddaughter was held up at gunpoint at her job at Hollywood Video a couple of years back. Luckily she also escaped death. One can't help but wonder what goes on in the mind of people committing such crimes, especially when they KNOW they will be apprehended. Olympia is a somewhat peaceful town. 6 police officers were murdered within 6 weeks in a 30 mile radius, think of the possibilities of potential outcomes on both sides of the story.

The paradox of "*good and evil*" were very profound in the month of December on a large scale. Just as we thought the year had ended on a good note. The hateful behavior towards people of different political outlooks has also become so profound. It is my hope that we, as a people overcome these challenges, rather than viewing it as an opportunity.

I would like to remind you that Keith Olbermann and Rachel Maddows on MSNBS have proven to me that they are truthful and responsible in their reporting of news, which is being overlooked on some channels.

My web site has added a new menu item, [SHOWS](#), where you can find a review of 12 years of : A Visit With A Person Of High Strangeness. www.myspace.com/psygeria hosts 12 full length shows for your viewing pleasure.

The new book: The Big P is available for download just a little below this newsletter

We will add more shows as fast as we can and look forward to another year of staying in touch.

I wonder if a butterfly remembers being a caterpillar..... who said change was impossible?

Love and Light

Lilian

February 2010 Newsletter

Where to begin, where to begin! January presented a roller-coaster of events, had it been a slide show, depending of the set speed of the projector one might have become dizzy.

I am still ill, so I have lots of time to keep track of the going-on's in my family, my neighborhood, my State, my country, my Planet and my Universe.

Early in the month we saw pictures and footage of the tallest building in the world, which opened in Dubai. Immediately my mind said: pretty, but OH OH, Tower of Babel.

We...Scarecrow Productions and I, are working on an upcoming show in which we feature an interview with Edgar Mitchell, the former Astronaut. The subject is Quantum Hologram. I am really excited about the subject, because it finally gave me a correct explanation for people when they ask me how I do what I do. To remind you, I am a psychic. In essence he broke it down into elementary language. The way he, Mr. Mitchell, explained it was as follows: Actually, it is my interpretation of what I understand as a result of his analysis :

Imagine a box. Surrounding the box are what appears to be sparks. The Box represent the Universe and the sparks are the residue shooting into the Ether.

We are able to pick up the "sparks" containing all of the knowledge Universe has to offer. Then in turn, our brain can translate the residue into a hologram or a picture and here is your story. It helped me to understand that when I perceive something I sometimes misinterpreted the picture. The story is complete, however I attach the wrong hologram to it. For example.

In the 2010 predictions we talked about an event similar to Katrina, in as much as many people would have to be relocated within the country after a catastrophe. I mentioned that when Katrina happened I thought it had to do with Haiti. To me Haiti and New Orleans are similar in energy. Even though both predictions were accurate, they were reversed. The hologram created in my mind was reversed. Imagine how Nostradamus must have felt when he

translated people, things and places into something, which was not even in existence at that time. It always upsets me when people take everything literal and apply it to the present, that is not always possible and with their action creates errors and confusion.

So, when I saw the highest building in the world I thought Tower of Babel.... with limited knowledge of the Christian Faith... I translated Babel into confusion and chaos. Story was right, my interpretation was wrong and chaos it was, in many areas in January.... depending on one's interpretation.

A firestorm was unleashed when the Supreme Court ruled in favor of corporations. Please note what was on Dennis Kucinich myspace and facebook. I am assuming it is OK to use this, since he put it on his social sites and allows to share with other members.

(January 21, 2010) Congressman Dennis Kucinich reacting to the 5-4 Supreme Court ruling in Citizens United v. Federal Election Commission released the following statement:

Today's decision will allow corporations to spend unlimited funds in support of political candidates. It will increase the stranglehold corporations now have over politics. There is no more effective way to concentrate even more money and power in the hands of the wealthy.

Already, Wall Street is thriving on government largesse while America struggles with rising unemployment and foreclosures; insurance companies are preventing meaningful health care reform; and fossil fuel companies are preventing meaningful climate change legislation. The foundations of our democracy are at serious risk.

The five-man majority has overreached considerably. The five-man majority brought up this issue of its own volition and has now legislated from the bench. The Supreme Court's actions and decision violates 100 years of precedent as well as the Constitutional prerogative given to Congress to legislate. In his dissent, Justice Stevens somberly remarks, "The Court's ruling threatens to undermine the integrity of elected institutions across the Nation." Congress can hardly ignore such a stark and foreboding comment.

Now, it is incumbent upon Congress to act. We must reclaim

the democratic process and protect the voice of American citizens. If we allow corporations, many of whom are owned by foreign interests, to exert the kind of influence allowed by today's ruling, we will have, finally and completely, abandoned Lincoln's government 'of the people, by the people, and for the people.

I called a friend in the legal profession to make sure that I understand this issue on layman's level. I of course was excited that "FREE SPEECH" was preserved, once again. I even talked about a local case in which a Reverend preaches in the nude. He was forced off the air. He filed a lawsuit and eventually won his freedom of speech case. As bizarre as it appeared, especially those of us on Public Access Television were saved by the " NAKED PREACHER". In plain English.... The Supreme Court ratified a law dating back to 1886...Southern Railway verses Santa Clara County. A corporation is now same as a person and therefore has the same rights as a person..... one of which is FREE SPEECHwonder why I got excited? Had they fought the free speech issue the same way the unclothed Reverend did, we would have maintained much of our democracy.....Much rather would have had a Naked Preacher.

The Greeks were the first people set up like a democracy. All males were equal and permitted to run for office. The way a president was chosen was by lottery. Names on clay tablets were deposited in a caldron. The first name drawn was President for 1 year. I could be mistaken and the term was for 2 years. In any event it was not sufficient time to do a lot of damage. The clay plate was destroyed and the person was never able to serve again. Military leaders were appointed.

Speaking of appointment.... Dr. Roger Beachy was appointed as the new director of the National Institute of Food and Agriculture (NIFA). He was closely associated with Monsanto. He states he is a scientist who believes in technology. He is interested in a food supply with reduced strain on the waterways and fewer need for agriculture chemicals.... according to the Progressive Farmer, January 2010 edition. IF corporations are allowed to bombard the airways with their message, backed by seemingly reputable people, I don't think salmonella contaminated pepper is our biggest problem.

I was laid up for a few days, in which time I watched some unusual programs on TV. At one point I opened my eyes and saw a precession of what I thought were toy soldiers. I soon realized they were not toys, but rather police officers in a formation at the funeral for 4 police officers, which had been murdered. The officers had come from all around the country and Canada to honor the fallen comrades. It had never occurred to me that Police Officers attended an academy almost identical to military training. There was a time most of us looked at the police as a friend and protector. If we consider the times we live in and the harsh reality of the brutality of the times, we should not be surprised when some officers conduct themselves like soldiers, rather than our friend.

I thought I was dreaming when I saw the story about the explosives planted by [Slovak police](#) in a air passenger's backpack. It was not detected by Airport security and made it's way all the way to Ireland and caused the poor passenger a Mega Problem. Every time I traveled since 9.11 I had a note in my luggage from security that this was bag had been searched.

Several new Planets were discovered, one which was described as a Styrofoam Planet. This was of interest to me and here is why:

The UFO object, which belongs to the Estate of Bob White is very familiar to me. I handled it on many occasions. It looked like metal, I was always fascinated with the texture I felt when closing my eyes. I kiddingly called it Styrofoam. The object is extremely hard and it was hard to cut small pieces needed for test at Los Alamos and other places, BUT it felt so light at the same time. Styrofoam. I thought about the new planet and how easy it could support weight... and life for that matter. Some of us always thought Velcro came from somewhere other than earth... we joked about it, especially since the glue UHU glues EVERYTHING, except Velcro.

There is no word for January, I was unable to find anything descriptive. Weather like a teeter- totter, The earthquake in Haiti. Politics as combative as I have seldom witnessed in times past.

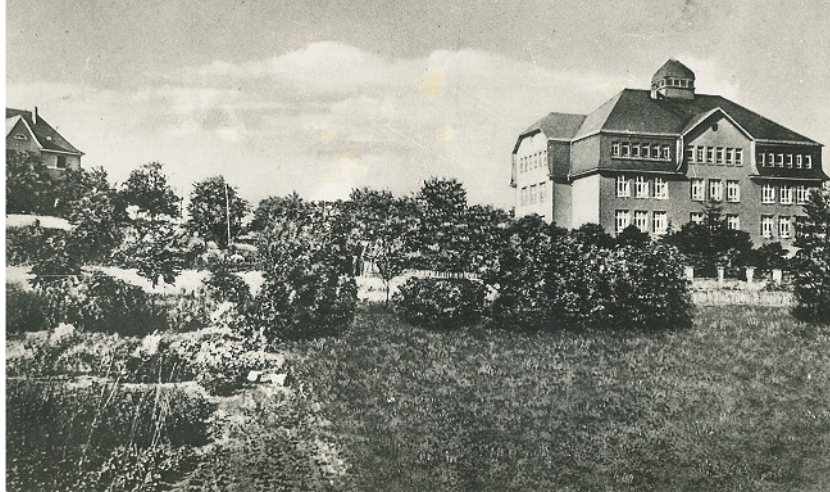
I lost my smell and taste due to a medical treatment I received. It complicated many things for me, I use all my senses in my daily life. SMELL was one of my most attributes. I have a hard time sleeping

along with other side affects I am still struggling with. In the past ... when everything else failed... I employ Aroma Therapy to relax and fall asleep, Even though I am unable to smell anything other than orange peels, my body still responds to Aroma Therapy. I am happy to have learned at least that much in my "ordeal without end".

Most of the Northern Hemisphere is in a deep freeze, in Washington State we had a warmest January on record, birds are singing in the morning, frogs under my house welcoming spring and some trees are in full bloom. Mother Nature is confused, so why should we be surprised that we are all bonkers?

Love and Light

Lilian



Old Schoolhouse

MARCH 2010 Newsletter

I accidentally had an interesting weekend. My intent was to attend a yearly POW WOW long enough to recharge my energy level, which has been next to nil since undergoing a medical procedure 4 months ago. Guess I need to explain the part about recharging my energy level, so much talk about Vampires, and there are those of us, who associate Vampirism with draining of energy from others. Think about the time you started out having a GREAT day. You come in contact....by phone, in person or some other way... with a person, which is all negative... I hate political correctness, it hinders me to use the proper words for things. so please substitute what applies to this circumstance.... complaining about their life and blaming everything on someone or something else, without ever taking responsibility for their own action. They are needy and worrisome to deal with. After a few minutes they are all chirpy and happy, leaving you feel like crap, tired and down. What happened, without realizing it, or in some cases deliberately, the people have transferred their negative energy to you and "SUCKED" the life out of you. I see you are smiling, guess you know what I am trying to say.

I draw energy from the vibration of drums, happy events and places, which give me joy. If you have ever attended a Pow Wow you will be able to identify with the electrifying energy such an event can bring to a person. So rather than Vampireism, adding your own energy to the festivities will recharge your spirit to an extent that reaches many heights and feelings of well-being.

In preparation for the monthly newsletter I watch the National/International news closely in order to gather information sometimes missed by people, because they are busy or on a different time line. One of the things greatly discussed is the divide we are experiencing in the USA over politics. In an opinion pole 2.21.2010 it showed that 86% of people taking part in the pole said they thought our Government was broken. I researched this subject a little and discovered that for at least 30 years, when asked, people complained about government being "broken".....

There were close to 1000 people present at the Pow Wow. While having access to so many people in one place, I thought I would ask the same question of some of the people I talked to. People in attendance were very multi cultural, since it was open to the public. What I found is that people only paid attention to what was important in their life. Spring has arrived in Washington State, we were discussing "SPRING ISSUES" compared to some of the vendors present from other states. They were still on winter issues, in fact the Navajo were not able to get here, do to weather conditions. A man from Wyoming had a different perspective of our excitement about spring time. Point being, everyone looks at life according to their own circumstances and, for the most part, spend little or no time concerning themselves with the question how broken government is.

Three cable networks are solely dedicated to covering politics. Depending which network on your telly your information will be spiked with the sometimes personal opinions of the presenter. Top Stories are shown as they unfold and again, it is at the digression of the network as what is considered news.

Keith Olbermann on MSNBC was responsible for enlisting the aid of his viewers to hold free health care clinics in several major cities in the US and also coming to the aid of the native Tribes in the Dakotas, which were suffering greatly from the grips of this brutal winter. Sometimes a TV Host can change things much quicker than anyone in Government.

When the politicians we elect resemble my AMIGO electrical scooter, great to have around, because it still works and gets me where I want to go, with the exception of going well around the corners, which now have to be build with different measurements, the solution is to update and upgrade for a different result. Government is not broken, the operators need an overhaul, just like my house needs to be modernized IF I intent to keep my AMIGO.

Most people have no idea what I am talking about when I tell them about my Amigo, it is unfamiliar and does not concern them, same with Politics, in order to pass judgment you have to understand it. Please educate yourself... I am not talking AMIGO here.....

Remember Professor Henry Gates? He is the gentleman, which was arrested in his home when he questioned the motives of the Police

Department when they unkindly responded when he asked: DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM? I must admit I had mixed feelings when a "BEER PARTY" was necessary on the White House Lawn. While searching for something for an article I am writing, I came across something presently airing on PBS. FACES OF AMERICA, a 4-part documentary about famous Americans, which heritage showed they were the offspring of Immigrants. Being a film maker myself I know how time consuming an undertaking of that magnitude is. Travel, filming, editing, it takes a long time. As it turns out it is Professor GATES which presents this documentary. Chances of his quest to show the need for uniting different "Tribes" of Americans, Turkish, German, Italian, Japanese and Irish was completed long before he post that question to the arresting police officer and meant something totally different than what is was presented as, to the average person on Television.

My friend Mike doubles as a camera person for my TV Show for me. He was kind enough to create a winter residence in Olympia. We decided to take the time to revisit a TV Show from the 90's. DEEP SPACE 9, a spin off of Star Trek. DS9 was first aired January 3rd 1993. It continued for 7 seasons and it takes 176 hours to view... without special features. I had watched it in marathon style a few years ago from a spiritual angle. This time we, Mike and I, watched it to prepare for a couple of upcoming shows we are working on. We wanted to see how well science fiction compared to real life in the 21st Century. It was amazing!

From cups, dishes, clothes, bedding to Bluetooth, Kindle, thermometers, medical equipment, it was barely noticeable that we were NOT watching regular programs on our television set. There were a few episodes in which it was obvious this was science fiction, unless one is familiar and acceptable to the alien races portrait.

Vocabulary was up to present day, military scenarios were familiar.

400 years from the DS9 Star-date Earth is a peaceful place, yet

Captain Sisko's father made an interesting observation. He asked his son why, **IF** the Universe was is such a vast and infinite place, are so many races fighting for such a small space of it. 176 hours is a long time, but I would do it again...watching the whole series... it was so enlightening, we could learn a lot and save ourselves a lot of problems by comparing present circumstances with the science fiction story line. DS9 is worth the

investment in terms of money and time. Especially now that we have been introduced to Avatar, which by the way was being discussed at the Pow Wow.

According to Webster the word BREAK/BROKEN means: shatter, violate, annul, smash, ruin financially.

According to Follette by Glucksmann BREAK/BROKEN means: to get away, recess, crack, breaking point., kaput.

As long as I have been in the US a space shuttle would make a trip into space, I have even seen one of the rocket boosters on display in Utah. Never paid too much attention to lift off and landing of the big bird, except this time... the last night time landing. I made it a point to see it on television. I will never get another chance to do that. I lost my smell and taste due to my medical procedure. Once I identify the texture of a food, I add my memory of it and have learned to enjoy my food without being able to taste it. Same with events. If we enjoy an experience we can remember and imagine what it was like. In these trying times we need to remember what things can be and try to mentally duplicate what it is we wish to remember.

I welcome a good conspiracy theory and can only speculate what is taking the place of NASA transportation, the night landing of Endeavor will always remain with me..... just in case the theories are wrong.

A hiker, after successfully climbing MT. St Helen 62 times, while taking a picture, fell over the edge and died in the crater. The body was recovered, but some of us had a long conversation about that. Imagine... he climbed the summit 63 times in order to meet his destiny. Suppose the mountain had not giving up the remains and archeologists 1000 years from now would have tried to reconstruct this man's life, as they did with King Tut. I am sure they would have concluded that in or about the 21st Century we again sacrificed humans to the live Volcano.

Speaking of destiny..... The Concord was donated to the Museum of Flight.

I was on a plane to Detroit the day the concord crashed. I remember being very upset, seem every time I am airborne something crashes. Some friends and I talked about the logistics behind that disaster, in as

much as all the people on that plane paid a lot of money in order to fulfill their destiny and collectively arrive at the same location at the same time. It gave me comfort in some strange way and in a way it made sense. I guess that is how destiny works.

A friend brought snacks/treats for my cat. She, the cat, absolutely will not eat that brand so I went to the feed store to see if they would kindly exchange the treats for something she does eat or Cosmic Catnip. It took some time to search for the bar code, since I had no receipt. Eventually the clerk in the little store found a solution we were both happy with. I thanked her, got in my car and put the car in reverse. It was at that time I noticed someone had locked the gate. I must have been the last customer, so the door was now locked, no sign of the Lady. I was locked in the feed store lot a half a mile from my house. Eventually I located a man in the back of the place, he guided me out another way from behind the building unto a different street. I wondered how anyone could have missed seeing a bright red Toyota with UFO and Crop Circle signs all over parked in front of the door. Guess as easy as not paying attention to things unless it concerns them, the car in the drive was of no concern, it was time to go home.... So He Did!

If you are one of the 86% which answered the poll and think the government is broken remember this. There is a glue, UHU, which will fix everything which is broken, it will glue everything except Velcro.

U=understand...

H=help with the solutions...

U= unite... even if you think current issues do not apply to you.

As for the Vampires appearing in your life, recognize them, send them on their way. You will maintain a healthy energetic blood supply.

Not today my friend, not today my friend!

Love and Light

Lilian

April 2010 Newsletter

Have you ever experienced a "DREAM" within a dream? If you answer yes, you will be able to relate, if the answer is no please get ready for a new and unusual experience.

I am in a room, somewhat familiar to me and watch a story unfold on an old television set. The TV set is sitting in the middle of a room, sparsely furnished with a futon looking piece of contraption, a hand carved table with a lamp and piles of papers on the floor. A planter is sitting in the right corner, it must have had a rather large plant in it at one time, now it is empty. I wonder why the TV set is still operational, it appears to be out of place in this set up.

The announcer... on the old TV... tells that all artifacts from the Iraq war have been returned to the people. I nod my head in agreement, since it would have been unlikely for the Iraqi people to have plundered their own artifacts, knowing they held information as to their original origins, being the cradle of one of the oldest civilization. Usually in war the invader or conquerors are in possession of the holy things of a country under attack.

The channel changes and a very modern woman discusses the fact that we now have girdles for men. She talks about her excitement that men can now appreciate the fact that girdles are very uncomfortable, especially if the only reason for wearing it is to appear attractive to others. I scratch my head, had never really thought about that, since I never cared what I looked like to others. I dressed for myself.

A story follows about condoms for girls. My mind is trying to imagine how uncomfortable that might be and what females go through to take responsibility for birth control. As I try to sort this out I remember some of the other contraptions we have implanted in our bodies for the same end result.

The dream changes and I am inside of a book, I can see the title: Daughters of the Earth by Carolyn Niethammer. I am in page 52.

Margaret Mead found in her studies of the Omaha that no sex during menstruation taboo was originally intended to protect the power and skills of the men but was later used as a form of birth control.

Again the dream changes and I am now at the hunting lodge in Manitoba, belonging to Ed Schultz and his wife. Ice truckers ran into intense ice melt and were unable to get back to base. They broke into the lodge and stayed there till someone picked them up and took them back to home base. How nice Ed Schulz admired their ingenuity rather than charging them with Trespassing.

I am in a different room in the house, it has grass mats on the floor and only a water bucket as furnishings. A phone rings. I locate the phone and it is Wal-Mart updating my personal information because I paid \$ 40 for a Visa Card, so I can rent movies from NetFlix . Name, address, social security number, phone number and cell phone number along with current e-mail address and the number on my receipt. I don't have my receipt, I did not know I had to prove I gave Wal-Mart \$ 40 of my money! Oh, a nightmare, I am so stressed out! A dream in a dream so let me wake up in my dream in my dream.

I am sitting in a Gazebo overlooking a pond. A slight breeze is caressing the water and I so enjoy the lemonade in my cup. A whale appears in the pond playing with a woman. I smile and wonder how a wild animal can show such affection for a human being. The whale gets restless, something is disturbing him on some level, play takes a turn and the human female appears lifeless. She is dead. The whale cries and explains that something is so wrong in the world and he does not want to be in a small pond, he needs to live in the ocean, it is unnatural to live in a pond. He feels bad about the accident, something is troubling him on a frequency he is unable to identify.

The water in the pond is calm, it shows me a map of the world. On the map it shows the fault lines of the planet. Just about then a Mega quake appears on the Pacific side of the world. In Chile. The quake throws the axis of the Earth and moves the towns epicenter to the west by 10 feet.

I can hear the whale tell me that this might have been what made him so restless. Tsunami sirens are sounded around the countries of the ring of fire.

The water in Olympia raises by almost 2 feet and Black Lake has a current, even now 3 weeks after the "almost" tsunami. The bottomless lake originating from springs still has a current and no one wants to investigate and determine what is happening in the great deep of this

body of water.

The whale throws 2 dictionaries at me the pages are marked:

According to Webster the word CARE means: to feel interest, be concerned, worry, anxiety, concern and caution.

According to Follette by Klucksman CARE means: to be concerned for, to actively and physically take care of someone, to attend someone's needs and to oversee someone's well being.

I am now at the drug store. I have a prescription for a bedside commode. The Pharmacist wants to know why I want a bedside commode. I tell her my Doctor thought it was a good idea since on some occasions I have trouble maneuvering my legs in a timely fashion to get to the restroom on the other side of the house. These times cannot be estimated since the problem comes on suddenly, without warning, ever since a recent medical procedure has robbed me of some body functions. The Pharmacist shakes her head and notifies me that she does not agree with said diagnosis because I walked into her store rather than rolling. I remind her of a purchase at her store 2 years earlier of a raised toilet seat. She asks me to fill out a stack of insurance papers and I do. The next day I am notified the insurance request has been denied based on the fact that I walked into the store. I get angry and try to retrieve the prescription and the insurance papers. The prescription is intact, but the insurance papers have been shredded.

The whale wants to know if there was chance if the woman thought I was going to trade a bedside POT for CRACK....The whale laughs and shakes the house.

I am now back at the present dwelling watching EVERY discussion and argument available on Health Care Reform. Time goes by rapidly and reform is passed over the objection of many. The whale is reclining across from where I am sitting. He is taking up the whole couch. I ask him to be careful as not to break the revered couch a friend bought me after the earthquake. He asks me if I have noticed the loud patterns on the floor of the places the discussions took place. I think he is referring to the carpets and yes, actually I had. He thinks it was in part for that reason that so many had acted in such a crazy way to describe the making of the health care bill. People, which hollered the loudest in opposition appeared to be mis/uninformed and acted on what they heard on FOX news. Politicians knew the bill was imperfect,

yet a beginning for better care for many.

He made it clear that in his opinion humans were really puzzling.

Instead of fixing problems, they were creating more all the time. Just as they took him from an ocean and confined him in a pond, instead of expanding on how to make life better they are confining knowledge in reference to a different outcome. Instead of making the pond wider, they returned it to the same size it was 40 years ago.

In order for people to make correct judgments, they need to be fully informed rather than speak on things they don't know about. "I hope you get your potty chair. I have to get back to performing tricks."

I open my eyes, I am in my bed, the cat snoring by my head. I try to regain my composure, this must have been an all night dream.

CNN shows a sound bit of the VP whispering in the President's ear:

It's a big f*&^%*\$ bill. My dream in my dream is over, as I remember it it turns out it is all the f***** truth.

Love and Light

Lilian

|



Bon Appetite



Claudia Creation



Picture by Rosie Magel

May Newsletter

April certainly lived up to it's name. Actually that is not all together true, since I was unable to find the word "paradox" anywhere. Guess I should reword this and say April lived up to it's expectations. It went from one extreme to the next with the speed of an '69 Camaro, from 0 mph to 80 mph in 5 seconds.

I had bragged about the early Spring in my home State of Washington while the rest of the land was buried in snow. Just to remind me how mean that was it got cold and wintery over night and turned the pretty pink blooms on the trees, lining the Boulevards, to a very strange looking brown.

As I reported in the January newsletter on Dec. 27th 2009, my oldest grandson was the victim of a armed home invasion. He was moderately injured physically. He was struck in the head with a shotgun and kicked in the lower torso, which made his kidneys rather vulnerable. He was very traumatized, barely escaping death.

The trial was supposed to start in March, it was postponed to April. As a family we had decided to attend the trial and support my grandson, which had a rather hard time testifying and having to relive the whole incident. Parallel with the trial my granddaughter was at the hospital having a very hard time giving birth to my first great grand son, a rather stubborn young fella, which had decided to take 4 days to be born, his arrival came on Good Friday. Because of the overlapping events we took turns attending one or the other event.

In the mid 90's I attended the Freedom School Of Law in order to be able to do several interviews on legal issues for a series of shows produced that year. It gave me enough knowledge of legal terminology and understanding of trial procedures, which enabled me to teach classes on Jury Duty for FIGA (Fully Informed Jury Association). I skipped Voir Dire (Jury Selection) but sat in when the Judge instructed the Lawyers as how to proceed, what to admit into evidence and as to how he expected their conduct to appear.

During lunch I sat in my car and thought about how idiotic it was to set bail for a man having killed a dog at \$500,000 and armed robbers/kidnappers were only required to post \$45,000 and \$75,000.

The soldier was in jail, he was unable to raise bail and the other two were walking the streets. Not knowing who I was one asked me for a cigarette and a light and chatted about an plastic owl on top of the roof

on the courthouse, the other told about what a good example he was for children, since he worked for DSHS.

Being familiar with procedure, I paid close attention to the judge and his instructions to the jury. I thought it was unfair to the defendants to try all three at the same time, since their background and motives were so totally different, especially since one of the 4 charges was kidnap. The soldier had just returned from Iraq and still in combat mode, the other just a little street hoodlum wanting to fit in and then, there was the man from DSHS, a person with several priors, equally violent, which had been able to secure the absolutely most brilliant lawyer I have ever seen in action. The kidnap charge was explained as follows: When a person forces or moves another person to a different location...regardless of the distance, if only a few feet.... against their will, it is kidnap in the State of Washington. And there was robbery with a deadly weapon, robbery with the intent to kill and one more charge slightly changed in wording, it was armed robbery, never the less.

Because of the instructions of the jury.... they were repeated for the jury... 2 guilty verdicts were secured and the 3rd man with the ruthless lawyer ended with a mistrial. He will be retried with a different lawyer in a few months, till then he is out on bail.

A neighbor installed a fence and a rabbit was caught in between the spokes. Poor thing was hanging there dead. The front paws were off the ground and his hips were too broad to fit through the hole. I felt bad I had not heard his cries for help. A friend familiar with raising rabbits educated me to the fact that more likely he died of a heart attack when he realized he was not going to be able to free himself.

A friend had referred my name to an agency, which like, Habitat for Humanity, made repairs to people-in-need homes. Out of 34 applications I was selected to receive a new wheelchair ramp, my old one was life-threateningly bad and too narrow for me to get my Scooter around the corner to leave my house on the Amigo.

Needless to say I was excited and grateful beyond belief. I offered to film the one day event and share my miracle with the viewers.

15 people arrived on a Saturday morning and after detailed instructions dismantled the old ramp and build a new one. My backdoor was jammed for a while, the wet weather had swollen the wood, the front

door was locked securely so I would not accidentally walk out into thin air. I filmed out of a little window in the door.

In the front yard stands a butterfly bush, as tall as a small tree. Due to my illness during the winter the only thing I managed to maintain was the upkeep on the butterfly bush. We had planted it in memory of my mother after I lost my house in the 2001 Nisqually Earthquake. My family is spread out over several countries, so my sister, my niece and nephew had decided to have butterfly bushes so, in Unison, we could share in phone conversations and just the only thing we had in common, regardless where in the world we lived. We call one another when the first bumble bees, hummingbirds or eventually the butterflies arrived and share stories about one another and times we had with my mother.

Some of the Volunteers had decided not only to build a wheelchair ramp, but to also make other repairs, plant a garden, stack some of my wood, caulk some windows and yes, CUT MY BUTTERFLY BUSH down to what is barely a nub. Because I was filming I missed the event and was unable to save the bush. I am so grateful for all the help and the wonderful gift of a new ramp and at the same time I am so traumatized that I am ill. I have written about my bout with MPD and I was in serious trouble within myself.

I remember an episode of Extreme Home Makeover, where in order to honor a Navajo Soldier, which had died in Iraq the show had build a new house for the family along with a new Counseling Center on the Navajo Reservation. The Elders had explained how the wood needed to be blessed in ceremony and it was quite an ordeal to overcome the cultural differences in the decision making process. They must have worked it out somehow and the project was completed. HOWEVER, at the end when the family returned a room had been built in the house as a shrine for the Lady soldier. Her boots, uniform and personal belongings adorned the wall. I remember thinking at that time how the people were going to handle that. In Navajo tradition, no one speaks of the deceased, no one EVER lives in their Hogan and all personal belongings of the dead person is discarded, mostly burned. The trauma seeing all these things in that room must have been overwhelming.

A friend belongs to a Clutter Club. The end result wanting to be

achieved is to...through therapy... learn how to get rid of clutter and things not needed, yet accumulated. A few days ago I shared an event, which happened to me, with my friend from the Clutter Club.

I had stepped into my library and because of my present medical affliction felt myself getting ready to faint. I decided to slide...easily... to the floor to keep myself from breaking my bones. I laid between the book case and the trunk/table for a good 25 minutes before I was well enough to crawl back into the living room where the phone was located. I reported to the Clutter Club that all the belongings in the world had no value if what you need is not accessible... in this case the phone.

I also related that it is much easier for us to make our own decisions as to what we deem important, rather than someone else...without permission ... decides what is important or not.

When we " HELP" people it is utmost important to ask permission to make changes, especially when dealing with disabled, elderly or people with PTSD, now matter how well meaning we are... we can damage a person greatly.

A new Law was passed in Arizona. It is now mandatory for Law Enforcement to stop persons which appear to be illegal immigrants. It is assumed the illegals to be Mexican nationals. In the predictions for 2009 I said Native Americans would encounter major problems, than added ALL immigrants would be affected. 4 months in Psychic time is a direct hit, so I am assuming this is what I perceived. When one considers the make up of the residents of Arizona... Navajo, Zuni, Apache, just to name a few, many of which have to travel to Phoenix to receive medical care. I guess you get the picture.

On the back of the Resident Alien cards issued by Homeland Security it states: THIS CARD CAN BE REVOKED AT ANY TIME BY HOMELAND SECURITY.

I am a frequent visitor to Arizona and remember well driving almost all day without encountering another person. The Navajo Reservation alone is the size of Vermont. Navajo is a sovereign Nation. Suppose a person is stopped with a valid proof of citizenship or legal status. Suppose the ID is confiscated by an officer having a bad day. You will be jailed for some time, since you cannot prove your position. Put yourself in the place of the Officers being put into situations like this. Consider the ethnic makeup of the State of Arizona!

In the 70's where I now reside, we had similar problems. The town was not used to people of color. Many times cars were stopped, sometimes for speeding and/or legitimate reasons, only for the Officers to find out the students they stopped were holders of diplomatic visas and attended schools in the area. There was no recourse and more often than not the Officers became frustrated. The way we worked around that was the locals bought personal license plates, so the officers knew who we were. PLEASE NOTE: This was in the last century. What does an illegal person look like? There are no illegal humans on the planet.... as far as we are being told.

When I sign the release form for the work being done on my property it stated: The general plan for the repairs and improvements have been explained to me and I give permission to ***** and its volunteers full authority to determine the extent and type of repairs and improvements to be performed EVEN IF they should fail to notify me of any changes from the original plan.

In a way this whole experience with the mutilated bush is more of a metaphor than we realize. When we voted to have changes made to our Country, we sign that contract. Change is hard and traumatic. My 8 year old bush the Lady culprit insisted..... would grow back. Do I believe her? Not at the moment, I am grieving the loss of a familiar friend. Given the fact is was the ONLY plant I had managed to keep flourishing, since I do not have a green thumb and can send a plant to it's demise by just looking at it. Will it grow better and taller? Not in my life time.

Our Country is like that at the moment. Just like the jury in the kidnap/robbery case could only rule according to the judges instructions, so it is with the recovery of our Country. At the same token many insist on their "BUSH", except that is not possible. We have to nurture and flourish that which is new. Teabags on hats and negativity, hatred and bias will only delay they process of healing. If we are not careful we will also be Rabbit with our butt stuck in the fence.

Love & Light
Lilian

June Newsletter

The storm, an unnamed cyclone at that, has finally lost its effect... after 5 days.... and the air is fresh and crisp. Unusual for this time of the year, but nothing has been normal lately. My feeder has been refilled, so I suppose I can hover for a bit and enjoy the nectar, which was left for me. I have to feed every 10 minutes and have my hands full, so being able to be stationary for a moment is really helping me out. I am kind of hoping to have company after a bit, my feathers are groomed, the reds, blues, greens and golds all organized as well as I could in a festive fashion, was a little in a hurry and have a lot on my mind. A bright light is rising above the old pine tree, a welcome site, I can now see the owls, rather than just hear them, so I can feed in peace.

" Hey you" the dark voice is coming from the light. " What are you doing up so late?"

" Eating, there is a cat in the house always watching my feeder, I can maneuver better in the quiet of the night and do my thinking while I eat."

" Cats are the least of your problems, it's humans you need to watch out for."

" The woman living here has a healthy respect for me, she admires my beauty and talents, but stays pretty clear. A few years ago, once when she came out of her house she wore honeysuckle perfume. One of my relatives mistook her for a feeder and started buzzing, picking at her forehead. Ever since then she has a healthy respect for my kind. She watches and enjoys me from a distance. I hear her moving around in her house. She has a hard time moving around after a medical procedure. She talks to herself when she cooks. Was worried first time I heard the moans. She was duplicating something she saw on facebook , some kind of bean dish. She was sad that after it looked so good, she had to use a microwave and kill the nutrients. The stove is too hard to handle. She has cried a lot all month. I heard her tell herself just how terrible it is for people to have ruined the planet. Everyone is upset about the oil in the Gulf of Mexico. The loss of jobs and the economic consequences from that man-made- disaster. She cries for the sea creatures dying such a horrible way."

" I look at the Gulf each night. How can human needs for energy and profit justify what happened to the waters of the Gulf? In part it changes life on Earth for some, the ecosystems and the species living in the water world, which sustains so many life forms. Not to forget the weather is like a relative, we are interconnected. It will be hard for me to regulate the oceans, should they change the face of the planet. Astronauts in space can see the distraction from space almost as well as I can, except I have a personal relationship with the waters on the surface of the planet. I looked at Nashville and how fast the water rose. the weather pattern is changing so rapidly. I looked at Sweden and Finland, as well as Russia, they are suffering from a heat

wave. Floods in Poland are trying to cover parts of Germany. Last night the German Province of Brandenburg had multiple Tornadoes . Instead of trying to preserve the Earth humans are now interfering with my function also. The crash rockets into me, I even have a flyby going to an Asteroid. Wonder what havoc that will create for my neighbors."

" SHHH... she is talking to someone on the phone."

" You are the only creature on Earth which can move in ANY direction, try to get closer and tell me what she says. You don't have to eat for another 7 minutes."

" OK.... something about an incident which brought her attention to 1969. She is talking about the parallels between 1969 and 2010."

1969

Kadafi became president of Libya, Arafat became leader of Palestine. Two leaders presenting problems to the US.

2010 At this time it appears we have problems with two leaders, Iran and possibly Afghanistan.

1969

General DeGaulle resigns and changes the way Europe functions.

2010 The British Prime minister resigns and the government changes in the UK. Will be interesting how that changes European politics.

1969

Stonewall starts the gay rights movement.

2010 Arizona escalates the Immigration movement. Don't Ask, Don't Tell is repealed.

1969

Thurman Marshall is appointed to the Supreme court.

2010 Elena Kagan....a woman who worked for Thurman Marshall will be appointed to the Supreme Court.

1969

Rowe versus Waite.

2010 ????

1969

Maiden flight of the Concord.

2010 Maiden flight of space rocket going to an asteroid.

1969

Neil Armstrong walks on the moon.

2010 Moon missions are put on hold for a later time.

1969

Oil is discovered in Alaska.

2010 Oil destroys the Gulf of Mexico.

1969

Tobacco Companies are forbidden from certain advertising.

2010 Smokers are penalized for smoking by unreasonable taxes.

1969

Final troop surge in Vietnam

2010 Troop surge in Afghanistan.

1969

Angela Davis is expelled from Campus.

2010 Angela Davis gives Lecture at the Evergreen College in Olympia, Washington.

1969

Alpha Net was launched, the forerunner of the Internet.

2010 We live in Cyber Space.

1969 was the year of the Monkey.

2010 ended the year of the Monkey and went into the year of the Tiger.

" What do you think she is saying? Let me rise a little higher, so you have more light. Can you see now?"

" I don't have to see. I can hear her just fine. I think she is more talking to herself again. She sees a raw egg with a hairline fracture. The fracture is not noticeable to regular people, only to someone paying close attention to the world around us. The hairline fracture represents a crack in time, like someone pushing a reset button. Are we being given a second chance in making different choices? Is a new generation more thoughtful in their decisions when it comes to preserving the planet?"

" I stopped at the bayous of Louisiana and looked and listened. People look for government for solutions and pray. I am amazed how humans figure how they can create problems of that magnitude and then expect things to be corrected by Higher Up's. Almost time for me to keep going, if I want to finish circling the globe."

" The woman is quiet, here comes that cat, I have to finish my meal. Do you think

Humans will ever realize they are the only specie out of balance"....

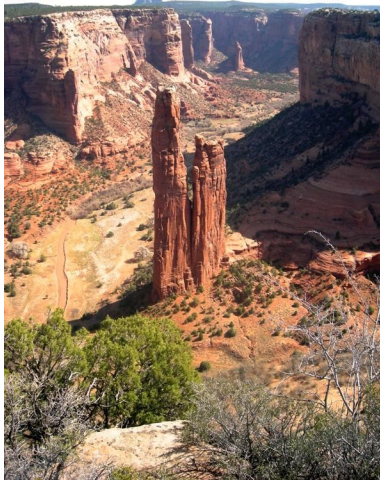
"They would not believe you if you told them."

"I can't tell them, I am too small, too swift and they do not comprehend my speed and decibels. So you try telling them."

Said the hummingbird to the man in the moon.

Love and Light

Lilian



Canyon DeChelle



By Rosie Magel

Make a wish

July Newsletter

Help wanted, the sign said, it was dangling from an overpass on the freeway. The wind had blown it a little crooked, so I made a U-turn to attempt to read the rest of the banner, as I drove under the overpass for the second time. **HELP WANTED.... CARNIVAL WORKERS.... APPLY IN PERSON**

With absolutely nothing on my schedule, I decided to visit the going's on at the Carnival. It reminded me of the times, when as a small child, the circus came to town, with people, animals and things from far away places. Granted, I would have preferred the Circus, minus the elephants...I am allergic to elephants... Carnival was close enough to bring back memories of the old country, along with the smells and sounds.

A group of young men were standing at the north side of the mall watching a couple of men struggling with hooking a platform together. Some wore bandannas, one chewed tobacco and another emptied the contents of a plastic water bottle over his head. I inquired if they were part of the carnival or had come to apply for a job. No, they were just onlookers thinking they could meet some girls from out of town and invite them to the Pub. They pointed to what appeared to be a gazebo looking overhang to something and said for me to go there. I was walking with my walker, a fancy one with a seat, where I can always sit when I don't know what else to do. I think they wondered why I would apply for a job in my condition, I opened the lid to my seat on the walker, took out my camera and asked if I could take a picture of them for my TV Show. They let me, and so I did.

When I arrived at the gazebo looking overhang, several people were sitting on lawn chairs, smoke everywhere. I asked if they were having a pig roast in the middle of the going's on, no, I was told, the main generator had quit and the refrigerated meat had to be cooked. They were just sitting and waiting for someone to repair the generator and killing time, while local workers erected some of the rides, stands and tents.

A guy on a unicycle came around the corner, jumping off the one-wheeler, he said his name was Jan. He wanted to know if I wanted to sit for a minute, I did, especially since I had my own seat.... attached to my blue walker. I rolled myself next to a woman, Olga, she was braiding hair on the head of a much younger woman, Kelly. A scruffy looking dog sniffed my leg, he must have liked me, since he settled right down and laid by my feet. A clown in jeans asked if I wanted to see a card trick. I liked the trick and explained I used cards in a different capacity, he assumed I was a fortune teller and I explained that was not the case. I related that once a year a friend and myself did predictions for the United States, using cards, since most people want to see what we are doing, so card was our tool of choice, since it would look rather peculiar to just sit and start talking about things happening 6-15 month in the future.

So what did I see for 2010?

Well, in hindsight, a lot actually.

1. A recycling on the TOP in government. If you follow the news you can see how many politicians were reshuffled, including General Patreas. Many new women in leading positions. It said female, it neglected to say that some of them were a little off kilter in their line of thinking, never the less they are females. We saw even larger divides within the country.
2. We described the problem in Haiti and the Mexican Gulf. Since there has NEVER been an incident like this, we had no point of reference. We talked about re-locating of a whole group of people due to a Katrina-like event. We described, raising of the ocean floor, need for more levy's and sea walls to protect the rivers of the country. And the upheaval.... which turned out to be the earthquake... in Haiti.
3. Increase of body count in Afghanistan and no changes in Iraq.

Jan thought that was pretty good and if I ever decided to change jobs I could come and work for the Carnival.

Olga was done with the braiding of the hair and moved a bit closer, her earrings dangling and making a clicking sound. She thought she was getting too old for all the chores required of her, besides her performance during the time the carnival was open for business. I mentioned that on the suggestion of a friend I took Dr. OZ's test online, HOW OLD ARE YOU REALLY. I filled out the pages of questions, they were general questions and did not allow me to detail my answers. When it was all said and done the result was as follows: Biological Age: 62. REAL AGE: 83.5. We laughed and she mentioned she was computer illiterate and did not trust machines. I related to her that I knew very little about PC's but used the blasted machines to communicate my thoughts into cyber-space and managed to have many people pick it up, if you will, and it was working out pretty good that way.

I watched a movie on Hallmark Channel a couple of weeks ago. On Saturdays they air a marathon of movies, which always have happy endings. It is very refreshing, I call it No-Brainers, because I do not have to think, just watch the movie and relax. The name of this movie was Dad is Home.

It was about a single father, which worked as a advertising executive at the same company for 20 years. His sales fell and he was fired. When applying for new jobs he discovered that his way of doing things was so outdated. When asked if he Twitters, Facebook, Myspace or any other of the social networks were part of his approach in reaching people, he had to admit it was not part of his reality, he did not like socializing via PC and thought sites like this were monitored and manipulated by some outside

force. Needless to say, he was not hired.

A couple of nights later a report was shown on one of the News stations. It talked about how our brains are changing, inasmuch as during the time when we talked to people we had instant feedback and when we read a book, we choose what we wanted to read and retain. In the mean time, when watching the News, we see banners on the bottom of the screen, comments from Twitter, facebook and others are shown, sometimes simultaneously while listening to the anchor. The report explained that in order to compute the simultaneous information, our brains have to use more than one compartment at a time. For this reason we do not always fully understand the information, which is fed to us, we have an overload and do not register the importance of some things we are learning. " In one ear and out the other" I am sure we all remember our parents telling us that one time or another. The young people are used to multi-tasking within their information centers in their brains..... and there is me... According to Dr OZ, I am 83.5 years old. Regardless, it is necessary for anyone living at this time to have a basic knowledge of the Computer Machines, as Olga put it. There are VERY few jobs or activities which do not require knowledge of computers. Any Online Business without communicating on SOCIAL SITES is missing the point and lots of exposure.

The clown stuck a straw in his ears... too much, too much.... where is the laughter? He bee-lined for Kelly and planted a big, wet, kiss on her face. She gestured him to go away, he did not, so she fled and sat with the rest of us for a bit. She thought since the world was turning to crap, she wanted to know what other craziness I had seen on TV. Jan and Olga both agreed that I might be an intelligent woman and knew fact from fiction, so Kelly wanted to hear only factual reports, since I was the one taking the time to keep track of the world, for those who had more important things to do than watch the news.

To date, 22 Crop Circles have appeared worldwide in 2010. This will increase by much as soon as all crop required to make a formation is ready. There have been as many as 4.300 formations worldwide in any given year.

There was a Bigfoot sighting in North Carolina. Since the news carried the story in a non-derogatory way, I assume it was a valid report.

Washington State's Mt. Rainier had numerous ICE QUAKES. And a new rather troublesome earthquake fault was discovered going from West to East in the Northern part of Washington State.

Japan killed 260 Whales under the RESEARCH act.

America caught FUSSBALL/SOCCER fever, much to the delight of many immigrants. Unfortunately Nelson Mandela was unable to attend the opening ceremonies due to

the death of his great-grand-daughter.

Some have suggested the MSNBC Anchor Rachel Maddows run for President in 2012. Of course this does not appeal to Rachel, however she saw it necessary to address the Nation as the "Pretend President" and made so much sense that even more people think she should do just that....run for President.

There was a huge Spaghetti-O's recall...now that interfered with many parent's solution as to what to feed the kids after school.

NASA is concerned about the magnitude of Solar flares creating storms in space. You see Olga, IF you were on Facebook/Myspace you would know these things, Lilian posts important things on her social sites, along with her web site. The voice belongs to Stradislav, the juggling POET. He thinks that the dinner being prepared is not to his liking. Beets with vinegar, beans with sugar and pork on sticks, pink in color with mint hanging off the sides. All agree Stradislav likes very little, maybe they feel he does not understand and he talks funny. He, in turn thinks he speaks very well and explains that according to Webster the word WASHOUT means: erosion of earth by action of water and according to Follette by Glucksmann Washout means: to rinse, to allow ones self to be deceived and diarrhea. Tell me I talk funny, I recognize crap when I see it.... pork with mint over the sides, should have been parsley... or when I hear it, he mumbles to himself as he heads for the News stand which has finally been erected.

The generator is still not operational, almost Sundown and the performances start tomorrow in the afternoon.

Stradislav returns with Hippie the Preacher. He tips his top-hat with a parasol, doubling as a walking stick. His left shirt sleeve is torn, he does not appear to care. He has one of my friends in tow, she apparently saw my red car from the overpass and decided to see what brought me here. He thought the "LITTLE LADY", my friend Lisa, could give me a hand in convincing the by-now... crowd of the Circus of non-believers... what ever that meant... and have a straight talk about all the things they missed by not listening to the news.

My friend Lisa, related an experience we had on Father's Day. It did not make the news, because abnormalities are familiar to us and most times not noteworthy to anyone except us.

We had not been invited by anyone on Mother's Day, so we thought we would have a nice Father's Day dinner. When it was agreed where we would celebrate it was 5:40... twenty minutes to 6. I got dressed, combed my hair, smoked a cigarette, located and put on my shoes, smoked a second cigarette. We drove 6 miles to the Restaurant, parked, ordered and waited for the Caesar Salad and my Steak and Fish Dinner. We ate, talked, used the facilities, paid the bill and walked 400 feet across the parking lot

into the store. We located french bread on the other side of the 1/2 city block long store and got a pack of Cat treats off the shelves on our way to the cash register, 2 ladies were in front of us and we paid the bill. Walked back to the car, drove 6 miles back to my house and discovered it was 6:50.... ten minutes to 7. We assumed it was 8:30 and the clock must have stopped. We checked the time on the TV, Cell phone and PC.... it was 6:50. It did not disturb us, since time warps and time discrepancies seem to be part of our reality. In fact we had speculated that the rumor about a time portal must be true, that is why the space shuttle was supposed to re-enter over Olympia in order to land in Florida. What was noticeable about that was that per Evening News, the citizens were told we would hear a sonic boom 8 minute after re-entry. We checked with friends in Aviation and they assured us that we were right in thinking it would take seconds, rather than minutes for the sonic boom to follow. We were unable to test our theory, since bad weather canceled the event and the shuttle landed some other place.

The next day I was looking for a price list for my vitamins, which I was unable to locate, instead I found a paper from a talk given at International Forum on New Science, Sept. 15th, 1995 in Fort Collins, CO. Erection of the Holy Cross. Astronomical Earth-Grid Space-time Mapping, by Nick Anthony Fiorenza. It has numerous maps, of which all is way over my head, BUT... the following description of The Holy Cross caught my eye. I called one of my Scientist friends, who had been a part of this conference and project, and had him verify how I understood what I read in plain English.

Long before the Christian Era the term Ocean of Holy Alignments was used in reference to Astrological occurrences. Astronomy came later and was born out of the need to find and see what Astrologers were talking about. At a 90 degree angle a cross or crossing is formed, astrology measures things by degrees, latitudes etc. So, the term Holy Cross only means an object etc at a 90 degree angle, rather than a religious description.

During or close to.... nothing flips on a dime...Solstice, the sun is located at the same ecliptic longitude as a galactic equator. The nodes are at 90 degrees. This was unique this year because the Earth-time was in the same processional cycle. It overlaid the meridian, planetary placement onto the Earth location in order to pass under alignment with Uranus, a principle trigger for events. Add the Moon Eclipse and the location of the shadow on the planet from the eclipse and more likely or not, we will see major havoc in the real close future. Earthquakes, storms, volcanic eruptions, landslides... time distortions are likely.

The same Scientist has also recorded sounds in space and by doing so has noticed sporadic "POP-UPS" which grab the level of gravity. It is therefore possible to see another weight increase of about 2 pounds of any living being on the planet, in order to

stabilize themselves when the gravity fluctuates.

NASA released information in which they state they had detected... what they called MUSIC ON THE SUN. My friend has given permission for one of my Musician Friends to work the actual sounds of the planets, mostly the Pleiadies, as they are in real time, into her music. Alignments often serve as a bridge between worlds. Very little is said about time after 2012, I only saw one article mentioning 2014 Pivotal Disasters, in passing.

At the moment the West Coast of the US looks really busy on the earthquake map.

It's getting dark, where are the people fixing the generator? Preacher, see what you can find out, the rest of you better get something to eat!

"If you don't want to be our fortune teller, can you suggest a different Crowd Pleaser? Money is scarce, not sure if we can last until the end of the world," Jan said.

I agree," have you ever had a male belly dancer? I saw this unbelievable dancer on U-tube."

Speaking of U-tube, have you ever listened, NO, looked at what Israel Iz Kamakaui Wo Ole describes in his song: Somewhere over the rainbow? If you visualize what he is singing, by the end of the song you will be refreshed, better than any meditation.

Olga starts folding up her chair, time to go. I am not waiting for the generator man, nor am I pondering on the end of the world. Oh well, life is good, it's not over till the Fat Lady sings. We, as voluptuous Ladies are NOT singing. NO WAY!

Love and Light

Lilian

August Newsletter

An opinion is like a certain body part, everyone has one. July was as opinionated as it gets. From findings/remedies for the oil spill to politics, what a month it was. Somehow I seemed to have been stuck in a time warp in more ways than one. On a personal basis I was stressed with appointments, complains about a mini heat wave of 94 degrees.... the lowest in the country... and the blessing and excitement to welcome my second great grand child into the world.

In 1999 I visited a display of the "AIDS QUILTS". They were on display at the Capitol Building In Olympia, the Capitol of Washington State.

It came to my attention quiet by accident, I saw it on the Information board at TCTV, The station which hosts my TV Show. No-one was covering the event, so I went to the Capitol to film the display. The tapestry/quilts were hanging on the marble walls, looked like someone had draped the enormous quilts like wall paper, some were even hanging across the realigns, where people could stand and overlook the magnificent layout of the impressing building. I wondered just how someone had managed this task, looked like it was very complicated and time consuming. It took about an hour to film and I returned home. When I checked the footage I discovered there were disturbances in my footage, some technical perhaps, but mostly of a paranormal nature. I called the person in charge of exhibit and asked if it could be arranged for me to go for a second shoot. It was agreed that I could come on the day the quilts were being removed and prepared for return shipment. When I filmed the quilts the second time, they were spread out on the floor and we were interacting with the quilts. We were able to touch and feel each square telling the story about a person's life and the Lady accompanying me explained that each piece represented part of the person's life they wanted to immortalize and relate to the person viewing the quilt. It was explained to me how quilting was an ancient art and used by many cultures to record history.

I was reviewing some old shows from 1998 and 1999, when I rediscovered the phone number of the woman, which I befriended that day. I called, but her phone was disconnected. I sat and thought about the conversation I would have liked to have had with her.

According to Webster the word INTERLOCUTORY means: lock on with another or to fit together.

According to Follette by Glucksmann INTERLOCUTORY means: to facet, going hand in hand and to hide in a closet.

Imagine, if you will, to take the events of July 2010 and prepare little squares to sew a quilt.

66,000 pounds of Bison meat were recalled.

Despite the effort of many entertainers to save the wild horses in Nevada, 250 of the wonderful animals were rounded up for slaughter over a weekend. It was NOT due to lack of adopting families, in fact we posted pictures of rescues as far as the Dakotas and the Pacific Northwest.

Rachel Maddows broadcast 2 shows from Afghanistan, with that explaining in a 2 hour period what the war is about, why we are there, what we are hoping to accomplish and how history may record it eventually. It was simple and I thought that if something like that would have taken place before it would have saved the American people a lot of speculation and ill feelings towards the opposing factions. About a week later in the neighborhood of 90,000 confidential documents about the war found themselves to a blogger web site for all to see. The fact that they were somewhat outdated, fact remains this should NOT have happened.

The irresponsibility of the people responsible should have consequences. We live in a time where we need daily sensationalism and excitement. I was under the impression that rules change during wars. This is WAR TIME, even though we, as the mainstream population in the USA are not directly effected. Unlike where people have war at their front door and actually KNOW what it is like to live in a war zone, we watch TV and read reports. My personal feeling about war is irrelevant here, **It is what it is** and it is irresponsible to put our soldiers in a position to either lose their lives as a result by a few uncaring people forgetting the rules OR simply put some of our soldiers in a frame of mind in which they realize the idiocy's of war and become hopeless as to the guidance they receive from their higher Ups. As a rule the emotional fallout has a very high reach for ALL of us, after the war is over.

Our "BAREFOOT BANDIT" was finally caught in the Bahamas. He became famous for stealing many things, always preferring Islands of some sort. We are talking cloth of cloth lines, food from sheds and storage containers, cars, planes and rather unusual things he needed to promote his lifestyle he had developed while hiding from Authorities for almost 2 years, after his escape from a facility, after an early conviction. He accumulated quite a following, I believe his mother was his biggest fan, a web site had been established in his name and maintained by his fan club till his GOT- YA moment arrived after flying and crashing a stolen plane to the Bahamas and getting arrested.

Mr Cheney ended up in a rather peculiar situation after heart surgery and has to be plugged into the wall at night AND a humanoid robot is slated to *live* on the space station.

The giant UFO sighted and filmed over a Chinese Airport turned out to be man-made, at least that is what the official report read.

New earthquake faults were discovered in California, Nevada and Washington State.

The Solar Eclipse was so intense, I checked to see where it throw it's shadow. It is the "SHADOW" area which indicated the major upcoming trouble spots on the planet and just like clock work, THREE 7+ earthquakes hit the Philippines, several 7+ in the Allusion Islands, floods in Chicago and a dam burst in Iowa.

The comedian Mark Gungor explained the difference between the brain of a man to that of a woman.

MAN: BOX

WOMAN : EVERYWHERE.

I wondered what creatures had taken over the Government, since there was no trace of human logic or compassion when Unemployment Benefits were denied repeatedly. Unemployment is an INSURANCE, not a social program.

Crop Circle arrived at a steady pace. 3 in the shape of boxes. My first thought was that it was telling us, the cap on the oil well was the wrong shape and had to be changed/adjusted, in order to be permanently sealed.

US Crop Circles have not appeared so far, considering the weather and poor crop it does not surprise me of the lack of fields needed to accomplish that.

The Rockefeller Report is a document which reports the findings of chemical effects of Agent Orange. **IF** you remove the cover sheet and just read the findings, it also describes after effects of chemicals used in genetically engineered food. Add a third story to it, it also fits the description of the chemicals contained in the solvent used in the Mexican Gulf. Just as in case of Agent Orange or Frankenfood, it can remain dormant in the human body for decades.

NASA notified us that they have discovered a MONSTER.STAR.

NASA notified us of their concern about changes in Space weather and how it can affect our daily life on the Planet. EARTH, that is!

NASA notified us that time is disappearing.

(I have known this for a while, older I get, shorter time appears. LOL)

As of press time the new immigration law in Arizona is still scheduled to go into effect. I took the time to watch a Dateline Program on Migrant workers. It appears every 10 years of so, reporters follow a migrant family through a harvest. NOTHING ever changes. The circumstances for the workers and their families remain the same since the first documentary in 1970.

I made myself a strong cup of coffee and sat and reconstructed in my mind what I

remembered in my **6 decades** of life about migrant workers.

I remember playing in ruins of buildings after the war. I remember finding bombs and grenades the woods when walking to the next village. We told the police and they called the "SICILIAN GUEST WORKERS". Men from Sicily. They would clear away the dangerous objects for the locals.

I remember the "ITALIAN GUEST WORKERS" clearing and rebuilding the streets, hauling wheelbarrows full of cobble stones all day, cheering when the American tanks came in the morning and ran over some of their handiwork, flattening and packing down their toil from the previous days work.

I remember the "TURKISH GUEST WORKERS" rebuilding buildings and infrastructure the Sicilian and Italian workers abandoned after they realized that the treatment of much needed migrant workers would never improve and finally went home, without a thanks from their HOSTS.

Turkish workers refused to leave, especially since they had been encouraged to send for their families. It had become apparent the locals did not appreciate interactions between the locals and the foreigners.

Europe changed and the population resembled a beautiful colored flower bouquet. To this day the old timers complain about the changes, when asked why they did not do the work themselves, they get rather touchy.

I remember the smell of sweat when walking by a "BAUSTELLE" a work area, these men worked so hard for slave labor wages and appeared to be grateful - or so I thought when I was a child.

Most every land as far as documented history is available Guest Workers have taken jobs the locals refuse to accept. When you enter the Homeland Security Building in Seattle the first thing you see, besides an armed guard, is a wall, which tells the story and the plight of the Chinese Immigrant which build the railroads, the tunnels and the highways in Washington State. After taking a closer look I wonder why they wanted to be here in the first place. Maybe the display is for physiological reasons and discourage people from other lands to stay.

It amazes me that in every instance when a said time period expires and the original purpose for the reason Migrants were necessary in the first place becomes a memory, Locals turn on the people and blame them for taking their jobs, a job they themselves were not willing to take for multiple reasons. Migrant workers have always been the backbone of almost all countries, as far as I can remember in my **6 decades**.

I made another cup of coffee, looked at the imaginary squares for my quilt. I could hear the woman tell me about how important it is we pay attention to people and events as they unfold. I saw her caress the pieces adorned with trinkets, representing

the life of the people portrait in the snippets of story lines. It is all there, the July Quilt is ready for display, if only we bring it in the right position, rather than have it aimlessly dangle from the wall, we display it in a way the onlooker can understand the story while current, rather than waiting for a story form in hindsight.

The phone rings and brings me back to real time. I guess we can really perceive things from opposite angles, as long it does eventually meet in the middle there somewhere. Well I guess it is a true statement , everyone has one..... an opinion that is!



Photographer unknown

Lilian's September Newsletter

On the news it was reported that there was a traffic jam in China, which lasted 9 days. My friend Rosie had been visiting from North Dakota and it was time for me to take her to the train station, so she could start her 27 hour long return trip. I suggested we get to the train station early, in case we would encounter delays or car problems... I always think about possibilities as such... so we left in plenty of time. Her train was delayed by 20 minutes. I started my way home and had to stop at the railroad crossings on the roads home for 4 trains. 4 TRAINS, totaling a combined number of railroad cars of 256. I counted them. Of course that put the 9 day traffic jam in China into a total different light for me.

I remember writing a newsletter in reference to waiting for one train to pass at that same crossing a few years earlier and thought I could compare my memory from then to now. Not possible, today's world is so very different than it was 3 years ago. Remember thinking how good the world could be with our political policy somewhat different and how it was just a matter of time before things would change. Things did change, for the better for the most part and yet a very dangerous intruder emerged. HATE.

In my book : And the moral of the story is...one person at a time I used the word hate 4 times. A friend read the book before it was published and thought the word did not match the content and context of what I was trying to say and I suddenly realized I really did use the wrong word, in fact I did not fully understand the word HATE, the use of it was more automatic and thoughtless, it was just mainstream and I had adopted it along with many other things in my new life and new language in America over a 40 year period. It did not represent the full meaning of an emotion or a line of thought in a true sense of the word.

According to Webster the word HATE means: abhor, abominate, despise, detest, and loathe.

According to Follette by Glucksmann the word HATE means: to oppose an idea or person to the point to afflict injury and/or harm, to dislike to total annihilation.

Social sites are a wonderful tool and way to befriend new friends, even connect with old friends. What I like about it is that I am in control, who ends up in my group of associates. When an ADD me as a friend shows up in my e-mail I look at the profile, check what the petitioner reads, the music listened to is listed. I look what comments are posted and remain on the profile and take a quick look at the friends of the person requesting to associate with me. It tells me a lot about the person and based on what I see I allow or disallow the person to enter my community of friends.

Unlike social sites when looking for information on a certain subject, which are listed by keywords I often run into articles and information which is totally opposite of what I expected. This is even true of my own web site. The subject is appealing and interesting and then... somewhere is a passage or a sentence which sends me in a world wind of emotional distress, because it is the total opposite from what I consider acceptable in my own line of thinking. It disturbs me for a couple of seconds and my mind continues it's journey to the next thing, since we are so overloaded with multitasking and processing the information available to us 24/7.

I had really looked forward to my friend's visit and was getting ready for her stay when an acquaintance from the past suggested she come see about me. I was excited. She, my acquaintance brought 2 of her friends with her, I was delighted.... not haven seen her in several years. One of the Ladies with her turned out to be a computer wizard. I was so grateful. the laptop was broken again. The Lady fixed it and inquired if there was anything else she could do for me. I remembered a DELL back-up laptop someone gave me in 2008. My granddaughter and I had used it while on the road filming for the show. It had no memory and did not serve our purpose for that reason. The Lady offered to take a look and suggested she take any unnecessary programs out. I explained someone had gifted the PC to me and I only needed the bare necessities. After a while she proudly announced she had accomplished the task and amongst other things managed to remove the POP UP MONKEYS of a screen saver. I was dealing with an educated, working in high places in the public eye type woman. I asked her to repeat what she said and again, she commented proudly that she had removed the 4 monkeys which kept popping up as a screen saver. After I was sure I understood her correctly I told her the 4 "MONKEYS" were my beautiful Afro American grand daughters. Needless to say, the visit ended and my gratitude went right out of the window. This disturbed me greatly for several days. Had my home not been unmistakably decorated in Native American, African and Middle Eastern fashion, adorned with pictures of my multi-cultural family, I might have thought it was an unintentional oversight. In fact it is a reflection of what I see happening everywhere. Fear, Propaganda, Hate and discourse is spread more and more now. What makes this dangerous is that so many participate in that line of thinking.



It disturbs me greatly when totally radical and unreasonable ways of looking at things are being blamed on Libertarian Ideas.

It disturbs me greatly that TEA PARTYERS wish you to report Immigrants.

It disturbs me greatly that it is suggested to amend the 14th Amendment.

It disturbs me greatly when it is not realized that THEORY is NOT wisdom in practicality.

It disturbs me greatly that some do not know the difference between uneducated, unaware and outright stupid.

It disturbs me greatly that a device causing extreme pain to humans, after being rejected by the military for use on enemies are being used in our prisons on inmates.

It disturbs me greatly when religious freedom is being challenged.

It disturbs me greatly to think that now that most of our troops are home some, through Islamophobia.... a new word.... wants to start a disturbance in our neighborhoods.

It disturbs me greatly to think many of us in all walks of life promote tolerance, love for our fellow man, respect for one another, our environment and the Cosmos. Children of the 50's and 60's wanted to change the world and did, only to want to put it all back the way it was before.

Rosie Magel came to visit for 9 days. A woman I met on my social site. A Kindred Spirit, 13 years my junior.

Originally she befriended my niece Claudia.... Speaking of Claudia. The TV Show A Visit with a person of High Strangeness has ZERO budget. Claudia has to come from Frankonia, Germany in November in order to film some shows for 2011. The price of her plane ticket has almost doubled and we are in need of MANY frequent flyer miles... KLM.... or Cash to make up the difference.

Rosie and I filmed 3 shows,
Ft. Union, ND, a story about an old Indian Trading Post.

Ring around the Rosie, a show about her as a medium, orbs, fairies and portals in the Northwest.

AND, we filmed **Predictions 2011**.

We tuned out the world in order to see what else there is and how we can learn to make our hectic existence a bit easier.

We visited the **MIMA MOUNDS**, located and filmed portals and interdimensional creatures in the forest. Talked to our ancestors and asked for help for our planet.

We walked the beach asking for guidance about the destruction of our oceans.
(Rosie walked, I was unable to move...back and rib issues)

We called on Orbs and filmed the most beautiful pictures, a spiritual experience and proof we can call on the Earth Creatures when in distress or just want to say Thank You.

We captured Fairies on film and enjoyed their light hearted presence and the happiness they radiate.

We sat up all night talking about the places of our birth, the teachings of the old country, the new things we learned and what we had to contribute to society.

We compared ideas and talked about our children... and my grandchildren and great grand children... and what we hoped for them in the future.

We laughed, and laughed, and laughed, found good in all circumstances, people, places and things and were grateful for our life.

I thought about Olympia's clinically clean train station run by volunteers...guess Amtrak is hurting for money, \$ 446 for a 1200 mile ride is not efficient. A window washer cleaning the glass sheltering the weary traveler from the elements. The bricks donated by locals by paying money for a brick bearing the name of a loved one, the courteous city bus driver waiting for passengers from a delayed arrival. I have never seen such a clean and orderly train station anywhere in the world. Here comes a blue KIA, a young boy emerges, pulls down his pants and urinates on the sidewalk. Now that is more like it!

Love and Light
Lilian



OMG... What was I thinking!!!! I have been Re-Clasted

by Lilian Mustelier

In the early part of 2009 my least favorite Doctor insisted I take a bone density test. I agreed, since I was grasping at straws as to how to rectify my chronic pain and improve my ability to walk and stand. The nice Lady at the clinic asked to repeat the test, since she thought there was a problem with the equipment. Eventually, sometimes in May, my Dr. stated his concern for my bones and referred me to a Hematologist at the local cancer clinic. A little odd I thought, to have a Hematologist treat me for Osteoporosis....but OK, I agreed to do that in order to have a procedure ["Reclast Infusion"](#).

I liked the Doctor and it appeared he was very knowledgeable in reference to the procedure and he cared about his patients. He told me my bones were in such bad shape and he added only about 2% of the world population had bones like mine and they more likely resided in 3rd world countries. I informed him that I had done my homework and looked up everything about Reclast on the Internet, since I was allergic to many medications. He thought I might look at the pro's and con's and make a decision.

One of the side affects involved elevated heart palpitation, it concerned me greatly, since I have issues with a heart valve. I arranged a visit with my cardiologist and after some examination we decided that my medicine would offset the increased heart palpitations. Next stop was Gastroenterology, since stomach issues were also listed as side affects. This Doctor has known me for 30 years and we had a frank conversation. He thought my deteriorating bones would kill me and he was confident he could assist me with my stomach problems, which might arise if it became necessary.

One of the major side affects is jawbone problems. I wear dentures and was unable to be seen by a dentist, since I have no teeth.

During the time all of these preparations on my part took place the Hematologist discovered that my Calcium was way too low and my body had problems retaining Vitamin D. He ordered 100,000 mg of vitamin D a week. I was allergic to the dye in the vitamins, but decided to continue to take them, since there was no other way to administer the vitamins. A pretty miserable month followed and we decided to change the dosage and switch to another brand. I was still able to take care of myself, go shopping, go the clinic every two weeks for blood tests and continue to produce my weekly TV Show and finish the book I was working on, from my home.

By mid November it was decided that we now could attempt the procedure, I must have been the longest "IN PREPARENESS" patient in history. My last visit with the Doctor was rather odd and I got somewhat nervous about the whole thing. Just as I was ready to change my mind it came to light that one of my grand daughters and a nephew had similar bone issues, so I agreed to go ahead with the procedure so the young relatives, both in their 20'S would know what they were up against, in case a Reclast Infusion was suggested to them. I scheduled the procedure for December 2nd 2009.

The staff at the chemo therapy unit were extremely nice to me, while signing release papers I noticed that my kidney function had not been checked, so I requested the test and they did that. The results came back OK and the zoledronic acid was put into my bloodstream over a 30 minute period. I had time to reflect on how I had prepared for this, working ahead on my shows, my book was finished, the house was clean and I had prepared food for the next 6 days...I was ready. The nurse instructed me to drink lots of water and take 2 pain pills as soon as I got home to lessen the discomfort which was about to happen to me and made an appointment for a blood test in 2 months. Just as she predicted within a few hours I thought I had the swine flu.

Four days after the procedure I thought I should call the Dr, since I was deadly ill and realized this may not be normal. I got very cold, at which time my temperature was 102 degrees. I got very hot, at which time my temperature dropped to 94.2 degrees. My personal physician was no longer available.... he went "NORTH" and I was unable to find a doctor to see me.

Within a week I had ADDED THE FOLLOWING SYMPTOMS:

Loss of use of both arms..... that comes on very suddenly and only lasts a few minutes.... about once or twice a day.

I had to learn how to handle hot objects to keep from getting burned and stay within reach of a counter or table to drop things on in a split second.

Sudden hypoglycemic attacks.... no warning

I have food located about every 10 feet, since I do not have time to reach the kitchen when this happens and would faint unless I eat something.....besides regular meals.

Swelling of hands and feet...

I removed all of my jewelry so it won't have to be cut off my finger in an emergency.

Bleeding....

A 3 millimeter surface cut bled for 4 hours.... frequent nose bleeds....

Loss of smell and taste....

I smelled a skunk once. I smelled Tabasco Sauce once, except it was not there. I can smell Orange peels, that seems to help a bit.

Gum and Jaw problems....

Upper and lower gums are always sore and bleed and my left jaw hurts constantly, it feels like a toothache inasmuch that the pain reaches all the way in my lower eye cavity.

Neck Pain....

My neck hurts constantly

Extreme dizziness.... without warning, even when sitting still...

I walk with a walker to keep from falling and removed objects from tables and counters, in case I need to grab something.

Cross-eyed...

I am not sure if I am actually cross-eyed, it is very bad and scary, I get nauseated. It feels worse than VERTIGO. I try to lay flat when it is possible.

Charley Horse pains in various parts of the body...

I have no Idea how to deal with that as of yet.

Insomnia....

I am unable to sleep, so I take many naps when I can.

Extreme weakness....

I lay down throughout the day, any activity exhausts me. Cooking, getting dressed, hygiene and any other physical activity is very difficult.

Weakness in lower back....

Before the procedure I was able to stand 7-8 minutes before my back gave out on me. Now, I can stand 90 seconds before my back weakens and feels like it is unable to support my upper torso.

Stomach problems.... Heartburn

I saw my gastrologist, he gave me Prilosec and added Vitamin B to my medications, which helped me a little with my nervous system. He was unfamiliar with the rest of the side affects of Reclast and I was grateful he tried to help me. I have doctored myself with the rest.

In the meantime, it has been determined that Prilosec used over a long period of time promotes bone fractures. I have replaced Prilosec with Dan Active.

These symptoms never appear at the same time and in no particular order. Each time I manage to adjust to one thing, a new problem will arise and render me fairly immobile.

As soon as some of these symptoms started I attempted to seek medical help with my dilemma. My personal physician has not been replaced,,, to date..., a walk in clinic could not treat me and offered to refer me to an emergency room.

I called the cancer clinic, which administered the Reclast and was told there were no answers for me there. The medicine is approved by the FDA and according to the person at the clinic two 7-month tests had taken place, the outcome was unknown to them. I wanted to know why 7-month studies were conducted if the medicine remains in the system 12 months. I was told all participants were "OLD" , what are they saying? I am 62!

I was instructed to call the FDA and report my symptoms. If you have ever tried calling the FDA you will be right in guessing that did not work and I got nowhere.

I called the Pharmaceutical company and was advised to see the Doctor who ordered the infusion.

After two month of fighting I was able to get a Doctor's appointment.

I insisted a written record of my symptoms along with the letter from Kathryn Grandfield be enclosed in my medical records. The Dr. was very thorough and ordered a full set of blood tests, urinary and ultra sound of the upper abdominal organs, kidney, liver, bladder, stomach and bile duct... I have no gall bladder. All tests came back normal and my association with the hematologist ended.

Just because my tests were normal, that did not end my dilemma. Nothing has changed in my condition. At the beginning of my 4th month after my infusion I was scheduled for my yearly check up with my Cardiologist. He also took a long look at my list of symptoms. He ordered a 24-hour heart monitor and a series of blood tests. After hearing about my ongoing symptoms, especially my "CROSS EYE PROBLEM" which now occurs almost daily without warning. He was also concerned about me loosing the use of my limbs, he was almost positive it was not connected to any of my heart

problems. He suggested I should be seen by a Neurologist, since some of the symptoms sounded like MS.

The blood tests are back and it showed my thyroid function was low, an additional problem for me. Since I have multi allergies, IODINE is one of them and I do not respond well to Thyroid meds, that is a problem. All Doctors were aware I have Graves. The problem is there are so many side affects for Reclast I am sure it will take years to find a better solution.

A MRI followed, my brain looked very good my Neurologist of 30 years explained to me, no signs of MS or any other disturbances he could diagnose, to be on the safe side he also took a EEG.

I finally have a new permanent Physician, she is very thorough and listens.

A CT Scan of my jaw was taken, no conclusive results, without a capable dentist no-one seems to know what they are looking for. All I know is, my jaw, way into the right sinus cavity hurts ALL the time, like a constant toothache.

I have treated myself with Camphor, Colodial Silver and Bamboo Silica, I am unable to use over the counter remedies due to my Novacaine allergies.

It also complicates my ability to eat and swells and bleeds at night.

My jaw problems have intensified, no-one seems to be able to know what to do, including a Dentist friend in Reno, NV. I had asked to look into the problem, I thought if he discovered what the problem was he could write a medical paper for a journal, except he thought it was too bizarre to subject himself to a research program without proper pay.

My children bought me an electric scooter, a blue AMIGO and I am grateful. Unfortunately my home is not wheelchair friendly and a whole new challenge has presented itself, a challenge I will learn to master. Rebuilding Thurston County built me a larger wheelchair ramp and I am grateful.

I can now, six months to the date, smell pickles, orange peels, lemons and freshly cut grass. Since I am unable to taste my food, I still eat by texture and memory.

I can taste ginger.

Six months to the day of my infusion I still deal with the same challenges of the side affects and now have also added occasional "NUMBNESS" of my face and mouth.

I have learned to brace/hang myself by my elbows or slide to the floor when my legs disappear. I am unable to regularly produce my TV show, and have to air re-runs.

My procedure was suggested by my... AT THAT TIME ... Doctor, which I thought was familiar with my ailments.

Television ads by Pharmaceutical companies sound very good at times and they suggest for you to talk to your Physician about certain treatments.

They also suggest IF you have side affects to call your Doctor, EXCEPT Doctors rarely have an answer for you. Chances are they were not educated as to what to do for you. They are unable to identify the full extend of the side affects. It costs thousands of dollars to rule out new conditions and can easily render you immobile.

Especially when people taking many medications are unable to tell you what is wrong with them and are often ignored. I have known several people... friends and relatives.. which have lost their lives, because they were not as aware of their bodies as I am. I am still in a position to maneuver myself somewhat, was I a much older person, people would assume I was FAILING and going downhill.

There is a possibility I am the exception to the rule, in case I am not:

Please do not become a statistic!

This is the letter Kathryn Grandfield wrote when I asked her what she remembered about the days she supported me from a distance.

Lilian - to chronicle the experiences you have had since Reclast was administered to you in early December so you can accurately relay this information to your physician. Since you became very ill during this time, I am writing to give you my recollections of the experience you had by way of talking with you almost every day during this time, at least once a day and often more than once.

My memory is that the discomfort began later in the day after the drug was given to you at the clinic and that you began taking pain pills for the pain that day. The next day you were in increasing pain and had started having some muscle cramping. At this time you were still mobile and could get around fairly well, occasionally mentioning you thought you probably should be using the walker because of vertigo and dizziness. Within a few days you had sores in your mouth and had great difficulty eating food. Each day you seemed to be weaker and it was often difficult to understand your speech. Each day was worse than the day before and the symptoms seemed to escalate and also increase in number. At the time we talked about your kidney function. You were drinking a great deal of water and were not voiding very much. since you had been given information that the drug could cause kidney damage, you were concerned about your water intake. Things seemed to go from bad to worse right around the Christmas holidays. You were constantly either very cold and unable to get warm, or overly hot. I believe someone brought you a thermometer so you could monitor your temperature. At one point I remember you had just taken it and it was 102.6. I thought this was very high and asked you if you had thought of calling the

doctor again. You said you had called the doctors office and the clinic where the drug had been administered and neither of them would help you in any way. You were worried about going to an emergency room on your own where they would not have access to your extensive medical history and might cause you harm without meaning to. In addition to dealing with the Reclast and the effects of having it in your system, you were also dealing with heart problems, problems with your neck which was hurting you so much you said you were unable to move your head. Your neck and diminished ability to breathe and swallow has been an ongoing problem for you for many years due to thyroid surgery and Graves disease, which have been a problem for some time. At this point I became very worried for your survival and kept urging you to call your doctor again. You seemed to be constantly dizzy and unable to stand at all, and sitting was difficult as well. You had completely lost your ability to taste and smell anything. Your arms were also going numb on you and you were unable to hold things sometimes. I remember several times you would drop things when we were talking. You were sometimes very disoriented and I could hear the sound of giving up in your voice. You never give up on anything but this seemed to be causing you so much pain and you could not get help. The vertigo continued. You continued to have instances where you described it feeling like you had no arms and hands because you could not move them or feel them. The muscle cramps were getting worse and seemed to affect you in many places at the same time.....legs, feet, abdomen. I forgot. Your digestive system seemed very upset during this time as well. You had constant burning. Your loss of taste and smell seemed to have decreased your desire to eat food. We often talked about how you had to eat to give your body enough nutrients to deal with the problems you were having. It seemed to me that there wasn't any aspect of being a physical human being in you that wasn't adversely affected by this drug. My outrage that knowing your medical history, none of the doctors would help you when you phoned them.....no referral to someone else if they didn't want to treat you, and none of them would see you until your gastrologist agreed to see you about your digestive problem. I was worried you were going to sit in your home and just die because no one would run any kind of blood test to even try to get a picture of what had happened to your body. Perhaps the most frightening thing occurred this past week when you suddenly became what you described as cross eyed. You had trouble staying upright. You couldn't see correctly. It lasted for about 10 minutes.

I am very glad you are at last going to be able to see the physician who administered this potentially damaging drug to you.....how long ago has it been? Almost two months? I can't remember accurately how many times you contacted his office for help. Two months with a drug of this caliber with absolutely no one monitoring your physical condition. I remain outraged and I urge you to do whatever you can to see that no one has to undergo an experience like this alone again. It seemed to me there had been a complete breakdown in the health care delivery system as far as you were concerned. With all the warnings you had been given by them no one had taken the time too hear what was happening to you, which might have resulted in them being

alerted to some of the conditions they had warned you about. But no one would take the time to even talk to you over the phone! What kind of medical people are they? I often wondered if they just thought you would die.....especially since the clinic nurse told you they had never encountered your problems by people taking this drug because the people were old. I remember we laughed because it sounded like she was saying everyone died and didn't live long enough for them to get a picture of what the drug did to people. And now after this drug you cannot stand at all. So you are worse than you were to begin with.

Please let me know what the doctor says. Hopefully he will at least run some tests to detect kidney damage if it occurred, or liver damage or any of the other numerous problems that you were warned about before you took the drug. Do you suppose you were supposed to suffer the pain and debilitating effects of the drug AND self diagnose at the same time? Kind of sounds like it, don't you think?

Love,
Kathryn

Lilian's October Newsletter

Great for the outdoors, the ad said on TV, \$10 will get you not one, but two BARK OFF's. It consists of a little I-pod-looking device giving off ultrasonic sounds, which somehow irritates your dog to shut up.

I love late night commercials, they make you think. Like walking into the local Dollar Store and buying all the things you don't need, maybe never use, even so, the trinkets seem to be important at the time you hand over the dollars at the Dollar Store. As I often do, I was up all night again, this night unable to sleep because I was struggling with the betrayal of a friend. I understand we should not take things too personal, humans are just that... HUMAN.. yet when betrayal strikes close to you, besides hurt and sadness it can also materialize anger, which is often misdirected and can linger for a long time. So, for about an hour each night I think about my friend and the betrayal, trying to understand and come to terms with my emotions.

The word Karma according to several dictionaries are rather complicated, so I will summarize in plain English. What goes around comes around.

I needed a new driver's license, so off to the Motor Vehicle Department I went. The Lady asked me if I was a twin or triplet. No, I am not. She asked me if I could see the red dot in the white box, no, I did not. She got rather frustrated when I removed my head from the contraption I was asked to look into, in order to look for the red dot in the white box. I informed her I saw a red dot inside of a frame-like setup, the frame was lit up and barely to the right about midway was the red dot. Same thing she bellowed at me. She was not happy with me for refusing to be an organ donor, until I explained I was too old and had all broken down stuff in my body, in need of repair, best I could do is donate my body to science. She said there was no slot for that. She wanted to know if anything interfered with me driving... asked for her to clarify the trick question. Did she mean the fact that I walk with a cane or the actual driving....I wanted to be truthful...It's all the same she said, so in my mind I concluded I have trouble walking and NOT driving and answered NO.

Had to remove my glasses before taking the pictures. Explained that was not a true image of me, since I sleep with my glasses on.

When the license arrived at my home I have red hair, no glasses and it has TWO pictures on it. A big one to the left and an identical little one to the right.

Sporting my new license, I met an acquaintance in Rochester at the Casino for lunch. It was out of the way for the acquaintance, about 50 miles. I had an appointment about 10 miles from Rochester, well.. I was about 20 miles from home, too.

On Monday is SENIOR DAY at the Lucky Eagle Casino. It's \$4.99 [all you can eat](#) for lunch and \$6.99 for dinner. Buses bring Seniors from all of the surrounding areas, drop them off about noon and return for them late in the afternoon.

I was in line when my acquaintance arrived. She had also invited her son.... a young man... we had a nice visit and a great lunch. Everything imaginable, chewable and digestible is lined up for consumption. The young man had chosen a few green and yellow beans, a piece of Prime Rib and one red potato.

We, on the other hand took an advantage of the selection of meats, fish, breads, veggies and desserts. I am sure the young man felt a bit out of place, so we talked about things of interest to him.

We talked about a new series aired on NBC, OUTLAW. It deals with a Supreme Court Justice, which was tired of the politics of the courts, quit his job and became a great defense lawyer and advocate for people, he thinks are innocent or mistreated by the system.

We talked about diets, aging and how the Russians have made great discoveries in the study in DNA, including the fact that not all of us are the same.

I know of cases where people's blood types changed over a period of time, which was documented in, but not limited to the United States.

We talked about the 2010 predictions we made and aired. Levees failing and the bizarre weather conditions. 113 degrees in Los Angeles and the extreme flips from hot to cold constantly in the Great North West.

We talked about the floods traveling the world like a train, stopping at designated stations along the way. The contamination of the Gulf of Mexico did not disappear, instead it is making people ill, indiscriminately around the country. A Virus, which effects many people in different ways. We assume it is carried by the moisture in the air. I had brought along a copy of the Predictions 2011. The show has not aired yet, but is making the rounds on the Internet and some of the things predicted are already taking place.

We talked about how crazy politics has become, we were not of the same opinion... not even close.

I had two hours left before going to my dentist appointment and decided to stay at the Casino after my lunch companions left. Because I am unable to stand more than 1-1/2 minutes I had my walker with me. It allows me to sit, whenever I am unable to stand. I parked myself in front of the gift shop across from the wishing well. The place was buzzing. I could still see a steady line of seniors waiting for their lunch. Waitresses rushing through the hallway with trays full of beverages, very skillfully avoiding us slow pokes in different areas by the ever opening automatic door.

I watched as people walked by me, trying to reconstruct their postures and faces to their younger days. Some of the Ladies wore make-up to cover their wrinkles, some were natural, some struggled with the way they moved about. Some had a man on their arm, not sure who was holding up who, either way, it was a sight.

A lady sat on the bench next to my walker to rest for a bit. She was trying to grow hair, it appeared she lost her hair to Chemo. Her ankles were swollen terribly, her feet stuffed into checkered Converse tennis shoes. She was dripping in gold. I assumed her to be European, since it is rather common to wear all your jewelry on your person. A left over from the war, since gold, silver and precious stones can be used for bartering for food, housing, medicine and bribes. It is useless if you can't get to it. As she fumbled with her purse she complained about the ATM refusing to use her cash card. I explained to her that I saw a story on TV, just the day before, where some holier-than-thou person complained to the government about people cashing checks and using their Government Entitlement cash cards at the Casino. It was thought they would gamble with the money. In truth, the Casino does not charge for cashing checks or using the ATM, so the old folks get cash for their sometimes once a day meals and cash for whatever else they need. Food is so plentiful and the varieties of steak, salmon and other expensive items no one can afford to buy and cook at home. Transportation is free and the old folks socialize while taking care of their meager demands. She thought it was totally out of line for the government to instruct the owners of the ATM to convert the machines and no longer take her EBE/Social Security Cash Card. I agree.

People work all of their life for their entitlements and should be able to cash their money where, when and as they please, in fact they should be able to decorate the bathroom with it, if they so choose. I asked if she could write me a check, I offered to cash it for her, so she could have a little cash in her pocket. she thanked me and I did.

A Native recognized me and gestured for me to follow him. We sat in the Cocktail Lounge, sipping on a Cappuccino and talked for a bit. He asked if I was still experiencing dual realities and if so, how to deal with it.

More and more, especially since I have to stay in bed more often because of my back problems... do I find myself in an in-between space. Not sleep, an in-between place. Occasionally, especially when sitting in my chair to watch TV or write articles, it appears I am somewhere else. My memories, emotions and senses are in the story I am living and ONLY WHEN I realize I am not there, that this is a place in the present... I return to real time. At that point I am unable to remember where it is I just came back from.

Many people want to learn how to astral project and leave their body. When I was still on the lecture circuit I gave a talk, How To Be Human In A World That Is Shifting, in which I explained that when "leaving" is not done in an appropriate and reasonable way it can create very serious problem. I wanted to give people the tools to stay in their bodies and function as humans on the Planet Earth.

My friend asked me if I thought I was experiencing past life memories and I thought I was not, it is rather some type of inter-dimensional experience, like being in 2 places at the same time. It has been said people see me at different locations when I am in that state. We thought it might have something to do with the approaching 2012. A shift in consciousness. A person of Mayan decent was telling me there is talk of a second calendar under one of the South American Pyramids. The material is in a language neither of us understand and I am unable to verify at this time. My friend excuses himself for a moment and returns with the tribal newsletter. He starts talking about the unusual weather, I tell him what I saw in the predictions and he states that FEMA has already arrived, because of the severity of the approaching winter. A first. FEMA always takes time to arrive after a problem.

I mentioned having seen the signs all over the neighboring town to prepare for a harsh winter and lots of storms and flooding. I assumed it to be advertisement, my friend shakes his head no, indicating this to be the truth. He pushes the paper over to my side of the table, careful as not to set my ashtray on fire by my burning cigarette. "READ", he said.

A Chehalis Legend: The Story of the Flood - Submitted by Elaine McCloud, Heritage Coordinator (Chehalis Tribal Archives - Unknown Author)

A long time ago, the animals and birds lived as people. Thrush wanted to marry a certain young girl, but her parents did not approve of him. The young girl, however, wished to marry him. The girl persisted and finally her parents gave their consent. Thrush and the young girl were married.

Thrush always had a dirty face; he never washed before he ate. His mother-in-law asked him "Why don't you wash your face?" Thrush did not answer. The next morning she asked again "Why don't you wash your face?" It's getting dirty." Thrush once again did not reply. She asked him the same question for 5 days in a row.

Finally on the 5th day, Thrush said "If I wash my face, something will happen." Nevertheless, his wife's parents still insisted. Then they gave him an ultimatum. "If you don't wash your face, we'll take our daughter away from you." So Thrush finally gave in, "All right then, I'll wash my face.

He went to the river to wash his face and sang, "Father-in-law, Mother-in-law, Keep moving back from the river."

He washed his face. The dirt rolled off, leaving his face streaked all over. Then it began to rain. It rained all day.

Thrush told his in-laws, "Move back from the river. I washed my face as you asked."

The river continued to rise. It rained many days and nights. Soon there were no places for the people to stand but in the water. The water rose and covered everything. There was no place for them to go. Many drifted away and were never seen again.

Thrush, his wife and his in-laws landed their canoe on this side of the land, in Upper Chehalis country. There was only the top of one tall fir tree sticking out of the water. And that is where the People tied their canoe.

They got together and planned what they should do next. They agreed that someone needed to dive in the water and see how deep it was. Muskrat dove into the water and came up with some dirt. He dove down into the water 5 times. Each time he brought up some dirt. From the dirt, he made a little mountain. He told the People to land there, that they would be safe. He told the People "This is the mountain that I have made for you so that you can be safe". The People called that mountain Tiger Lily Mountain. It is known today as Black Mountain.

After the water receded and the earth dried up, the earth was found to be covered with dried whales (fossils). At Gate, not far from Mima Prairie, the earth still remains in the shape of the waves. It extends like this for 4 or 5 miles.

After the water subsided, the earth was just like new and the People could begin all over again. It was said "There shall never again be a person who will cause a flood when he washes his face. Thrush turned into a bird and flew away.

In case you wondering why it floods so much, he smiled. He then pointed to the next headline: Homeowner's Tips on preparation for the 2010-11 winter weather.

The 2010-11 Winter forecast is predicted to be one of the worst in Pacific Northwest history, according to Charles Wallace, Deputy Director of Emergency Management for Grays Harbor County. La Nina has definitely taken a hold in the Pacific waters, which indicates a harsh winter in the North West.

Winter survival in the North and Midwest depends on proper winter maintenance of the home. Neglecting or putting off cold weather and storm preparations present a dangerous safety hazard.

Well, kids are back in school, got to go, if you figure out your being in two stories at the same time , come see me. I don't want to be in the grip of winter, if there is another reality where it is nice and warm. My Cappuccino partner smiled and left.

Returned to my previous spot across from the wishing well. A very slim man sat on the bench, I smiled and admired the perfect mustache. Lack of estrogen the man said in a voice of an angel. Oops, it is a lady. She was very gracious about my mistake, we

chatted about who people were, how we liked to pretend to sit in Paris in a sidewalk cafe, just people watching. How many old people there are in the area, how many will not be with us next week, the circle of life, the vibrancy of the young, the devotion of our friends and mates and the conversation with a stranger. I noticed as a man walked by all with a cane...all stooped over. I stopped him and advised him to raise his cane to hip-level to save himself some pain. He let out a sigh, as he walked so much better and had less pain. By now a couple of men with walkers stood there wanting to know if the same applied to walkers. I nodded yes. Somehow a line formed, I became the ADJUSTMENT LADY. Before it was all said and done I adjusted 87 walkers and canes in total. The buses came and they all rushed out rather quickly with their new found height, turned their heads and waved good-bye.

I rushed off myself, remembering I had a dentist appointment. A new Doctor was there, and I explained that it took me 8 month to get an appointment, since no one had any idea as to what to do with me after my dilemma with the jaw problems after the Reclast procedure. He gave me a thorough examination, and asked what and how I ate. Told him I was able to eat everything except mushrooms and raw onions without my teeth. Yep, I see the problem, he said. I have never seen anything like it. Your gums are NOT teeth. You cannot use your gums as teeth. Now I have seen it all... You have GUMSIES.

After getting an OK from the insurance company he has offered to build me a contraption, so I can chew without using the calluses I have developed on my gums. Because I am a Scorpio, do not take no for an answer, do not know defeat and eat as if nothing has changed, never thought about the possibility my jaw could fall off.
(Disintegrate)

My cat is picky, she is spoiled, she only eats what she likes, when she likes. I was frustrated with her when she continued begging for something I did not have. I suggested she learn HUMAN. She rolled on the floor like she was performing a trick in the circus. I knew what she wanted, CATNIP.

On the way home a woman flipped her car in a ROUNDABOUT.

They claim to have found a pill for PTSD....

If we can electronically stop a dog from barking, a cat can figure out how by rolling on the floor to ask for Cosmic Catnip, just to be on the safe side...I will NOT wash my face this winter and maybe the rivers will not rise.

Love and Light
Lilian



Tumwater Falls Park



Cahokia Mounds

Lilian's November Newsletter

Ever wonder who names things and determines what to call things in a way in which it survives the ages?

Take a Bird Bath for instance, what is a bird bath? Could be a multitude of different objects, places or things. I want to talk about my Bird Bath. It is my home. It stands about 3 feet next to a Butterfly Bush.

It has just enough shade and warmth for me to flourish. I have a good view of the giant Pine tree, which somehow intertwines with a young Birch Tree. I can see the hammock hanging between them, the garden swing in front of it and the table and chairs just a little distance away, providing I get close to the edge and position myself just right.... and avoid my siblings, which are not really interested in things other than eating and swimming. I also have to be careful of the Blue Jays, which actually stick their head in from time to time, not sure if they are wetting their beak and feathers, or are really trying to eat me. My fellow polliwogs have informed me that this birdbath was really not the smartest place for our mother to have deposited us. This might be so, but I like it.

In week 7 of my occupancy in my birdbath I attached myself to the little nob, what I think is a handle of some kind, and watched three women sit at the table, sipping lemonade and coffee and talking about the events of their human existence. The one in the blue dress was talking about the times she went to visit an inmate in a prison. The prison was under the ground. What appeared to be a watchtower, or a building like structure resembling a watchtower was the only indication of anything even being a ways away from the little town in the desert. She related how hard, no terrifying it was to walk into this "Tower" like building, entering an elevator and continue down into the Earth, not knowing what was ahead. Under the ground is a whole community of people living, without any of the people on the surface of the Earth even giving it a second thought that we, in America, bury people under the ground. Criminals or not, that is just draconian, wrong. As if the trip downward is not bad enough for staff and visitors to have to repeat this day after day it is even worse and troubling, because now you know what is about to happen.

The woman with the multicolored blouse took a drag of her cigarette, leaned back a little and commented, she thought it was still better than having been buried alive like the Miners in Chile. The BLUEDRESS woman, agreed but thought that people never think about anyone living under ground, prisons are luxury compared to the miners, yet, in case of emergency, an earthquake or any other unlikely circumstance people are buried in the belly of the Earth.

The third woman, she had on a tank-top and curly hair fastened with a bow on top of her head added the following: She had stayed up all night in order to watch the rescue of the 33 miners in Chile. From the first time the rocket-looking basket with the first rescue worker disappeared when lowered into the shaft till he emerged in the cave-like looking safe room, was dramatic. The courage of the man to be willing to be lowered into the unknown like this. What must his thoughts have been.... For 26 hours the world was united in watching the rescue.\

The Multicolored Blouse woman brought up at good point. The President and First Lady of Chile stood there all the time this was taking place, The First Lady left for a while to take a nap, but returned shortly. An ongoing dispute between the president of Chile and President of Bolivia was put aside and everyone was the same. Trying to free their citizens. Not a fly over, a quick visit with wall to wall guards, just 2 men, wanting to share the grief or triumph of a people.

Tanktop woman thought she was very proud of mankind for having united like that.

Bluedress Lady explained how combined energy can dictate the mood of Earth inhabitants, in this case, excitement, compassion, pride and celebration. The fact that the world was united showed it could be done. Same holds true with anger, disappointment, anxiety and frustration, it can effect people in the opposite direction just as profound. There are people always dissatisfied. Fearful people, duplicate this by a million and again we have havoc in the planet.

Some people were glad to see all miners and their hero savior safely back on earth, due to the tireless effort of so many people trying to make this a successful experience and in a way it was sad it was over. It taught us so much and unfortunately it was time to get back to our normal, unorganized and stressful behavior.

It must have been about 9 weeks into my tadpole life in the birdbath when again there was a lot of commotion in my reality. A big tow truck came and took away the rolling house, some called it a RV. It was noisy. Not only that it created an empty space next to my house, when the wind whipped up, I was really in danger of falling over the edge of my dwelling, the wind created monstrous waves and some of my siblings actually fell over the edge, never to be seen again. Bluejays circled and made me think that my brothers and sisters had become Bird food.

A male of the human species opened the hood of a red car and disappeared under the hood for a bit, the woman with him was leaning against the car. She looked like a chicken with one of her legs drawn up against what I assumed was her belly. Had to strain a bit in order to overhear the conversation they carried on.

The male talked about how rules are harder to follow as unreasonable behavior was on the rise. A lack of caring about anything. True, we have the freedom to make our

own decisions, we are entitled to it.

As our economical situation deteriorates, more and more people are being forced to make changes. The emotional toll it takes on people is as follows. People follow fear mongers and talk-show hosts, believing the end is near. It is that same thing, which keeps them from living.

The female, still standing on one leg interrupts his line of conversation.

Get a grip, why you want to worry all the time? Have a place to live? Have food to eat? Have wood for the winter, gas for your car for the week? Toilet-paper? There is more to life than always trying to outguess life. So many important things going on."

"Like what? "He wants to know. "They are making toilet-paper without a cardboard roll on the inside, that important enough for you?"

OK, did you hear that China sent out an expedition to locate Bigfoot. Contrary to some people, some know there are such ancient and mysterious creatures. Unfortunately people only believe what they can see....unless it is that political crap they are trying to feed us....like we don't know right from wrong.

The country is being overrun by bedbugs, and you thought they died out with World War II.

Some people actually think there is truth to tales and myths, therefore they are finally searching for real Unicorns!

The male shakes his head and points out the, what he sees as much greater issues, reminding her of the senseless killing of many by a police force, which has adjusted to the times we live in.

It is understandable how groups of our society become numb for different reasons.

Show rich and poor. What happened to the middle ground?

Multiply one distraught person, mental health issues by many and plain ignorance by others.

The female changes legs to stand on, agrees to a point, in fact she offers to refer him to a report on Indian Country TV, in which a recent case is discussed

Poor guy doesn't stand a chance, she continues with subjects of her liking.

She thinks it is about time that a story, which was first reported on A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness, in 2003, dealing with UFO's preventing the launch of nuclear weapons during the Bay of Pigs time was totally overlooked by people and it is high time someone else was reviving the subject. A news conference took place, carried by CNN.

AND, they are ready to send the first Robonaut into space. Robonaut... a robot which helps astronauts with their chores.

Here comes a wind and I better get back into the water, my legs are not fully developed and I am a bit clumsy, don't want to be Blue Jay food, I am getting there!

Well, I have been here 12 weeks now, I have my legs and am a frog, time to go, I will miss this place and all the going on's. The things I saw and heard here! It is said there is a shortage of feasible rental space anywhere close to here, guess I will just hop away and find a new place to live.

One last look at the butterfly-bush and the rest of the visitors, an occasional butterfly, bumblebees and wasps, not to forget the birds stopping by.

Finally a new place to live, a distance from the water, safe for the most part, must be some kind of old clay stove. It is open on the top and rain can enter. That will give me some water ever so often, especially when this heat is gone. There is debris in here, don't think anyone will use it for anything other than an ornament, in any event, I can blend in and escape in an emergency.

This chirping is getting pretty irritating, let me see what that is about.

"Hello, Ms. Cricket, how are you?"

"Just hanging out Mr. Frog, meeting the neighbors. See you found a nice place to live. I sit on this little heap of dirt at times and just think, there is no-one to talk to, no-one has any stories."

"I'll talk to you, kind of quiet here compared to the last place I resided, everyday a new thing. Humans, mostly, a strange bunch, if you ask me."

Tell me about them, I stay out of their way, so tell me a story, Mr. Frog."

"Can you keep a secret? You nodding your head tells me you can, so I guess I will tell you the last big "EVENT" I overheard."

He was the neighbor right next to the old woman. A junkyard type person with a lot of stuff everyone always wanted him to clean up. He also was a VITAMIN freak, always trying to give everyone vitamins.

They talked sometimes in the yard. She knew every back road in the county and sometimes just got in the car and drove, taking pictures at random and she would run into him in the most unlikely places on the side of the road. Last year she again saw him on the side of the road. Thought he had car trouble, he saw her and drove off like crazy.

There were a lot of dead and ill animals in the neighborhood, he was always eager to come to their aid with some remedy he said he had.

He planted trees in the yard, last couple of years when he sprayed them with something, the woman had to go to the ER. She always told him he could kill her with that stuff.

Her cat died suddenly, she, the cat, never went outside and it was a mystery. An autopsy was way too expensive and the cat was buried, a real heartbreak for the old woman.

He blasted a radio at the most odd hours, disturbing the neighbors, except nobody ever complained, except the old woman. She also complained about what she thought was a sewer smell which was reoccurring. The septic tank people come and never found anything.

One year someone had gotten in the woodshed and contaminated all the firewood with weed killer, the wood was no longer usable and had to be destroyed.

Over a period of several years many strange things happened, insignificant by themselves and no-one put the pieces together.

The old woman had a medical procedure, she lost her smell and taste. She had tremors and lost her balance and the use of her limbs at times. Doctors did every imaginable test and continued to turn up nothing, except they thought it was poison. She spent a lot of time at home, keeping herself busy doing little things in the back of the house, next to the trees.

The old woman fell deadly ill with Chemical Pneumonia a day before he was arrested for child rape in the first degree. It appears he sprayed her house on the way out, he knew they were coming for him. The tree is right next to the window, since she can't smell anything, could be he sprayed small amounts regularly.

He wrote a letter to a friend of his in care of the old woman's house. The girl asked her to read it to her, she lives a ways away. He asked her, the girl, to hide the pesticides and fertilizer for him. They called the police instead. Unfortunately the police was not interested and thought the old woman was just paranoid and afraid the rapist was going to come back and kill her.

It is possible he thought she knew what he was doing to the kids, he might have thought she was following him, always seeing him along side of the roads.

He is 75 and will not get out of jail, no need to press the issue with additional charges. Her house is cleared as well as they could and she is getting better.

He has not been convicted for the rape and she is talking to an attorney as to what she can disclose publicly.

She thinks she can get better and her treatments will be changed. It still has not been identified what he sprayed. The animals are starting to look better, one could assume he also experimented on animals.

“Wow, what is wrong with humans? Someone should have known about the children. Someone should have figured out there was a problem. Someone should have questioned the loud sound of the radio, which drowned out noises. Someone should have been able to establish a pattern in the behavior of the person, that's what crickets would have done.”

The signs were so spread out over many years, one clue never led to another. Only when reconstructing incidents over a period of time, verifying who remembers what, can you get a somewhat picture.

Some humans flourish when they are surrounded by drama and excitement. They thrive on it. And there are some which despise nosiness, mind their own business and abstain from gossip. Seldom you find a balance. You are the only one, besides me and

the people involved, which knows the whole story.

Everything that has ever happened is a teaching tool for someone and we learned a lot. Everything is in Universal order, especially if we sign on for it. Some have always served as scouts and canaries.

And frogs.

“Think I need to get back and do something about my aching legs, been rubbing them together since late last night. Don't worry I wont tell your secret.”

“I know” said Mr Frog to Ms Cricket, “I know.”.... GULP!

Love and Light Lilian

December Newsletter

Admitting we all seek approval and a little stoking on occasion is sometimes hard to admit, however it would appear it is a built in human need.... at least I think so. Well, after 8 years I was the person acknowledged in the SPOTLIGHT, a feature in the newsletter paper, OFF CAMERA. send out to my peers.

Producer Spotlight: Lilian Mustelier

Lilian Mustelier has been a member of TCTV since 1992, soon after we moved to our present address. It wasn't until 1998 that she began producing her own shows; and she has been a powerhouse ever since. Most individual producers offer a new show once a month. Lilian offers a brand new show every week. In fact, she has produced 763 of them as of the time of this writing. So in light of this, if you see her show on, it may be the only time that you'll get to see that particular episode. Channel Surf away at your own risk!



Lilian began producing her show, she says, to prove a point. She had written a book some years ago and was very unhappy with the subsequent interviews. So she decided to demonstrate her philosophy in action. "The Host doesn't have to be a star. They should accommodate the Guest. It's about the Guest, not the Host".

She remains politically and religiously neutral. She gathers material through interviews and travel. "I introduce viewers to people, places and things that they would never go to, see or visit."

On a few occasions, she's been given permission to rework a documentary or two. But beyond that, Lilian has no plans to change her format or style. So then her future productions really depend on her health. But she wants to do these shows indefinitely.

"Lose your ego. Stay humble. And remember, everybody has a story." Lilian said in summery. So catch her shows Tuesdays at 9pm and Fridays at 11am.

By Dan Bennett,
TCTV Staff

When I stopped at my mailbox at the entrance of the Estate I live I noticed a new

bulletin board. On it was an announcement. Happy Birthday Lilian...for all to see. I must admit, it felt good to have been publicly acknowledged as the Birthday girl.

I had made it to 63 years of life on this planet. At one time I was in demand for a multitude of things, these days...for about 4 years or so... I become essential during someone's crisis, the rest of the world, for the most part, takes me for granted.

Had been gifted a free movie ticket valid for my birthday so I set out to go to the movies. The movie: Tyler Perry's : For Colored Girls started one minute into my B-Day. According to the Theater web site the 12:01 AM show was sold out, except when I got there, I was the only person present for the big IMAX viewing. Eventually three groups of women came. About 4 Asian Ladies, 6 Caucasians and 9 Afro Americans. They sat in different parts of the Cinema.

Not to give away the story of the movie, Tyler Perry's greatest story ever unfolded. It showed the resilience of women, the strength of women. Unable to see the grouped off Ladies behind me on the upper levels, I was able to identify the different story lines the Ladies related to, their reactions to situations we all had in common and the way they were resolved. Regardless of our ethnic backgrounds, all were able to identify in a non-sexist way, it appeared we were all able to grasp the concept that it is up to the female species of the Planet to heal the Earth and the Human Race residing there. It will require we overcome drama, rivalry. jealousy blame and judgment. I would think the story would also be beneficial to men, because it may help them understand that it is up to females to teach a better way of dealing with one another.

My Birthday was also Election Day. Many female candidates. When it was said and done one of the Commentator made an interesting observation. She thought that in general some of the female candidates thought women were going to vote for women, because they are women. Some were surprised that this time women looked at issues and behavior, rather than gender.

In the predictions for 2010 the country was represented by female energy. It was the Year Of The Woman. The predictions of 2011 however showed the country as male energy again. In a way we did see that our thinking would revert back to the harsh logical way of the past. Flip-floppers resurrected themselves, attempting to restrict our minds and succeeding in many ways.

As predicted the people on the top were being recycled and some regurgitated. The thinking of some radicals, fear-mongering... trying to keep us from living type persons... created an imbalance. The caution was not headed and again made that part of the predictions play out, rather than avoid them. We did say change was hard to except for some and the country would be divided.

As predicted, the wind patterns changed and many "RED" skies were present.

As predicted the ocean floors had trouble... the oil-spill in the Gulf of Mexico.

As predicted we did not cross our legs, which resulted in many unpleasant liaisons.

As predicted man made diseases emerged. Cholera, whooping cough and lack of medicine and proper nourishment, due to lack of money and loss of jobs.

As predicted extreme weather moved throughout the world like a slow moving train...nonstop.

As predicted same sex marriage took up much time and DADT is being decided as we speak. This was a waste of energy, since we can no longer stand for the inequality of anyone. Churches have lost their grip.

As predicted there was an increase of loss of life in our wars, skirmishes developed in the Southern Hemisphere. Brazil and Mexico suffered from internal drug wars. Korea was not on radar, guess that is one we missed.

As predicted Immigration and Native issues were plenty and this terrible Arizona Law caused the world to take another look at us as a country and the reversal of some basic human rights.

As predicted, Space travel, as we know it, has taken a different direction.

As predicted we made many strives forward since 2009. In excess of 400 new laws benefiting many were passed.

As predicted the Stock Market stabilized for a while, the caution still remains, we are on automatic pilot and if the last few weeks in the year are not attended properly the light of the end of the tunnel will be an illusion.

On my way home from the movie that night I searched for reasonable gas. The cheapest was \$3.07, the highest \$3.17. I stopped at a Chevron. Got out of the car, used my Debit and pumped gas. Got back into the car and realized a steel pole between me and the door. I was unable to close the door. I sat for a while trying to explain to myself, how I was able to open the door, exit the car, re-enter the car IF that pole was present. The Attendant came out of the store, wondering if I needed help, since I was just sitting there. I declined and when he inquired what I was doing I told him I was just thinking and I was sure he did not want to know what I was thinking. I managed to maneuver the car off the steel pole somehow and left. I returned the next day and attempted to reconstruct my experience with the pole.... THERE IS NO POLE... Not even anything resembling a pole.

Keith Olbermann was suspended indefinitely for unknowingly overstepping a rule

imposed by his employer. Most all of his viewers did not agree with the decision and, with help of social sites, gathered 300.000 petitions and refrained from watching the network, with that action got Keith reinstated within 2 working days. Power of the masses.

A homeless man was killed by a train, while trying to find shelter from the weather in a tunnel.

A mystery rocket was sighted in California. It looked like a USO to me and some other trained researchers. Great footage of the occurrence was posted, it was reported to be "SWAMP GAS".

My oldest, in years and friendship, friend came to Olympia. She had not been able to see me for two and a half years.....she lives three hundred miles across the mountain....she had been rather ill. She gifted me a table at a Psychic Fair/Wellness Conference. While there I ran into a man, named BLUE THUNDER. To summarize a one day story....he had a crystal I recognized. I thought the crystal had recharged itself from my fully operational camera battery. My equipment only allowed me to film certain things, even though permission had been given to film anything I wanted to. BLUE THUNDER and I talked a bit, off and on, we realized we had much in common in form of people, places and things. It was agreed to meet after he was done with his activities in the area, in a few days.

The next day I had an invite from a friend to join her for dinner. We talked about my experience in detail and I mentioned my new acquaintance and my connection to thunder. When I returned home I watched the DVD BLUE THUNDER made available to me for a two part TV show, and at that time I realized who he was and how we traveled in the same circles for the past sixteen years. I was unable to contact him in order to invite him to walk the Mima Mounds with me.

The friend I shared my "thunder" conversation with agreed to stop by to take a look at the DVD I was using for the shows.

Out of nowhere, a storm came. Thunder, lightening and gust of 77 MPH winds, scary when living amidst 60 foot fir trees. The weatherman was oblivious as to the approaching storm, the weather report was the last thing I watched before loosing power for eleven hours, as the destructive storm raged through the State of Washington. I was aware of talk of a Earth healing circle of stone ceremony about 16 miles from here lead by my new acquaintance BLUE THUNDER.

As soon as we, my visiting friend and I, figured out this weather event could have been related to a ceremony, the wind calmed, the clouds....which had been absent from the storm...returned. It is so amazing how we can ask for Mother Earth to help us heal her, and miraculously she answers.

The power was out for a long time. My Norad radio only got one station without static.

It took me on a musical journey of about 30 years. What was so strange about it was that I thought of times, events and places, which I thought meant nothing to me, rather than to things that would have been associated to the old songs.....except one. I remember winning \$1,000 in a dance contest to Lady in Red. It was a rather bizarre night. What it taught me was that sometimes it is OK to go back into your memory banks, without the now necessary electronics, we don't seem to be able to live without. It also taught me it is OK to give up control of what it is we think we need to do. I was forced to listen to music determined by someone else, and ignoring what I thought I would rather listen to. In this day and age we are usually in charge of everything we want to see on U-Tube, on television and other devices which have become second nature to us. I think I will continue to allow myself to spend times like this voluntarily every so often, without waiting for Mother Nature to force my hand. Earth Changes, solar storms and solar flares are upon us. There may be a time....in the near distance future I might add...where we are forced to go back to basics.... A few of us actually know what that means, especially in the United States, where everything is at our fingertips. We see the rest of the world struggling and sometimes reduced to just wanting to literally survive.

That night of storms and thunders made me take a good look at myself and my surroundings. The acknowledgment we often crave and seek can take many forms. Take the music I was “forced” to listen to. So many of the artist are no longer walking the Earth along side with us, yet, their music and words immortal. Luther Vandross: Here and Now. The first dance of the new couple each day, I wonder if he expected that when he wrote and recorded that song. I realized that night that people I thought loved me, really didn't, and it pointed out people I had not thought of in many moons.. .DID.
Love and Light
Lilian

PS. I heard from Blue Thunder. He said he was on a quest till first week in December, at which time he would call, in order to film a show with me. Since my last contact with him there have been 2 minor earthquakes and we were in a deep freeze for several days.

Unprepared for such an early event people were stuck on I-5 from 5 PM till 4:30 AM.
The solution for AIRPORT SECURITY is to hire Psychics to walk amongst the people.

Stay prepared and safe while you are preparing for a HAPPY NEW YEAR!

With this ends another episode of yearly stories.

I need to update a couple of things.

I thought I would give you the events of 2010 in a organized fashion and with that allow you to reconstruct your participation in the oh, so turbulent year.

I am so much better, since part of the mystery of my ever failing health was partially solved.... see November newsletter.

Omar was released from Prison December 2009 and remained in ICE custody till June 2010.

He is now living in Los Angeles, his health has... with proper medical care... improved by much.

I was blessed with, not one, but two great- grand-babies one of each.

Bob White's object is still tied up in the estate and that madness continues.... court in recess.

Claudia finally recovered enough from a head-on collision in 2006 to come to the US to visit all the fans and friends.

The Men, which had attacked and injured my grandson were convicted and after a lengthy, painful trial sentenced to 20 and 30 years in prison

All we need to do now is to wait till 2011 to give you another "EPISODE" of P'S





Mima Mounds



Fatima Lilian Mustelier immigrated to the Unites States of America in 1966. She has resided in Olympia, Washington most of that time.

At one time she worked as a CLM, later became a S.H.E.S. Minister. She holds a HDR and is founder of T.O.H.S. She is a UFO and Crop Circle Researcher, Speaker and Psychic.

**Author of 4 books:And the Moral is...one person at a time. Remembering your Future
The Big P and..... 2 P's are better than 1**

She produces and hosts a weekly TV show: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness.

She writes a monthly newsletter for her web site: www.highstrangeness.tv and a blog for www.myspace.com/psygeria [www.facebook.com/lilian mustelier](http://www.facebook.com/lilian.mustelier)

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