

All I Can Do Is "P"



A collection of newsletters and short stories
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Safe Journey Shoko Hana Inoue



Shoko was a friend. As a child, she remembered seeing the shiny bombs as they spin to drop on Hiroshima. She watched the ocean rise up to the sky and descend on the fishing village, She had seen the fall of the old ways of Japan. She bore the dignity of her Samurai ancestors. A calm strength in her core. She tolerated indignities with patience. She was a spiritual person, but not religious. Her wisdom she gained from her life experiences. Always loving and happy. She was a good teacher without judgement. And when it was time for her to leave us, she gave us the greatest show of dignity, wisdom, love, patience and calm strength. Like the Samurai that ran through her veins, she chose dignity. She would not choose quantity of life over quality of life, as the doctors had offered her. She chose to follow the natural order of life. She looked forward to seeing her family, who she had already met in a near death experience when she was young. She knew she was going to a beautiful place. Day by day, I watched my friend slowly leave us with love and happiness in her heart. Shoko was a friend, and a precious gift. さようなら。 Sayōnara Shoko, (Lisa Bielski)

FOREWORD by Dr. Robert H.GIBBONS

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- I first met Lilian at Laughlin, Nevada when our group went out to the International UFO Congress to have a press conference. Bob White had a UFO encounter in 1985 and recovered a piece of unusual metal at the UFO landing site. Dr. Gilbert Jordan was part of our party and was going on record saying he had worked with the Counter Intelligence Corps piece of a "Flying Saucer from Denmark" in a government base, and that it was very similar to Bob's metallic UFO object. We made a lasting friendship with Lilian at Laughlin, and were so happy when she drove her motor home with her videographer to Reeds Spring, MO where we had the Museum of the Unexplained. Dr. Jordan, his wife, Lilian's videographer and I drove to Joplin, MO where we changed the Spooklight history by taping four different lights instead of just one. I have worked on the Spooklight for over 30 years and I can't explain the new discovery. Dr. Jordan expressed some ideas that are on Lilian's website, and we are going again to do more tests when the trees loose their leaves.

Lilian and her good friend Kanashibushan came to our UFO Convention and was a speaker on the same caliber as Peter Davenport, Robert Golka, Derrel Sims, Heather Ahrens and Stanton Friendman. Our conference benefited by Lilian's presentation and we have had many complements about her program. We were pleased to show her "A Visit With A Person of High Strangeness" programs at our Museum, and I always read her Facebook news items on a daily basis. Lilian is a very special person and I have enjoyed her previous books. I wholeheartedly recommend this new book to her new readers and her old friends. Dr. Robert H. Gibbons, Executive Director Emeritus, Museum of the Unexplained. (Dr. Gibbons has worked for NASA, Atomic Energy Commission, Hughes Aircraft Co., Lear-Siegler, Inc. and Northrop-Grumman Co. He served as a Nuclear Medical Science Officer in the U. S. Army, Medical Service Corps for a total of 22.5 years, retiring as a Captain.)

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THANKS TO:

Another year can make a big difference in a family. We added a whole new set of IN-LAWS when my oldest Granddaughter Tamara married Brian REED. There are so many family members, was I to name them all, it would take up 10 pages. So here it is: THANK YOU FAMILY for putting up with me another year of birthing newsletters.

Malcolm Moore for maintaining my computer.

Kathryn Grandfield for editing.

Renate Strang for proof reading and finding the crazy page numbers, which kept disappearing.

Andreas Foto for the book cover.

Michael Lillie for the first book cover edition, which just did not like my PF format, I so appreciate you Michael.

Tim Loncarich and Scarecrow for hosting and maintaining my web site.

Dr.ROBERT H. GIBBONS for the kind FOREWORD.

Lisa Bielski for Shoko's memorial and Cari Huston for her powerful Memorial Day Poem.

Michelle Moore for her understanding.

Lia Shapiro for cheering me on and Chris and James for the confidence you have in me!

AND YOU, THE READER!

AUTHORS NOTES

I never thought it possible to have a book # 5. In fact I don't know how any of it got done.

By now you will have realized I am not a conventional person and like for my writings to reflect that. I like the fact my pages have personality or a flavor of the month..... a phrase coined in the political arena in 2011.

Some of my readers think everything I write is a "PSYCHIC" revelation, which somehow came true. I WISH! Far from it! I take the events of the previous month and, along with some of my own thoughts, turn it into a story. It would therefore appear the books have historical value. You would be RIGHT, because it is based in actual occurrences.

Enough small talk, enjoy your journey through our life in these here United States of America for 2011.

Lilian's January Newsletter

Now that all the major holidays... of all persuasions... are behind us, we can all concentrate on the next phase in our life. Somehow we are led to believe when the calendar hits January 1 all of our old issues are resolved and everything is going to be wonderful..... we peep through the curtains or what ever else adorns the window or opening of our dwelling and in the Northern hemisphere of the planet we can see it is winter, even though some are already excited about spring, totally skipping a 3-month period in their reality.

In a way I can understand, since I started talking about historical weather...no-one believed it, so I am reminding you via October Newsletter.

Nightline showed a special: "When Dan met Dan". It was the story about a young Iraqi boy, Dan, which had been sponsored to live in USA by a reporter named Dan. It entailed how the young man's excitement and joy turned rather bad and to a nightmare for him, in as much his culture shock was very intense. The fact that he was awarded a scholarship at a college became rather unimportant to him, since his education did not include how to function and live the American way. It reminded me when I came to the US as a very young person. Like Dan, I did speak English, like Dan I had seen American movies, ate hamburgers and that was my education as to what it was to take up residency in the United States. Unlike Dan, I always knew the United States would become my chosen home, even at that, without anyone explaining to me that the food, the customs, the people were totally different from what I was used to, the fact I dressed different and had an accent created issues, in the 1960's, as well as for Dan in the 21th century. The process of immigrating to the USA is costly, lengthy and complicated.

I had a husband, which left for the war or something connected with the war a couple of weeks after I arrived and I had to learn my new country while taking care of my child. I was lost, overwhelmed and alone in a country with buildings as large as my dreams. It has been so long ago, 40-plus years, in hindsight the few people I became acquainted with were of little or no help, quite the opposite. I became Americanized, Dan did not, he got in trouble and decided to go back to his country of origin.

Now imagine growing up in the United States, used to all the rights, privileges and lifestyles connected with living here, only to find out you don't belong here... according to the Government. Your parents brought you here illegally.

Several years ago, a young producer at the TCTV was just besides herself

about a similar predicament. Her Father was a naturalized American from Mexico. While he was serving in the U.S. military abroad, she was born in Germany, which made her a German national. No one had notified her father he needed to change her citizenship and only when she applied for a student loan did she find out, along with her shocked parents, she was an illegal. She jumped many hoops and finally became an American.

Some of the other young people are not that fortunate, since their circumstances are somewhat different. Now imagine the emotional trauma for these young "THOUGHT TO BE AMERICAN" people at the thought of being dumped against their choice, in a country they don't know and no longer belong.

There should be NO DEBATE on the Dream Act....it is a NO-Brainer.

DADT has finally left our reality and I am happy to have lived long enough to see that. I had many conversations with young people about that subject and some old folks and were happy that some walked away with a better understanding about Human Rights, rather than the manipulating opinions of some of the organized religious views. It was really interesting. It was during these conversations I realized just how many people had been touched by the death of a loved one. I was surprised to see just how many were almost in shock following a natural occurrence. We know we are born to spend time on this Planet for a time, however long that may be, and then return to where ever we originated, according to our beliefs. So many friends suffer after the death of a loved one, some are crippled by grief, unable to function and continue their normal existence. I am assuming this ties together because so many of our senior politicians are in vulnerable positions due to age, yet, we keep reelecting them knowing all of this... or the denial within ourselves that we are mortal...

If more of our young people were in power, we could keep up with the times, the world views and how the country needs to operate.... I almost doubt DADT and Dream Act would be as big of an issue as we are led to believe.

The Governor of Arizona is a disgrace, denying medical care to many of her needy citizens.

Washington State is right behind her, all visual aid, dental care, including emergencies, hearing care and aid is now a thing of the past. The State also canceled assistance for HOSPICE.

In a way we are in a better position than Arizona, in as much as our law permits us to choose death rather than Hospice. We have the Right To Die Law.

Highway 99 is a 2-lane main road. I have to travel it, in order to get to my house. As I drove.... out of nowhere 3 police cars appeared and came upon me at least 80 mph. No sirens, just lights in an instant. I was unable to pull over to the right, a very big Oaktree was in my way. I sped up and maneuvered to the other side of the tree. My right front wheel hit the ditch and I was stuck.

The police continued to fly by and I struggled getting my car out of the ditch. I thought I should complain about the conduct of the police car drivers, but decided not to, since we live in times where the police are no longer friendly. Thought about this for a good while.... what could have been so important to have to run drivers into a ditch. No police report about anything anywhere.....

UPS delivered a box to me, imagine the excitement when I opened the box, which contained a lamp. No ordinary lamp, a mind lamp!

It is the most amazing thing I have seen in a long time. Afterwith my mind... I determined which color means what to me, the lamp and I have been steady companions.

It monitors my mood, my emotions and lets me know when there are any changes in my environment. Please take a look for yourself. If the price-tag was doubled, I think I would still save my money and add this unusual companion to my household.

The 2010 Human of the Year Award was... for the first time ever... awarded to an organization. Barbs and Friends. This year, number 41 in excess of 2,500 people were fed, a toy bank, a clothes bank, great association and even a band and a DJ were present. With the economy still in trouble it was outstanding how ... as is always... the town came together and celebrated the generosity of the neighbors twice in two months, Thanksgiving and Christmas.

You asked for a review of the 2011 predictions, so here they are:

Predictions 2011

1. The greatest pain has ceased, but the effects of incomprehension still affect us. We have to break the chains whether physical, moral, spiritual or mental. Avail yourself a truce that your enemies and torturers have granted you. Ease the tension and forgive with sublimation of love. We must face reality, we can do this.

2. We should not get discouraged, it's like a chess game. It depends on the moves. There will be some guidance that will give us the ability to overcome danger and difficulty.

3. Seven states will be in confusion. Look for the solution from the right path and persist. Understanding the humility leads to greatness. Only then will you reach your goal. Do not look down with arrogance, but do not underestimate the things you don't have. It may be due to a lack of learning and understanding.

4. Without the Earth there is no pottery. Do not stop the driving force when feeling calm and sure. There is enough material in space, so do not make the mistake that these conclusions may not apply to other generations. Without that there is no evolution. This does not mean you can not ask for help.

5. We will bring anything we started to a conclusion as long as we don't omit anything, not even smallest detail. There will be changes in referencing to botany. Increase in vegetarian and naturalistic tendencies.

6. Capricorn - January

Taurus - May

Virgo - September

Crucial months for changes if they should occur.

7. Great denial on all fronts - childish behavior. Misguided need to suffer to mature. A lot of contradictions and opposite situations. Perversion, suicidal instincts. Psychological vampire-ism. 1000 masks for a single face because he does not know where he is or where he is going.

8. Appearance in activity and actions will be more mental than physical as we enter a stage of self improvement. Issues with alcohol and sex.

9. Possible alliance with a compatible partner that could lead to harmonious times. Time for celebration.

10. We are close to freeing our selves from the present situations, and our physical welfare becomes evident, and depends on the factors on how we remove the tentacles that still have us in a vice.

11. Even though our image is improving with other countries, an alliance with the wrong 'party' could be detrimental, and we will lose our house.

12. By perseverance we can achieve the success that we planned, gaining ground. A goat always reaches the mountain top. Even though profits are likely, do not kick the can down the highway. You can be surprised and fall as quickly as you rose from the top.

13. We have almost reached the top -- does not mean we have reached the summit. We should free all that deserves to be free. Be careful not to create an imbalance between the emotions and the mind.

For the second time in a 1-month period the lights went out. Being who I am, I do not know how to text. Last thing, before the power went out, I posted ...on my PC, that I was scared because of the surprise storm.

Out of necessity, I managed to send a text to my family to let them know I was unreachable, but quit alright. A text came back about 40 minutes later, saying: We checked your TM, it is invalid. Try again.
HMMM....who read and or sent that text???

Leads me to believe I have little green men living in my Trace phone watching what I do.

SILLY WOMAN! TRACE-PHONE??? HELLLLOOOO!!!

Love and Light
Lilian

Lilian's February Newsletter

90 guns to every 100 people in the US, making the US the most armed Country in the world... per Reuter.

The big Cottenwood tree trembles slightly from the weight of the Eagle, as the commotion below it increased. Eagle stops to clean his feathers to take a second look, as not to minimize what he was looking at. A Donkey and an Elephant sharing a meal by the 60 foot tree. HMMM

In the distance Eagle sees a small dwelling, he can see a woman sitting in her chair, computer on her lap. Occasionally she looks up from what she is doing, like she is just looking into empty space.

One of her somehow, self-appointed jobs is to keep track of daily newscasts, sort out the highlights in a fair manner... ABC, NBC, CBS, FOX, MSNBC, BBC and independent station are sources.... and post them at the end of the day for the friends too busy to keep track of the events of the day. One of the things she noticed that some Cable News commentators are always dissecting each word said by certain people. Suppose she would be in a "HEAP" of trouble, since she has her own style of verbalizing things and everyone knows SHE DOES make up words.

Good thing Eagle has the best eyesight of the winged creatures on the Planet, Eagle can actually see what she is writing:

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 quiet 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 neighbor'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.

Unaware that Eagle is posted almost directly above their head and able to overhear the conversation, Donkey is moving closer to the water pail, as he eyeballs some of the roots Elephant brought along for his lunch. Donkey sizes up Elephant, still wondering what the motive was behind the invitation extended by Elephant.

Elephant lifts his trunk and let out a small roar, if you will, and points out to Donkey that given his large statue and endless memory there should be no doubt as to who is superior at this table. Donkey realizing he is the weaker in appearance hides his nervousness by suggesting they compare what the both have in common.

Both are family oriented.

Both are traveling in herds.

Both have similar taste in food.

Both procreate in the manner they were designed.

Both are somewhat monogamous.

Both have been chosen to represent a segment of human population.

Eagle shakes his head in wonderment and thinks to himself. Eagles build their nests, called eyries, in tall trees or on high cliffs. Many species lay two eggs, but the older, larger chick frequently kills its younger sibling once it has hatched. The dominant chick tends to be the female, as they are bigger than the male. The parents take no action to stop the killing.

In a way it does not matter to him how well Donkey and Elephant resolve their

differences, he knows he will take to the sky, stay intact and rise above them both.

Eagle shakes his wings, startling Donkey and Elephant. Picnic is over, they both trot into the valley.

Eagle turns his attention back to the woman, which is still typing away and shares her thoughts.

The attempted assassination of Congress woman Giffords and the dead and wounded in Tucson, AZ were so very sad and made at least some of us think. We have been busy with trying to keep our homes and food on the table. We get upset with some of our politicians, we have appointed to represent us, when changes are made. Even though we have a new Health Care Bill, some States have taken it upon themselves to cancel MANY previously available avenues for healthcare. In many states Mental Health Care has been all but a thing of the past, for some time. We cannot afford food, much less \$159 for an hour at a mental health care provider. The man pulling the trigger was mentally ill, we seem to agree on that, however, with less and less opportunity for people to seek or being forced into treatment, what are people suppose to do? People have toothaches and cannot afford the money to get the tooth filled or removed, much less to go to therapy. When we are asked to report strange behavior and when we do, it puts us in jeopardy after the person got a talking to and is released. The problem is magnified. Some only now realize that the Brady Bill has expired. Most assume once something, especially when it benefits so many, is law...it stays a law.

What do 90% of people need with guns, which are NOT used for hunting!!!!

It also made me think of the following, some of us seldom think of such things.

In 2006, someone conducted an anonymous survey of 2714 soldiers from two U.S. Army combat infantry brigades — one Active Component and one Reserve Component (Army National Guard)

From January 2003 to this January, 437 cases of TBI were diagnosed among wounded soldiers at the Army hospital. Slightly more than half had permanent brain damage. Similar TBI screening began in August at National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Md., near Washington. It showed 83% — or 97 wounded Marines and sailors with temporary or permanent brain damage. Forty-seven cases of moderate to severe TBI were identified earlier in the year.

In light of Bob Woodruff's sharing his experience with a brain injury and Gabrielle's Giffords public recovery, we are able to think of and identify with many soldiers having returned home from wars. Not only that, imagine just how many human beings are experiencing such a future, it is hard for this writer to fathom, what so many have to deal with each and every day.

An emblematic story, as sad and terrifying as it is, when we are experiencing a crisis I often thank the people, which have brought something to the forefront, by sharing what happened to them in any capacity, so we can learn from it.

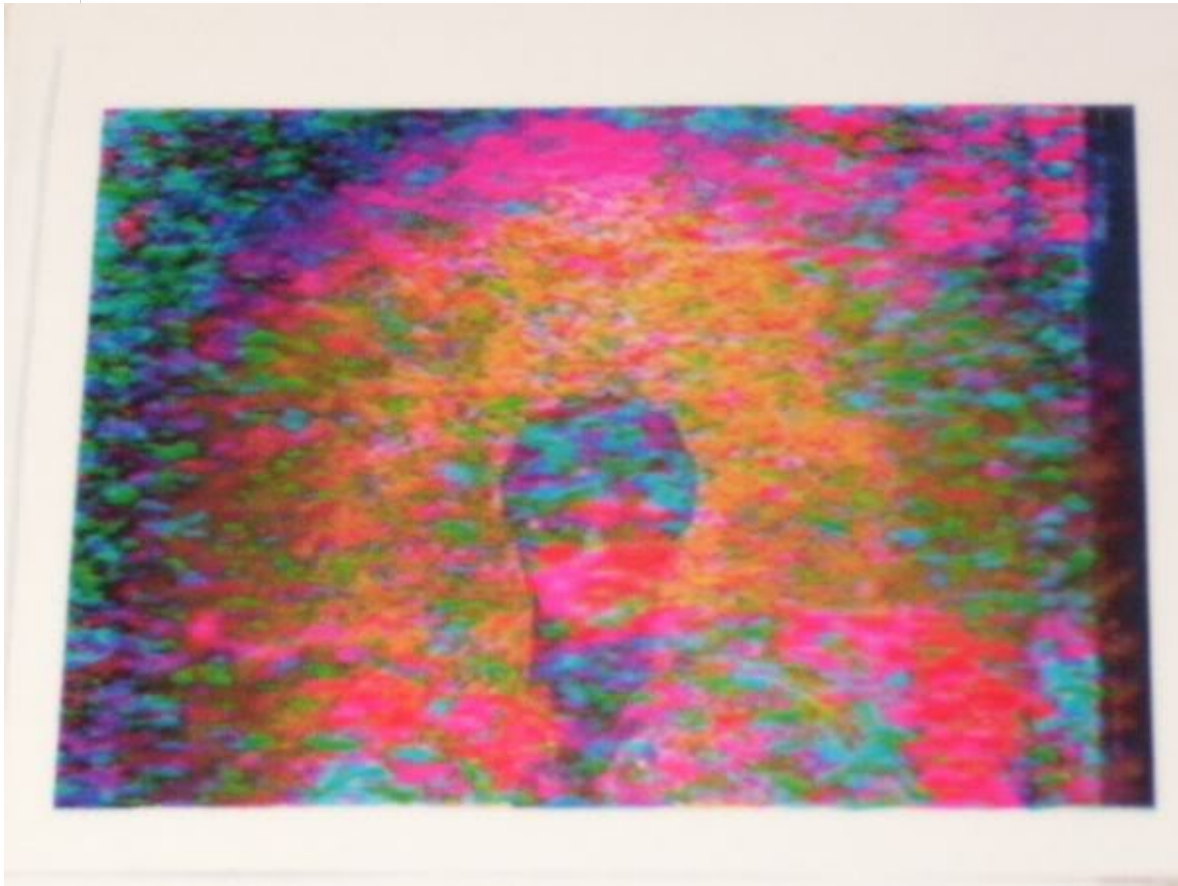
Scott Kelly, Gabrielle Giffords brother in law currently resides on the International Space Station. A call from him back to Earth, along with pictures of the great blue Planet, touched my heart. He was talking about this peaceful incredibly planet, at first glimpse, but then the closer you get to the surface, the more violent it becomes. I took it to be a plea for us to become peaceful and loving inhabitants of the Earth.

Here is a good example:

In Egypt, a devastating attack on New Years day heightened tension between Muslims and Christians. Just as planned, terrorists thought they had achieved a division of the religious groups. Many people died and many were wounded. Yet by Coptic Christmas Eve, which took place Thursday night in Egypt, things had changed completely. As Egyptian Cops attended mass at churches across the country, "thousands" of Muslims, including "the two sons of President Hosni Mubarak," joined them, acting as "human shields" to protect from terrorist attacks by extremists. The Muslims organized under the slogan " We live together, or we die together, they created that human shield and celebrated together. What a Start to human understanding!

Eagle made one more circle over the woman's house, not sure if she even noticed his presents, blended with the wind and thought to himself:

She doesn't mind watching the news for everyone while she is stuck in her meager existence, in fact she thinks it is great that the international friends have links to our American way of life and learn about the things we hold dear. HOWEVER, at times she has to shake her head and wonder if she really serves a purpose in that capacity. Our way of doing things has, at times, changed to the ridiculous and she wonders if she should take up envelope stuffing.



My Aura when deep in thought.



My Friend Martha Barnhill with President and Mrs. Carter.

Martha is the “LITTLE” one.....

Lilian's March Newsletter

Staples and I appeared to be at odds about the way they printed my book in my time-frame, so it took a couple of trips to the store in their time line. I huffed and I puffed and was not a happy camper.

Finally, I "thought" I resolved my distaste and headed out of the automatic door, still mumbling.

I looked up and the sky was the most beautiful reds and yellows. It immediately changed my mood. A bit further down the road, a road, which is an overlook of the City, Mt. Rainier looked like it was sitting right on the bottom of the hill, snow white and looked so close, one could have thought if the breaks fail coming down the hill, one would run right into the 14,000 ft-plus giant.

To the left of the mountain was the biggest full moon I have ever seen. It was gold and burgundy, almost twice the size of a full harvest moon. I tapped my breaks and said: "OMG", thinking I had landed in a place other than Earth, since there had NEVER been such a magnificent Moon in my reality.

I had loaned out my phone, my Flip-cam's battery was dead and the little camera in my purse proved to be useless.

Steve Pool. The weatherman sent a Twitter, the picture someone sent to him about 100 miles from where I saw it. The Moon in the photo looks about a fourth of what I saw... never the less, it will give you an Idea.



Picture by Joe Michael

I was kicked back to reality later on that night when having a conversation with a young expectant Mother, who grew up in Eastern Europe. We talked about a multitude of subjects including current affairs, mostly because we wondered what kind of life her little boy was going to be facing on this strange place called Earth at this given time.

Somewhere along the line the “OLDEN” days came up and we discussed how uninformed current America is when it comes to the term used almost daily: if you don't like it,, take it to the streets.

I was here during the last couple of years of the civil rights movement and saw what that looked like.

As violent as it appeared... and was... it was the Nonviolence, never tiring persistence of the people, which made the changes... eventually.

My friend told me how her parents shared stories how revolutions had changed their world, they also told how during those times old family/tribal feuds were

fought during the same time, since revolution was a cover for many personal vendettas. Besides, when it was all said and done everyone kept a watchful eye out for potential threats of retaliation. No matter what the movements are called people suffer and we, in modern day America have very little or NO points of reference.

The Patriot Act was allowed to expire and things looked up, or so it appeared. As a result of my Reclast Infusion in 2010, I am still struggling with some of the side affects of this terrible Osteoporosis drug. My jaw is affected and in need of a contraption to stabilize it to keep it from collapsing. It took 7 month to find a dentist interested enough to make an effort to look at the problem. I was ecstatic.

On my second visit to the clinic I was asked to sit in the "Chair". I did and after the Doctor took an updated complete X-ray of my jaw I was returned to my "Chair". A woman came in and got busy with something on the counter to the left of me. She never said anything and was busy for some time.

Next thing I know a female voice to my right....about even with my shoulder and not visible to me...said:"OPEN YOUR MOUTH". I did, at which time something cold, wet and very hard was shoved into my mouth. I was startled, started choking and attempted to get this person... now visible to me... off of me. She started to yell. How I had better not gag, she was not getting paid for this shit, she was tired...I am fighting for my life, at which point I elbowed her, to get her away from me.

It took some time.... it seemed like an eternity to me... before I was finally able to start breathing and, angry, actually I was furious and wanted to retaliate in ways I am not going to put in writing. I manage to finally compose myself. I was so traumatized, it took me about two weeks to recover from the experience.

I waited for my 3rd visit before I had a long talk with the Doctor and told her what had happened. She was surprised, since the assistant had not mentioned having a problem with me and getting elbowed in the gut by me. I pointed out that the clinic catered to mostly seniors in their denture department, also Medicare/Medicaid patients. People hard of hearing and quite often women having been raped at one point in their life, especially during times no one was talking about such things. Veterans with PTSD and the described action of this assistant constituted a personal violation in the manner it was preformed.

I have a almost 3-inch benign parathyroid tumor in my neck. At times it creates a

gag/reflex, at which time it closes off my throat. I am unable to swallow, speak and breath....see my book:

Remembering your future

On my 4th visit the assistant was gone. It is sad, when we live in a time when we are afraid to speak up, times have changes so much, the smallest disagreement can be interpreted as some unspeakable act.

Case and point:

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.

In a Police inquiry it was determined the action of the police officer was unjustified. A Grand Jury found in all 8 counts that the action of the Officer was unjustified...yet... no charges filed because of a law, which protects officers from undue prosecution if they thought their life was in danger.

See for yourself.

People took it to the streets and peacefully marched for days, some missing the yearly Pow Pow.

Another man named Williams made the news

It started out as a great story, since the "Homeless Man With The Golden Voice" appeared to get another start in his life. Of course someone took it upon themselves to invite the rest of the family...a situation he apparently wanted to get away from. It only took a minute and the poor man was back to point A and no one seems concerned how he is doing these days, since it is no longer newsworthy.

I can only imagine his dilemma in dealing with his life after his "FAME".

I was talking on FB to a friend from Egypt when the internet to Egypt went down. I tried reconnecting and it notified me that this site was no longer accessible from the US.

With that started the domino effect of revolutions in the Middle East and North African countries.

Rick Sanchez, former anchor for CNN, managed to put together the

most incredible news links on the ground in all the countries and it was amazing, almost miraculous to stay in touch with events so far away, in real time.

I was puzzled that I did not see such an enormous event in the Predictions. We double checked and transcribed the predictions for 2011 and discovered I did see it.

It was there described as the US, which looked like a ship. The ship was in the vice of a gigantic octopus. Each time a tentacle was removed, another one took it's place. Of course I had no idea what it was that I was looking at.

I saw Dick Cheney back in the news.

I saw verbal attacks on Michelle Obama.

I saw Joe Biden in the middle of a controversy.

I saw Hillary Clinton changing colors....figuratively.

I saw someone trying to bust the Unions.

Dick Cheney has reared his head, once again.

Nasty cartoons about the First Lady have been published and the opposition is very disrespectful towards Michelle Obama.

Both Joe Biden and Hillary Clinton have stated they are not going to continue their jobs in 2012.

At the time of this writing the demonstration about the Anti-Union Bill are still in process.

Amidst of all the turmoil, my Niece Claudia came for a 20 day visit. She had been unable to come for 5 years due to an accident she had involving a drunk driver. Her visits occurred every 6 month over a period of close to 10 years, she found everything quite different after such a long absence,

She avoided being stranded at US airports by having the insight to fly over the North Pole and missing the snow storms, which raged across our land.

Our views were as opposite as the distance in countries in which we reside, a rather interesting phenomenon I thought, since we use to think alike. We visited places we had been before, reconnected with old friends and filmed a show on Reincarnation. It was quiet interesting to witness some sessions.... I was present in case I needed to translate.

For those of you, which have an interest in this subject, she wrote a little explanation as to the process, which goes as follows.... per GOOGLE

TRANSLATOR:

PLEASE NOTE: It makes no sense to me, a translator translates each word, not considering sentence structure, I shall admire you brave souls trying to decipher this BUT, it proves my point of having to arrive at a Universal understanding AND we have to think global. We have to make sure that when we speak the person we are speaking to understands what we mean, or we can really create new problems. Good Luck!

We have all lived before and several times, in different centuries as a man or a woman. Once we were in the celestial spheres, but it was boring to us, we had our free will and thereby we came to Earth. But since we have free will we made mistakes, sometimes fatal error and now we should learn from this experience on the other side of our error. Eg. Humiliation: we are oh so haughty, which had improved and our fellow human beings treated us like animals, enslaved, and perhaps even to our enjoyment. Eventually we die and reincarnate into the next life. There we learn then how it is when one is humiliated, z bsp. As a woman to be beaten, to be abused, etc. But we do not know AWARE. Ask ourselves: why I do what I've just done me such a pain is added to. It's simple: We should learn from it and make the experience as it is to be humiliated. This is just one example there are thousands of so-called mistakes we made. We all have this longing for peace and love, this should bring us back home. That is our goal.

In the reincarnation therapy, we look for the events of past lives to discover and understand and learn to forgive ourselves and the people whom we have inflicted this suffering. Usually quickly resolved, "our problem" now in quality of life. With this realization and spiritual growth, we are able to deal with loving ourselves and others and to seek new adventures. There are also good adventure.

Sometimes we sacrifice to help us but also to others. That gives it too, just like that and out of love so that we can help other people to a certain insight. The early death of a child z.bsp. So the parents to understand again to love or let go. This is of course very difficult to understand. There are so many issues regarding our karma, life, endless ..

Perhaps you are just curious if they have lived before. What they were then, profession, family, and have lived on the earth where they. It is also possible.

Soul searching, I was ever so with my partner, children, parents or

friends together?

How does reincarnation? You will be directed in a certain state of relaxation. The alpha state, between 8 - 12 MHz, it is a state between wakefulness and sleep. You will get access to the subconscious. The subconscious way everything is there all saved what we have ever experienced, now in or past life, but without Sensor and morality, which makes the upper consciousness. The present its assessment of the term fully conscious and subconscious .- Upper and now we act for us in term time as we see fit. To put it simply. Deeper I would not go into now.

So I help them to access the subconscious and make their way into the period of pregnancy and previous lives. Can you think of this?

In return they can speak normally, I, guide and ask them it will all been read on tape. You'll be surprised where the journey goes.

I know this is the March newsletter, the full Moon I saw was in the sky January 19th at 5:20 PM, on February 24th the moon is still there.



Picture by David Wasley

So much has happened since then. Almost like the world has rearranged itself.

We are in a deep freeze all across the land.

Tempers are flaring hot all across this land.

We need to examine our present circumstances FACTUALLY, not emotionally across all the land.

We need to show compassion and deal with each other in a loving way, all across the land.

Many people died in February 2011 trying to be right. The word might even be free.

Understand each other the non-google-way

When Egypt finally settled down the friend I was talking to when the internet went down, described it best: Friendship is like peeing on yourself. Everyone can see it, only you can feel the warmth going down your leg.

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's April Newsletter

Trees are lining Capitol Way in full bloom. While stopping to replenish my gas tank, a chorus of frogs greeted me in unison, of course I did not understand what they said, however, it put me into deep thought on the remainder of my way home.

I spent a couple of days watching the History Channel, which is featuring great series on Marvels of Nature and explains how....in time-lapse, all of this great Earth is formed. With a remote control we can access this profound information and with a click of the mouse transport ourselves into National Parks and the rest of the wonders of the world, so freely shared. We marvel at the birth of new stars and planets and reconstruct the evolution of our own home, Earth, while thriving to explore other worlds, within our oceans and in almighty space.

Religions and legends all include tales and accounts of GODS and/or Visitors from the sky/heavens. It would also appear to be true, in each instance Humans were the last species to join the circle of life on this wonderful planet and oh yeah.... they all agree on a time on which this

world will end in some fashion. Some religious believe systems go as far as encouraging us to look forward to that time period.

Since the beginning to present day Aboriginal people of the Planet have referred to Earth as Mother Earth, a living, breathing thing.

Mankind is not the owner, rather the Stewart/Caretaker of this living Planet. Needless to say, we have not done a very good job of care-taking and with the approaching time line of 2012 more questions arise than answers given.

At the moment it is truthfully unknown how long men have walked the Earth, I suppose one would have to fit that in ones belief system.

Myself, I would assume at that time everything in the human body was in working order. Over time diseases and cures changed according to rituals, remedies and medicines.

With rare exceptions, when we are born we arrive with a complete set of organs. At different times, on occasion, with help of modern technology, we have discovered there are many organs we can actually live without.

Some of us have had to remove the appendix.

Some of us have had to remove the tonsils.

Some of us have had to remove the womb.

Some of us have had to remove parts of our colon.

Some of us have had to remove one lung.

Some of us have had to remove parts or all of the spleen.

Some of us have had to remove our thyroid.

Some of us have had to remove part of the stomach.

Some of us have had to remove the gallbladder.

We tie our tubes.

We get a vasectomy.

We staple the stomach.

WE CAN live and function without these body parts.

Modern technology has strived to find replacements for the VITAL organs over the years, at least in my 63 years of my life time. A costly and time consuming undertaken and it would appear in need of many more years of research and maybe even unobtainable dreams. The wish for immortality is so great, from Botox to lipo. Body shaping and joint replacements, always wishing for one more step toward obtaining this unreachable goal.

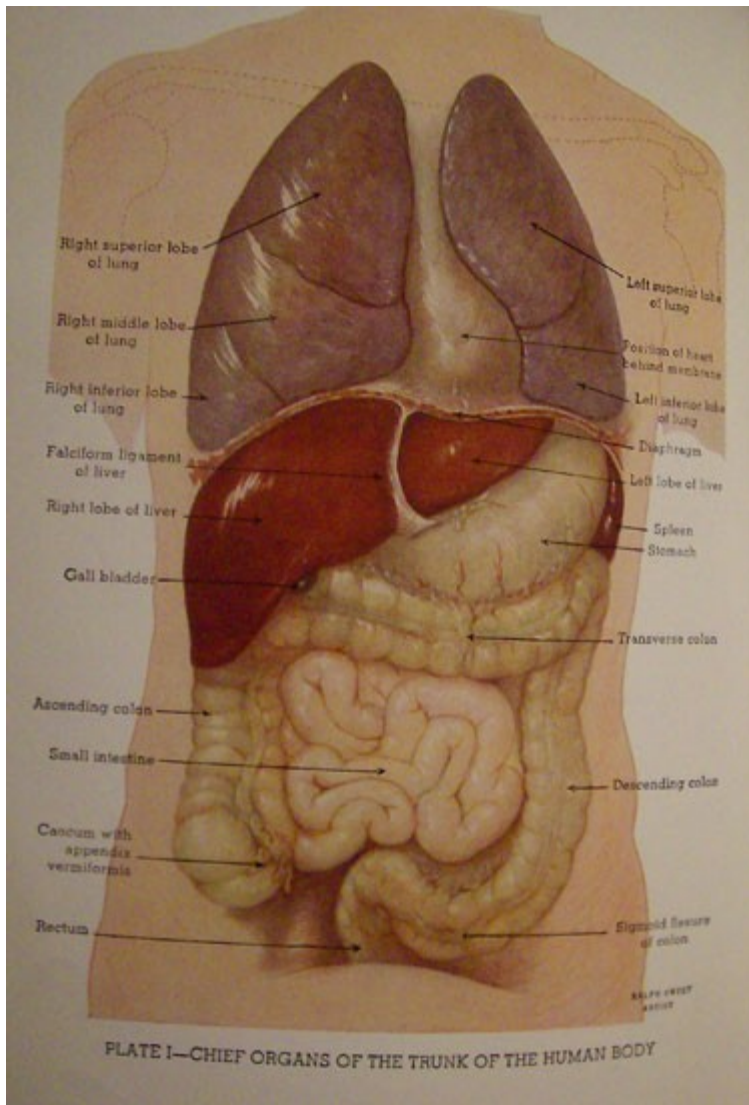
Diaphram

Liver

Lung

Heart

Without each one of these organs, the body ceases to exist.



When we TRUTHFULLY take a good look at our Planet, whether in terms of the Earth being a living, breathing entity or, for this arguments sake, compare it to the human body we have to acknowledge the fact that we have chopped away almost everything we can live without temporarily. We have started to destroy the VITAL organs. When our technology has invented ways to deplete the Earth of oil, and other resources in such a way that it is destructive and deadly to life on Earth for decades to come, build weapons of mass destruction and power from deadly radiation, we are well on the way to kill off what is essential to our very existence. Our vital organs. We have attacked our own vital organs before we had time and know-how to find replacements. I have written a monthly newsletter since October 2004. The link to these is on my website.

NOT EVER has the world changed so much from one month to the next, please see for yourself.

March 2011 changed the shape of the landmass on the Planet, It has again moved the Earth off it axis, it changed the time of the rotation of the Earth.

It killed again thousands of people.

It produced another oil spill...little by comparison to the Gulf Spill.... it brought to our attention just how devastated and toxic our oceans are. How polluted the food and oh yeah.... it created large DEADZONES....they said.

Radioactive material has invaded our air, our food supplies and our oceans.

Many people have died across the African Continent. Massive wars are on the rise... we do not call them that.

Mother Earth continued her natural evolution of shaping herself, with earthquakes and Tsunamis. fires and floods, mudslides, volcanoes, storms and another Super Moon.

The species, which arrived last on this wonderful Planet, has attempted to gut itself once more.

The upper part of a Robonaut has been sent to the space station, the lower part to follow next month.

Our hearts go out to the many people we have lost in March. In natural disasters and man made circumstances.

It is up to you to interpret the events of March 2011 according to your beliefs. Some can rejoice because what appears to be the last days, some can await help from off planet sources. Some can continue to help the process along, since rather than paying attention to prophecies and predictions and change the outcome...like it was intended by seers and messengers. You can allow the events to cripple you with fear or live in the story. It is up to your free will.

I went to look for spring and found it! On Capitol Boulevard in Olympia.... sounds so close to OLYMPUS!

All I know, I am excited to be alive and see things unfold and report again next month.

I am not sure, I think the ocean is the heart of our Planet. If we continue to kill the oceans, the heart life, 2012 might not be as far fetched as I use to believe.... BUT WAIT!

There is a man living without a heart..... Maybe we should ask him!

Love and Light

Lilian`

PS. In the Hopi language, the word Koyaanisqatsi means "crazy life, life in turmoil, life out of balance, life disintegrating, a state of life that calls for another way of living"

PLEASE rent the great movie Koyaanisqatsi by Francis Ford Coppola



Navajo Friends



E.T. The cat



Summer in the North West



STEINKOPF

This in an artery in a rock I climbed when I was a child.

I did not know it was a giant CRYSTAL

Sun has FINALLY shown up, it was a Hard Winter!

Lilian's May Newsletter

We are *here*. The American campaign for President has started. It makes for many months of television coverage for those of us, who follow those things, much like sports or reality shows.

At the end of the day we wonder why we spend, yet, another two hours listening to what is no more than the arena for matching wits rather than admiring nature and/or feeling good about our lives

The day I posted the April newsletter I received a letter in my snail mailbox from a friend in reference to the February newsletter. I had raised the question... more than a thought... why anyone needs guns for other than hunting. Unless I read my letter wrong ...my friend gave me all the reasons why we need guns. I agree with my friend....to a point... I still think we do not need oozies and machine guns to deter us from coming to harm. The letter did however make me think about some things.

When my niece visited a few months ago I was privileged to watch her work and act as her interpreter at times. I realized that she applied her knowledge to her life experience by the region of the planet in which she resides. Some articles I write cater to a metaphysical line of thinking. The newsletters are geared, non political, multilateral, to a global audience rather than regional and I attempt to address and NEUTRALLY summarize the events of the previous month in a global perspective. More often than not, I attach links or videos of the actual news, so my international readers have a point of reference. If it was left up to me the world would be a peaceful place and everyone would love and respect each other and I would like to project that, except the world is not up to me.

I was bedridden most of the month of April, I had my first experience with NETFLIX and did it come in handy. Television is repeating the same stories, much like a soap opera, if you miss a program one day, you are still in the same story three days later and you end up with enough of the story to know what it is you are looking at, since it is a never ending story.

As I often do, I started a project without knowing why I do, this time I spent almost all my time with Netflix.

The first DVD arriving in the mail was a documentary about 17th century England. It dealt with structure of the people, customs and beliefs. It was outstanding, actually, in as much as it was easy to see the extreme cast system which appeared to be in place. It showed which roles the genders played in reference to each other, the children and even which "PET" fulfilled its purpose. It was apparent to me that the women pretty much ran the show, while men thought they had a perfect handle on things happening around them. They picked their mates by status and wealth, rather unemotional. It appeared the most predominant emotion was the need for power. Ever so often, due to boredom or a bet, a war would start, people disagreeing or no longer serving the assign purpose, were charged with treason or witchcraft and after a TRIAL beheaded. The wealthy were ruthless and the people suffered greatly, in fear, settling for crumbs until in about 40-50 year increments someone came along and suggested changes needed to occur, to make the world a better place for new generations.

Next time period was the civil war..... I wondered who decides which films to send, since I did not fill out papers.

Again, as the stories unfolded one could see the similarities in human behavior, economical casts and a new equation.... RACE.

Early 20th Century arrived, all fractions were present. Unions were added, women rights trying to do away with gender inequality. At the same time the racial divides...to put it mildly, were rampant. By the 1950's, the only thing changing was technology, cars got bigger, competition for bigger and better swept the US.

Baby-boomers grew up and decided to change the world. Actually, they were part of an attempt to make the world a ?BETTER? place.

The title of one of the documentaries was *Deliberate Speed*, it dealt with Brown verses the Board of Education. The word DELIBERATE prevented agencies to implement anything in a timely fashion, since the word deliberate took it out of a time frame....

The series *Ancient Aliens* perked my interest when one of the producers became my friend on Facebook. I was almost sure I was familiar with the subject, I recognized some of the commentators from my own television show, never the less I got totally absorbed in the first season.

I think it was about then I realized my watching so many films and documentaries was not a coincidence. It occurred to me that I was suppose to look at different time periods in man's evolution and learn something. I was pleased with myself and watched talent shows for almost a day.

Spring is acting like winter, occasional snow flakes at night and below freezing. Weather man said it was the coldest April on record and La Nina was fighting on the way out. Many people lost their lives in parts of the United States and around the world.

It feels wonderful laying in my warm bed, covers over my head, resting my ailing body. I am grateful for my Tempur-Pedic conforming to my body, holding me in place and allow me to heal.

I can feel someone sitting on the bottom of the bed, all comfortable, back leaning against the wall. It startles me for a split second, Tempur-Pedic is suppose to prevent from noticing movement, in fact one is suppose to be able to jump on the mattress without spilling a glass of wine resting on the surface.

"What ya pondering" asks the female apparition at the end of the bed.

"Heh Lizzy! I am thinking about people, places and things. I looked at a pay stub of a young woman of 20. Social Security deductions were 54.32 on her \$1,003 earnings and an additional \$23.12 for Medicare. Providing she will make \$1,000 a month for the rest of her working years, an additional 45 years is being told her Social Security is an "Entitlement". It will be her money. You add it up, my head is spinning".

"Why do you think we are born to this place, this planet"?

" When looking at ancient history and present day... I think we come here to learn some things, we attend a school of some sort".

"Explain"....

" Ancient empires have risen and fallen, technological advances were made before whole civilizations vanished. We know that from archeology. Go recent and look at the last few hundred years, which is easier to follow and visualize. Let me use the example of most immigrants. They come from their homeland, customs intact and try to fit into the new land. The next generation is very New Country, since that is what the parents strived for their children. As soon as the parents become grand parents, they realize it was better to maintain OLD Country ways and the grand kids get a double dose of old culture. Every 40-50 years someone comes along and wants to change the world. Make it BETTER. As they become older they attempt or actually end up putting it back exactly the way it was. When you look at recent history nothing changes. The same people changing things are viciously reversing everything they, themselves stood and fought for. Might it be politically, economically or even wars. Each generation fights some war. The description of the enemy changes.... in principle it is the same, it depends on the administration in power. It ends the same way. In hind-sight many wars are unjustified, many people die for nothing, in modern times people turn it into a good movie and the cycle starts again".

"That is a little harsh".

"I agree.. but look at history. Since the beginning of time someone has felt superior in some way. Often by the assumption of entitlement, or wealth. By imposing their will and add fear and dogma you never end up with a balanced medium, be it economic, racial, tribal or anything else. Ancient cultures and some of their present day descendants claim, no, they know their ancestors...or depending who you ask, they themselves came from the stars. They look forward to going home, their place of genetic origin."

"For argument sake lets say I understand, how does it fit together...in your mind" ...

"I think Planet Earth is a school. We come here and are assigned a class. We learn at different speed and phases. Many of us are in the same class room. When we graduate we are done and return "HOME". Each generation wants to make changes to the world, make it better and somewhere within forgot to read the footnotes in the textbook".

If it gets changed, class is over, school closed.

"How do I fit in?"

"Well, Lizzy... You have been mobile in a different realm for so long, you have access to things I can only imagine, while I am recovering in my TempuPedic bed. You can go from one class room to another at any given time line and you are wondering."

- They want to put E-Cigarettes under smoking bans...treat E-Cigarettes like real cigarettes...E-Cigarettes are electronic devices...like a computer!
- They want to reform the world to democracies in a dictator way of fashion.
- They want to starve the world in order to make profits.
- They want to deny people their lifelong dues by re-routing funds.
- They want to deplete the Earth and make life better for humans.

" I have to think about all of this, sounds like Earth is a hologram on a deliberate timer. Sorry I put a dent in your mattress, I will float out of here and go back to the mansion I resided in before you invited me to visit.



Don't bother to get up. I'll let you get back to NetFlix.

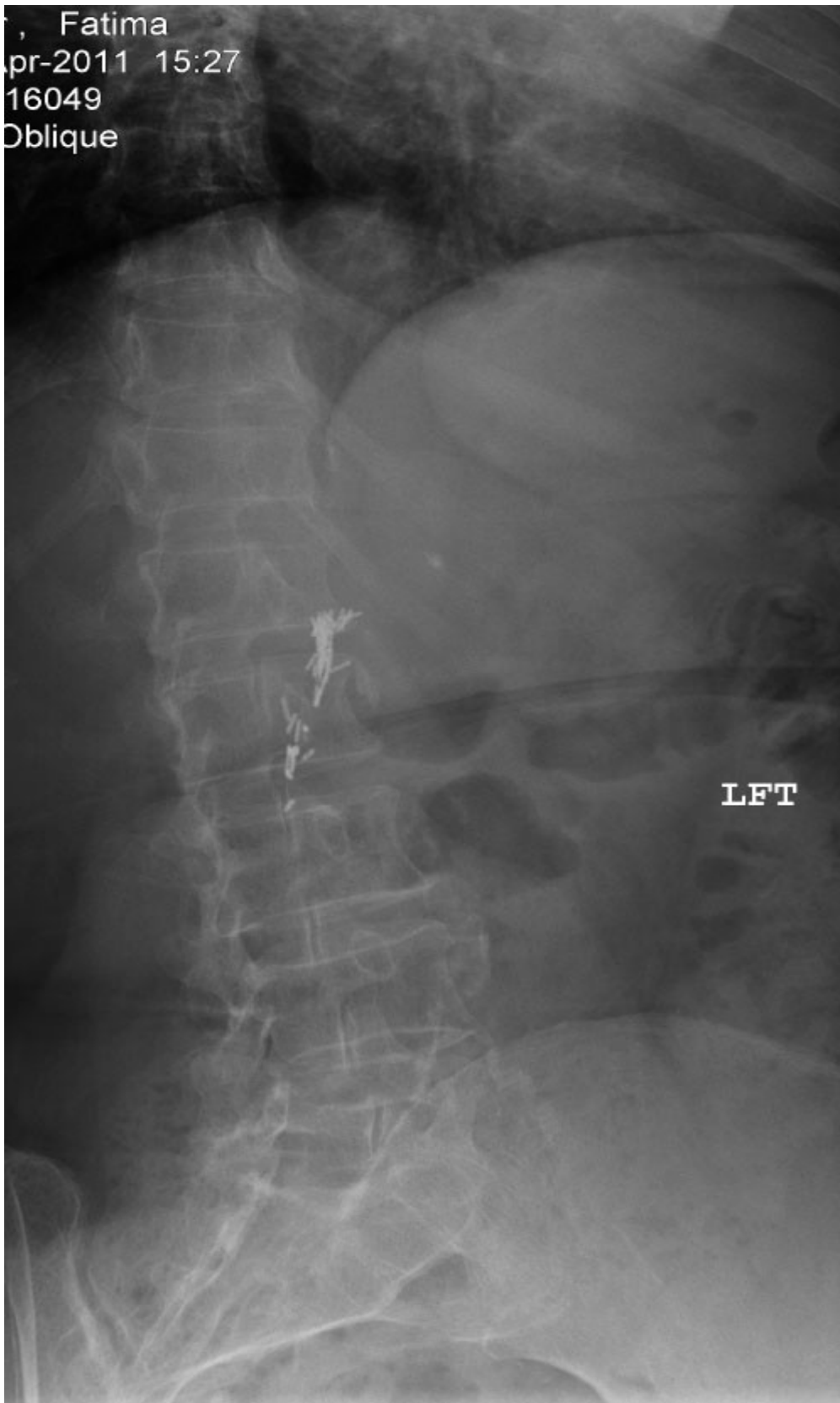
I know the way out of your hologram...oops, almost pushed the RESET BUTTON".

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's recent X-Ray, notice the pins from surgery, and alien on the right side. Beezzarro!

, Fatima
pr-2011 15:27
16049
Oblique



Lilian's June Newsletter

I have made an amazing discovery.... not being able to breathe properly will do one of two things. It either sends you into euphoria or wipes your slate clean in the middle of the word or thought. May finally arrived, we all thought this was the time for winter to finally loose it's grip, little did we know what was to come for some parts of the country was far worse than a blizzard. Floods, mudslides and tornadoes to an extent none of us had seen before.

In 2003, while on the road filming I encountered 14 tornadoes. It was enough to change my experience with storms from joy to utter terror, each time the wind blows. Besides that, all of the towns I visited that year were partially or mostly destroyed in about a week's time in May 2011. More than 500 people lost their lives and thousands are homeless and traumatized for a long time to come. Like the month before, I was under the weather and had the time to follow the news reports and form an intelligent conclusion.

On my wall hangs a big yellow envelope. It is post marked March 31, 1998. Return address reads the Oprah Winfrey Show, PO Box 909715, Chicago, Illinois 60690. It survived the earthquake, and found a permanent home on that wall, to remind me that the path we think we want to take, and the actual road we travel on, in a strange way, takes us to the same destination. My almost appearance on the Oprah Winfrey Show came at a time when people were not ready for subjects that might have been discussed. It was at a time when many talk shows were so vulnerable, formats had to be changed and disguised. I accidentally ran into Oprah's very last show. In the announcement prior to the show I heard her mate, Stedman, say it was to be a very spiritual farewell.

I was fascinated by this woman picking up and summarizing the thoughts and feelings I experienced back then in 1998.

*People do matter.

*Some get paid and others do not, either way, when called to follow a certain path we do follow.

*Everything consists of energy and we are all connected.

*When we are born we are worthy of life, the mere fact that we are here verifies that.

*She reintegrated what Universe tells us within ourselves. Just wait, listen and KNOW.

I thought she had stayed true to herself all those years and remained the person I thought she was back then.

Around Mother's Day I ran into a small problem, deciding between

heart surgery and/or throat surgery, which everyone is very leery of, due to some unusual work by a prior surgeon, I just did not get enough air. It was decided the safest action at the moment would be to have me blow into a balloon to see how much air I was getting and at what time I would flat-line.

I was referred to a sleep clinic...in case I was not breathing properly while sleeping.

Before my appointment I was require to fill out the following paperwork:

Check any of the following words that apply to you:

Ugly Unassertive Inadequate Stupid
Useless Unloved Aggressive Life is empty
Guilty Confused Unattractive Can't do anything right
Evil Deformed Inconsiderate Full of hate
Naïve Repulsive In conflict Memory problems
Cowardly Restless Unsympathetic A nobody
Anxious Hostile Not worthwhile Morally wrong
Bored Agitated Not intelligent Horrible thoughts
Panicky Worthless Incompetent Full of regrets
Lonely Depressed Not confident Misunderstood

Check any of the following words that apply to you:

Headaches Shy with People Can't get a job
Palpitations Fainting spells Home conditions bad
Dizziness Suicidal ideas Can't make a decision
Nightmares Take Sedative Can't make friends
Feel tense Overambitious Financial problems
Depressed No appetite Inferior feelings
Insomnia Sexual problems Concentration difficulties
Fatigue Memory problems Don't like weekends/vacations
Alcoholism Feel Panicky Unable to have a good time
Take drugs Unable to relax Bowel disturbances
Tremors Stomach trouble Take antacids regularly (Tums, Tagamet, etc)

HELLOOOOO! I have a 3.5cm tumor in my neck!!!!!!!

I stopped at the Health Food Store to buy a bottle of liquid Chlorophyll, thinking it might put a little oxygen in my blood. I asked the clerk where it was located. He followed me around and insisted I should buy several other products to help my blood, heart and lungs. I let him show off his knowledge in what ever he thought he knew and eventually FIRMLY repeated I wanted to buy Chlorophyll. When paying for it he calmly explained to me that if I was neither overweight nor smoking I would not suffer from lack of oxygen.

My granddaughter had a wisdom tooth pulled. Dentist refused to

prescribe ANY pain medication to make sure she was not going to get addicted.

I found a note on my door to remove my water-tank-planter-artwork from my yard. I was a sought after artist in years past and did not consider my art rubbish, especially in a rather run down neighborhood. I gifted the piece to a person, who owns several pieces from the 80's, he was so excited. It helped me get over the insult and anger I experienced.

May was like very little oxygen to the brain. Politics, nature...like I said: "It either sends you into euphoria or wipes your slate clean in the middle of the word or thought". Like the AT&T commercial, which aired all month. It starts out with a few pretty flowers and just keeps growing until it overruns everything and chokes the crap out of the world around it.

Love and Light

Lilian

My friend Cari Huston allowed me to share this very thought provoking Poem with you.

IT IS LONG

Memorial Day Again...But, I ask, What about Us??

The men and Brothers

puff up their chest

they pat each other on the back and

hang their heads in silence

A brotherhood gained in war

and shared each year anew

They thank each other for their Service

Identifying where they flew

They walked, they stalked, they floated or they rolled

they snuck or struck or slit the throats

blew up the air and land

they died and cried

they drink and think

and you can hear them still

My brothers who in Uniform.. came to be comrade, friend and kin

you hear them say again and yet again

remember us, remember them!

The fallen the slain, the broken and lame

we men in uniform...we played the game

Army men and Sailors, the Airmen and Marines

The brave men who were children
when first they came to slay
freshen your minds,
forget us not
pity us and find compassion
celebrate our warrior hoard
give us hero accolade,
provide us with due quarters
we drink, we stink, we fight, and some still slink about at night
we toss and scream out in our sleep
the terrors running deep
our families look at us and say... poor man
oh my, what he has seen
the enemy has done it's job
and broken this one's rest, he stood his post
He stood his ground
His Brothers he stood by
He carried home the wreckage of
his soul and carries still
His brothers bleeding bones
the soldier the wounded the brave.
Cut him slack, give him a break
the warrior within his soul has ache
But I ask you this kind souls...
What about US???

You celebrate the proud young men
many whom've grown old
the fallen and the broken
the twisted and the bold
You pat their backs
you buy them beer
you talk to them
and then you cheer
But, again, I ask you this, kind souls....
What about US?

The men all decked out in the medals
ribbons on their chests
they know each where they got them
they recognize the best
They wear their hats that do declare
their specific Veteran status
Vietnam, or World War II,
they wear 'em if they've got 'em

The hats in black, blue, red and white
to show each other where they did fight
a badge of courage, Identify
a bunch of brothers
unrepentant... vanity
They see in each other the hero's pride
the battle scars and the conquerors might
they jostle for the right to claim
my gun is bigger, the better my aim
they puff and huff
jostle and joke
band together to measure
each lion's share
each stripe or star, each dot or spot
they cry and spy
the risen or fallen warriors
all the MEN who die
And I ask you this my friend???
What about US?
The WOMEN who have served their nation
are broken, spindled... bent
the ones who are forgotten
the ones you overlook
We are your daughters, your sisters
your wives
Your Aunties, your cousins
and for some of you... we're your mothers.
And yet we get no quarter
no puffing or a ribbon
no card to say
good job you did
I'm proud to know your name
I see your faces and the places
you've gone and come back from
I see the years and acknowledge the tears
when I see what it has cost you
Memorial Day... It's only for the men
no accolades for us
you seem to wish we'd just disappear
and let us see the visions
of men and uniforms little more than boys
marching in parade for all the world to see
while all you women just fade away

and let us lie in peace
for surely all you gals
just went and had your fun
we called you Dike and Slut and Whore
we let you fire a gun
what have You to be sad about?
you had your time out in the sun
now please step back and let us pat
another hero's welcome
to the men who fought or died
to keep our nation... welcome.
Why are you moaning and hanging your heads?
we are tired of your stories of
soldiers who were cruel to you
after all it wasn't gore-y.
The men earned all their glory
please just step back, fade away
get back to work and step aside
the men are marching through
Memorial Day... we've jobs to do
puff up our men who've done us proud
would you please just go away?!
you women cry too loud.
And again, I ask you...
What about US?
You see the men who served our nation
as people who rose above their station
courageous and brave they fought and died
a heroes welcome..... now you sigh
Their enemies were slant eyed or round
either way they were hunted down
the Soviets, Germans or Gooks
Iraqis now Afghani's too
how brave our men in uniform are
they keep us safe... away from harm
The enemy was someone else
identified by nation
trench coated, pajama'd or furry hatted
each identity framed and matted
but what about US?
A hero's welcome for a Uniform
I cannot bear to see...
my enemy was not the same

it lived much closer to me
the men who beat us
bent us
raped us
the ones who broke our souls,
came not afar
not from elsewhere
but just down left of main street
Some of Those brothers whose back you pound
beat us to the ground
they tore our spirits limb from limb
they broke the women from within
our enemy wore uniforms
their uniforms the same as ours
our brothers, fathers, uncles, cousins
all of whom you celebrate
did purposely seek to mate us
stating it was just our fate cuz
we shouldn't be there anyway
so who cared what was done to us?
not the men who set to use us
or the ones who stood and let them
would you please shut up and stop your crying
suck it up and get on with lying
don't take it close
don't let it affect you
just get over it you know you liked it
of course no means yes
and if you scream who cares?
not the men down the hall
or those who gathered
to watch their brother, brothers or others
fold you, spindle, bend or break you
What about US???

What about the woman now,
who cannot leave her house
for fear of men who could be 'round
she was a warrior once, now a mouse
What about the one who fears
who grasps at straws to keep from screaming
when her baby boys now grown tall
wrap their arms around her
or ask a kiss of mother?

No longer does she see her child
but a man who could so easily beat or rape her
her panic overrides her judgement
as the past comes up to haunt her
her children are affected, and now must back away
their mother is still wounded
no longer can she play
she is still, again, living in the day
when a "hero" in a uniform
beat her with his weapon
and other so called good men too
stood and watched and let him
they jostled and they elbowed
so to improve their view
as one of their great brethren
split her womb in two
some even joined in the fun
and took their turns upon her
and then they left her lying there
her soldier uniform torn, worn and blooded
a piece of just used garbage
And yet you say
It is again
Memorial Day
But, I ask you... What about US?
What about the woman
she's so much younger than I
just in her early twenties
who cannot see past the lie
don't worry dear you're young not old
you've time to heal and learn
that given enough drugs and booze
you might un-learn
the murder of your dreams
The day the good old hero
a brother in your unit
ripped your uniform down to your knees
and tied you up 'til helpless
not only did he rape and beat you
but gave you a disease
no children will you ever bear
your womb has been removed
your mind once sharp... no more

the damage did run deep
a brilliant life cut short and changed
because one man wanted to get off
he took what he wanted
and the men who he reported to
let him walk. it was his first offense
matters not your career is lost
your honor and your trust
this woman's mind no longer works
as well as it once did
brain damage and then HPV
a woman's dreams torn down
the man who was your brother
allowed to keep his ground
only he was transferred to a unit
who did not know his deeds
no jail time will he serve
yet imprisoned in her memories
she shall always be
Memorial Day again...
I beg to ask you,
What about US?

What about the women who you once claimed to love
the ones who cry out in the night
who cannot stand to see a fight
who cannot go out in a crowd
because men might be around
the women who have learned
that although their nation they have served
they will be honored not one wit
for no one cares what they just did
The women who in youth naive,
did choose to serve with bravery
their nation's call they answered yes
to travel, college and ingest
that duty, honor, country
was their call
the women lined up in the hall
and raised their hands and swore their oath
one nation under god for all
yet when it comes down to the wall
their service counted not at all
for they only provoked the men... the gall

why dare they show their face in here?
men ask each other o'er their beer
we should show the bitches who's the man
teach them who has might... and plan
to teach those whores and sluts
and dikes and wreckers where to stand
behind us or down under
on their knees or bent over
the brothers in arms will show them
what it takes to be a hero
what it takes to be so brave
a pack of men who hunt together
who may not approve, but will not save her
for to stand up and to be counted
would lose them face
and have them booted
out of the club of men
each who count as brothers
And again I ask you...
What about US?
What about the women
whose heads hang deep in shame
who see themselves as failures
'cause they just don't recover
from the pain gained in the game
they cannot find the hope again
or the belief that they matter
they cannot move past being filth
or having been served up on a platter
an innocent led to slaughter
they were not ever
nor could they ever
be prepared for where they went
Who could have told them what would happen?
if so foolishly, naively, they joined to serve
Perhaps the only ones who could understand
were the women who had already been silenced
the ones from WWII who flew
yet no recognition or recompense did they gain
they taught the men to fly
and ferried planes 'cross seas to them
not just taught them to fly those planes
but also how to shoot them

they drug those targets cross the skies
for all those rookies to aim at
and had to dip into their purses
to cover each others' funeral payment
for their sacrifices, their service
to this nation
counted not then.

Perhaps if we had known where to find them
they could have counseled us to refrain
from attempting to enter this dream
that turned quickly shameful
twisted and dark... a night mare.

But those women were already silenced.

Time was killing them off
Warriors. Brave. Courageous
A few Sisters we knew not existed.

They might have said do it.

It might just be worth it, but then
again, they might have seen through it
for most men, though time marches on,
seem not to grow up.

They are still making war
they still fight and die,

just back then they didn't talk so much about it.

Who knows what our sister would've said,
we knew not where to find them then to ask

Do you remember them??

Memorial day asks again

What about the women?

What about the women,

so hurt and so searching

seek answers from any around them

they look for a way back

to themselves

from wherever they've gone

down in emotions,

or up in their heads

some turned to drugs or to drink

others have shunned that

prefer to tough through it,

whatever "IT" is

PTSD, depression

Obsessive Compulsive

all kinds of damages done
triggers all over
setting them off
swinging through and back again
Instead of compassion
no one seems to back them
if we are, we might not see it
Our vision's been colored
by losing our belief and our faith
in MANKind and
all that we know
our world's now upside to down
inside to out
our trust perhaps eternally broken
and... some of us keep hoping
we partner up or marry
raise children
our own offspring or anothers'
matters not where they come from
as much as we may try
we aren't really all there in order to act
like the good wife, the good mother
just your sister or your aunt
the past keeps coming back in
keeping us locked half away
Please tell me
this Memorial Day
as you remember... What about Us?
What about the women?
Our female warrior types?
the Tomboys and rough-housers
the girls
girls we grew up with
now women with out
no place do they fit
to serve their country
how much did they pay?
their families turn their backs to them
tsk tsking all the way
why can't these daughters, cousins,
aunties, sisters, mothers
just get on, cheer up, recover
move on into their new life?

the greatest honor is be somebodies wife???
why can't they keep their tempers
lift their heads and smile real bright
have you been there
when these women heard
some someone say
it was nothing personal
it really hasn't mattered
which women that were beaten,
no matter what your name was,
take comfort in anonymity
you really, personally, did not matter...
boys will be boys you see
and since our heroes are all wounded
you must just cut those men some slack
for warriors must be stroked and patted.
poor woman, can't you see just how
your crying does annoy us?
why don't you please just walk away
and leave us our delusions
we wish to celebrate our heroes
and with you whining on the sidelines
its so much harder to ignore you.
So what, if you have lost your way
or you've lost the ability to earn your pay
You've lost your jobs
you've lost your wombs
your self respect... a bomb that blew
no true love do you have to hold you
for most men just seem to scold you
treat you as though you are only broken
no more than a child, a bitch, a thing, a token
no matter what you are or aren't
it truly doesn't matter
he only thinks he owns you
just do as your good men all have told you
suck it up, lay down and shut up
step aside, or push the vacuum
be a good girl and don't whimper
just get over it and for god's sake
don't lose your temper
bite your tongue and learn to smile
put on your mask and paint your face

go on with life
and put down that mace!
take good care of the men around you
especially those poor warriors too
it matters not what happened to you
who wants to hear it??
please just shut up
Walk away, get on with life
stop creating so much strife
you claim we did not write you letters
that we did not care
we care not still
you should have known
what you'd just got into
We'll keep on saying
You women should've known better
just what did you expect
you're just women,
of course you failed
when you tried
to be worthy like the men...
and now you're fried?
You're all just women
the weakest of the sexes
you did not belong there
you got your lesson
it goes to show you
if you're bothered
you didn't get it... you just aren't welcome
Discrimination, brutality and butt of jokes
crudity and cruelty surrounded you
what did you think when you did enter
to serve your country
to make life better?
and I ask you
What about us?
Memorial day... for those remembered
I suppose you cannot just include us
for you never did take notice
that we honorably entered service
with pride and naivete that youth project
we thought to give all that we could offer
our talent and potential, our intellect

our pride, our joy
we didn't know about the "good old boy"
we didn't understand
what it would do to be a target
it wasn't in our plan
we thought, in our youth
just like the men
we had everything to give and gain
to earn the right of freedom
Did you think to be Objectified
Ostracized or bent?
Crushed out
snuffed out
into a spiral sent
a living hell no warning bell
no notice from where it comes
yet you're supposed to pick yourselves up
brush it off
move on
but come on now sister
stand up and fight for honor
your brothers to defend
hot zone cold zone cold war real war
keep society
free to do the things it does
no questioning what that means
did you really think at all
that the freedoms were meant for thee?
They say they could not trust you
only men would have their back
in the foxhole
sea or air
no breathing room for you to share
when did it truly first sink in
that they'd not be there for you
you're just a novelty to them
a notch upon some belts
not counted, ranked or valued high
an asset, did you think?
something to be talked about
as each they lift their drink
So I ask you this Memorial Day...
What about us??

What about the woman
a nurse, her profession
her dream, her talent
in her delusion that youth did bring
she entered service to help the maimed
now she cannot sleep at night
the horror of the unforgettable sights
the soldier who at his demand
his hand she held napalm still smoldered
the meat fell off into her palm
as she swallowed her bile
and in his eyes did gaze
giving him comfort while her world
crumbled away
She cannot undo the stench
the sights
the gore
the touch
the sounds
of boys called men
who all around
begged this mere woman
to save their souls
to help them remember
that they have been loved
the touch of a woman
the gentleness held
as they lay dying
with her at their side
She smiled so sweetly and to their faces
using comforting words
she lied
to calm them and dress them
her mind quietly
firmly
unfurling
the woof and the web
all coming apart
deep down,
within
Again, and again
she wrote their last letters

and promises she'll mail them
while she struggles to keep it together
somewhere inside her
she seems to remember
that just a few days before
these men who now need her
that demand her as savior
who depend upon her heart and soul
called her a whore
as her clothing they tore
some threw her down
with their cocks
they ripped at her innards
and laughed while they tore her apart
now laying there bleeding, burning or dying
expecting her pity, compassion, her deed
reaching out to her in Their need
What about the women
who broke down the barriers
who opened the doors for now?
the ones who entered
in the beginning of timing
to tasks before that were closed
they truly were not free
the pilots, mechanics
parachutists and rangers
crew chiefs and door gunners?
Pioneering for those that will follow
our victories seem hollow
as no accolades did we earn
we bare' kept our heads up
as the swamp it did rise
those brothers, those men
came and despised
What about Us?
we put on our uniforms
we fought for our honor.
we learned to dig foxholes
and march
we took all the training
along side our "brothers"
yet still came to realize late
we were targets

just bait
when boys will be boys
you find men all around
they're tall and they're strong
moustached and or hairless
but cowards and bullies
they'll take down the lesser than they
They'll watch out for each other
cover backs,
cover asses , recover
blame the women and let walk the men
for whose fault could it be
if you walked in where he be?
he will take what he wants
anyway
his company commander
his wing leader his buddy his brother
will cover his back and dismiss all the charges
if prosecution is sought for the deed
know that only if damaged so severely that they
will finally charge them with
government property damage did he.
Not rape nor assault
not murder attempted
only bending some government tool
ship her off out of sight
put her out, do not fight
whistle blower will only get worse.
Memorial day... hhhmmm
they will say
proud to have served,
yes the men
but
What about US?
Privileges on post some may have earned
shopping where our dollar will stretch
some have fought through their doubts
gotten help when they finally reached out
and argued for disability pay
but for many who cannot
and will not come forward
they may never be seen
for what most may not realize

or perhaps just don't care
that our uniformed men
those heroes those warriors
those good american men
are our greatest enemy
the cause of our fear
While yes
Some have grown old
yet the VA they do haunt.
Some slower, some wiser and grayer
but they still hunt in packs
target women
just facts
sniggering as they swagger
elbowing each other as though
they have something worth prizing
molly coddled, protected
for it seems
poor men must be cared for
excuses be made.
as the women who may brave the halls
keep their backs to the walls
so that no man can come up behind her
taking stairs, not elevators
cause they can't get out
when the men crowd the way
some men stand and shout
they holler quite loudly with pats on the backs
as they shout recognition of brothers
Kosevo, Panama
Germany, Italy
Vietnam and Iraq
puff their chests and their heads
and ignore the bare sights
of the panic the women choke down
so many of us cannot brave the day
to come in for help at the VA
those men who destroyed us
will all have their say
they have groups... go on forever
yet the women ten weeks
if you're lucky, not get canceled
you may get counseled one day

hope to spill it all in just 30
'cause you'll get not a minute more
have the floor fall from under
your feet as you fall,
still no counselor will help find your wall
you're still on your own
even though gray you have grown
the men still protected
behavior glossed over
the drunks, the depraved and the addicts
you're still of no value
the men who won't rape you,
won't even protect you
'cause Sister
nothing has changed
if they are not threatened
by the perverts and prowlers
they'll not stand between them and their prey
suck it up, just get over it
stop men bashing
love yourself
get past it
and get on with life
no one to relate to
but other women who have
at one time
in their youth
naively
served.

Memorial Day...
But, What about Us?
What about the woman
at a pow wow one day
something new to experience
did go
natives proud celebrate
warriors parade
a drum beat-ed dance round the grounds
all those she was with
got up from the bench and
joined with their brothers in arms
Native browns, and some whites,
all standing tall in their height

and she sat all alone on the bench
her spouse finally turned back round
and said why aren't you come down
this dance if for you to do too
she sat thunderstruck
and not understanding
for in all of her days
never once had a soul
spoken words just to say
You were a warrior too
I am honoring you
Thank you for all that you gave
The woman broke down
with an ache so profound
as she joined in the warriors dance
she couldn't imagine
what to do with the kindness
or accolades shown her that day
no one spoke to her personally
just one of a group
yet in sorrow she almost drowned
for a group of people
whom she had not met
had finally said
thank you
for all that you are
and for all that you did
yet
they knew not Her story
knew not of Her pain
yet saw in Her veins
the difference that had always been there
the courage and honor that drove her to serve
a light with a difference
the power of women...
feminine and fair
with a heart brave, strong and true
the strength owned by women
yet she must be told
as the posters will show
that Women are Veterans too
they don't understand
that their sacrifice

and their broken plans
earned them the right
to be honored as one of the few
for they each have learned
that the years that they served won't
mean anything to anyone anywhere
so many women have served
who will never receive
compensation or even kind words
they are all moved aside
as the men in their pride
puff their chests, lift their heads
and stride by
so I'll ask you again...
What about Us?
What about the women
whose daughters and sons and sisters and brothers
thank their fathers, brothers and husbands
they thank the men who have served
fought and died or were maimed
yet they walk past their mothers to get there
you're still living they say
no one shot you or aimed
a gun at your face or your back
suck it up, quit you're whining
drink a beer or champagne
just get up past your pain.
It's all in your head,
please don't talk, you just bore us
it's easier to deal with the men
they wear hats and their ribbons
join clubs and tell stories
they compare weaponry and their aim
while you women just whine and complain
that they're hurt or are lame
so they shouldn't have entered the game
step aside I say
it's Memorial Day
wave a flag, pat a soldier
have a picnic... a parade
salute all the men
honor their service, their pain
come on now, move over

it's Memorial Day.
I ask it again...
What about Us???
and the broken young girl inside
someone's daughter, sister, cousin
wife, mother or friend
in a trembling voice
finally
quietly
asks...
but,
what about me?

written on May 27th 2011

by

Cari Marie Huston

Senior Aviator

Chief Warrant Officer 3

United States Army

Initially Enlisted in the Women's Army Corp (WAC)

1975-1984 Active Duty

Individual Ready Reserve Roles- present time

1st Female Combat Assault Helicopter Pilot

UH-1 D & H models

173rd Combat Assault Helicopter Co., 11th Aviation Battalion, V Corp

Fliegerhorst Kaserne, West Germany

D Company, 24th Aviation Battalion, 24th Mechanized Infantry Division

Hunter Army Airfield, Savannah Georgia

UH-60A (1st Female Blackhawk pilot)

Charlie Company, Combat Assault 24th Avn. Bn.

Hunter AAF Savannah, Georgia

Disabled American Veteran - for the rest of my life

I was honored and privileged to be the first woman to pilot the Sikorsky UH-60, while still in Flight School at Ft. Rucker, Alabama in 1977. I

later became the first Female Warrant Officer, and 2nd Woman, to transition into the UH-60A, Cpt. MaryJo Carr, May She Please Rest in Peace, being the first woman as a Maintenance Officer of E Co. 24th Avn Bn., to receive the Blackhawk transition.

Proud to have supported the 1/75th Ranger Bn.

And yes, that egotistical little asshole damned near killed us that day in Dahlenega.

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My Kingdom

Lilian's July Newsletter

Nothing better than a cup of Cuban Coffee, I remember my nights, by myself, in the middle of nowhere, I pulled my coffee press out and made Cuban Coffee. Ever so often I would also treat a visitor with a taste and word got around, I am an excellent COFFEE-MAKER.

I use espresso and Cuban Coffee for many things. To cure a headache, put myself to sleep.....learned that from my mother later in life.... a cup of Cuban Coffee is a wonderful experience at 2:00 am.

It settles my stomach, collects my thoughts and I use it as a decision maker when I don't know what else to do.

Good News!! Smuckers bought Cuban Coffee and this delicacy is now available to all.

June had events only a few people paid attention to. The most massive solar explosion and solar flare which followed. Eighteen hours later, when this occurrence effected the magnetic field, it created many power and cable outages. This was repeated when the moon played hide and seek with the sun during the eclipse. This also effected our technology and continued until June the 18th.

I was forced to listen to my NOAA radio during that outage. As my mind drifted down memory lane, I thought about the fact there must be millions of songs. Imagine..... considering there are only eight notes in an octave, which is used in a million ways.

We have a pill for everything, except malfunctions in our technology, case in point Cialis commercials.

Crop Circle activity is sad these days. In 2010 only a fraction of circles appeared. And 2011 has a slow start. I always thought Crop Circles were bulletin boards, posted by our star relatives. At one point, there were 4,500 Crop Circles per year, world wide. Feels like "they" got tired of sending them. Maybe we are treating this out of this world treat like everything else...MagsNIX....or we are just too stupid to understand the importance of such a phenomenon.

As I was writing the June Newsletter....TV was on for background noise... I noticed a strange contraption in an Infomercial. A round, dome like oven, which cooked three different ways all at the same time. Interesting, I thought, I paid closer attention to what the people on TV were saying. I don't buy things advertised in Infomercials.... needless to say I broke my own rule and ordered one.... in blue.

Dominique, the young man taking my order kept telling me about all kind of things I was not familiar with, so I FIRMLY told him I wanted what I saw on TV,

no more, no less. HOW MUCH? With shipping, \$154. Three payments. Nuwave is on the way!

I was unable to verify the UPS tracking number I was given, so I called Nuwave and was told my credit card was rejected. I called Credit Card Company and was told since I had made my payment in person at the store, it was in the system.... he could see it... but it was not actually posted. I was upset, I gave the bank the money and it is in Cyberspace. After 4 days it finally fell off the CLOUD, payment was honored and my NewWAVE was on the way!

Seven days later the huge package arrived. What excitement! My girlfriend helped me unpack and assemble the contraption and we were ready to cook. No power going to the "POWERHEAD" which is the brain of the oven. It was a Friday, customer service is closed, so it was Monday before I was able to reach NuWave. Told the nice Lady the brain was broken, she apologizes... like it was her fault...LOL...I send you a new one. That was easy, I was ready for a fight and she was wonderful, I was almost disappointed.

Seven days later my "HEAD" arrived in a box. Enclosed was a postage sticker for the useless power-head. I immediately take the old head to UPS. While there, I see a sign advertising a special: Transfer of your VHS tapes to DVD \$ 12.99 for 30 minutes. \$19.99 for 60 minutes. Ghee, I have transferred 1,000's of tapes and only on rare occasions got a Thank You....I could have made some money, enough to buy Nuwaves for everyone in my family and a few friends!

Time to cook! Biscuits on the bottom shelf...like I saw on TV.... potato and white asparagus on rack # 1. Elksteak and vegetables, the vegetables were wrapped in foil... like I saw on TV. I push... time...20...start. Everything started cooking at the same time and when the buzzer notified me my dinner was ready, I removed the "DOME" and there it was!

Steak broiled!

Vegetables steamed!

Potato baked!

Biscuits baked to perfection!



I removed the aluminum foil, no cleanup and I was in amazement! I was convinced someone lived in that "HEAD" how else could it have known, what to broil, what to steam and what to bake!?

I am getting to the bottom of that.... I am going to "AIR-FRY" french fries, just like they did on TV. Cut potatoes, a little Creole seasoning, push Time...20...Start.

"Hey, MR HEAD... and I know you are in there.... I am watching you!"

"Did you know that people have their own idiocies? They line the streets to watch the naked bike parade, if you ride a bike naked the next day you will get arrested for indecent exposure!"

No answer from MR HEAD.

"Did you know that people are spot-hearing? I taught my camera people to spot read signs when filming. Instead of filming a sign and reading it out loud while keeping the camera focused on it, it takes too long and the viewers get bored...they are used to info overload..."

I took along a camera person to test my theory. We went grocery shopping. While the clerk was ringing up the items we chatted about the weather, local events and THEN...I switched the conversation addressing the clerk personally. I talked about her to her and she just chatted along. My camera person and I discussed this and arrived at the same conclusion... she had no idea what I said to her. People are picking up key words and filling in the blanks...with that creating their own stories. Same thing repeated at the doctors office, twice. What I said, what was heard and what was repeated was so far apart, the stories were not even cousins. You know what I mean?"

No answer from MR HEAD.

"When we get upset with people we have to remember something has changed in our reality. NASA sent a footnote request in one of the notifications for sunspots and disturbances asking those of us, who understand what they, NASA, are telling people, to please explain it to others, since we have entered a new Solar Cycle, which can greatly affect us and it is important we understand what is going on in our world."

No answer from MR HEAD.

"During the recent power outage I realized everything looked so different in dim lights. Where I live we got a new Walmart. It is directly across from a cemetery. Right before the store opened the owners of the cemetery complained that now the **departed souls** would have to look at Walmart day and night....they wanted a wall built so Walmart was not visible. Because of the Walmart story, while sitting in the dark I thought about how people viewed my belongings and the things in my house. Everything has a story and is valuable to someone. Will it go to the dump or will people end up with it and understand the importance of certain items. Who cares! I am not residing on the planet!

"A wall so the departed can not see Walmart!"

No answer from MR HEAD.

The buzzer rings, my air-fried french fries are ready.

"Its OK, MR HEAD.... you don't have to answer.... I KNOW you are in there...how else would Nuwave know what food has to be cooked how all at the same time and come out perfect... you will live here for a long time. I will talk to you from now on, figure out how you do this and I KNOW you will answer one day!"

When we follow polls, we do not get a clear picture. For instance, when counting un/or under employed, it does not reflect the people no longer in the system, AND the thousands, which were displaced by flood, tornadoes, and fires, many of which no longer have a place of employment. Their livelihoods were cancelled by natural disasters.

When something happens it makes news for a few days, only to be canceled out by politics, and like we used to say....MagsNIX ...things unrelated to the aftermath of the suffering people.

I was talking to a friend in Georgia. Not sure how the conversation started.... from discussing June's newsletter.... to a visit he made to an acquaintance, who raised his own pigs. My friend noticed that some of the fat sows were laying in spilled out food next to the food trough. It was explained to my friend, who knew absolutely nothing about pigs, the reason the sows behaved like this is because they want to prevent the smaller pigs from eating, so they sleep on the food, wake up and start eating again. AND on occasion even kill the little pigs and eat them.

Politicking has become so very confusing, it appears the ideas of some are devouring everything, indiscriminatory and only hurt the little people.

We are making headwaves in the human rights department...GOOD.

Back to the Cialis commercial.....Cialis, low dosage to be ready at a moments notice. (Watch your hearing and your vision)

What's with the bath tub, there is always a bath tub, HMMMM before or after....

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's August 2011 Newsletter

Definition of INNOVATION = the introduction of something new

A new idea, method, or device : novelty =in·no·va·tion·al \-shnəl, -shə-nəl\
adjective.

Just as I thought I could sit under my pine tree and enjoy what is suppose to be summer, a couple of things changed. The weather man called it Julebruary....Summer acted like spring, rainy and cool for many days..... in a way it was a blessing, since 2/3 of the country was under a heat dome..... I had several doctor appointments each week AND I went into one of my obsessive modes.

My daughter brought over a TV series, TREME. HBO: Treme: Thought I could watch it real quick before preparing for my Granddaughters wedding, it was only 13 hours long.

I was so engrossed in this wonderful story of the people in the story of the aftermath of Katrina, I wanted more. In order to see season 2. I had to sign up for HBO. After negotiating with XFINITY I was given a three month free trial offer for HBO and was able to watch another 13 hours. I marveled at the resilience of the people and realized that music is a must in people lives, it is universal. It made me remember parts of my earlier life, which is essential to my life now and again it verified that there are no coincidences in life, only stepping stones in our existence, which take us where we need to be ...physically and metaphorically.

The day of the wedding arrived. Somehow we had two weddings in the same family on the same day, so my Grandson-In Law found himself in the position to have to rotate between both weddings in two towns 30 miles apart. HE DID! It was in part because of his drives back and forward I knew that the highways were in utter disarray. I-5 was a parking lot in places due to roadwork, most of the back roads were impassable due to rerouted traffic and construction of our way too many round-abouts. I found a third alternative and allowed myself 3 hours for the 52 mile trip. The start was rather easy. About 21 miles into my travels many bicycles riders traveled SOUTH, opposite from me, heading North. I assumed this to be a temporary occurrence until I noticed some of the riders wore a sign around their neck. Numbers. About another 5-6 miles up the highway I saw a cyclist wearing the number 9,888. It was at that time I realized I was encountering at least 10,000 bikers.

When driving an RV, C-Series or larger you learn how to drive different than a "4-Wheeler"... a nickname given by truckers to drivers of cars. You become more aware, you judge your distances different and tune into your surroundings, ahead, besides and behind you. I employ the same method of driving while operating my car.

10,00 bikes on the road requires lots of "awareness". I positioned myself behind

an 18-wheeler...cab only... it guaranteed me not to have bikes cutting in front of me.

Roughly 12 miles further down the road I noticed I was now the third car behind the truck and ...BAM... the car behind the truck hit and killed a bike rider. It felt like it took forever until an ambulance, fire department and the usual investigators of an accident arrived. Eventually, after questioning some of the other cyclists ...they had come to a complete stop and waited for the authorities, the police made a way for the traffic to continue on their way on the two way road.

I continued my travel and arrived at the wedding with 20 minutes to spare. Tried to put my experience into the back of my mind, yet wondered how I became the third car behind the truck. Did not remember at ANY TIME the other two cars pulling in front of me. My Grandson informed me that the Cyclists I encountered were STP, a yearly bike ride from Seattle,WA to Portland,OR in which he had been a participant the year before.

The wedding was beautiful, but I decided to leave before dark and drove home the same way I came. I returned to the last place where I remember I was behind the truck, to re-constructed where and at what point the other two cars got ahead of me. It was impossible, since there were neither side roads nor driveways, only trees.

The road had been way too crowded for anyone to pass me and I was too close to the truck for anyone to have passed... an impossible scenario... and squeezed ahead of me. I felt so bad for the man, who had lost his life and even worse for the driver of the car...which should have been me, had I remained in the same order...that killed the man. My drive home took an hour. After I got home, for several days, I searched for news about the incident, but was unable to find details.

Many strange things have been reported for some time. More often, than not, people have noticed the Moon, especially the Moon and the rest of the constellations stationed in the wrong locations. It happens for a time and appears to return to normal. We had massive solar explosions in the month of July and interferences with the magnetic, as well as the gravity field. Communication systems had problems, and power failed for no reason, in outlying areas. Because of this a friend started to research the abnormalities and found an interview with the inhabitants of the far North. It would appear distortions are also noticed by people other than Intuitives and Clairvoyants.

Lavar Burton, Geordi La Forge from Star Trek, The Next Generation shared a website with me, in which I was able to get a live feed to the Astronauts on the space station. I felt a strange pride to have been able to take a small part...for lack of a better word, in the last mission of the Atlantis and marveled at the

possibilities of achievement, which by now we take for granted.

INNOVATION: It is said there is NOTHING new under the Sun. In fact in some belief systems it is said that when something does not yet exist, the sheer thought of it creates what ever we are imagining and it become reality....somewhere in the ethers.

I am a MSNBC viewer and follow other news pools on Twitter. Following an unbelievably stupid comment I made, it was pointed out to me that Laurence O'Donnell, host of Last Word, had a major hand in the writing of the 7 season series West Wing.

I managed to obtain used copies of all 7 seasons of West Wing and in my obsessive mode watched all of them, over 200 hours. Little sleep. Little of everything else!

Since the age of 10, I have been rather savvy in Political Science and pay close attention to local happenings. My show is politically and religiously neutral and my web site is not. My FB is informative and my Twitter is reliable. I thought if I could familiarize myself with people, titles and functions of the White House I could put faces on the real people working there, when they appear in news conferences and as advisors on TV shows. From the election process to Inauguration, I think West Wing covered every scenario possible occurring in the White House.

I learned what different people's jobs consisted of, who was in charge of what and what the chain of command requires.

I learned what happens behind closed doors and how different parties and agendas are "NEGOTIATED".

I learned the vocabulary used in the Press Room, straight talk, in innuendos and certain phrases to sugar coat and/or change the meaning of events, in order to force a different outcome.

I learned who decides to tell the President what is on the agenda.

I learned that many of the same issues are still in existence, except DADT and Gay marriage is finally being resolved.

I learned that I was mistaken to think Right Wing Politicians have only been unreasonable, ruthless and radical in recent years.

I learned that some people are so vicious and hateful that they rather destroy the country as a whole, than to care about the masses, I would go as far as calling it "CLASS WAR".

I learned that just because something is a law does not mean it will remain a law.

I learned that restricting freedom of speech is on the rise.

I learned that NOT EVER have Unions...the same Unions people died for to establish to help people to have a change for a better life, been pushed to the brink of non-existence.

I learned not ever has the FAA been shut down, loosing 4,000 jobs and making the major theft of about 200 million dollars per week possible for airlines, taxes not collected for FAA and not being passed on to the consumer.

I learned that it is not a job I would ever be interested in.

I was so proud of myself and wrote this great explanation of what was happening in July with the debt ceiling. On the 25th POTUS, President Obama, went on all major networks and gave an explanation to the people, which was almost identical to what I had prepared for this newsletter.

Of course I scrapped mine to avoid of being accused of plagiarism...besides it was more Presidential coming from him. This is the second time this happened. In 2009 he, the President, gave a talk on race, which I was getting ready to almost post the same story line, so I changed mine to a Global/Tribal setting. My forever researched, FIRST EVER, informative political newsletter never got off the ground.

This Crop Circle appeared in May. The picture is owned my Mark Fussell. I thought it was a pie and represented the gutting of the government budget. In my mind it is close enough.



In the predictions for 2011, I talked about an event of kicking the can down the highway and I perceived a "BURP" in the stock market.

I had posted some of mine and others thoughts on FB earlier and here are a couple of the comments made in response,

1. **Entitlement my ass, I PAID cash for my social security insurance!!!! Our benefits aren't some kind of charity or handout!! Congressional benefits, aka - free health care, outrageous retirement packages, 67 paid holidays, three weeks paid vacation, unlimited paid sick days, now that's welfare, and they have the nerve to call my retirement.. entitlement.**
2. **Salary of the US President - \$400,000. Salary of retired US Presidents - \$180,000. Salary of House/Senate - \$174,000. Salary of Speaker of House - \$223,500. Salary of Majority/Minority Leaders - \$193,400.....Average US Salary - \$33,000 to \$77,000. AVERAGE US Military SALARY.....\$19,000 to \$22,000!! HELLO! I think we found where the cuts should be made!**

INNOVATION, now lets see:

MY TV Show: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness airs in Prime Time. Since we do not honor "SEASONS" which allows for REPEATS, I am being discouraged to play RE-RUNS, regardless how old a show is. I have over 700 programs and I am of the assumption that something, which has aired 12 years ago will by now be forgotten, OR have never been seen by some of my new viewers. However, it was pointed out to me by the Station Director that REPEATS are not allowed. In order to accommodate some of my new viewers I took the same footage from older shows and remodeled them. Same story, told in a new outfit and copyrighted in 2011. Deceptive? Maybe, BUT I relayed the intended message AND I satisfy the requirement for my PRIME TIME PROGRAM.

What took place in American politics this month was sad and entertaining at the same time. Put MUSIC behind it and you have a serious rival for Circus Soleil. Sell tickets for \$40 a head. \$20 for Seniors/Students and free for children. Money problems solved!

Love and Light
Lilian

Long month

September 2011 Newsletter

Somewhere in my neighborhood is a dog, which reacts to Geomagnetic disturbances. He howls, sometimes I am not sure if he is a dog. Several miles from where I live is a sanctuary for wolfs. I talked to someone there, they were not aware of any of their animals behaving in this fashion. I took it upon myself to monitor the reaction of the creature for about six weeks. Myself, having extremely good hearing, drove to the starting points of where I can hear sirens and loud traffic. We clocked it at 1.3 miles in either direction. I will hear sirens and traffic before the animal does, henceforth checking on causes other than environmental occurrences. Many solar flares and the following geomagnetic disturbances which follow seemed to have been the reason for the distress in the neighborhood dog/wolf. Several years ago I experienced days when I heard what I thought were idling fire engines, except facts did not support that theory and eventually a scientist friend, Bill Ramsey, was able to verify that what I heard was actually the planet Mercury right before it changed it's position. Needless to say, we made a joke of it, that besides me hearing flies coming down the hallway and single snow flakes hitting the window, I also hear the planets turn. Except...Mercury was turning in the month of August and many major solar flares were causing havoc with everything from weather to the electrical systems on the planet. Another explanation possibly to apply is a metaphysical explanation, so we tried that.

According to Animal Spirit Guides by Steven D. Farmer, PhD, If Wolf shows up, it means:

- Characteristics and behaviors that no longer serve your spiritual purpose are being culled from your consciousness.
- Make cooperation a priority over competition.
- Valuable insights, ideas, and new teachings are coming your way, so pay close attention.
- It's important to maintain your self-esteem and integrity and deeply trust in your inner knowing, even when you feel misunderstood or misaligned.
- You're being spiritually and psychically protected at all times.

Season 3 of Ancient Aliens is now airing. I enjoy it tremendously, since I have personally met almost all of the commentators, at one point or another. I miss my days on the lecture circuit and it is amazing to see them on the show "BUNDLED" talking about these wonderful things. From different walks of life, from different perspectives this point in our evolution has woven us together and

due to the relentless life works of these brilliant people we are so much closer to understanding who we are and where we are going. At times I spend days to look at some of my own shows and relive places Universe took me, people I met and things I learned, sometimes not even having a clue of what I either witnessed or captured on camera and now see it on Ancient Aliens, it falls into place so easily. For many years I found myself at sacred mounted prairies, in fact I live at the Mima Mounds in the Great Northwest.

Who knows what my neighborhood dog/wolf is really attached to, what ---- unearthly---- thing, sound or event he is reacting to. I accidentally filmed an unearthly creature at the Mima Mounds one year...there is a difference between thought and deep down knowing. We ended 19 weeks of the encore presentation of the travel show Armchair Traveler, all 19 weeks. When deciding to re-air this time period, we did not anticipate the deeper meaning.

Here is a summery of the events of August 2005:

Thursday, August 4

We left Olympia Wednesday morning at 4 AM. The traffic was good when we started, but before long it began to rain. The unusual thing was that we encountered no wind, even in the area of the Columbia River. We stopped at the Flying J at LaGrande, OR.

Then we went to the haunted hotel at Hot Lake to do an update story. According to the new owners the hotel was quiet. She was uncomfortable talking about ghosts, even though, everyone within 100 miles was aware of the state of the hotel and talked about it to anyone wanting to listen. BUT, he, Ghost of Hot Lake, is still present and he insisted he have a piano on the premises and it is there. We stayed at the hotel in North Powder, where we had the abduction experience last year. Everything was very quiet and the Generator trucks that were there last year were gone. We are now at the Oregon Trail Restaurant of Baker City, where we again, ordered breakfast for \$3.99.

Friday, August 5

Good Morning! We are on our way to Utah. Yesterday we met a music producer from Tucson, AZ who was going to Seattle. We knew about the fires and helped him re-route himself to miss them. As we were leaving Oregon we saw a huge UFO over the highway. It was flying very low and I worried that we would hit it as we drove, but we didn't. We drove back roads in IDAHO filming mile markers and historic markers for the show. We drove to Burley, Idaho where we spend the night at the Budget Inn. We had no coffee pot! We both love our coffee. so we really noticed the absence of the most beloved Star-Bucks. This morning we are leaving Burley and are heading towards Provo, Utah where we will spend the night.

Saturday, August 6th

We spent last night in Rupert, Idaho. We examined the crop circle fields there, but are not sure about two of them, wind disturbances in several regular crop circle fields. We went to the Thiokol missile site to look at the displays there. They were partially closed off and had removed the labels from missiles and were painting the site.

Then we traveled to Salt Lake City by back roads. So far we avoided having to do any freeway driving at all.

We spent the night with friends and they told us about a crop circle site from the previous year at Spanish Forks. We went to that field and found it has corn in it now but we could see the outline of the crop circle.

We filmed that. The friend we stayed with is Doug Lund and he wants to be our reporter for Utah! We visited the Krishna Temple outside of Provo, Utah and had lunch there. Their meeting hall is upstairs and they have a gift shop and place to eat. Later that afternoon we traveled across Provo Canyon and we are now in Green River, CO. On our trip through Utah we stopped at the rest area ,where Navajo's have many things displayed. This evening Claudia and I decided we needed to do a summery of things experienced so far. We discussed the filming we have done and we transferred and edited our film footage. It is beautiful footage. Usually on my trips I skip the smaller sites, either because they are difficult to get in to with the RV, or my traveling companions do not want to stop. This year I am able to visit all the historic markers and other small stops and this is making some interesting filming possible. I wanted to mention.....we encountered no wind at all in Idaho. This is very unusual. Also, here in Green River we saw a double rainbow. There had been no rain yet, we saw a beautiful rainbow. Dr. Jordan was behind us by one day but we thought it was too much trouble to wait, in order to catch up with him, Claudia was on a schedule, since she had to catch a plane on a certain day. Also, our friend Bill Ramsey from Grand Junction was going to meet us in Green River but he has a painful tooth problem and won't be able to meet with us this year.

One of the things we have noticed that is a change is we are finding memorials to soldiers everywhere. Some of the sites are for soldiers dating back to the Civil War. We have never seen so many soldier memorials before.

We are getting excellent gas mileage on this trip. We left Olympia with a full tank of gas and have just put our 3rd tank of petrol in the car since leaving. Since we have driven around 1,000 miles, we think this mileage is very good.

Tomorrow we travel to visit our Native American friends in New Mexico.

Monday, August 8

Yesterday we arrived in Chinle, Arizona. We are staying at the Best Western

Hotel. We had booked our tour of Canyon DeChelle with Eleanor, but they didn't know who she was. You have to have a tour guide in order to go into the canyon. So, we explained who Eleanor was and who her family members were and then they recognized who she was and everything with the jeep we had arranged was fine. But before I go further I have a story to tell you about yesterday in Moab, Utah. We decided to stop at a store. Claudia was speaking in German to me. A woman there answered in German. They actually live where I went to school in Germany, and they updated us on that place. Then we met a nice trucker at Hole in the Rock and had a nice visit with him. We made it just in time to eat at Mexican Waters before they close. They have the best fry bread since we left home and catfish.

I need to back up a little here. Three weeks ago I received an email from someone who listens to Coast to Coast radio. He had obtained a link to my web site through the radio show. He e-mailed that his family lived at Chinle.

I e-mailed him back and told him that I would contact him when we arrived. But, in reality he was here when we arrived and he was looking for us, except he had been looking for a car with Washington license plates, but our rental car has California license plates. But we opened the door for him and visited with him around midnight. His name is Everett.

When we arrived at this hotel there was a woman guest at the desk who seemed oriented towards being very nasty tempered. Claudia and I were talking in German and this woman also spoke German and her attitude was so bad that we were ashamed for her, she was nasty in multi languages. We put her in her place in German. When we go to a foreign country we need to feel out the customs there so we don't offend anyone. Navajo Nation is an independent sovereign nation within this country. So this woman who was so nasty was being rude in 2 countries at the same time.

This morning we went into the Canyon with Eleanor. The trees have grown so much! It had been raining and there was water in the Canyon. Every time you go through the Canyon, the water has changed the terrain of the land and it looks much different than it did before. You can't go the same way and have to work around the water. Sometimes it is through rivers. The water laying in the Canyon looks like it has soap floating on it. Eleanor said it is from the water in the mountain. This whips up the water and makes it foamy. Eleanor told us she had been stranded overnight on 9th Rim, when it suddenly flooded. She said she saw a goat up on the mountain who was also stranded. Eleanor was able call out the next morning. We got some terrific footage of the Canyon. We also went to see Travis Terry, the flute player, he said he was glad we stopped by, but then, we always do. We made arrangements to have dinner with Terry and his wife. When we returned from the Canyon, Everett and his nephew stopped by and we went to lunch. We had an elaborate interview with him that we filmed.

This evening we are waiting for Terry, his wife and Everett to all get together and spend the evening with Claudia and I.

There are flood warnings this evening.

Our friends in Fort Defiance were supposed to come and pick up the food supplies we brought. We don't have enough time to wait out the mud, or to see if the family will be able to get to us, since we would have to drive down there. But they could not make it, so we made other arrangements. We will be leaving here tomorrow, but Everett is going to Phoenix. He is going to take the food supplies with him and someone will pick them up from him and in a few days drive them back here.... in about two days. So the food is making a little detour, but will be back in two days, so the people get it.

Tomorrow we are going to Dulce and Taos, New Mexico. We told Eleanor we're going there and about how I got sick last year. She said she had gone there and got sick also.

This evening we are enjoying a thunderstorm, while we are nice and safe in our hotel room, waiting for Travis and his wife to arrive.

Tuesday, August 9

Will pick up where I left off last night. We did not meet up with Travis Terry last night. But one of the guides told us that I forgot to mention that he shares videos of our shows with tourists from the tour busses carrying the shows to France and Italy. We thought this was exciting! We left the canyon this morning. No one told us the main highway was 82 miles of dirt, but we were able to make it okay. We asked a woman for directions and she said she knew a shortcut, we followed her. She took us over a pass that was paved and absolutely beautiful! On the other side of the pass was a place called Red Rock. We stopped to go to the bathroom and were talking with the woman who runs a video store, the sign said "Video Rental 7 AM to 8 PM". I gave her a copy of Bad Seed. The woman got excited and said the people bought DVD players and all she has is video tapes. The Bad Seed was the very first DVD she had in her rental place and she was so excited. As we traveled on our way we ran into some weather in Dulce, NM. While we were in Dulce, we bought round bread from the Apaches there. Next we traveled to Chama, New Mexico. This is a little town where they have a train haul supplies all around town, especially coal. We decided not to go to Taos, because we found a shortcut to Colorado, where we are going next. All the hotels in Chama were full except for one, no phone, no food. We went to a place called the Chama, New Mexico Trails Inn. All he had was the suite, but he let us have that for a discount, it was the same price other hotels were charging for regular rooms. We are so excited. The suite is large and has 3 beds. Tomorrow we will leave on our journey to Florence, Colorado.

Wednesday, August 10

We left Chama, New Mexico around 9 this morning. We could find no restaurant and we wanted to get across the mountain before the traffic became heavy. We had stopped in San Luis Valley and could find no place to eat there, so we traveled to Fort Garland and ended up eating there in a little place. While we were there an Avon Lady stopped and talked to us. She wanted to know more about crop circles, so we talked for a while. She suggested we might want to talk to her husband, he also wanted to talk about UFO.s and about some of his experiences. But we told her we couldn't do that, because we had to keep traveling. She left and returned a little while with her husband, anyway. We talked another two hours!

A little story here - before we left Olympia we had been told Highway 6 in Utah had been closed by a mud slide. By the time we left Provo it was fixed and opened again. While we were traveling a friend in Salt Lake City phoned to say a dynamite truck had exploded in the very same place on HWY 6. The Canyon had collapsed, so had the railroad tracks there. So Highway 6 was closed again.

We left Fort Garland and seemed to be following a truck for a long time. Then the truck was gone and we didn't see him for a long time. Suddenly the truck was in front of us again. We have no idea where the truck came from, but it was the same truck we had been following earlier. While we were on I- 25 a new Cadillac passed us and tried to take my spot on the Freeway, like he didn't see me at all. Then a biker lost his hat. He made a U turn on I- 25 and ran across the freeway to get his hat. Strange. Eventually we got to where we are tonight, Florence, Colorado. When we got here we learned there had been an earthquake where we had just left. We seem to be ahead of everything again.

We made unusually good time. We left Chama around 9 this morning, spent two hours talking with the woman and her husband in Fort Garland, and still got to Florence by 2 this afternoon! We had to go through three passes. One Elevation of 10,264 ft., another at 9,000 feet and the other one at about 8,000 feet. We also had construction in three places, plus we encountered cows on the highway.

Because of the short amount of time it took to get to Florence, I decided to reward myself with a steak. But when it was served to me, it was like jerky. I sent it back! So my dinner was a bowl of soup. We look forward to having a nice breakfast first thing in the morning.

We have just put our 4th tank of gas in the car. We are still getting very good gas mileage we think. We will be in Florence for several days and will be writing to you from here again tomorrow night.

Thursday, August 11

We are in Florence, Colorado! Today we went to Canyon City and shopped for a little while. We also visited with Friends and swapped war stories with them. We still haven't heard anything in our travels about the canyon in Utah that

collapsed, finally, we found an article on the Internet. We are very tired tonight. We will write more tomorrow.

Friday, August 12

We slept in this morning, because we were so tired. When we got up we decided to go get some food. We didn't get to town in time, all restaurants in Florence close at 2 o'clock in the afternoon! Eventually we found one place that would feed us. The food was OK, back to our room and got dressed up to go to the prison. When we got to the front desk of the prison they were in line for a while for electronic devices to scan people that looked like a vacuum cleaner. The woman in front of us was vacuumed and the guard started talking to her. She kept shaking her head and they asked her to leave. All the people behind her in line were directed to the bathroom to wash their hands, because they were afraid she had something on her hands that had registered on the vacuum cleaners, and they were afraid they had touched the same door knob she had touched. We did go to the next room to fill out papers. Then we waited one hour and they told us to go home and call tomorrow. We saw so much frustration on the faces of the people. Such helplessness!

Florence is in the middle of nowhere. There are no taxis.

There are two hotels, some people drive all day and night to get here. They come this far and then they can't get in to see the person they came to see. Visiting starts at 5 PM, but the gate doesn't open until 5 PM. There was a very long line of cars going to the Maximum/Supermax prisons there. We had to sign in after we got through the gate at 5 PM. Then we had to get where we are going and fill out papers again. Then we had our picture taken. Then we get vacuumed with the electronic vacuum device. By the time we are done signing in, it was a quarter to 6. Even if we had been able to get in to see Omar it would have been 8 before we had been able to see him and visiting hours end at 9 PM. No one was allowed in for a visit after the woman was turned away. I don't understand... the visitors ARE TOLD about the consequences of bringing drugs into these facilities.

We really wanted to see Omar. He is recovering from prostate cancer surgery, and he has not been well for some time. It took 4 months for Claudia to get on his visiting list. She lives in Germany and there is a lot of red tape to get through, it paid off and they finally gave her permission to visit him.

This process to visit inmates is terrible. Everyone is depersonalized - the inmates and the visitors.

So we don't know if we will be able to see Omar tomorrow or not. We will have to wait and call the prison to see at what point they are allowing visitors. If we knew what was going on, we could adjust our schedule. But since we can't do

this we are at the mercy of the system and wait to find out what the decision of the prison will be.

If you come by plane to Florence, the closest airport is Colorado Springs. Then you have to figure out how to get to Florence. The restaurants close in the middle of the afternoon. There are no cabs. It is very difficult to visit an inmate here.

Florence is like a ghost town with occasional people walking around. Even the grocery store that used to be here is gone. There is no grocery store here. You have to drive to Canyon City to shop.

This is a sad day for us and for all those other people who had traveled so far to visit someone.

While we were sitting here this afternoon we noticed the crickets suddenly began to sing as if it was on cue. So strange... they sing, just as suddenly they stopped. All of them. Then as if on cue again, they all started and then stopped again.

We don't know if we will even get to see Omar at all. We are hoping we will. We will write tomorrow and let you know what happens.

Saturday, August 13

We went to the prison today and we were able to see Omar. He is in a lot of pain from his prostate cancer surgery, very brave and pretended he was fine, but we could tell he was in pain. The uncertainty of not knowing what's going on with him bothers him very much. One of the guards at the prison remembered us. He had attended one of our lectures at the Mason Hall, I had given a lecture on electronic smog there.

When we were finished visiting Omar, the restaurants were closed again. But again, we were able to find one who allowed smoking even, welcomed us and fed us. We were grateful. We are also continuing to eat the wonderful Apache round bread we bought in Dulce, NM. We will attempt to visit Omar again tomorrow.

Sunday, August 14

When we went to the prison today we learned they had changed the rules. Visitors could not get through the gate until exactly 8 AM, 11 AM and 1 PM. Since we got there at 10 we had to wait in line an hour. We noticed something we thought was humorous. On each of the light poles in the whole prison compound we could see upside down nails. Each one had birds sitting on a "bed of nails". We joked about maybe this was to make the birds register, since they could not roost on the light pole as they usually do. We had another good visit with Omar. I had done some Quantum Touch with him yesterday and he felt better today and not in as much pain. We were happy to see that. We spent most of the afternoon and evening at the hotel. Because the restaurants all

close at 2 PM we could not find anyplace to have dinner. We all piled in the car and drove to the next town in our search and we were successful. Denise from the White Phoenix was visiting and she took us for dinner in Canyon City. Later on we packed the car for our trip tomorrow. Our landlady had confiscated my only copy of my book: And the moral of the story is... and brought it back to us saying she had read the whole thing. She also said she really liked it. Tomorrow we head for Laramie, Wyoming.

Monday, August 15

We are in Laramie, Wyoming and tomorrow we will be going to Kemmerer, Wyoming. When we left Florence we stayed on PIUTE country dirt roads for about 60 miles. We got lost somewhere along the way and the only place we could find to get directions was a Topless Bar. We went in and asked for their help and they were very kind to us, helping us figure out how we should precede in order to get where we wanted to be. Tonight we are exhausted from our trip. We had a lot of fun today, but we are oh so tired.

Wednesday, August 17

Tonight we are in Burley, Idaho. We had planned on driving to Boise, Idaho today but we hit some rough weather. We stopped and filmed the Pioneer Museum in Montpelier, ID. We sat in a wagon like in pioneer days. There were actors who played the Pioneers. Claudia got a Pioneer hat and she wore it the rest of the day.

We went to Hot Springs, Idaho where they have a really great geyser. We drove to Pocatello and then dropped down to Highway 30 for much of the day. Then we drove Interstate 86 to I- 84. We saw some questionable Crop Circle fields. We filmed a lot of thunder and lightening along the way. Last night we met a pipeline inspector named Shawn from Homer, Louisiana. He was staying next to us in the motel in Kemmerer. He showed Claudia funny pictures on the computer. It was his day off and he seemed to appreciate our visit. We talked a lot about the weather and some movies, CORE, which is still running on television. The fires are still raging in Washington.

We had been trying to contact Kanashibushan and since we could not reach her, we thought maybe she had been evacuated, because of the fires. But we talked to her and she had just been out of town. We were going to see if we could visit her on our way back home, so we could do the 2006 Predictions show.

Kanashibushan said she needed some time to relax and prepare and we will do the Predictions in a few weeks. Tomorrow we will be traveling north to Powder, Oregon. One thing Claudia complained about and she made it clear she was going to pass on and say was, that in the United States only one of the motels we have stayed in had a coffee pot. This meant we did have to buy a pot, so we could get our morning coffee, like we are used to.

Thursday, August 18

Today we drove through Boise, Idaho and did some filming there. We met a man in Bliss, Idaho who had a Rock Museum, we stopped and talked with him a while. We did interviews and filming all along the way today. We passed through Napa, Idaho a crazy place, because President Bush is going to be there. We also went to the Lava Beds in Idaho. I toyed with the idea of going on to Highway 12, but we couldn't because of the fires. We did a large part of the Oregon Trail today and I was able to film along the way.

Tonight we are in Baker, Oregon. Since 1997 I have wanted to do the story of the Geyser Grand Hotel. Each time we were too early or too late, or renovations were in progress, but today I got the story! I have always known ghosts were present, as I would pass it and these feelings were once again present when I was inside the Hotel.

We are getting into the bad weather. The only thing about the remainder of our trip that is causing me concern is the Pass I must cross in Pendleton, Oregon. but I am sure we will do fine. We aren't sure if we will get back to Olympia tomorrow or not. It will take a while.... Claudia has to catch a plane in Seattle, WA. Even at that.... tell me how many times we stop to do filming?

By retracing the 2005 8-State trip in 19 days we realized how many things changed, yet, some stayed the same.

SAME: Earthquakes in Colorado, approach of Katrina and as of time of this writing Irene.

SAME: Arizona was flooded and in many places on fire.

SAME: While on this trip we totally ignored the political scene, almost identical and demagogic to August 2011.

CHANGED: Omar now lives in Los Angeles, he was freed in 2010.

SAME: He is still recovering from his illness.

A lot is in a name, an 80 year old guest on my show once told the story that when her grandparents arrived at Ellis Island they discovered they did not have all of their documents in order. They told the Immigration officials their name was Murphy. It was assumed they had to be Irish and they were waved thru the long line of applicants. When we name storms we give them identity. In alphabetical order or not, it would be wise to take a look at the name first. Nomenclology is the art of interpreting names. It would be wise to examining the negative aspect of names given to weather systems of such magnitude.

Case in point:

KATRINA= pure, unspoiled.

Fiery, noticeable, even from a distance. Wickedly sarcastic, if patronized one will come away with more than a little sting. Difficult to be restrained in any fashion. She the ability of grouping people and makes a good coordinator setting in place model events.

IRENE=peace

At first positive.. then immersed in energy and initiative. Able to abandon path, only to further boost energy. She lives in many places, if briefly paralyzed she will change address and position herself for success. and only dissipate her energy by doing too many things at the same time.

At a very early part in my life I was a stay at home MOM.... believe it, even though a very few people actually remember this . The thing I remember most about that time period is that my Husband bought me a RAINBOW. I remember the sales person telling me it did everything except feed the babies.



Rainbow did all it promised. Spray painted, unclogged sinks and toilets, dry cleaned my cloth, had an attachment for Venetian-blinds, acted as vaporizer, with ice cubes is cooled the air, sucked dust off the furniture, destroyed Alleghenies while on low....dried my hair and oh yeah... collected water off my kitchen floor, stripped wax off the parquet, defrosted the refrigerator, sucked up insects and believe it or not...vacuumed my floor. The most amazing fact was

that no matter what got sucked up could always be recovered and removed from the water left in the canister, before emptying.

*Suppose for a minute, my neighborhood dog/wolf detects things in other realms. dimensions and realities and reacts to such. *Suppose for a minute, there are similarities and repeats in time lines and occurrences and we react to that.

*Suppose for a minute, the group of people creating the Ancient Alien Series managed to remove enough left over debris from the RAINBOW canister of time to help us visualize how things might have been and still are. An ever repeating cycle of things.

*Suppose for a minute, the stepping down of Mr. Jobs from Apple at this time, was a coincidence. Who is he and what ancient guidance is he following to affect our present like he is.

* Dick Cheney released his book and regurgitated the whole time era.

* While on the road, an American woman was murdered in Aruba. This August an American woman was murdered in Aruba.

* The young inspector from Homer, LA stayed in touch, his parents were killed in Katrina.

I went to town to pick up my friend, Kanashibushan, from the bus station, so we could film our yearly prediction show.

Her bus was delayed by 40 minutes. I asked the lady at the desk at the Greyhound station for the bathroom key. She said since I was not a ticket holder, she was not able to do so. I explained to her I really needed the bathroom, since I had a little emergency. I had not scheduled my #2. She pointed to the No Public Bathroom sign and said: "Read the sign". Oopps. And there you have it!!!

Love and Light
Lilian

If you have an old Rainbow you no longer want, I would LOVE to have it.... a new one is out of my reach for the remainder of this life time.

Lilian's October 2011 Newsletter

1999 was the year in which the first: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness show aired on TCTV . In order for me to get to the TV Station, which is located on Youger Way, I have to pass Youger Park. Regardless of the time of year, I always thought it was silly to call something a park, which is either in disarray from weather, a lake for the most part of the year and maybe a few times accommodates a few ball players. FINALLY, in 2009 I spotted a large sign, which read: **Recovery Act** and I thought it was pretty nice of President Obama to think of little ole Olympia and fix the disgrace of little Ole Youger Park. There was actually activity there for a minute and it is September 2011. No workers, a few trees. Benches, grass and oh yeah... a little ball field and the rest...in middle of summer...is still flooded and **looks like a pond. What a waste of money, it is a flood area.**

Next to the entrance of the TV Station is a bench and a table, along with an ashtray/trash-can and bike rack. I often sit there, cup of coffee and a cigarette in hand, to collect my thoughts, people watch...COMCAST is next door and has a constant stream of customers.... and talk to producers/directors coming to the station to edit, pick up or drop off equipment and some just stop by to see if there is a need to volunteer for shows currently in production. So it is on this day.

" Do you have a light?"

" Sure I do. Oh my, are you OK? Did they leave you here and forget about you?"

"Oh yeah, they just pull me out of the box when they want to goove around. No respect. The fact that I have been around since 1952 means absolutely nothing to people. I keep trying to tell them how things should be so they are operational, they won't listen. And you think you have problems! How can I smoke with an ear where my mouth should be."

"I thought it was a bit odd for you to talk out of your ear, but then I am not quiet myself either today."

"I heard you use to write for a paper, THE BUZZ, I miss the little stories. Like everything else, it is no longer around. I am having a hard time keeping my footing, no one appreciates my age and wisdom. Do you think we could have an intelligent conversation while you fix me?"

"I will try, if you can give me instructions as to what you want to look like. Now let me see that picture... that should not be too hard. Lets start with putting your helmet back on, to keep you safe from falling debris."



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"My right eye is not in the socket, does that disturb you or strike you as strange? People kind of belittle me, distort me and blame me for everything. If I didn't know any better I could think I was the government."

"In 1952 the Republican Party nominates former general Dwight D. Eisenhower to run for president, even though he had a history of heart attacks. Democrats nominate Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson, 52, of Illinois, whom Republicans denigrate as an "egghead," coining a new word to mean intellectual. Some accused Gen. Eisenhower's running mate of taking a "slush fund" of \$18,000 from California businessmen, and THEN...Sen. Richard Nixon appears on television September 23 and says, "I come before you tonight as a candidate for the vice presidency and as a man whose honesty and integrity have been questioned"; he denies that any of the money in question went for his personal use. Regardless of what they say about it, we are going to keep it. The speech produces more than 1 million favorable letters and telegrams."

"Hold still, the paint is falling off your eyeball, I take it you want it in the proper place correctly."

" And another thing... President Truman relieves Gen. Eisenhower of his post as Supreme Allied Commander at Ike's request in April and names Gen. Matthew Ridgway to succeed him. Gen. Mark Clark succeeds Ridgway in the Far East. Beijing (Peking) accuses U.S. forces in Korea of using germ warfare. U.S. Air Force planes bomb North Korean hydroelectric plants June 23, and by year's end some 1.2 million Chinese are engaged in the conflict under the command of Gen. Peng Dehuai (Peng Te-huai) The United Nations rejects the Soviets suggestion to accept China as a member."

"Take a deep breath and let me adjust your ear, it is pointing backwards...is there a point in you telling me this? Here it is 50+ years later and it sounds like some things happening today. I think we have evolved a lot more in that amount of time."

"HMM...that's what you think... careful... my eye is falling out again. Just listen to me and you can get a turn. In 1952 the National Security Agency (NSA) established by President Truman's executive order October 24 was a counterpart to Britain's 6-year-old GCHQ. Here is the kicker.... its huge budget will remain secret, officials will barely acknowledge its existence, and it will become larger than the 5-year-old CIA and the 44-year-old FBI combined. Established within the Department of Defense, it had mission to conduct electronic surveillance of communications; formulate and protect codes, ciphers, and other forms of cryptology; intercept, decode, and analyze coded transmissions by electronic or other means from potentially inimical foreign and domestic governments and individuals. Headed by some general or admiral, the super-secret group had operate posts around the world to intercept signals. The annual budget was in the range of \$5 billion. Think anything changed?"

"Your eyes are still crooked, I assume you can see straight. There is something stuck to the back of you, no wonder you are hunched over... here, I will put it in your hands... Those are you hands, I take it. EASY, no need to grab my paper, I will hand it to you so we can see if you can read."

Predictions 2011

1. The greatest pain has ceased, but the effects of incomprehension still affect us. We have to break the chains whether physical, moral, spiritual or mental. Avail yourself a truce that your enemies and torturers have granted you. Ease the tension and forgive with sublimation of love. We must face reality, we can do this.

The fallout from what now has been known as the "BUSH YEARS" had a much longer and harsher effect than first thought and anyone could have imagined.... For instance: A 2006 provision is liable to severely cripple the postal service as we know it.

2. We should not get discouraged, it's like a chess game. It depends on the moves. There will be some guidance that will give us the ability to overcome danger and difficulty.

The fact that congress has managed to resort to extortion and what has come to be referred to as HOSTAGE TAKING would come in this category.

3. Seven states will be in confusion. Look for the solution from the right path and persist. Understanding the humility leads to greatness. Only then will you reach your goal. Do not look down with arrogance, but do not underestimate the things you don't have. It may be due to a lack of learning and understanding.

Several States were in bitter fights over Union Rights and new draconian Immigration Law battles. What has become known as "OBAMACARE" is heading for the Supreme Court.

4. Without the Earth there is no pottery. Do not stop the driving force when feeling calm and sure. There is enough material in space, so do not make the mistake that these conclusions may not apply to other generations. Without that there is no evolution. This does not mean you can not ask for help.

The unending bickering within the government has progress stagnant. As the Earth Changes are in full force many more natural disasters will take place. Since building and maintenance of existing safety measures already in place.... dams, bridges, highways... is at a total stand still, many people will be affected.

5. We will bring anything we started to a conclusion as long as we don't omit anything, not even smallest detail. There will be changes in referencing to botany. Increase in vegetarian and naturalistic tendencies.

The drought in Texas caused the beef industry to re-think how to feed the animals, which we consume and waste. Many people have taken another look at the way they eat. Weather has taken a toll on the food supply. Radiation leaks have put peoples safety in jeopardy.

6. Capricorn - January

Taurus - May

Virgo - September

Crucial months for changes if they should occur.

7. Great denial on all fronts - childish behavior. Misguided need to suffer to mature. A lot of contradictions and opposite situations. Perversion, suicidal instincts. Psychological vampirism. 1000 masks for a single face because he does not know where he is or where he is going.

When turning on your television you will notice stories each day, which come in this category. Government is misbehaving, it would appear each day presents another challenge, we are behaving Bipolar.

8. Appearance in activity and actions will be more mental than physical as we enter a stage of self improvement. Issues with alcohol and sex.

9. Possible alliance with a compatible partner that could lead harmonious times. Time for celebration.

This, I feel is political and has to do with the election, which is already underway.

10. We are close to freeing our selves from the present situations, and our physical welfare becomes evident, and depends on the factors on how we remove the tentacles that still have us in a vice.

It has become apparent, we have become an outright hateful people, I am afraid that until this becomes corrected, there is little hope of removing ourselves from present circumstances.

11. Even though our image is improving with other countries, an alliance with the wrong 'party' could be detrimental, and we will lose our house.

Unfortunately this is taking place at the United Nations in reference to the Palestinian Statehood.

12. By perseverance we can achieve the success that we planned, gaining ground. A goat always reaches the mountain top. Even though profits are likely, do not kick the can down the highway. You can be surprised and fall as quickly as you rose from the top.

Kicking the can down the road has become apparent and has become a term often used in the blame game of politics.

13. We have almost reached the top -- does not mean we have reached the summit. We should free all that deserves to be free. Be careful not to create an imbalance between the emotions and the mind.

When we looked at the predictions for 2012 we saw that unfortunately we were correct AGAIN and everything will continue AS IS way into the upcoming year.

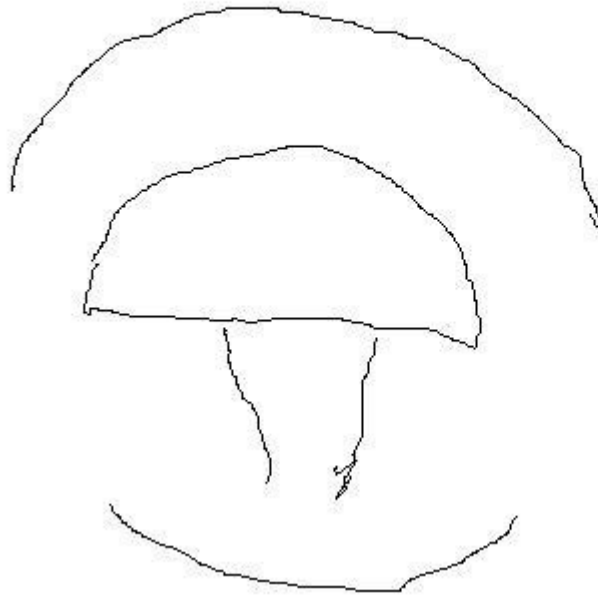
" I thought you had a mustache, must have dropped it, Here let me fix your mouth again and your nose is out of joint. Suppose you thought you were the only one with great knowledge, your recollection of 1952 and as you can see I can talk like that... in fact I too can be observant... in advance I might add. As you can see it is different looking back on things after the fact than trying to

predict an outcome of something, which is probable."

"The world is more open minded than I remember it. Some days a lot has changed, other days it is the same."

I stopped at Borders on the very last day the store was in existence. I was startled by a man coming towards me, as I was getting out of the car. He came real close, holding up his hands. He put his hands close to my face and insisted he had to show them to me. I explained I knew nothing about palms, he insisted I look at his hands. He pointed out that he had TWO lines across the palms...nothing else... TWO lines straight across. It appeared it was very important to him that I understood what he was telling me.

Here it comes : People's Head Line, (Cerebralis) and what it means ; Thoughts, Concentration, Understanding, Phantasy, Depressions, Splitting of consciousness. Most in people with Down Syndrome, which have ONE. This person mostly has no ego and does things instinctively out of Universal love. Strong Energy person. Stands their ground knows to use his energies, clear mind, forgets nothing... but thinks in a long term way. One Line represents a strong feeling person, which has sublimated increased driving force for humanitarian efforts. Feels compassion towards other people and wants to help. Has strong emotion. People with Down Syndrome are very special, loving and caring humans. He insisted very strongly that he had TWO lines because of his heritage. I asked him for a phone number, since I was unable to crasp neither the meaning nor the purpose for our encounter. He just walked away and disappeared. The only cars in the large parking lot was a silver-gray Hummer and my car. I checked with a Palmist and was told what he said was correct, except there is no explanation why this happened. While this was going on a Crop Circle appeared in my front yard. I did not discover it, family members did.



I thought it was a half a cup, some thought it was a mushroom. Many described it was a jellyfish, so we set out to understand the meaning of jellyfish.

Jellyfish reside in the warm seas across the whole planet. During warmer seasons they tend to move toward the poles, and during cooler months, they toward the Equator.

Jellyfish hold acceptance and faith, knowing and trusting that All That Is will provide the necessary for them to survive.

These are the only creatures that rely on movement for the sustenance of their lives - they have almost no ability to move on their own, depending oceans currents and the directions of the wind to move it on the way that it must go.

As they move in harmony with the currents of life, they show to us how to flow with the natural forces of Mother Earth. There are some ancient healers who hold the belief that the tapestry of true spiritual knowledge is held within the transparent form of the jellyfish.

Jellyfish know how to survive and only eat the most necessary food.

If this is your power animal, maintaining balance in all areas of your life is an important lesson for you to learn. When the jellyfish swims into your life, ask

yourself if you are flowing with life in a balanced manner or whether you are wasting too much time drifting aimlessly and not enough time actively crossing the currents and heading toward your goals. Watch yourself attentively and study the jellyfish, then balance can be achieved.

Jellyfish does not have a brain or central nervous system, but rather has a loose network of nerves, located in the epidermis, which is called a "nerve net". A jellyfish detects various stimuli including the touch of other animals via this nerve net, which then transmits impulses both throughout the nerve net and around a circular nerve ring, through the rhopalial lappet, located at the rim of the jellyfish body, to other nerve cells.

A friend flew over the Crop Circle, in his plane, and said it was a parachute about 60 feet in diameter.

"So you think many things have changed in the almost 60 years and Strangeness only occurs now. Here is something for you:

In 1952 a killer fog descended on London, it looked like fog and smoke at the same time, so they created a new word SMOG. The Kamchatka Peninsula of the Soviet Union was hit by a 8.25-9.0 earthquake, equal only to the 2011 Japanese earthquake. Washington D.C. is "buzzed" by several alleged UFOs tracked on multiple radars. Jets scramble on several occasions and the objects take evasive action, only to return after the jets leave the area. A fireball crashes in a backyard in Havelock North, New Zealand. Well, Lilian, you look a little troubled, now what is it? Please adjust my nose again, my smeller just don't want to stay in the middle of my face. AND I think your guy at Borders was an Alien."

"A few years ago I had the opportunity to film several shows dealing with legal issues, including the death penalty. About that time a man, James Byrd, was killed in Jasper, TX by three White Separatist. James Byrd was Afro American. I was privileged to talk to his mother and sister and was therefore informed of the horrendous way James died.

I used that story in my talks often when people asked me what their purpose is. I think in the final moment of James's life he know that his death would make a difference to MANY.

One of the first laws President Obama sign when coming to office was the Byrd-Sheppard Hate Crime Bill.

About that time I also talked to a woman, her name escapes me at the moment, which told me how both her and her husband were wrongfully accused of a crime and both sentenced to death. Her husband was actually executed, she

was cleared and freed when the truth came to light and it was discovered, the couple had caught a ride with the criminals, after a car crash. At the time of the filming of my show I was SURE the death penalty was WRONG and should be outlawed."

"Nothing has changed, in 1952 people were executed...

Capital Punishment and the Just Society by FATHER THOMAS D. WILLIAMS, LC... published in September 1952.

Modern sensibilities clearly lean toward the prohibition of capital punishment. There was a time, not long ago, when people and nations considered the death penalty useful, moral, and necessary as a punishment for serious crimes. This is no longer the case. There has been a fundamental shift in attitudes regarding the death penalty in the last fifty years. Since the Second World War nearly all democratic countries have outlawed capital punishment except in military law. On the global scene, ninety-nine countries have abolished the death penalty (by law or at least in practice), and for the first time in history, countries without capital punishment outnumber those that still permit the practice."

" Let me finish! The reason I am so disturbed today is because my soul is in a quandary. As it happens one of the White Separatist. which drug James Byrd to death ...after he stated he was not sorry and do it all over again... was executed in Texas. Troy Davis, a possibly innocent man was executed on the same day in Georgia. September 21 2011.

My dilemma is that I was OK with the execution in Texas and terribly shaken by the execution of Troy Davis. I wondered how by what I am sure was NOT a coincidence Troy Davis and James Byrd became connected in death. Both men having made such an impact on the lives of so many Americans. Maybe Troy Davis died for us to realize Murder is murder. Legal or not. I am deeply troubled and ashamed for my emotional behavior that day."

" My nose is out of joint again, almost like you want to out-do me with historical values, my helmet is slipping and I want another smoke."

"Say please, and I am not competing with your time period. we have much evolved since than. Everyone in a hateful mood. One more attempt to explain what may be related:

In 1980 I was enrolled in a program to establish the effects of off planet occurrences in people. The program was canceled by President Reagan....

Rather than to tell you about my experience AGAIN,

Solar flares can cause us to be nervous, anxiousness, worrisome, jittery, dizzy, shaky, irritable, lethargic, exhausted, have short term memory problems and heart palpitations, feel nauseous, queasy, and to have prolonged head pressure and headaches.

" I have done all I can do for you, thank you for keeping me company, here... you dropped your mustache."

The third Fall Storm is approaching, if I want to take one last look at Youger Park, still or already partly immersed, I had better do that now. I am going to sit on the side of the little hill and continue my quest to figure out how to tell Mr. Potato Head he is really a little rotten in places. It is too much for one person to get that big head out of his BUTT!

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. Mr Potato Head thought he was the only one knowing things... think again. 1967.

Lilian's November 2011 Newsletter

October was a bloody month. I don't mean "BLOODY" in the British or Australian sense of the word. I

mean bloody. Assassinations and killings...some cheered, some ignored it and some of us were rather disturbed. Demonstrations world wide and total despair for many.

Here is a post I wrote on my facebook: [www.facebook.com/Lilian Mustelier](http://www.facebook.com/Lilian_Mustelier)

In order to write newsletters one of the things I do to prepare is watch news feeds from ALL networks, so I can understand everyone's opinion. FOX NEWS has AGAIN shown me how UNFAIR their reporting is. Announcing the END of a war is Great News for so many people, yet, FOX turned it into a story of defeat, which is so sad. We truly live in a dual reality here...what is wrong with people. In the real world The War in Iraq is OVER!!!!!!

What hateful people! I am really going to change the channel, in fact, I am going back to bed

Police has taken : "I am just doing my job" to a new high. In one week alone 8 "Criminals" or "Suspects" were shot and killed in Western Washington. The officers are on administrative leave and I am surprised there are any officers left to monitor the "OCCUPYING" forces, which have sprung up in almost all towns around the state and major cities in the country.

I suppose I should describe my regular day to you...briefly...

I have terrible pain in my left arm and have learned how to maneuver it without causing unnecessary movement. Once a week I leave my home, run errands and stop at TCTV. Starting about 9 PM I start working on my shows, write newsletters when need be and answer phone calls till midnight. I associate a bit on Facebook with the friends in Europe, Australia, Africa and the Middle East and post interesting things, which occurred during the day. A friend in Australia uses what I post and works his talk show around the subjects. As you can see everyone is informed.

About 5 AM I start my ...I am going to bed now... take something for pain and do the up and down dance with sleep... my arm will not let me rest. Between 8 AM and 9 AM I am so worn out from up and down my body gives up and I sleep. About 10 AM I waken, take my heart pill with a spoon of NUTELLA and go back to bed, at which time I appear to leave the planet and go somewhere. About 5- or 6 PM I open my eyes, make my first pot of coffee and that is my current schedule....

The day it was announced the war ended, it was also the day when finally a 50-foot dead fir tree right behind my house, along with 7 others within a half a block away from my house, were cut down.

I did NOT hear any of the commotion, the saws, the voices, the trees fall, I did not even feel the vibration of the Earth as these giants laid down. Again I must have went "SOMEWHERE," I suppose it is the place we refer to as the Matrix and/or the Astral

Plane.

Over the past year I have noticed that sometimes I sit and rethink something I experienced or accomplish for the day, only to realize what I am remembering, did not happen in my Wake Time. Yet, it seems very real. As soon as my conscious realizes it did not happen in this reality, I forget and go back to what ever I am doing. This strange phenomenon has increased since I have reversed my sleep time.

In 1994 my very first article ever published appeared in a little local paper. It is entitled “**Feeling Earthquaky**”. When I opened the paper it read “Feeling Earthquacky” I was upset. A typo you suppose? In hindsight you decide. Here you are, feeling earthquacky. **Earthquacky** In the early 1980’s I was sick, a lot. Going to the doctor three to four times a week was normal. Only one problem.....my symptoms did not go with my illness. As a last resort I was sent to Seattle to what was then called the New Life Foundation. When I arrived I was interviewed by a MD, a Psychiatrist, a gentleman from Seismology from the University of Washington, a Minister and a Psychic. Wow! I thought at the time. I think I am really nuts. As it turned out it was determined that I was one of many people that was physically affected by earth movements.

After four months of close monitoring I was enrolled in a program which had been set up and government funded. We were given a chart to fill out on a daily basis and given a phone number to call whenever we felt ill. On the chart it listed symptoms such as palpitating heart, aches in joints, loss of libido, loss of equilibrium/balance, hot flashes (male and female) and headaches, kidney pain, depression, aggression, and a list of our own. We had to rate these daily forms from one to ten with five being normal. If we had an 8 or 9 and more than 3 symptoms we would call a phone number we had been given to get information on what was going on in the world. Like earthquakes, volcanoes, High Tides, and or eclipses. As time went on I realized I wasn’t nuts at all. I learned, before the government....President Reagan.... discontinued the program, that what was happening to me and so many others really had a logical explanation.

Having made a living in many ways over the years, this was during my period when I painted abstracts under the name of CANYA. I was asked to bring some of my paintings with me to one of my Test periods at New Life Foundation. I did. I was asked if I had ever heard of the book Thought Forms. I had not. What was so interesting was that 4 of my paintings were shapes. I had to explain what I was thinking when I created these pictures. I did. When the paintings were compared to photos in the book Thought Forms, they were identical. It was at that time I realized that **we create what we think**.

Imagine..... many people thinking the same thing at the same time strengthening this. I think that would come under mass-consciousness.

Imagine....when a person always things negative things, it is such one projects. When millions of people believe and pray for or invite a certain event into their reality, it is only logically the EVENT and OUTCOME will more likely than not take place.

Imagine... you in the front row of a small crowd. You yell at people to look up, because you see something. Others follow your line of sight and start to see things. Maybe not the same...since they don't know what it is you are looking at, but as soon as you tell

what it is several people will proclaim to see it also. More likely than not eventually they all see what it is you told them it was, you are the only person, who knows it is power of suggestion and there is NOTHING there. You have transferred your Thought-Form. Several years later the late Dr. Lee Lorenzen...a long time sponsor of my TV Show... was able to create Clustered Water. The water was programmed with thought and it took on definite shapes. He was able to take pictures of the changes in his healing water, compared to non programmed water. I must point out that it shows positive and NEGATIVE thoughts. Happiness, anger, disgust, feeling of well-being....you get the picture.

Music is created from thought forms. It is said by some, classical music is the voice of angles. Since there are only 8 notes, it is not surprising most music created in the past few hundred years have roots in the classics. Prince, Michael Jackson, Stevie Wonder and others have discussed the subject.

I saw a commercial about a contraption used for dogs, which have anxiety problems. Suffer from nervous disorder and are unruly when sensitive to sound and commotion going on around them. It is called a Thundershirt™. I was denied request to use a picture from their website, so I am improvising with a family dog, Hershe...it is the closest I can get to give you a visual. Thundershirt is a coat-like garment you put on your dog. Instantly the dog feels safe, comforted and confined. It calms the behaviour.



On real time, Steve Jobs died...when you review October's Newsletter it becomes apparent it deals with Mr. Potato Head, Toy Story all things connected to Mr Jobs. The Author of his, Mr. Jobs, book stated he, Mr. Jobs, had coined the term : Reality Distortion Field. He also said that Mr. Jobs had a magical way of changing time, in as much as when he wanted a 4-month project done in 4 weeks, over the objections of his workers, he would maneuver time and the project was completed in the time he, Mr. Jobs, indicated. At least that is the way I understood the explanation.

On the news they showed a bar code on the upper left side of the screen. It was suggested to run your cellphone over it and it gives you an app which guides you around the dilemma facing 110,000 drivers having to reroute their daily commute, since FINALLY, the Viaduct in Seattle was torn down to be replaced. The Viaduct was a rather dangerous piece of Highway 99 since the damage it sustained in the 2001, 6.8 Nisqually Earthquake.

The loss of Mr, Jobs will have long term effects on our lives.

The Series Ancient Aliens suggested that, according to Ancient Astronaut Theorists, technology was present on this planet many thousands of years ago.

If, for arguments sake, this is true... by Thought Forms and Reality Distortion Fields...some may be able to go back in time to retrieve the knowledge....there might be hope for the human race and our wonderful planet.

Al Bielek, one of the survivors of the Philadelphia Experiment, died, in October, at the age of 84 in Mexico.

Al was a good friend and one of the only people on the Planet I was able to turn to when I had challenges with time discrepancies. I wish people had treated him better in his life time, I am sure now everyone is ready to jump on his bandwagon AGAIN, trying to capitalize on his knowledge. Especially the self proclaimed debunkers, which so terribly discredited this great man. We thank his wonderful niece for the love and care she showed him. He will truly be missed.



Our Democracy looked a bit like a Revolution in some of the cities. Thundershirt for dogs cures anxiety, barking and tearing up stuff.

I am getting one. \$39.99 plus shipping and handling. Providing they make them for people.

Lilian's December 2011 Newsletter

A general Strike was called for Oakland, CA, at least that is what I read on the Internet just before leaving my house to run errands.

First stop was the little Post Office, which strangely enough survived, to mail hard copies of the newsletter to some of the older friends, which strongly refuse to own a computer. Two Ladies ahead of me were filling out a stack of custom forms for packages and two young men were just there. I asked if they, the young men were in line, they said: "no", they were just hanging out. I responded with:"Ghee, when I was young at least we hung out at the Liquor Store. There were Guys and Girls... if you know what I mean... and Drunks to tell you stories".

The clerk inquired if my Air Mail packages arrived safely in Germany. No,5 weeks and

no sign of them. They are stuck in Customs, even though they contained papers stating I was the Copyright holder of the DVD's enclosed. She thought maybe they were watching 72 hours of my shows before delivery. I thought I could have hand delivered them by now. The young men wanted to know what I meant so I explained that 2 hours to the Airport from my house, 7 Hours to fly to New York, 3 hours to board a ship to Bremerhaven and 21 days at sea. 2 hours to un-board and 4 hours per train to the addresses on the Par Avion. SLOWBOAT!

I asked if they heard of the rumor of a General Strike in Oakland, they thought it might be fun and they have somewhere to go, an Arcade maybe. I inquired if they knew what a General Strike consisted of, they did not and they were rather upset to hear that it meant to shut down a whole city. The clerk thought there had never been such a thing in the USA and she might be right, I cannot say. All I know that in my travels, I was stuck twice by a General Strike,

Left the Post Office and became a sandwich between two school busses and a fire engine. After 5 miles of stop and go I wondered what would happen, IF the fire truck had an emergency. I was relieved to see it was out of jurisdiction. I was about to be late for my rendezvous with my granddaughter Ebony and my great grandson Izzaiah, I call him ZooZoo. Just about then...LIGHTS and SIRENS and now what do I do? I veered to the right, the fire truck went ...barely... around me and PUFF.... the school busses were no longer there. While I was wondering where they went, I decided to follow the fire truck, which again was going away from home base and arrived along with the fire truck at Skippers, I made a left and the red machine kept straight. Skippers! ON TIME.

We ate and decided to stop people and ask if they knew the meaning of a General Strike, We went to Sears, Target and stopped people in the parking lot. Not ONE person knew. I have a PRESS sticker on my car, so people do like to talk.

While at Targee, like our First Lady Michelle Obama likes to call it, Ebony's mother called telling her she, Ebony, was going to be late for their Zumba session. Thought that was odd, since we had not been gone very long. I held up everyone at the counter, since none of my credit cards worked. I fussed with the poor clerk, since they worked 10 minutes earlier when I made my payments and now refused me.

Ebony and ZOOZOO left and I decided to drive through town to see where our "Occupiers" were. I found them, about 60 people walking in the middle of the main street, affecting 4 lanes of traffic. Just singing and drumming, just walking. Young, old, with baby buggies and pets. It looked more than a parade than a demonstration. No-one was at the Capitol.... I live in Olympia, Washington State.

I stopped at Starbucks and a Shell Station and repeated my search for anyone, who knew the definition of General Strike. No-one did.

I attempted to buy some candy at the Shell Station, my card was declined... again. I paid cash and the clerk informed me that he had trouble with cards all day.

I passed the big clock by the feed store and it was 5:54 PM and 42 degrees. I drove the half of mile to my house and it was 7:00 PM.

I suppose the clock was independent and did not Honor "BUSH TIME" or everything was a little out of sort, just like my sales receipt from the Shell Station, He had charged me a 35 cent service charge for using my non-working card.

Press Release

November 8, 2011

White House Response to the Disclosure Petition

Washington, DC - Sixty-four years after flying disks became a worldwide phenomenon, a formal position on this phenomenon has been issued in print by the executive branch of the United States government for the first time. On Friday, November 4 the Office of Science and Technology Policy (OSTP) responded to two petitions submitted to the We the People section of the White House website. One of these, the Disclosure Petition, was submitted by Paradigm Research Group. The White House response gave the administration's assessment of the assertion by a growing number of researchers and activists that flying disks and other related phenomena confirm an extraterrestrial, non-human intelligence engaging the human race.

OSTP researcher Phil Larson wrote, "The fact is we have no credible evidence of extraterrestrial presence here on Earth." Unfortunately for the OSTP and the Obama administration, that assertion is false. Furthermore, given that approximately 50% of the American people are now convinced of an extraterrestrial presence and more than 80% believe the government is not telling the truth about the phenomenon, it is an embarrassment.

There are only four possible explanations for this statement from the OSTP:

- 1) It is a political lie. Whatever the executive branch personnel may know about extraterrestrial evidence, the administration cannot acknowledge any such awareness in order to protect the President's political prospects in the next election.
- 2) It is a national security lie. The administration cannot acknowledge any such awareness of the evidence as a matter of national security. Which is to say the people cannot handle such truths.
- 3) It demonstrates the present executive branch of the United States government, including a substantial collection of military, science and intelligence advisors, is

completely unaware of the massive evidence for an extraterrestrial presence that has been accumulated over six decades by an extraordinary citizen science/truth movement. Which is to say the administration is both ignorant and incompetent.

4) The statement is correct and the aforementioned accumulation of evidence is just a sixty year, worldwide misunderstanding.

There are no other possible explanations, and in due course administration officials will have to defend their formal statement on one of these bases.

Paradigm Research Group invites the political media to give the evidentiary matrix behind the extraterrestrial reality a modest examination and consider challenging the Obama administration's position on what is easily the most important issue in the world today. Such an examination might include:

1) Reviewing quotes by persons of high rank and station over many decades.

2) Reviewing a database of thousands of sightings by pilots in flight. This database is managed by NARCAP.

3) Reviewing the following books: UFOs and the National Security State - Vols. 1 and 2 (Dolan), UFOs and Nukes (Hastings), Witness to Roswell (Carey/Schmitt), UFOs: Generals, Pilots and Government Officials Go On the Record (Kean), Missing Times: News Media Complicity in the UFO Cover-up (Hansen), Above Top Secret (Good), Abduction: Human Encounters with Aliens (Mack), Top Secret/Majic (Friedman).

4) Reviewing the following documentaries: Out of the Blue (Fox/Coleman) UFOs: 50 Years of Denial (Fox) The Day Before Disclosure (Toftenes)

5) Reviewing the public statements of two astronaut legends: Col. Gordon Cooper and Dr. Edgar Mitchell.

6) Reviewing the government witness testimonies amassed by the Disclosure Project.

The above represent but a small fraction of the evidence the White House now formally claims is either not credible or does not exist, and there is one more area of inquiry the political media might engage - one with an ironic aspect.

From early 1993 to late 1996 billionaire Laurance Rockefeller engaged the Clinton administration through the Office of Science and Technology Policy to convince President Clinton to release all files regarding the UFO/ET issue and end the truth

embargo. Why is this relevant to the current administration? Those persons who at the time were either directly involved with or knew about what has come to be called the "Rockefeller Initiative" include: Bill Clinton, Hillary Clinton (Secretary of State), John Podesta (Obama transition co-chair), Webster Hubbell, Leon Panetta (CIA Director/Secretary of Defense), Dr. John Gibbons - involved; Albert Gore, Bill Richardson (Governor of New Mexico) - knew.

None of these high level officials have ever spoken publicly about the Rockefeller Initiative or been asked a single question about the Initiative in public by the political media. Perhaps it is time for that to change.

PRG executive director Stephen Bassett will soon submit more extensive op-ed commentary on the OSTP position statement to the appropriate newspapers for consideration.

Contact: Stephen Bassett

It was interesting to see the following in the Huffington POST.

Although it may seem surprising that a member of the royal family would have an interest in UFOs, Prince Philip is not the first. In fact his uncle, Lord Mountbatten, had similar [interests](#). In a biography by Philip Ziegler in 1985, he wrote that Mountbatten had admittedly "far-fetched" ideas about the origins of the mysterious phenomenon. Ziegler explained this idea in his book:

[We were] both convinced that they come from another planet but we mutually and independently came to the conclusion that they were not 'aeroplanes' with silly little almost human pilots but are themselves the actual inhabitants: Martians, Venusians, Jupiterians or what have you. Why should life in another planet with entirely different conditions in any way resemble life on our planet? Their inhabitants might be 'gaseous' or circular or very large. They certainly don't breathe, they may not have to eat and I doubt if they have babies--bits of their great discs may break away and grow into a new creature. The fact that they can hover and accelerate away from the earth's gravity again and even revolve round a V2 in America (as reported by their head scientist) shows that they are far ahead of us. If they really come over in a big way that may settle the capitalist-communist war. If the human race wishes to survive they may have to band together.

Several countries have released their information, or at least part of it, so it is rather surprising... or not...that this chance for at least some disclosure has been missed.

The hype about 11.11.11. has passed and so will the next money making schemes confronting us. It is, after all the end of the year BEFORE 2012 ! Throughout the year I have noticed certain companies changing the programs they sponsor. I call it flying your flag, wearing something which identifies you with a certain group or line of thinking, not knowing how to come clean with it. I thought about how this is the only country one can speak ones mind and say how corrupted we think everything is. We can VOTE and how important that is and only when we participate, can we change things. On how when you have one million people or more marching united in One Cause and One Purpose how orderly they can be, because they have the same end result in mind. Even though BIG BROTHER is well on the way, as a people we are still able to gather in peace if given a chance and how the corruption and behavior of the people is just a tool in the big picture of the UNIVERSAL ORDER.

Nonlethal weapons became popular during the Newt Gingrich era. In my book written in 1997 I wrote and quoted the following:

"The 1/96 Progressive Magazine reported that a 1995 article, "Non-Lethal Technology and Air power", in the Air Command and Staff College's Air power Journal, describes how so-called non-lethal psychotropic and electromagnetic weapons will be used against civilians: "In the very near future, it will become clear that non-lethal methods have applicability across the entire spectrum of conflict, including crime and terrorism..."

"Years before he became House Speaker, Newt Gingrich wrote the foreword to an official U.S. Air Force book that described how electromagnetic weapons can be used to subjugate U.S. citizens who oppose the policies of the Federal government. The publication, titled Low Intensity Conflict and Modern Technology (Lt. Col. David J. Dean, USAF, Editor), contained a chapter written by Capt. Paul Tyler that deals with electromagnetic, (so-called) non-lethal and psychotropic weapons.

Because of the strong support for using the U.S. military against civilians (as clearly demonstrated by recent anti-terrorist legislation), this Air Force publication (and its relationship to HAARP) is very significant. Capt. Tyler stated:

"The potential applications of artificial electromagnetic fields are wide-ranging and can be used in many military or quasi-military situations. ...Some of these potential uses include dealing with terrorist groups" (as currently defined by the Clinton administration), "crowd control, and...antipersonnel techniques in tactical warfare. In all cases, the electromagnetic systems would be used to produce mild to severe physiological disruption or perceptual distortion or disorientation" (psychotronic weapons application).

I was fortunate to have discussions, as late as 2003, with DR Nick Begich, author of Angles don't play this HAARP. We concluded that Newt Gingrich was the biggest

supporter of the HAARP PROJEC

As it turns out the bathroom would appear the only "PRIVATE" place left for us. We feel secure, unmonitored, yet, we are vulnerable at the same time. I always encourage everyone to be sure to pay attention to their thoughts in this private place, since our thoughts and Ideas are always valid when in our "sacred space". To take my own advice..... I thought about the year 2011 and all the amazing things we had available to us. 3-D, HD. super speedy computers, smart phones, touch phones and technology, which changes every day. So why is it, that politicians stuck in their old mental time period want to send us back to Ping-Pong and Donkey Khan.

A nippy storm was approaching, thought I had better collect my medicine...Rite Aid called, telling me it was ready... and on the way home decided I was going to check out the new Walgreen's, which our little town was blessed with. I talked to the staff there and welcomed them into the neighborhood and explained how grateful everyone is for their great gift collecting under \$ 10.00.

Upon my leaving the store I looked up and there in the sky it looked like the Mima Mounds had been transported in to the sky. I had neither phone nor camera, so I went back inside and asked if anyone could take a picture for me. I was told that that was not possible, employees are not allowed to bring phones to work. I bought an old fashioned disposable camera and took pictures of this unbelievable sight. Left the parking lot and turned left into the main highway.

In passing, a young man standing by the side of the road caught my attention. On the next corner was an old woman with a sign: **will work for food** and a girl with sign I was unable to read.. I must have driven a good 2 miles when I just knew I had to go back and check on the young man standing on side of the road. The feeling was so overwhelming, so I made a U-Turn ...during rush hour... and returned to where I had spotted him. Unable to get there from where I was, I drove into the Albertsons parking lot and parked at the end of the adjoining gas station.

I am leery of only two breeds of dogs. German Shepherds and Rottweiler. Fear grabbed me as soon as I opened the car door. A Rottweiler ran toward me, he was all over me, so glad to see me, like I was his long lost friend, No way for me to get back into the car, as I took a deep breath to keep him from knowing how scared I was, I noticed he was a service dog. Strange, I thought, service dogs don't act like that, I calmed down and said: "Heh, Mr. Doggy, where is your Daddy?"

The dog took me to the young man I was seeking and I noticed he, the young man, was blind. I asked him what was he doing there, standing in the rain, so far off the main He wanted to know where he was and I said Tumwater. He said he was from Lacey...14 miles north... a woman had bought him to the spot promising to give him and the dog a

tarp. He had been waiting for a long time, she never came back. I apologized for not being able to return him to Lacey, my car is fully loaded with stuff and a walker in the backseat.

I asked if they had eaten, he shook his head no. I explained that my grandson-in-law works at a restaurant on the other side of the parking lot and invited him and Dog to come with me, so I could find some food for them, Understandably he thought he wanted to stay where he was, in case his circumstances changed. I offered to get the food and bring it to him.

My Grandson in Law was not working, but some of my other family members were. It was my first time ever having been there...I asked the owner if he had any scraps for the dog and ordered a meal for the young man. I chatted with the owner and at one point the young man and the dog came into the restaurant. I asked him to sit down and join me for a cup of coffee....about that time the food was ready. The young man shook my hand and said: "thank you Lilian, you have no idea what you just did". He opened the door, dog first, leading him, I stepped behind him to close the door and they were gone, vanished.

We aired Episode 825 of my 1-hour show: [A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness.](#)

I lost some friends in 2011. Some to death and some to our crazy times and the political divide, I am not sure which one of the two saddens me more.

It is said ignorance is Bliss. The world is in turmoil. December is, to some account, America's holy month. We are HOLEY,

I saw an ad on the reader board at TCTV. It implied that if you are tired and don;t know what to do you might consider becoming a Catholic Sister....I am assuming it is a requirement to be female to apply for that job.

I try to stay informed and fill my holeiness, but how I wish I could just live in BLISS.

An easy transition into 2012 and Love and Light

Lilian

The Last Word For Now:

It is the end of the book, next year will be just as exciting....maybe. It will be 2012, after all.

2011 was rough for most of us. For me personally it was a bit better than the previous year, some of my health improved. Unfortunately I was not well enough to travel and learned how to get from point A to point B using the NET. I am getting pretty good at it.

Some say friends in the virtual reality are not real friends, I would like to correct that. I have "MET" and cherished my Virtual friends as much as any others. We have talked on the phone, shared music, tears and laughter. I am learning how to SKYPE next year, so watch out!

Just to remind you, the show: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness is still going strong, please share your stories with me.

Feel free to send thoughts, letters and anything else we can include in next years edition of the NEWSLETTER book.

Just to remind you the "P" stands for PSYCHIC.

I am so grateful to be on the Planet at this time, what exciting times to see things unfold.

IF everything plays out the way imagine it will....we will still be here for book number six.

OH YEAH! Thank you Mr. President Obama for not giving up on us.



Fatima Lilian Mustelie immigrated to the United 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 of the Story is...One Person at a Time*, *Remembering your Future*, *The Big P, 2 P's are better than 1*, and *All I Can Do is P*.

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[facebook.com/lilian mustelie](http://facebook.com/lilianmustelie).

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