

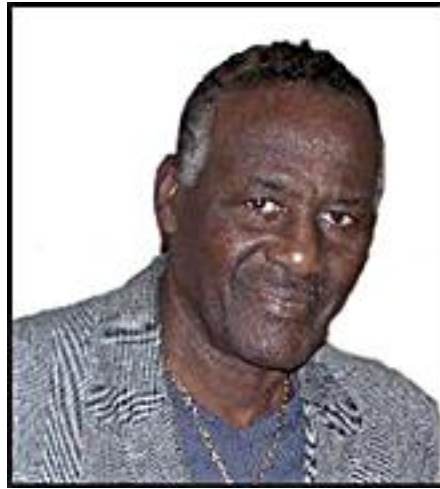
2012

So what am I still doing here?



A collection of
Newsletters and Short Stories from 2012
by
Fatima “LILIAN” Mustelier

© High Strangeness.tv 2012



Charles William Benjamin was my friend. We often talked about his early years in his Homeland of Guyana, and how great it was to take part in the Olympics and life in our new home America.

I remember the time we ended up at the Ski Lodge on Mt Hood, accidentally making a Miller Commercial with the Jamaican Bobsled Team when their band was stuck in a snow-storm and Charles's band Tropical Rainstorm was used in lieu of.

I remember all the work, "For Betterment Of Men" he did while Worshipful Master of our Fred Harris Lodge.

I remember the kindness he had shown me for many years and the comfort he gave me when we lost our good friend Keith Eubanks.

I remember the last phone conversation we had in 2010. He informed me that he had thought about all the things I said to him and how he had finally decided to do the things the way he wanted to do. And he notified me that from now on he wanted to finally call himself WILLIAM.

In 2012 I looked for my friend because I missed him, and he had dropped out of sight.

I discovered William had died in 2009, and NOT ONE PERSON thought it was necessary to notify me.

I also discovered that William had called me AFTER he died. I guess it was his way of saying goodbye except I missed it.

So I dedicate this book to you, my dear friend. I did locate a signed copy of YOURS TRULY and listen to it when I think of you.

I remember all the things you told me, William, and I am putting them to good use.

I thank you for having spent time and space with me, and may Universe take you to the Heights in the stars you so desired.

And here are the Thank You's!

It is customary to acknowledge people that have been supportive during the crazy times of giving birth to a book. So I shall get on with it...

My family: David, Conner, Michelle, J and Lori. Tamara, Brian, KK. Destiny, Carlos, Iliana, Ebony, ZOOZOO, Malcolm, Stacy, Vanya, Maeson, Sirius and Chianti. Claudia, Dieter, Jeanette, and my soul mate Omar. Once again they put up with my obsessive behavior in order to finish this project.

Anne, my greatest critic.

Lisa Bielski, Mike Johns, Tim and Slavka, Tom Stahl and Patricia Michl, not necessarily in that order.

Dennis Kucinich for restoring my faith in truth and courage, to inspire me and cheer me on in my ethics.

The Navajo Nation for allowing me to find peace of mind in spirit at Canyon DeChelly.

Kathryn Grandfield for saving you, the reader, from terrible spelling.

Tim for again believing in me. Bill Ramsay for keeping me sane.

Ami for pretending to suffer from insomnia so I don't feel bad about calling her in the middle of the night.

Lia Shapiro of Alien Tribe for her support and friendship.

Sten Westling for the cover Photo.

Micheal Lillie for creating the book cover.

Justin B Wright for editing this book for you!

My fans for cheering me on!

AUTHOR'S NOTES

I can't believe how fast this year has passed, and here we are again. At this point everything written by me in 2012 is safely tucked away in book form. This year also in Kindle form, if that is what it is called.

2012 was the last year I produced any new TV Shows. Instead we are playing Encore presentations and completed downloads of 245 shows to Blip, Youtube and my website. Only 512 to go. Who would have imagined there was so much to talk about!?

I turned 65 this year, a good time to turn TV over to a younger face, HOWEVER... There is talk of a radio.webshow in 2013.

I so appreciate you taking the time to see what the world was up to and laugh with me on occasion. It is amazing how we handle life's idiocies.

**Come into my Queendom and enjoy!
So there you are.... Ready, Set, GO!**





FOREWORD

I first met Lilian around 1998 while directing the TV show of another producer at TCTV. Lilian was the guest on “Living Solutions with Nancy Seals”, a live psychic call-in show. She poached me (willingly) away from Nancy, and I began to direct her show “A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness.” I had started my own live show, “Dance O’ Dance” with an awful timeslot of Wednesdays at 4PM. It wasn’t until we switched to Fridays at 8PM that we understood just how awful the previous timeslot had been. One Wednesday afternoon the only person dancing that hour was Lilian!

In her first book, “And the Moral of the Story is... One Person at a Time,” Lilian encounters grasshoppers on a road trip and looks up the significance. When a grasshopper appears it is in indication of an uncanny leap. I felt an affinity for this creature going back to my childhood. I used to watch David Carradine in the TV show Kung Fu. His character, a Chinese-American Shaolin monk, was nicknamed “Grasshopper” by his old blind master.

Master Po: [after easily defeating the boy in combat] Ha, ha, never assume because a man has no eyes he cannot see. Close your eyes. What do you hear?

Young Caine: I hear the water, I hear the birds.

Master Po: Do you hear your own heartbeat?

Young Caine: No.

Master Po: Do you hear the grasshopper that is at your feet?

Young Caine: [looking down and seeing the insect] Old man, how is it that you hear these things?

Master Po: Young man, how is it that you do not?

When I decided to pursue martial arts in college I studied an Indonesian-American style known as Poekoelan. My teacher illustrated the philosophy of the style using the rose: beautiful petals hiding deadly thorns.

I also studied the post-modern Japanese dance form, Butoh. My teacher there also used the rose as a powerful symbol meaning the impermanence of suffering and persistence of love. I grew up in Portland, known as the City of Roses. I had a great aunt, a sister, and a girlfriend named Rose. [Technically, for two of them, it was their middle name.] It made sense that I would choose a rose for my first tattoo, at the Electric Rose tattoo parlor.

When I read the passage in “And the moral...” that mentioned grasshoppers I understood that this insect had been one of my spirit animals. Lilian took a trip to Colorado that year and asked if she could bring anything back for me. Without hesitation I replied, “A grasshopper.” She waited in a field for several hours with a friend and caught one for me in a jar. When she gave me the jar, all I saw was what looked like the ghost of a grasshopper in the bottom. Neither of us knew at the time that a grasshopper sheds its skin, or more technically its exoskeleton, like a snake. The actual living grasshopper was still alive and hiding on the inside lid of the jar. He had undergone transformative growth and left his old self behind. I decided then to honor my spirit animal by getting a grasshopper as my second tattoo.

A grasshopper jumps into a bar, and the bartender says, “You know, we have a drink named after you.”

The grasshopper looks surprised and says, “You have a drink named Herbie?”

Several years later, on March 14, I was in Ellensburg and decided to commemorate Pi day (3.14) with a Pi tattoo. To me it represents the irrationality of life. Pi is an “irrational number” that cannot be expressed as a ratio of whole numbers. When I told the artist I wanted “the symbol for Pi” he gave a quizzical look and assuming I meant “PIE” began to reach for his Japanese dictionary. “No, no, the math thing,” interrupted the girl running the register, and she quickly jotted down the familiar table shaped marks: π . The artist took it on himself to thicken the lines, and now I have something reminiscent of a Wolf Howling at the Moon. By the way, did you know that 314 is PIE backwards? Mind=blown.

I only have four tattoos, and you must hear about the final one because Lilian both inspired and paid for it. It actually completes the set in a way. In 2003, I was engaged to be married but between jobs when I heard from Lilian that she planned to attend the 12th Annual International UFO Congress Convention and Film Festival in Laughlin, Nevada. She needed a cameraman to come along so she could interview some of the world famous guests. The trip was financed by her angel investors, and all my travel, food and lodging would be covered. I leapt at the idea. I sorely needed an adventure like those she’d described in her book.

Let me step back for a moment to explain my position on all the High Strangeness. My father is one of the world’s ultimate skeptics. He’s an electrical engineer who got into forensic animation (cartoons recreating fatal accidents). For him everything has either a rational explanation, or it’s crazy made-up bull\$#!. My mother was a lawyer, and things need to pass the evidence test as well or they are inadmissible. Facts are separate from hearsay. Granted, she also has a willingness to entertain certain poetic and mystical notions like: Your Car is Your Way. Her parents originally came from the Indonesian island of Java. Although they (and she) were raised Catholic, there were ancient animistic beliefs woven throughout the community. I heard that great Grampa had a Keris (a traditional curvy sword forged with an alloy of meteorite iron) that protected him in snake infested territory. Oma Selma told me that she was able to see auras. Opa Rudy got deep into the Woo-woo and often talked about Edgar Cayce, reincarnation, and the Egyptian god Ra. The rest of the family didn’t exactly encourage that kind of conversation. They all basically humored him. That’s what I learned to do. I learned to be a somewhat dispassionate listener.

As the director for Nancy and later for Lilian, I didn't have to believe all the theories of the guests to make good television. In fact, it's easier to focus on the technical side of the job when you can compartmentalize the content as "the audio signal" or "the video insert". It's a lot harder if you take the myriad conspiracy theories (or cancer cures) to heart. Point being, I have had to indulge a lot of exhibitionistic people who needed their moment of fame, but it was all For Entertainment Purposes Only. That changed with the trip to Laughlin.

Lilian and I volunteered to be judges for the documentary film festival, watching dozens of movies about Angels, UFOs, Aliens, Orbs, and Crop Circles. Many of them pushed the limits of credulity and would not pass the giggle test. An "artist's rendering" of the "being" you say you saw doesn't convince me.

However, one subject had ample photographic, videographic, and physical evidence in addition to the anecdotal: crop circles. They are undeniably real. The phenomenon has evolved over the centuries from simple circles to intricate football field sized patterns. When we saw the documentary "Crop Circles: Quest for Truth" projected on a big screen I recognized High Strangeness indeed. It was a goose-pimpling hair-raising moment to see the immense scale and quantity of circles being analyzed with honest-to-goodness scientific diligence. Dad would have had a field day with it, I'm sure. His go-to motto is Occam's razor, namely that a simpler explanation is more correct than a more complicated one. In the end, he could be correct in assuming every single formation has been man-made, and that's less complicated than alien leprechauns.

Speaking of leprechauns though, let me bring in another voice, that of Terence McKenna. I first heard McKenna on a cassette talking about "the self-replicating machine elves of hyperspace". You can apparently only see these 'elves' after taking the powerful psychedelic DMT. It's appropriate that he figure in this rant because of his work around the I Ching, Mayan calendar and novelty theory. He proposed a timewave zero that increases interconnectedness eventually reaching a singularity of infinite complexity in 2012. On December 21st. [8 weeks away as of this writing!] You won't be able to call him up and say Neener-neener on the 22nd though. He passed away in 2000.

It's another of his theories that I want to share, however. He was once asked why he thought people believed so many strange things. It was a "Balkanization of epistemology". One person believes fervently in the channeling of arch-angels and their neighbor is a strict econometrist. We've got a lot of mutually exclusive operating systems, so how do we tell the \$#! from Shinola? McKenna brought up Plato's idea of "The Good, The True, and The Beautiful". It's tricky to tell what is good. It's even trickier to tell what is true. But it is easy to discern what is beautiful. As a species, in spite of our huge intellect, we mostly choose based on aesthetics. Some folks like a lot of stained glass and Latin framing their world view. Others like knocking on doors and handing out pamphlets to give their lives purpose. Still others drink grasshoppers and tell long meandering stories about their tattoos.

I decided to get a crop circle tattoo. I didn't choose the latest, most detailed version. I chose version 2.0: the ring. Originally, for hundreds of years only circles appeared. Then, one day a ring appeared, and it was an uncanny leap in crop circle evolution. I told Lilian my plan, and she handed me the money. It was 2/3/2003. I took a bus from our hotel across the Colorado River from Nevada into Arizona. In so doing, I had suddenly gained an hour, as I crossed from one time zone to the next. I had to walk 2 miles to my destination, Time Warp Tattoo. In the end, a black & white diagram of a crop circle ring looks something like a total solar eclipse. Now my tattoos can make a rebus: the sun and moon rose for grasshopper pie.

What I've been trying so hard to convey is that if you encounter Lilian, her show, or her writing, the voice of your intuition may get a little louder, and you too may be drawn into a life changing adventure. At our house we get a lot of mileage from the old Latin phrase *De gustibus non est disputandum* which in English means "There's no arguing taste." Or as the Indonesian proverb puts it "Different men have different opinions; Some like apples, some *onions*."

Whether you like apples or onions, I hope you will find something to your taste within this book.

Jusby the Clown, Olympia, 11.3.2012



"Levity"
(c) Bil Fleming

This Clown Crucifixion montage entitled "Levity" was the result of Bil Fleming's "the Great Clown Photoshoot". It made its public debut at the 2009 Fall Arts Walk as a 40" x 40" print hanging in the window of Hot Toddy.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Because Lilian has readers whose primary language may not be English I have taken special care that MUCH of this version is grammatically correct in English so that future translations will be easier. I've attempted to preserve Lilian's voice and style in this book. However, the fact is that she is sharing the stage here as she does on her show and in her other books. This is primarily a collection of monthly newsletters which sometimes contain material written by friends or trolls on Facebook or other websites. I've kept MANY of the misspellings and grammatical idiosyncrasies to preserve the flavor.

Justin Wright, 12.7.12



INTRO by Christopher Allen Brewer

"It is not change that we fear, but the speed at which it takes place". This quote from author and medical intuitive Caroline Myss is one that has echoed about my head many times this year. I have seen countless examples in 2012 not only of change, but of the fear that accompanies it, despite our best attempts to embrace the knowledge that all is happening according to Divine order. So many of us have experienced so many variations of this, during 2012 in particular. Most of them are sudden, and some of them happened so incrementally that we didn't even see them until they were upon us. For many, time has sped up (as if it weren't moving fast enough). And yet I have also seen just as many opportunities granted to those riding out the proverbial storm. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, though despite an endless progression of vivid dreams, I haven't exactly been shown the best method of progression. I have been doing and learning many things on the fly of late, able to hold on to no more than my intention, and a willingness to be ready.

When I first met Caroline at a Tattered Cover bookstore in downtown Denver, she was accompanied by her friend and fellow author Clarissa Pinkola Estes, who wrote "Women Who Run With The Wolves", among many other other empowering bodies of work. A particular sentence Clarissa had uttered during the presentation also continued to echo about my head as I approached the teachers with books they would sign for me, "Now is the time. Now is the time."

I would see Caroline a couple more times over the years and when I ran into Clarissa again at the exact same Tattered Cover earlier this summer I felt as if many events, wisdoms, losses, worries and miracles had come full circle. I was vastly more empowered, educated and alive than I was when I had first seen these friends laughing like schoolgirls and whispering as I approached their table, at first intimidated by them but later beaming with grace as Clarissa sized me up and remarked how she "liked my look". She sent me off with a dare to uncover the Divine Mother in every aspect of my life, who was always there when I needed her, nurturing, loving, devoted. In true synchronistic fashion, she then began popping up everywhere, always when I felt the most vulnerable.

I wanted so much to provide for others what they had for me, which was the gift of story, arranged in such a way that it could become a great helium in one's balloon regardless of the weight and pressure I felt building in the world around me year after year. I had come to believe that words were alive, and as I sat with them over long evenings in solitude I began to understand how to sort them out in ways that would both uplift and inspire total strangers from across the globe.

Performance artist Laurie Anderson, who I also had the pleasure of speaking with after a couple of her shows in Boulder, Colorado, helped to expand a concept explored by author William S. Burroughs in which he claimed that language was a virus communicable by mouth. They believed that words were alive, and as I continued to explore this bizarre notion, thinking of their gestation and mutation within myself, I couldn't help feeling a little saddened by what had become of language in general this year alone.

A best friend of mine, one who I had known for over two decades, had come to the point in her texts and internet posts in which no one could understand her anymore, including me. Everything was abbreviated with the ever-popular "OMG"s, "LMFAO"s or "ROT-

FLMAO"s, "UNI"s, and TTYL"s, not to mention the emoticons she was creating that were supposed to resemble horizontal faces, in addition to several references of hers to obscure and bizarre internet memes: humorous concepts that spread through the web, much like a virus...

I would lose this friend by the end of summer, still grasping at who she had been, or who she could be. I had asked if she might imagine walking beside a rice paper thin wall, and on the other side she could almost see her other self, her higher self, whispering to her, "This is who you could be. Cross over. Now is the time." She had helped me move back to Manitou Springs, an area so sacred to the former Ute Indians that they would remove their war-paint upon entering its valley. I had moved back there just in time to be evacuated from the Waldo Canyon Fire a week later. In the evenings I would watch as the skies glowed with an unsettling apocalyptic red hue, the enormous plume of smoke drawing ever closer to my new home. Still, if I were meant to lose all of my recently-moved worldly possessions, so be it. I read a story by Lilian in which she had also lost a home and many belongings in a mysterious sinkhole incident, and I gathered much inspiration from her startling honesty and candor, as I always have, in her assembly of easily-identifiable words bestowing me with the helium I would need after having lost my previous home to foreclosure.

Somewhere along the way my friend and ally had begun to embrace fear and flirt with its companion: anger. I took her to eight of the natural mineral springs in Manitou which were still producing water. The Utes believed that each of these sacred springs had the power to heal, especially when taken together. I made us lemonade with them. I walked through the town with her, walking backward in time, back through the events that had made us fast friends. I thought about who I was, so eager and hungry for light, and how uncomfortable it had made my friend the year I had discovered Caroline Myss's books. We had both been victimized in several ways throughout our youth and had showed off our wounds as easily as we had tattoos. Yet, I wanted authentic healing, and that meant having one day to climb out of the life boat I had shared with her, and to practice spirituality on a congruent basis. It was a jump she was not yet ready herself to make.

By that time the bat had become my primary totem animal. I envied its means of echolocation, and the symbology behind its being able to see in the dark. To explore darkness as if it were an entity, to greet it, to embrace it, I decided to explore the nearby system of caves above Manitou, which the Utes also said contained an entrance to the Underworld. I was doing so to confront my fear, fear in general, the fear of fear itself, hoping to pass through that rice paper veil and take a larger part in my place of things. It was dark there, dangerous, confining, a vast labyrinth where one could easily become lost or knock themselves unconscious on one of the many low-hanging rock ceiling stalactites. I had gone in with James, who I had an instant spiritual connection with when we first met at a metaphysical store I was managing in 2004. He was fearless, and after an hour and a half our underground journey led us to a place where we were able to photograph the many spirits coming and going through a portal to the otherside. Our photographs were in fact so startling that the Biography channel flew us out to L.A. for an interview on our experience there. The producers, as was typical of Hollywood, put a very fear-based spin on our story, although we had been filled with nothing but wonder. They dispatched a cameraman out to meet us at the caves once more, where we were granted even more evidence of spirit activity, including several shots of an entity holding what clearly resembled a bow and arrow. Perhaps he knew I was an Oglala

Sioux, and he was a Ute warrior who had come to protect us from some of the darker manifestations in the caverns.

Afterward, joining us during a nighttime excursion to an enchanted grove, I realized that my friend was also losing her vision, her perception having become too contaminated and distorted by fear. I was going into a lot of dark places, not only in the physical world but during my dreamtime. I wanted to be ready for whatever was going to happen, and I knew I still had a lot left to learn and apply. Alerted to a series of videos being reported on Whitley Streiber's website, a man who I had met during his "Confirmation" book tour on alien abduction, I watched the YouTube video footage of a woman who claimed to have captured evidence of real fairies and sprites near her home. As a Native American I was taught early on that everything had a spirit, that there were several forms of life outside those one might only find in text books. Many of these exist in other dimensions but are able to come through every now and then. Not everyone can see them. By then, James and I had many albums featuring paranormal phenomena, our own perceptions having broadened with belief, so much so that we decided to form our own paranormal investigation team in 2007, but I had still never seen a fairy, or a sprite. It costs us absolutely nothing to hold a thought form in our mind, to explore its facets, to turn it over like a crystal and ponder its importance in our lives. If it turns out that it simply can't fit within our belief system, we simply let it go. As such, I didn't mind investing in the belief that fairies might be a very real possibility, and I began calling out to them as if uttering a silent prayer.

As it was, everyone the world over was capturing "orbs". Why now? Why so many? They couldn't all be dust particles and insects flying too close to the camera lens. I had followed the crop circle enigma very closely, author and reporter Linda Moulton Howe having spoken to James and I at a MUFON symposium in 2010, and had been shown a number of the newest formations. The world was alive with miracles and yet so many souls were choosing to ignore them. I saw the orb phenomena as an event which was more interactive and accessible to the people. My friend had taken many photos of them, but when we went out into that enchanted grove together, calling out to that which we are usually unable to see, her fear stopped her dead in her tracks after a man appeared in James' camera flash. I continued onward, knowing it rude to call someone and hang up when they answered, remembering what it was like to descend deeper and deeper into the darkness and disorientation of the caves while trying to emit signals of peace and good intent. But as I did, I myself began to capture photographs of little self-luminous winged people, one of which even had its arms outstretched as if welcoming us. Surrounding this grove were also giant gelatinous orbs, big green amoebas peacefully floating past the camera lens and a mysterious sweet glitter we could see showering us every time we took a photo.

I understood the fear which clouded my friend's vision, crestfallen that she was unable to share the same experience, and in the aftermath she chose to accept anger amid the warnings that the age of reason was finally beginning its collapse. And ecosystems were collapsing. Insects were disappearing. Great swaths of sea life were washing up on shores. Mammals were becoming infected with mysterious, life-threatening viruses. One could no longer deny the change in our climate, and as I watched another superstorm flooding the country, and saw the photos of a flooded Ground Zero, I could feel a symbolic cleansing again taking place. Just as a fire had decimated the lands surrounding my home, the environment was crying out for a great change in how we lived and perceived things. My friend, upset at her inability to photograph the unknown, began her own sterilization of wonder. Two

years ago I stood with retired Sgt. John Burroughs who was involved in the 1980 Rendlesham Forest Incident, in which he and several others at the RAF/USAF Bentwaters and Woodbridge bases in Suffolk, England witnessed a legendary UFO landing. I was absolutely floored at the things he confided to James and I.

Many skeptics passed off this incredible event as no more than the sighting of a nearby light house. These were the people who had their labels set to "swamp gas" whenever some new report of unknown phenomena was released. I could understand a bit of what Mr. Burroughs was feeling, as shortly after the SyFy channel featured a collage of our Cave Of The Winds photos the comments section was inundated with proclamations that we were photographing no more than smoke, dust, and our own shadows. There seemed to be a great need for people to take the wondrous and inexplicable experiences away from others as they were having none of their own, and they didn't think that anyone else should ther. Many of the comments were positively brutal, and hateful, and anger once again emerged as the primary emotion whether someone was attacking the personal experience of another, having an African American for president, being made to wait in a grocery store or post office, or simply in bouts of road rage we witness every day. What if mystery were to leave our planet entirely? Would these people be satisfied? Would we have to wait eons for our civilization to advance far enough without destroying ourselves that we might one day finally encounter these architects and ask why they had left? And would they answer, "Because you wouldn't believe in us?"

Now is the time.

During the Dark Knight Rises shooting tragedy here in Colorado, James and I had plans for our own midnight showing. We were due to see the movie in Aurora, but the tickets had sold out quickly and we arranged for a later show. The afternoon of the shooting, we both shifted uncomfortably in a Colorado Springs theater. I clutched a bat fetish close to my chest as the audience gasped at the sudden beams of light appearing behind the screen, unaware at first that these were simply the flashlights of the increased security. I flinched with every explosion and rattle of gunfire, though the film turned out to be very inspirational and even Batman himself spoke out against the use of guns. After the show, our blessings and prayers going out to those affected by the shooting, we walked out into a sunny afternoon with the sounds of a quickly-assembled charity concert surrounding us. The actor portraying Batman came to visit the shooting victims in Aurora, as did President Obama. The hospitals waived fees, Warner Brothers donated a huge sum themselves, and musician Hanz Zimmer composed a piece to which all proceeds were donated to the victims. There was such an outpouring of grace afterward, but my friend, ever the victim, chose to use this event to garner sympathy for herself despite being uninvolved with the tragedy. I attempted explaining to her the archetypes that were appearing, how the event had certain symbolic aspects when viewed as a story, none of which she was able to grasp. She clutched ever tighter to her anger, and I decided to stay on my path of healing.

I then met a woman whose niece was in the theater during the shooting. Her niece had been pregnant and had to deliver her baby alone, as her husband, who had shielded her during the attack, was still lying in a coma. It turned out, synchronistically, that her aunt was also employed by the same metaphysical center where I had previously worked. Eventually I would return to my former job there, delighted that I had returned in time for the 4-day metaphysical fair, which would also be their 100th fair. On the fourth day, at three in the afternoon,

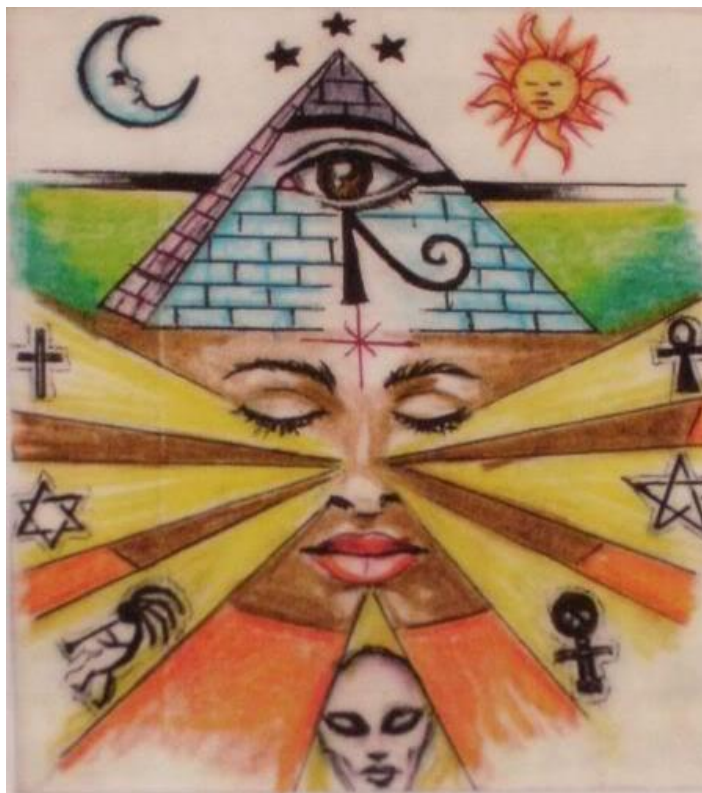
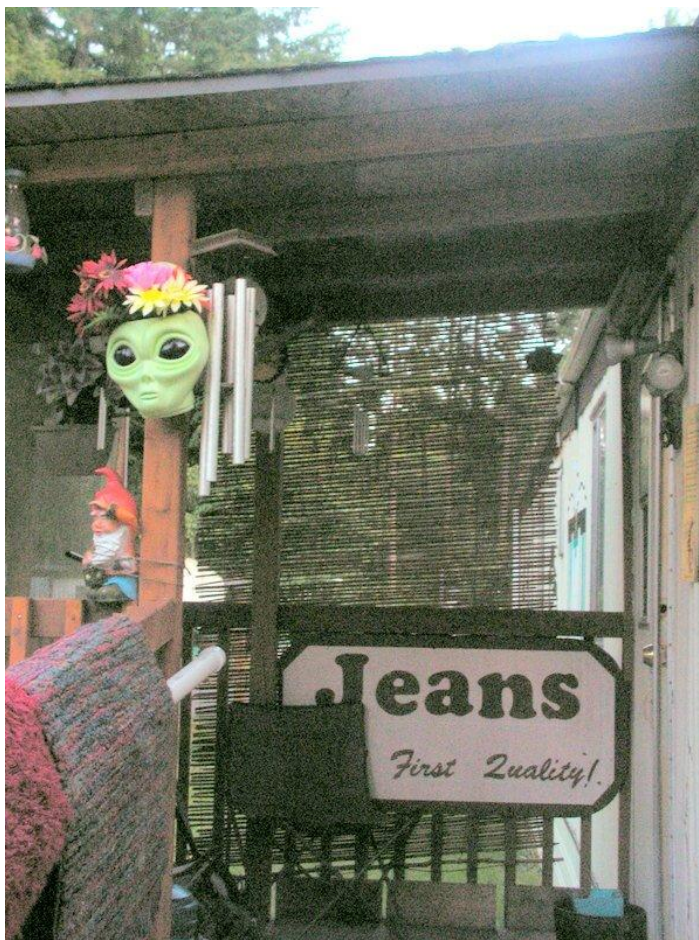
the doors to the auditorium were closed, all of the vendors suspended their business and we joined together in a special aligning ceremony for 2012. Again, I was reminded how everything was cyclical, feeling that everything had once again come full circle. I saw many old friends and acquaintances, all radiating the same intent, all laughing, cheering and singing together. The chants of one of the energy healers echoed throughout the auditorium, rising far above the butterflies and Buddhas, dream catchers, dragonfly banners and Goddess fetishes. I knew I was exactly who I needed to be then, in exactly the right place. "Now is the time. Now is the time."

Each day of work I am surrounded by wisdoms and concepts old and new, fresh insights into 2012 and where civilization as a whole is headed. I hear many stories, and I pay extra special attention to my dreamtime, just as I have ever since receiving my Indian name. All I can do is radiate grace and love, and with each smile I create I know I am getting closer to the man behind the rice paper wall. I have left behind many thought forms which no longer served me, most of which never really belonged to me anyway. There have been great changes in health, in home, in environment and fortune all over the world, all over the town I live in. There are so many sensitive youths running about with their nerve endings exposed, with insomnia, with great outbursts of psychic energy creating poltergeist-like phenomena in their home. I see these people and I hear their stories every day. Last week I saw photographs of an odd cylindrical object taken by 10 different people, none of whom knew each other. Two weeks ago a soldier who lived in my old neighborhood texted me a series of photos featuring strange faces that were appearing in her home. She was disturbed because they didn't resemble typical ghosts, but instead appeared alien in nature. I happened to mention all the activity people were experiencing to a psychic one day at work and I showed her one of the photos I had been texted. Without knowing the story behind it, she said, quick as a flash, "Those aren't from this world. The veil is thinning, and not just the veil between ours and the Underworld. More people are seeing things, capturing photos of things they don't understand. It started with those orbs. It will be like crop circles. At first they were very simple, but they will grow into something much more meaningful and complex."

I looked at her with love as she squeezed my hand, thanking me for sharing the pictures with her. She had been a psychic reader for a very long time, as well as an elder, a living library. I have noticed many elders losing their knowledge to Alzheimer's, or crossing over altogether. Many people have been leaving the planet this year, leaving behind a wealth of information for new generations of highly intuitive souls who will know what to do with it. Elder and storyteller George Lucas recently selling Lucasfilm to Disney for \$4 billion, leaving his stories, archetypes and myths to new generations was very symbolic of this, including his decision to donate much of the money to charity for educational purposes.

I think of what I have left behind, willingly or unwillingly: a house, a vice, an attitude, a friendship. My former lifeboat, replete with its crutches and Band-Aids and all manner of things that once provided me with comfort as I sailed toward healing shores, was never meant to be a permanent settlement but simply a means to get me to the other side. I watch as it drifts away and onward, my friend waving her goodbyes through a rice paper veil, as the waters claim them, and the shadows grow long, reminding me of the passage of time and my own passage unto spiritual maturity. Now I can move forward. Now is the time.

Christopher Allen Brewer, November, 2012



January 2012

“Last night the sky fell in love with the Moon. Clouds began to form with big red hearts in their center. Then it rained blood upon the tent cities.”

That was a Facebook post from Robert, one of our producers at TCTV.

I had stayed up to watch and film the Eclipse. Not my first one but the only one which turned the Moon red. When the time finally arrived the Moon was behind my house. It was bitter cold, and my wheelchair ramp was solid ice. I was unable to come out of my house and regretfully was unable to see it. Even at that, I wanted to connect with the event, so I "TUNED INTO" the event. Clairvoyants are able to do that, since we use all senses to connect to people, places and things, including emotions and energy fields. Having said that, I imagined I was the Planet and glided by the Moon, becoming an observer, if you will. It was a weightless, yet powerful feeling gliding through space. What a peaceful feeling, yet it had a certain anxiety attached to it like an expectation of things to come. I guess that sounds like an oxymoron, and in a way it was. To the point I can call it up in my memory as if I was reliving the event.

The experience impacted me quite a lot, so the next afternoon as I recalled the eclipse, I remembered something I had experienced on my trip which was the setting for my book: *And the Moral of the story is.... One Person at a Time.*

I dug up the book and took another look at it, comparing the similarities in the feeling of the experience of my connecting with the Moon the night before.

This took place at *Flying J* in Amarillo, TX, while waiting for a woman driving in from Lubbock, TX to meet me. It was daylight, I was wide awake and, may I add, DRUG FREE.

Let me share an insert with you:

The next morning I sat at my table relaxing before I undertook that long drive to NEW MEXICO. Had a vision. Like I was looking down on the Earth. It started to turn so fast, it reminded me of a spin top. Could see a volcano right on the middle that was so big it almost covered the entire globe. It spun faster and faster and just ..zapp.. disappeared. Like some of the Orbships I had encountered. Had felt so real and powerful. I lit a cigarette to ground myself. The lighter did not work. Looked to see if I could determine what was the matter with the lighter, and I noticed that where the fluid usually is, it was filled with sand or ash of some kind. Turned the lighter over and shook it. The sand fell out, a little pile of it, but far too much to have been able to fit into the lighter. The fluid was still in it and as soon as I had poured out the sand, it did light my cigarette. Almost like I had brought back evidence from my vision. Saved it, but somehow misplaced it, almost like I was not to share it or have it analyzed like I had planned. Thought about a friend in Olympia all of a sudden. Called her to see how she was. Told me her daughter had given birth to a little girl. Same day I had entered the Crop Circles in Collinsville, Illinois.

I guess over the past week I wondered if there could be any physical evidence of something having happened during the time of the eclipse. I do know that due to the size of the Universe things don't happen on a dime. So when today, December 28th, 2011, I got a phone call from my friend Bill Ramsey telling me there was a major event, I kind of figured that is what I was looking for. (Bill Ramsey monitors sounds and discrepancies in space.) 12. 28. 2011 at 7:55 AM Mountain time, a 2 hours quiet period occurred on his instruments.

This happened once before in 2000 and was a rotation adjustment and simultaneous time shift. Bill suggested we should trust our memories about the year 2000.

In 2003 I was fortunate to spend time with a Russian Scientist, Valery Uvarov. He gave a lecture about the parallel planet, which is in the same orbit with Earth, and what happens to us also happens there. Unfortunately, very little is said in public about such a planet. When the Chile Earthquake moved Earth off its axis it would have affected the planet opposite from us. Could it be that we had a readjustment this morning, like we did in 2000 when the sun set twice? All I know something has changed.

Birds mistook a Walmart parking lot for a lake, landed and died on impact.

2011 was a turbulent year, yet we got through it like we always do and it had some good moments as well. It is easy to look back on the year, and then comes the time when we look ahead. Granted, sometimes we have no idea what we are looking at, and it plays out in ways we could not even imagine. When we look at the year ahead we "trouble shoot" and look for potential events which can be changed if the proper adjustments are made.

2012 looks a lot like 2011.

1. Distraction, disquiet, immobility, putting down roots and settling down, that which does not mutate.

2. Disloyalty, weakness of purpose, disagreement, lack of communication, hot-headedness, and a certain degree of violence. Be suspicious and pay attention to your environment. Restate facts that seem ambiguous, demagogic acts and gestures. Swan death song. Guttural noises sound will be heard afterwards. One will join its partner.

3. Capricorn representing prestige, power, social standing, honor, glory and fame. Excessive ambition, loss of an inheritance, or everything saved all that you have, disrespect of elders and the wisdom of all times.

4. Time for harvesting and checking what you have sown. A person that does not speculate, but who shares and expects the same from his own group.

5. Triumphant victory, but maximum pleasure in realizing that you were able to defeat the difficulties, either with or without the help of others. Material or energetic forces on any level of interpretation. You have resorted to integrity as a thinking and rational being. As a result, your plans come true. All this may not be heard at the beginning, but not unpleasant.

6. Your extreme severity can estrange you from the reality which surrounds you. You are liable to fall into excessive ambition, or on the other hand, squander excessive spending, trusting you will always succeed materially. It is difficult to keep balance while on the top. You can be surprised and fall as quickly as you rose to the top. You have not learned the lesson of Saturn, the severe, but fair judge. Everything at the right time and right proportions.

7. Intelligence exercises supremacy over brutality, conquers enemies. You will bring anything you have started to a conclusion. Not even the smallest detail will be omitted. Activities and business related to metal and trains. Problems with security forces due to bad performance.

8. Time of desperation is gone, but wounds will not be easily overcome. Tears will come again because of painful memories. Healing will be slow and difficult because your heart will have been torn out of your body.

9. Religious imbalance, false expectations, lost love with difficulty, doubts about true feeling, displeasures become somatic in the digestive area - gut.

10. Tentacles - Losing strength, lack of security measures against outside dangers. Your defenses are weak. Your actions do not coincide with your feelings or what which is proper. Impossible exchanges. It will be hard to break the ice, different language uses, political ideas and so on.

11. Cyclones, hurricanes, lighting from the sky. Challenging, qualified for research or at least start researching activities. Governing the nervous system, nerve ending, and also thinking. Electricity, and all related items such as conductors, power plants, filaments, and cables. Helmholtz study of nerve ending farthest from the muscle responds in a delay...Mammals fastest response of all animals. 362 km/hour... $3+6+2=11$ the master builder.

* I think this is the only thing I recognized so far, it has to do with Newt Gingrich possibly becoming forerunner in the Presidential race. He was the main supporter of Project HAARP, which we now know got a little away from the original purpose....to put it mildly. It has to do with his proposals connected with the Magnetic field and the shock that he, Gingrich has re-surfaced.

12. Your means have neither been correct nor suitable. Therefore, you will soon fail. 1,000 obstacles will get in the way. Bringing you discredit and weaken your spirit. Try to reconsider as you will not always be able to get away from tests, even if you could the balance would be negative. Examinations and tests of any nature that you will fail or avoid resulting in countless excuses.

13. Peaceful and harmonic times. Balance between censors and extrasensory, between physical and material things, ethereal or spiritual matter. Address the heart chakra.

Suppose time did get reset today. I think it looks something like this:

- Courts will be involved in the elections.
- At least one major homeland event will happen.
- Icebergs will move more than expected.
- Iraq will end up the way it started.
- Death penalty cases will be put on hold.
- Religious scandals will multiply.
- Food recalls will become necessary.
- A made up health scare will be announced.
- Many people will lose health care.
- Power outages.
- Tentacles I made reference to are politicians keeping the President in a vice, don't think that has anything to do with which Party rules, it is like a Pirate for power.
- 2012 will again start a new era, one we use to identify time periods.

Sometimes it takes a long time for things to unfold to the extent we really understand what it means. Having very little memory of my childhood, occasionally something bleeds through. It becomes very clear for a moment and disappears into the back of the part of the brain, which stores such things. In one of those "remember moments" I had a very clear flash of my first day in school. The teacher intended us to get excited and show us what we are capable of achieving. She showed us how to make an f. She explained it was a cane with a handle across. We all made an f. Because of FB I have reconnected with some of the class mates. Surprisingly most of the kids in that class are suffering from debilitating back problems, almost all walk with a cane.

In 2000 I interviewed a hand writing expert for my show, Kitty Madie. She said that we can send signals to our subconscious which lay the foundation of our actions. All we need to do is change the way we write. I always made my *f* like a cane and have had the need to use such aid on occasion since the age of 27. As it turned out most of my 2011 was spent confined to my house, and I wondered if some of it was self-imposed.

Here is a letter I received last week. I was granted permission to share it with you.

Lilian,

This morning I am repacking the books into better boxes she brought. I found both copies of Moral of the Story book I have. One of them you sent me, and one of them I found on Ebay a long time ago. I have been going to send you the extra one for at least 4 years, but never got it done. I decided to send you the one that was the best copy since they have both been moved so many times and endured varying conditions wherever I lived. I picked one and set it aside. Then I decided to clean both covers of the books. I knew one of the books had your autograph and a brief message in it. I opened the first one, and it had that message and your signature. After I cleaned the cover I started on the second one. After I cleaned it the book automatically turned the cover back. It just flipped open. I never open a book that way. With your book I just open it and begin reading wherever I happen to land. But today it opened to the inside cover. And there was a personal message you had written me that I had completely forgotten about. It said: "To Kathy, Welcome To The Rest Of Your Life" and signed your name.

I sat there a minute and the story of the bottom apartment across from you opening up came back to me, and the hair brushes, and how the money all came together after years of struggle just not quite two weeks ago, and some other things. I turned to the end of the book and read the last two pages about the Hopi appearing to you and telling you to put Sunflowers on the Table, and the 20 year old map on the table that had guided your trip, how the people in Greenville had written you that they had seen you and were you close because they missed you, and the Meteorite from the couple.

Lilian, it was 2004 when we talked about the apartment across from you. I remember how disappointed I was when someone rented it. That was more than 7 years ago. So many "life miles" in between then and now.

So I began re reading the book from the very front of the book, including the reviews you received from several people. Lisa's caught my attention and held it for a long time. "A journey through life's mysteries and madness. This autobiography of a woman's personal/spiritual development teaches us to trust the Universe's subtle messages and synchronicities. As she explores this and other realities, it becomes clear that our world is not what it appears to be."

Thank you again for sending this book almost 8 years ago now. I have read and re read it in bits and pieces. But today I think it's time to relive that book from start to finish in the order you wrote it.

I will get the other copy mailed to you this week, providing it does not snow a big snow.

Love, Kathryn

I went to the Chiropractor for 30 years, many of them to the same Doctor. He used to wonder what I had done to get so twisted and maneuvered myself into an impossible situation AGAIN. He adjusted me, and when I cry out in pain he'd say: "Say thank you, Dr. Gould. It will be so much better when it quits hurting." And NO, your world will NOT come to an end! I thought about my bone-crunching treatments often these past few months. We, as a people, are a bit twisted and require a visit to the Chiropractor. Did I tell you, Dr. Gould would often end the visit with: "And Lilian, I am so glad you are a masochist."

Love and Light
Lilian

PS. See how 2011 played out and how 2012 will unfold. Go to HighStrangeness.tv and scroll down the video list to Predictions 2012 and Predictions 2011.

February 2012

We started living with Lilian December 25th, 2011. She was very excited to have received us as a gift, such wonderful companions, especially since we came with a small aquarium and lots of new leaves. We heard her tell the cat not to bother us. She said she was very fond of Praying Mantis but knows absolutely nothing about us, her new friends. It appeared she really wanted to know how to take care of us, so she googled us.

STICK-BUGS

Phasmids, ghost insects and leaf insects (generally the family Phylliidae). The ordinal name is derived from the Ancient Greek φάσμα *phasma*, meaning an apparition or phantom, and refers to the resemblance of many species to sticks or leaves. Their natural camouflage



can make them extremely difficult to spot.

Phasmids have an impressive visual system that allow them to perceive significant detail even in dim conditions, which suits their typically nocturnal lifestyle.

I like to add that when in danger, we insects enter a motionless state that can be maintained for a long period. The nocturnal feeding habits of adults also aid us Phasmatodeas in remaining concealed from predators. Much like a chameleon we do change color with our environment.

Lilian named us STICK and BUG.

"Nice and cozy in here, what do you think about our new home, Bug"?

"Really nice, as soon as I get familiar with my surroundings, almost there. Already figured out that when she, Lilian, talks it is into a device which calls back. Heard someone talk

back and ask if she was on her speaker phone. Great machine, you can hear every word. Stick! Are you listening? Oh there you are, thought you was a twig for a minute there."

The television is close enough where we can hear what is being said and by Lilian yelling at it every so often we are able to figure out what she is watching.

Sometimes shortly after we arrived in our new home she had a rather heated exchange with the men on Television. It was a political debate. A couple of the men were talking about balancing the budget for the country and thought it was absolutely unnecessary to give heat subsidies to poor, old, and disabled people. Something about people wanted jobs, not food stamps. Of course we live on leaves and water, even though in captivity we need a helping hand. No matter how we try we need a little assistance in obtaining what we need to stay alive. We, in turn, repay the kindness with doing our job, which at this time consists of keeping an eye on Cat and Lilian. Wish our pay would increase, we get a bonus or something, but since this is not possible at the moment and we depend on "LEAFSTAMPS" to make up the difference.

It is not so much our size. We can get 14 inches. It is the environment we find ourselves in to no fault of our own.

It is not that we are uneducated, we find ourselves in an environment which only allows us to progress so far.

It is not that we are underachievers, we find ourselves in an environment which requires us to stay put and make the best of our lives and with our means.

It is not that we are illegal, we find ourselves in an environment which sometimes forget that even native species have challenges.

It is not that we expect the 14-inchers to take care of us, we find ourselves in an environment in which we can all fit and contribute to society.

"STICK, why is it so cold in here all of a sudden?"

"She turned the furnace off. She said she cannot afford the electricity. Heard it said that soon is the day when an appointment for help with the electric bill comes and life will get easier."

"BUG, Lilian was talking to someone on the speaker phone. She tried getting an appointment with the agency in charge of the heat assistance. She dialed and redialed nonstop from 8 AM to 5 PM. The appointments are first come- first serve. Many needy people have to go to work and are unable to take the day off in the hope to get through on the phone. Many people are not able to get an appointment. The people I am talking about are put in categories. It is called FEDERAL POVERTY GUIDELINE. Many people come into this category and are unable to pay the high cost of their heating bills. Lilian was unable to get a phone appointment".

125% Federal Poverty Guidelines for the LIHEAP Program

LIHEAP Max. Income	1 person	2 persons	3 persons	4 persons	5 persons	6 persons	7 persons	8 persons
Annual	13,608	18,384	23,160	27,936	32,712	37,488	42,264	47,040
Monthly	1,134	1,532	1,930	2,328	2,726	3,124	3,522	3,920

150% Federal Poverty Guidelines (or 150% of the specific County Median Income) for the PSE - HELP Program

Lewis Co.								
PSE Max. Income	1 person	2 persons	3 persons	4 persons	5 persons	6 persons	7 persons	8 persons
Annual	16,335	22,065	25,500	28,300	32,713	37,488	42,263	47,038
Monthly	1,361	1,839	2,125	2,358	2,726	3,124	3,522	3,920

Thurston Co.								
PSE Max. Income	1 person	2 persons	3 persons	4 persons	5 persons	6 persons	7 persons	8 persons
Annual	16,335	22,065	27,795	33,525	39,255	42,950	45,900	48,850
Monthly	1,361	1,839	2,316	2,794	3,271	3,579	3,825	4,071

The next day she again tried for an online appointment. The site was open from 7AM to 5PM. At 8:01 AM this is what she got and was unable to get into the site for the rest of the day.

*** We have been experiencing extreme technical difficulties with our phones and website. This is due to a hacking incident creating an influx of 300,000 hits, which resulted in crashing our systems. We have been working to restore all services and are continuing to schedule appointments by phone and via our internet scheduler. We apologize for any inconvenience; your patience and understanding is appreciated.

Luckily her daughter, who is computer savvy, eventually was able to make an online appointment. But she thought about the multitude of people not that fortunate and what a cold winter was ahead, with ungodly challenges to stay warm. She has a little wood stove. Many do not. Even at that, the physical challenges of maneuvering the wood is very hard for anyone with less than fit health conditions.

“BUG, I want to talk about the storm now.”

“I don't! It is traumatizing, but you call me STUCK UP if I don't, so you tell the story the way you remember it. I am going to hang on my new apple-smelling leaf and try not to get myself scared again”.

I was sitting on my leaf thinking about where I wanted to deposit some eggs. As you know I do not have to discuss it at all....meaning that females lay eggs without needing to mate with males to produce offspring. Light was perfect, the sound on the TV was perfect, and there was a calm somehow. I heard Lilian talking on the Speakerphone. Something about how she was wondering why a Hurricane plane had been flown into an approaching storm. New and more sophisticated Radar equipment had been installed earlier in the year, and it is the North West rather than the southern part of the United States.

She started to post information and warnings she pulled off her circle of information informing her friends a storm was coming, not any storm: **A Pineapple Express**... torrential rain like a water hose pointed at the west side of Washington State. At the same time an Arctic front dropping into the area from Alaska/Canada colliding over Olympia/Lacey/Tumwater.

It started to snow and birds were singing. Nature was truly confused. Canadian Geese flew south in a V-Shape formation. It snowed and snowed, and the lights were beginning to flicker. By 4 AM Tuesday morning the lights went out with a bang. The other side of the neighborhood was still intact. We can see in the dark and Lilian was fine, NOOAH radio, flashlights, woodstove, coffee and cat was purring. It snowed and snowed.

A brief reprieve in the snow department, and it snowed and snowed, and then it got quiet. It started to rain ICE for 36 hours straight, **36 HOURS**. No water, no power, no phones. Everything had stopped working. The trees started to explode and fall. There was no way to escape, since it was the same story for miles and miles and miles.

It was said on the radio Hwy 3 was closed, yet a pick-up had ignored early signs and driven over trees. Much later it turned out that it was one of Lilian's Native American friends who had driven over the tree in order to come from the Canal about 40 miles to check on her.

Since there was NO communication, there was no way to check on anyone, and the family was unable to communicate. On the third day, the granddaughter walked part way to the house, and a Son-in-law managed to work his way along with his sister and brother-in-law to the neighborhood in Tumwater. They also brought Coffee and best of all news that the rest of the family was alive, cold, but well.

A neighbor with a pick-up and a mind like a steel trap was determined to run errands for the neighbors. She was truly the champ.

Day 5 Lilian's daughter came with new leaves, and STICK and I were treated with bottled water. Normally when being touched, we lay still and pretend we are dead, except this time. Lilian, a Sensitive, was so electrically charged, when she stood close she caused us to wiggle, we almost wiggled and fell behind the counter.

"STICK, do you really think that is what that was? Electricity in the human body from the intensity of the elements?"

"I do, and here is why:"

**This is a direct quote from Jack Dreyfus:
The Story Of A Remarkable Medicine**

A hypothesis about electricity had led me to ask for PHT. Was this a coincidence? It seemed unlikely. When a hypothesis precedes and leads to a finding, the hypothesis is apt to be correct. My thinking went back to electricity in the body.

Recently I found some notes to myself, made in 1963. These notes help me remember what my thoughts were at that time. From my notes: "I noticed figures of speech that described human emotions in electrical terms. Before then I'd thought of these terms as imaginative inventions of writers. But perhaps they weren't. Maybe sensitive people had used them instinctively because they were near the truth. There are enough of these electrical expressions to make a parlor game.

- State of tension
- Room charged with tension
- Electrifying experience
- The touchdown electrified the crowd
- Dynamic personalities
- Galvanizing into action
- Shocking experience

State of shock
He gave me a jolt
Blow your fuse
Blow your top
Sparks flew
Explosive temper
Explode with anger

Solar flares were at a peak, and the sky was pink and red as the sun was rising in the WEST! The police responded to 3,218 incidences and accidents in a 24 hour period. The Tacoma Narrows Bridge was shut down. Ice had formed on the 16-inch support cables. There was concern they would snap. Galloping Gertie, as the locals affectionately call the bridge, fell down in a wind storm many years ago, and gained her fame from that.

<http://www.wsdot.wa.gov/TNBhistory/Connections/connections3.htm>

A woman 5 miles away reported that 200 trees fell on her 5 acre property. Her girlfriend had lots of damage, and a pickup was hit at her place. Regardless how we tried, the food spoiled, and bad food was removed by the truck load.

After six days without power, the first of three windstorms arrived. Many of the injured trees fell. It was just too much. The last of the people of the North West got their power back after nine days.

There had NEVER been a storm of such intensity lasting this long in anyone's memory. Lilian felt so helpless she talked to the trees and played the flute for them at 4 in the morning..... Mozart, Die Kleine Spinnerin,,,,

At one point we heard the Governor announce she had declared a state of emergency and here is what she said: "I have declared a state of emergency, I am worried about the Milk Trucks. Milk trucks can only travel a number of hours and then have to dump the milk, losing me a million dollars a day". She then explained what was involved in assigning jobs to the National Guard, should the need arise, according to local need. She sounded less concerned with people than with the milk, she was very passionate about that.

"Heh, STICK, when the President made what people thought was his "MILK JOKE" during his recent State of the Union address I bet he was directly addressing Governor Gregoire, since she was worried about spilled milk."

"BUG, do you think humans learned anything? We are adaptable. We change color, play dead when in danger and improvise when we have to. The people that insist on withholding a helping hand from the poor should think about this a little different. **THEY** had money during this terrible never ending storm, except they were unable to buy gas, buy food, have heat and get help like the rest of the people. They should now know what it feels like to be cold, maybe even hungry."

"No, they look at us like we are aliens and refuse to believe that in these changing times cooperation is required to get through what the Earth is about to do. What it always does, CHANGE. Humans are a strange species, talking about aliens. So few said thank you for the hard work their fellow men under dangerous circumstances performed to get the needed power back."

"People are cleaning up the massive war-zone- looking- landscape. Brace for the floods which follow and hope the cell phones work for the next round, which will surely occur!"

"I learned a lot about human nature and our friend Lilian. Did you know birds found shelter UNDER her house? She is less electric, and I heard her say she will get us a much bigger home for the autumn of our lives."

Early in our residency she, Lilian, put us through some very difficult times. She has a mind-lamp, a lamp she controls and mentally changes the colors, Blue, red, yellow, green, turquoise, violet and orange. The cat changes the lamp to gray just by walking by. Lilian had actually put us, house and all, next to the lamp to see if we would change color with the lamp. Of course we did! Crazy woman, that is what we do! Except we had never been those colors before, and it was hard especially since the lamp flashed suddenly and in no particular order. One day she noticed we had remained orange and red in spots, even though we should be green and tan, like our background. She called one of her Scientist friends which thought this had been the craziest experiment he had ever heard of, and he suggested she take us outside, look at the sunshine if it ever comes back and pray like hell we can get rebalanced!

Love and Light

Lilian

P.S. Who we are and what we look like is sometimes not the same.

March 2012

Being a person with an accent myself, I chuckle at things I say sometimes. I suppose I should explain why I have an accent after 46 years.

I found people to be very distant during the first couple of years after my arrival in my new home, America. I also found that people are nosy and once heard a couple of spoken words would inquire where I was from, with that starting a conversation. Keep in mind being an Immigrant was not an issue in the 1960's. In fact, I think many people welcomed the idea that we were "IMPORTS" especially if we were willing to share a recipe. I made a choice to maintain my accent, since it was a great tool for me to communicate.

When on the lecture circuit 34 years later, I always started out with: My full name is Fatima Lilian Mustelier....(PLEASE pronounce each letter separately)... in case you have not noticed I have an accent. It is important that you understand me, please raise your hand if you are unable to do so, and I will define what I just said. It is very important to me that we use the same vocabulary. It worked like a charm each time, and my audience and myself were interacting, and for a small amount of time we were all ONE PEOPLE interested in the same subject.

Another way my accent comes in handy is during my weekly TV Show: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness. I deliberately spoke very slowly for the first year or so which helped my viewers to get familiar with the rhythm of my voice. I can now rattle off anything. Sometimes it comes out incorrect and blindfolded. My audience KNOWS it is me talking. When I have very distinguished guests, some of which love to sound smarter than the rest of us, I usually stop them, explaining I am a foreigner and need a definition of a word since I do not know the word. Sometimes the guest will give me a strange look, not realizing that this was deliberate on my part. I know what he/she said and am familiar with the material. The viewer might not be, therefore it is important to describe big words since the English language is so NOT descriptive.

Not sure, but I think it is a leftover from my early years in Church. The Elders would pause during a sermon stating to have one of the foreign sisters define words. They smile and add: "If they don't know the definition they, the foreign sisters, look it up in the dictionary." We, of course, loved the acknowledgment.

When we adopt English as a second language, or even the 3rd or 4th, we repeat the words we hear from people around us and or TV. We repeat the words as we hear them, in most cases using hand or facial gestures to get our point across. In some cases we intermingle English words, names or places, since there is no translation, or we assume everyone is familiar with certain terms. In bilingual families it is not unusual to speak 2-3 languages in the same sentence without problems.

I read a lot the first few years. I had children and wanted to make sure I had a broad knowledge of what was relevant of the country I had chosen to make my home for the rest of my life. I remember reading the Fulkenhurst Series, books about the OLD SOUTH. It was written, in part, like the people talked, and I soon was able to read the dialect so easy I could hear the people speak as I followed the storyline.

Eventually I wrote my own book: And the Moral of the story is: One person at a time.

<http://www.highstrangeness.tv/library/moral1.php> (Free download for you)

It is written the way I talk. The first person reading it was a neighbor, an English teacher by trade. When discussing the book with me, she said that for a brief moment she thought I had misspelled BEING, a word I use very often, and she immediately realized it was spelled

BEEING on purpose and everything which followed was not irritating. It should have been for an English teacher.... She understood what I was doing.

Unfortunately, she did not live long enough to read the 4 books which followed, they is in perfect English, deliberately.

Enter the Digital age.....

While writing in 1996, I decided to join the age of technology and buy a voice activated program, ViaVoice. It was expensive for the times, but I thought it would make my task much easier. I followed the instructions to the letter and realized it did not understand me.

Went something like this: Do you mean? Would you rather? Please repeat. This is not in my vocabulary. Allow me to substitute.

Needless to say I wanted to kill the ViaVoice, my PC and run away from home.

Bahnhof means Train Station. When the Americans first came to Germany, they knew the Bahnhof was the central point in town, and each person used it as a starting point in giving directions. If lost and unable to speak German the GI's would say Bahnhof. We knew how to point and somehow explain how to get to the Bahnhof. At one point the word was used and substituted for many things, OR, in utter frustration meant I have no idea what you just said. SO, Bahnhof has become an international term of frustration. When you see Bahnhof, Bahnhof on my 9 language face-book page, it means I have NO CLUE what you are posting.

In 1999 I switched from CB to Cellphone while traveling. The phone had a voice activated feature. I thought it was wonderful to be able to give commands while driving without distractions. WRONG! Phone did not understand me, and I yelled at it constantly which confused the phone more, and I yelled even more. I switched back to CB before starting my return trip.

Automated businesses followed and NONE of the computers understand people with accents. Forget pushing 1 for English. It is a waste of time and will only frustrate you. Push 0 as soon as it starts and tell the Attending the computer does not understand you. They do know what you mean, since you are not the only person they are used to it.

Computers don't do well with Dialects also.

It appears we, the People, have a terrible habit of using groups and people for political gain. At times it appears each group gets a turn eventually. Sometimes it is short lived. In some instances it lasts for 100's of years.

Outsourcing came along and with it another problem. Many major companies hired foreign telephone assistance. Think of the last time you needed technical help with a router, a cable reset, help with an exchange.

Many Government Agencies employ new AMERICAN citizens of foreign origin and that can be a challenge.

In my own family we speak English, Guatemalan-Spanish, Cuban-Spanish, German, 4 versions of Frankonian Dialect, a form of German, Ebonics, Urban Dialects and a Creole Type Kauderwelch. Since we all know one another, we are familiar with each other's body language and can pretty much get the jist of what we are trying to say In PERSON. On the phone we can substitute English or any French words. I am still learning computer abbreviations, and with that we can all communicate.

When I speak to a foreigner on the phone I ask what country they are from. Sometimes I can tell they are displeased with the question. I then explain that it helps me to understand them better and we continue. Of course there are days I want to destroy the phone out of frustration. In which case, rather than asking for an English speaking person, which can be misinterpreted and is politically wrong, I just hang up and start all over with someone else. Since calls are lost so often, in my mind that is a better solution, rude maybe, but it does not appear to be offensive.

All of my life I have been fascinated with people of different cultures. I have studied, or should I say taught myself by observing closely, different bone structure, body language and speech patterns. It led me to believe....in my own reality... that speech patterns and speech rhythms are cultural, depending where you live and train your vocal cords a certain way. Voice has a pattern. Each culture has a different rhythm in speech.

Many sounds are hard to duplicate. For instance: Zwetchgenkuchen. ZW is pronounced QUETSCH. It sounds like quetsckehuche.

Especially East European accents sound different due to the fact that the vocal cords have to be able to pronounce ZC, TZ, HZ, HACH and KW. NK, which is a click sound and roll the R, RRRRRRR.

A famous Musician friend of mine adored a Lady I knew. He wanted to serenade her, except he did not speak Roma. He wanted it to sound perfect, so what we did was to write out the English version of In your Eyes, by George Benson, into Italian, We then took that and wrote it out into German because of the rhythm and sound pattern of that language and he sang it reading it in that way. It was PERFECT ROMA once it arrived at our ears.

I don't care if I say things in perfect pronunciation; I have no problem with having someone finish a word for me. In fact, sometime I make people aware I am unable to pronounce a word and cover that shortcoming with a little chuckle.

I tested my theory, in preparation for this newsletter, this weekend. Our annual Pow Wow presented this opportunity to me. Having spent time with many of the South West, Midwest and a few interactions with North West Native tribes, they were gracious and allowed me to guess which tribe they were by observation and sound of their voice. My success rate was 89%.

In the January 2012 newsletter I wrote the following: I guess over the past week I wondered if there could be any physical evidence of something having happened during the time of the eclipse. I do know that due to the size of the Universe, things don't happen on a dime. So when today, December 28th 2011, I got a phone call from my friend Bill Ramsey telling me there was a major event, I kind of figured that is what I was looking for. (Bill Ramsey monitors sounds and discrepancies in space)

12. 28. 2011 at 7:55 AM Mountain time, a 2 hours quiet period occurred on his instruments. This happened once before in 2000 and was a rotation adjustment and simultaneous time shift. Bill suggested we should trust our memories about the year 2000.

In January 2012 Washington State had an epic storm, which at time of this report, 2.24.12, is still in process of being cleaned up. I, along with others, noticed how the colors in nature "Changed".

February 17th, 2012 my life turned totally hectic. People dropped in, came out of the woodwork with questions, Drama and demand for "HELP." I was wondering what was causing this flood of request for answers from people I hadn't talked to for years. I attended the Pow Wow and like always the vibration raised my spirits and awareness.

It would appear something did change. Recommended changes, some as old as 4 years, if neglected, are being forced on people. I compared it to my changed life when the Nisqually Quake threw my house into a hole, rendered me homeless and forced me to start anew, somewhere totally different. Had I made the proper adjustments willingly I think the transition would have been less stressful. HOWEVER, in hind sight I prefer the way it happened and the choice was taken away from me.

The transitions some of my acquaintances are forced to make are not regional. I was rather occupied with 6 individuals who came to me in person, and there are 18 calls/ messages on my phone.

The changes forced on people in 2000-2001 were not gradual and/or evolutionary. They just appeared. BAM! Almost over night.

Many people changed, bone structure changed, weight of almost everyone on the planet changed and Designers scramble to accommodate the new physical shape of the people. Some became enlightened, some were unable to deal with the new frequency and they just died. They were young and died at a noticeable rate all of a sudden.

As I am deciphering my thoughts I got an email from NASA. It explained a rather unusual alignment over the weekend. It brought to mind that a few months before the 2001 Nisqually Earthquake, while visiting Randy Shaw and his family on their Estate, we filmed what we thought the Moon jumping/ Mars was to the left of the Moon and then to the right of the Moon in a flash. We are still talking about the Moon-Jumping Night, while we, 5 in total, watched from the river.

The alignment NASA announced was that of VENUS, JUPITER and the MOON, which were all visible to the naked eye. Amazingly the alignment changed the NEXT DAY, 24 hours Earth time. I am assuming this would look like they jumped. Consider the distance and the size of these heavenly bodies.

http://science.nasa.gov/science-news/science-at-nasa/2012/17feb_winterplanets

When filming the camera perceives things somewhat different than I do. The details are great, and more often than not I think I missed something while observing something, but it is visible on the tape. Ghosts, ENERGIES and atmospheric disturbances are very distinct when reviewing the tape.

This is an excerpt from the NASA article, in which it explained why all of a sudden we are able to see the planets so clearly. It also explained...in my mind.... why we see color in nature so very different and intense. It would appear our consciousness was boosted, and we are more aware of our surroundings. At least some of us.

Excerpt:

There's something mesmerizing about stars and planets bunched together in this way—and, no, you're not imagining things when it happens to you. The phenomenon is based on the anatomy of the human eye.

Gross Anatomy of the eye by Helga Kolb

The fovea is responsible for our central, sharpest vision. [more] "Your eye is a bit like a digital camera," explains optometrist Dr. Stuart Hiroyasu of Bishop, California. "There's a lens in front to focus the light, and a photo-array behind the lens to capture the image. The photo-array in your eye is called the retina. It's made of rods and cones, the organic equivalent of electronic pixels." There's a tiny patch of tissue near the center of the retina where cones are extra-densely packed. This is called "the fovea."

"Whatever you see with the fovea, you see in high-definition," Hiroyasu says. The fovea is critical to reading, driving, watching television. The fovea has the brain's

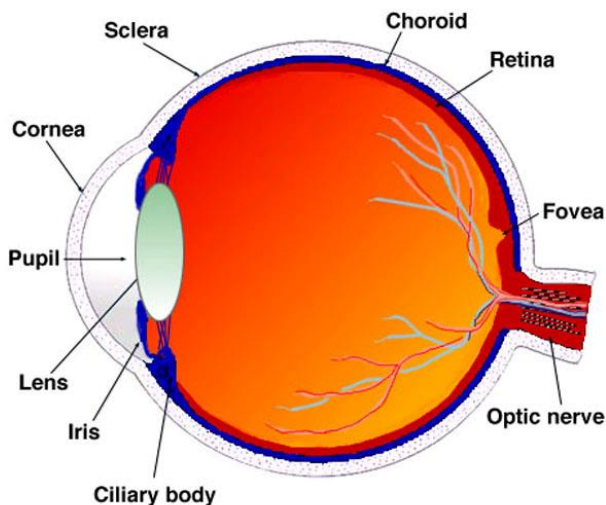


Fig. 6. Vertical sagittal section of the adult human eye.

attention.

The field of view of the fovea is only about five degrees wide. Most nights in March, Venus and Jupiter will fit within that narrow cone. And when they do—presto! It's spell-binding astronomy.

The next mailing from NASA alerted me to an Eclipse on the SUN.

<http://spaceweather.com/>

Much like an accent, what we think we hear or see and what it really is, is sometimes not even related and only when we are forced to muddle our way through a situation under forced circumstances are we able to adjust.

My life mate lives in Los Angeles. The other day he reminded me he needed a prescription for newspaper and to makes sure I took care of the Bitchtree.

Love and Light

Lilian

APRIL 2012

by "Popular Demand"



Left Front: BUG Back right: STICK

"What are all those little black round objects on the floor of my house? Wait.... they are on my pussy-willow branches and the blackberry leaves?"

"Eggs, eggs, lots of eggs."

"You need to get rid of that mess!"

“Mess. They are not MESS. In fact, I have the right to make my own decisions about my Mess. I have rights!”

“What do you want with rights, you are a BUG for crying out loud.”

“I don’t care. You are NOT informed. There are states within the United States, which are forcing Vagina Probes on Females which are trying to get rid of their...what did you call it... Don’t say it!”

“You are a BUG!”

“In a country named China there is a limit on offspring, one per family. That is a Human rights violation.”

“You are a BUG!”

I guess the cat has rights too, she thinks it’s OK to keep turning our new house upside down, trying to get rid of your mess. Every night and as soon as Lilian leaves she is looking through the sidewalls, moving her sharp claws in a very threatening manner. Like hooks, trying to get me. It is so disturbing and loud Lilian’s house guest told her we were singing to him. I was hollering for help! That cat is everywhere! I wasn’t singing....

“I don’t care, you will not be my Healthcare dictator!”

“You are a BUG!”

“I know what I am so what does that make you? A dumb STICK, you are totally uneducated and misinformed.”

“So educate me! Tell me what I don’t know and just to warn you. I am NOT forgetting about the mess everywhere, and you will NOT get me sidetracked. I do NOT like your posture, so please sit on your own branch. Educate me. You have 10 minutes, a long time in a Stickbug’s life.”

Change!

A continuous, measurable quantity in which events occur in a sequence proceeding from the past through the present to the future. See Note at space-time.

An interval separating two points of this quantity; a duration.

A system or reference frame in which such intervals are measured or such quantities are calculated.

Definition of Change

To alter; to make different; to cause to pass from one state to another; as, to change the position, character, or appearance of a thing; to change the countenance.

To alter by substituting something else for, or by giving up for something else; as, to change the clothes; to change one’s occupation; to change one’s intention.

To give and take reciprocally; to exchange; — followed by with; as, to change place, or hats, or money. Specifically: To give, or receive, smaller denominations of money (technically called change) for; as, to change a gold coin or a bank bill.

To pass from one phase to another; as, the moon changes tomorrow night.

Any variation or alteration; a passing from one state or form to another; as, a change of countenance; a change of habits or principles.

A succession or substitution of one thing in the place of another; a difference; novelty; variety; as, a change of seasons.

A passing from one phase to another; as, a change of the moon.

Alteration in the order of a series; permutation.

That which makes a variety, or may be substituted for another.

Small money; the money by means of which the larger coins and bank bills are made available in small dealings; hence, the balance returned when payment is tendered by a coin or note exceeding the sum due.

A place where merchants and others meet to transact business; a building appropriated for mercantile transactions.

A public house; an alehouse.

Any order in which a number of bells are struck, other than that of the diatonic scale.

“What does that have to do with me?”

“Nothing, just wanted to explain **Change** to you, MR STICK. You said I had 10 minutes. A person asked Lilian for a diploma, because he said he had learned so much from her newsletters and posts. The more we show how things arrive at where they do, there is at least 1 man, a **Republican**, who is rethinking his position and wants a diploma. He was serious, not a sarcastic bone in his body, she has known him for 46 years”.

“You don’t say!”

Lina Beckford wrote a post on Lilian’s FB Timeline

BTW had a dream last night and you were in it. I was wearing a watch which I did not own, but I loved the watch a lot and decided that I would buy one. I went to a place that was like a farmer’s market to buy the watch. When I got there I had a hard time finding the vendor who was selling the watch. I looked and looked and then you came out of a stall with the watch and I put it on and was really happy. I went to pay you and you refused my payment and told me it was a gift. Maybe the meaning is that time is a gift. Thanks for being in my dream.

A second time related incident, this one per phone she, Lilian, was involved in on the same day was a man.... I am assuming from the voice on the phone.... was complaining that the new very expensive Seiko watch he received for his birthday had stopped running. Lilian asked him to describe the watch. On the face of the watch it said SOLAR and Lilian asked him if he had worn the watch in daylight at all, no, so there was no light and it is SOLAR...HELLOOO. Not sure what to make of the answer, he took it to a watchmaker, which told him SOLAR means SUN and the watch needs sunlight to rewind itself.

“What does that have to do with me?”

“Nothing, just wanted to see if you are paying attention.”

Lilian had a vivid dream, I heard her tell someone. She had house full of people, water everywhere, water was coming through the walls. Her Ex was with a new woman. Outside was different, some things gone, it looked empty. Most people were dressed the same and wanted to crash the outing dance party.

She gave him, Her EX. a hug and cried.

“BUG, you are telling me this because...”

“Because I want to.”

Facebook’s Timeline: Oh, how we all fought and before it was said and done it happened anyway. Just like in real life, there was plenty of notice. People fussed about it. The ones which decided the new idea stank to high heavens were like a little puppy dog being pulled by a leash. No matter how they resisted their little hind-side just kept sliding towards the door.

Timeline was implemented and the choices were to go out of that door by force or just deal with it. In fact, as it turned out, Timeline is actually rather nice. Once you get acquainted with it, it is easy to maneuver. Still, some of the people still hate it! Lilian told several friends

she thought the only sure thing in the Universe is CHANGE and OK, in a perverse way had to agree that it should not apply to Facebook. Now that one can see everything side by side, it resembles more her reality, always several things happening at the same time, in parallel time zones.

Trayvon Martin came along and changes some people's reality. Trayvon was a young man walking home from a store with Skittles and Ice-tea. He was confronted and killed by a man for what appeared to be racial profiling. It is an old demon, which raised his head again over the last 3 years and some decided to do something about it through Rallies and mass Media coverage. Some found it surprising or were in denial. Chatter was nonstop on social sites and Lilian posted the following, in answer to a post on her site.

Donna, when you take a look at history, especially in the struggle of the ethnic/racial department, it has ALWAYS taken a tragic event such as this one to make changes. In a way we have to thank the soul of the child to have agreed to throw this ugly monster back into our face so it can be fixed, or at least some can claim to fix it. I MUST believe this child did not die for nothing and we, as a people, will learn something and eventually JUSTICE will be done. As you know I am not at all trusting in Justice, but there are enough people watching now, so that it may work, **if only for a moment**. The case is unfolding as we speak and much will be said about it in the future.

"You will be dead by then, you only live a couple of years, talking about dual realities."

"I know I will be gone, these things take time, maybe things will change for my "MESS" should I decide what to do about that! To remind you, we are adaptable and change color with our background, which keeps us safe. Except for you, of course, you are still red on one side and come to think of it, you have become so bold, you forgot how to play dead when in danger. No wonder Cat is trying to do you in!"

"I really got close to being slapped by cat, Tuesday a week ago. I was trying to climb a bit higher so I could see Lilian's show on the TV behind me. It was an old show from 2000.

She was talking to a Lawyer/Spellchecker/Wheat Farmer named Tom Stahl. They were analyzing the consequences of the Anti-Terrorism Bill based on Oklahoma City and Timothy McVeigh. It was long before Sept 11, 2001 and I must say if you put that in your Timeline, it was if they were discussing everything happening now. They nailed the eventual results of the unreasonable law and the consequences which followed.

I was so engrossed I almost changed color to some strange color, to the point I might have confused CAT."

"What was the name of the show? And why do you care what they talked about from ancient times?"

"**Oops and etc.**"

"OOPS and ETC? What does that mean? Is it like let me throw this at you? Watch this STICK! CATCH!"

Different is:

Make up

Hair Color

Leg Accessories

Ways to communicate

Ways to read

Seatbelts

Maps and GPS

Cars which now all look alike and the fuels with which they travel

Bill paying

The things we eat

The way we build houses

All the things people still use in 2012, except they look altogether different now from the year 2000.

“Why are humans so obsessed with time? Who cares what you call things if they are essential to their life? Let me explain it to you: They have discovered when Astronauts come back from space it accelerates their aging process. I am not sure how they will rectify the problem and it proves that Earthtime is not all that important in the big scheme of things. <http://www.gafnews.com/content/what-we-learned-accelerated-aging-astronauts>

In fact in the 1990's the leaders of all Indigenous Nations went to the United Nations and requested that time would be changed to UNIVERSAL TIME and with that stabilize the Mayan Calendar Timeline and save people the stress and money wasting escapades of the fast approaching 2012-End of the World storyline/reality FOR SOME!

Humans are moving at a dangerous speed. In the span of 50 years Lilian's generation, they have polluted and depleted the Earth. Imagine a moment the internet goes down for five minutes. There is a panic because people have either forgotten or worse, the new generation is unable to function. They do not know how to access their lives in a normal... well ancient to them... way.



Scientists have called for the abolition of the current time standard, where scientists add 'leap seconds' to ensure time on earth matches the nights and days dictated by the sun.

The 'extra' seconds could confuse electronics – and lead to aeroplane crashes or stock market disasters, say scientists.

Read more:

One person's decision can create a chain reaction.

One Person's untruth or misinformation can change outcomes.

One person's crime can change wars and the process starts again.

One person's madness can change and make the difference in war.

One person's miscalculations can change movements. Occupiers are mostly gone and new causes have taken its place.

<http://www.dailymail.co.uk/sciencetech/article-2079363/Why-change-way-measuring-time-leap-seconds-causing-time-director-headache.html#ixzz1pAu8gFao>

The more we speed up our activities, looking at the CHANGES and the TIMELINE it would appear so many things remain the same.

Mothers are terrified of losing their livelihood and are forced into homelessness. Unemployed, no safety net, since the savings have been depleted there is nowhere to go. Living with relatives is impossible. They are in the same situation. They worked all their lives and everything is gone in an instant.

“Guess we are lucky Bug to have a beautiful house like this. Even so, quit messing up the place, when Lilian comes with that spray bottle everything gets so wet it is liable to create a flash flood.”

“Yeah, she has been king of bottle crazy last few days. I think she is worried about things.”

NIGHTLINE aired an interesting piece of information. It has been established a FEMALE'S orgasm occurs in the brain. All wired up a female was monitored and an MRI recorded the electrical currents in her brain. It looked like a Xmas tree, her brain fired on ALL levels.

“STICK, vacate my berry leaf. My 10 minutes are up. I hope you are educated. Do not bother my “Mess.” I am watching you while I hang on this twig and blow my MIND!”

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. The Movie is 133 minutes, but what an eye-opener!

We are living in exceptional times. Scientists tell us that we have 10 years to change the way we live, avert the depletion of natural resources and the catastrophic evolution of the Earth's climate. The stakes are high for us and our children. Everyone should take part in the effort, and HOME has been conceived to take a message of mobilization out to every human being.

For this purpose, HOME needs to be free. A patron, the PPR Group, made this possible. EuropaCorp, the distributor, also pledged not to make any profit because Home is a non-profit film.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jqxENMKaeCU>

May 2012

FUBU is a designer clothing line. I love FUBU. It is indestructible, colorful and appears to know what I like and want. Not only that, it can be worn by all four generations of my family.

One of my Great Grandchildren had her eight Birthday Party at Skateland, the local Skating Rink, an exciting time, especially after I discovered one of her gifts was a pair of FUBU tennis shoes. My granddaughter, who had given her the shoes, told me she had acquired them at Walmart, not too far from where I live.

Not having been able to buy any brand-name items for myself in several years I was excited that the shoes were for some reason only \$20. While singing happy B-day and eating cake I developed a plan as to how I could juggle my funds and head for Walmart AFTER I (after 24 years), put on a pair of skates and roller skated around the rink a few times. That my bones are like glass entered my mind for several seconds, yet I thought it was as good a place as any, if I did break my hip, and OFF I went, like I had never skipped any time skating.

I got cheers and had a ball. Nursing my sore legs and formulating how I was going to move my grocery money to include FUBU, I headed for Walmart.

A very nice sales person helped me and I told her some "Searching for FUBU Stories". Proudly I left the store with a pair of tennis shoes.

The next night I got obsessed with the thought I would have to return to the FUBU display and get a second pair, which, due to the quality, would... for twenty bucks, carry me to the end of my life with shoes. Again I thought I could eat more potatoes and achieve the difference in my budget. I arrived about 1:30 AM and two very nice sales ladies helped me. I was still struggling with getting around after my "Let me prove I can still skate escapade". We found another pair, except that there were 2 right shoes in the box. They assisted me with getting them on and off again and I jokingly said: "Wouldn't it be crazy if I had a matching pair with 2 left shoes?"

This is a long line, only two people working the service department, would have been better off to use a scooter instead of this cart. The Lady a couple of people ahead of me in line, smiles at me.

"HEY Girlfriend, are those FUBU'S? Where did you get those?"

"In the shoe department with the baby shoes. Except I have 2 left shoes."

"Bout time we get something nice in Olympia, I have to go all way to Cali to get something I like. Guess I better get some for my kids, huh?"

"Better hurry, we bought a bunch over the weekend."

Someone taps me on the shoulder, I turn and a woman in her 70's starts patting my arm.



"I thought that is you, I watch your show EVERY WEEK! You look different in person, pretty as a button! I recognized your voice. In fact I can close my eyes and recognize that accent. Been hoping to run into you for years!"

Oh-Oh, glad there are no Paparazzi in Olympia, or I would make the paper AGAIN. I do look different on TV. My mouth and my "CROPCIRCLE" glasses are giving me away.

A young man, from the next department counter, PHOTO, joins us. He wants to know if I am aware that I can now store my videos on the cloud. Walmart will charge \$2.00 per DVD and all I need is an access code for the viewers and they can pull them out of the air! I explain to him that, thanks to a friend, I now have a computer that will allow me to post them online myself... after I find someone to teach me how. Much cheaper than 699 times \$2.00 and an access code for the world to access my CLOUD. Yes, at 1-a-day it will take 2 years to load them. Do I think I will find someone where he/she is he willing to help in exchange for a credit on my show? Of course not.

The line is starting to move, and the old woman taps me again.

"Do you do all your shopping here? This is a nice store, they are always helpful and I run into people and make friends. Everything on the computer is about how CRAZY politics has become. They hate everyone. Glad I am so old. The politicians have their own ideas, mostly how they can get ahead. They do NOT care anything about what WE, THE PEOPLE, want. They are so removed from reality, if only they came to a place where people are and listen. They only think about money, and we don't count. The power is in the **masses** and their support. Who cares about what THEY think is important, tangible and will move their career forward. They think young people don't know anything and old people are out of touch."

The young woman turns and asks what I think about the new developments in the Trayvon Martin case.

"Funny, how Mr. Zimmermann developed an accent, since he was in jail. Pretty smart lawyer. I'm gonna hire him if I ever need one."

"Yeah, that will change things, and he will walk. Watch what I tell ya."

"You are right, I listened to all the tapes available... again... including from the Zimmermann family, no accent there."

I turn to the old woman and finally answer her question.

"I do most of my shopping at Trader Joe's. They have a wonderful selection of natural foods and are way cheaper than the grocery chains. Only thing lacking is better labeling of GMO foods. And you are right. We need normal people to move the labeling along in Washington State before the rest of the country catches up with us and cuts us off at the knees. In some States it is already illegal to criticize the MEGA MACHINE of the GMO Industry. Even Bill Gates has jumped on the band wagon and is pumping money in the industry, while they are trying to convince us how good it will be for us in the future. And he is a Washingtonian."

The guy from the photo department hands me a business card in case I change my mind on the "**parking my shows on the cloud**" thing. I inquire if he has an ink refill program, he shakes his head: "NO, that is COSTCO!"

My turn, finally. The young Lady I was talking to in the line, waves as she exits: "Girl I am going to get some shoes for baby girl, have a good day!"

I explain to the customer service person what happened with my 2 left shoes. They call a sales person to come and help me. I don't think so. I don't stand well and walking half way through Walmart is totally out of the question. They ask me to wait for the exchange. I sit on the little stool attached to the Bridal Register. And wait. After a while the older woman.... I am going to ask for her name.... stops next to me and we get back to our food conversation. Her name is Correne, she knows me well, since I have been in her living-room every week for 14 years.

The sales lady interrupts us telling me her search will take some time since as it turns out MANY shoes and sizes are mismatched in Fubu-Land. Do I want a 10 or can I live with a 10-1/2. It has to be a 10, I am NOT putting cotton into the toes of my new shoes.

"If you have the time, come on, Correne, and lets have some lunch after I tell the customer service desk where they can find me."

The subway sandwich is enormous, should have gotten something small. Correne explains calories and ingredients to me. All I can think about is my shoes.

"Lilian, some years ago you did a show on Genetic engineered food while talking about Icebergs. I thought it was so simple, what made you think of that?"

"After the Earthquake I was lucky to have a couple of young camera people with enough time to go on a 2 month trip. My friend Tim from Scarecrow Production was in the process of filming for an upcoming documentary on GMO FOOD and the industry. He already had a young genius in the field, Adam Curry. So we set out to do interviews and film backdrops. I realized that talking to people in the "FARMLAND" was very complicated and at times dangerous so close after 9/11, and many hurdles had to be overcome. The Seed Companies were in the same buildings with Pesticide Companies and Fertilizer Outlets, and it became apparent to me this was bigger than I ever thought. We became skillful in how to ask questions without getting in trouble. We were so visible in an old RV in the middle of nowhere."

"Did you learn everything you needed?"

"Well, mostly. There is just so much, and when you summarize it, it comes down to dangerous, unhealthy, bordering on criminal. The companies are such Giants that they have managed to influence people in government and the players are at times interchangeable. It would appear we have little or no choice in the matter. We do not know what we are eating. When I came to this country I had to change my diet because the food was so different. I got used to it, and it became normal. Same with GMO food, after the initial shock to the system for those of us, which remember real food. We get like climatized/fooditized to what is being sold to us. The young people are used to it and have developed a certain immunity to the unnatural sources of our daily diet. What I learned was just scratching the surface."

"Is that why you had your TITANIC MOMENT and talked about Icebergs?"

"Scarecrow sent me a lot of the 1200 hours of footage...."

Here comes the sales clerk. "I have one 10 and a 9/1/2, can you try them on?" I say, "It has to be the 10," and off she goes again.

"We were at the Iceberg.... Wasn't it something about Grain?"

"AGAINST THE GRAIN! Thought everything was so wrong on so many levels and it had to do with grain. Once it is used in the food one cannot tell and we do NOT have a choice to reject it. It is in everything. There is a very updated, informative, almost daily news feed web site www.badseed.info which keeps me up to date to the present. It is so amazing that you remember the Iceberg metaphor, Correne!"



Photomontage showing what a complete iceberg might look like under water

“Oprah even talked about it, guess she had be careful after the BEEF EPISODE”

<http://www.oprah.com/oprahradio/Genetically-Modified-Foods>.

“Personally I don’t think we can go back to pre-GMO. It is too late for that. What we can do is demand a CHOICE of what we buy and ask for labeling laws. We have to educate the average parent about what is in the food we feed the children. Education and a little net-working works. Just look at the Glue in meat, the slime in hamburgers, the paste of chicken nuggets and don’t forget the dead bugs in the Starbucks coffee. Word of mouth is a powerful tool.”

“I have a group of Ladies in red hats, which will post things and raise money.”

“First they have to learn everything about the subject. For instance: **Austria and Hungary, Poland, Germany, Ireland, Switzerland, Sri Lanka, Greece, France, Italy, Luxembourg, Romania** and now **Japan** are Countries BANNING or in the process of banning GMO altogether. Several countries require food manufacturers to label GMO food products. Each country tolerates a certain level of GM before a food must be labeled as modified. For Instance, Australia and the European Union allow up to 1% of any ingredient in a food to be genetically engineered before it must be packaged as genetically altered. In Japan a food gets a GM label if 5% of any of its ingredient are genetically modified”

“We can do this, it is important for our grandkids, so we are asking for a **CHOICE** for labeling, right?”

“Right, but we have to mean it. These were the headlines a while back: **Frito-Lay Sued for Labeling GMO Ingredients as All Natural**. It is so very tricky. It is so very tricky. Labels consist of ALL ingredients to be listed and some of us feel they also need to include GMO products and ingredients.

“I have so many chemical allergies, and I need to know what I am putting in my body, OLD or NOT. I feel for the young ones. What have we become?”

“That Iceberg, Correne, pretty on the top and at close look DEADLY in what we don’t see and might not even be able to imagine, since no explorer has been there, yet.”

The sales lady is back. She has a sad face. There are NO shoes in my size with a right and left matching shoe. Guess I can’t always have what I want in a timely fashion. Things we want sometimes take time and fight. If you ask for patience that is what you get...more patience. We want results at some point.

“**Bad Seed, the truth about our food** came out in 2003 and was revised in 2011. It was wonderful to meet with all sorts of people at film festivals and experience the UNITY amongst the overwhelming number of participants.”

“Sandwich was good. I am so glad to have finally met you in person. I have a Doctor’s appointment and will have my POISONS measured. Thanks for the information. Call me when the time comes. Everyone understands what happened to the Titanic. We get them fired up and label those darn things. You’ve got mustard on your chin. Sorry about your tennis shoes. Give me a hug, and I’ll see you in my TV on Tuesday.”

Just as my FUBU obsession led me on this...to put it mildly...bizarre journey on looking to buy what I REALLY wanted, based on my need, cost efficiency and purpose, we should all be able to have a **CHOICE**. Even if it requires juggling our budget for what we think works in our best interest. Just as some might prefer NIKE and they are available, some insist their need and/or their preference is FUBU. Take heed! Check the box and see if what you are buying fits the right feet, double check, compare the box with the label and the contents. It is your **RIGHT TO CHOOSE**, whether you want to buy it or not! If you don’t, you will surely end up with something you did not ask for, namely a FOO BOO!

Love and Light

Lilian

June 2012

Now, that I have mastered my YOUTUBE channel PSYGERIA, some strange things have come up. First I must say I had a little help from family and the guys at TCTV. I immediately went into an obsessive mode until I perfected getting a 1 hour show into a 15 minute slot. WITHOUT ripping it, since no-one (Not even my PC genius grandchildren and the Technicians at the Television Station) understands the snazzy new program for that purpose.



This is what I woke up to one morning. From one of my friends: REMINDS ME OF YOU!

There were actually 2 more pictures, but due to me being so “Naive” as to how to move things around, originally settled for just one. Eventually a man in the UK, through FB, came to my aid and turned it the way I needed it. This little kitty really made me think.

My Grandson Maeson came to spend a couple of days with me to educate me on how things work in cyberspace, my New-Hang-Out, and it made me realize how complicated life especially to Baby Boomers.... has become.

We can no longer use language from our time. Historical facts have been “revised” to fit the politically correct language of the 21st Century.

Important events are now off limits. They make some people uncomfortable.

The thinking of the past 40 years has become unacceptable because it is impossible to fit it into the box we find ourselves in. Not even wondering how we got here, it has become a way of “NORMAL” to fit in. We do tell the children to expand their mind. Except “DAFUQ” does that mean? We can no longer be descriptive.

We demand politicians tell the truth, yet we take everything thing they say apart and go on the attack even when it is taken out of context. It is almost EVERY TIME.

We are unable to use words, pictures and phrases. They have been used by someone else before us and are therefore patented.

We are unable to play the radio in the background while filming our babies. That is flagged as “THIRDPARTY CONTENT.” AND, the naked baby pictures we used to laugh about, when shown off when we are 40 are now pornographic.

I often wonder is it harder for young people to navigate their lives, than it is for us older people to curtail ours?

One of my very nice neighbors decided to put part of a Confederate Flag on her truck. I asked why and what was she thinking. She said it represented a rebel attitude to her, espe-

cially since she builds parts for Harley Davidson. I explained that it made me and many others flinch and why, and reminded her I knew for a fact she did NOT fit the bill of the meaning of such a display. We hugged, she went on her merry way and I on mine. I thought about it at length. Should I lose my friendship because of what I think or for what she thinks?

A Chinese Activist was assisted and welcomed into the United States, while our own Activists are sent to prison.

Current politics are nauseating. The campaigns are sickening, and I wonder why people are so numb to the actual FACTS. We all presume to be fair and intelligent people and yet buy into the hype and crap of what is presented to us on Cable TV. I realize we are all busy with making ends meet, BUT I would think we should take some interest in our future. Those of us older people have seen it all before, shake our heads and go on about our business, and the young ones have NO Idea what is at stake.

Lynn Buchanan is one of the original Remote Viewers the government employed for many years. I was fortunate to spend time with him on different occasions. We often talked about the fact that so many newcomers, to what all of a sudden became a fad (everyone wanted to be a remote viewer), wanted to present new Ideas and new ways to cut corners on the technique. Lynn would smile at them and tell them they tried the same thing 30 years earlier and it did not work AND he would continue to explain why it did not work.

I suppose the same could be said about politics. Some things just don't work, and it is puzzling to me and many others why anyone would even attempt to repeat it. The other thing, which is puzzling to some of us is that many feel young people are neither paying attention, nor smart enough to comprehend what the hype of the day is. Both, of course is utterly untrue.

A friend from FB lives in Egypt, and sometimes we manage to have a conversation. We in America were all excited about Arab Spring and the fact the people were taking charge of their destiny. We now know that due to the inexperience of the people with Democracy according to OUR definition, that did not play out the way anyone thought. Imagine, for a moment, to have NEVER to be able to vote in your lifetime and all of a sudden you are confronted with many names, no clue what any of the people represent, and you now have to decide who to vote for with no point of reference as to what the outcome of your vote might look like.

We, on the other hand, have the opportunity to familiarize ourselves with the candidates. Providing we don't get swept away by misinformation, we should rather come to our own conclusions. Either way, someone will be unhappy in the long run because their person of choice did not get elected. However, not caring and complaining in hind sight is very uncalled for. Our old people are wise and our young people are educated. They may lack experience, yet, with cooperation there is no reason why we, as a people, should be unable to make good and caring decisions for the whole country.

Newt Gingrich was asked about his fascination with Zoos by Chris Mathews. What I understood it to be was that reptiles were his, Mr. Gingrich, favorite. He explained the family and structure of the reptile family. His favorite was a cobra, and Mr. Mathews assumed it would have been a Black Mamba. In some circles some are very familiar with Reptilians and were NOT surprised at the way the story unfolded.

What DID surprise most of the country was Vice President Biden. When addressing a group of Military families, of which many had lost loved ones in the war, he went off script and allowed us to look into his heart, when explaining his own experience with the death of part of his family, his thoughts on suicide and the solutions he offered to the grieving crowd. I had never witnessed anyone speaking from the heart in such a fashion. He was a real Mensch. <http://video.msnbc.msn.com/the-rachel-maddow-show/47572971>

It appears society moves at such a pace that many things and circumstances have become disposable and out of date. As soon as we master a new APP, here is the next one.

In an interview in 2004, a Historian, Marie Oberg, said that in the "OLDEN DAYS" we were taught to allow the past to be the past and when talking not to "BRAG" about our accomplishments. As a result, unless....as a Historian.... she showed pictures to people when inquiring about people, places and things from times gone by, people recognizing the pictures would recall what it was, or who it was they were looking at and asked about. It was a TAUGHT behavior. Now, we find ourselves in a position where the brain and our memory-banks act much like a search engine. We put in a key word and get many choices of interpretations. We pick the one closest to what we want or relay and that is how we come up with, at times, incorrect information. Yet, it is our truth as we understand it.

The pyramids around Cairo have a fence around them and are temporarily inaccessible to the people. The ones in the East of the Country are open to tourists. It has been discovered the heads on Easter Island have actual bodies beneath the sand. As we continue to dig up these sacred places like grave robbers we notice just how many things, people and places are a repeat of a former time.

My friend Mike and I went for a drive. We left Izzy's and drove down Martin Way. Normally, driving north, regardless where you are, Mt. Rainier is right in front of you. I noticed the mountain was not there. Instead there was a mountain range, which resembled the Olympics NOT the Cascades. I did not want to alert my friend. Instead I was trying to get him to reach into the back seat and get my camera. As he struggled with that task he asked me where Mt. Rainier was. It seemed to have disappeared and was replaced with smaller mountains. So he also saw it. We never did manage to take pictures. The camera was inaccessible. Later that night someone from Omak, WA called and asked me had I heard Mt. Rainier had disappeared for a small amount of time that day. Question is, what did we witness??...or NOT.

We stopped at Goodwill. I had to use the bathroom. As I turned to open the door, a young Mother with a double baby carriage approached.

She looked up and read the sign: DO NOT TAKE ANYTHING IN THE BATHROOM. She removed a little girl about 2 years old, I would say, and told the little boy sitting in the front compartment of the stroller to stay there and wait for Momma. I guess he was about 8-10 month old.

She and the little girl disappeared behind the bathroom door. I was unable to find my friend to ask him to watch the baby, so I took the stroller and the baby into the restroom with me. I announced to the mother I had rolled the stroller there. It was not until I was on the way home did I realize that in this day and age this was the wrong thing to do, I rolled the baby about 12 feet, which could have been mistaken for me kidnapping a child. The young mother wanted to be a good citizen and obey the "do not bring anything in here" rule, the old mother wanted to make sure the child was safe. What a confusing world we live in!

No matter how I, personally, would love to put our world back together the way it was, I am not at all sure it will happen that way. We were rebels, hippies and adventurers when young, wanted to change the world, and now it is us old fogies trying to take us back to the days of our parents. We have to be careful so we don't succeed. Unless we ALL pull together, we could find ourselves following a GPS and end up back at Suffrage, or worse, the Twilight Zone.

Love and Light

Lilian

July 2012

Each person is saying the same thing in their way, this is awesome! We are ALL on the same page and the same thought pattern....

I thought about the wisdom of community living, a few days ago.

Looking at the posts today I see a story unfolding. Each person is saying the same thing in their way, this is awesome! We are ALL on the same page and the same thought pattern. I am going to spend a little time on that thought, what an idea for a newsletter! To remind you I have 9 languages on my FB, friends cover the 4 corners of the planet, have different lives and here we are.... WOW!!! JUNE 11 2012, have to remember this date.

What actually started all this was strange rainbows seen by many in different locations. It kind of looked like a rainbow, except some colors were missing and instead of having an arch it was square. Because it caught so many's attention we all had something in common.

Myself, I thought it was chemicals. Had seen this before when the nearby Military Post used "LIVE AMMUNITION" and it lingered for hours. Closer to the ground, yet the same colors in the Chemicals.

In the age of technology we are able to reconstruct the past. There isn't hardly anyone unaware of our not so distant past. The past I speak of does not have to be thousands of years ago. Just go back a few hundred years. Community was very important. When the European tribes congregated they picked sites next to riverbeds, meadows and sometimes at the bottom of mountains, or elevations. It was there they raised families and had the INSTINCTIVE wisdom to care for one another and share the resources available to them at that time.

African villages were built on the same principle, including communities of rock dwellers. Bedouins travel together, and there was ALWAYS community even when on the move. Gypsies have traveled in community for thousands of years, also.

Longhouses were good homes for people who intended to stay in the same place for a long time. A Longhouse is large and takes a lot of time to build and decorate. The Iroquois were farming people who lived in permanent villages. Iroquois men sometimes built wigwams for themselves when they were going on hunting trips, but women might live in the same Longhouse their whole life.

So I thought about America, MODERN America. We raise our children with the thought to teach them independence. I suppose it was a good idea at one time. When young we think we have all the answers and live forever. We are yearning for freedom from responsibility and we want our privacy, our own life, wanting to do what we really wanted to do for ourselves, whatever we think that is. HMMM.



America changed. We struggle for the mighty dollar, food, and everything else we need to maintain a fairly good life style.

We managed to have taught our children well. They left home and in some cases moved far away, struggling themselves. We Skype and text and call for a few minutes. We call it staying in touch.

For argument's sake, let's look at this for a minute.

I have 2 children. For much of the time there was 1 income to maintain living. (3 people)

1 son left, 1 income to maintain himself and 1 child. (2 people)

1 daughter left. 1 income to maintain herself and 8 children. (9 people)

1 granddaughter left. 2 incomes to maintain 3 people.

1 granddaughter left. 2 incomes to maintain 3 people.

1 granddaughter left. 1 income to maintain 2 people.

1 grandson left. 2 incomes to maintain 2 people.

Housing, food, medical, clothes, school, childcare, transportation, electronics.... necessary at this time in history. Add it up, how it applies to you and your family. Each part of the same original family is struggling and almost unable to help the other part of the family should the need arise without taking essentials away from themselves.

Imagine, for a moment, if we had promoted family community instead and occupied a Longhouse!

Initially I was not raised by biological family. In my adult life I became close with members of my biological family and discovered to my amazement that we share many habits, traits and idiocies, even though we are scattered to the four corners of the Earth. I came to the conclusion that many similarities are imbedded in our DNA and rely on cellular memory.

For instance: More often than not, some of us will wear the same clothes on the same day. We will cook the same meals on the same day. We struggle with identical issues on the same day. We dream the same dreams..... sometimes in different stages.... in the same night. And yes... we share the same irritating habits we only recently discovered about each other, habits which continued through many generations.



I had my days mixed up when I was all ready to watch a new episode of Ancient Aliens. All comfortable in my chair, fresh brewed coffee next to me, my smokes and lighter within reach and Girly Girl, my constant companion across from me reclining.

I was ready for 2 hours of serious TV time. Due to my mix up in days the show about to air was Crucifixion. Not my cup of tea. I checked the program and the show following that on was The Plague. Not my cup of tea either. Something made me take a look. Crucifixion looked at this

mode of execution. It explained the agony from a medical point of view, the time period and cultures, which employed this mode of torture. It was terrible. What I did NOT know was that NAZI GERMANY had resurrected this terrible practice for a brief time.

The Plague gave a history and time period of the Black Plague, the causes and the behavior of the people. It also touched on biological warfare.

The two hours I struggled with watching both of these uncomfortable hours of Television stayed with me for the remainder of the month. Here is how they fit into my newsletter: We live in a difficult time period. Some suffer more than others. Not to mini-

mize the troubles of the rest of the world, for the purpose of my thought pattern on this subject, I am going to look at it from an American prospective.

Somehow we have managed to maneuver ourselves into a strange position. Religions, Financial Castes, Racial Tension and Political Parties have divided our country. It appears everyone is in a power struggle. What is beyond me is that if the Christian population truly believes that Jesus died in such a horrible fashion, his teachings, and sacrifice should be honored with compassion for our fellow man. I have no idea at what point things got so mixed up that people got so ruthless and selfish. Humanity is taking a back seat at the moment, almost like we have incorporated it in our thinking of you are grown, move out and fetch for yourself.

When the Black Plague arrived, families and communities were still close units. It was caused by poverty, division of wealth and fleas.

For a time they took care of one another. At one point they realized survival took precedence and dispersed, leaving communities to fetch for themselves. In the process they allowed SELF APPOINTED SAVIORS to take the lead. They, the movement, originated in Germany. They called themselves FLAGELLANTS.

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Flagellant>.

They were a group of people which offered themselves in a self-mutilating, sacrificial way to stop the plague, in case it was caused by God. Maybe they started out genuinely thinking they were doing the right thing. Nothing else had changed anything. Once they acquired followers they brutally, and in Draconian fashion, seized power over the people and eventually churches. Millions died, not from the Plague, but from the terror reign of the Flagellants. It took military action to stop this movement.

Only after this horrible time period was over did the survivors adjust and build new societies.

Do we need a Plague to take a look at our present times? NO, but it would be wise to take a look at our not so distant past and learn from it. We NEED to show love and compassion for our fellow man and in THEORY head for the Longhouse if we want to better ourselves.

We NEED to take a look at the sacrifices the ones before us made for us to try and achieve a better life. Disassembling ourselves is NOT the answer.

June was a historical month. Healthcare survived and many loving "Like-minded" people came together and tried finding beginnings to make things better. Right To Know labeling GMO food petition was filed in Washington State.

Virtual communities came together to form prayer circles for the people afflicted by EARTH, WIND and FIRE.

Virtual communities came together to comfort sick and distraught people.

Virtual communities came together to share SELF-HELP.

Virtual communities came together to educate each other with facts on the political scene.

Virtual communities came together to sing and dance.

Virtual communities came together and shared their lives with one another.

On the 27th, I realized TCTV had no show to air on Tuesday. I rushed to the station to turn in a show. Station was closed, I sat for a minute to try and figure out how I was going to get a show to the programmer. I smelled what I thought was old fashion TIDE. When I looked up I saw the same strange chemical rainbow formation we all had seen a few weeks earlier. I drove 10 miles. The color display remained and was visible for all of that distance. After arriving home I lost interest, but the TIDE.... cleaning solution type...smell lingered for several hours.

Often wondered if my viewers question why, on occasions, I have filmed in my bathroom. It is said for better than 100 years, on my side of the family, there have been long sink-counters, or something equal to it, in the bathroom. A meeting place. In the 70's we used to listen to a HAM-radio. It would only work when we wrapped aluminum foil around the antenna and while holding it about shoulder length, we Duct-taped it to the wall. It was an uncomfortable way to get information, but it worked and we were willing to do it. We thought it was important.

Bathroom is also the only place we still have privacy from outside sources.

Bathroom can save your life during a Tornado.

I am heading there now, and here they sit on the bathroom counters like Humpty Dumpties.

Love and Light

Lilian

Here is my NAZHONI trip across the country. It shows what a wonderful place we live in and the wonderful people along the way.

<http://www.youtube.com/playlist?list=PL343010417C15E09E&feature=plcp>

August 2012

I have been at my current place of residence since the year of the Nisqually Quake, 2001. One of the few things constant since then is a young Lady. She does not live here. I think she is visiting. A few times a month she gets my attention when I hear her sing. She walks for hours, around and around the Mobile home park, with her Walkman...maybe it is upgraded to an iPod.... and sings along, at the top of her lungs, to whatever she is listening to. She is a large girl and comfortably dressed. She walks regardless of the never ending rainy days and in the heat of summer. She waves when she sees me. I think I talked to her for a few minutes some years back. The conversation escapes me. All I know is she gives me comfort and puts a smile on my face. I can be sound asleep and her voice wakes me, and I know it will be a good day.

We had a series of Thunderstorms, a rarity in Washington State. The power was off for a few hours which gave me time to just sit and think for a while. I was thinking about what I was going to write in the newsletter this month and marveled at the power of Nature and how insignificant our lives really are in the big picture. We are visitors on this Planet. We do not behave very well then leave the place in a mess when we leave. Almost every road in Thurston County is under construction, and it is hard to get from point A to point B without detours or delays, which...by the way...change on a daily basis. I wanted to get to my Great Grand daughter's Birthday Party and selected a road I have never traveled on. As I maneuvered my way through the countryside I started to think about how we just get in the car, secure our seat belt, turn the key and drive. It is so automatic. We do not think about what all is involved in driving. The car is now part of us, or we are part of the car, whichever you prefer. When I consciously thought about that I chuckled to myself. Here we are in a time when it is normal for us to transport ourselves in these moving machines to a different location. We can travel thousands of miles on dry land without thinking. From the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, thinking nothing of it, and this brilliant existence which allows this is also the same existence with turns us into Stone-Age-Morons in no time flat. We navigate through life without little regard for anything other than ourselves.

While driving the curvy road to the party, I also thought about the ticket I had been given the week before. Several friends do not have computers and get a hard copy of the newsletter via snail mail. Because of the construction, when leaving the Post Office, I turned left, the only way I could get to where I needed to go, and merged with the traffic. Out of nowhere three Motorcycle Cops appeared and pulled 3 of us, traveling in the middle, over. I was given a speeding ticket for driving 40 in a 35 mile zone. It also stated the actual speed clocked on Radar was 47. Price tag was \$113.

Later on that night I returned to the Scene of my crime because it just did not feel right, and discovered that it is impossible to get your car up to 47 MPH because of a traffic light. The "RUNWAY" is too short for the speed I was accused of. After talking to my insurance company, it was decided that I was going to pay the ticket on deferral...price tag \$145 (My last ticket was in 1967), rather than going to court and in the process upsetting the good Officers, who would then be sure to be on the look-out for me every time I leave my house. I am easy to spot. I drive a red Toyota displaying the Show and the UFO HOTLINE phone number on the sides of the car. I suppose my principle for right and wrong was sacrificed. In this case, as communicating with the Police has become rather scary for some of us, even for just a routine traffic stop.

Less than a week later the Aurora massacre took place. Several friends were thought to have been in the Theater and within 10 minutes of the announcement, some of us had es-

tablished a virtual dragnet to locate the friends. We did locate them except for a young Lady, who is still in the hospital.

In the PREDICTIONS 2012, filmed in August 2011, we saw another candidate coming out of left field...RON PAUL. We saw the attempts to bust the Unions and the attempts to deny birth control to the woman around the Country. The prediction show had a part where I perceived a SWAN uttering a gurgling sound. I deliberately did not say anything about the fact that the last time I saw gurgling Swans 911 happened. I was looking for something very large to happen. Aurora could have been this event, since it managed to “shut down” politics for a day and the flags flew at half-mast for a week around the country. I can already see the eventual controversy with the prosecution of this Manchurian Candidate.

It had been requested we not use the name of the shooter, so he would not be glorified. Let me piss you off and tell you a story.

According to Egyptian ancient texts the Name of Nefertiti was removed... wiped out of the history books, never to be spoken again. The reason for doing so was because she allowed herself to become pregnant by a mortal, while married to Akhenaten, the Extraterrestrial King.

When Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger refused to pardon Stanley Williams (of the Crips gang), his homeland of Austria declared him, Schwarzenegger, racist and removed his name from several buildings.

The famed *statue* of Joe Paterno was taken down from outside the *Penn State* football stadium last Sunday.

We grieve for one group of people, yet hundreds are being gunned down in our streets each month, it has become “NORMAL”.

With permission let me share a couple of posts with you:

Cari M. Huston shared No Hope For the Human Race's photo.

I spoke at length with a retired Navy Seal. What he shared with me is that all of the men (his words) who are in these specialty killing teams/forces (this would include snipers) are Sociopaths. They have a “moral code” that they don't break, but they have no remorse or conscience about the killing that they do. A sniper is looking through a scope and seeing the other person's eyes as they blow them away. To praise anyone for having lost their ability to “feel” is a direct example of what we have become as a society.... half the people are praising Jesus and passing the ammunition and thinking that “god” approves of their blood-thirst. There is something wrong with this entire concept!

CNN ran a special on Veterans and how dramatized they are. I can attest from personal experience...each conflict or war since 1965 had family members in the military, and I have MANY friends which, instead of having been able to use an event as a historical learning experience, were forced into repeats of the horrors of the killing fields, we have become so desensitized and used to it. There is no need to remove events and names to make it disappear.

Let's take it down a notch. With permission, another post from a verbal battlefield:

Folks, just a quick word here, my own trending topic, about something I've been witnessing of late. Anyone who reads the comments left under YouTube videos will know what I'm talking about. Some refer to it as trolling. That is an offense to trolls everywhere. I call them the “Hater Generation”, and noticed many of them have migrated to Facebook, where they continue to spread pandemics of hate, general negativity and bad grammar. I mean, if you're going to slander an individual, movie or cause, at least make an attempt to use Spell Check. That way it'll appear that through the use of proper spelling and sentence structure

your opinions may actually have some value, instead of appearing as though you're simply eight and hacking away at a Speak & Spell.

When I was eight I didn't have an iPad, smart phone or GPS capability. The only social media was called a playground and if you offended someone you were smacked in the face in real-time. There was none of this instant information from across the globe business in which you could dis-empower someone with glee from the safety of the virtual world in between shots of Pixy Stix. There was no Wikipedia. There was RESPECT. I have read so many horrendous things from these haters who apparently have absolutely nothing going for them (certainly no spelling bee prizes), that they feel the need to fill this void with the harassment of total strangers. Whether it's their remarks concerning Christian Bale coming to visit the victims of a shooting, the President speaking at a memorial, a wildfire ravaging our forests, or even an innocent SpiritChasers video clip of a purported ghost – there they are, in full attendance, from one-word insults:

“FAKE!” “FAIL” “(Insert Racial Slur)!” “MEH...”

To almost comprehensible sentences:

“U R F#@£ING GAY!!!”

And so on... You've seen them. You know them. Will nothing brighten up their day? I don't know where they come from, but it surprises and unsettles me that now on Facebook they are no longer able to post comments from the comfort of anonymity. What's worse, they seem to feel a sort of pride in their behavior, and if you click on their profile, you, too, will see with horror their dull eyes and smiling faces in their acquisition of cheap Photoshopping Apps., which they believe will ordain them with some cosmetic level of celebrity. But, one cannot Photoshop ignorance, kids. The same goes for bigotry, homophobia, etc. (Sorry)! No matter which lighting filter you've used and programmed your app to give yourself a flawlessly soft complexion while you're turning your head just so, a troll is a still troll. And trolls are UG-LEEEEE!

Yet how did this begin? Who or what created these illiterate little Gloomy Guses and Sour Sallys? Was it when South Park went into syndication? Are they staying up late enough to watch Robot Chicken on Adult Swim, taking notes by the glow of their Droid? Is it all the Family Guy, or any of the other offensively popular comedies conditioning them to laugh at the disabled, desperate or just plain different? (And how did these television programs become such phenomenon in the first place, blending genuine hilarity with the utterly distasteful? It's still at the height of it's fad in an age when we were supposed to be piloting flying cars by now, living as more enlightened beings in utopian societies)!

So would it be Desensitization? (There's another D word, for anyone keeping score). And yet I grew up in daily fear of a nuclear holocaust, watched The Challenger explode on the news, witnessed some pretty horrific plane crashes, assassinations, avoided supposedly poisoned and razor-filled Halloween candy, escaped the satanic cults preying on role-playing gamers, lived through a planetary alignment that was supposed to kick-start the end of the world, and seen the handiwork of serial killers and the abductions of children. Frightening times, yes, but not desensitizing to such a degree that I would be propelled to fold messages of evil into those origami fortune-telling games and leave them on the desks of my classmates.

As you may have read, the website Rotten Tomatoes recently suspended their comment system altogether after a mountain of threats and hate speeches with a lengthy explanation entitled: “This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things”. Just a month prior, the Erasure Information Service website was forced to permanently close their message boards because, once again, some people couldn't play nice. I myself simply can't wait for those “Virtual Reality Suits” which transmit sensation, so the next time a trolling trollup declares that the images

captured by The SpiritChasers are no more than car exhaust I can power up my VR and slap the shit out of them.

It all really comes down to a bit of terrorism, albeit on a different scale. Like the old conspiracy regarding a certain filmmaker who was said to be releasing movies in order to drive people in other countries mad. No viewers of his popular films could ever possibly live up to such unrealistically high standards of happiness and perpetual joy compared to their own vacant, vapid lives. Same here. Flood the comment systems of all social media far and wide with the crude, the crass, the inhuman, the illegible. Squeeze every last bit of hope and pride from your fellow men and women by bludgeoning any compliment or positive remark as viscerally as possible with an ungrammatical black hammer shaped in the tongues of demons. Is it entirely possible that many of these young trolls are expected to post such hatred by their "churches" (the Westboro Baptists?), by anti-American groups overseas (and within our country), the "People Of Walmart" (who would speak just as well as they can dress), or by some other shadowy organization crushing, clutching at the heart of our way of life and all we hold dear? What, without any provocation, would cause an "inter-nut" to inform someone they've never met that they suck?

Yesterday, in response to a video game I favored, an unidentified man wrote, "No. Just, no." Really? Are people still writing that? That comment went out with spray-tanning your children. And just like making your child look like an Oompa Loompa in a family portrait, trolling only serves to embarrass its facilitators, as embarrassments to humanity. Yes, haters, please show us how far down the evolutionary scale you'll continue to slither. Such creatures end up extinct, you know. You're only giving away your hand, revealing a spread of ignorance, one that no one with any intelligence and dignity would care to deal. And, just as one of my bumper stickers proclaims: "KARMA: It's everywhere you're going to be," in moments of their own intense troll despair, when a simple word can be the straw that broke the camel's back, they should not expect the vocalization of kindness, human decency and grace when all they left for others was negativity. I don't know how this began, or how it will end, but the last time I dropped an f-bomb in my youth I was forced to suck on a bar of soap for half an hour by a mother who understood the power of words and the transformative agents of dignity and respect. When you're not working to heal a situation, you become the scar, host to a festering wound, a toxic language akin to a virus, communicable through the mouths of trolls, their generation of hate dissing, devolving, and moving toward extinction.

Just food for thought, kids.

My name is Christopher Allen Brewer, and my motto is RESPECT (you gotta give it to get it back).

I made a comment to his page: My spelling is bad...but I love you....Thanks for writing this. I blocked the comments on my YOUTUBE, if they put as much energy into doing something positive, they could actually achieve something...Must be a miserable existence to waste your life on BS like that.

The post started a flood of arguments and attack, and I did what I should have done in the first place: Immobilized my link and pushed the UN-FRIEND button.

Commercials about the future of energy, pay attention.... VOTE and elect people to represent you, which will reflect who YOU ARE!!!

Let the history books show we were a loving, compassionate county, we cared. We grieved for 12 people as well as the thousands which died from needless violence around the globe.

Let the history books show we cared about the old and the hungry, the children which became the people reading the history books and defined us.

The canoe journey of our tribal neighbors and friends came to its finale today. The last boats have landed and come ashore in Olympia, Washington. We honor them for the courage and hardship to duplicate the ancient traditions and are grateful they allowed us to be a part of their celebrations of remembering who they are and honoring the planet Earth.

I am watching the parade of the Nations in London. I marvel at the beauty and diversity of the people of the Planet Earth. If only we could stop the wars and enjoy the differences we display!

The Sun is setting, Robins and Blue jays chirping, frogs and crickets and there is my CONSTANT....my girl singing to her Walkman.... MY GIRL is walking point.

Love and Light

Lilian

September 2012

Having convinced myself that my mind is able to override everything, the plan was for me to take my RV and regardless of my physical limitations, to drive to Arizona for what may be my last visit to The Navajo and Hopi Nations to see my friends.

A friend had assured me he was going to travel with me, excitement mounted in my soul as time drew near for the journey. My friend backed out for personal reasons and being who I am I went from shock to disappointment to hatred all in a manner of several days, knowing I was unable to pull the journey off by myself, mostly for financial reasons. My anger was directed towards circumstances people had created for me, my health and I am sure even some imaginary reasons. Needless to say on some level I knew there was a reason, I was able to jump off the emotional roller-coaster and got over it.

I moved into cyberspace full time. 123 of my shows: A visit with a person of High Strangeness from 1998 on were downloaded on YouTube and Blip.

http://www.youtube.com/view_all_playlists

I lived in my FB world, along with the wonderful people I had managed to befriend and was content.

News came that the 2012 Canoe Journey of 130 West coast Tribes were going to land in Olympia, WA this year. I shifted my focus and concentrated on the arrival of the Canoes and along with so many others be on the shore and shout: WELCOME TO OUR SHORES!



I was unable to walk that day and missed the arrival on Sunday July 29, 2012.

The seven-day celebration took place on Squaxin Island. I was blessed and received a LIVE FEED to the festivities and remained in Cyberspace for the following day. The Stories of the tribes, the dancing and just being able to watch everything unfold lifted my spirits and I felt I was allowed to participate, thanks to the Live feed. Just to give you an Idea here is a list of SOME of the tribes present:

Chumash, Shinnecock, Hopi, Tla uqwi aht, Homalco, Kwumut Lelliam. CHOWI-CHAN, TSARTLIP. Songhees, Squamish, Warm Spings and Clatsup Nehalem. Cowlitz, Chinook, Hoh River, Quileute, Makah. Elwa, Nooksack. Lummi, Samish, Swinomish, Tulalip and Sauk-Suiattle, Snoqualmie and Suquamish. Muckleshoot, Puyallup. Chelhelis, Skokomish and Ojibwe. Maori, Nisqually, Ahousaht, Quinault and Squaxin.

These are all Water Tribes and then.....wait for it..... it was announced a HOPI ELDER was going to tell about the Great Migration!

It has been quite a while since I followed my GO WITH THE FLOW guidance.

I called my friend, the one, which wanted to journey with me if he would consider visiting the Island in lieu of our cross country trip, he said he was busy. I then asked one of my girlfriends to go with me to Squaxin Island the next day, Tuesday, to look for the HOPI ELDER. There were only 10,000 visitors, plus the locals, how hard could that be!?

We drove to Kamiliche, parked the car and were picked up by a school bus which took us to the Protocol Tent, a tent about a city block in size. We were welcomed and treated as Elders due to our age. We stayed for a while. Remember our task was to find ONE HOPI ELDER.

Let me tell you what we saw. A City block long Food tent. Two meals were being fed to all the visitors. FREE of charge.

Toilets and washbasins were situated about a block apart all throughout the Reservation.

Laundry and shower facilities next to the tent cities which were everywhere and in people's yards.

Trash cans every 50 feet and the place was spotless.

A 24 hour swimming pool was open to cool off in the 100 degree weather.

Golf-carts and their drivers were everywhere and offered to drive us where we wanted to go, my walker and all.

Children well behaved, helpful and unbelievably respectful everywhere, offering to help with where ever we wanted to go and directing us to the next wonderful event.

A trailer had been set up for the Elders to take naps, since the festivities lasted from 5AM to 3AM for seven days.

The information booth gifted us Burlap Handbags, programs and water pouches.

Eventually we had a wonderful meal, we used plates and utensils made from corn.

We left messages in many places and stated who we were looking for. We did not have a name for the Hopi Elder. We found out he had arrived with a tribe from the East Coast Water People.

Before the sun went down I was ready to go home, we were transported by school bus back to our car.

We reflected on our visit on the way home and were grateful for the wonderful experience we were allowed to be a part of.

Wednesday I was unable to walk. Tuesday had taken its toll on me, so I retreated back into Cyber space and watched the festivities on my live feed. About 11PM one of my friends came to see me. She works for the Tribes. She had a strange look on her face and informed me she had stopped by the food tent before coming home. She assisted an Elder who appeared not to feel well. He accepted her help and informed her he was sick, because he was not used to the climate and the food since he was a DESERT NATIVE! After a little while he explained he was from Arizona, and you would be right to assume he was the Hopi Elder I was looking for. My friend told him I was looking for him and had a gift for him, since Potlatch is also a gift giving celebration. He told her where to find him if need be.

And my friend secured a contact phone number from someone traveling with him.

Thursday morning I drove to Squaxin Island. One of my Squaxin friends drove me in her car from my parked car to where I needed to go, in order to avoid having to ride the school bus. I was still struggling with my back issues.

And so I met Leroy Lewis, the Hopi Elder, his wife and two daughters. After the usual formalities in etiquette we sat and visited. I delivered my present...sand from the Sahara, shells from the Mediterranean and pine cones from the original tree Claudia and I had taken to Canyon DeShelle in 2005. I was given a pair of earrings. We talked about mutual friends, mutual places we visited. He gave me permission to share our visit with you.

What was so interesting, yet not surprising, was our meeting all together. Eventually he admitted knowing exactly who I was from stories which were told in Kykotsmovi, on second Mesa, about my previous visits there. He had heard the stories about me teaching some of the young people on his Reservation how to bend spoons, he asked me to teach it to his family and I did.

I asked him how he ended up on Squaxin Island and he revealed that he had just been released from the Mayo Clinic, where he had received a liver transplant and stayed with one of the Eastern Water Tribes. I am unable to write, pronounce or give a location at the moment. I think it was the Shinnecock. While recovering there before his journey home he was asked if he wanted to go to the Canoe Journey of 2012 and he agreed. He had no idea what was involved, how far it was. He just followed his guidance and came along. Needless to say eventually we concluded our meeting was predestined. It certainly helped me with my regret not to have been able to visit Hopi and Navajo Nations, and he was grateful to learn about my part of the world. I had no idea I actually had any detailed knowledge of my native neighbors, but there it was I was able to explain quite a bit of our home on the West Coast of America and was surprised to remember how many places I had been in my travels without realizing it.

At one point a man joined our conversation. He had recognized me from TV, as time went on it turned out that Leroy was his ACTUAL UNCLE. The man's mother was taken as a child and raised by Mormons, as it was so often the case. She returned to Kykotsmovi for a short time but was unable to fit into her previous life and left. She often told her son about that time in her life. It was such a moving experience for me to be part of this reunion. We cried, hugged and cried some more.

It was 103 degrees that day on the Island. We burned to a crisp, and 3 weeks later I am still peeling the skin off my face and arms.

The day went by so fast. We shared a meal of bear and geoduck, a new experience for all of us and did not want to say good bye. We talked about how Leroy and his family were there for me and I, in turn, there for them. Five friends in midst of 13,000 people.

One last hug and as I waited for the School bus to take me to my car, a friend from the Navajo Nation spotted me. She was married to a Muckleshoot and living there now.

From Friday to Monday morning I remained in Cyberspace and watched the rest of the celebration, the hugs, the affection and just celebrating human existence on the

planet. Each person received a gift and I would like to believe my gift was the greatest: My visit with Leroy Lewis and his Family.

Not EVER in my life have I seen and been to a place which was more orderly, more loving and welcoming than my visit to Squaxin Island. Politics are running rampant and crazy. We could all take a lesson from the Unity displayed by the tribes. The RESPECT shown to each person once it was announced: WELCOME TO OUR SHORES!



And this is where I come in. My name is Delphina Nova from the Algonquin Nation. I was in the area visiting and a friend of Lilian's mentioned that I was traveling through and was looking forward to meeting new people. Lilian was quick to mention she would be happy to show me some sightseeing. My friend Angie dropped me off at a gas station and waited for Lilian to arrive. Life has a way to rearrange your schedules and destiny. I wanted to be in Canyon de Chelly this past weekend in order to attend the First Gathering of Healers in Arizona, but my trip log wanted me in Olympia. The next few days were filled with *oohs* and *ahs* as Lilian and I exchanged stories. Lilian shared her dream of wanting to be in Canyon de Chelly. I had made a documentary that I filmed there in 2007. Lilian had spent time in Hopi – so had I. She knew the same Hopi family. The next day, sitting on her couch, I looked at a doll on a chair. I asked her the name of the doll maker. I knew the woman. We laughed.

We spoke of the Gathering of the Canoes in Olympia that had recently come in the area. I told her I was invited on one of the healing journeys and paddled some years before. The synchronicity weaving all our stories were endless. We soon realized both of us were very connected to the Healing Gathering in Canyon de Chelly and that the Universe had guided us to meet where we could be most helpful. We had to be in Olympia at the same time.

In the next few days, Lilian will interview me for her show. I look forward to sharing my stories to weave into the basket'.

I, Lilian, did not take any pictures of my visit to Squaxin Island and the Gathering, since it was a personal visit. I was later allowed to use in part or all of the videos of the 7-day festivities for my shows.

I was beside myself and mentioned it to a fellow producer at TCTV. I offered to share my footage, once finished, she declined, stating she did not like any of it, since "THEY" did not explain anything.

Let me leave you with a story:

A young boy was sitting by the river, he was crying. A hummingbird came and asked the boy why he was crying.

“Someone stole my mother, have you seen her?”

Hummingbird asked what the mother looked like.

“She is the most beautiful maiden in the world, with long black hair.”

“I have seen her, three villages over,” said hummingbird to the boy.

“When you see her, can you tell her I love her?”

“Sure.” Said Hummingbird.

ZZZZZIIIIPPPPPP.

FIRST CELL PHONE!

Love and Light
Lilian

October 2012

KOYAANISQATSI is a Hopi word describing life out of balance.

Groups of native Tribes conducted Ceremony in key locations to help Mother Earth, to repair portals and blessed the 2-legged, 4-legged and winged inhabitants of the planet. There was a sense of urgency, since the Ring of Fire was as restless as we have seen it in some time.

I had the pleasure of watching several salmon trying to jump up Tumwater Falls Waterfall. They tried several times and believe it or not, they made it. I read that new dams were installed in several places to trap the fish, in order for them to be separated into Native Salmon and "OTHERS" It has to do with fishing rights and the tribes. Unaware of the politics of their journey to spawn, regardless of the obstacles, Salmon followed natural law and made it home to fulfill their life's purpose and preserve the species.



Picture by Patricia Gould

Zombie Bees were discovered, bees which had been attacked by some sort of flies, which laid their eggs into the abdomen of the bees, they zombified and died.

America had language problems throughout the whole month of September. It appeared EVERY word uttered by either presidential candidate was dissected, regurgitated and analyzed.

Earlier in the year I had...wait for it...volunteered... to watch the daily headlines, find the most accurate and post them to my Facebook Timeline,

so they could be read and re-posted by FB friends around the world, to keep track of what must be the nastiest Election ever ran in my lifetime. Many of the friends have jobs; many are in the field working on movies and documentaries. So I follow each newscast and watch the madness of the Campaign.

Once again my meager bank account was overdrawn. I finally located the culprit. My Homeowner Insurance deducted someone else's premiums from my account. I would encourage everyone to check and double check all bills and bank accounts. Small errors can really rock your world when they finally come to light. The fact that the mistake is corrected, eventually, does not reimburse you for gas, time and stress. Try to find your way through the maze of telephone calls to machines before you get a person, only to discover you have to go to your bank in person and spend another couple of hours.

While coping with my elevated stress level, I thought about Dennis, a friend from the Navajo Reservation. He is a Code Talker from WW2. I thought how, AGAIN we could use Code Talkers in this day and age to save our butt once again. NO ONE says what they mean at the moment.

In my travels of unscrambling my bank dilemma I stopped at a 7-Eleven to spend my last 14 dimes and 2 nickels. There were strange signs everywhere and people were wearing CAMPAIGN BUTTONS.

I asked the clerk what it was all about, all she knew was she had to count Coffee cups on Mondays.

One pile for Romney, one pile for Obama.

This is what I found out, so let me share it with you just the way I received it.

NEWS RELEASE

Contact:

Margaret Chabris

7-Eleven, Inc.

margaret.chabris@7-11.com

Politics Are Brewing at 7-Eleven

Retailer Invites Americans to Vote in

Fourth 7-Election™ Presidential Coffee Cup Poll

DALLAS (Sept. 10, 2012) – Every four years, some things happen like clockwork – leap year, the summer and winter Olympic games, U.S. presidential elections, and with it,

7-Eleven®'s 7-Election™ Presidential Coffee Cup Poll.

In past years, millions of everyday Americans have participated in the 7-Election vote as they go about their daily routines. While many states offer early voting that typically begins a few days before Election Day (Tuesday, Nov. 6), the 2012 7-Election voting starts *really* early – **Thursday, Sept. 6.**

Billed as unabashedly unofficial and unscientific, 7-Election invites customers to vote by selecting specially marked coffee cups, blue for President Barack Obama and red for former Gov. Mitt Romney. 7-Eleven's regular "nonpartisan" cups are also available for undecided customers or those who would rather not publicize their presidential preference. Patriotic coffee-drinkers can vote at participating 7-Eleven stores as early and as often as they want in the two months leading up to the national election.

7-Election cups are instantly tabulated at the register when the sale is made. National, state and major market results will be posted daily on www.7-election.com, a website created especially for the coffee-cup poll. Poll tallies will reflect the percentage of candidate cups sold to date, not including 7-Eleven's regular ("undecided") cups. Participating 7-Eleven stores are encouraged to post their stores' latest race results at the hot beverage islands.

"Each day, almost 7 million Americans visit our neighborhood stores on their way to work, after school or while they're out and about. Around 1 million of those purchase a cup of

7-Eleven coffee," said 7-Eleven, Inc. President and CEO Joe DePinto. "While we have never billed 7-Election as scientific or statistically valid, it is astounding just how accurate this simple count-the-cups poll has been – election after election. We have had a lot of fun with it, and I hope we have encouraged people how important it is to vote in the real election."

7-Eleven has added several new elements to perk up the company's 2012 campaign including its second annual **CofFREE Day, Friday, Sept. 28.** As a nod to National Coffee Day (officially on Saturday, Sept. 29), which occurs during the 7-Election campaign, 7-Eleven encourages people to stop by stores and vote their choices. Between 6 and 10 a.m. that day, customers can vote by selecting a free large cup of coffee in their preferred blue or red cup. During that same time period, nonpartisan large-size 7-Eleven cups also are available for free. This is the first CofFREE Day held during 7-Election, and voter turnout is expected to be strong – as is the coffee.

New this year, 7-Eleven has partnered with **The Onion**, a popular, Peabody award-winning news satire organization, to help get out the vote. The retailer is sponsoring *The On-*

ion’s “War for the White House” news coverage, which includes four exclusive news vignettes that can be seen on Onion News and the 7-Election website.

Also, a special “**Mobile Oval**” **political party bus** featuring a mini-presidential Oval Office on wheels will be traversing the country from Friday, Sept. 28, through Election Day,

Nov, 6. The very-visible vehicle will make multiple campaign stops, with the 7-Eleven grassroots team offering free coffee samples, handing out coupons and taking photos of visitors in the Mobile Oval or with their favorite candidate. Tweets from the road will appear on Twitter (#mobileoval), and a map highlighting the bus route will be updated regularly on the 7-Election website. Other elements of 2012 7-Election include a grassroots-on-wheels campaign. Festooned with backdrops that include life-sized likenesses of each of the two candidates, 7-Eleven sampling buses are serving up both great coffee and photo opportunities with their favorite two-dimensional candidate through Election Day.

Since 2000, 7-Eleven “coffee cup-voters” have successfully predicted the winner in each presidential election, giving 7-Election a better track record than some well-known statistically valid polls. Past 7-Election results compared to actual vote tallies were:

2000 ELECTION	7-ELECTION	U.S. VOTERS
George W. Bush	21 percent**	48.4 percent
Al Gore	20 percent**	47.9 percent
2004 ELECTION		
George W. Bush*	51 percent	50.7 percent
John Kerry	49 percent	48.3 percent
2008 ELECTION		
John McCain	46 percent	45.7 percent
Barack Obama	52 percent	52.9 percent

*Elected

**In the 2000 7-Election, all cup sales, including unmarked “nonpartisan” cups, were tallied. In subsequent years, only the candidate cups were included in the results.

7-Eleven customers also will see the return of vanilla-flavored “**Purple for the People**” **Slurpee**® drinks at participating 7-Eleven stores, billed as a “peace-maker” beverage to unite the country. During the contentious mid-term 2010 elections, 7-Eleven created the unifying purple drink to symbolically unite the red and blue sides of the political spectrum.

7-Eleven was the first U.S. retailer to offer fresh-brewed coffee in to-go cups back in the mid 1960s. It proved an instant success. Customers liked fixing their coffee the way they wanted it – choosing cup size, regular or decaffeinated, and adding sweeteners and creamers to suit their tastes. Today, 7-Eleven sells more fresh-brewed coffee than anything else – 1 million cups per day. In each of the past 7-Election polls, more than 6 million candidate cups were cast.

While a nonpartisan beverage enjoyed by Democrats and Republicans alike, coffee does have deep political roots in American history. In 1607, Captain John Smith in Virginia introduced coffee in America, and it was named the national beverage by the First Continental Congress after the Boston Tea Party.

What’s Brewing during 7-Election 2012

How to Vote – It’s easy. Visit a participating 7-Eleven store. Head to the hot beverage (coffee) bar. Select a blue cup for Obama or a red cup for Romney. Fill with hot drink and cus-

tomize, if desired, with free creamers, syrups and sweeteners. Take to the cash register. When the UPC code is scanned, the cup's vote is counted. National, state and major market results are posted at the end of the day on the 2012

7-Election website at www.7-election.com. People are invited to vote as often as they want.

CofFREE Day – It promises to be an election free-for-all. 7-Eleven will pour it on Friday, Sept. 28. That's when customers are invited to stop by a participating 7-Eleven store and vote by selecting a free, large-size red or blue cup of coffee between 6 and 10 a.m.

Mobile Oval Tour – This political party bus is on the campaign trail, crossing the country starting on CofFREE Day, Friday, Sept. 28 through Election Day, Nov. 6. Inside is a mini-replica of the Presidential Oval office, where visitors can have their oh-so-official-looking photos made. Scheduled stops and photos will be posted on 7-Election.com, 7-Eleven's Facebook fan page and Twitter feed.

Sampling Trucks – Sampling trucks with larger-than-life backdrops of the two candidates will be showing up at local events during the 7-Election campaign. As with the Mobile Oval Office, people will be invited to enjoy a cup of 7-Eleven java and have their photos taken with their favorite candidate between Sept. 6 and Nov. 6.

Purple for the People (P4P) Slurpee Drinks – The beverage that was born during the mid-term 2010 elections is back in a favorite nonpartisan flavor, vanilla. Red and blue makes purple, of course, and this vanilla-flavor blend targets those who want to lower the heat of the campaign. As the "peacemaker" choice, the P4P frozen beverage is featured on the Slurpee Facebook page that offers buy-one-get-one coupons that friends can send to stop a heated debate or cool hot heads. Consider it an apolitical Brainfreeze® beverage. An easy-to-use purple debate-blocker can be downloaded to offer a visual cue that one is re-treating from the political games-playing.

The Onion – This cheeky news outlet is popular with those who don't always take the news of the day too seriously. As the sole sponsor of The Onion's 2012 War for the White House coverage, 7-Eleven will be popping up on The Onion's website. Exclusive video content will be featured on the 7-Election website as well.

7-Election Website, API and Social Media – The 7-Election website is buzzing with information including daily cup counts nationally, by state and major markets ... exclusive videos from The Onion ... free downloads like masks, flags and do-it-yourself confetti ... updates on the Mobile Oval Tour (see above) and more.

7-Eleven also has developed its first open API (application programming interface) and three plug-in widgets to make the latest 7-Election cup results available to third-party mobile apps, websites and digital media. The 7-Election API allows election followers to check national, state and major market cup-voting results on a variety of virtual locations.

Seeing Stars – As if Blue and Red coffee cups aren't enough, 7-Eleven also will debut fresh-baked-daily patriotic donuts. Look for the star-shaped donuts with red or blue icing. They're just for fun ... and deliciousness. Donuts do not count as votes in 7-Election.

BILH-HE-NEH is a Navajo word and means: WARNING!

Tea Party Group: VOTER INTEGRITY PROJECT reminds you to cancel your voter registration on the way out, because you might vote after you are DEAD!

Love and Light

Lilian

Our newest show. Look what we have been up to.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mQI-tpVSNnY&feature=plcp>

November 2012

In my head.... that is where I wrote the newsletter three times.

VERSION 1:

Can't say I remember an October 1st as beautiful as this one.

Thought I would run all of my errands in the same day, which meant I had to drive a total of 62 miles. Let me tell you what I saw.

Abundance of sunshine, golden streaks of little particles of dust from the long rainless summer, cut field with barrels of hay and field animals turning their heads, trying to locate the noises coming from machinery used to prepare the fields for the arrival of the new season.

The trees are not yet turning too much, in fact this is the first year, in several, that autumn started on time, rather than three weeks before the beginning of Fall.

One of my friends, Bill Ramsey, listens for sounds in space and logs what the equipment records. He explained that one of the reasons autumn was "ON TIME" this year was that the Moon is completing an 18.6-year cycle. He also explained that this was the reason the Moon appeared restless, not always rising in the places we expected. It answered my questions as to why I was getting so many calls wanting to know why the Moon was "JUMPING."



VERSION 2:

Good news: It appears that the world won't end in 2012 after all. Turns out that the Mayan inscription that many saw as foretelling the end of the world, may have been misinterpreted.

Deep down in the Guatemala rainforest researchers made an incredible breakthrough. It is literally the sort of finding that changes the way a lot of people look at the world. Call it how you want: the new Mayan calendar or the oldest Mayan calendar. One thing is for sure: the world won't end December 12, 2012.

Researchers stumbling upon such a finding will spark controversy without a doubt.

VERSION 3:

I pondered over a newsletter I wrote right before the election in 2008. This is how it read, in part:

A storm was on the horizon and a quick trip to COSTCO was in order. I was amazed how few people were there. Standing in ... compared to normal ... mini lines, people were talking to each other. This in itself was somewhat unusual also. People were friendly, talking about the fact that hardly anyone had more than 3-5 items in their shopping cart. They told

about their friends, which lost their houses in foreclosure and their own spouses losing a job. How food prices had risen at least 5% across the board and how happy everyone was to see the gas prices drop. It was strange to listen how well everyone appeared to handle things. ALMOST everyone agreed on one thing! Barack Obama needed to be our President.

In 2008 Dennis Kucinich was, for the second time, the winner of the Human of the Year Award. My viewers choose him because he was furious about a 90+-year old woman in his district being evicted from her home. She found it necessary to shoot herself in the chest. She did not know what else to do. Congress was less than happy about Dennis interrupting their train of thought. As always, he stood his ground and the problem was resolved. Not sure if congress had anything to do with it. It does not matter. The bank forgave the loan. The woman recovered and was able to stay in her house.

So, now then! This is the real version of the newsletter.

October was a difficult month for many, mainly because of the uncertainty of the times and the fighting each day, brought on by politics.

The fact that it was a beautiful, colorful, looking forward to pumpkins and Corn Mazes kind of month ...did not matter.

Sometimes we act on a hunch. I put a hunch to the test. It was time consuming, and I was glad I did.... in hind sight.

I devoured as many clips of the Presidential Opponents I was able to locate, to see if I was able to learn something from body language, voice patterns and attitudes of both, Barack Obama and Mitt Romney. I wanted to make a neutral comparison.

While spending hours of watching speeches and debates I noticed there was a MOTH in my house. Ms. Girly, the cat, tried her best to catch it, yet we were unable to chase it out. I thought I should be paying attention as to what it meant for me to have a moth in my house..... for days and days and days.

According to Wikipedia, in part, it said Moth has an attraction to light.

Moths frequently appear to circle artificial lights, although the reason for this behavior remains unknown. One hypothesis advanced to explain this behavior is that moths use a technique of celestial navigation called transverse orientation. By maintaining a constant angular relationship to a bright celestial light, such as the Moon, they can fly in a straight line. Celestial objects are so far away, that even after traveling great distances, the change in angle between the moth and the light source is negligible; further, the moon will always be in the upper part of the visual field or on the horizon. When a moth encounters a much closer artificial light and uses it for navigation, the angle changes noticeably after only a short distance, in addition to being often below the horizon. The moth instinctively attempts to correct by turning toward the light, causing airborne moths to come plummeting downwards, and resulting in a spiral flight path that gets closer and closer to the light source.

Most moth adults do not eat at all. Most like the Luna, Polyphemus, Atlas, Prometheus, Cercropia, and other large moths do not have mouths. When they do eat, moths will drink nectar.

Moths are nocturnal, and much of their symbolism deals with:

- Intuition
- Psychic perception
- Heightened awareness

Moths are babes of the MOON. They follow the Moon as a source of light, and this connects them with some powerful such as:

- Knowledge of the Otherworld
- Second sight
- Influence
- Prophecy
- Clarity

In dreams the moth may be interpreted as a message to listen to our inner voice. Dreaming of the moth may also indicate we are on the path to attracting love into our lives.

Another aspect of the moth deals with influence. Here, our dreaming mind may ask our waking mind what is it that rules our attention, or what are we allowing to overly influence us in our daily lives?

In 2004, I interviewed a Physicist/Scientist. He was prepared mainly because he has handlers, which pay close attention to what he told me and how he answered. While sitting on my stage he had many pieces of paper in his lap. After each question he would shovel through his pile of papers. I waited patiently till he quit rattling into the microphone and finally suggested he should put the papers aside, relax, become a person and just talk to me, like he had earlier.... sitting at my kitchen table drinking his cup of coffee, his wife insisted was NOT to contain any kind of sweetener.

I removed his documents and we continued the interview, even laughing at times. We became real people.

It was not until I watched the show did I realize what I had done. I saw the terror in his eyes. He was unsteady and so vulnerable. I had removed his security blanket. He was used to being told what to say, how to conduct himself and when in doubt he was able to refer to his written material, knowing each word was going to be analyzed and examined, saying the wrong thing resulting in consequences for himself.

I apologized to him and reminded him I was the only Media in the room and did not too much care what the rest of the world thought about our conversation. We had done our best to present a complicated subject.

It occurred to me that during the first debate the same thing happened to our President. The Teleprompter had been taken away from him. It was one of the most intensive Moons in recent years, and it was said the alignment to the Moon affected mostly Leos. President Obama you may remember was born in August.

It also occurred to me that when President Obama goes off script it appears he stutters. I think that is a brilliant way to buy time to sort out what your mind tells you and what comes out of your mouth. Intuitive people get most of their profound information from the right side, therefore tilting the head a bit to the right.

THEN, somehow sort what they perceive and then verbalize it. A chuckle or two can also serve as the time bridge needed.

<http://www.cbsnews.com/video/watch/?id=50133515n%3Ftag%3Dfacebook>

Mr. Romney's mind responds to logic and numbers, rather than stories and parables to explain himself. This surprised me, especially since he is a missionary and a religious teacher. Someone else telling him what to say and correct him constantly is a foreign concept to him. I see the struggle within himself when his facial expressions change. It appears he likes to speak freely, and at times I thought a pile of papers in the lap would prove very helpful to him.

I had a friend who ran for office. He wanted to prove a point and make the voters aware of certain things via the Voters pamphlet. He thought it was the best way to reach the masses. When he was not elected he was relieved, admitting holding the position he ran for was, in hind side, not his cup of tea and he was surprised he had gotten that far in the election. I wonder if Mr. Romney did not have that same revelation, at one point, and he decided to sabotage himself on several occasions, because he really never thought he would be President.

The Media is BRUTAL and we have managed to divide our country to an extent that I wonder if we can ever put it back together again.

Baseball playoffs and football games were not discussed on Twitter on October 23 until after the debate in Boca Raton..... I like that name.

The Italian authorities are blaming six scientists and a government official for the deaths of more than 300 people in L'Aquila in 2009. The group has been charged with manslaughter for failing to adequately warn the public of the danger an earthquake caused in the region and has been sentenced to six years in prison.

It is impossible to predict an Earthquake. You can inform people of signs, which need to be paid attention to because of things PRECEEDING a quake. You cannot give day, time and place. I have an advantage as a PSYCHIC because I can look ahead in time. Even at that, telling time is like *'hitting the Moon with a paper clip'*, to quote Kanashibushan.

No Nectar in my house, and I have no flowery smelling clothes, besides I kept watching the critter pretty closely and followed the advice to take some time to connect with the moth. She may be a bit elusive at first, but she's worth the persistence for the wisdom she imparts.

A cup of Peppermint tea is in order for closing. Boiling water and waiting for the tea to steep takes time. It allows us to cool our heels and think before making irrational decisions.

It is time to VOTE! Regardless of what your decision, please remember it is a hard way back to unity and understanding. The behavior of us as a people has been shameful toward one another. We have to be Moth and follow the light...as in... ENLIGHTENMENT, so we can reclaim balance.

The tea is heavenly. Oh, no! Peppermint is not nectar! Minus one moth on this planet!
Love and Light
Lilian

This is part 4 of a show I filmed with my Daughter two weeks after the election of 2008. It is interesting to note, that was the time the stage was set for the unreasonable occurrences the next four years and what has brought us to this point.

This episode of A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness was titled: Back to the back of the bus.

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WhuOhB6Le4c&list=PL7C8EAE3E527FA3FC&index=4&feature=plpp_video



(Left to Right: Me, Omar, Spirit Wolf)

December 2012

While a large percentage of inhabitants of the planet Earth welcome and/or eagerly await the end of the world, I suppose in many belief systems world's end and/or Armageddon is part of the teachings, or at least to my understanding a highlight in world's history to look forward to and celebrate.

Even though much income arrives from events of commercial venue, the Government of Guatemala put an end to the enormous amount of sightseers and pilgrims to the Mayan sites confirming that not even according to the calendar of the world's choice... especially the financial gain world choice... does the world end this month. In fact some said they were rather disturbed to have used their ancient culture to capitalize on their time-line.

As it sometimes, actually often, happens, Universe put me in a position at which time I have a chance to ponder unusual questions.

A large part of my family believes in reincarnation in one form or another and NORMALLY it is said believe, which puts our mind at rest when a death occurs. We appreciate the time we were allowed to spend together in THIS lifetime and talk about the reunions of the next lifetime. How will we be related the next time?

What will our lessons and relationships be like in the next life? Who will return first to again complete the circle of your relationships?

With the recent loss of a very young member of our family and the approach of another passing, it is certainly food for thought. Universe put me in a heavily gated backyard in South Central Los Angeles. I can hear a lot of traffic helicopters overhead occasionally. Church bells mark the hours, and strange clouds formations bring long awaited rain. Planes are stacked in landing patterns in one direction, while heavy air traffic on take-off in the opposite. Doves, squirrels, crows and centipedes are competing for my attention and live here amongst the hustle and buzzle of the human and mechanical elements of the Oh, so big, City of Angels. Everything is grateful for the rain showers, and under this covered porch it sounds familiar, almost like the never ending rain in Olympia, Washington, minus cactuses and palm trees along the fences and the big iron gates.



Baby-boomers is the name given to my generation, those of us conceived during and at the end of WW2 and born right after the war. I guess everyone felt a surge in hope of a better, peaceful world, got bitten by the love bug and HERE WE WERE! Baby-boomers are now at an age, in which many of us are old and in the winter phase of our lives. There has always been generational surges in life and death, except it is somewhat noticeable at this time, since there are so many of us at a time when it is time to leave this plane and transition to the next life. I remember in the 90's I called the woman, which raised me part-time, each Tuesday. Mostly because overseas calls were rather spendy back then. The conversation was always the same.

"How are you?"

"Like always. hurting everywhere."

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing. I don't know if I am still here next week. I am so sad. All my friends are dead, and I want to leave now."

"You have been saying this for 10 years. You will be here next week."

"Time for me to go. I am the only one left. Not fair. I am the only one left."

"Don't say that. You will be here next week."

"You don't understand.... time to vacate and join my friends."

"Don't say that. You will be here next week."

Then one Tuesday she did not answer the phone. She had joined her friends. I did not give it much thought until in recent months when I recalled her voice and our 2 minute Tuesday conversations.

18 months ago I made a promise to blog the 2012 elections. If I remember correctly the reason was that I had many friends on the road, filming on locations, working without time to follow the madness and friends overseas, which were unable to follow the American News from their homelands. By me posting clips in my blogs, they were able to get straight to the highlights and stayed informed. I followed through with my promise. Complaining, for what seemed a very long time, that I was dumb enough to undertake such an almost impossible task. 2 hours a day, each day. It was maddening.

One of the things I marveled at was the age of the people involved in keeping us updated. They were young, capable, intelligent... I was in awe of the amounts of PhD's all over the news broadcasts and advisers to the Baby-boomer and "Dinosaur" politicians.

I am working very hard to keep up with technology. I still have my TV SHOW: A Visit with a person of High Strangeness. I mastered YouTube, Twitter, MySpace and Facebook. Learning how to shop e-bay and Amazon and got a Kindle Fire for my 65th B day. I look and listen to the old fogies running our country and the terror they created for months by trying to put us back into the 1950's BEFORE Flower Children and the Hippie Movement. It is the same people which were involved in said time era which attempted to resurrect Jim Crow, old hatreds and woman's oppression.

We were gathered in that backyard in South Central when President Obama was reelected. It became surreally still. Then....

Fireworks! People ran into the streets, hugging and kissing us on the cheeks. The country relaxed, started breathing and a giant SHIFT occurred. The extreme caution Claudia and I exercised the day before while walking to the store in broad day light, disappeared, and we walked the streets in the dark, mingling with the neighbors and people just driving by. It was only later we thought about what could it have been like had there been a different outcome in the election results.

Election Night was not the end of the SHIFT. It was very noticeable and continued. People at the airports, in stores, pumping gas and during the terrible storms in the NW, which followed. Flooding. mudslides and leaking roofs seemed to have been dealt with much easier than in January and while our spirits were in turmoil not knowing where our country was heading. Less than wondering about direction, the extreme hatred weigh heavy on the population, even if they did not comprehend the full extent. Everything was lighter almost immediately.

Many people I talked to, for those of you which know me are aware I will talk to anyone. I stop people in the streets and ask their opinion about whatever my mind seems to be hatching for that day. What I found is by talking to many.... I must add the age group was from about 30 to about 78..... was that everyone had noticed and what they described as IN-SIDE BALANCE. I must include myself in order for me to be more descriptive. It feels like there is a balance, a certain evenness within myself. I am now able to act as an observer, rather than an empath or enforcer. I can step back from a situation, look at it, relate to it and move on, or I can say NO.

Many were looking for the world to end. Is it possible a shift occurred in some of us and we acquired an instant inner knowing and with that changed something on the planet?

The medicine wheel of life is circular. It has 4 directions and 4 seasons. The natural order of life is: Birth, Adolescence, Adulthood and Wisdom/Old age. Like the seasons. Spring is renewal and when we understand this on all levels we will be less resistance to change. The Summer Generation is very capable of taking care of the planet and we can relax. We can offer wisdom and experience when asked. Trust the Summer generation they will tend to the planet, in the same way we did, when we were in SUMMER.

It is time for my generation to step aside. It is time for people to understand the natural order of things. It is time for people to abandon taught behavior and teachings as to wanting to change the order of life and death.

It is not the end of the world on December 21st, 2012. It is the beginning of an awareness, so the Planet can start healing and people can enjoy this new awareness.

Appreciate people while they are walking the Earth, show love for one another and remember there is a time when the hourglass will have to be turned, so the process can repeat.

Have a great new beginning and celebrate 2013.

Be on the lookout for my new book: 2012 ...what am I still doing here....

It will be online by January 1st, 2013

Love and Light

Lilian

Here is the greatest summary I was able to find!

<http://www.mrctv.org/videos/latest-msnbc-lean-forward-ad-spikes-football-over-obama-election-victory>

Afterword... in case I need one

In case you did not notice, we are in 2013 and as promised, the world is still here.

Much to look forward to.

Two new great grandbabies, at least those are the ones I know about. Imagine, so many wonderful people walking the Earth because I was blessed to have two children.

We often ask: Who am I, and what am I doing here?... on the Planet, that is.

I am still asking myself that question and have arrived at the conclusion that I may never know, so at best we can all go along for the ride and enjoy the gifts life presents to us. I suppose in a few hundred years people reading this will smile and say: If only you KNEW!

Thanks for coming along on this Journey one more time and enriching MY life.

Namaste



Fatima Lilian Mustelier 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 6 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.

All I Can Do is P.

2012...so what am I still doing here.

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/lilianmustelier](https://www.facebook.com/lilianmustelier)

[Twitter.com/psygeria](https://twitter.com/psygeria)

For additional copies call (360) 923-9592 or contact the publisher.