



The Big **P**

A Collection of Short Stories & Newsletters

By
Fatima “Lillian” Mustelier

Intentionally Left Blank

Introduction

As a child I was raised as a Jehovah's Witness and was taught that things like psychic phenomenon, aliens and UFOs could only come from evil spirits and the people who experienced such things were cavorting with the devil, so I naturally buried my own experiences deep in my subconscious and created a version of reality which excluded such things. As a result, my version of reality was not very *real* and didn't provide me with the means to comprehend my greater reality, nor did it allow me to process the emotions related to such experiences.

As I became a teenager I started thinking more for myself and started remembering more of my childhood. I remembered a near-death experience at age four and a life-time of alien encounters. However, I didn't know anyone I could talk to about such things and so wrote-off important parts of my existence as mere imagination.

In my mid-twenties I was kidnapped, tortured and brainwashed in a staged *alien abduction* by the military because I knew too much about the the CIA's drug smuggling through Central America in what would later become known as Iran-Contra. The experience remained buried deep in my subconscious under three hours of *missing time* until a couple of years later when I suffered sleep deprivation from working 18 hours a day. Once the memories started leaking out a post-hypnotic suggestion was activated and I sought out a California hypno-therapist who specialized in alien abductions and secretly worked for the Air Force. My crash-course in military mind control had reached the next level.

The hypnotic regressions brought out much more than just the memories related to my military abduction. It allowed me to recover my past and my own natural psychic abilities and to become aware of a much greater reality. As a result, I started researching consciousness and developing my own abilities. The more aware I became the more strange experiences I started having and the more sensitive I became. The new awareness enabled me to start a life-long quest to understand the human experience. When I first met Lilian she was the kind of person I had been warned about as a child and so she was a bit scary to me but at the same time I instantly recognized her as a kindred spirit. She was the first person I met that I could talk to about about the strange things I had experienced who really *knew* what I was talking about and didn't think that I was weird or crazy.

Like many others, Lilian has inspired me to be myself, not ignore the high strangeness and accept it as a meaningful part of my journey and grow from it. Like me, Lilian has struggled with her own experiences with govt. mind control and encounters with things seemingly not of this world. She has coped with the experiences with a grace and courage that few others would have the strength for. She has never given up in her quest for answers and to be herself, even when she wasn't sure who she really was.

To many people, Lilian is a bit kooky, but that is only because they don't know her. The kookiness is just an ingenious disguise and a way to reach the people she really needs to.

Our time here is far too short to spend on those who aren't ready to open their eyes to the greater reality.

For over a decade her courage has inspired me, helped me keep my balance and continue the struggle to comprehend the world in which I find myself. She is one of the very few people on Earth that I dare call a true *friend*. It is my hope that I can continue to be honored with her friendship.

As souls, we are all here in this reality for the same basic reasons: to gain experience, grow stronger, develop compassion and help others. These things are all that we take with us when we depart from this reality and it is these things which make us who we are and make our next life more interesting and meaningful.

As you read the following please do so with an open mind and heart and allow its truth and wisdom to sink in where it can work its magic. It may not all make sense to your human mind but your soul will understand and grow from the experience.

I hope that you enjoy your journey with That Person of High Strangeness as much as I have.

Tim Loncarich

Thank You

Again I have been brought to this place.... The page when I acknowledge the people in my life, which have been there for me thru the madness of putting thoughts on paper.

This one should be easy... Who am I kidding...

This time period in my life is just as obsessive as the two other times, it took to give birth to a book.

So let me tell you about the people in my life, in no particular order.

Kathryn Grandfield helped me with the spelling, without argument about my style of writing. If this was written in perfect English some of you might think someone else wrote this, since you are aware that I make up words in order to drive home a point. In fact some terms have entered main stream language, some of you remember where they originated.

My family.

Timo.

Lisa Bielski

Monica Michelle Moore, EDITOR

Ebony Moore. She furnished the picture for the cover, amongst other things.

Smitty for creating the cover.

Authors Notes

I cannot rightfully remember at what time exactly my "NEWSLETTER" period got started. I don't recall why it was called a newsletter, since it was more of an afterthought, than a newsletter. For a few years I wrote articles about things or events which either disturbed me, in some cases something just caught my attention, I would put it on paper. This served a dual purpose, in as much as I got things off my chest and it became appeared that the stories were useful to some of the readers.

The Star Beacon in Colorado was happy to publish my stories and reports.

Later I wrote a High Strangeness column for The Buzz, an entertainment paper out of Olympia, Washington. During my "BUZZ" days I incorporated definitions of a word. English and American is not always the same language, therefore I felt it was important for me to know my readers do understand what I was trying to relate.

The website www.psygeria.com was started in 1997, it was changed to www.highstrangeness.tv in 2001. In 2007 we added www.myspace.com/psygeria.

A Visit with a person of High Strangeness, a TV Show, was born in 1998, as a result of this many readers enjoy the monthly Newsletter and it was suggested it was now time to put them into one place, mainly this book. My webmaster Timo and granddaughter Ebony are happy about this decision, since they maintain the web page and MySpace. I seem to expect them to get into my head and/or read my mind when they are trying to locate a file, because that is where I generally keep everything. In my head. I was also reminded that I am mortal and somewhat old, so I gave in.

Since I am "OLD" I will try my best to remember what led up to each article, but don't count on it, my head is only so big. On second thought, I am not adding anything, it will give you a chance to call me and ask me.

The newsletters were born pretty much the same way the TV Shows were. Something catches my attention, I make a note of it, pick a word for the month and somehow it turns into a story woven together in my head. The newsletters have a broad international following and are therefore written in a practical 3-D format, unlike the Shows, which are often of metaphysical nature.

A relative re-entered my life after many, many years. During a conversation he will ask me what I think or feel. He will say:" You know, you are the big P.... He cannot bring himself to call me a Psychic, so I became the BIG P. Ebony is the LITTLE P. Therefore the title. The Big P.

Like an original painting, somehow the readers have named the newsletters, in case we want to make reference to them.

**This book is dedicated to BOB WHITE, my friend. Universe selected him as caretaker of a piece of a spaceship. Many years of his life were spend trying to prove that he had the
"SMOKING GUN"**

Enough of explanations.... LETS GET TO IT!

Bananafana

Some 40 years ago a Lady named Shirley Bassie released a song: THE NAME GAME. If memory serves me right it went something like this: Shirley, Shirley, Boberley, Bananafana, Fo-Ferley, Fi-Fy-Fo Shirley. The object of the song was to change the first letter on each word, which turned each word into something else. The possibilities were endless. It was fun to sing along with anyone, regardless if we sang the same variation of the same word. It even sounded silly at times, yet, young/old, male/female we pretended to sing in UNISON.

According to Webster the word TYPICAL means: representative or conforming to some type. According to Follette by Gluckman TYPICAL means: categoristic or visualizing a certain mental picture or assumed person, group or outcome of expectation.

Monstrous
Awesome
Ridiculous
Controversial
Hellacious

March was all of the above..

The weather was monstrous across our land and around the globe. Fruit from South America almost non-existing, due to floods in their region. Bananas were scarce and \$1.10 per pound because of the shortage.

The 5th anniversary of the Iraq invasion was named Shock and AWE. It coincided with the death of the 4,000 American soldiers. Unfortunately the death toll of the Iraqis people appears to be unknown to the American people, along with the loss of the many lost due to war, conflict, riots, illness and starvation in the remaining parts of the world.

Ridiculous in our obsession... arched on in part by Lou Dobbs at CNN... about illegal immigration. Because of the pressure to revise laws on LEGAL foreign work Visas, the numbers of needed workers for the Circus Industry has been restricted. Unable to find local and American workers most Circuses will no longer be able to pitch their Big Top in order to entertain us. Imagine a world without the Circus! It is a travesty not to be able to share this age-old tradition with our children and grandchildren. Attending a performance at the Circus is something almost all people of all nations can identify with, one of the few things we have in common worldwide. What is to become of the artists, performers and animals? A whole segment of population to fall victim to misplaced ridiculous rules and laws.

March was hellacious inasmuch people struggled for the bare necessities to survive the winter. Economically many did not have the means to heat their homes or buy food. Many friend were ill, unable to seek medical help because they have neither medical insurance nor money to see a doctor or buy much needed medications. Many were unable to buy the traditional new clothes for the holiday. When unable to locate PEEPS... little marshmallow chickens and rabbits... we inquired why it was so complicated to locate PEEPS. We were told

by truckers transporting groceries that many items were unable to get to market because of the high gas prices.

The History Channel aired a program: How the Earth was made. It can be viewed on www.History.com.

It explained the movement of the earth mass from the original continent Rodenia to the present-day freshwater swamp Okefenokee in Georgia. It showed the geological evolution of the Earth, how the land-mass moves about one inch per year. Mountains result as a crushing of sea-land as can be seen at the Great Matterhorn, where the tip of the European Mountain is actually part of the African plate which crashed into the rising plates of the Alps.

100 miles below the earth diamond bearing magma thrown up at super-eruptions. Kilauea still changing the routes of shorelines and the shape of islands.

Each year I spend time in Canyon DeChelle, each year the floor of the Canyon looks different, having gained or lost a couple of inches of soil from the floods which create new routes of temporary riverbeds and new crevices yet to be explore, never seen the year before.

The Grand Canyon was deliberately flooded by the Colorado River to reestablish an ecosystem necessary for life to continue to flourish in the marvel we are able to witness in modern day. A glimpse of the beauty within our own country. Imagine the changes and the breathtaking natural changes occurring everywhere on this planet we call home. Enormous changes at the South Pole, unknown how this event impacts us as the PEOPLE OF THE PLANET EARTH.

10,000 years ago was another program aired on the History Channel. It can also be viewed at www.History.com.

This documentary deals with mankind over a period of several thousand years. It shows how, when necessary, tribes relocated, especially when it became apparent climate or food supply could no longer sustain a people. Intermarriage was occasionally required to genetically further the survival of certain tribes and groups of Earth Inhabitants of the HUMAN species.

The Space-Shuttle Endeavor landed safely, a rare night landing. Imagine yourself having studied and worked all of your life to work and live in space. Looking out of the porthole of the space station must be a sight! The fact that we have accomplished the task of being able to spend time in space, a far cry from living in caves just 6,000 years ago! There is our beautiful planet, EARTH, what a sight! As far as we know it is a one-of-a-kind!

Imagine also what it must feel like to, after a short while, make the return trip at tremendous speed, to our home. As we approach the planet gets larger and larger, we can identify the oceans and the continents. The poles which are breathtaking, appearing smaller with each time we do return to Earth. Weather systems, smoke from fires and pollution become recognizable. What is NOT visible are borders we have created for ourselves. It is true that we... Humans... share a mini gene of reptile origin, located where our skull ends and the neck begins...which makes us territorial. There has been TRIBE amongst us since the beginning of time. Casts, Nationalities followed Dogma of religion and different ways of lifestyles followed. Men have died to prove that we are equal. We are and rightfully so. Even though we differ in appearance we have two arms, two legs, the same organs and red blood. Our productive organs operate the same. We feel pain, get sick and experience the same emotions. We have the same basic needs, food, shelter, the sense of belonging... TRIBE.

One of the things I have tried to accomplish with my television Show: A VISIT WITH A PERSON OF HIGH STRANGENESS is to add education and diversity. In fact my Mission Statement reads in part ... oh well, let me give it to you in it's entirety...

T.O.H.S was established to benefit Mother Earth, Human kind and all our relations, earthly and non-earthly. Our goal is to help all who wish it to reconnect with the Creator, Mother Earth and the Cosmic powers of life. T.O.H.S does not follow a conventional road, however. It is NON-DENOMINATIONAL, NONJUDGMENTAL and OPEN-MINDED.

We believe that we are Stewards of this great planet, NOT her masters. We owe this biosphere our respect and our love. It is time to bring all our brothers and sisters of ALL origins, creeds and races together to evoke the cosmic law of love in progress. To this end we dedicate our path and unite in this common goal. We stand for the differences which we ALL have in common, for it's those differences that make us unique and mysterious. Many believe that earth changes are occurring now, with yet more to come. There are steps that we can take to help ease what could be and may change things all together. To all our relations we ask the Creator to bless your journey and bring you peace in the dream-time.

I have brought many people of different ethnic background, belief systems and geographical locations worldwide to my stage and discussed the differences which make us unique, Shared ideas and possible solutions.

There is a documentary The Color of Fear. It was produced by the Baha'i. It shows our prejudices are often mistaken for entitlement issues. One people feels entitled to everything, by birthright or some unfortunate idea, that is how it should be because that is what was told to them.

It has to be said that prejudices are wide spread. When I brought this subject up to my friend Carrie Houston...She was the first FEMALE combat assault helicopter pilot in the US Army. She related prejudice to gender, rather than race. She is Caucasian.

A newscaster noted Viagra had a birthday and with that opened dialog for **Erectile Dysfunction**. He also noted it would be great to locate a pill to open dialog for **Election Dysfunction**. Speaking of pills... Take a brand-name medicine. delude it and make it generic. Generic will work for you for a time. It more often than not looses potency and the desired result. It might be cheaper and all we can afford, but in the long run brand-name pills are far more beneficial. It is the same with people. We all like to be BRAND-NAME, we do not wish to be generic people.

I am from a multi-cultural, multi-racial, multi-national family. No two members of my family share the same faith and belief system. We are all equal without having to be the same. I remember segregated Military Bases in Europe. I remember coming to the USA having to fill out papers as to my racial background. Since then we are required ... voluntarily ... to state race and ethnic background each time we fill out official forms.

Black, Hispanic, Latino, Native American... list tribe... Sub-Saharaian, North African, Asian, Pacific Islander...specify... Other...specify.

A couple of years ago an attempt was made to officially segregate people in prison. A problem occurred when it was discovered some Latinos were of African decent and fit neither in the Afro American nor Latino category. Therefore the project was abandoned.

I read the works of TERTULLION and JOSEPHAS. Both Historians wrote about the same time period. Each looked at the story from a different perspective and it was interesting to cross reference the accounts. Some were the same and others totally opposite. At times a son would take credit for something the father accomplished, by doing so loose 20 years in the accuracy of the time frame. Test this yourself around the dinner-table. Relate an event. You will see how several different perceptions of the same story you will hear. The movie Vantage Point is a good example at present.

Each PEOPLE brings something different to the table.
Each PEOPLE has their own way of relating to each other.
Each PEOPLE has their own believes.
Each PEOPLE are entitled to be treated equal.
Each PEOPLE has their own history and is entitled to record it as such.

I have an accent, when asked where I am from I say: 'Olympia, WA." Oh no, what are you?
Question: "Where are you from?" I am Irish, Native American, Mexican and English. NO!
Answer: I am from Chicago.

Racism and Bigotry is more than reacting to a persons skin color. Educate me without judgment, give me a visual, something I can relate to, allow me to speak in a way I can relate. In some areas we are all INFIDELS. When entering a foreign country or unknown territory read the travel guide. Understand their customs, don't get offended if you make a mistake or two.

The art and desired result is to coexist in peace.

When I awake in the morning I get up and take my heart medication. I then lay back down. It is during the time period between returning to sleep and just being, a sort of slumber I think, when I have my closest time with DREAM, SUBCONSCIOUS, CREATOR or MATRIX. When I awaken and get up for the day, I have a clarity which I am unable to achieve even in meditation. I remember what I heard, smelled, saw, experienced and where I WENT, I may not be able to recall the name but I can describe it in detail and I retain the memory of such occurrences. This morning the following happened. In said state I saw many Albino Centipedes climb up my pink pant legs. I was amazes and puzzled as to the meaning of this. I dug out my books on animals, symbolism and meanings, I looked under insects, snakes and worms. Centipede was nowhere to be found. I asked a friend to please check on her computer while I waited on the telephone for her findings. As it turned out Centipede is an ARTHROPOD, one of the most successful animals on the planet. It is estimated there are between 1-9 million species in existence terranian and subterranean. Terranian they are great conquerors, subterranean they are exclusively predatory.

An ALBINO Centipede was found in the Grand Canyon, a new race with new organisms. I think nature repeats the never ending cycle and renews itself as needed, survival of the species if you will.

Make no mistake, if we... Humans... cannot get our act together and realize how important we are in the NAME-GAME of UNISON by the time our cosmic relatives arrive it would not surprise me if by going against the grain, pulse and evolution of our home the planet Earth... CENTIPEDE TIME.... Well, you get the picture.

Two more orbits! It will be good to get my feet back on the ground. It is a one of a kind place we live on, this magnificent ball in the backwoods of the Universe, flaws and all, maybe one

day we will get it right and become the people of the Planet Earth.

Unable to sleep, I was channel surfing. I stopped on a program America's Best Dance Crew... HIP-HOP Challenge. Two dance-groups were given the assignment to incorporate classical and songs from a Musical into their dance routine. The winner was a group JABBA WOCKEEZ. The dancers were very creative, bordering on genius in their presentation and execution of the dance. Their attire was colorful and they wore red masks over their faces. Watching MTV and a HIP-HOP competition I ...TYPICALLY... assumed Jabba Wockees to be an Afro American group. Imagine my surprise when the masks were removed and the dancers were of Asian, Latino, Hispanic and Caucasian decedent.

If Earth can go forward at an unhurried, steady pace, if we can live with silent earthquakes for weeks at a time, if we can experiment splitting atoms under the ground I don't think it is too much to ask to deliver PEEPS for the next holiday.

Love and Light
Lilian

Another " I CANNOT BELIEVE THIS" Story

by Lilian Mustelier

Like in any story there is a beginning. It was a cold foggy day when I found myself assisting/rescuing three young people, which were involved in a fatal car accident. A few days later I came down with a terrible cold that persisted for some time. I finally went to the Doctor. With his help I got better after a few weeks. I then noticed my heart skipping, pounding and racing. I was referred to a Cardiologist. He determined I was stressed out and should change my life style. In the early 1980s men and women were not quite equal when it came to treatment of heart disease. Shortly there after I went to Germany to visit my mother, she moved there from Beirut, after the bombing of the American Embassy. As we were laughing and having a great time crossing a street, I collapsed. The Medics rushed me from Nuremberg to Darmstadt, a distance of several hundred miles, in order to get treatment from one of the greatest Cardiologists in Germany... FREE OF CHARGE... This Doctor was able to diagnose and determine the exact time when this affliction started. At the time of the cold, which was a virus, not a cold.

The untreated virus had affected the function of a heart valve. I was released from the hospital and taken back to Nuremberg by Taxi...FREE OF CHARGE... Medicine prescribed was Rythmol for heart arrhythmia and Dyhitrogot. The ladder was to help with circulatory and weather related issues since I am very affected by weather, volcanoes and earthquakes.

When I returned to the United States, armed with an ample supply of medication I was lucky to be accepted by a very good Internist which remained my doctor for 20-plus years. We soon discovered Dyhitrigot was not available in the US. The American health care system does not recognize weather related circulatory ailments as an illness. Rythmol was not available in the US either.

I have multiple allergies to medication such as Novocaine and others, so my Doctor hospitalized me for several days in order to find a heart medication I was not allergic to and was easy to tolerate. After several scary trials and errors we decided on SECTRAL, an American made SAFE hydrophilic beta-adrenoreceptor blocking agent used for, in part, hypertension (high blood pressure) and in my case Ventricular Arrhythmia. If memory serves me correctly... I am NOT sure if it is in this part of my statement... SECTRAL was manufactured by E.S.P. Pharmaceutical. Sectral is pricey, so when 10 years later, my now Insurance DSHS, would frown on the price. Every 6 months we have to do battle and prove this is the Only medication I can take for said condition. We attempted to switch to a generic brand made by MILAN.... Again, to the best of my recollection... I was allergic to some of the fillers and remained on SECTRL for several more years. At one point the manufacturer, thru the Doctor, supplied me with 3-month of SECTRAL... FREE OF CHARGE... until the dispute about coverage by the Insurance was settled, for another 6 months.

In 2001/2002, I believe, my then pharmacy... Albertsons... said SECTRAL was no longer available thru their distributor. It took several days to locate a drugstore, actually the only pharmacy which still had access to the medication. I called E.S.P. Pharmaceutical to ask why it was so complicated to locate the pills and was told a different company.... Reddy Pharmaceuticals, LLC was now the maker of SECTRAL. I called them to inquire of their plans and to make sure I would be able to continue to buy SECTRAL. They assured me that there were no plans to discontinue the product.

In May of 2007, as I went to pick up my prescription, my pharmacy notified me SECTROL was no longer being manufactured by anyone. Again I called Reddy Pharma. They assured me this was incorrect, the drug was still being made. Unable to convince anyone I agreed to take Rythmol... it is available in the US at this time. I was no longer able to tolerate said medicine. I dealt with a parade of doctors, which were not willing to fill out lengthy forms and explanations for the Insurance Company.

In August of 2006 I contracted a bacterial infection, the mismatching of a cocktail of antibiotics injured a nerve in my leg. Because of the refusal of the doctor to prescribe Tylenol #3, the only compatible pain pills I can take, I was in excruciating pain and unable to walk for 7 months. Between unnecessarily changing medications several times and the toll the constant pain took on me, I fainted. I was seen by a local Cardiologist. By now I had developed a small leak in my heart valve. Again we attempted to try a generic version of SECTROL. The side effects were terrible, it was necessary for me to go to the hospital. My body temperature was 96.2 and the edema very noticeable. Out of desperation I dismantled parts of my house and did find a bottle of SECTRAL. It was old, I must have stashed it for an emergency, a trip or something. After only 3 days I felt much better, edema gone and my temperature was back to normal.

I called Reddy Pharma and was told SECTRAL was still manufactured and they gave me a list of distributors. They also supplied me with the names of drugstores which had access to the said distributors.

Out of 7... Walgreen Target, Walmart, Shopko, Fred Meyers, Albertsons and Rite Aid... only Rite Aid had a listing of SECTROL and attempted to order the product. According to the distributor SECTRAL was NO LONGER on the market.

I called Reddy Pharma and it was NOT true. My conversation with RITE AID did not go well. I called Reddy Pharma, according to their records the distributor had picked up a shipment of the drug for both November and December.

I called Rite Aid, again they did not believe me.

I called Reddy Pharma and they, Reddy, were told by their own distributor, the product was no longer in production.

Somehow Reddy Pharma located a bottle of pills for me.

I called Rite Aid, they quoted a price of \$284 to me. I suggested they again contact the Insurance. The meds were not covered ... they were nonexistent according to the insurance... Rite Aid refused to order the emergency shipment Reddy Pharma had arranged for. I was almost out of pills.

I called Rite Aid and was told the pills were being shipped by Reddy Pharma to the Doctor's office.

I called Reddy Pharma. Reddy and I... on a 3-way conversation ... strongly suggested they, Rite AID order the emergency shipment ... the statement as to a shipment ... free of charge ... was unknown to Reddy and myself. The Pharmacist at Rite Aid stated since there was no insurance coverage and I was unable to pay the \$391 needed for me to pick up the pills, he was not going to order them. He stated no-one else ever requested said pills... The Reddy Representative said: "I wonder why"... Anyway, Rite Aid was not going to order because he was afraid to get stuck with a product no-one uses. Reddy said they would buy them back ... themselves. I assured them a friend had offered to pay for at least part of the shipment,

which would give me time to make some other arrangement. After some persuasion eventually Rite Aid gave in... It would take 3-4 business days. Reddy pointed out since it was a special shipment they should arrive the next day. We made Rite Aid aware I was out of pills with a good possibility to go into heart failure.

Rite Aid did not order the pills.

The next day I called the State of Washington. They filed a grievance and stated they were investigating my claim.

The next day DSHS called and explained they were not paying \$425 for a medicine not on their coverage list, in essence nonexistent to them. I told them I had hand-carried all necessary documents to Rite Aid.

They also told me...I did not know this ... that any drugstore under contract with DSHS was forbidden to sell medicine for cash covered by anyone covered by their insurance. I lost it and imagined myself 6 feet under, since now I was not even allowed to buy them myself. I pointed out the price increase from \$284-\$391-\$425 in two weeks. The Lady from the State said there was nothing else they could do, good thing Reddy Pharma was giving them to me. I pointed out that was never any part of any conversation with Reddy and referred her to the Company, which somehow appeared to give me more validity.

The next day the State of Washington called telling me they would pay for the pills for 1 year to make sure Rite Aid was finally ordering them. I did not know this either, my physician was on a registry with the insurance which made concession for people with special needs to allow payment of drugs otherwise not covered. Investigations have been ordered and the word extortion came up.

Rite Aid ordered the emergency shipment Reddy Pharma had arranged for.

Five days without SECTRAL forced me to take a generic version... PATENT PENDING... terrible allergic reactions.

I HAVE MY SECTRAL... I called Rite Aid and told them "Thank You." I hope to feel better in a few days. This story has no ending at this time, it is ongoing...

Here are my personal thoughts:

Most of us have seen Michael Moore's SICKO by now. Comcast features it On Demand at the moment.

Many of us have medical problems, many of us live on fixed incomes. Many of us just don't earn enough.

We settle for the lesser evil... for the most part....because we have little choices.

Some of us would like to know where our doctors were educated.

Some of us would like to know if our Pharmacist is a caring person, who understands the sometimes fatal consequences of taken certain medications or the lack thereof.

Some of us would like to know if the doctors and pharmacists know if a certain drug is approved for human consumption,

Some of us would like to know the place of origin of said drug.

Some of us like to know if doctors understand the function and safety of a certain drug, rather than passing out samples left for them, so we can see for ourselves if they work for us.

Some of us would like a doctor or pharmacist to listen when we point out problems with a certain remedy. Rather than treating us like drug addicts and/or people of little to no means. Some of us actually know our bodies, once we start puking, go into seizures or pass out, we recognize we have a problem.

Some of us like to know what happens to drugs after they leave the manufacturer.

Some of us like to know what happens to distributors that lie to healthcare providers about the availability of merchandise in their possession.

Some of us like to know why it is so freaking complicated to believe a patient actually knows what he/she is talking about.

If you yourself or a relative run into similar problems PLEASE DON'T GIVE UP. Call the appropriate agencies and Companies. Ask if your Doctor is on the special needs list. Believe the complaints about side effects you or your loved ones experience. Question and demand results! So what if your finger gets sore from redialing all day! So what if you have to push press1 for English all day! This is America!

Most of us are aware of the fact we will die...one day. Most of us prefer to die from natural causes rather than negligence or even criminal behavior of some.

My obituary would have read: After struggling with heart disease for many years Lilian lost her battle.

BULL! My battle was with the suppliers and people unwilling to do their job! **THIS COULD HAPPEN TO YOU!**

What ever may be said about drug companies..... Reddy Pharmaceuticals, especially Richard, saved my butt by persistence and also showed me much compassion during this unbelievable experience.

Unfortunately Rite Aid is the only Pharmacy in Washington State which now remotely knows how to order SECTRAL. For those of you financially more fortunate please consider gift cards for Pharmacies for your friends and others.

I am the Queen of chemical allergies. Since 1984 SECTRAL has never given me any problems, it is American made and SAFE. There are several factors to consider, such as drug interactions and I wear a medical alert bracelet stating that I take the drug. I am hopeful medics will check interactions, in my case so far they have.

And now I want my sticker!

Good health to you!

Reproduction of this article permitted.

How about THAT?

This e-mail found it's way to my PC a few days ago. It reads as follows:

GREAT NEWS!!! My stepson just told me that on the Art Bell radio show last night, in the middle of the night, it was reported that the ET's have taken over the Paul Harvey radio frequencies that goes worldwide and were broadcasting in multiple languages, all around the world, that they are ready for FIRST CONTACT. Many people called in Art Bell saying that someone was reporting over his broadcast signal in different languages saying the ET's are ready for FIRST CONTACT. The message was. "We are ready for First Contact. ARE YOU?" Art Bell asked his listening audience as well. "Are you ready for First Contact?"

The ET's have been showing themselves in the skies for at least a week, moving around making it very obvious they are up there since what they are doing planets and stars can't do.

It kind of made me think and provoked wonderment in me, to say the least. Wonderment because just a couple of days prior we filmed the predictions 2005. In the predictions we mentioned that, for the first time, Space would enter the picture. Some men would be able to step on soil on other planets because they found the weather conditions bearable. Also that we would openly discuss our space brothers.

Being who I am I have no trouble with that revelation, in fact I recalled part of an interview I had with Valery Uverov from the UFO Department of the Russian NSA. Somehow we talked about aliens and how Hollywood portrays them instead of "quote" acknowledge that they look just like us. This however raises another question. Are we talking good alien or bad alien here or something entirely different, mainly not alien at all?

In the past few years many people including Dr. Steven Greer and Steven Bassett have tried so very hard to get the US Government to acknowledge the existence of the UFO phenomenon which of cause includes the presence of Extraterrestrials. The web site Black Vault contains more than 110,000 documents obtained by a young man John Greenwald. It would be therefore foolish to think that the US Government is unaware of the number of people that believe in such a phenomena to the point that groups have sprung up all over the country that actually believe that in the near future the aliens will make contact and rescue them from this corrupted way of life on the planet Earth. Not all of us feel that way; but for arguments sake lets assume we do.

Is it possible that instead of discouraging the great number of believers to incorporate their beliefs into a mainstream scenario by feeding them false information. Instead of opposing the mainstream way of doing things someone decided to agree with them and tell them the

forthcoming information comes from E.T's in the hope to make them manageable.

One would agree that with the intelligence level we have achieved as humans and the technology at hand we would have to acknowledge that there is a need for some cosmic order of things. What happens to our planet and ON our planet greatly affects the rest of the cosmos. It would therefore not be surprising to note that, in my opinion, some of our Universal neighbors keep track of what we do and how we conduct ourselves. Self-destruction is not an option.

Back to the e-mail. We were NOT able to verify the source of it, at the same time it seems to have already fulfilled the prediction that awareness would emerge. So are we dealing with ET's or people that thought it is a good idea to claim to be out of this world? Either way, it will be an interesting ride!

I see no need to make this an anonymous report, since most of you will recognize part of the story.

I brought a Mobile Home in after the earthquake of 2001. My finances never allowed me the luxury of Cable or Satellite TV, even though I produce a local Cable TV SHOW.

It is in part of my knowledge about broadcasting I find this story so very fascinating. Just recently I was able to replace some ancient equipment that was donated to me after the earthquake.

As I was working on an edit to prepare for a show the VCR jumped to channel 51. It is the SHOPNBC shopping channel. It stays on 24 hours and has wonderful things for sale.

The old 1985 TV antenna on top of the house is still there and I get local channels 4, 5,13 just fine. When it rains I even get 7, 9 and 11.

I called everyone I could think of for an explanation how I could get a cable or satellite channel without a physical cable You guessed it!

To weird for any explanation and I am after all the person of high strangeness. Dual realities perhaps?

I wonder if I should order that lovely diamond anklet just to see if the bill will show up in this reality or perhaps that other one???????

Love to get your input on this story and hear some of yours when we meet at the NUTCASE CORNER.

Newsletter, September 2007

Imagine yourself on a Sunday drive. You see a -House For Sale- sign and instinctively know you need to take a look at the property. The fact that the house is a mile off the main road, hiding in trees, safely tucked away from by-passers, is irrelevant. The yard is unorganized, it appears it has been a while since someone occupied the place, none of this matters. You know instinctively this is your home, the place you need to be. The fact that you are settled in your lifestyle, have a beautiful house in which you raised your family, a place that is exactly like you want it, does not matter either. This is YOUR SPACE in the Universe. All that is left to do now is to explain your "Madness" to your spouse and close the deal, move 30 years of accumulations plus 12 goats 62 miles from your previous homestead and occupy YOUR SPACE in the Universe.

I had been invited to spend some time there, so I did. It is located in-between major highways, no need to get out the map, it is not listed. It is in the foothills of what I thought was Mt. St. Helens, can't say for sure, since actual directions are impossible to distinguish. 3 Mountains are visible once you get back on one of the main roads. Time exists, only because of the daily activities of the family and Direct TV of course. My friends created a smoking room for those of us which desired to do so. We spend a lot of time in the back yard. Smells and sounds were incredible, Butterflies, deer, the breeze caressing us ever so often. It was so dark at night and one could hear and feel the presence of life all around. It felt like being allowed to spend time in the natural order of things. Had it not been for a Doctor appointment I would have lost time and stayed much longer.

EXPERIENCE according to Webster means: instance of personally undergoing something, knowledge or wisdom gained from what one has undergone, to meet with.
According to Follette by Gluckman it means: to live with, acquired knowledge, to test and/or receive from somewhere else.

Canyon DeChelle on the Navajo Nation, my friend Randy's retreat on the Wynoochee River, Stonehenge on the Columbia River and the final resting place of the earthquake victims of 1847 in the Sierras have effected me in a similar way, in as much as I have always felt the need to return to those sites. Not ever has a place provoked as much thought in me as my friends place, which is not located on any maps. I felt I had to go back right away, as I tried to figure out how to accomplish said task I did a strange thing. I sat through 7 hours of Nazoni, a 7 week journey we had documented and aired about our trip in 2003. I relived the 3 month we traveled in the RV Nazoni interviewing many people in preparation for a Documentary: "Who put the Para in the Normal". The actual documentary was never produced, in fact I forgot about the project, being busy with other things. Not until the last 5 minutes of the 7-hour program did I realize why I had taken the lengthy break to recap that time period. Ever so often a person or persons will very passionately present the world with a prophecy, a hypothesis or what they believe to be an event. Many books will be written, classes taught and money will exchange hands because a certain percentage of the population will get involved in the upcoming of whatever, Y2K was one of those events which could have presented itself as some thought. At present some are calculating the odds of an attack by terrorists, some are preparing for Armageddon, some look for the rapture, just to name a few. They all may have a grain of truth to them, however, when said events and/or occurrences do

not materialize we go on to the next hype and repeat the process, don't ask me why.... forgetting what experience taught us or how long it took us to recover from said experience, mentally, physically or financially. We, as a species, seem to have adopted an attitude..... we might even believe this to be true.... that we are in charge of the world, we can conquer everything and everybody. We also seem to think that much of what we think or do is a new discovery, even though history shows it has all been done before, it is our "NEW" discovery, because we have not experienced it first hand.

And there was/is Planet X.

In 2001 I was made aware Planet X was on the approach, to please warn my viewers. It appeared there was a metaphysical aspect to the scenario. A friend researched the subject, it appeared he had located the whereabouts of said planet. He, an astronomer, set out with a 16- inch telescope to take a peep. Unsuccessful unfortunately. As it turned out much of the information given was deliberate misinformation. We abandoned the search for Planet X. The subject resurfaced in 2003 when I had the opportunity to interview many scientists, including NASA and Planetary scientists. At the conference a full day was set aside for the subject Planet X. It turned out that Planet X was an actual object entering earth's vicinity every 3600 years. Many governments, including Russia, were monitoring said object. I interviewed Dr. James McCenna, a Physicist dealing with celestial mechanics. I asked him to please explain to me in plain English what the hoopla was about. Of course I apologized for using the word hoopla in advance ... just in case.....

Planet X approaches from the southern hemisphere about every 3600 years. Because of this it is not visible in the conventional way. Because of the unusual location and the time configurations on a rare occasion the Hubble space craft actually took a picture of what is a Comet rather than a planet. It does not look like a traditional comet resembling a dirty snowball in space, which can actually become a permanent object around our system. It does not have to even come close to us in order to affect us, since the tail would accumulate a large amount of debris and small objects. He compared the tail to a can of bug-spray, in as much bug-spray attracts certain insects and removes them from our presence, one way or the other. By doing so, the bug-spray will affect several things, including the interaction with the sun. It expands the earth atmosphere, interferes with small objects traveling between the moon and earth, things circling the earth such as satellites etc., also the magnetic field because there is an electrical connection. The tail can attract an entourage of many things which can affect us.

Fortunately the cataclysmic predictions made by some never materialized and Planet X is all but forgotten.

I remember the time when I was in Europe talking to the scientists and the Media, which had came along to observe and broadcast Haley's Comet. The arrival of the Comet was precise and a live broadcast was possible. I assume people dealing with Planet X did not consider the length of the time frame involved.

When dealing with something of this enormity, unlike a flyby or an eclipse, it would stand to reason to observe and experience something of this unusual magnitude.

It is thought Planet X is the Blue Comet which creates the devil winds the HOPI make reference to in their prophecy.

2003 was a very trying year as far as extreme weather is concerned.

624 Tornadoes..... I experienced 14 of those in various stages in 7 different states, as documented in Nazoni.

Floods in the midsection of the USA.

Mudslides and flash floods around the world.

Power outages and black outs in many parts of the world.

Typhoons, hurricanes, tsunamis.

People died in horrendous heat waves around the world.

Several eclipses, including a total blue-moon-eclipse.

The Invasion of Iraq changed much of our daily lives.

Upcoming elections for the USA and several other countries changed the face of politics and how we thought of ourselves.

Supposing Planet X created havoc when it arrived in our neighborhood in 2003, stayed 4 years and is now leaving. It would stand to reason it could easily duplicate the same conditions on the way out.

I have been unable to reach any of my usual contacts so these are only my own thoughts and reasoning.

It was reported that a possible meteorite disturbed the ring around Uranus and these changes are not fully understood. It was also reported that a new cosmic mystery arose. A gigantic hole in the Universe where nothing exists. Holes probably occur when the gravity from big areas pull matter from a smaller area. I was unable to contact my friend Bill Ramsey for a simple explanation, at best we can shake our heads at the fact nothing seems the way it appears in recent times.

The first Crop-circle of 2007 appeared in Slovakia. It had a bird nest in the circle which appeared undisturbed. A second circle appeared in Arkansas, again a bird nest was undisturbed. The eggs in Arkansas hatched, I am not sure if someone is following the life of the birds.

In one of my enlightened moments I told my granddaughter that we ... humans.... represent the eggs in the nest. Universe, (as I refer to it in a spiritual contexts) is the Circle Maker. It is weaving so delicately around us and keeps us safe.

Some of us worried, in a way, about nothing when the Planet X scenario arrived on the scene. Some of us watched programs on PBS which reminded us all wars are justified as "Holy Wars" ... eventually.

Some of us are not surprised that overseas calls now appear as local calls on the caller ID.

Some of us quit complaining about the constant problems with the cell phones and crashing of the Internet servers.

Some of us abandoned the notion to blame the government for the bad weather.

Some of us are glad we downsized and are not threatened with foreclosures.

Some of us are grateful we never had enough money to invest in the stock market.

Some of us pooled our knowledge of old remedies we learn from our grandmothers, so we can stay healthy within reason.

Some of us rediscovered old loves before it is too late.

Some of us seek new loves in order to experience what it means to care for another person.

Some of us just count our blessings and trust we are where we are supposed to be at the

appropriate time.... linear or not.

We can learn from history, books, the web or even people. It is not the same as actually experiencing things for ourselves. That is the journey we call life. As hard as it appears at times, when we are born we are worthy of life, we have choices in most things. So sad we are so savagely destructive at times acting like prehistoric reptiles.

I guess we dodged the bullet called Planet X for now and are allowed to follow our desires for a better world.

Leaves are turning, the nights are crispy in Washington State, the gas prices are down so I suppose I can raid my piggy-bank and make another trip to the beautiful place, which is not on the map.

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. An audio version of the 2003 interview with Mark Hazelwood and Dr. McCenna is accessible at the library of this website. Phone numbers given at that time are not in service at this time.

Zecharia Sitchin 12th Planet as well as Blindsided by Mark Hazelwood are still available. Very interesting illustrated articles are e-mailed to those which request it. They deal with planetary subjects. swlist@spaceweather.com

Newsletter – August 2006

Since we as a people have gotten used to color coding a multitude of things, objects events and or occurrences these past five years one could agree that Mr. Yuk Stickers are utterly outdated. No one has to explain to us what it is we are looking at when the weather map displays an array of multi charted red zones. You got it - Heat Wave. We seek desperately to blame someone for our temporary dilemma mainly the opposite which is a deep freeze while hoping for the opposite to like magic appear on command. This of course does not happen in an instant and our anxiety multiplies as a result of our impatience. Nothing seems to go our way these days. Everyone is heading for the department store in order to purchase that one more fan. Surprise, surprise. We did not know it would get hot. I did not order this. No one told me. Ask a three year old how he or she feels if they are capable of arranging their words properly they may tell you they are so stressed. But stress as defined in part by Webster is “burdened, pressure, tension, urgency, accent, emphasis, significance and wait.” In 1994 my very first article ever published appeared in a little local paper. It is entitled “Feeling Earthquacky”. When I opened the paper it read “Feeling Earthquacky” I was upset. A typo you suppose? In hindsight you decide. Here you are, feeling earthquacky.

Earthquacky

In the early 1980's I was sick, a lot. Going to the doctor three to four times a week was normal. Only one problem.....my symptoms did not go with my illness. As a last resort I was sent to Seattle to what was then called the New Life Foundation. When I arrived I was interviewed by a MD, a Psychiatrist, a gentleman from Seismology from the University of Washington, a Minister and a Psychic. Wow! I thought at the time. I think I am really nuts. As it turned out it was determined that I was one of many people that was physically affected by earth movements.

After four months of close monitoring I was enrolled in a program which had been set up and government funded. We were given a chart to fill out on a daily basis and given a phone number to call whenever we felt ill. On the chart it listed symptoms such as palipitating heart, aches in joints, loss of libido, loss of equilibrium/balance, hot flashes, and “(male and female) headaches, kidney pain, depression, aggression, and a list of our own. We had to rate these daily forms from one to ten with five being normal. If we had an 8 or 9 and more than 3 symptoms we would call a phone number we had been given to get information on what was going on in the world. Like earthquakes, volcanoes, High Tides, and or eclipses. As time went on I realized I wasn't nuts at all. I learned, before the government discontinued the program, that what was happening to me and so many others really had a logical explanation. Any kind of earth movement sent low pitched frequencies into the atmosphere. We, in turn, picked it up with our inner ear and it translates into pain, mood changes, vertigo/balance, etc. I knew a lady which was a shoe salesperson for a while. She eventually had to change jobs because she could not climb a ladder anymore as these things occurred more and more often. Volcanoes emit gases which contain sulfur. In some people who are

sensitive that results in itching and extreme nervousness. Now, as you know, the earth moves on a regular basis. I am sure a lot of you have been frustrated to say the least with your physical health. Please continue to go to the doctor but at the same time you may ask some of your friends how they are feeling. There are several doctors in the Olympia area who are aware of these facts (Thank God they have been treating me for 16 years) and even though we no longer have the network like the one in the 1980's, there are some of us who are willing to share experiences and symptoms with you. If anyone is interested in forming a support group please let me know. One never gets used to this roller coaster (viruses) as the doctors call them for lack of a better word. And yes, they will go away for a little while once a quake occurs and then they start up again. There is a page on the internet that lists all earthquake activities and maybe you would like to monitor that.

<http://earthquake.usgs.gov/eqcenter/index.php> - Link for recent earthquakes around the world.

<http://www.n3kl.org/sun/noaa.html> - Link for current solar activity.

Just knowing what is wrong with you will help and set your mind at ease. And if you feel really crazy at 2 AM or ???, feel free to call me at 360-923-9594. We are in the middle or beginning, depending on how you look at it, of these earth changes. As the animals are so affected by these frequency changes we too will have to learn how to adjust and go with the flow. Please note this project was fully operational in 1980 at which time I entered the program. Global warming and natural discrepancies were acknowledged by the government even then.

Since the early indications of being earthquacky a new diagnosis has entered the equation. Fibromyalgia.

Fast Forward for a bit. Because of the accuracy of the prediction given over the past 8 years, I was recently asked to please take a look at the future. Last month, which was July, I mentioned that we were all in a holding pattern. To oblige the friends that were pressing me to take a look ahead I agreed. I did not promising an accurate outcome because of the holding pattern I found myself in at the time. When I was finished I decided not to list the predictions. Doing so would only have meant to have added to the stress of the readers. However, some of us discussed it among ourselves and we all agreed to keep this to ourselves. If the suspense adds to your anxiety or stress level I would like to let you know the predictions turned into a mere "things to do" list and were ready for check off. Within two days the missiles were flying.

These are those predictions:

Birds trying to reach other lands. Maybe just flying around. Final destination comes from and through water.

Birds in the past have turned out to be airplanes. It is possible we want to flex muscles. The actual attack strike will come from the water. Unclear if this refers to US or the opponent. In the past American full fledged wars have been started over naval issues, Pearl Harbor etc. I would also appear that the land eventually drawn into war will be bordered and reachable by water from at least one side.

POWER TRIP.... Since triumph has to be achieved solo it might even reach its aim momentarily. It is very unpleasant. Second horse in the bible, which is red. It takes peace from people and encourages man to kill each other.

Red in this case could reference East Eastern/European countries, possibly because of the present alliance between Iran, China and Russia. It is rare for this reader to make reference to the bible, I therefore assume this prophecy to be most descriptive. I would indicate a global drama unfolding. Not sure who sets it in motion and irrelevant in the final outcome. This would coincide with Mars energy which is in force at the moment. I feel that the administration and the forces which rules said entity is at the point where it is mostly trying to cover its track by any means necessary. Not necessarily caring about the outcome. More like damage control at all costs. Somewhat sidetracked from the purpose of the big picture, rather cover your own derriere and take as many as possible with you. The decision makers are contemplating their own mortality and seem to be unable to care about the next generation and/or administration.

4 more years of tribulation. Possible drought in areas which at this time have water. We need to take an advantage of bonanzas. We need to think about the refusal of collaborating with others. The fault lays in disregarding opportunities.

This, I think, refers to weather patterns, especially in the bread basket of the country. I feel we are a bit too relaxed at the moment and miss opportunities to set things straight and repair damage already done. GE food will harm many, correction, ALL. Since some of the most influential political attitudes originate from some of the Mid West, little cooperation will be forthcoming to adjust to a new ways at looking at the problem on the horizon.

Court rulings based on erratically religious ideas will continue. Bad energy, bad thought, wickedness on all levels.

I feel this will result in even more news black-outs and/or outright persecution of reporters,

whistle blowers and people like Ami Goodman and people like her. It will be harder to inform as time passes.

Stupidity on the part of the rulers. In part due to self-mutilation resulting in disgust from bystanders and onlookers.

America will, for a time, follow this self destructive behavior and lose much credibility, even more so than it already has.

Trapped financially for 9 moons, reaping what we sowed. Great imbalance of mind and emotions.

This I perceive is manipulated financial statements, untruth in reference to the economy and large losses in properties, whether on paper or in fact.

Trying to justify ourselves by citing past deeds, this will fail. Because things have been untrue, unreliable and on a down-slide, very little can be presented as a for instance, in order to give positive feedback. Very dangerous times in reference to "things from the sky" Sequels, repeats and relapses. Hospital stays and illnesses caused by things in the sky.

Not sure if this refers to heavenly bodies or planes, missiles and such. Large scale illnesses from fallout of chemicals and made devastating illness possibly connected to chemtrails or accidents in space.

I stick with the original predictions we made for 2006. It will be trying to say the least. Bird flu will not occur at this time. By December we will start to feel our financial dilemma. It would be advisable to adjust/downsize at this time and count our blessings. As a people we have to find ways to buffer the blow of things to come, in part because it has been a long time since America had to adjust and make internal sacrifices. Our "problems " have always been abroad and had little or no effect on the main stream population, I believe the next wave of troubles will change this somewhat. I am not able to give a long term projection at this time. We have much on our plate and another second or so to buffer the effects of the future. Time has just about run out for compensating. 4 years is a long time, yet, no time in the time curriculum.

The check-off list is almost completed at a speed which surprises even me. There are times when I think of Nostradamus and the dilemma he must have found himself in. The things he looked at not ever knowing what it was he was looking at. Here we are seeing predictions unfold instantly. What saddens me is that organizations capitalize on such events in order to either capitalize or control. It is extremely easy to send people into fear when in fact the answer is so simple. Exercise love for self and one another. Respect and most importantly protect the planet for future generations to come. Feces floats and chemicals travel with the jet stream. What happens in one part of the world affects the rest of the world.

Imagine if you will, someone announces an inspection of your house. Open the door with a smile and at least pretend you are happy to see the inspector.

She looks into your most private corners. You smile.

She checks the smoke detector by beating them with a clip board, breaking one of them. You smile.

She decides the skirting on your house does not meet her personal criteria. It did the county inspector a few years earlier. It is not on her check off list. You smile.

She demands an unnecessary grill on the bottom of your newly acquired refrigerator. She is unable to explain why it is mandatory for the safety of your dwelling. You smile.

She violently jerks the knob on your shower head and breaks it. You smile.

You smile when you explain to the neighbor that a normal response to an abnormal situation forces you to remove some of his building supplies in order to satisfy the unreasonable demands of the inspector. So you become a looter.

You smile when you discover the repairs of the shower head require one to open up the wall in order to repair the pipe the main component of the knob was attached to.

You smile when you realize how well you did not to upset this quaky creature. And get yourself in trouble by retaliating against the agency she represents.

Many problems are self inflicted. Whether it be a dictating society or, heaven forbid,

ourselves. We can make the appropriate changes, lighten the burden, accent the joy of existence, ease the compulsion of the strain, and pressure in order to adjust the significance of the weight we sometimes carry. What am I saying??????? Now this would be stress, stress, stress, stress, stress, stress, stress. As each day holds new stresses for us, it would be helpful to take a look at the end of each day in order to establish if our stress is environmental, political, personal, or just some bull-crap created for us. In order to confuse us in case we are trying to determine what is worse. A DEEP FREEZE OR A HEAT WAVE.

Love and Light

Lilian

MURPHY LAW

Murphy Law had paid me a visit earlier in the year, or was it the year before? As brief as the actual visit was, the fallout from the "DROP-IN-GUEST" still lingers. Equipment failure, PAIN.... 9 on a scale from 1-10 for almost 10 month and ongoing.... nightmarish light bills, rent increase, gas prices and lets not forget I even had to cancel a USA Today subscription I carried for 15 years for Omar in prison, his only lifeline to the outside world, besides the letters family and friends are still sending after all these years of his unjust imprisonment.

My granddaughter Ebony offered to come and help me catch up on some work, I had fallen so far behind on. The 14 ROADRUNNER travel shows, which took me 15 month to finish, were unfit for airing since I was unaware of a sound problem, which made my version of the shows incompatible with the equipment at TCTV.

Please think back to the last time you had an uninvited guest. Marks on the carpet, shrunken pullovers from the time your guest "helped" with the laundry without consulting you. Half open, stale cereal boxes in the refrigerator, along with, by now, sour milk hidden next to said box. Remnants of shoe polish left on your good wash-rags, well, you get the picture. Ebony and I spend 26 hours sorting thru the constant reminders of Murphy Law.

Trepus Demolition from Bellevue, Washington had sponsored last years trip, in fact one of the sponsor traveled with me and learned to become the acting camera person. By having to repair the 14 shows at THIS time, Ebony and I discovered a few interesting facts. The word rhetoric entered our conversation several times.

Rhetoric according to The New Webster dictionary is: skill in effective writing and speaking, insincere language.

According to Follette by Gluckman it means: questions asked for effect, rather than to expect an answer.

Ebony and I compared circumstances, places and occurrences of the back-road-trip to California in 2006 to present and discovered some similarities, mostly it made us realize how far we have come in a little more than a year. A grasshopper has the ability to jump up and forward, never sideways or backwards. I would like for you to know GRASSHOPPERS we were NOT! Some things and/or attitudes are barely recognizable!

The trip covered a time period of 13 days and 3000 miles. Being on the move changed location and areas covered. We took a look at the month of May as we observed it from the same location, namely my house.

I was barely able to walk, so much of the following came from TV, reports from Viewers and friends from all around the country.

Soul Train with Don Cornelius has found it's way into syndication and airs in the early hours on Sunday. Some of us tape it since it brings back fond memories of our youth and still puts a smile on our face, even a far away look with momentary memories, as to how we wanted to change the world.....

The other thing which is VERY noticeable is the size of people representing that era. We were 90% small and slim.

We researched movies from said time period, in order to determine if the weight applies ONLY to the dancers on Soul Train or if by chance it is also noticeable in the footage of the movies showing the main population. It DOES!

We decided it was after much of our food became genetically engineered we ALL added weight. Men, woman and children. This reverses the percentage, with 10% small and slim. If that much..... this is an unscientific option.....

www.badseed.com As it often happens, the responsibility of a mishap is shifted and the burden put on the population in order to make it appear we fight a losing battle, because we lack the will power to take care of our own bodies.

Larry King celebrated his 50th anniversary as a talk show host. He gave an interview in which he recalled his career. I was impressed, especially since he does not script his interviews and allows his guests the freedom to express their opinions. It is easy to assume that Everyoneexcept yours truly of course..... is being railroaded into the rhetoric of the times and stifles their opinions according to the times we live in! I forgot Rosie O'Donnell, she does a fine job. Independent Media was added into the new Military Handbook. It lists what people have to look out for, next to the enemy, of course, which will change multiple times by definition before said handbook becomes out-dated and revised again.

Randy Shaw of the Clique got his place in the Rock&Roll Hall of Fame. I was happy for him, I thought he was way too humble about the whole thing, so I shouted loud enough for both of us, especially since my Viewers are familiar with Randy Shaw. He wrote hours of music for my show: A Visit With A Person of High Strangeness. Including, the by now, very popular closing song: Lilian, MS Lilian.

The 1st Gershwin Award went to the great Paul Simon. For us who know him, we think it was the perfect choice, considering Paul's contribution to the world! Sound has the ability to levitate.... Literally.... If we were all to make our voices heard, imagine how powerful we could be. A new form of music, we could call it: JERICO.

The Meteorite, which was housed at the museum in Greensboro, survived the deadly Tornado. Hopefully the survivors recover at a more acceptable time-frame than the Katrina Survivors, which seem all but forgotten. They still need help in so many capacities. Kenya declined food aid according to ODE magazine. In the May 2006 issue on page 11 it states that the Kenyan government, facing famine in parts of the country, reacted with disgust to a donation of dehydrated powder from a New Zealand dog-food manufacturer. Despite claims that the dry food is nutritious for humans, many Kenyans were insulted by the offer. Mighty Mix dog food agreed to donate 42 tons of powder. Kenya's government said the aid would rob people of their dignity. Dog Food for people..... sad that it has come to that, even IF the Dog food people offered to pick up the slack from food manufacturers.....

Friends living roughly 42 miles inland from the open Pacific Ocean were drilling a new well. They hit SALTWATER!

In some parts of the South Sound area in Washington State we experienced rain which evaporated before it hit the ground.

Most or all of the South American Countries are planning to pull their money out of the World Bank. This falls into line with some of the predictions aired by us for 2007.
www.highstrangeness.tv We are in the process of listing said predictions, please check previous years for accuracy, already posted.

For Baby Boomers applying for Social Security... please note... it takes about 10 months to receive your check, please apply in time so your income will not be interrupted, Disability benefits have a time frame of about 18 month, on average.

A local school bus hit a parked car. It was not reported to the parents by the school district. Children panicked and jumped out of the bus windows. Only when a parent reported it to the news media was anything said about it. Kids are smart in 2007..... THEY TELL....
www.theolympian.com

Several species, it has been reported, at present are giving birth to offspring's without the aid of a male partner. According to Dr. Rupert Scheldrick there appears to be a morphic resonance which may enable one member of a species to learn knowledge passed through metaphysical means. www.highstrangeness.tv See links.

The war on drugs has escalated, it was said it has now spilled over into Border towns in Arizona, as well as New Mexico, does that mean it is now a Conflict rather than a War???

For those of you familiar with my book: And the Moral of the Story is... One Person at a Time. As you know I have had many, lets say ... unusual ... experiences at the Washeteria. I was far from being heartbroken when the wash-machine and the dryer broke ... thanks to Murphy Law. Doing laundry in a public place enables me to meet and talk to people. Last week I had a good day, pain wise, so I tackled the laundry. Surprisingly I was the only person at the place that evening. All stores in the Strip Mall had closed for the night. Ever so often a Pick-Up full of young people stopped, peeping in the door. Some greeted me in foreign languages, others came in SUV's dressed like Rappers inquiring "YO, WHAT'S UP?" After I got home I thought how grateful I am to know some of the world is all right for the most part. Not everyone buys into the casting, stereotyping and paranoia we are almost expected to fall into. It was a good experience to mingle with strangers, alone and in the middle of nowhere.

As we, Ebony and I, wrapped up the shows we had gotten a sense of what was then...2006... and what is now...2007.

Gas is almost the same, we paid up to \$4.23 in April 2006 in CA.

The cost of Hotels for 2 people has increased.

Food for 2 people has almost doubled.

The price of a new battery for the main camera is \$65.00.

Tapes for cameras remained the same, cleaners on the other hand have gotten more expensive.

The tire with the puncture hole could not assure me that it would not succumb to a fatal illness on the way.

We are set for coffee and tea, Starbucks was pleased with us. The Artisan well in town was also generous and allowed us to take an unlimited supply of water.

We have an ample supply of Skin So Soft left over from last year, it will keep the bugs at bay.

Murphy Law left no forwarding address. We inquired if he kept in touch on MySpace. Heavens no! He said he likes his privacy, with all of the identity thefts he was unsure if he wanted people to know what he looks like.

He had accidentally left his UNIVERSAL I.D.Card. Unfortunately I do not know where to send it. At best I can stop in the little towns along the way and inquire if anyone has seen him. OR, maybe I can make you aware of his looks, so you will recognize the pesty man and refuse him entry, should he become visible in your neck of the woods. I WILL. Providing I can even pull off the yearly trip across the country. Unable to lift my leg high enough to get into the RV NESHONI, when you see a red Toyota T>O>H>S with a fancy walker in the back, feel free to stop me and talk for a while. If I holler "OUCH" while getting out of the car, please know I am on our trip, the labor of love trip and I can hurt anywhere. There may even be a responsible Doctor out there which is willing to help.

Brainless ME..... I should have asked Murphy about his immigration status.....

PS

If you would like to make Murphy Law really angry and decide to help me with our journey...1 camera person and myself... please feel free to do so.

Love and Light
Lilian
PO.BOX 4421
Lacey, WA. 98509

Newsletter, March 2008

Winter has finally lost grip on us weary "WASHITONIANS." Much like Walla Walla sweet onion the layers of the season have peeled away, one little piece at a time. Avalanches are still burying roads on occasion, rather than daily. Thirty feet of snow remains, I guess the snow-pack is much higher, depending on the altitudes. It is said that no 2 snowflakes are alike. Since I was practically chained to the little wood-stove in my living-room for months, I took a few hours one night and thought about that. It was actually one of my shows "Napping Giant" which brought on the deep thinking spell I fell into. In 2000 I took on an apprentice for 3 weeks. He was an English man, teaching English in Slovakia, visiting the US. Originally he sought hands on UFO investigative experience. UFO/USO does NOT appear on a schedule, the only thing landing on my back yard was a Search and Rescue helicopter. FOX, the man's name, was very disappointed that I was unable to deliver what HE thought I could teach him... CRASH RETRIEVAL... In order for me to buffer his disappointment, I made arrangements for one of my camera people to take him to MT. ST.Helens for the 20-year anniversary of the eruption of the volcano.

May 18th. 2000 was a beautiful day and the footage they brought back was superb.

In December 2003 my son took my niece and her family to the volcano. It was a snow blanketed event; the footage they returned with was majestic.

There came a time when I decided to take the film from both, the visit to the mountain in Summer, mainly May 18th. 2000 and the winter visit from December 27th. 2003 and blend the footage into a mini movie, therefore showing the once giant in different phases and seasons. At one point Fox, standing on a ledge surrounded by beautiful sun rays in 2000, was looking downwards into the valley. At the same time, my son, standing in snow in the valley in 2003, looked thru his binoculars upwards. In the shot they looked at each other in different time-frames. This scene was accidental, yet it was so profound inasmuch as it was past and present at the same time. The other thing which was profound was that FOX according to Ted Andrews Animal Speaks represents awakening of camouflage, invisibility and shape-shifting. "Between Times" working to blend in with the surroundings, to come and go unnoticed, moving silently about without revealing your intentions. Fox is fascinated with unusual odors. Fox has the ability to draw closer and closer without its prey realizing, as it is caught up in its seemingly non-threatening antics. At the right moment, the fox leaps and captures it's prey with a camouflage technique one associates with behavior.

The word PERCEPTION according to Webster means: insight, intuitive recognition or judgment.

According to Follette by Gluckman PERCEPTION means: acknowledgment, foresight, feeling out, envisioning something expected.

Cleanup from the storms are 70% completed. It was said enough trees to build 20,000 houses were blown down and destroyed. Most of them on public lands and Weyerhaeuser property.

120 cows were donated by private parties to jump start a local dairy farm destroyed by the floods in December 2007.

Flooding is still visible in places.

February 23rd had red night skies. They were ominous, yet beautiful and impressive at the same time.

Roundabouts within our City seem more idiotically irritating than ever; especially when it is so foggy one cannot see one's hand in front of one's eyes. The bronze statues of children flying kites in the middle of the streets and statues lining the sidewalk appear to be alive in heavy fog, ready to jump in front of one's car, causing great distress to some of us responsible drivers.

My friend Mac Hooks was afraid of two things all of his life of 70 plus years. Leap year and things falling out of the sky. I gave him a hard time about that for most of our 40-year friendship. Little did I know how prophetic this turned out. In February 2008 Mac got both. Leap year and falling objects from the sky. A meteorite lit up 4 states before falling somewhere within a radius of 40 miles from where he lived most of his life. The verdict on the debris of the satellite is still out at this moment. Search and recovery teams are on standby in our area.

Aside from Texas law, according to Matt Rothschild from The Progressive in Madison, WI, business owners have been given permission to shoot and kill in case of an emergency. www.infergard.net

An event... of at the time of this newsletter not identified... at a nuclear facility blacked out much of the State of Florida.

Fortunately there was so much political coverage of an upcoming debate that few people

actually thought about the reality that we appear to have major problems within our land. No Wag the Dog necessary today.

When visiting a local doctor's office some of us have discovered that his choice of music can constitute torture and change in behavior, to the point that not disconnecting from the overwhelming discomfort experienced, it would be easy to find oneself experiencing road rage, ending up in jail rather than home.

The series MEDIUM has recovered from the "GOOD AND EVIL" season and is back on track dealing with issues which involve and show the dilemma which some enlightened persons are confronted with. The ethics, responsibility and loneliness individuals of future insights are confronted with each day. Good job Kelsey Grammar!

Nip/Tuck showed an episode in which a survivor of a public bombing had remnants of the body of a suicide bomber embedded in her face. It showed how cells hold the cellular memories of any being. When transferred the cellular memory can remain and continue in the reality of the new owner. This was of interest to me personally, since I have known several people which retained allergies and behavioral traits of donors of blood transfusions and organs.

The full Lunar Eclipse was breath taking. Ebony and I managed to film the event in its entirety. We also managed to capture the blue rays which pulsed off/from the moon. We will share said footage at a later time.

Under the new revision of the cocaine/crack law Omar was granted a new hearing. For those of us which followed his plight for 17 years, this is welcome news. For those of you that are not familiar with the story, it can be found on this website in the book: And the Moral of the Story is: One person at a time starting on page 56. The book is free for download for you.

Remembering your Future is also available for free download.

The month of February was full of dualities and similar events, to the point that if taken notice one could see things unfold according to our own perception. Some days were rather predictable and parallels such as earthquakes following the eclipse we experienced. Reasons for rising gas prices. Weather patterns, recalls, conclusions drawn from medical news and the State of the Union... the real State of the Union.

Back to that snowflake which took up my time with thought. I would assume there are only so

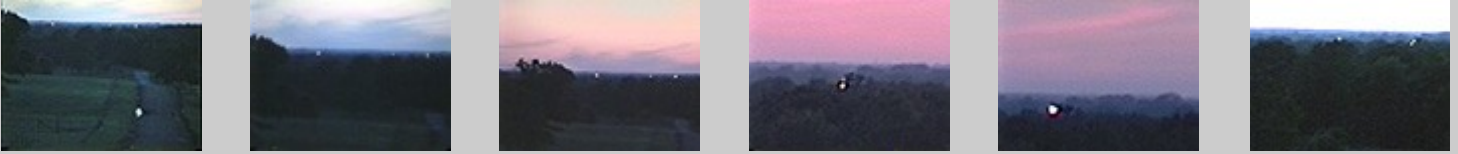
many shapes and symbols possible in the Universe.... NOW THERE IS A PROJECT for some of you... It is too late to go to the mountain top to sort out hundreds of feet of snowflakes. I would assume everything in the Universe has a double or an identical. We assume there to be dual/parallel Universes even some of which run time-lines and story-lines with similar eventual outcomes. Twins are often identical; however they reflect their individual personalities and life journeys. Considering the bombardment of the upcoming election, it stands to reason to... on second thought... take the time and climb the mountains, locate that fox, examine the snow banks and I would almost tell you that I am at least 99% sure you will find at least TWO identical snowflakes!

Love and Light

Lilian

SPOOK LIGHTS OF JOPLIN, MO.

For over 200 years people have seen strange lights near Joplin, Missouri, out along the border with Kansas. The lights were seen well before cars, highways or even electric lights. While there have been attempts at scientific study, a plausible explanation has proven to be elusive due to the limitations of human belief systems and unwillingness to observe phenomenon with an open mind. We stopped in Missouri to check out the lights in the summer of 2003 and were treated to an extensive show. The lights first started to appear around dusk and continued to show themselves at a distance for over an hour. Click on the images below to view larger photos. If the images don't load disable any 'pop-up blockers' you might have installed.



The lights appeared in different colors and sometimes in multiple colors simultaneously. The lights we saw were mostly in or near tree tops but they have been seen near the ground frequently by others. The brightness of the lights can vary and some of them appeared to split into two.

Present with us was Dr. Robert Gibbons, former scientist with NASA, and current Executive Director of the Museum of the Unexplained. Dr. Gibbons has worked for the Atomic Energy Commission, NASA, Hughes Aircraft Co, Lear-Siegler, Inc, and Northrop-Grumman Co. Dr. Gibbons' Joplin Spooklight research has led to lectures and guest appearances around the country for the past forty years. His exclusive motion picture footage of the Spooklight appeared on the NBC television show "Real People" in 1982 and his still photographs of the elusive lights have been published in books and magazines throughout the world. Dr. Gibbons has researched unexplained phenomena for over fifty years, and has presented lectures on the Bermuda Triangle, Ancient Technologies, and other unsolved mysteries to schools and civic groups throughout the years.

Also present was Dr. Gilbert Jordan (CEM, MEA, PE), who was nominated as a candidate for the Physics Nobel Prize in 1999 by members from the AIP and is listed in "Marquis Who's Who in Science and Engineering" (3rd edition). Dr. Jordan was a scientist and engineer at Edwards AFB, and for DOE/DOD Contractors in California, Utah, Colorado, Nevada, and Minnesota; and had many high level security clearances. He has visited many Department of Defense facilities, including Groom Lake, NWC, Dugway, etc. In the past he has had discussions with Dr. E. U. Condon pertaining to the "Condon Report."

In the late 1950's a credible eyewitness was parked along a road frequented by a spook light and the light approached his car and started bouncing on the hood. When the witness exited the car to try and catch the light it simply blinked out and reappeared some distance away. Some people claim to have had the light appear inside their car.

These types of lights have been seen around the world and are called by Earth Lights by some researchers.

What are they?

Their interactions with people demonstrates intelligence. Intelligence indicates some type of consciousness. Light demonstrates energy. Are they some type of energy-being?

The fact that they limit their interaction with people may indicate that they can be harmed by physical contact with humans or could harm humans. Perhaps they merely want their nature to remain unknown.

The Joplin Earth Lights tend to be seen in the same general area. This indicates that they may require specific physical conditions to exist. People have seen the lights in all types of weather in all months of the year, so weather is not an issue. A study of the atmosphere, geology and geomagnetic fields would be helpful. Although, there is nothing obviously unique about the area and the lights are moving further away as roads are expanded into their area.

Another issue to consider would be past events. Was there a battle in the area with a large number of deaths? Could they be ghosts?

Update - Mystery Solved?

Upon the request of a well known Earthlights Researcher, we did a remote viewing session on an Earthlight in the Sedona, Arizona area.

Remote viewing is a scientific approach to intuitive information gathering. While it can be highly accurate, its accuracy is subject to the clarity and focus of the person doing the remote viewing and the purity of the data source. Sometimes the data from remote viewing can be mistranslated, so it should never be taken strictly as fact.

- The light 'viewed' is a form of consciousness powered by geophysical energy. It is a collective mind made up of the souls of numerous disembodied animals and humans. It is aware of its surroundings and itself. It has great affinity for nature and is sensitive to the energy of humans and generally avoids human contact but also wants to be acknowledged by humans. Human contact could disrupt its ability to exist as a whole. Electromagnetic energy from modern technology also poses a

threat to it.

- The light is powered by energy absorbed from the local underlying geological formation. Outside of a specific geographic area the collective loses not only its ability to produce light but also its ability to maintain a coherent whole. Without the energy from the Earth the collective disintegrates and each soul is separated.
- The collective provides a safe haven for disembodied souls. The emotional energy sensed from it was one of compassion, patience and joy. However, it also experiences fear of disintegration and human energy.

While our viewing of the one light does not mean that all Earth Lights share the same characteristics, remote viewing may provide some clues as to the characteristics of similar phenomenon.

For more general information on Earthlights and alternate explanations visit - www.earthlights.org

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Newsletter April 2006

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As I was in the process of retrieving my Granddaughter from her class at the Fire Station, the thought hit me to finally go inside and see where she has been spending all of her time since the school year started. The place is not accessible by bus, we have to hand carry her 60 mile round-trip each day, which in turn makes us gasp each time we push the button on the gas pump. While there I noticed a paper, it caught my eye because it mentioned E-publishing and filing. It was of great interest to me since AGAIN, my computer crashed and of course sending me in a spin. Evidently according to the founder of Project Gutenberg, the intent is to put every book in the public domain online so people can download them for free. As an Author myself I have no objections to such a plan, when I wrote the books I intended them for people to read, enjoy and maybe even learn something from them. Unfortunately it has been my experience that WHEN, not IF, WHEN the computer crashes there is a good chance all files are lost or a little micro scratch on one of my disks will prevent any further use. My backups are in a different program, well, you get the picture..... I am still looking for a child to recover files for me, since children are much smarter in the PC department than I will ever be. So when the director of the Hunting Library disagrees with experts who say printed books are dead, I was glad to hear this, especially since hard copies were the only way to retrieve any of my research. Bet some people, which find themselves in the middle of the current scandals, wish E-mails would not exist. Aside from the fact they are traceable and therefore put them in a position they neither anticipated nor realized it could, in fact, tumble the very structure of this country.

I was twelve when I was given a book, actually it was a dictionary, by an American Soldier riding the same bus each day. I brought it, the dictionary, with me to the United States in 1966. It survived fire, earthquake and flood. When I pick it up it still smells as it did so long ago. The scent can transport my mind in time and pull up old memories. The tanks driving patrol GI's from several countries, old war widows rushing to the store, wearing dark scarves, clutching their shopping baskets close to their bodies to protect the fresh baked bread they had just acquired. I can hear the sound that the horses made on the cobble stone streets as they pulled hay or what ever other goods they carried on their wagons. Growing up under Occupation....excuse me.... Liberation.... was a way of life. Often wonder how long it will take before the average person recognizes the similarities between the 40's 50's and now. Apropos dictionary. The word for April is: Draconian.

According to Random House Dictionary of the English Language it means: Pertaining to or correctoristic of Draco or his cod of laws. Draco, late 7th century BC Athenian Statesman, modeled after his severe code of laws.

According to Follette by Glucksman it means: Alien in cruelty, unearthly evil and lacking human compassion of any kind.

The stringency of his, DRACO, legal code gave rise to the modern English word...

Draconian... meaning marked by extremes, severity or cruelty, especially about laws or governments.

Sample quotes: Emancipation at the price of a ruinous war and a draconian peace. By draconian labor laws the regime makes life harder than it need be. The threat could never be eliminated unless he were empowered to take draconian punitive measures.

www.en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Draco

I became rather acquainted with Federal Law in the mid 90's and shortly after familiar with FIJA: Fully Informed Jury Association. It is for that reason I have an interest in many subjects Ami Goodman from Democracy Now covers each day. It helps me understand... I must be kidding, since it confuses me since parts of the constitution is what seems to be renamed and no longer applies..... who does what and why. Well, the WHY is rather debatable.

I had the opportunity to witness Justice on a State/Local level and must say I am more confused than ever.

It is a known fact that we have in excess of 2-million laws on the books.... printed or electronic. Therefore it is not surprising to have over crowded jails and prisons since any one of us could find ourselves behind bars for some infraction at any given time. What surprised me was the fact that MANY, especially young people, were incarcerated because of drug USE. Some of us are under the impression drug users have a problem which requires our help and attention. Few of us know that many are in jail due to the fact they are unable to control their addiction. It is sad when a Public Defender does not know the name of a client before appearing in front of the Judge and one's life is a routine, played out numerous times a day. Often we forget that it is the young people which ultimately become the mainstream population at some point and continue the very existence of the Nation. Suppose many have a shaded past, how will this affect future life, given the fact that some people in power, Present day, have no regard for the law or constitution whatsoever.

I will have the chance to converse with Dennis Kucinich on March 30th. He requested on Ami Goodman's show for people to go to his website and submit their opinions on a number of issues. www.kucinich.US.

I got a call from Europe to tell me about a news broadcast they had heard. It dealt with the fact that bees in the USA are in danger of extinction. It also explained the impact such an event has on the ecosystem. Because I am allergic to bees I never had any desire to inquire about bees. Bees are essential to life. They gather and pollinate and are considered the busiest of all insects..... therefore the saying goes "busy as a bee".... Without them no fruit and/or flowers would blossom. They make honey providing a basic food for us to eat. Bears are also dependent, for a large part, on the existence of bees. Bees build their nests under the ground, with that help turn over the soil, assisting earthworms in the process. They have the most organized community with a queen, drones and workers.

Contrary to opinion of some it appears that civilized as we would like to appear, the world still participates in a cast system, whether by culture, ethnic groups and most recently economics. It does not require a PhD. to see we are having serious problems by "CASTING" about everything. Surprisingly young people congregated at street corners understand most of said concept. We too, were worker bees at one point in theory, only to think we could advance into a higher position. It would appear some did, yet some forgot the importance of the communal structure forgetting there is but ONE Queen Bee.

We can attempt to replace written word with electronics and therefore depriving ourselves the pleasure of reading a book by flashlight.

We can pretend ignorance as to the legal atrocities committed toward our fellow men.

We can shrub our responsibility of electing qualified leaders.

We can elect to keep a superior attitude about people in need..... most of us at the moment, yoked by a system which makes it hard to provide for basic needs such as food, shelter and medical assistance.

We can dismiss claims of injustice foreign or domestic.

We can pretend all is well in the world, we are an evolving species after all, when in fact at closer examination it would appear we are sliding backwards.

Spring is here for some of us, a time to rejoice, a time to be grateful that we survived another winter.

If you have ever thought it is possible to make Potato Balls in the Microwave, forget it! It cannot be done!

Love and Light
Lilian

MARCH NEWSLETTER

For only about the second time in life have I been very excited to see March. February is supposed to be a short month, this may be true. However, in 2001 we had the Nisqually quake and this year, 2006, the weather gave us a run for it in most places and 28 days seemed endless. I am getting a little ahead of the story, so lets recap for a moment.

We were told that one of the ways to power our country is to use, in part, wood chips. I thought about that. In our Evergreen State, Oregon as our neighbor, I have seen and reported on mass murder of trees. The question becomes where would we get wood chips?

In some cultures chips of all kinds are being utilized. Unless beef is "genocided" by meat eaters, there is an abundance of COW CHIPS to warm our cold days and nights. What about the smell?..... It cannot be any worse than the large clouds of pollution brought by our jet stream all the way from China! The weatherman finds it necessary to explain the phenomenon because it shows up on radar on the weather map.

It could be coincidence that alarms went off in Government Buildings since their sensors might be able to detect pollution of this magnitude. Regular Earth inhabitants just experience flu-like symptoms and headaches. We were lucky, by having Hurricane strength winds that blew it right out of our neighborhood. We had 54 days of rain, beating Noah's record was not easy, mind you. Instead of doves we had birds of all sorts trying to anchor themselves in order not to get flung into outer space when the next wind systems arrived. This is pollution we can see.

I am not a fast food type of person, but craved a hamburger last week. I wanted to eat sitting at a table instead of going to the drive-thru. The noise pollution was so intense I was unable to wait for the young man to put the burger into the bag. I fled the place! It must be extremely difficult for our very young and older citizens to work in an environment which attacks every nerve in your body! Some major pet shops have similar sonic devices for security and safety. The sounds must be torture for the poor animals which have to spend any time in a place like that. If I can hear this as a human, imagine what it must be like for a dog or a goldfish! This is electronic pollution!

Six schools are on the chopping block in at least one city, more to follow, City schools that is! Reason given is that by doing this the people would save ONE MILLION dollars a year. This would help us balance the budget which is in trouble by several BILLION.

One of the guests on my show tried to explain how much a billion is. We were counting stars and galaxies of course, so lets count money instead. IF we start counting... 1-2-3-4 and so on right now and NEVER stop..... no eating, sleeping, working or anything, just counting..... we would get to our first billion in 37 years!

Our Governor broke into tears during a speech when asked about the tragic accident and

death of FIRST DOG in the state. Some thought it was rather unprofessional and some of our male figures in high places thought it only proved how emotional and irrational woman are. It was extremely hard to present a good argument in the case. Evidently it started a debate about professionalism and a number of unrelated issues. It made me think how we could change the world by crying for the death of MILLIONS of innocent people around the world!

My granddaughter was scheduled for oral surgery on President's Day. Surgery went well, except we were unable to fill the prescription for pain pills because of the holiday. The explanation we were given at the clinic was.... since many people abuse drugs no prescriptions were written prior to surgery.... even though it was a holiday. Please think about the time your wisdom teeth were pulled!

I went to the dictionary to look up some choice words to put into a formal complaint, I did not like any of them so I made some up, which hopefully will make it into next years edition of Websters, since I shared them with many and they are in use as we speak!
While searching for words I ran into some others I had been meaning to take a look at.

1. INTEGRITY

Completeness, unimpaired conditions, soundness, honesty, sincerity.

To me it means following thru with a decision one way or the other. Financial gain should not be a deciding factor.

2. ETHICS.

Study of standards of moral judgment. System of morals of persons, religions and groups.

To me it means sticking with a personal set of principles, regardless of criticism and attempted persuasion from others.

3. DIGNITY.

Honorable quality, worthiness, high reputé or honor or the degree of high position, rank or title. Appearance or manner, self-respect.

To me it means to take a stand and maintain set stand in a respectful, courteous manner regardless of opposition.

In January I asked if someone would be able to loan me a set of Deep Space 9. Unfortunately my cry for help was not answered. HOWEVER; someone loaned me a Star Trek Voyager. 47 disks, 4 shows per disk, which hold 7 seasons. I am in season 5. I have learned many things including how to fix my equipment after the storm. Toshiba was unable to solve my problem, MR. TUVOK, a Vulcan on the Voyager starship, did. He explained a very complicated problem in easy, understandable and logical terms, which in turn I was able to use by principle and fix my recording equipment!

When I attended school in Europe one of the classes taught was Esperanto. It was presumed

if all children on the European continent were able to speak the same language they could eventually get along. In the 1990`s fewer than 500 people were able to speak, understand and remember Esperanto.

One of the things which fascinates me is the fact they ...STAR TREK... has a universal language device.

In any language.... I am glad February is gone!

I finally have a new doctor. He is "HUMAN" ... caring, understanding and has integrity.

I WOULD STILL LIKE TO BORROW DEEP SPACE 9!

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's Newsletter, November 2007

November.... My big six-zero has arrived.... Not ever have I been able to remember anything in a straight line, it is therefore not surprising to remember my life in bits and pieces.

The tail end of cyclone Ling-Ling clipped Washington State on October 18th; it reminded us just how violent storms could be. Ms. E.T., my cat, disappeared 3 days prior to the storm. The Diva cat never goes outside, my visitors know not to let her out, in fact no visitors had been to the house at all. I searched the house, looked in every crevice I could think of, my calls for her were fruitless, she was gone. I thought about the possibility of holes in the floor I was unaware of, there were none. I would have smelled death, I did not. I assumed she walked thru some kind of inter-dimensional portal and reentered the same way after the storm. After Ling-Ling the temperature never recovered, cool days and cold nights. Still overcoming health issues from last winter and the strain the summer trip put on me, I promised Universe, IF, given the strength to finish all projects required of me, in order to fulfill my obligations for the year, to be good to myself, take it easy when all possible and regain my strength. Two layers of clothes, the heater on 80 degrees, a fire in the wood stove, blankets wrapped around my ankles and here I sit!

Last winter friends had a new roof put on my place so I would not have to chase the leaks and wipe water off the floor constantly, another friend saw to it I finally got cable. Before, when viewers called to talk about a show, I had to ask who I was talking to on a program, what was I wearing and remember what I was talking about. Having cable is great.... For that reason.... I can now see what it is I am asked about. Unknown to me, the old VHS-VCR no longer recorded. I have to work hard at doing "nothing" and so I, along with half of the world, watched the California Fires.

It became apparent.... early on.... that some of the places on fire were featured on my shows: A Visit with a person of High Strangeness....Ebony and Ivory 1-12. On our summer trip we had documented HYW 138, Arrowhead, Santa Clarita and some of the numerous Canyons now on fire. We talked about the possibility of a disaster of this magnitude as we presented the awkward locations of some of the houses and eventually took the viewers into areas where the aftermath of fires presented a hint of the erratical behavior and the patterns of destruction. We allowed the viewers to listen to the Santa Ana Winds, trying to explain what it feels like to find yourself in 126 degree winds of 70 miles an hour. We compared it to standing in front of a gigantic hairdryer/blower. We documented and presented the results causing numerous health problems, for Ebony it caused bleeding throat, breathing and nausea, in my case a life threatening infection caused by chemicals as a result of the aftermath of fire-retardants, pollution and chemtrails.

The image below shows my physical appearance after exposure to the smoke.



Unable to record the CNN broadcast on channel 44, I added a second monitor to follow my show on channel 22. It gave the impression of a split-screen showing the afflicted area before, during and after the fire.

The viewers were quick to point out that the California fires were part of the predictions for 2008 we had just aired. Was there going to be a repeat next year, or was my time frame off by several months. I was unable to answer that, especially since the purpose for the predictions are to make changes and avoid unpleasant things we look at when making such predictions, not the accuracy.

The viewers were quick to point out that many times I would take them places ahead of a disaster, even the friends in Europe can visualize places and location when they see stories reported on mainstream news. We have taken them to ...EARTH, WIND and FIRE. Floods, tornadoes, earthquakes, mountains, canyons and small towns all around the USA, which were somehow affected shortly after. And the old landscape no longer exists. The viewers were quick to point out that I must suffer from either a curse or a blessing to be able to time my visits and end up in so many places, which suddenly appear on the map, due to a life altering experience, with the world looking on.

According to Webster the word HUMBLE means: modest, low in station and abase.

According to Follette by Glucksman HUMBLE means: not flaunting ones EGO, respectfully not asking for things in return and walking with lowered head in reverence.

To me it is humbling to realize the historical value of the random stories presented, to realize Universe allows me to, accidentally, document people, places and events which may prove very important to future generations.

As I sit here all bundled up I think about my life and the times for a while.

Imagine yourself looking at my 2 monitors creating a split screen.

I am 20

Minimum wage is \$ 1.25

- Babysitter: \$ 0.50 per hour
- Rent/Mortgage : \$200
- Home Owner Insurance: \$ 330
- Car Insurance: \$ 400
- Milk: \$ 1.39
- Gas: \$ 0.79
- Cigarettes: \$ 5.50 par cartoon
- Long Distance TEL \$1.00/minute
- Healthcare: selective coverage
- New Car: \$ 4,000

I am 60

Minimum wage is \$ 7.93

- Rent/Mortgage: \$ 1,500
- Babysitter: \$ 5.00 per hour
- Home Owner Insurance: \$ 785
- Car Insurance: \$ 1,200
- Milk: \$ 4.19
- Gas: \$ 3.15
- Cigarettes: \$ 54.00 per cartoon
- Long Distance TEL \$free to .10/min
- Healthcare: selective coverage
- New Car: \$ 20,000+

Each generation has similar problems. What was different was the attitude of the people. When I was 20 it appeared we were informed, FREE, neighborly and caring. We were objecting to wars and appeared to try and help our fellow man.

It appeared we were stamping out bias and racism.

It appeared we had freedom of movement and speech.

Present day lawmakers were 20-30 when I was 20. It appeared they had the same hope and dreams as all people in that age group. Now that we are 60-70, they.... the same people.... try to reverse everything we stood for at 20. I am computer illiterate, they seem to be illiterate in many areas.

Many people I know join computer dating and seek friendships online. I took one afternoon out of my life and, for fun, got on a people site. I had to become a free member, sign on and fill out several forms. I answered the questions truthfully..... except my name.... I stated my age, my appearance, my likes and dislikes. I then“ordered” my friend. I stated age, appearance, likes and dislikes. The location of my friend (male) was to be Washington State. I pushed; GO. It came back : no matches found. Expand your search. I widened the search to USA. No matches found.

I expanded my search to anywhere in the world. No matches found.

I changed my search to friend (female). Washington State. No matches found.

USA... no matches found.

I had 1 match on the world search, a survivalist lady from Costa Rica. Unfortunately there was a language problem and I was unable to communicate to her what I was trying to do.

I took a musical journey, 1950-2007. I remembered my birthdays. 20-33-45-50. Each one different, yet similar. I have changed in many ways, in some not all. I still dance to a drummer of a different beat. Would I like to run for president at 60? NO! I remember the young men on the dance floor at 33, men which found great joy and benefits in dancing the Tango with a lady of 60. Those ladies had much more fun at 60 than stressing about saving a Nation from herself.

THE BIG SIX-O! I love being me, I am humbled to film things ahead of time, I enjoy the autumn of my life and the people which love me. Am I getting old, sitting by the fire all bundled up in my blankets? NO!!!! Like so many of us I am forced to take cheap generic medicine made in China. Side effects: intense hypothermia.... if problem persist notify your doctor.

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian and Ebony's Daily Reports

The road-trippin adventures of Lilian, host of the public access show "A Visit With That Person of High Strangeness" and her grand daughter, Ebony.

Reported by Edie Cole

June 24

Lilian and Ebony left Olympia at 4:00 AM. They stopped at Amboy, Battleground and Washougal. Then they turned East onto Hwy 14 and drove along the Columbia River on the Washington side to avoid the strong winds. For the first time in ten years they saw barges on the river. They crossed over the bridge into The Dalles, OR, to Hwy 197 which took them up and down many hills to Bend, OR. They are staying at the Wayward Ho M7otel where the wireless is not working and the earth is quivering. It quivered for two hours after they arrived and the ceiling in their room cracked and plaster fell.

They did all this in ten hours which Lilian feels is impossible. Also, she has fingerprints on her thigh.

When they left this morning the temperature was 44 degrees and tonight it is 38 degrees.

Tomorrow they are going through the Deshutes Forest where last year they filmed the results of a forest fire. Tonight they saw the forest fire on TV so maybe, thinks Ebony, they won't have to experience the real thing.

They saw chemtrails outside of Maupin and now Ebony has swollen glands and Lilian is congested.

The first show of the series "Ebony and Ivory" is finished.

June 25

This morning Lilian and Ebony left Bend, OR, intending to visit the lava beds but they are closed on Monday and Tuesday. The LaPine Forest is recovering from last year's fire. From there they went to Lakeview, OR. They visited the road where the mountain collapsed last year; it was bigger than they realized. They discovered an enormous earthquake fault, but it was too wide and deep to get close. Summer Lake is supposed to be in that area but there was no sign of it.

They stopped at a small cafe where the owner said that they see "northern lights" that are blue, red, green, even in the daytime, but Lilian says they are really UFO's. Most of the fields are cut so there is no evidence of crop circles.

Today the chemtrails spelled "viox". (I looked up "viox" in several dictionaries, all English, and on the internet but they claim that it is not a word.) Ebony and Lilian have had lots of problems from the chemtrails. They could not pronounce big words for hours, such as "archaeologist", "throat lozenges". Ebony's throat is bleeding on the inside and she is miserable.

They talked with a man who claimed he was looking for fossils from the ice age, however he was much more knowledgeable with rock displays than fossils.

Lilian and Ebony are now in Alturas, CA. Tomorrow they will change course, take a detour because the smoke from the forest fires has blanketed Reno, and go east into Nevada and drop back into California when possible, about 80 miles.

They went from 31 degrees in Bend, OR to 90 degrees, in three hours.

The second show is completed.

June 26

Ebony and Lilian spent the day experiencing earthquakes. They left Alturas, CA, headed for Smith, NV, to avoid the smoke from the fires. The first town they reached was Gerlach, the site of "The Burning Man Festival" population of men only. Gerlach can be pronounced "girl lack". Next town was Nixon on the Paiute Reservation. Then they stopped at Mason and shot inserts for the day's show. Finally they reached Smith, NV, where there was no hotel, no gas, no bathroom. After that, they came to the Humboldt Tolyabe National Forest. The road had cameras every 100 feet on both sides for the entire 35 miles. It seemed to be a type of military black ops. Lilian assumes it is the north end of the installation that ends at Mono Lake. They drove through the forest to Bridgeport, CA, a beautiful resort town and very expensive however the only place to stay for at least 200 miles. They could see the haze of smoke from the fires that were 150 miles west of them.

Lilian and Ebony had an exciting burning man, earth-quaky day

The third show of the Ebony and Ivory series was completed.

June 27

Ebony and Lilian left Bridgeport with the intent to drive 13 miles to Bodie. They drove 9 miles up to 8,000 ft and saw a sign "end of road", then they saw a gravel road beyond the sign, so they did a u-turn for they had been cautioned not to go on gravel roads. Coming down was scary cuz the road

dropped 8% in one mile, in other words, straight down.

They continued on to Hwy 395 and pulled over when they saw a native American. He told them the whole story of the area but he was not local, he was from San Diego.

Next stop was at the bottom of the mountain to buy a T-shirt but bought a magnet instead. After leaving the store two men stopped them, one was a UFO investigator and the other the leader of the Cosmic Universal Church of Enlightened Beings. The latter gave Lilian a long interview.

From there they went to Bishop where they visited friends who they had met last time. Ransburg, a living ghost town with a population of 80, was their next stop. They spent the night in the oldest hotel (circa 1850) in town. The owners were going out so they told Lilian and Ebony the place was all theirs and the kitchen was available for them to use so they were able to cook dinner that night.

June 28

Ebony is doing an incredible job of filming. Each show is complete, will need no editing, just adding the music & graphics at the beginning and the end which will take 15 minutes instead of 15 months. This morning Ebony locked the keys in the car- in the middle of the desert. The Littlerock Fire Department had asked her to get a t-shirt from the Ransburg Fire Department but they were out of shirts so they will send it. Last time they were there Lilian left a copy of each of her books at the post office / library. They didn't last very long, someone must have borrowed them "permanently".

They met a couple from Oklahoma (McLaughlins) who did not want to go home because of the flooding. Now Lilian and Ebony are one hour from Victorville. They had pulled off the road to avoid a big truck and ended up at a Government owned FAA facility. The warning signs said something like "endangering someone's life", "no trespassing". They left in a hurry.

The Famous Shoe Store in Victorville is gone. Motel 6 gave them their room for half price. Lilian had worked on that before departing on their trip. For the first time on this trip, they have internet access! Now Ebony can do her online schooling. Lilian had an email from a Sunrider distributor asking for the address of their next stop so she can donate remedies for the pain in Lilian's leg.

In the morning, Lilian will go the Federal Prison to visit her partner, Omar, and will do so again for the next two days.

Ebony has fallen in love with cactuses and got bit by a cholla.

They went into town for a mini-shopping spree for a telephone cord for the internet port and shorts for Ebony to swim in.

Show #5 is complete. Early Monday they will leave for L.A.

JUNE 29

Stationary in Victorville. Lilian's Italian Gold Medical Alert Bracelet is gone. She had worn it for 30 years and thinks it is real strange that they were in a ghost town of gold mines when it disappeared. It disappeared right off of her arm and probably not by a human. If she had dropped it, she would have noticed.

Lilian started off for the Federal Penitentiary to visit Omar. She supposed that the prison administration was still angry with her because she involved Senator Barbara Boxer last year over Omar's lack of health care. Lilian has been going to prisons for 16 years and knew that she would not be allowed in the prison wearing flip flops or shower shoes. In 98 degrees she wore bright orange sox and Birkenstocks because she is required to remove her shoes when being searched and because of her leg hurting she cannot take off and put on shoes. They denied her entry. She asked if they would like to go back on TV. They let her in. She went through 3 locked rooms & an open court yard before entering the prison at which time they took her cane. At a later time they gave Lilian one of their canes. The prison visitors were talking about the beautiful walking stick they had seen at the other end of the prison and had heard the guards drawing lots about who would end up with Lilian's walking stick. Lilian WON!

Omar is doing fairly well, he still has much pain and has glaucoma which is visible when looking at him. He said to tell everyone "thank you for your support." The prison changed visiting days with no notice, not even on the web site.

Lilian went back to the hotel and then went into Victorville to find suitable shoes. Unnecessarily, she might add, for she will wear them only twice. \$10 down the tube. Gas is \$4.06 a gallon.

In the evening Ebony and Lilian had a nice dinner and threw peanut shells on the floor while eating at Johnny Rebs.

The fifth show is complete. At 9:30 PM it was 98 degrees.

JUNE 30

The temperature was 108 degrees, for the second time in Lilian's life. She had a quick trip to the prison to see Omar. Also, took a different cane. Ebony's homework did not arrive so the trip to the Navaho's won't happen. Today gas is \$3.69 in Victorville and \$3.03 in L.A.

Lilian and Ebony went to a swap meet to compare prices. They explored the town a bit but it was too hot. Before going to the prison, Lilian had to remove everything from the car because it would be searched. People asked about Tina from last year's visit.

JULY 2

Lilian and Ebony left Victorville on Monday headed for Hwy 2 although they heard on the news that it was closed. They called the highway patrol who said that it was open but 15 miles into Hwy 2 it was closed. So they went to L.A. on the back roads which took them to the area where Russell Jordan was murdered in 1982. Lilian had seen it psychically and now she has seen it in person. Somehow Russell got them to go there so they paid their respects to him. When they were driving through the desert it was so hot that they smelled rubber, and the nail polish on Lilian's fingernails melted.

JULY 3

This is their second day in Sherman Oaks where they are staying in a private home and where Lilian was taken for a walk by a Dingo dog, an actor. While she was sitting under a eucalyptus tree it was throwing bark at her. The bark can be used as writing paper. Lilian has started to do readings to earn their way back home. The unexpected \$200 at Motel 6 in Victorville really set them back. They had some small interviews with famous people. They had a wonderful Mediterranean dinner at the Green Leaf Restaurant. Lilian and Ebony's attitudes have greatly improved since the temperature has gone from 114 to 106 degrees. Many chemtrails over L.A.--many extras. Ebony is happy that the phone is working. She went window shopping with the friends with whom they are staying.

July 7

Yesterday Lilian had a snazzy haircut by an Iranian woman which she traded for a reading. Next door to the beauty salon a car drove into a shop, made a right hand turn and then drove into the beauty salon.

They are still in L.A. and have talked with many open-minded people.

Ebony's homework came today and is due tomorrow night so she is tied up all day.

They are waiting for readings so they can come home. Someone moved Lilian's car for her and it is too far to walk but she doesn't know where it is anyway.

The pollution is very bad.

July 10

Good news. Lilian found her car. They are staying in a gated community with no parking spaces so her friends have to keep moving her car. Now that she has found it she can leave but cannot get back through the gate.

Ebony went to film Sunset Blvd at night. Lilian had an interview with Brook Harker, an artist/painter. They went to Santa Barbara. This way they were able to show mountains, deserts and oceans all at the same time. They had lunch at Mel's Diner (Happy Days). They ran into a couple of BET hosts who graciously took pictures.

Lilian met with a producer and editor, cut a demo, with a very good possibility of moving her show to a cable or major network. She has done enough readings to get halfway home, which is okay because everywhere they want to go is on fire.

They have had no telephone reception in the middle of the city so they were given 50 extra minutes per phone. Shows 7 and 8 are completed.

July 12

Lilian and Ebony thought they were doing well in planing their upcoming appointments with editors, directors and various other people in the movie and TV industry so they decided to send out for Chinese food. But within an hour Ebony became very ill and was in the hospital by midnight. She had a severe case of food poisoning from the broccoli garnish. They went to the Sherman Oaks Hospital with no medical insurance. In the emergency room first they ruled out a suicide attempt, then a drug overdose with drug issues, and then they realized that Ebony is a real person. There are 2 guards per person but only 2 nurses per floor. They befriended a security guard that took care of them because they were not allowed to sit with Ebony for the first four hours (12 - 4 AM). After 4 AM the guard helped them to see Ebony, he was wonderful to them. He wheeled Lilian to where she could smoke. By 7 AM they thought Ebony was a goner.

Dr "Smokee" assured us that Ebony would get better. He wrote her two prescriptions totaling \$140. and sent her home. Chances are she will be laid up for a few days.

With one hour sleep, Lilian managed to be interviewed. It was her most important interview and with the lack of sleep she felt that she was in a trance. It came out very well. The next step will be trying to put a combination of her shows and book into a mini series. She canceled the rest of the day's obligations.

Several friends have come to their financial aid.
Now they will wait to see how Ebony is and continue from there.

July 13

Ebony took a turn for the worse today. She had no potassium in her body. They were in the hospital for 9 hours after which they went to the drug store. Lilian volunteered to wait for the pills but she

could not stand for the long wait so she slid down the side of the building to almost at ground level which was not a good idea because she could not get up again. She then traded 2 cigarettes with a well-dressed panhandling woman to pick her up off the sidewalk, at which time a very fancy car pulled up, the lady occupant asked her driver to stop, she came straight for Lilian and offered her a bag of food. Lilian was so exhausted she looked worse than the panhandler. Lilian refused the food and the food was given to the panhandler.

July 14

Ebony is better today. They went to Belair and sat in a Zen garden to help her relax and recover. At this point they don't know when they are leaving L.A., in part Ebony is not ready to travel, and the restaurant insurance company will contact them on Monday. They would like them to pay the medical bills. The out of pocket medicines cost \$200. They are grateful to be staying in a private home for they are running out of money.

Shows 9 and 10 are finished.

July 17

Today they left L.A. The restaurant's insurance company is playing phone tag with them. They stopped in Lancaster, CA, to visit Pam, the former owner of Davidson's Car Lot on Yelm Hwy. Her mother, Ruth, a very good friend of Lilian's, died last year. Lilian had left her grandmother's ring in Ruth's safekeeping 25 years ago and had forgotten about it. Pam found the ring and is returning it to Lilian.

Lilian and Ebony had to drive through the Mojave Desert with the temp at 126 degrees. Ebony's medication is causing her to be sensitive to heat so today she had a relapse and is very sick.

They did make it to Bishop, CA.

July 18

Today Lilian and Ebony hoped to go from Bishop, CA, to Altura, CA. They crossed 5 mountains with elevations of 8000' then down to 5000' and back up to 7000' etc. Quite a difficult drive which was so windy and noisy that they stopped to check the car for noise problems. Also, there were 3 road constructions and 2 fires, one of which was next to Reno, NV. They were happy that they had bought gas at the Paiute Reservation for \$2.89 because 50 miles from there gas was \$4.99.

The drive through Reno was smoky but pleasant. They were stopped a couple of times by people who wanted to share their UFO experiences, which they also called the Northern Lights.

13 hours later they arrived in Altura, CA. Ebony is better tonight. Lilian's lungs are better after

leaving the L.A. pollution.

Show #11 is finished.

July 19

Left Altura, by-passed 2 forest fires, one of which was west of Reno and they revisited the earthquake fault that they discovered on the way down. They knew it was coming so they were prepared and were able to pull over. It is very long and very deep, and they were able to investigate it more thoroughly. They also filmed fire fighters and fire camps.

Ebony finally talked with the insurance company and also gave her statement. They appeared to be nice but they wanted to know what she had eaten for the past two days.

They had brake problems (and no money) which they noticed when the brakes tried to lock and pull to the right, so they stopped to have them looked at. The man at the garage dropped them at a restaurant and came back 1 to 1 1/2 hours later to pick them up. The car was brought back and they were told that they should be able to get home. No charge.

So they assumed they checked the problem for safety. Shortly thereafter they discovered that the brakes had been fixed. No name, no phone number, no way to say thank you.

They visited some of the people in Peasley, OR, a little town of 200 which has been receiving Lilian's show for about one year. They did make it to Bend, OR, and stayed at the Wayward HO again.

Chemtrail comments. The chemtrails in California look totally different from those here. The chemtrails in Nevada also look different from those here.

July 20

Today Lilian and Ebony left Bend, OR, and passed 2 fires. When they left Bend they found a small piece of paper. On the way down Lilian had told Ebony to write down the following:

Mantle Brock total chaos

New crop circle with eggs

We are the eggs

Circle makers work so delicately
to keep the eggs intact

The eggs in the Arkansas crop circle have hatched.

They stopped at The Dalles for a moment where they read in a local newspaper about the

earthquake and nuclear accident in Japan. The Dales has a sister city in Japan. They took Hwy 14 on the Washington side of the Columbia River and then I-5 from Woodland to Kelso. Ebony had forgotten her shoes in L.A., it was 68 degrees and raining, and she was freezing so they stopped in Chehalis and bought her a pair of shoes. By then I-5 was a parking lot both ways. Lucky for them they like back roads.

Home! Miss ET, the cat, is glued to Lilian and it is rather irritating. Ebony went home and Lilian is too tired to sleep so now show #12 is done.

They had earth, wind and fire on this trip.

October Newsletter

Was it not for a deadline, I would take the time to draw the view from my kitchen window. Unlike the mostly gray, foggy and unfriendly sight accompanying October days, the sun is smiling on us. The trees are swaying with the motion of a light breeze, leaves are gently falling, as if to put a protective mantel around/over some of the remaining flowers which are determined to pleasure us by their presence just a little longer. I entertain the thought just a tad longer and notice my coffee is really hot. Steam rising from the cup..... unless the coffee pot developed supernatural powers over night acquiring the ability to produce super hot water I realize that it is very cold in the house and the coffee pot is giving the appearance that the coffee sits on a Volcano or the engine of a Cobra Jet.

I guess we are all familiar with the saying "Beauty is in the eyes of the beholder" I guess so is perception.

September was one of these month in which many perceptions came to the surface, many of us looked at things, people and events from our own perspective.

According to Webster the word INTEND means: design, mean or plan.

According to Follette by Glucksman it means: purposely planned, predicted, in charge of a decision.

Do to my lengthy recovery from the afflictions I inquired due to environmental situations on our trip to California in June and July I actually watched TV while resting certain times of the day. One of the things which fascinates me ever since I came to the US is commercials. When I first arrived in the US I had never seen a commercial and assumed what I saw and was told were instructions, as to what to do and what to buy. After I got food poisoning from white bread..... I was not used to the chemicals used in order to fortify what ever they "Fortified" I asked someone why we needed all this information every 15 minutes or so. I felt a little stupid but was glad to hear that my new country men/women were much smarter than I had assumed, according to some of the commercials.

As I passed some of my time in August and September 2007..... I occasionally smiled, reminiscing of my early days watching TV.... I rather enjoyed some of the advertising. I wondered what the writers/producers of the jingles wanted to portray and how well their thought came across. My ALL TIME favorites are M&M and Target commercials. It matters little what it is they want me to know, I relate to the music and the brilliant colors they use. When designing the RECORD/CD covers for Bobby G, an Artist I was affiliated with for some time, we picked hot-pinks, turquoise and lime green. Taste buds would go into overdrive..... if you did not want to listen to it, you sure would want to eat it! The records, tapes and CD's were hot-pink, easy to locate for any DJ, we got a lot of play.

The GEICO Gecko became part of our lives, heavy down-under accent and we loved our ancestors, the cavemen. Someone said a weekly show : "Cave Men" was created for those of us, which were not willing to part with their smashing personality and trade them for retro talking dolls and Wilma Flintstone.

Korea Air managed to capture the most beautiful pale blue, delicately inserted in their black and

white advertisement. I would fly Korea Air if they were able to take me where this gorgeous color is created!

KFC captured the times, almost bordering on bad taste, with their lunchroom scene. Someone yells: "LYNN has got a knife!" Of course every ones shenanigans are almost funny and ridicules when Lynn calmly informs everyone she is having lunch from KFC, therefore the knife.... oh yeah, don't forget the fork....

The Cell phone guy standing in a room displaying his Tattoos is great.... I forgot... "Roger you tiger now"!

The INTENT for these commercials is to familiarize us with a product or service. It matters very little whether we love or hate said product/service. It gets our attention. In a court room a proven INTENT can mean the difference between life in prison or the death penalty.

An announcement has started to air recently reminding us how rampant ADHD is at present. It points out the beauty and talents of the now, still mostly, children afflicted by this condition. We produced and aired 6 shows on that subject over the past 10 years, in fact we send some of them to the then Governor Gary Locke. Some of us have recognized the creativeness and potential of these wonderful human beings. Just the other day I found a folder amidst a stack of old notes I forgot I had. After the Earthquake of 2001 I had to vacate my home. About a week or so later I returned to check on some things. On the porch lay the purple folder. It was filled with 9 pages of drawings. Fairies, princesses and dreams dedicated to me along with a note which said... I QUOTE AS WRITTEN....

I'M Seventeen old now. I enjoy and joint gymnastics that I love. It was so fun. Soon I will moving with my father on my birthday eighteen. I will miss all of my old teachers and friendships. Always forever. I will following in my heart know what to do. I will come and visit you as soon. Student Spirit of the princess Serenity.

I don't know where she is, I was unable to thank her. I do know she is a great cartoonist,

A marathon of the show 4400 was also aired. I was so busy with filming and editing a show called; EXPLORING THE LITTLE P, in which Ebony and I recapped our journey and with the help of CK, a clairvoyant from Germany, filmed predictions for 2008. A couple of days later followed our yearly prediction show for 2008 with Kanashibushan and myself. Lack of enough hours in the day only allowed me to get an occasional glimpse at the 4400. In this particular episode the girl explained she wanted to be normal instead of a powerful SEER and psychic. Later on that night a program about Nostradamus came on in which several de-bunker gave their opinions. I was sad that after all this time some people are still misguided as to how Nostradamus was and what he gave to the world. Maybe I can give you an overview of what it is so many programs are trying to present. Some do a great job, such as Medium, which shows the dilemma the poor woman faces in her personal life at times. Other networks present shows in which they try to introduce the viewer to the benefits such a profession can have in police work and solving crimes.

In most culture, including modern day society SEERS, PROPHETS, SHAMANS and such play a very important role. Astrologers are mentioned in some of the oldest writing. I asked an

Astronomer from NASA once which came first, Astrology or Astronomy. He said Astronomy was born out of the need to understand Astrology. From the very beginning mankind arrived answers came from the stars. Some of us plant gardens by where the stars are situated. Many cultures name their children calculated by numbers, also known as numerology. Many great people had dreams and visions, including Kings, Queens, Presidents, Popes and Military leaders. Currently the Regime in what used to be Burma calculated their actions by Astrology. Aboriginal cultures have the natural ability to communicate by telepathy.

In part Alternative Realities by Leonard George, Ph. D., notes the following: Psychic is derived from the Greek word psyche, meaning mind or soul. The word Psychic is mostly used in the Western world and is somewhat non-descriptive.

Many of us are familiar with the use of "Remote Viewers" by the government. Psychic spies are used in Psywars.

When visiting a Psychic became a fad in the USA many 1-800-numbers became big business. Some of the psychics working these lines were G.P's. much like one can call a family doctor. If the G.P. is unable to diagnose a problem you will be referred to a specialist. The time period of the 1-800-numbers familiarized people of what can be achieved. True, some lines were very unprofessional and fakes..... but it brought the subject to the forefront. A subject which had been misinterpreted, misunderstood and demonized for a very long time.... In the new world. England has many Mediums in their religious systems, they are part of every day life.

Perhaps you are a practical person who only believes in what can be touched, seen or proven.

Perhaps you believe strongly in a particular religion or school of thought.

Perhaps ALL if this is totally new to you and you just don't understand.

Clairvoyance is clear vision, the ability to see into an ethereal dimension without using physical eyes.

The ability to tap into Universal Knowledge and give detailed information about all areas of your life.

Some people are born with this ability and are able to draw upon their heritage and natural clairvoyance.

Clairvoyance requires discipline, integrity and ethics. Many years are spend to achieve accuracy and detailed descriptions. NO ONE is 100% accurate since what is seen must be interceded based on present circumstances, levels of education, understanding, surroundings and time frames.

Some people acquire their ability by a life/death changing event.

Many in the medical field are intuitive and very effective in treatment of their patients.

By using a positive INTENT we can help you achieve a positive space, address your spirituality, understand not only yourself but also the world around you. We can assist in business decisions, find missing persons/runaways. We can help you in creating a stress...less ... day, week or month by going ahead in time in order to identify upcoming problems so you can make better choices.

We had thunderstorms carrying 13 inches of rain in an hour, more rain than the weatherman had ever seen. Lucky for us the storm stayed less than 14 minutes. No-one saw that one coming..... Almost time for snow in the mountains.

While picking up my medication at Target, a restroom stop was called for. Upon entering it appeared a party was in progress. Lots of chatter and laughter, ladies of different ages and

backgrounds appeared to be having a ball. I inquired what the fun was about, they relayed to me that it was no longer acceptable to park ones purse close to the next stall and DO NOT..... DO NOT ask for toilet paper from your neighbor. Do NOT pass lipstick or anything back and forth in case you are in the middle of a Minneapolis Airport "STING." Do NOT intend to ask anyone for anything.... it could cost you a day in court, lets not forget your reputation. If you need to carry additional toilet paper make sure your purse is not so big that it could be mistaken for a backpack, which could be suspected for an unattended piece of luggage while you have your back turned to wipe a snotty nose.

Love and Light

Lilian

Alzheimer's Memory Loss Is Not To Be Forgotten

written by Monica Moore

Imagine while doing a simple task forgetting something that has never required thought and has come naturally. Imagine often recognizing subtle memory loss. Try to imagine failing to recognize those same losses. Those around you also sense that something has changed.

These are all symptoms of Alzheimer's. Alzheimer's is the most prevalent form of dementia. (Kuhn) Alzheimer's progresses in four stages. The first stage is general forgetfulness. With this phase many patients fail to recognize the symptoms significance. At this stage recognizing the diagnosis is only identified with autopsy after death. Upon autopsy the findings have been proven to show brain plaques and tangles within the brain. (Berger) As early as the 30's people are affected with a "disease" that takes from them their sense of direction. It not only leaves the patient confused but also the families who are left to try to understand the many questions that remain unanswered. What is it? Why has it affected my loved one and most importantly how to cope with such an event in ones life.

Alzheimer's is a disease of the brain that generally affects older people. It usually affects the elderly and at times others. Its stages progress over 5- 10 years. (Nadelson) At times people do not make it past stage one. Deterioration of cognitive function is prevalent. Alzheimer's is real and cannot be forgotten by the families it affects.

The second stage can include the inability to find appropriate wording and lack of concentration. At this stage inflated personalities may be prevalent. Now the memory may be so lacking that the patient may not even realize that there is a problem.

The third stage can be very dangerous. The patient may be in danger as they are no longer able to take care of their everyday needs. Such as past simple tasks of getting dressed which came so easily prior. Body function control may be lost. (Neuroscience) Memory loss compromises the ability of making decisions regarding the safe practice of cooking, lighting a fire or even remembering safety precautions regarding household tasks.

The fourth and final stage is the approaching stage of death. Many times other forms of illness take the lives of Alzheimer's patients due to compromised immune systems.

Pneumonia is the most common among the elderly. At this point the patient is no longer able to have less than constant care. They are unable to recognize those that stood by them through this ordeal. Even their children go unrecognized. The patient may even become violent, hallucinate and very suspicious of everyone and everything around them.

To know that a nursing home will be the last home they will see can make a decision for placement very difficult. This will be their last home. The home where death is imminent.. For this reason this decision plays a large role in depression for the care-giver. (Davies)

Alzheimer's affects us all in some way. To forget to remember is a travesty that may affect you. The goal is to seek understanding and a cure for this horrible type of dementia. To date many of the behavioral changes associated with Alzheimer's can be helped with medication. (Neuroscience) They do not offer a cure but are believed to prolong the eventual death. The main drawback is that eventually the medication stops working.

While science technology searches for a cure we need to recognize and respect those that suffer from this ailment. There are many theories as to what may cause Alzheimer's. There are no solid studies to show an answer. Chemical theories include biochemical changes in the brain, Neurotransmitters in the brain and toxic chemicals in the brain are all being studied. Genetics is also being explored. While a cure is being sought what the patients and families need is support. Remember not to forget this disease is color blind.

Regardless of sex, race and daily activities this can strike anyone at anytime.

August 2005

July has been an unusual month to say the least. My personal life was as turbulent as the rest of the world as a whole. I suppose I should be grateful, since for a minute, I was concerned that we would not get beyond June. The reason I say that is that at the time we filmed the predictions in August 2004 for the year 2005 it appeared that there could have been some major havoc in June 2005 and a very few of us were able to "see" beyond that.

Solar flares and geomagnetic storms were a constant visitor to the planet along with other natural disasters around the world. July came after all and there was the attacks on London.

When I was in the workforce in the 70's and 80's I still had small children. The ONLY time I was to be called at work was if the house was on fire or if a similar situation presented so I KNEW, when I got a call at work, I had to leave work because it was truly an emergency.

Times have changed since then and everyone gets calls at work regardless what the subject or the time. I asked someone about that since I thought work time should belong to the employer. I was told that concept was outdated and the workforce/time-frame was now people friendly because we need to stay informed and connected at all time!

I have an old antenna on top of the house and if lucky get 2-3 channels on my television. For that reason some of the friends tape programs for me. I took five days out of my schedule to watch all of the programs I received. It was amazing what I discovered. Most of the series I watched dealt with the future and what we are able to expect, or hope for, depending how one would look at it or interpret that. The world is going to hell in a hand basket, the ONLY hope we have is to look for another species to save us. Somehow and with someone else's backing Hollywood would like us to believe that we in turn have to do NOTHING except follow the many new teachings and philosophies which have materialized out of nowhere in the past few years.

People want sensationalism, a new wonderful event each day. We would prefer miracles but will except gladiator mentality if that is the only thing that appears sensational to us for that moment. Truth of the matter is that there is absolutely nothing new at the moment. On all fronts, may they be political, religious, medical or any other subject one might choose. I get e-mail and forwards from around the world each day. It is hard to sort out truth from fiction, the disinformation is overwhelming along with the information from "OTHER

REALMS."

One would think this is a time when guidance is needed, a road map if you will, but unfortunately that is not the case either. People are so involved in making it from one day to the next that we forget we can change this with choices that we make.

Imagine for a moment, if you will, you are sitting at the table, a nice cup of coffee or tea within your reach and writing out your bills. Wow, you actually have a little money left over, so you decide to make a double payment on the credit card you use for mad-money. You lick the stamp and feel good about yourself. It is a beautiful evening so you decide to take the dog for a walk and while you are out there drop the bills into the mailbox on the far end of the block. After you return you wipe your feet, sit in your favorite chair, with your hands behind your head and stretch. Too early to retire for the night, so you decide to go through some of the mail you have neglected for a couple of days. You hold up an envelope that somehow got stuck in-between the junk mail. The heat rises from the bottom of your feet and seems to rush straight to the top of your head and beyond. There is a light bill you have forgotten about. In fact it is a disconnect notice. Pay by 5 PM ... or else. You have no money left since you just gave it to the Postal Service and you are unable to retrieve your outgoing mail. You yell at the dog since he is the only non-judgmental creature in your house and you really don't want to admit how stupid that really was, the dropping the bills in the box before you checked the incoming mail.

Life is kind of like that. There are people such as myself who are able to look ahead in time for you and tell you what is coming your way. We can make you a roadmap to show you several outcomes. If you don't like the picture it is very easy to start adjusting your choices and change the outcome. BUT, a very few people actually follow advice, they wait until the house is on fire and expect instant cures and solutions from the very same people they asked for advice which they themselves dismissed as useless.

We live in a time when we need to stay informed. There are people who are trying to accommodate that need, under the most trying circumstances, I might add. Please be supportive when they need your help, might it be monetary or some other means they would appreciate. Consider what they are telling you, analyze it and ONLY if it holds true for you, apply the knowledge. Question things you hear or see, including what I tell you, if it does not ring true... totally dismiss that thought and make different choices.

Please do not ask me to get involved in your relationships, your love-life can and should not be decided by a psychic, even though that seems to be what some of you are most interested in. No ethical Psychic would advise you about something like that to begin with.

We do not have the ability to provide you with lotto numbers or information concerning gambling or the stock market. If that were the case we would not ask for your help when we have extraordinary undertakings to perform.

Many classes are currently offered that are supposed to teach how to materialize and create wealth out of nowhere, without effort or work, I might add. That does NOT work for all of us, our path is taking us on a different journey. Universe owes us nothing, Universe provided us with a brain and freedom of choice. So for those of you that demand unreasonable results, please save your money, instead of classes buy yourself something pretty to enjoy at the moment.

The word Psychic does not describe our function, however it is the word mostly used in the United States. Most cultures have wise men and women in their societies that are honored and sought after. They are prophets, healers and sometimes just that someone who can listen to you, non-judgmental and outside of the box. No, they do not read minds and do not wish to be pumped for information, same as, just because someone is a MD they may not want to answer medical questions for you at all times. We have schedules, make appointments and our time is as valuable as the next person's. That is not to say that we are unwilling to help a person in distress. Somehow most people feel when something is given for free it has, on one hand, no value, or, on the other hand, we owe our gift to the world since many of us have misguided entitlement issues. Of course neither one is true.

Claudia and I are on the road at the moment to film for shows to be aired in the winter. I would like to refer you to the NO-NEWS-LETTER in the middle column of the page in which the trip is mentioned.

I have no sensationalism for you at this time, should we see something out of the ordinary while we are on the road it will be posted within 24 hours.

During the month of August please limit your calls and e-mails to "Your house on Fire" since I am busy at work for my employer, the Universe.

Thank you to the friends that helped out, as always we cannot do this alone. We are halfway home, so if you like to continue your support we will surely make it home ahead of schedule.

Love and Light
Lilian

Newsletter August 2007

I remember hearing a comment someone made in the late 1960s. It had something to do with the attempt of a person to explain that the human brain had the capability of retaining an equal amount of memory as a computer the size of the Empire State Building. 40 years later computers have been shrunk down to heavens know what, a size I am unable to comprehend, nor would I know what to compare it to, at present. Even at that I would assume it to be an impressive size and shape, for that matter. Over the past few years I have made the comment: LIVE IN THE NOW..... to you. I am tempted to rethink that statement and attempt to call it something else for several reasons.

The word conclude according to Webster means: finish, to form an opinion.

According to Follette by Glucksman it means; finish, decide the end result, bring to an end a decision, ability to foresee what comes next.

July was a very trying, yet very successful month for myself and my granddaughter Ebony. Against all odds we decided to take our yearly journey across country in order to film our winter shows, a series of 12 shows in which we, in detail, documented places, events and people we met along the way. I was still in pain from my ongoing leg dilemma. Ebony at 18, fresh out of school, agreed to put her filming talents, which began for our show when she was 8, to work. I was to be the designated driver, she was to take care of everything else. Filming, care for the equipment, dragging all of our stuff in and out of hotels and locations. While doing so she was to decide what she was going to do with her life as an adult.

Due to economic circumstances most of the sponsors from previous years had to opt out, so we left, with the help of our 3 faithful backers and half of our travel budget, heading for California. On a rainy morning we stepped into the NOW.

By the time we reached our first stationary destination, Victorville, we had detoured into Nevada avoiding the horrendous smoke from the Tahoe fires, accidentally ended up in Gerlock, NV, the site of the famous Burning Man Festival. We interviewed people and filmed unusual places and yes, we did remain in the NOW.

The complementary rooms from Motel 6 in Victorville did not materialize due to a mix up with management. We did get a discount. Even in the NOW we realized our budget had been damaged to a greater extent than we wanted to acknowledge other than in the NOW. 6 shows had been completed by then. My 3 day visit with Omar at the Federal Penitentiary was plagued with small, in my opinion, unnecessary occurrences. Contrary to my own conclusion, Omar said he was fine and thanked everybody for their ongoing support.

Prior to leaving we requested promotion for readings in Los Angeles. With a psychic on every corner I soon felt like a circus act, very few people recognize the importance and value of an ethical Intuitive. About the time I was in the process of changing my outlook on said dilemma Ebony came down with a life threatening case of food poisoning. The culprit was a piece of broccoli garnish from her Teriyaki Chicken from a Take-out/Delivery place. We were forced to step into "Normal Time"..... 3 weeks later, after TWO 9-hour stays in the hospital, a relapse in 126-

degree heat, brought on by heat sensitive medication, an almost \$8,000 hospital bill and ongoing issues with the establishment's insurance.... she ate the evidence, one piece of broccoli.... she is fine.

While operating in "Normal Time" we managed to interview wonderful people. TV stars, writers, painters, an array of people which broadened our understanding of many subjects concerning our lives at present. We were able to show a side of Los Angeles which was neither the glamorous nor the troublesome City which is portrait on the nightly news and around the world. We realized that the hunger to follow the lives of the rich and famous is nothing more than an attempt to participate in the neighborhood squabbles and feuds fueled on by profit seeking entrepreneurs. People are basically the same anywhere ... trying to live as best as they can. Granted, there is a small number of people which enjoy the limelight, may it be good, bad or indifferent. Shows 7-11 address those issues.

What we did notice was the terrible pollution which is ramped over the city. TV would have you believe the great things taking place in California in reference to Global Warming/Green Power etc. Aside from the average person living in the City, 20-Million Dollar homes built in the mountains house people in air which is not fit for anyone. True, carbon coupons are bought and displayed on the rear of \$50,000 cars..... One buys carbon stickers in order to feel free to pollute per equal value. I am assuming other cities are also affected to such an extent, in this case I am only able to talk about what we experienced first hand. We were in Los Angeles.

We returned to the NOW, wondering about the paradox of occasionally seeing a few Town Houses amidst miles of fresh air open spaces. It made us wonder how come so few people live in California. We did get home, dodging fires, chemtrails, unbearable heat waves and outlandish gas prices. Realizing we had exhausted our going home budget, Les Schwab in a small town fixed our brakes without charge. When we realized such kindness had been shown to us we were too far down the road. THANK YOU!!!!

Because of the combination of numbers of Chemtrails we encountered, the fallout from the nuclear leakage from the damaged reactor in Japan due to an earthquake AND the amount of pollution in Los Angeles, I, a Washingtonian, became very ill and headed for the hospital twice myself. Diagnosis: Sinusitis. The second doctor demanded to know why I burned myself... the left side of my face was swollen, totally closing my eye and looked like I was suffering from 3rd degree burns. "Sinusitis" appears to be the illness of choice, according to some medical personnel. After being incapacitated for 9 days, unable to find any one to run an errand for me, I started a 4 mile journey to the Albertsons closest to me. I managed, not feeling very good, but I managed. In order to avoid traffic I chose a parallel street. Heading from west to east. I noticed a speed limit sign 25MPH in a place I had never seen it before. As I slowed down and crossed over the overpass on I-5 I turned my head to the left in order to see how busy the freeway was about 7PM on a Sunday night. The traffic appeared normal, except there was a firework show over the freeway. Pink, blue, beautiful fireworks. About that time I realized I was lost. I called my grandson Malcolm to assist me, he is very familiar with the road I was traveling. He asked me to describe trees, buildings, etc., so he could mentally follow my whereabouts. He requested I do NOT turn anywhere. I did not. The first house we recognized was on a Highway traveling from north to south several miles away. I inquired about fireworks on I-5 from the local authorities, they knew of none.

It was the fireworks incident, the most recent of a number of experiences of paranormal origin that made me think about the brain/computer comparison I made reference to. It made me think about the term: Living in the NOW.

Our brain, much like a computer holds all of our memories. It is a chain of events of the past which brings us to this point. NOW, would eliminate this to a certain degree. If we step into the PRESENT we are able to combine the past and the hope of a future outcome, based on present decisions. I am not sure if we are even able to isolate any and all memories as we experience the moment. I would assume certain groups in extreme meditation or some martial arts practitioners have the capability do so. I do not think the average person going about their daily activity could achieve such a mindless state.

We concluded that many things have changed since our journey in 2006.

We concluded people are tired.

We concluded people are struggling for their livelihood much harder than last year.

We concluded people are suspended in their willingness or capacity to think, rather than look for solutions they are accepting life as it is presented to them.

We concluded the environment is in bigger trouble than we realize.

We concluded the gap between have and have not's is quickly narrowing.

We concluded "Sinusitis" and food poisoning will be a popular diagnosis and no longer isolated incidents.

We concluded that more than one reality IS truly in existence and no longer an Idea by a few groups.

We concluded we do need to make changes.

We concluded that we need to become more personal with the people around us, know their name, know who they are and how they fit into our reality.

We concluded that not caring, thinking the world will rotate without our help..... even though it does.... is not in our interest.

I concluded the term: living in the NOW is incorrect.

Live in the PRESENT, one experience, one moment at a time.

Love &Light

Lilian

Thank you for assisting us on our way home.

Lilian and Ebony's Travelogue by Edie Cole in PDF

<C:\Documents and Settings\Tia\My Documents\mail.html>

Copies of the 12 show series will be available September 1st. 2006. Advance orders welcome. six 2-hour DVD \$39.50. S&H. free

CANARY 6.8

Canaries are birds that in the olden days were used to monitor the toxins in the mines and warn the miners of approaching dangers. We have all been talking about the earth changes, about how we are right in the middle of them and what a welcomed chain of events that will be. Well.....

When the earth shook for 45 seconds on Feb. 28 2001 and measured 6.8 on the scale, I remember thinking: WHAT IN THE **** IS THAT!!!!!! It never answered me. So lets go backwards and see what took place here and how it affected ONE Lightworker, me.

All the signs had been there, but even I did not make the connection all together. Being very affected by frequency changes and the information that NASA e-mails every day it was right in front of my face.

The sun magnetics reversed only a week prior and when my granddaughter Destiny noticed how strange the incoming tide was, as it came in it formed a channel and went backwards, we talked about it and wondered why that was.

The water levels in the reservoirs dropped, the news said it was because of the drought we are experiencing, but we had discussed that in our Sunday D.U.M.P. session. Like there was a hole in the earth some of us thought.

Four days before the quake the calls were starting to come in and we were monitoring the symptoms that the friends were complaining about.

ITCHING, especially in the breast area. In my case ALL OVER.

Loss of balance, in my case total vertigo.

Inability to sleep.

Craving of "Comfort Food, " in my case Ice Cream. I do not eat ice cream. Nuts, M&M, s specifically.

Joint pain, lots of hip problems even in friends that had NO back problems.

Heart palpitations, 30% increase in ER visits.

Irritability

Difficulty while driving, felt like driving on black ice at all times.

Flu like symptoms.

Bronchial like symptoms.

A friend that monitors frequency activities and planetary movement in space by sound had an actual heart attack. I am NOT sure if that was related or a coincidence.

On Feb. 27th at 11:21 PM I thought I felt the earth moving. I am sure of the time because my daughter came by and was off work early, I looked at the clock at her arrival. About midnight I felt it again, called her and she thought I had imagined it.

At 4 AM on Feb. 28th I HEARD the terrible noise, it sounded like grinding metal. It lasted 4-5 seconds. I know then the quake was coming and packed a bag with all needed documents, medications, glasses and personal needs items, laid the coat over the purse, placed it by the door and put my shoes on. I waited till 5AM and fell asleep with my shoes on.

What later turned out to be about 9:30 AM I woke out of a very deep sleep because an old leg injury was hurting me very badly and limped to the restroom, wondering what that pain was.

I had dozed off when the actual quake hit at 10:55 AM. I awakened and tried to reach the door but was thrown about 15 feet all the way across the trailer back on to the couch. I landed on my alien doll and covered my head with a blanket. That is when I had the thought mentioned in the beginning of this story.

45 seconds is a long time when you have no sense of what is going on. After the noise and whatever sensation I felt was over I jumped up and inspected my physical body. I was fine. One is always fine running on adrenaline!

The phone rang and my daughter called to check on me and to tell me she was picking up the children from school. I had electricity so the news reported the "Seattle Earthquake" that later turned out to be the Nisqually Quake and I was located 3.5 miles from the epic center.

The cell phones were dead and I set up a phone center to call some key people that were in place to check on people and get messages to others. Most of the regular routes were cut off and friends called to have me guide them thru town because the freeways were either down or grid locked. It took almost 3 hours for my daughter to collect 6 children in 4 different schools and she managed to get thru and call in the streets that were travel worthy.

I called the hospital to check on my son, they said everyone was fine. I later found out that the hospital was not fine. It had been built to swerve in a quake and after an addition was added that was a solid structure the main building slammed into the solid structure and did a lot of damage, that was not reported for obvious reasons. My son was OK but I can only imagine the 45 seconds with a building slamming into you! The street collapsed close to the hospital, bridges were down and the Capitol was hit.

www.news.theolympian.com earthquake archives tells the full story with pictures.

All the food in plastic containers had popped from the pressure, the house was a mess. By evening I had picked up most of it and thought that was the end of it and counted my blessings.

After a quake it is advisable to take a brisk walk because of the cellular memories in your bones and also to eat a meal to ground yourself. I did that, except I was not walking straight, I felt like I was on a train having to shift my weight from side to side. I slept through the 2 aftershocks.

The next morning I heard a weird noise and came outside. There was an old Mexican man cutting my grass with a lawnmower from the 70`s. I ask him what he was doing and he just smiled and said: "Have a nice day." Looking back on it I don't think he was a man at all but that same Aztec that had guided and protected me once before. I thought I had imagined it; nevertheless, the grass was cut. Like he put boundary stakes just on my property, no one else's.

The second night I woke up out of a deep sleep and was "told" to go up town and heard the song: In the heat of the night. I followed that voice and did not stop to use the restroom. Since I did not know what the reason was for the urgency, having to do so, I did not want to alarm the local friends and got my friend Monica in Texas out of bed to talk to. After 2 hours I returned home and thought that to be odd. I later realized that it was at that time the trailer made the initial drop.

Some of the friends donated some money and I replaced the food.

My son seemed fine and my daughter found out her two-story house had moved to the right 1.5 inches and the shingles on her new roof were now turned upward. (Not sure if moved or sank is the right term) She had damage inside and the 3-year-old told his story and showed off the scrapes and bruises " My MOM drug me by my foot across the room and went under a table, it said dodo dodo. I said Mummy don't leave me, the houses said DROP, he is pointing to the left. Mummy don't leave me, the house said DROP, he is pointing to the right.

Things got back to normal except that I was still doing my "train walk." It did not feel right. My grandson and I heard a terrible noise leaving one day. It was then I decided to call someone to check the foundation. Andy went to look under the trailer and found a 20-foot long crack in

the ground. It was 15 feet wide and we did not know how deep. I spent the night at my daughters and when the City came the next morning my life changed forever.

There is ground that is sitting almost on air, a senior building code specialist with the City said. The soil has some organic material under it. A geo-technical soil specialist used a 3-foot probe and it went into the ground like butter.

I grabbed MS E. T. the cat and her litter box and had to leave my home of 15 years, now red tagged. And so the madness began.....

FEMA came the next morning and so did the paperwork. I guess when a person is in shock they sign a lot of papers. Even after all is explained you become this mechanical something and justdo.

The RED CROSS actively came looking for me and I thought that was great. They put me in a Motel and paid for my food for one week. They also gave me a clothing voucher for Mervyns. The nice sales person there even let me keep the hangers. That was the easy part. My daughter became my Mom, that was the great part. I had no watch so she gifted me a beautiful silver necklace watch with rubies. She was in need herself but that was her "Comfort Food" to take care of her Mother. I spent parts of the days at the Motel and slept on her couch, I think she needed to have me in sight. It is very important to allow people to do what they have to, to deal with a crisis. We cleared out the CROPPER, the RV, only to find our food supply had been invaded by other species and had to throw all of that away. It kept us busy for 3 days.

My life changed every 2 hours after the Insurance came into the picture. Yes, I do have Insurance. I discovered a deposit into my account had been made and thinking a friend had donated it called to find out who did. It was FEMA. \$573. I bought things that I needed right away. Nail clippers, a suitcase, undies, cat food and gas for the 278 miles in-town driving I would do in the next few days to fill out papers and keep my almost hourly appointments to answer questions.

I was notified by FEMA I had to return the money because I had insurance after I spent \$277 of the money.

We had more than 900 misplaced people in Olympia, which in essence dropped 3 inches, so finding a place to live was pretty slim. With my budget I cried to see some of the places I would be able to afford and thought that Ms. E.T. deserved better than that and I am a HUMAN BEEING so I would rather live in the Cropper than rent one of those places. My neck that reacts to toxins was no longer swollen and I was grateful for not living in my place any more, was sick for years. A Canary if you will, only I did not realize that at that time.

I was still laughing most of the time, hysteria I think and I am sure the person experiencing all of this was NOT me, but my Higher Self. Imagine the ONLY house that was lost.

The Red Cross had me stay in the Motel a second week.

The friends asked what I needed.....Everything..... except you have nowhere to put anything. Again some of the friends sent money and a Stranger bought 2 VCR's so I could continue to copy the shows for the stations. She had read in the paper that all the equipment was in the house. In fact I was unable to cover my own story, I had no cameras.

The most valuable help anyone can give at a time like this is CASH and Phone Cards. You need a lot of them. I had my documents and was able to prove who I was, some people were not that lucky.

Oh Yeah, the insurance you ask. They were great, they had a lot of answers that did not work because of the special circumstances. I love my adjuster, his lesson was and still is to go with the flow. But we will get to that a little later.

The City allowed me to enter the home for a very short time and again my daughter volunteered to take a chance and retrieve some of the things I needed. We threw my T.L.Rampa books, all the research books and most of the African artifacts out of the doors and windows, it was just too unstable. The computer and the fax machine were hoisted out and some of my hats with the help of a broom-handle thrown out of the window. It was just too dangerous and we abandoned ship and with that decision left all my belongings, all irreplaceable things like family pictures and clothes collected from across the world, in the house. My friend Edie said we had a choice between dropping everything to the "Center of the Earth" or to fling it into "Outer Space." The printer did not survive, neither did the VCR monitor and I am not so sure about the FAX, but we gave it our best shot.

Up till this time I was still in a daze. While there the mailman came and brought me a package. I opened it and it was from Monica. It was a gift set of my trademark perfume...Paloma Picasso. I sprayed it all over myself and when I smelled the familiar scent that was ME, I grounded, knowing I was HERE and my Higher Self left and returned control back to me. In her wisdom Monica knew I would never spend that amount of money for perfume at a time like this. It was soooo important to have happened like that, we realized later.

After two weeks the insurance put me into an apartment for emergency housing. They were great and rented everything. Furniture, household items, TV and bedding. It was great, only I thought it had all cost too much, I am a simple person. So for a little while I am able to relaxOr am I....

I have to get an address for all the papers to get mailed to me, so I can sign them. A PO BOX.....more \$\$\$\$\$... Drivers license has to be changed.....more \$\$\$\$\$. Checks have to be replaced....more \$\$\$\$\$.

Final electric bill has to be paid.....more \$\$\$\$\$. Phone has to be transferred to the cell phone.....more \$\$\$\$\$. All this of course has to be done a second time, should I ever get out of the "HOLE"

The ground in Olympia is still moving, more damage is being discovered every day, five weeks after the quake.

I am still in the sinkhole and sinking more every day.

Many lives are still disrupted and not everyone is dealing with everything as well as I am. So let me tell you about my blessings.

My neck is no longer toxic and swollen.

The TV Show is still going and has a lot more viewers.

After the dust settled I remembered that for some "STRANGE" reason I send my Show Archives to Steam Boat Island for safety 3 weeks before the quake.

After a talk for the children in Middle school the week after the quake I forgot all the things I had displayed so they were returned to me.

A new friend "ROSE" gifted me 2 VCR's and I can continue delivery of the shows.

Some of the friends came forward to help me.

My Family was great.

Martha became my backbone and was willing to go down with the ship.

Sue and Lisa were my helpers.

My Insurance adjuster is a wonderful person and will be able to find a solution to his dilemma as soon as my guides find a suitable place for me to be able to follow my path. I am Psychic you know.... But I Am Not Telling....

My hope is that some scientist will see the wisdom of having Canaries for the next time,

Should it be me, SO BE IT!!! Now that I know how it works.
Your continuous support is so appreciated; I have a long ways to go.

In Love and Light

Lilian

Aftershocks

Those of you that know me have never known me to tell a story from beginning to end and in that order. I will not disappoint you, I assure you.

If ever there was a time for me to be grateful not to be "NORMAL" this is the time. You see a normal person would not be able to find a way thru this madness of having become an "Insurance-Baby", only a crazy person or in my case a person of high strangeness.

Surviving the 6.8 earthquake on Feb. 28 2001 was the easy part. Walking away from my house in the sinkhole was also easy compared to what was to follow.

The nice Insurance Adjuster that had told me I was about to travel thru a dark tunnel and he was there to guide me to the other end was transferred and the fallout from the other end of the tunnel was about to choke the crap out of me. It had taken 6 weeks for the Insurance to realize there was no easy way to resolve my problems, so within 2 days the new person in charge dumped everything in my lap, with a smile I might add. I think he thought I was a normal person. He handed me a check to move my house and wished me well. Before departing he entered the house and took pictures of all my possessions, which were sitting right there, where they had been for 16 years. All nice and orderly covered with the strangest looking brown dust that must have come from the center of the earth. I asked him who would repair or replace my belongings including the trailer after we pulled it out of the hole. He gave me a blank look and when I asked would he do that he said, no, it all looks ok there was nothing else to do for him.

Do I look like I am normal?

It is said that when we come to this life we have agreed to do certain things. I do not remember having agreed to all of this, but in case I did PLEASE TAKE HEED. I would not like having done this for nothing. There will be other earthquakes. Olympia is still sinking. You see what happened is that we all were affected by this. In the beginning we were all glad to have survived this. We then went into denial and pretended all was well. FEMA extended the deadline for filing claims that should have been a clue. After 3 days of my dilemma I became a regular homeless person and all concern faded. I think when people ask if you have insurance and you answer yes, in their mind all is well and you are ok. In essence what really happens is that because of the insurance you are totally at their mercy and so become an "Insurance-Baby". Only my name remained Lilian and was not changed to *****.

After the Agent handed me a check for \$14,458 to have my trailer moved my life changed on a daily basis.

I set out to fix what they had not been able to do for 6 weeks. I called every trailer park to see if they would rent me a space. That was impossible because it has a metal roof and according

to new regulations parks are not able to accept these trailers.

The City said I could try to go in and get some of my things and we attempted that. It was a very dangerous undertaking because when you sit on a sinkhole and the weight shifts it is dangerous, so I only got a few things and abandoned that plan. Everything was contaminated from the brown sod and I coughed for a week.

I got 3 small storage rooms from U-Haul for a while and thought I could wait things out. After 30 days the price almost doubled and because I have no money presented another problem. I was evicted from Emergency Housing because the insurance did not pay the bills, so I had to find a home for the few things I had managed to collect since I lived there.

At the last minute the rent was paid and I remained there for 2 more weeks. Having to sleep on the floor upset my back condition and I was unable to walk for a week.

When I thought things could not get any worse I felt like I did when I was stuck between the buildings in Nashville. I was driving down the road when my trunk popped open. I secured it and 2 blocks later it popped again. I said to Universe that I needed some Firefly -People. I found myself on a little country road, not really knowing what I was going to do there. I called my brother, a Realtor just to chat and he notified me there was a Mobile for sale right up the street from there. He arranged for me to look at it. When I arrived a few minutes later, we knocked on the door. A Native American Lady answered the door and I told her I was looking for the Fire-Fly-People. She smiled and asked if I would settle for a dragonfly. I loved the place and made a deal with her to buy the place. We also thought it would be great to tape a couple of TV Shows, which we did. Sacred Lands, Sacred People. It was during that interview it turned out her husband was actually Standing Elk's nephew. A Fire- Fly-Person from the Lakota Nation.

Some people think that Psychics are wealthy people, some of us are. However most of us are struggling in the three dimensional world and have very little. Some of us have very little attachment to material things and there are others, like myself, who are disabled in one form or another. Some disabled persons qualify to get a housing subsidy and get help with their rent and medicine. I was one of those people and grand-fathered in in a mobile home program. Because I was unable to move my home itself those guidelines no longer applied. The place I thought would become my new home was located in a park that took Government Vouchers. Life looked pretty good. I made new friends and looked forward to living in the wonderful energy that place projected. However at the last minute the Landowner changed his mind and after a lot of emotional struggle that move was not possible.

We had prayed so hard and did a ceremony, because the new friends needed the money to go to Big Mountain and work with the grandmothers and the people, but for some reason Universe had other plans for all of us at this time. The reason is still not known to us. I am sure we will know in time.

I knew there was no way to move my home and got such mixed messages as to what I should do. I looked at every Mobile for sale in the county. Nothing felt right.

Back at the APT. my days were counting down.

The manager brought me an eviction notice because the insurance did not pay their part of the rent.

I CALL A FRIEND TO GET SOME OF THE THINGS I have accumulated since I moved there. The manager asks why am I moving? I am glad I am not NORMAL! Just as I am almost all moved the check arrives and I have a place to stay for 15 more days.

To get my mind off things my friend Martha and I go for a drive. We spot a Mobile that looked like it was unoccupied. There is a for sale sign in the window and it is located in a park ran by

a friend.

The next morning, a Sunday, we called the U-SAVE Agent and she tells me she has found the perfect place. To my surprise she takes us, my daughter and some of her children to the place we had found the night before.

IT NEVER HAD A FOR SALE SIGN. Of course we thought it was a gift from heaven. It was so much bigger than the one I had before and I would not even miss the Glass Room, a room for reading was right there. The yard is big and perfect for the grandkids and it takes away some of the sadness I felt when I was unable to move into the Indian Place. I sign the papers and was told I could move in on the 25th of May. I can do this! I can do this!

The landlord agrees to take a government voucher, a section 8 and all the lease papers are filled out.

My mind is at peace, my back said: GOOD...MY TURN!

And with that I am laid up for 4 days. Like a big toothache in my back and I am not able to move. I cannot, so I leave on the tight jeans that I have on for whatever reason, first time I wore jeans in 3 years!

The Lady from Housing calls and asks me to come to the office. With my walker, my Higher Self and I went to town. It took an hour for me to drive 8 miles, so much pain!

She tells me I am no longer eligible for housing, I am only allowed to spend 30% of my income for rent and I am a few dollars over, just a few.... With that things look real hopeless. It is hard for the average person to understand how the Government guidelines are arrived at. I can be poor, only if I am poorer than that I can no longer qualify for help. I am glad I am not NORMAL.

It took me a very long time to get back to the Apt. because I inched my way back, unable to move very much. All the friends were at work and there was no one to come and drive my car home for me. Give me some codeine, NOW!

I knew the Lady felt really bad, so I wrote her a thank you card for having tried so hard to help me. They had tears in their eyes when they hugged me.

I have since learned that because of what happened to me and they did not want to give up, this is being looked at again and a survey was ordered by HUD to see why the rents are so high in the parks, I am very happy about that.

I am dealing with the reality I cannot afford to live anywhere without the help of my CREATOR and take that plunge without a parachute and TRUST.

The only thing that is organized in my life is the shows and I tape a two part series on the Oklahoma Cover Up a News Expose.

At least twice a week the APT. Manager sends a note to request a pre-move-out inspection. A pre-move-out interview. So many pre-move-out things I feel like I do not have a home at all. I am glad I am not NORMAL!

I CAN DO THIS!!!!

By the 23rd I realize that closing will not take place on the 25th. I am Psychic you know. I cancel the moving truck and try to get this burning pain out of the head, we, my Therapist and I nicknamed it my ``HOT-HEAD-SYNDROME``

I pulled a card last night and it informed me that everything happens to me serves as a lesson for someone else. It gives me comfort and knowing that Universe is again using me as a tool for others. PAY HEED, there will be other quakes and more challenges for all of us.

I have no animosity about being a casualty.

I have no attachment to my loss. Universe provided me with everything I need to do my work.

I resent being an "Insurance-Baby"
It saddens me to see how people behave.
I miss the friend I lost along the way.
I am glad some people benefit from this.
I am HEALTHY, not living in that place any longer.
I am grateful for the financial help the friends gave me.
I am grateful not to be NORMAL.
I am learning that Universe and I am not on the same time -line, that is what I get for losing my dual face watch!
It is way passed the 25th, all my things are packed and I am ready for the next part of my journey. I am now homeless.

Till next time Love and Light
Lilian

Often times Scouts return with arrows in their back!

A few days of being homeless, not a problem, I can do this standing on my head! Surviving the 6.8 Earthquake on Feb. 28, 2001 and surviving being an Insurance Baby has taught me to make do and expect the unexpected. In just a few days I will be in my new home, well, new to me.

I pull the Cropper into my daughter's driveway and in a way it is nice, I will be able to spend time with the Grand-kids. I have lights and a little cubbyhole to sit and drink Coffee and a little place to lay and sleep.. Could even stretch my legs at night if I am really careful, besides that, I traveled clear across country with MEME and her didgeridoos in the tub in 97. Just like then, I can't get to the stove, the sink or anything else for that matter and MS. ET the cat loves the Cropper anyway. She is so happy to be out of the Apartment and a happy cat counts for a lot right now. Can't have an unhappy cat!

We fall asleep about 3 AM and by 7:30 AM the kids think it is time for me to get up AND I DO. Like every morning I call to check on my move-in date and like every morning no one knows. Have only been here 3 weeks and I know the routine. Just be patient I am told, it will happen soon.

Taping shows has become an almost impossible undertaking, I am totally out of money, nowhere to hook up the computer and it is hard to get phone calls. The phone bill is "only" \$529.54, low for a cell-phone the Phone Company tells me. I need to have my phone number sent to a different phone to avoid that. Impossible, because of the prefix. The friends have a hard enough time to keep up with my dilemma and should not be expected to remember a new phone number. Lady, I don't care if you send it into Outer Space I told the phone person.

" I'll call you back" she said and she did, late that night. "We sent the number to a satellite and are beaming it back to your cell-phone; it will arrive there tomorrow. All for only \$31 installation and \$16 per month." Ever so often the kids would knock on the Cropper telling me I had a call. It took a while to figure out that the satellite beamed it to the wrong cell phone. We fix it

by the 3rd business day, no problem. For the next 2 weeks no calls, no one loves me! Truth of the matter is we don't know who is getting the calls, no one seems to know! Least of all the phone company!

If you are following me along and have noticed that I am now in my 5th week of homelessness, YOU ARE RIGHT! I am still patient.

As I was doing things in town each day just to keep from losing my mind, I was talking to myself in a shop and a man named Doug answered me. Turned out he was a homeless person and so he offered to help in the studio and we hang out at Jack in the Box for a burger.

I experienced what it feels like to be homeless, without money and how people looked at you as soon as they see you coming. I still mentioned that I was the EARTHQUAKE HOMELESS PERSON FROM THEIR TV SET on Wednesday and Friday. BIG DEAL! It s so expensive to live in the street, even with a Cropper for safety at night.

By now I have driven 1320 miles since the earthquake to take care of things. In town, the car does not make the freeway, it is too sick.

I finally get the papers for the Non Profit I had applied for: TEMPLE OF HIGH STRANGENESS. I thank Universe, now that I am a "TEMPLE" the friends can help more freely and deduct any donations from their taxes. Will be good to get back to work. I go from shock to hysteria to depression to just being in awe of the whole thing.

IN ONE OF MY BETTER MOMENTS I thought I should consult the cards to see what is holding up my move-in date. It told me that the problem was not with the bank back East as I was told, but rather local. I related that in my morning phone call and I am sure they were as tired of me calling as I was having to call there. It is now July 1, 2001.

The landlord, at the park I had signed the lease with, was wonderful and did not make me pay space rent on a place that I was not able to move into. Instead of help I got advice and more advice to the point where I quoted my friend EDIE that says that when one gives unsolicited advice they disrespect your own judgment.

No Calls, no Readings, just the wait and I am not a nice person.

I consult the cards again and again it tells me the problem is local not with the bank.

Up to this time I have not cried or even grieved for what had happened. I am now getting whiny and that makes me angry. My nerves are very stretched and I want to jump out of my skin. I know there is a divine force at work but I wish I could understand what is going on here!

One evening, right about July 5 or so a Lady called and she sounded like she had the voice of an angel.

She said she had heard about my troubles and she had a Mobile for sale. She said she knew about my financial situation and she would settle for half the selling price and would move it to anywhere I choose in just a few days.

I was so moved and shed a tear about how there are people that Do care. I called the landlord at the park where I was supposed to move to and asked if there was an empty lot. There was and it was possible to shift the lease to the new lot, 300 feet from the place I had bought and couldn't move into. Oh sure they said. So I looked at the lot and it was the biggest one there, checked everything there was about it. Even poked in the dirt to see if the ground was stable. Trees everywhere except on the lot, no power lines or transformers, only thing I could get hit by would be the planes that land at the near by airport if they ever miss a runway.

I checked with the 2 Psychics I trust and my Higher UP and it was a GO. A safe place and

300 feet from where I thought I was going. I was still disappointed about not being able to live in the Indian Place and I so liked the Repo.

The money for the Repo was refunded and I felt panic for a bit because I had went through all this trouble all these weeks of patience to give up now. The Human Thing you know....

I agreed to buy the place the Lady had offered so graciously and I hated it! I hated everything about it! Especially the kitchen.

We agreed on the price and I made her aware that is ALL the money I had. She assured me nothing else was needed and I would be up and running in no more than 5 days. The 4th time I went to the lot a Grass Circle had appeared right in the front. The Circle I had always hoped for at the old place just to prove to the neighbors they did exist. I had only ever seen 2 of them, this one being the second. I thanked Universe for the affirmation and promised to change my attitude about the place.

The Lady allowed me to take most of my belongings out of storage and lay it flat on the floor inside the place till it was where it needed to go. That saved me \$100 and I was grateful.

I no longer felt homeless.....for a day or so.

The 5 days came and went and there was no movement at all. She, lets call her LADY said it was taking longer because it cost more than she thought and her kindness was a little in haste, be patient.

10 days came and went, PATIENCE.

15 days came and went PATIENCE.

Finally, a call. A cement slab has to be removed, it is the only thing holding up the move. I call the friends and they come right out with sledgehammers and picks and we, including my 10-year-old grandson are taking MY frustration out on the cement. Problem solved, slab gone, all 4 inched thick and 5 feet in diameter.

As soon as it was known that the Mobile was leaving the neighbors in the very ritzy neighborhood came with wheelbarrows and stole all of the flowers and bushes. By the end of that week, on Saturday I went there to see how the work was going and the place was finally on the road somewhere. I said to the neighbors: "First you steal the plants and now the whole house". Felt so mean but the look on their faces was worth it!!!!

When I got to the park with my lot, here was the Place all on blocks already! It was an awesome sight. It looked huge! All my crates were still flat on the floor and I had a home!
NOT SO FAST!

The nice mover said it would take several days like 3-4 before inspection. That involved hooking up plumbing and electric, skirting and a porch with railings and legally I was not to live there till then. A pink tag kept me out.

The Landlord agreed that I could stay in the Cropper for 3 days so I could start my move in. I thanked the kids for having been my neighbor for such a long time and got ready to leave.

The Cropper did not start. Someone had messed with the switch box the day Kanashibushan had stayed with me after a viewer sent for her so we could tape an update on our predictions because 27 of them had happened already and it was only JULY. We had gone to the MIMA MOUNDS a very special place and recharged our own batteries, if you will.

The Cropper battery was dead so I bought a new one. I was not able to install it so Bernie my director just happened to come by with a mechanic that informed me that I had fried the alternator and the voltage regulator and NO WAY was I going to be able to drive 10 miles with even the new battery. I called AAA and they towed me. The little guy came with an even littler truck. I tried telling him it was not going to work. After much debate and struggle he agreed and left Cropper in the middle of the street for almost two hours and then finally delivered it at

my new home. On THURSDAY. He forgot to connect the drive-line and when I was ready to duke it out with the tow truck lady, it was Monday. She informed me that "GOD" was always testing people with hardships. I told her that Universe had thrown every Anal Person on the planet my way in the past 5 months, to please leave God out of this. If she was unable to move her boss I would do it for her. I did. On TUESDAY.

12 days have gone by. I have a place in a sinkhole with a red tag. I have a place on blocks 5 feet in the air with a pink tag and I am not allowed to live in either one.

No activity, no sign of workers.

Lady calls me and tells me that I did not give her enough money and in order for me to finish for inspection I would have to pay more for electric, a plumber, skirting and porch. I reminded her that I had purchase the Place on the new premise, not the old. Her rules had changed. She reminded me that by her doing me this favor and discounting everything I was taken money from her family. I wanted to ask if she was short on the BMW payment, but I did not get to it. I started to cry. She said:" Don't cry" in that sweet voice I had heard when she made me the offer. I said" You don't understand". I was so angry had she been here I would have decked her. It is sad when a light worker is put in a position for that to occur.

After 3 days I was unable to sleep in the Cropper because I am unable to drive it to the store parking lot in the present condition. I am unpacking, befriending my home and have Lady hold me hostage by not sending the workers. I spend some nights at friend's houses but because I have to be here so early decide to hide out at night and just sleep in the Place.

The electrician comes and after 14 days I have lights.

A plumber comes and tells me he will be back after sundown. Friday 3 weeks ago. Never came back.

In tears I give my report to a friend and within a day her husband and nephew came and connected the plumbing.

They hook up the antenna so I can watch the news.

All the appliances are broken, the water tank is rusted out. I struggle for every nail and screw I have to produce for more repairs.

We forgot to ground the antenna, there it was, 8 feet in the air on the roof. The neighbors noticed it but thought there was no danger of lightning this time of the year. Little do they know that CHANGO visits me quite often and lightening appears over my house when there is not a cloud in the sky. I bought a grounding rod and as I pulled in noticed a man in a truck with a ladder.

I stopped him and asked what would he charge to ground the antenna. He looked at it and after he was done said I was welcome. He started talking about the Wing Makers and how some of the neighbors have watched my evolution of moving in. How they knew I was coming and needed to move 300 feet from where I thought I was going, in order to be the point of the triangle where the other light workers live.

I go to the Post Office 11 miles away to check the mail.

A Star Beacon Reader from SC sends me a wonderful letter and \$5, more than he can spare, being sick himself.

I bought lunch, a hot meal I so needed after many days of snacks. My soul thanked him so much and I will forever remember lunch because of the loving way it came about.

Two days later I have a card from a Star Beacon Reader, a Lady that called me a "KINDRED SPIRIT".

A \$100 bill of which I took \$98.14 to the Hardware Store to buy piping for the plumbing that had just given out.

My soul thanked her and I realized that the Temple of High Strangeness is not for people of like mind but rather for "KINDRED SPIRITS". What a Revelation!!!!

I hooked up the computer and prepared for the shows on the Anti-Terrorism Bill that followed the shows on the Oklahoma Cover Up News Expose Show. From throwing the printer out of the window and moving so much, it is broken.

The artifacts I managed to save have been glued together and found their proper place in the place.

The \$5 bed from the garage sale sleeps great!

Everything is unpacked and nailed and glued in place for the next shaker.

47 days after the call from Lady to come to my rescue I have passed the first inspection with the help of some of the friends that hammered and sawed and nailed and listen to my stories.

After 21 days of no water and electric I have cooked my first meal.

The neighbors have shown me more kindness than the old ones in 16 years.

The Repo got a new tenant the same day I was "legal" in the Place. Her and I moved in on the same day.

The mover worked out a deal with me for the skirting that will be installed in 2 weeks after he returns from vacation.

The friends from up North will build me a permanent porch in a week. Treated wood for it will have to fall out of the sky and WILL.

The Temple got its first donations. A green 74 Fury a friend donated and had her son bring from east of the mountains, almost 250 miles away. Does IT ever do freeway!!!!

A green lawn-set to sit on under a tree and meditate with the friends arrived early on, GREAT!

I have given the anger I felt for Lady for having tried to cheat an Earthquake victim/survivor to Universe.

I understand homelessness and connect with the wonderful spirits of the people I met during that time.

I have made friends with my new home, even the kitchen.

I appreciate the friend that helped me along this far.

I ask for help to carry me to the completing of this task. I was your scout, I did come home wounded, I am healing and reporting to you so you can be safe.

Time for the Lawyers, they have started to call. I guess it will be a while before this story comes to a close, so stay "tuned" in "every" respect.

I HAVE LANDED!!!!

In Love and Light

Lilian

Why me?

Here it is two years later and I have finally recovered.

Someone asked why I had such bad luck. I looked at that objectively, since I do not believe in

luck, good, bad or indifferent.

I feel I saved the life of the Mobile I bought from the Lady. It would have surely died without the repairs I made.

The insurance never paid anything other than the \$1,400 to move my old house.

Since I used that money to buy the present dwelling I was still liable for removing the one that fell in the hole. I had a HEART to HEART talk with the landlord and we settled. He took responsibility for the removal and promised to turn the park into a model neighborhood for the tenants that were left. That task is now complete and the people like it real well.

HUD did a survey in order to re-evaluate the outrageous rents being charged at parks. As a result of that, 131 seniors are now getting housing assistance.

The friends rebuild my glass room.....Porch..... It is twice the size of the first one. I am able to use it for filming some of the Shows, a reading room and a gathering place.

I have a huge yard for the grandkids to play in and neighbors that care about one another.

I have fresh air, trees at a safe distance. Rabbits, frogs and owls are frequent visitors.

I met many new friends because of the earthquake that I would have missed otherwise.

On a trip in May and June of 2003 I ended up in tornado stricken areas such as Pierce City, Mo and was able to tell some of the survivors my story. I think it gave them hope for the future.

IT WAS A POSITIVE EXPERIENCE, in hindsight. I don't care to repeat it. However, Universe was wise to pick me instead of the 82-year-old Lady next door. The lessons learned would have been untold because she would not have had the massive exposure I do through the TV Show.

BAD LUCK? You decide.

Love and Light

Lilian

“SHIPS”

Being a stickler for words can have it's moments. Mostly it is fun to get a definition for a certain word only to realize the definition makes no sense whatsoever. Take the word RELATIONSHIP. I know how to define relation but where does the ship come from and does it belong there in the first place. I have many relation "ships."

My children. My grandchildren. My niece. My sister. My mechanic. My chiropractor. My therapist. My director. My staff. My publisher. My web master. My mate.

All my "ships" require a high level of trust, since they have to be able to weather many storms in the turbulence I call my life.

A few months ago I got a very nice "Dear John" letter from my doctor of 20 years, with that sunk my relation "ship." I was devastated. How to replace the one person that knew my "ship" from helm to stern and every crevice in-between. The mechanics of my very design and the only person to assist me in rough waters when I was unable to act as captain because I was incapacitated. When the sea calmed I tested the waters and set out to draw anchor on unfamiliar shores.

Free spirit I am. I landed on an unknown island. Adventurous I am, I do not mind exploring new territories. It soon became apparent I was required a VISA and a road map in order to navigate. If my co-ordinance was off by just a bit my "ship" could easily crash.

I did not possess the appropriate papers, besides there was an immediate language barrier. In order not to lose anything in translation I will tell the next part of my journey in plain English.

I found a new doctor, paid him a visit, we talked for a bit. I told him I would see him when I was ill. Unknown to me my medical records had not arrived from the previous clinic. I am looking at a four-month stretch here..... I get a call from the new Dr. Office, the records had finally arrived; to please come in, the Doctor wanted to see me. I was excited, I thought he might have found a cure for my neck problem as described in my new book: **Remembering your Future.**

Immediately there were issues about my medical insurance papers. A 2-minute phone call would have clarified the error. That was too troublesome and escalated into ill feelings on everyone's part. I felt real inadequate compared to a young lady in a nurse's uniform attempting to find a vein in order to draw blood. I tried explaining a vein, my vein, from the rest of my arm. She overruled me and proceeded trying to create a vein within the caltrich of my arm. I directed her to remove the blasted thing, eventually she did. By then she had injured my arm and 5 weeks later it is still extremely painful, totally useless and prevents me from being able to perform any tasks including writing, producing shows and personal hygiene! A week later I go in for my results. I learn that I suffer from some metabolic syndrome. I need to lose weight, go for walks and watch my diet. The leaflet which accompanies my prescription describes my syndrome which amounts to.... Old Age!!!.... As it turns out the Doctor had 3 useless pages of my medical records and no clue about my permanent condition, at this point I did not even care to explain anything. I was too angry to have been injured for no reason at all! Instead I directed my attention toward locating the medical records that were apparently lost.

I spent a total of 4 hours on the phone, drove a total of 60 miles in order to sign the same papers 3 times, only to discover that IF the new doctor had requested all of the medical records, they would have been delivered..... free of charge..... to his office. In a timely fashion. Since his office does not want to "clutter" the office with 20 year's worth of old records I have only one option. I have to purchase my own records for 69 cents per page, an estimated \$550-\$600. I offered to bring a printer, paper and ink and do it myself, that of course is not acceptable.

In the mean time my blood pressure is high because I am mad as hell. It made me realize that perhaps many other people are confronted with the same scenario.

The other thing I ponder on is why we have been so enslaved by people or a system that dictates our weight, our diet, our blood pressure, our BM's. To think that the young people are already used to the pressures of perfection and appearances without realizing what is happening to them. To read labels, weigh a spoon full of nourishment, eat to prevent baldness and waste time and money on things which are not relevant..... At the rate we are going as a species everything will be so contaminated it makes little or no difference.

I could let it go, I am not. Instead I am learning what it is like for many of our older citizens to have to find ways to function in our crazy system. The confusion and the helpless feeling alone is enough to make one physically ill. It can consume ones whole being. Create imaginary syndromes and disorders, which are created and named each week. Stress can overtake us and control us, it feels awful.

I received a letter from a clinic to help with my dilemma. Let me share it in part:

Same day appointments.

Annual Comprehensive Exam.

Telephone, Pager and Email access to YOUR Physician.

Adequate time for appointments with YOUR Physician.

Hospital coverage, Nursing Home visits and House-calls.

Most procedures, immunization and injections provided by YOUR Physician

Secure Online access to your medical records and online appointment scheduling.

Assistance in navigating the complex medical system and working with sub-specialists involved in your care.

No Major Health Care Insurance required.

Cost: \$90 per month for adults, \$40 per child.

Turning on the TV and hear the commentators speak of healthcare reform, prescription reform, pension reform and a multitude of other reforms makes me want to charter a "ship" for all of us and sail the deep blue sea. To give us a refuge, to be able to lay on the deck, watch the sun come up and set again and forget all of the Bull Shit which has become our reality.

I know my "ship"..... I know it's function, I am able to operate it manually and have a guarantee. Being familiar with it I know all of my spare parts and in an emergency can jimmy rig my "ship."

It is so sad that many people, young and even some of them in the autumn of their life, are so stressed, unable to function due to red tape, lack of money and an alphabet soup of other reasons and their "ships" are pirated by depression, hopelessness and often by addictions.

My friend Rusty Smith was attacked and almost bludgeoned to death with a hammer in Texarkana, Texas. A tenant robbed him in order to buy drugs. He was arrested and Rusty is recovering slowly. We send him Love and wish him a smooth recovery.

Friend "ship" is a word I don't mind displaying, as I sail through my life's journey and invite you to come along, so we can contemplate the meanings of words and their relation "ship" to us.

Love and Light
Lilian

PS Congratulations to the winners of the 2005 Human of the Year Award
Timo Nadudvari - Futurist
Jarrod Gibson - True American Hero

Newsletter December 2007

The end of another year..... Sure makes one think..... I am assuming it is the same at year's end for all cultures, regardless which calendar we use. A time to reflect, the older we get the more we seem to remember and wonder where the time went. The young ones seem to believe it is a time for new beginning, or it might be the other way around. Either way, here we are again. Holidays stacked one on top of the other, shopping and trying to make resolutions makes some of us brain dead. We seem to enter a jungle, wondering if we are able to find our way out of the maze we have created for ourselves. Since the beginning of time, well, close to it, man has used maps of some kind. We have created markers, trails and followed the stars in order to find our way from and to what we consider home. So pull out your Atlas/Map and see where we want to go.

The word QUEST according to Webster means: search and hunt.
According to Follette by Glucksman QUEST means: looking for, seeking, investigating, examine and taking a test.

Atlanta, Georgia...

During a broadcast with Anderson Cooper about prayers for rain, the background of said broadcast, was bombarded with religious phrases, such as sin, hell, salvation, Jesus and such. Some of my viewers were puzzled and I was unable to answer their questions as to why CNN found it necessary to insert such messages.

France...

The ARD in Germany reported in a late night broadcast that FRANCE is chipping all prisoners presently incarcerated and future offenders with an ID chip by which they can be located instantly.

Washington DC...

As predicted in the Predictions for 2007, an attempt was made to encourage the US Government to release their UFO findings to the public. Representatives from 7 countries attended the conference. Larry King interviewed several of the participants, from what I heard this added a lot of credibility to some of us, which have worked very hard for full disclosure for many years without any definite results. It presented a more scientific perspective to many of the viewers. Speaking of Larry King.... He also tackled other aspects of the paranormal by interviewing several Psychics. James Van Prague, Shirley McLane, Lisa Williams and Marianne Winowski. Some of us admired his courage to tackle such a superb group of clairvoyants and smiled at his comment that if he (Larry King) would kill himself in the AM, if he saw what some of them saw. They, the guests, were explaining to the audience that energy never dies, energy changes form. They spoke of courage to acknowledge such things.

Speaking of courage.....

Dennis Kucinich, a Presidential Candidate, announced the release of his second book: THE COURAGE TO SURVIVE.

Actually, lets make Dennis Kucinich a Landmark on our Map.....

Having met Dennis on several occasions and my viewers awarded him the Human Of The

Year Award for 2004, it would stand to reason this man has played a rather important role in the lives of many of the friends.

If a person would research this man's life, one would find that he has had the same goal for most of his life.

Some of us feel he is the only man capable and qualified to lead this great country to peace, trust and renewed prosperity. A man we could all be proud of to call the leader of the free world.

I heard about his book on the Jay Leno Show. I rushed out the next day to buy it. I was unable to find it anywhere, however, Borders agreed to order it for me. This was in late October. The book arrived from the warehouse on Nov. 5th. my birthday. It was still not on the shelves and unavailable unless ordered from the warehouse. I called the publisher and made them aware of this. It is now December and the book appears to be sitting in warehouses, apparently.

Instead of a picture of the Presidential Candidate for everyone to recognize his picture, the cover is black and white, it shows Dennis and his friend, at the age of 4, walking down a street in Cleveland, Ohio.

It covers his life from birth to the age of 21. It shows how this man can identify with each one of us because of his life experiences. It is easy reading, fun and allows one to look into the heart of this great man. I am sure that IF the public had been able to read about him in this capacity, he would have won the hearts of many voters. It is my opinion the release of the book was sabotaged, not available to us until the elections are in place in a way someone intended them to be. After reading the book I am convinced Dennis Kucinich will be President one day. He will never quit following his mapped out life. I hope we will, at that time, still be able to recover as a nation.

THE COURAGE TO SURVIVE ISBN 1-59777-586-1
866.773.7722 www.phonixbooksandaudio.com

New York...

Amy Goodman interviewed a man named Studs Terkel. He is 95 years old, a historian, another great man. He recalled his life, the challenges he conquered being black balled by CBS because of his involvement with segregation and the civil rights movement. He called us a NATION OF ALZHEIMERS. I would assume a transcript of the interview would be available at www.democracynow.com

Amateur night at the Apollo has been a constitution for decades. I remember when Tina Marie and others finally broke through the racial barriers in the 1970s. They appeared at the Apollo and were excepted. As we, as people again buy into the sectarianism portrait by politics and media, unnoticed to many of us, we have again reached the point that people of certain ethnicity do not get a fair chance to be heard and are dismissed prematurely.

Hollywood...

Francis Ford Coppola and George Lucas, visionaries as they were, together, produced 2 impressive works of genius.

1. KOYAANISQATSI (Life out of balance)
2. POWAQQATSI (Life in transformation).

Even though they were produced in the early 1990s, they are still available in Video Stores. The insight into our present circumstances, brought on by negligence of men, which these

producers had is incredible.

The film-making is exquisite, masterpieces, way ahead of their times. It shows the natural order of things on our marvelous planet. It then shows actions of men in their evolution and the outcome of the changes. There is no dialogue, which leaves the storyline up to the viewers discretion. (Sleepers, along with Howard the Duck, by far are the best ever made).

Seattle, WA....

Northern Exposure is in reruns. The story takes place in the little town Cicely, Alaska. It is easy to become part of the storyline of the residence of the laid back place. The simple life and the challenges which accompany the elements of the seasons. All 7 seasons of this series is available at Fred Meyers. The slight metaphysical flavor of the show David Chase presented to the fans is very timely in the 21st century. Men in trees on ABC is heading in the same direction, It takes place in Elmo, Alaska. I am sure fans will cross paths in their quest for mellow programs to watch. Programs a person can enjoy, identify with and just smile at the story lines which at times resemble our own.

Olympia, WA....

When sitting in my chair I have plain view to a window, which appears every night. Friends and neighbors come to look at the window because it is only visible from my house. Once one opens the door and steps outside the window is no longer there, or is it? It appears it is an interdimensional portal of some kind. People have reported hearing people on a beach, which is not there either, in fact I have heard activity there in broad daylight.

According to viewers animals are behaving in unusual and strange ways. It is very cold at the moment, not unusual for the Great Northwest. It is unusual for outdoor creatures to want to come inside, including goats and peacocks. Pets have disappeared for days at a time and returned with different personalities and habits.

Bishop, CA...

During filming of the TV Show : "A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness" a homeless man was captured on film. The camera was actually aiming for a fruit stand. After close examination of the footage it would appear the man is possibly an interdimensional Being. His looks and mode of walk resembles a small Bigfoot rather than a human. It was the second time we managed to capture a creature like this, the encounters almost went unnoticed since each time they.... what appeared to be female at the MIMA MOUNDS in Washington State and the man in Bishop, CA.... were fully clothed.

Tumwater, WA...

Inside of Lilian's head no-one ever sleeps. It is a constant highway to somewhere. People are actually surprised, if not offended, that when they call with a question and Lilian answers: "I don't know." They call for anything. Personal dilemmas, best bargains at the malls, issues with their children.

Should they go to a doctor or the health-food Store?

What was said on the Presidential Debates?

Where are the Earthquakes? When are they coming?

How long before the next storm?

Can they afford the gas prices in 2 months?

Why is the moon so big tonight? OOOHH it is also yellow!

Where did I leave my wallet?

Where did I lose my keys?

Where is my cellphone?

Who stole my mail?

Traffic Jam! How do I get to the west-side on the back road?

I am in the middle of the country, how do I get home?

In the latter Lilian pulls out her Atlas/Map and find an easy route, the size of her head has limitations.

Lilian did locate a small space in her head in which she keeps her thoughts for the year, which was 2007.

We, as a people are out of balance. We have the ...LEFT... and the ...RIGHT. We are no longer identifiable as ...RED... and...BLUE... Our opinions have been programmed to such an extent that unfortunately the world is again BLACK and WHITE. The gray we worked so hard to accomplished no longer exists.

$2+2=4$ was the norm at one time. $2.5+1.5=4$ we had finally discovered.

One would think we would all be educated enough to be able to manually arrive at the latter figure again.

If programmed technology can be in error, which sometimes it is, we should be able to notice the mistake.

People are created equal. Like Dennis Kucinich said.... there are no illegal people.

We sell the infrastructure of our country to foreign entities.

We allow our children to be poisoned, in order to save money.

We contaminate our food for profit. www.badseed.com.

We try and force our religious beliefs on others.

We create the illusion of money which no longer exists.

We persecute Smokers, yet expect them to finance healthcare for wealthy children.... Lilian is smoking as fast as she can....

A spider had built a web outside of the window. First thought was to kill or remove it. Instead

Lilian decided to share space with the spider, which by the way could have killed her with one bite. Spider started out small. One night she noticed a yellow jacket came a little close. Yellowjacket could have also killed her with a sting. From safely behind the glass of the window Lilian saw the spider reach out in an instant and trap the yellow jacket 4 times it's size. Within 3 minutes the small spider had cocooned the yellow jacket, he remained hanging there for several days. Then the tail-end of Cyclone LING-LING came and blew the yellow jacket away. Spider reappeared a short time later, repaired the web and lived out the life-span allowed. Lilian thought Spider lived a long time and she learned a lot.

On an episode of Golden Girls, Blanche was afraid of airplanes. She dreamed the plane was going to crash. When the need arose for her to get on an actual plane Blanche leaned her head to the opposite direction at times, thinking she could polarize the plane. On TV she DID. In our case as a people we have to find balance, this plane is NOT going to polarize. We have to reinvent ourselves, find our way back to what we were intended to be. The people of the planet EARTH. America is the land which is inhabited of almost all races on Earth, we need to start acting like we KNOW this.

As we start 2008 we need to get out our Atlas/Map and rediscover the skills in reading a map. GPS is OK. You can Google your butt off. I am almost sure Dennis Kucinich would agree with me. IF YOU DON'T KNOW where you want to go, Map Quest cannot get you there!

Love and Light
Lilian

Is there a Doctor in the "HOUSE"?

by Lilian Mustelier

This is an editorial, an opinion or a fact finder. Take your pick. Here is the story:
It amazes me how sometimes a series of events and/or circumstances can result of us landing in the middle of a can of worms. Since I do not fish that is NOT a good thing.... or is it?

For 20+ plus years I had the same Physician. For 20+ plus years we struggled finding medications which are agreeable with my roller coaster of allergies and reaction to chemicals and synthetics we have managed to put into medications. The day came when my Doctor closed his practice in order to become Chef of Diagnostics at a local hospital. I was happy for him since, according to him, he could be Dr. House with a Dr. Welby attitude. As a result of him leaving there were 2,500 of his patients which needed to be absorbed into a health system already overloaded. My TV Viewers followed us right along since I had at one point made them aware of my sometimes unusual conditions. They got regular updates and in 2004 my book: Remembering your Future was released. Aside from the people which graced my show: "A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness" it became the setting for the book.

Trouble came over the horizon shortly after the doctor left. Many records were either misplaced and some of them ended up archived in a basement. I went DOCTOR SHOPPING. I, a fairly intelligent person, did not know this was the wrong term and I was too naive to realize this for about 2 1/2 years. Well, I am getting ahead of myself.

Because of the type of insurance I carry it was hard to find a doctor to accept me as a patient. Changing insurance was out of the question due to multiple pre-existing conditions. I was accepted by a country doctor in a little town about 15 miles away. He was nice, except he insisted on giving me a diagnosis of a disease I did not have. It required me to get a blood test every 3 weeks and ended on my 3rd visit when the nurse injured a tendon in my right arm which has been healing for 2 years and the ability for me to use the arm is a rare occasion. This problem is ongoing.

Dr. Number 2 was local, nice and had great bedside manners. He immediately decided to change my heart medication of 27 years to something else, assumingly because it was easier to obtain. I refused and made him aware that the medication he suggested was for migraines rather than my heart condition. Eventually I won the power struggle we engaged in, lucky me, my heart is still beating. The can of worms arrived when I contracted a very bad bacterial infection. I went to the hospital where my original doctor worked hoping if anything failed he could "save" me. The cocktail of antibiotics I was given made me deathly ill. I followed up with Dr. Number 2. Driving to his office was dangerous, not only to myself, but also to others, since I had to stop in the middle of the street in fear I would pass out. When I arrived at his office all I could do was lay across the hood of the car and wait for someone to find me. Someone did. Instead of escorting me into one of the empty rooms I was asked to fill out papers. Our power struggle reared it's head, he refused to listen to me when I told him I was allergic to at least one of the medicines. He insisted I finish the dose. I also made him aware I now had a yeast infection, he asked me to open my mouth and say: AHHH. I said: "Excuse me, it is on the other end." He did give me a prescription for that.

Not only did I get worse I now had excruciating pain in my legs. A request for a referral to

another Doctor was denied, only after I filed a complain was I referred to my Gastroenterologist. He immediately reminded me that I was allergic to one of the medicines. After a relapse the infection was conquered. The pain in one of my legs persisted. I ran out of Tylenol #3, the ONLY pain medication I can take. I refused to take Neurontin, Vicodin and a long list of pain killers I was unable to take. I was referred to a bone specialist, he thought my hips, back and knee were in great shape for my age, 60, refereed back to the Gastroenterologist and now to a Neurologist. I knew him and the Gastroenterologist for better that 30 years. Both agreed it was not only time, but also appropriated to find a new physician on record.

A new Doctor joined the staff in a small clinic 30 miles away, he agreed to see me. Still NO RECORDS. I liked him real well, he was open-minded, courteous and thorough. He explained to me that pain control was not on his agenda for personal reasons. I felt bad when he did, in fact, overstepped his principle once and I voiced this to the other doctors. They felt this relationship was doomed since I will be in pain from now on. They advised me to keep shopping.

While all of this is happening I still have to produce a TV show each week, the Cadillac Walker my daughter bought me for my birthday is burning rubber, I notified everyone not to get upset when I cry out in pain and become verbal between yelps and muffled screams. A friend dropped me off at the place Dennis Kucinich, the presidential candidate and his wife Elizabeth, visited with some of us. This being my 3rd visit with him, he asked what happened to me, pointing to the walker, I laughed and said: "Just old age." He said: "RIGHT!"

I managed to conduct interviews for upcoming shows. I had the opportunity to attend a court hearing in which I learned that many young people are in jail because they are drug users, it violates their probation for various minor infractions, therefore they serve repeated jail sentences. I addressed this issue in the April 2007 Newsletter.

I secured an interview with a young woman, an addict, in which she very freely shared the plight of addiction. In essence what happened was she was married, had 2 children and a nice house. When her husband lost his job, they were issued food stamps temporarily. The husband stole her food stamps and sold them. As a result she became very angry, a fight broke out and she broke the window in her own house. She spent 3 days in jail and was sentenced to probation. She was unable to return to her house, her and her children were homeless. Between following the rules of her probation, classes, Parole Officer appearances, looking for work and the stresses of being homeless she acquired new friends which were more understanding of her dilemma than her previous circle of acquaintances. CPS took her children from her, according to her she gave up and started to take drugs. She spent a total of 273 days in jail for probation violations due to her drug USE, not the domestic violence charge she had originally. She told about being taken to the other side of the state in shackles with no-one able to visit due to the distance. She is clean now but struggles each day with her dilemma, she called it her "involuntary circumstances." She took full responsibility for the choices she made. I thanked her for giving me a little insight to the world which is so foreign to me.

My lucky day! I have an appointment with a Lady Doctor. I am excited! I arrive at the clinic, yes, I do speak English.... I fill out the forms requested in English.

I hear a conversation between a clerk and a representative from a Pharmaceutical Company. The clerk tells the man no-one is in the market for his drugs since everyone coming to their clinic uses Generics, they are all disadvantaged people, but to feel free to check back another day. He leaves.

My medical coverage is good till 2099.....2099..., I am asked to disclose my income, I am asked to prove my income.

I am weighed in, my blood pressure is good. The forms have very few questions about my illness or complaint rather it dealt with family history, arrests and unrelated issues. Smoking, alcohol, coffee and across counter medication, herbs and such. The Lady Doctor comes in, very pleasant, she asks what I am there for. I tell her I am Doctor Shopping.... wrong term.... Not once did she ask what my complaints were, why I was walking on a walker or what illness brought me there. I attempt to explain to her why I need a physician on record, mainly for prescriptions. I brought along my MRI, X-rays, letter of findings and numerous bottles of painkillers I am unable to take. She implies the pill bottles make me subject to becoming a victim of a robbery. I missed her point, so she explained how people get robbed because of pills. She missed my point, the fact that I wanted to show her how much time, effort and money was wasted trying to talk me into something my body retaliated against.

She said she did not prescribe medications on the first visit, she needed to get to know me and asked for me to take a urine sample. I mentioned I had no problems there, she informed me it was a drug test so she can see that what I told her and what I take matches. I said explain, she said people smoke WEED, take unauthorized medication and drink. She asked me to sign numerous papers, which I thought I needed to read before signing and she said, in passing,,,,, I would have random drug testing while in her care. I DON'T THINK SO!!!!!! I LEFT!

Once I stopped shaking I drove to a nearby parking lot to collect my thoughts.

I felt insulted, betrayed, inadequate, defenseless. Big Brother at it's finest.

It brought to mind the newsletter I had just written.

Dennis Kucinich telling us we were already free, only needing a Leader to understand this.

The young woman addict sharing her frustrations about the maze of rules.

I imagined someone appearing at my door steps demanding a drug test at random.

I thought about the possibility of my torturous pain to last forever.

I thought about Robert Daniels, the young man incarcerated in a jail cell at Maricopa Medical Center in Arizona. He has no warm water, he has been unable to take a shower or wash his hair since January 2007. He is in solitary confinement without TV, books or a radio. He is allowed to use a phone after 4PM to call people which cannot afford to accept his phone calls due to the outrageous prices charged. He is in Civil confinement which includes but is not limited to Mental Illness. He is supposed to have the right to be treated with what is considered humane and human. His wife and child have not been able to visit in some time. His "CRIME"..... he had contracted an incurable strain of TB while in Russia.

I thought about the recently released prisoner from Texas. He was convicted of a \$ 2.00 robbery when he was 17. While on probation he was caught smoking a joint. He was convicted of a parole violation and sentenced to life without parole. He is 34 at present. It took all of these years for someone to take up his plight and secure a full pardon from the Governor of Texas.

I thought about the young Addict telling me how many people in the system are not able to work in many areas, She is a caregiver. I thought about me as an old person or a cancer patients which not only has trouble obtaining pain medication, but may not be able to get a full dose of what I need, since people taking care of me are addicts. The Young Woman pointed that out to me. She was talking of her own struggle rather than to imply this would happen with anyone else in the profession.

I thought about my friend Dr. Gilbert Jordan. He always feels he has to prove everything he says. He is a Nobel Prize Nominee in Physics, even a man of his stature feels he is accountable to someone in triplicate. I did not understand that until I discussed this with a friend. I owe DR. Jordan an apology for separating him and his paper-trail-proof on one of our shows.

I thought about Dr. House and his dilemma. A TV character, true, but I understand his frustrations.

I thought about my friends, which talk me through some nights when sleep is impossible, because I am in so much pain. The frustration they share with me when I do not know what to do, their feeling of helplessness.

I wondered what the outcome had been, had I refused taking the pills I knew had given me this reaction in the first place.... I guess there would not have been a need for this story.

I am hoping for a miracle so my pain will cease.

I am hoping for a Physician to come to my aid and treat me with respect.

I am hoping for a balance.

I am hoping for a system which treats people justly.

It is said everything happens for a reason, I hope I will see the reason for my affliction.... eventually. I am not sure if I am willing to accept tortures and immobilizing pain.

WHAT DOES THAT MAKE ME?

We accept articles and opinions on this and other subjects. It is time to take a closer look at things right under our noses, missed by many.... until it becomes a personal experience.

February High Strangeness Newsletter

As I was reading the daily news online tonight, I thought to myself: "POOR OPRAH." People are forever criticizing her for something. I can sympathize with her, since I know what it feels like to always have to think out what one can say publicly. I am so grateful to be able to say what I want, since I am on Public Access Cable Television and have to pay my own bills. Having said that, I am going to write this Newsletter about me, in form of my own opinion.... just in case it gets a little wild.....

I have been "ILL" for better than 4 months. It all started with that little... PRICK... in my vein back in September/October. What followed appeared to be some kind of an infection. Heavy Antibiotics and Prednisone followed, except I never got better. I was unable to do anything and was grateful that I had enough finished shows on hand to supply the station. On my 3rd visit to the clinic I had a long talk with the doctor and he agreed to run a series of tests so we could get to the bottom of my "ILLNESS." I was given an excellent bill of health. A friend entered me into a prayer circle, I thanked her for that. Eventually I listed a post in order to clear up some of my problems in question, which in part read as follows:

I am a Canary, in the sense that I am sensitive to many things such as earthquakes, volcanoes, high winds, high tides. (Canary's were used in the mines to seek out, monitor and alert people to dangerous substances and fumes; needless to say if they did not survive, neither did the miners.) I am sensitive to disturbances in space, planetary or weather. Earth changes in general. All of these events carry physical consequences for me. I detect and react to sonar, radiation, chemical and biological discrepancies. A program was in place prior to 1980, which attempted to use people like myself, in order to monitor incidents. Unfortunately President Reagan canceled the program soon after his election. In some of our private networking we have located MANY individuals which fit the profile with the exception that they think they are ill rather than recognize what a valuable position they hold for mankind. Not the easiest job in the Universe, most of us will respond with four letter words if our blessings are pointed out to us by someone which has NO Idea what that "Blessing" feels like, often times totally debilitating.

I am an Empath in the sense that it is not unusual for me to buffer extreme incidents for people which I have met, sometimes only in passing. An MD shot in Alaska, a man experiencing a spontaneous combustion in Illinois, a family member with internal bleeding and a savage attempted murder in Texas. I physically experienced the pain and thought patterns of the victims.

It is rather difficult, first of all, to determine what the problem is. Do I seek medical attention? Is it my pain or someone else's? Once the latter is established I remain at home. It takes days at times to find out what happened to me in the first place.

As these things occur it takes a physical recovery time for me just as it would have IF it had happened to me. I have experienced photonic attacks... manmade..... because of the subjects

covered and lectures given. This included a heart attack and several very painful episodes along with some of my colleagues at that time. I react to HAARP, High/Low frequencies and any manmade project thrown at us. I react to everything.

I was asked if I was ever depressed. The word depressed is not in my vocabulary, since I visualize words. Oppressed, compressed and pressed I understand. Depressed certainly does not describe sad, lonely or hopeless to me, so no, I am not depressed and no, I am not in need of antidepressants. I have learned to disassociate and become an excited onlooker and see things unfold, glad to be alive at this time, the time where I am able to turn on the television and take a look!

Mother Earth goes through her circles, we are but temporary visitors and have the choice to admire the process, or attempt to think that we are so important that the natural process of things will be curtailed to our wishes and suit our own purpose, whatever we think that might be, for the blink of an eye we call our lifetime.

While unable to hardly do anything, I thought it would be a good time to watch some old movies. I have never had time to watch movies. NOR did I want to, there are so few with an actual plot. Horror, Sci-fi, Action, War, Musicals, Westerns and Tear-tearjerkers were not to my liking either.

CORE is excellent. It deals with man-made problems with the core of the Earth. As a movie it is very action packed and exciting. It gives one food for thought, especially if one keeps up with the daily news and pays attention to the small blips of information sometimes buried in the middle of the paper.

TYCUS is a sleeper, a story told from a future survivors perception of the end of the world when comet Tycus collides with the moon. We often forget just how connected we are to the moon and many planets we share space and time with. Especially now, that we are blowing up comets for scientific study.

STAR TREK, The Voyage Home, written and directed by Leonard Nimoy. It gives us a scenario of how important ALL living creatures are which live on our planet and just maybe it was them who will save mankind one day. In this case it was the Whales.

ALIEN NATION fascinated me to no end, how it brought out the HUMAN in us! 22 hours well spent! Some of us smokers/non-smokers talked about how easy hatred and can be categorized, especially when it is promoted by laws and agencies. Henceforth the need for the BUTT Patrol!

X-Files proved very interesting to me, the few episodes I watched, per DVD in the order of the season. It was most interesting to me to hear the explanation for certain things from the producer at the end of each episode. Explanations as to why he picked a subject or a story line and how he thought it would fit into our "imagination." As a side note, the TV series **TAKEN** had been researched by an unbiased person from factual documents and eyewitness

reports. I found many similarities, I am of the opinion that TAKEN was educational rather than entertainment.

I stand in amazement as to how true to life some of these shows and movies really are! I managed to find some truth in every one of them and marvel as to how any of the creators of these shows were able to write story lines so far in advance without the help of some Higher-Wiser-Something..... I have to be politically correct here.....

FORGOTTEN explained a lot about possibilities of someone trying to dictate reality as they see fit, a very realistic outlook on a timely subject actually. I will leave it like this, cannot give away the plot, it is too good. See it for yourself.

A WILL OF THEIR OWN is a historical story, brilliantly presented, about the power of woman in our society. A man could easily marvel at the story line. Most interesting that in 2006 we have only 1 female representing us in the Supreme Court. A slap in the face!

Combine science, history and thousand years old myth, legends, religious dogma and spiritually, I arrived at the conclusion that our existence on this planet resembles very much a Rubic Cube, in my opinion of course.

When I had a 103° fever amazingly my mind became so clear. The fact that I was unable to sleep for 2-3 days at a time added to me being able to solve the mystery of our purpose in this life. Even some of our most noted scientists are starting to agree that there are several dimensions at play in the Universe. Supposing planet earth is the only planet on which to have a 3-D experience. It would at least explain to me why nothing ever changes. As soon as we master one square in the correct color on our Rubics Cube we have to try and align the next square with the appropriate color. To remember how we arrived at the square and color is the key to the whole thing.

Lets see..... DDT is a dangerous chemical. Lets double-check that. Maybe if pesticides would be retested on the population, OK we will make this a green square.
Torture is illegal... lets test that again, so we make that a green square also.

A 'BJ' is not reason for impeachment.... a lie is. Helloo!!! We will make that a red square.
In all fairness rules do change in war time. It has always been like that throughout history, so we will make that a blue square.
Just as we think men cannot act any uglier, we do, so lets make that a blue square.
Money, war and greed are cousins, so lets make that a red square.
It is a lot to memorize in order to master the cube. Not a problem; we store one in the PC, we even back it up.
We are all aware how unpredictable the weather has been in the last few months. We should make weather and global warming a red square, so lets.

Things are improving in our world, we have technology at our fingertips like never before. We

can zap into anyone's private life, print more money, re-write documents, alter news reports, life is amazing, I must say!

BAM!!!! A power outage! What do I do? What do I do? I am unable to work, Unable to go shopping my credit cards are useless, no gas to pump, no food to cook!....
How arrogant as to think we are in control of anything. We need energy to power anything in order to maintain normal function, as least what we consider normal function at this time in our 3-D experience.

Who said I am unable to master my own life? I pull out the wireless PC. The cable is out, not a problem. I am going bowling. I love the program on the PC, a bowling alley with 6 different versions of the same game. Elementary or very advanced, my choice. At the end I get a score, sometimes even applause.
Never read the rules, I believe the object of the game is to knock down of the pins. It is up to me to choose the background setting, speed and difficulty of the game. When game is over I push reset and start it all over again.

12,000 years, 4 hours. What's the difference? We can play over and over and over, or at least until we run out of energy and we get the signal that our battery is dead and our PC is shutting down.

Wish I remembered in which order the color square on my Rubic's Cube aligned, guess I have to start from scratch. Wonder if I can get it right this time.

Love & Light

Lilian

P.S. Equal rights for Gays have finally been put in place in Washington State.
A giant octopus attacked a submarine on Saturday. TRUE.

January 2006 Newsletter

Imagine time as a string.... strung from one side of the room to the other.... String being a time line, with music, articles or comments, we can insert people along with their thoughts and emotions at any point in time on that string. It serves as a trigger for our subconscious, our conscious for that matter, in rare instances and/or under some circumstances. After a sentence or two we are transported to what ever time line created. Our demeanor changes, thoughts are evoked or provoked, depending on the circumstances and the message which we have chosen to receive or perceive in a certain way.

Ever so often a word settles into my reality, sometimes for a brief moment, other times it stays for days.

CLUSTER was one of them, which was self-explanatory in reference to Katrina.

I am unable to tell you who came up with it, I have known it for some time, except I was unable to apply it to anything in a meaningful way.... till Katrina, that is.

OXYMORON on the other hand comes from the ancient Greek:

OXUS "sharp"

MOROS= "dull"

Oxymoron= a sharp dullness or a foolish wise..... a self contradicting phrase.

There have been quiet a few of "those" of late, please allow me to share my thoughts on "them."

Take our web page for instance. On one hand we try to give you encouragement, ask you to be loving, kind and non judgmental. On the other hand we sometimes bombard you with what appears to be utterly hateful, resentful, fearful and several other "fuls" I don't care to mention. Abraham Lincoln said: "For those who like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they like."

Washington State passed a nonsmoking law. Not only does it extend to public buildings, it applies to an additional 25 feet away from buildings, doors, windows and vents.

My 4th grade grandson was Long John Silver in the play Treasure Island. Because the play lasted 2 hours, a 15-minute intermission was injected. I went outside to stretch my bones and noticed several people had congregated in one place. Wanting to know what they were doing, I walked over there and spotted a man with a measuring tape. He located 25 feet away from the building, which put him in the middle of a lane on a rather busy intersection. As the group of smokers, including myself, tried to find a solution in order to abide by the law, a NONSMOKER joined us and offered to direct the traffic and detour the cars around us. A second NONSMOKER directed traffic on the opposite side of the street. We hoped a police officer would drive by to witness us following the new law, but..... where are they when you need one?..... The BUTT PATROL.

I suppose this is a good time to mention that in Washington State taxes for cigarettes pay for many things. Substitute teachers, medical, parks and a number of other things. Cigarette taxes are a large part of the state budget in general.

Many people travel and are used to no smoking rules on trains, and planes and restaurants; what is outright wrong with the picture in Washington State is that IF all of us were to get so angry and quit smoking many of the Stated bills would remain unpaid.

When we see a yellow cloud, per satellite, on the weather map which is identified as a cloud of pollution from China traveling in the jet stream all the way to Seattle, I would assume that a little smoke would not be considered a crime punishable by a fine of \$100.

It breeds resentment on every ones part, which the nonsmokers demonstrated when they took part in this unorthodox experiment. I think what people object to is the lack of freedom of choice.

Same applies to Alternative News. We try to inform people of what is going on sometimes several month before main stream media reports a story. We have the choice to take this knowledge under consideration and when the rest of the people are shocked to hear about an incident, a new law or lack thereof, it is old news to some of us. At best we can respond with: "YEP!"

Should we refrain from calling members of government crooks, liars and outright criminals? Or should we just wait? BUTT as events play out one only needs to shake ones head and nod: "YEP!"

The TV Show Boston Legal has been able to bring many current issues to the screen, I would encourage you to take a look. HOUSE is another one that tackles timely controversial subjects. Both shows illustrate the madness which has become our life. They take chances and make unorthodox choices which mostly are bold and right ... in hind sight.

2005 was a controversial year. Add another equation. Psychics. Some of us have been able to allow you a peek into the future. When we filmed Predictions 2006 in October we thought our predictions were for 2006. In the mean time some have already passed.

1. President Bush did go to South America and was not as welcomed as he had hoped.
2. President Bush already went to China, again without the desired results.
3. Government and Unions are at odds as we have seen in New York.
4. New York came mighty close to canceling X-Mas. Many Churches across the country actually DID cancel X-Mas services by closing their doors for the day.
5. Conan, the Barbarian turned out to be Arnold Schwarzenegger along with some unpopular deceptions he made. Der-Spiegel reported that his homeland, Austria retaliated by removing his name from all buildings named after him.
6. America is in a deep freeze.
7. Attacks on Syria and Iran are already being discussed.
8. President Clinton will be appearing on Nickelodeon, we assumed it would be by electronic means, TV is close enough.

2005 was full of out of left field surprises.... 2006 will be much of the same only in a sneakier more settled way.

Oxymoron is when children cannot discuss their God/Creator in school, they have to re-invent their language skills by improvising and using different words in school for certain holidays than they do at home; when at the same token every speech has a religious in-your-window,

actually religious quotes at times.

What is the difference between one waiting for the Rapture rather than the ascension In the mean time, in order to have an 3-dimensional experience we need to be physically present on THIS planet, which is Earth. You bump your toe, it will hurt, that is 3-dimensional.

We have the choice to inject ourselves into any time line we want to, there is NOTHING new on the planet. People, their behavior, their beliefs, their choices, good, bad or indifferent.

Try a little time-warping if you will, get on that Love/Hate teeter-totter, stop in midair if you like, take a look around and decide if this is really the playground you remembered, imagined or envisioned. See if you like the games played, old ones you remember or new ones which need to be learned. Create new words for yourself, good memories to draw on when times get hard. Remember the rules of the sandbox, remember the sand in your eyes and the tears which followed. The consequences when your BUTT was sore because now you were really in trouble, no matter which way you went about the realization that getting along was the easiest.

Love and Light
Lilian

PS. In the upcoming weeks I will launch a weekly newsletter, comments and help will be appreciated.

IF anyone has a set of Star Trek : Deep Space Nine, PLEASE let me borrow it. I will return it within a few days.

July Newsletter:

“Stupid is as Stupid does”, so the saying goes.....

Imagine yourself driving down a street, in your mind a square hamburger/cheeseburger appears, you look up and here is a Wendy's. Wendy's had a brilliant idea when they formed a hamburger in the shape of a square. Not only that, in recent month they have shown us commercials indicating signs for life. If I remember correctly the point they are trying to drive home is that "IF" there are signs to guide our life, everything will be much easier.

Mid-June California had a 7.2 earthquake. I was logged onto the US Earthquake site when a large red box appeared, I thought it was a pop up, but soon realized it was an earthquake that had just been posted. Within a few minutes a tsunami warning was issued for the West Coast of the US. As instructed, I started to call key people about the possibility of a problem, including some people on the coast and up the river that I knew for sure did not watch the news or TV for that matter since they were fed up with the dilemma the world seemed to find itself in and they therefore consider everything "bad news" and according to them is disrupting their peace and quiet from within. I advised them of the approaching waves, they felt they were OK since the house was 16 feet off the ground. I mentioned that there might be a possibility the ocean waves might push the river in reverse, that might be a little close, since the river was within 75 feet of the dwelling and also that since they were at sea level, 87 feet was needed to rise above the safety zone to start with. They did not want to consider that and when I asked where the children were, I was told one was in Aberdeen, a town in direct path of the Tsunami. I suggested they call him, no, they was going to tell him when he got home!

One of the other calls I took was from a Lady who was warning me and in the same breath she proceeded to tell me about the wonderful lunch she had just enjoyed. I cut the call short since lunch was not a matter of national security at the moment. It occurred to me that sacrificing virgins to the Volcano and other culprits was not a bad Idea after all and right about then...

After things had settled down, the warnings were canceled and all was well in the neighborhood; a friend and I decided to revisit some web sites in order for us to double check that we had acted correctly in our actions in reference to the crisis. Within a few minutes we witnessed in AWE how data from the University of Washington just started to download onto my computer. We watched for some time since we were both pretty computer illiterate. Some time consisted of about 20 minutes, a red STOP appeared, before we were able to read the name of the file the episode was over. Of course we thought about everything we could have done, such as shut the computer off and things like that. Truth of the matter was we were fascinated with what ever phenomenon had occurred.

I did not want to pay \$1.95 for an information call since I have to undertake a very underfunded trip in a couple of weeks. It took some doing, but I finally got a phone number for the UW. I told the story several times and eventually talked to someone in the seismology department. I explained that quite a bit of their data was now stuck in my personal PC. The Lady I talked to said I should just delete it. I responded that I was unable to locate the file, I was computer illiterate and could they send someone to retrieve it. "No," she said, "go tell

your webmaster." I again attempted to explain to her that there must have been a security breach on her end in case the file contained sensitive information and notified her that I was to be sure to make her the star of my newsletter. To date no-one has contacted me in this regard, so here I am with heavens know what stuck in my PC and maybe a million other web surfers.

I needed to recharge my phone card which I use for overseas calls. There was a problem with the authorization code on my debit card. The nice gentleman on the other end asked if he may call my bank to verify my address, I agreed. When he called back he informed me they...the bank.... had never heard of me and recharge was denied.

I called the bank to ask them where I lived, they knew and wondered why the question. I explained and was told that the account, which had no address, had been billed by the phone company twice, not to worry it would "flip" back within four days.

A renewal from the homeowners insurance arrived. It stated I could make 1 payment of \$385. Or, if I preferred, 10 payments of \$66.18. Choices, choices, always choices. Wendy's had a good idea to put signs up to guide our life.

I had to buy some faucets for a plumbing job. The local hardware store did not carry the kind I needed, so I went to Home Depot. It was an adventure to locate someone to help me. I explained that I was not able to walk very far..... I was recovering from the etheric slingshot injury to my buttocks, which I suffered prior to the arrival of the Tsunami warning..... Someone finally helped me and proceeded to send me to the cash registers, all located on the other end of the city-block-long building. I asked how come the disabled parking was on the opposite end of the store since most of us, who have a disability, are unable to walk the length of a city-block-long building, especially on a cement floor? They circled an address on my bill and suggested I should go to the website, there might be a possibility of an explanation on the homepage. When I returned to my van I saw where someone left a note on the windshield wiper. "Learn how to park IDIOT." When opening the bag with the faucets they, of course, were wrong and a second visit to the store was necessary. This time I put a note on the windshield. It said ... well... maybe I'll keep that part to myself.

On the way home I was in deep thought, not so deep that I missed the pickup that raced by everyone about 80 miles per hour, myself AND oncoming traffic pulled over, about 5 inches from a ditch, in order not to assist the driver to kill himself, and us of course, we watched him fly into the sunset and tried to compose ourselves, that was close!

Again I thought about the incredible affective commercials by Wendy's. I thought how incredibly unique the square hamburgers really are! We appreciate signs to guide our lives and then ignore them.....

"Stupid is as Stupid does"not me.. I am going to Wendy's and have a salad and an ice cream

Love and Light,

Lilian



Lilian's December 2006 Newsletter

If memory serves me right, it was in 1969 the preacher in our local church, told us the brain was the size of a computer as large as the Empire State Building. Few of us were familiar with computers but we all knew the size of the Empire State Building. Supposing the preachers comment holds true in 2006, many brains resemble more of a cabin than a structure of the nature he described. Educated as most of us would like to appear, we feel we are able to maneuver and master everything in our daily life. We do OK for the most part unless we are dealing with Mother Nature. Ever so often she enters our reality, gets us in a grip of incomprehensible magnitude and only releases her hold at her convenience.

Computers enable us to stay informed as to the goings-on around the world, with the click of the mouse, in some cases with voice control, we can access anything happening around the globe. An earthquake in Japan, typhoons in China, mudslides in Central America and heat waves in Europe. We acknowledge the event, sometimes even say WOW and go on about our daily activities. Hardly ever do we inquire to get a first hand account of how such things affect people, and by doing so make a friend or two. The story changes when disaster strikes in our backyard.

November 2006 was a horrific month for people in Washington State. We had nonstop storms for the entire month. Highways collapsed, bridges washed out, 18 counties or parishes were immersed in water. Salmon swam in the bicycle lane on the streets and Coho spawned in peoples backyard. Rivers changed course, access to our Volcanoes is nonexistent due to the damage to the roads leading to them. Wind gusts of 122mph were recorded on the coast and up to 82-mph inland. The weathermen explained there was no name for what we experienced, since hurricanes were not possible on our side of the country. We broke the record for the wettest month EVER. FEMA promised to come and take a look in a week or so, not sure if they ever did. At the moment everything is buried in feet of snow so we adopt a wait and see attitude. Friends around the country were surprised to hear we were having problems, a friend in Missouri called his news station on several occasions inquiring as to why there was no coverage, it was not newsworthy.

Those of us, who did not have a job outside of the home, disabled and retired friends tied up the phone lines when they were not down due to wet wiring or an overload to speculate on our dilemma. It was election time, some voters walked through 1-2 feet of water to the polling stations to make their voice heard. Some of us went as far as to think the weather had help from man in order to keep us from voting.

The pineapple express..... storms from Hawaii.....
The arctic express.....storms from Alaska.....
Conversion zones.... where cold and warm merges.....
It was all present.

Some of us watched old movies.

Beetlejuice: The story about a couple which died, not realizing that fact and having to learn how to conduct themselves as spirits. A great 1988 comedy that can put a new spin on the hereafter, eventually demonstrating man can coexist with visitors from other realms.

Howard the Duck, a George Lucas sleeper.

When experimenting in outer space a mishap brought Howard, a duck, from a parallel Universe. As Howard attempts to get home it is realized that a second miscalculation took place and the Great Underlords were also beamed to Earth. They wanted to destroy the world, Howard did the noble thing and opted out his return home to save the world...EARTH ... with that destroyed the evil which was to befall us.

The GODS must be crazy is a 1980 movie.

It addresses multiple time-lines. The Bushman from the Kalahari finds a coke bottle which fell out of the sky. He is determined to throw it off the face of the earth, since possession of the evil thing ,as he refers to it, has brought great distress and disagreement to his tribe. It shows while modern man considers him...the Bushman... to be primitive, it was really modern man trapped in a jungle of their existence bound by time and expectations.

Tess... a masterpiece from Roman Polanski with Natasha Kinski gave food for thought in 1979. I do not want to give this one away, it is an eye-opening story of human need, behavior and love.

This brings us the word for December: UNCONDITIONAL.

According to Webster it means absolute, certain, entire, full, genuine, unlimited, unequivocal, unrestricted and whole. Follette by Paul Glucksman explains it as: without strings, to the end and no questions asked.

As we talked to pass the time in-between storms, talk of relationships emerged as always. Seems as we get wiser we have developed our own way of muddling through the hardships which seem to befall us when we deal with relationships. No one seems to know, or care, what on earth started the assumption relationships have to result in EITHER/OR. If we are in a relationship it has to be perfect or else. If a third person such as a spouse, parent or friend is part of our relationship we are apt to be plagued with jealous and doubts, competition and unreasonable emotions which are for the most part, self imposed. Relationships can have a mediocre middle where everyone can meet.

Thanksgiving dinner is the perfect example, all gather around the table, reluctantly at times. We tiptoe around some and bombard others with our opinions when in fact we all have our own truth. So what if we all remember people and/or events differently. Each person has a different perspective, a little willingness to overlook, compromise or just plain chuckle at a feeling or story that no one remembers except yourself is perfectly fine.

The heart is a large organ it has chambers and depth, it can therefore absorb many relationships.

The problem is that sometimes we misinterpret the word unconditionally.

We buy cars *AS-IS*.

Small appliances with *limited* 90 day guarantee.

10-day return policy.

No cash refund, store credit only.

Disposable lighters, paper plates and cups.

Rechargeable phones and calling cards.

Without a problem, since we are aware of the eventuality of the item.

Only when it comes to relationships do we want to judge based on probabilities and potential. To love a person unconditionally means just that. No strings attached, to the end, and no questions asked.

Some of us monitored some unusual earthquake patterns in November. It was not so much the location of the quakes, rather the depths - 100-plus kilometers. Unfortunately the USGS site was somewhat inconclusive and it was by accident we discovered this at [Click here: Global Earthquake Report](#). On further investigation it was assumed that a similar depth of such quakes have not happened in several thousand years. Imagine the turmoil the planet is undergoing at this point in time. I would assume this to be some of the things Nostradamus was looking at in his visions. The movie [CORE](#) gives great visual as to what the earth layers look like. By being able to comprehend what 100-plus kilometers consists of one, can marvel at the times we live in. Add Icebergs on the move, new islands springing up in places and yes, like it or not, the horrendous weather patterns that plague us is all Mother Earth continuing her birth process. It can be scary, costly, nerve-racking, a bond between total strangers all of the above, yet at the same time a cue for us to examine the brain in order to determine is it the Empire State Building or is it reduced to a mere cabin. Some would have us think it is an Outhouse so lets put on our thinking caps, restore the relationship we have with Mother Earth, the people we care about, think BIG, think GLOBAL.

We would appreciate comments from the international community as to what is taking place in your part of the world so we can share and learn from one another.

Ready or not 2007 is at your front door make sure you read the instructions as to the guarantees unless you are willing to accept it unconditionally.

Love and Light

Lilian

Newsletter February 2007

Just a few weeks ago we all assumed with the ringing in the New Year our life would change instantly, for the better..... of course..... when better is actually more of the same.... guess we meant to ask for different.

There was a time in my life, oh, about an eternity ago ,when still in the mainstream workforce.... while driving home from work, fighting the drivers on the Interstate I would fantasize what it would be like to get up one day, instead of putting on my clothes just to be able to leave my robe on and do nothing for a whole day. To look around and see what is exactly I am killing myself for, working 14-hour days.

Then came the time I quit the madness, stayed home and was able to keep my robe on to the point that If I ever did get dressed again no-one would notice. "WORK" keeps me busy 16 hours a day now, so I guess it did get ... better....

Suppose I was male I would think about the golf course, the workshop in the garage, the pond in the back of the property, a hunt or a day on the high waves hoping to catch a fish of record setting size. As a female I think about propping and fluffing up pillows pretending my bed is my kingdom for the day, I am the raging queen..... even if I have to pour my own water from the carafe on the night stand and open my own bags of goodies. To lay on the couch would be masculine and apt to leave me open for interruptions, even though I AM in possession of the remote control.

I am settled in my comfort zone, all propped up ready for the slide show of happenings I missed while too busy doing other things. 4 six-hour tapes to look at, this will be interesting.

The country is in deep-freeze, almost everywhere much like us Washingtonians were for the past 10 weeks. Some of us were actually in emotional meltdowns, some able to hide the condition and then there was me. I did not know who I was for a time, I was stuck in the 50's and the 60's.

James Brown died, at his Life Celebration some one said he was a champion, to get up, the floor was no place for a champion. That comment promoted me to get off the floor, return to the present and continue. James was a great Human Beeing, for those, which knew him; he was a rare breed with all of his likes, dislikes and opinions. He DID change the world in so many ways. It was also said he was a teacher; no one should be greater than the teacher. Personally I think he would have disputed that statement insisting the pupils he had became visions of his dreams. Some learned absolutely nothing from the caring, compassionate man or else they would not have treated his present wife and son in the terrible way they did. One can only wonder how we.... decent people for the most part.... Have allowed ourselves to again be manipulated by greed and racial issues. The 60's and early Baby Boomer years had changed at least some of that, so here we are again, right back where we started from. Smarter one would assume, how sad.

As things unfolded these past few weeks I had jokingly mentioned what the world really needs is Jack Bauer! We laughed and thought it could serve as a private joke, kind of like we use to tap our head saying: "I could have had a V8".

As requested Jack Bauer reentered our reality for the new season of 24. How I regretted having requested Jack. It became apparent that his new story line only feeds the fear and frenzy. There was a time we had the good sense to wait 5-8 years before portraying our former enemies as "Hogan's HEROES or take us to Hamburger Hill.

At present we have interwoven TV/Movies into reality to a point it all seems to play out the same. As a filmmaker I understand the skills of the producer/director to present things, people and events in a way one could absolutely argue everything was true and factual, because I intend to present it as such. This however is a dangerous assumption, especially if what we are viewing appears to a present event.

24 is a great action packed story, however it is so close to life and present circumstances it is easy to mistake the TV/MOVIE for reality and in as much as myself incorporate Jack Bauer in our everyday life simply because he is in our living room at least one a week.

The Series CENTENNIAL is now available in stores. This is a great historical account of early settling into the Plain States. In 2006 I aired a series of 19 shows named Armchair Traveler, in which we took the viewers, unknowingly, to some of the same places the story line of Centennial is played out.

The series is historically very correct and certainly worth the money, plus the 12 133-minutes it takes to watch it.

I renewed a subscription of USA Today for a friend in prison. I had not received a current bill and was concerned I had missed the due date. The Lady on the other end of the phone line stated it was no problem whatsoever; the paper had credit of 21 days vacation hold!

Dennis Kucinich entered the race for the White House.

Again he has been excluded from most of the news coverage.

Again he is steadfast in his convictions.

Again he tries his best to represent the people.

Again he asks for your support.

Please research some of his opinions, his track record and activities since the last time he asked for your confidence, it might surprise you to see what one man can accomplish regardless opposition.

To remind you Dennis was the recipient of the 2004 Human Of The Year Award presented from the viewers of my Show: “A Visit With A Person Of High Strangeness”.

Reports came many Owls were sitting on the Highways getting killed. The reports ranged from Idaho to the I-5 corridor in Washington and Oregon.

Moths are equipped with little radar antennas we perceive as fuzz. Microwave frequencies are created when the flop their wings. Mammals follow the flight of the Moth; owls follow the mammals for food.

The word CHANGE according to Webster: alter in condition, substitute, low value coins, money owed for payment.

According to Follette by Gluckman: interchange for something better, a bridge over, changing clothes, think differently, re-route.

I for one am sure if James Brown would have had any inclination people around him would conduct themselves in such a disgraceful manner regarding his wife and son he would have done his best to prevent this situating. He would have exchanged low value coins for valuables and provided for them

I get calls from people all the time, which are confronted with similar issues. Trusts mismanaged by Trustees, siblings stealing from one another altering the life and existence of all around them. Please discuss your final wishes with all involved and CHANGE the ugliness that sometimes follows.

Tactics of early settlement of this great country and what appears to be settlement of the world are very similar. . . We need to exchange this tragedy for something else. Even if it means the king has to change his clothes in order to be visible.

We have to be able to distinguish real from fiction when it comes to watching TV. REAL, for the most part is NOT reported. Just enough to bridge over what is really going on in our world.

We have to re-route our relationship with the planet. . . . Global warming does exist. . . . If we miss the point, not only will we continue to watch ice-bergs disappear into the ocean within 90 minute segments, we will suffer through 120mph- winds like Europe did a couple of weeks ago and ultimately join the owls chasing the mammals chasing the moth.

We have to think differently about our fellow man. It is the diversity of all which makes us great How are we to question shut down oil lines, shot down satellites or similar devices when we are incapable to respect our next door neighbor. As loving as we appear to be, there is a little Jack Bauer in all of us, trying to save the world in a way which makes a great movie, but little else.

Enough time spent in my comfort zone, Ms. E.T. the cat, has invaded my space and is fighting for

my bed. This was exhausting, I think I will get back to work, a much easier task in hind side. Or, I could go to the Golf course, OR the Garage, OR the ponds behind the house, Or, oh well the choices are endless just as long as I can keep on my robe.

Love and Light
Lilian

HARRY CAINE

Oh, it must have been around the middle of October when calls started to come in demanding an explanation about a prediction I made on the 2006 Prediction Show. Unable to give particulars I mentioned canceling Xmas a total of 3 times. I was clueless 14 months after I made the statement, in fact for a while it appeared what could have been a spontaneous, silly comment was without merit. Human nature seems to demand logical explanation, so we find ourselves in a position of speculation, assumption and even vivid imagination.

November floods seem to have pointed to somewhat of an inconvenience as far as the Holiday spirit was concerned, those of us unaffected brushed it aside without further consideration. For the people whose lives were beyond recognition. Washingtonians are tough and adaptable....we like to think....so we bounce back with a “bring it on” attitude. Ted Turner and the owner of Virgin Airlines, donated 1 BILLION dollars each to the UN to get busy and fix the global warming issue. Al Gore made the rounds on all the talk shows, including Oprah, so people could get educated as to the approaching realization that we do have a problem. Those of us who have warned people of the steam rolling freight train for years were glad to see we finally got help from “NORMAL” people since for a long time it was thought to be a message from either “DOOMSDAYERS”, religious fanatics or psychics. Rather than trying to fix not only our attitude, aside from the problem, many chose to look at past civilizations, glorify them imitate their train of thought. Mel Gibson’s film Apocalypto was eye opening by presenting the ancient Mayans. One could wonder why some are trying to imitate the behavior of that time period. However, some of their ideas were timely, especially the prediction as to their understanding of time at which point their calendar comes to an end. I am not sure how it was calculated to arrive at 2012. It is definitely worth doing your own research on this subject. Actually it is fascinating as soon as you can get familiar with the terminology.

A weather front was in the forecast, we acknowledged it and took it in stride. My granddaughter Ebony and I decided to go to town to replace a broken compass and grab a quick bite. We found a compass at the Dollar Store, which by the way is being changed to \$1.05 store in order to keep up with inflation....we stopped at Nickelby’s. As soon as the order went to the cook we heard a big bang and the lights went out. Our next stop was Cattlin’s, a 24 hour restaurant. As soon as we finished dinner the lights went out. We had a flashlight and decided to make the best of it pretending we were having a candlelight party. Several customers had stopped after the Seahawks game in Seattle en-route to Portland, Oregon. As soon as they attempted to leave the big glass door flew open with a roar. HARRY CAINE introduced himself, notifying us he loved parties. He was neither invited or expected, so he thought it was only appropriate for him to crash the party. The Portland people left even after Harry told them I-5 was impassible due to flying trees which had left two dead, guess they thought he was kidding talking about flying killer trees on the Interstate. Coffee was plenty and still hot at that time, the heat of the grill still adequate. The manager, the waitress, the owner and his wife, Beano the cook, Ebony, myself and a man on his way to work....actually he said he was from McCleary, the town where a man thought tree stumps were

beautiful...and of course Harry Caine. Harry would occasionally leave the building long enough to topple trees, blow transformers and rattle buildings trying to take the roofs off and hurl them down the street. He thought playing scrabble or charades was childish and wanted to familiarize himself with our part of the country and see what it was that we liked to talk about. He thought our panic attacks were overrated since he had things under control, we ought to just relax. So we talked and talked and talked.

Bank of America has a new thing. One can round off all purchases to the nearest dollar to "SAVE". Silver Dollars are making a comeback. Mr. Cooney was considered the lumber baron in Cosmopolis, WA. He owned everything in town. He paid his workers in coins. Pocket heavy he knew they were going to lighten their load at one of their establishments. Bank keeping your savings and coins in your pocket. I wonder if we get to keep money at all.

Brandon Mayfield, wrongly accused and arrested after the terrorist attack on the train in Spain, did not only get an apology from the government, he now was paid 2 million dollars. It is my understanding he will use the money in part to file suit to repeal the Patriot Act. A man complained to the judge he thought it was unfair to get the death penalty for killing 2 people when in fact he was only sent to prison for 108 years for committing 13 murders. I was stoned out of my mind from taking "1 pain pill" my body was not compatible with. After notifying the doctor about my dilemma he suggested I take 2.

A tree was tied with a rope to the bus station in Aberdeen, WA to keep it from falling. Only after the death of a spy was there talk of radiation on airplanes. Some of us are unable to fly above 35,000 feet because radiation is present, unfortunately no one willing to investigate such claims.

For the second year Canadian Geese were flying in the wrong direction and out of sequence with their migration time frame.

I saw an aerial of the flood area in Washington and Oregon, I was able to cover it with a post-it. FEMA took 6 weeks to arrive in some places.

The word GRATEFUL, according to Webster, means appreciative, beholden, indebted, obliged, thankful, agreeable and pleasing. According to Follette Glucksman: Recognizably acknowledged.

My friend Bob Grubbs, owner of the Rock Museum in Bliss, Idaho died of West Nile Virus. My mind was trying to comprehend how a lone mosquito could take down a giant of a man 6' 2",

healthy and full of life.

9 hours have passed, Harry is still in and out between our stories. We asked him to slow down long enough to tell us what brought him to our neck of the woods. He said he was glad to summarize for us since it was almost time for him to move on. Because of our neglect in taking care of the earth, not acknowledging Global Warming, destroying the atmosphere, polluting the planet and just not caring, he found it necessary to pay us a visit. He does not think we mind dying since we seem so preoccupied with executing, torturing and maiming people. Allow starvation, homelessness and bigotry. From a scientific point of view deep earthquakes, volcanoes, electrical storms, and emotional mayhem attack the nervous system in all living beings.

Harry took responsibility for his part of that, everything else....he thought....we should take responsibility for and fix, at least try. He said he was not native to this part of the world and for the moment still in uncharted territory. even though, he was pleased, said he was able to maneuver much better than he anticipated. Thought we were a strange bunch here on the west coast and rather technically inclined. Said in order to follow that line of thought it would be politically correct to have changed his name just for us.
From hurricane to Harry Caine.

He thanked us for our hospitality, pointed out he did not take the roof off Cattlin's, no need to be grateful and to take our time to appreciate the presents he left. so close to the holidays he added. He tipped his hat and promised to drop in on us again soon, party or not. There were no bows on the presents Harry left for us.

Trees and power lines across every road in his path. More flooding, mud slides closing rail and back roads. Debris on all the major highways. Blown out windows at the Seattle airport, Harry headed for Denver to make sure their holiday season was bright. No power to more than 1,000,000 households, 2.5 persons per household. No gas, no water in places. Tons and tons of food had to be thrown out due to spoilage. Insurance companies refusing to pay for an act of "Harry". 13 people dead from the storm. Raw sewage in Puget Sound along with million dollar mansions.

Oregon looked pretty much the same, eventually we shared utility crews. They worked around the clock for all 12 days of Christmas.

Compared to the 68 Cell Phone Generators delivered to the Katrina aftermath, we had 91. In Portland Oregon sink holes swallowed 18 wheelers. In Sammamish the sinkhole swallowed a fire engine.

Having realized the meaning of the word GRATEFUL, I refuse to use it in this case. We show gratitude for being alive. KOMO 1000 radio sat up a network broadcast which united people for 3 days 24/7. Cold and in the dark one could hear people talking to each other, finding solutions and we were connected unlike people in Iraq who have to live like this each day. Sitting in the dark not sure what is going to come flying your way, never feeling safe. The soldiers trying to maintain.

It is time for peace around the world, not sure what it is we are waiting for. If there is any doubt as to what time it is, consider this, ice shelves the size of 11,000 football fields broke off and disappeared into the ocean all in 90 minutes. Tornadoes, snow storms and floods are ravishing the planet. No snow in the Alps. Polar Bears without a home.

Next time you go for dinner don't be surprised if the door swings open, a fellow announces "I AM HARRY CAINE. CANCEL CHRISTMAS"

Oh, I forgot, this is 2007 a new year and everything will change RIGHT????

Love and Light
Lilian

JULY NEWSLETTER

We have done it!!!! We have given in to the impulse to get excited. We see gas at \$2.99 and shout: "That is cheap !!!!"

I pride myself on being a rather informed person, therefore it should not be surprising that I am bombarded with e-mails and my phone stays busy 8-10 hours a day or night depending on what the news contains. A few weeks ago an e-mail reached me several times in which someone predicted a catastrophic earthquake for the Northwest. As the calls came in I found myself explaining that it is not necessary for me to express an opinion regarding every prediction or prophecy which comes my way.

In 2003 I was on my way to Springfield, MO. The flight route was Seattle, WA - Memphis, TN - Springfield, MO. At one point we were circling over Memphis when the pilot announced over the intercom that he had good news and bad news. Bad news was we were unable to land due to a bad storm raging below us, good news was we had fuel for 2 hours, after which he would have to get back to us. The time period in which we find ourselves at the moment is very much like the holding pattern I found myself in over the Memphis airport that day. No one is in a position to predict the immediate future until the storm calms and the logistics put in motion earlier can be moved into position and completed.

My granddaughter Ebony and I decided to take 3 days to test some of the theories we had. We got into the car and drove 1002 miles to take a look to see if we could prove some of said theories.

Just as we drove through the foothills of Mt. St. Helens, the mighty mountain erupted. The steam and ash followed us quite a ways, it reminded us of how small we were compared to the force of nature which was unfolding. We checked for cracks in pavement and any other signs we could think of.

We stopped at the Mary Hill Museum in Maryhill, WA, in order to connect with the spirits present in the building and were not disappointed. Sam Hill is described as a flamboyant seer and dreamer. The Queen of Romania was a friend and frequented his property. Then, and now in spirit. Native American articles were on display along with priceless art from Europe.

Stone Henge was alive with leftover visitors from the night before when like-minded people celebrated the Summer Solstice. We checked on Hot Lake, OR, to check if the water was finally 208° again, like it had been for hundreds of years when it was a gathering place for the tribes and no battles were fought. We noticed over the past 3 years that the steam was absent and knew something was wrong with the sacred place. This time it had steam and we rejoiced!

Hot Lake Sanitarium, now travel attraction/hotel/gift shop was thriving. Contrary to the new owner's denial the Ghost of Hot Lake was present. The piano player, which we had allowed to remain, was rather content, along with his piano, with the smell of fresh perked coffee which he had been so fond of. Union Hotel in Union, OR, was as I remembered it, Ebony had never been there before.

We spend the night at the little hotel, where I had had a UFO experience in 2004, and had lunch at the Grand Geyser Hotel in Baker City, OR. We paid our respects to the spirits still present there.

At "Half Point", which was LeGrande, OR, as we edited the footage for the TV Show episode "Etherical Journey", we realized we had neither watched TV nor listened to the news. We decided to continue to do so.

Our way home took us to Umatillo Reservation, along with the leaking nuclear waste. Highway 12 took us to the foothills of Mt. Rainier. We did notice many earthquake related cracks in the road and marveled at the beauty of the scenery. HWY 12 goes through part of Yakima, WA. The Yakima Reservation is located to the right. After driving for some time we were astounded to realize we had not seen ANY HOUSES in Yakima. The reservation was not there, same held true for migrant workers in the field or Yakima Indians walking anywhere as they almost always do. It is not unusual for me to visit with Yakimas walking several miles to the post office 100 miles south on HWY 14.

Pendleton Pass is one of the most dangerous passes in the country. Trucks have to travel at 18 miles per hour. They have 2 or 3 run off ramps. For this reason I always pray or rather ask Universe to please remove the trucks from behind me. For the third time my request was granted. We filmed and for the third time NO TRUCKS were in the pass as we safely crossed the mountain.

We talked about this in detail and how when we really need something we can ask a higher power to help. We wondered what happened to Yakima, the fact that perhaps we had seen the town in a different time.

When we reached Olympia, WA, and finally settled down to reflect we noticed that the world was still in chaos, the news bad and disturbing, depressing and stressful. We had managed to take 3 days, got off the roller coaster and lived in the NOW.

In October I requested help to obtain a set of Deep Space 9. I was obsessed with the idea of having to watch 7 seasons of the science fiction Star Trek series. Unusual, since I do not like science fiction. I have completed that task and am amazed what I learned. From a film maker's perspective it is brilliant. What I do know is that the writers must have written under divine guidance in order to tell the story. It is timely. It addresses concerns which affect us now. It tells of shape shifters, dual

Universes, time not being linear, profits and Prophets. Signs of the time hundreds of years in the future, they tell the story of how we as the human race, created the new times, made strides one step forward and two backwards.

I think every one of us could relate to at least one story line and apply it to ourselves in THIS time. Add the earth changes, corruption in the government, manipulation of events, the weather and technology and we could see our future unfold.

Like Sam Hill was a Seer and a Dreamer, Deep Space 9 can show us how to be the dreamer and the dream at the same time. It can put a visual perspective on how to change time, events and circumstances simply by wishing it.

It can put a visual on our desire for peace when in reality that too is but a dream since each generation created circumstances in which they can experience the good, the bad and the ugly. We fix things only to put them back the way they were.

Science has proven we all have a small amount of reptoid DNA which explains why we are territorial. It does not however explain why humans are so cruel and sadistic.

There might be a chance that one day we can be tolerant of all earthlings since this writer is SURE one day we will have the opportunity to break bread with beings not native to this planet earth.

It brings up another point, which is our behavior at this time. What we often forget is that empires plan long term, sometimes hundreds of years into the future. We are all but pawns in someone's strategic game, it would appear, disposable. Step off the chess board of every day life for a moment, take a look around you and yourself. Nothing changes except yourself. The realization of how important we really ALL are in the big picture of things. It may not be noticeable to others but you will know that you have gained understanding for that moment in time.

Predictions and prophecies will be written and come to pass. Factual information will come our way for reexamination.

Is [Reality Really Real?](#)

Be the writer of your own story.

Each millennium holds new hope along with new challenges. From horse and buggy to fast cars to travel in space. We missed the boat in 2000, it is time to think ahead to 3000. We need the planet to remain in one piece, the environment healthy, the food chain intact, our fellow beings in the animal kingdom to still have a home, and trees to sit under and talk about the good old days when gas was \$ 2.99. CHEAP!!!!

Love and Light
Lilian

Newsletter March 2007

It has been a long night. When the History or Weather Channel run 24 hour marathons, some of us exercised little or no restraint in just how long we sit in front of the "TELY". It takes me back to the 1960's when television changed from black and white to color, not only that, at least 1 station bypassed the National Anthem and the color bars at midnight. It just kept playing old movies and "I love Lucy". We just kept watching. Time to get up and send the kids to school, angry at ourselves for having struggled another sleepless night just so we would not miss anything. Remember? Well, lots has changed since then, we have VHS tapes, DVD recorders and On Demand TV. I for one, will still sit through a night of programs just so I can hate myself in the morning, like I did so long ago.

The Weather Channel presented a series of natural disaster shows, past, present and future. At one point the narrator said:" People were walking on the beach, some sat in fancy dining rooms to have breakfast, some slept in. Unbeknownst to them on the other side of the Island a Tsunami was heading their way and change this Island and many lives within a the next few minutes." For the past 4 years toward the end of February I feel rather unsettled. My mind goes back to the week before the Feb.28th 2001 6.8 Nisqually Earthquake. We went about our lives, were merry, made plans and had no clue what was about to happen to us only a few days later. We missed all of the signs, the tide running backwards, the strange sensations/moods we experienced, the need for comfort food which escalated to the point the small MOM and POP stores running out of M&M's.

February was a bizarre month even this year, on the 5th anniversary. Some buildings in Olympia are still under repair and there is the Viaduct in Seattle. Government agencies are still fighting about decisions, which have to be made as to how to replace the structure before the next wave of disaster kills everybody on or near the monstrous structure.

The definition of DISTORT according to Webster is: bend, contort, deface, deform, falsify, mangle, slant and pervert.

The definition of DISTORT according to Follette by Glucksman is: to tear in a jagged line, to turn counter clockwise, to pull beyond recognition.

For 41 years I have faithfully watched the STATE OF THE UNION. Felt it was my patriotic duty not only to do so, but also made arrangements to make it possible to find a TV set somewhere in the middle of nowhere, if I was on the road. One can learn a lot from the STATE of the Union, look back on the year and feel rather proud of the accomplishments of our Nation. Not so this year, one was unable to get a STATE or report, it was predictions as to what we were going to do.

At a local bank 2 birds flew or rather crashed into the main window of the bank branch, needless to say, they....the birds.... were dead.

Most of us have managed to pay the outrageous Power bills we were presented with, including payment for some without power for up to 10 days. Not one volt running through the downed

power lines from the storm.

Moles did not hibernate; they were busy digging up trees and building roads through everyone's yards and fields.

Bears along with their cubs woke up early. They showed up in several neighborhoods to seek food, they found it in the backyards of houses. One bear climbed a tree, went back to snooze and fell out of the tree. He made news all around the world.

UFO reports came over the airwaves almost nightly for a spell. The ability to take videos with mini camcorders and cell phones is great. People were generously sharing the footage with the news media. The "Phoenix Lights" reappeared on film. A statement was issued that "FLARES" were launched from Lukas Air Force Base, which created the spectacle in the skies. I had recorded the news and was able, with help of my TV equipment, to overlay the original "PHOENIX LIGHTS" with the news footage. They were one and the same, not similar, the same.

We re-aired a show produced in 2003. "All is well!" It was an interview with David Montgomery, Author of: The New World Government Exposed. ISBN 0-9702123-0-5. It covered the Clinton Era. It became apparent the information in the book and the interview gave much information pertaining present day rather than the past.

A Child Rape suspect was cleared due to DNA evidence. The mentally disturbed young man remains in a mental health facility. When arrested it was discovered he had build a very sophisticated underground bunker. It had stove, windows, furniture and toilet. The question becomes how was he able to install numerous 4 by 8 plywood boards along with concrete work below ground without being seen. In a public park at that! One could also wonder what would send a 22- year old into the survival mode to such an extent. What is the definition of Survivalist amongst the youth?

Search for a new suspect has begun; the sketches between the two are as different as day and night. One could wonder about that somehow.

The same time all of this unfolded Amy Goodman aired a telephone interview from prison she had with a Palestinian Professor from Florida in which he explained that despite his acquittal on all charges he remains in prison. It was at that time I realized that "OMAR" in my book: And the Moral of the story is...(free download from this website).... page 36-39..... must have been the test case and poster child for things to come after 9/11.

Half- plane-half- helicopters are flying over the neighborhood and land at the local airport.

Vice President Cheney said in an interview conducted in Australia Feb.24th, he was a good President.

I had an appointment at 8:30AM. About 8:50AM a Lady realized everyone had been seen except me. She apologized for the error. I told her it was quite all right; I was not in a hurry and in fact the delay might have saved me from something. I left the building at 9:05AM. Still rush hour... I manage to merge into the main street. A Lady in a white Cadillac had attempted to cross a 7-lane highway at 8:55AM. She managed to total 4 cars in her path.

After having misplaced major footage I finally got to the studio to edit a 14-week series. One of the problems I thought I had discovered was the footage was very restless. The technicians examined the footage and arrived at the conclusion that the restlessness was NOT a technical glitch but rather a distortion of some kind, in as much I, the person in the front and the clouds in the sky were at a total standstill. The trees in the background were moving from left to right and the buildings along with the ground was moving from right to left. We decided to use the footage as is and attribute it to a paranormal occurrence.

Prior to arriving at the studio we noticed a 3-hour discrepancy between the time on the cell phone and the actual time. In 2003 we shared footage with the viewers of 3 cell phones, a TV and a clock all displaying different times, within 1 hour and 6 minutes in discrepancy. On November 19th 2006 we filmed a cell phone showing 12:16 AM January 2001. We also shared this with the viewing audience.

Almost DAILY a station will report someone driving a car or SUV or truck into a building. I would assume, when seconds before a wreck one realizes what is about to happen, one would INSTINCTIVELY choose to collide with the lesser of two. Daily, people drive into buildings, which makes one wonder what exactly is it they perceive in lieu of the building.

Permission was given for the Navy to again experiment with Sonar off the Coast. Dolphins and Sea- lions are patrolling our borders.

Besides Global warming and weather inconsistencies one could wonder if by chance we are experiencing a time distortion, if only by a fraction of a second. Reports come from all over; people feel "OUT OF SORTS." This condition does not appear to be regional, but rather everywhere. At one time it was only felt by Sensitive; it now appears to affect the regular person. By looking at the events of the past month one could conclude everything we do is distorted. Thought, speech, opinions, one could go right down the line.

A friend opened a can of Salmon only to discover it was a can of water-chestnuts, we thought it was a good time to kick up our feet and get back to watching old movies. Did you know that "I love Lucy" had been beamed into space so long ago and it is still traveling between the stars? It was suppose to portray life on Earth, how I hope the latest Space Vacationer finds it so we can update our image.....aaaaaah, maybe not!

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. Please notice the Google ads. We have updated Pay Pal. If you would like to help with our TV projects please feel free to do so. Our financial help has also fallen victim to distortion and is a fraction of a second off. I am feeling better and am available for readings.

Lilian's May Newsletter

Assuming Hell is an imaginary place, as far as I know no-one has ever been there and came back to report, over the hill and through the woods to grandmothers house we go.

"Who's there"?

"Just me, looking for a sanctuary for a bit."

"Come sit and tell grandma all about it."

April was a horrendous month. When adding up all of the small occurrences it amounted to a sizable heap.

Some of us had monitored 500-600 mile deep earthquakes in the Pacific region for several months. We thought that anything so deep that it appeared to take place at the almost center of the earth could only be totally devastating, eventually. When the eventually came, it was in form of killer earthquakes, a Tsunami followed almost simultaneously. The earth movement took place 6 miles deep on the ocean floor. It appeared it had worked it's way from the earth core to the surface in a very short time. That happened on the other end of the world one might say. Not if you live there and it happens to you. On April 27 I decided to follow the sound of strange "POPS." I discovered 23 cans of food with broken seals. This is possible when there is pressure radiating from the ground below. I witnessed such a scenario before and during the Nisqually Quake in 2001.

The Olympia City Council voted to build the new City Hall 1 foot higher as originally planned, they are expecting the water in Bud Inlet to rise.

The news showed a segment in which they explained that when massive solar flares come towards the earth, the radiation they create makes sounds. I reminded the viewers that we had played similar audio tapes for them starting in 1998. Bill Ramsey has recorded sound in the Universe/Space for decades. Mercury, Pleiades and Venus became familiar sounds. Some say it sounds like music, Sensitives like myself have problems with some of the high/low frequency.

A report came out showing that the Earth had experienced several time discrepancies, between 8 and 12 minutes at times. www.highstrangeness.tv, Some people are very affected by this. It is not age/gender oriented, some of us just feel like we are neither here nor there, what ever that means, it appears a definite description is somewhat impossible.

Pictures of a new planet, similar to Earth, were breath-taking. Possibilities of life on other planets were openly acknowledged. It was determined the temperature on this other earth, outside of our solar system, was between 34 and 104 degrees. It takes 13 days to orbit a red dwarf..... That would make Grandmother VERY, VERY old. Should keep that under my hat.

Spaceport America launched a rocket from the New Mexico desert. On board were the ashes of Star Trek's SCOTTY and those of an American Astronaut. Martha Stewart's boyfriend vacationing in outer space. And than there was the great Steven Hawking having fun in a weightless

atmosphere. He had a big smile on his face, I cannot imagine what his life is like, his genius and brilliants accompanied by almost impossible challenges. To see him float was a sight I will not soon forget, if ever.....

The Academy Awards brought Global Warming home. I remember thinking how many years we have talked about Earth Changes, what we can do to help Mother Earth give birth. I have been in AWE at some that think this might be a great thing, the world will flip on a dime, there will be no consequences for the people on the planet Earth. I find it appropriate that our Ex-Vice President made it possible for everyone to watch a DVD in order to grasp what is in store for us. I am glad he found his calling. A politician would have never reached such an amount of people.

Some people are buying CO2's, carbon credits, to balance their part in the creation of pollution. It reminded me how the teacher explained to us in history class, when the church sold vouchers to avoid spending time in Purgatory. Martin Luther came along and reformed part of the religious system. I wonder if they ever got a refund?

Everything organic is the current trend and the word itself is somewhat misrepresented. No matter how "organic" the soil, once modified seeds are planted the story changes.

<http://www.badseed.com/>

Dennis Kucinich visited with some of us, actually it started out with a small crowd which grew into close to 300 before it was said and done. www.theolympian.com Saturday, March 31.2007. As always his talk was outstanding and TRUTHFUL.

Calls for Impeachment were made and since than adopted by at least 1 State. Motion has been filed by Mr. Kucinich for impeachment of Dick Cheney.

I filmed the event for my show. I managed to get several still photos of Dennis and his wife Elizabeth in which one can see the true essence of them. We are hoping to have the unedited complete talk on the website in the near future.

Speaking of essence. We all followed the story on the school shooting at Virginia Tech. So many stories on so many levels. What impressed me was the interview with the Lebanese father in which he stated he had absorbed his daughters essence. Also the fact that Representatives of the Korean Government came to apologize for one of it's Citizens. The fact that the young man was mentally ill was beside the point for them. Each day the killing scene is played out somewhere in the world. Each day lives are lost. Each day grief is equally traumatic for the survivors and the families. I hope one day countries and administrations will apologize for their citizens.

The MINUTE MEN have taken their place at the borders.

Packages are opened by Customs. Please enclose an explanation as to homemade DVD's and

Videos when sending over seas. They will be delayed or confiscated and looked at in order to determine if any copy rights have been violated.

Double check your power bills. Errors of up to \$300 are common. I know of single mothers with 6-8 children which not only had problems with their electric bills, they were threatened with disconnection unless they paid \$ 800-\$900 in additional deposits because they were late paying outrages power bills thru-out this terrible winter of 2006/2007. It was one of the cruelest winters in human behavior in my lifetime. Contrary to the knowledge of the average person in reference to the economy, the stock market is rising rampantly. This was predicted for 2007 along with the political changes/scandals and roguery. The food contamination predicted for July is in the beginning stages when it affected the pet food. It is NOT July yet.

"Are you still with me Grandma"?

"Oh yeah. I have seen almost a century of living. My head is spinning, everything is going to fast. It's going to hell in a hand basket. Can you tell me anything good"?

"Absolutely! I love the fashions. The cork shoes. The colorful suits for the men. The shirts in pinks, yellows and purples. The skirts that float like chiffon when you walk, The dresses that look like one is a young girl again. The cargo slacks which allow you to leave your purse at home. The belly jewelry and the long earrings. The freedom of expression which comes along with the way we dress. The illusion we are in control of our daily life. I love the Fashions"!

The word for May is: ACCENTUATE.

According to Webster it means: emphasize, exaggerate, heighten, intensify, stress and underline.

According to Follette by Glucksman: add accent, play up, loosen your gas pedal and clear pronunciation.

The editorial: IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE "HOUSE"? generated a great response. Here is the up date:

I agreed to one more test at the local hospital. One last attempt to get a diagnosis. My friend Cherie went with me. The nurse informed us they had to extract fluids along with a biopsy and pictures from inside of my knee..... not the leg which is my complaint as a source of the pain. I notified her I was allergic to her medicine. The Doctor agreed to work with me when I told him I was capable of leaving my body during the procedure. I did just that, only when he accidentally hit a bone did I jerk back to the present, momentarily. It was only after I sat in front of the hospital door smoking a cigarette that I fully regained consciousness. I was told it was a life changing experience for the doctor, especially since the time frame of which we speak was in excess of an hour.

The trust level achieved between the doctor and myself was incredible. He trusted me and what I told him when he put a heparin lock inside of my knee cap without as much as an aspirin.

When I came out of it all the way I remembered being at a place which was all orange. I still do not have any pain pills. It is tempting not to return to that place of no pain and total peace, only that would mean I have to leave this world all together. Like grandma, I want to see the world

unfold at this insane speed. The word ACCENTUATE is so appropriate.

- I want to loosen my gas pedal and go forward.
- I want to see what Dennis does next and attend his and Elizabeth's 9/10 Forum.
- I want to see who else travels into space.
- I want to see Steven Hawking to float again.
- I want to see the wars end, the tears quit flowing.
- I want to see the Power companies get sued for being so cruel.
- I want to eat good food, without poison.
- I want to see who is qualified to heal our country.
- I want to see how long before the stock market realizes it's errors.
- I want to see what Jessica Lynch chooses to do with her life. In 2003 we aired a show in which we quoted an E-mail from one of her fellow soldiers in which he told how Jessica got hurt and ended up where she did.
- I want to see if I can overcome my painful existence and go on the road and do my work, I would be happy to be able to lift my leg high enough to step up onto a sidewalk!

"So did you go back to the doctor"?

"I did Grandma, he said he was unable to prescribe any pain medicine. All tests are normal. He suggested I had CONFUSION DISORDER. I should look it up on the Internet. No Medicine, no cure.

"Better hurry back to Hell, especially now that you have C. D. and you are so S.O.L!"

Love and Light
Lilian

October Newsletter

Summer has finally taken it's last breath, put up a rather good fight, one may argue. Reports came from all over the country and Europe for that matter, about a facet of the dance of death never seen before. On one hand, the harvest in full swing, on the other hand, new growth and blooms all at the same time. On the same body of vegetation, Walnuts in AZ, Tomatoes in Skagit Valley, Pine trees at the Wynoochee River, plums in Europe, even asparagus blooming and ripe for harvest.

One could go as far as to state our present day circumstances, whether personal or in general, have taken on a metaphysical flavor. Metaphysics is when we seek answers to anything which cannot be explained in a logical matter. It is a part of philosophy dedicated to the study of first principle and being..... in plain English.... intelligence and energy should be respected as one main source, functioning independently, yet depending on that one source.

I have been very ill for the past 2 months. Not able to do anything allowed me to rest my mind, what else can one do, having to lay in bed 20 hours out of the day.

I thought about the Russian psychic Wolf Messing. He was born in September 1899. As a teenager he was already speaking up publicly and with that attracted the attention of Albert Einstein, which in turn in 1915 with the help of Sigmund Freud produced impressive results. By 1937 Hitler put a 200,000 Mark price on Messing's head for predicting he, Hitler, would die if he turned toward the East.

I thought about 2 of the greatest Healers of the 20/21 centuries. John of God and Credo Mutwa. John of God performs his work in Brazil, he was featured on Dateline and A Visit with a [Person of High Strangeness](#).

[Credo Mutwa](#), in the book Profiles of Healing by Bradford Keeney PH.D. is referred to as one of the worlds most revered healer, shaman, medicine man and leader of complementary medicine. Mutwa tells of the time when he suffered what he calls the "Shaman Sickness." A time in his life which brought him to the brink of death. A time in which he was able to experience a spiritual plateau, which in turn set the pace for his life work from that moment on.

As I am unable to go about my every day life I had several experiences which gave me tremendous clarity about my life and things in general.

I dreamed I was at a hospital. After a long wait a nurse came and gave me a shot in my shoulder blade, about even with my heart chakra. She told me not to leave, she was not done with me. I informed her I had to go to the bathroom.

While in the bathroom I realized I was now in a train. There was no door allowing me to return to the hospital. I stepped off the train and found it be in the middle of nowhere, besides

I had locked myself out of the train. I started to walk. A boy, about 12-13 years old followed me. He was constantly picking up rocks, throwing them at me. After a while, I picked up a rock and threw it back at him, rendering him unconscious. He was light enough for me to pick him up and look for help.

In the distance were 2 cabin type houses. The one to the left had 2 front doors, the one to the right 1 door. I knocked on the one with the 2 doors, a young woman answered. I requested help with the still unconscious boy, she obliged. The man at the house said his name was MR. EARL. He wanted to know what I intended to do, I stated I wanted to go home. He showed me a long road and told me I would have to catch the trolley from there to get home. As I came out of the house I had to come down 4 steps, a platform, 4 steps, a platform and again 4 steps. As I reached the second platform Mr. Earl attacked me and raped me. I was very angry and yelled at him that I thought he had picked a hell of a time to assault me. Not only was I vulnerable, I was sick. He cried and said he represented all the men which had ever hurt me, so I could finally let go of the anger and guilt. I said." Whatever! For right now I forgive you, I want to get home!"

He took me by the hand and started to walk down the road with me. By now he was very tall, I was very little. After a while he said:"Look in your pocket." I reached in my pocket, there was a cell phone. He said: "You could have called for help at any time. But had you done that you would have missed all of your lessons". With that Mr. Earl faded and I woke myself up.

The other thing I noticed was that after considering some current affairs it appeared there were many parallels, not only my personal life, but also in the things going on in the world. I called several people and asked what they thought, after thinking about it for a day or so, we all agreed this to be the case. It was also apparent in the predictions for 2007 we filmed on the 19th of September. It appears that somehow many occurrences were put in motion late 1996-early 1997. Life on the planet continued, 10 years later, smarter and more enlightened we find ourselves at the crossroads again. Like we are being reinserted into the space where we exited in 96/97, in order to make changes and different choices. I felt validated when former President Clinton found himself thrown into the Bin Laden story line.

In the predictions I was advised for us to take a closer look at [Florence Nightingale](#). As we researched this we discovered that in theory almost everything was identical with present times. The [Crimean War](#) in 1851. France, Russia, Sardinia fighting the Turks and people of the Black Sea, to the amount of 256,000 people getting killed, without the capability of modern weaponry. War of Christians against Muslims.

The word ASININE according to Webster is: foolish and dumb.

Follette by Gluckman defines ASININE as: Totally distasteful, beyond stupidity and a donkey ass.

I have a note on my door instructing to knock hard since I am in bed. Also to please give me time to get to the door since I am slow, very slow. A visitor did not get the desired response in the time he allowed. He saw a phone number on the door of my car and called the UFO HOTLINE in Seattle to inquire where I was..... Bet Peter Davenport was impressed with that phone message, given the fact that this is a time of GREAT activity in the sky, again parallel with 96/97.

With nothing to do except rest, I was given the chance to listen to an interview Amy Goodman did with [Evo Morales](#), president of Bolivia. I found great comfort in the fact that there are leaders which look at us a COSMIC CITIZENS, much like [Dennis Kucinich](#) referred to us as PEOPLE OF THE EARTH. Combine this with many young writers/producers of recent TV Series and movies it would appear there is a flicker of hope somewhere.

The journey of the Shaman Sickness is priceless, I am grateful for the opportunity to have the experience. Just as summer put on a gracious struggle, on one hand, the harvest in full swing, on the other, new growth and blooms all at the same time, I feel there will be new beginnings, all but a brush of memory of the past.

Love and Light
Lilian

PS: A new TV show called [Heroes](#) is worth taking a look at.

Newsletter June 2006

Most of us are energy conscious, one would agree, most of us have switched to "energy saving" light bulbs. Not that I ever noticed a difference in the bill, mind you, nevertheless I was doing my part in reference to the energy thing. A terrible noise along with a horrendous smell got my attention. On further examination I determined the bulb had exploded. First impulse was to call the Fire Department, it smelled like wires were on fire, but I realized this was unnecessary since the smell was the gas which had escaped it's location, mainly the high-tech light bulb. Needless to say I went to Home Depot to get regular bulbs, in order to avoid another disturbing episode. All bulbs had been replaced except the last one and with that my troubles really began.

The bulb was stuck in the casing, upon removal the light fixture casing was damaged. Another trip to Home Depot to buy a new light. The first technician soon lost patience with the task, the electrician got frustrated to the amount of \$140, called it quits and the third electrician was unable to decipher the work of the 2 previous handy men. The light works, except it is not attached to a switch, only when the bulb gives up it's life, is it lights out.

I am NOT a technically inclined person, so I am rather proud of my simple accomplishments to have mastered e-mail and surprisingly the ancient studio equipment with which I produce most of my shows. An up to date DVD recorder with a computer mind of it's own was added recently. I have learned to push the proper buttons in order to finish elementary tasks. What I had NOT counted on was our unusual weather patterns which have presented us with thunderstorms and power outages. Each time this happens everything shuts down and it is up to me to work magic and fix it being a one man army. I stroke it, talk to it, bribe it with multi colored discs in order to put it in a happy mood.

Spending 9-11 hours a day glued to the equipment became the reason that I missed the fact the refrigerator was sick and actually died. I talked to it for a while thinking I could revive it, only to realize all of the food was dead as well, to the point of decomposition.

A letter came from my medical insurance stating I was TERMINATED from prescription coverage. I went into denial and turned on the TV. The show playing was "Just Shoot Me."

I KNOW it is a comedy, except the title sent me into deep thought. It took me to the words we use.

Terminate. Eliminate. Exterminate.

I got out Websters and took a look.

TERMINATED: abolish, cease, complete, conclude, end, expire, finish and stop.

ELIMINATED: abolish, banish, cancel, delete, erase, expunge, pluck, oust and remove.

EXTERMINATE: abolish, annihilate, banish, destroy, expel, overthrow, uproot and kill.

I thought about what I had read and tried to arrange what I had learned in my mind in order to

be able to sort it all out. On my way to pick up my grandson from church I suddenly had a vision of a dead little baby bird I found laying on the ground, it had been thrown out of the nest. Looked more like a frog than a bird, not having had a chance to fully develop. As I saw that bird in my mind I started to cry. Sat on the side of the road for quite a while. I think the impact of those words had taken their toll.

When we "terminate" working mothers and men trying to feed their families from their job, their insurance or anything else for that matter It feels like one has been "exterminated" and "eliminated." I see no difference in the terminology. It sounds so final, even deadly. Assassination and elimination are the same. So let's imagine for a moment the emotional blow to human beings when confronted with what seems no choice in a final outcome. Phrases we use are so harsh and hurtful, leaving no room for courtesy or compassion.

People have developed, in some cases imaginary, phobias/allergies about everything they do not wish to deal with. The constant possibility of losing a job, a necessity for every day living creates such stress, to the point a dead baby bird can act as a trigger and send one over the edge. We are so divided in culture, education, attitude and needs that we often forget we are people of the planet Earth and have if nothing else, feelings and emotions in common. Unlike the refrigerator, video equipment and even something as simple as a light bulb we can try to repair, bribe, trick or insult trying to beat it into submission, the human psyche is fragile and can have devastating consequences when bruised.

The doctors office uses a beeper which sounds like a UFO at a toy shop. Reason given so the nurse won't have to come to the door to fetch the patient.

We are save, for the moment, because the bunker-buster test will not take place as planned.

The dust from the implosion of the cooling tower from a plant by I-5 in Vancouver, WA has almost settled, we are only coughing occasionally.

A sign at an old historical building in Centralia, WA displayed a sign thanking some of us for trying to supply some tax money for the state to prevent schools from closing. It reads: Thank you for smoking.

Bleeding Hearts are so confused they are not blooming at all.

With the exception of one, all of my supporters had to withdraw their help due to economical circumstances. I am not one to give up or quit so I entertained the idea of selling some tapes at a Swap-Meet. Driving 30 miles gave me time to reflect on my situation, things in general and my next move, if in fact there was a next move.

I entered a large hall/store area contemplating what friends had said about no-one driving anywhere because of the gas prices. A man in a wheelchair approached asking how I was and what I wanted. I mentioned I wanted to sell tapes, promote the show and do psychic

readings to recover my costs. You need to talk to Bob he informed me. I inquired as to the whereabouts of Bob and was told by the man that, if I was truly psychic, I should know where Bob is. Not today..... I am stressed to the MAX..... I practice what I preached. I left.

After the 6.8 earthquake of 2001 someone inquired why I was having such bad luck and things happen to me. Just as I answered then I can answer now. Things happen to people all of the time. We have different levels of dealing with unexpected occurrences. Everywhere we look people have a hard time dealing with life. Many, in fact almost every man-made problem known to man is being thrown at us.

Several blocks from my house a young husband and father lost it. He shot his woman and held his children hostage for 14 hours. Needless to say he was killed by police. What could have been his light bulb?

I believe that with everything we experience there is a lesson. I am in a position to experience some in order to pass it on to the next person. Sometimes in hind- site we rectify things in a way which helps many. Often I hear from people which remember something I said and as a result of it make different or better choices. To date I am able to tell many about the idiocies of happenings so we don't not have to become that rubber band, ready to snap. A therapist told me once it takes 8 seconds to get enraged and 8 seconds to bring it back to a somewhat normal range level. Try to do anything in an 8 second time frame. It takes skills and practice. Most of us are too busy and stressed to even attempt such an exercise. We wait till the refrigerator stinks before we realize there is even is a problem.

Why me? Why not me? Bad luck? You decide!

What we NEED is a Psychic Comedian to announce the news 2 days in advance, so we can get in a humorous frame of mind before we are bombarded with so-called facts. This would help to reduce our stress level and allow us to take things in stride, having more time to prepare. It may even prepare us for, yet another, termination.

Love and Light
Lilian

Book Review: No Voice Is Ever Wholly Lost

by Monica Moore

No Voice Is Ever Wholly Lost was written by Louise J. Kaplan. This book examines the realm of separation and loss. It entails an exploration into the grieving processes which are utilized in different countries and follows many of the family of Sigmund Freud. It explores their losses and use of coping mechanisms as well as their abilities to recognize situational symptoms and seek appropriate support where deemed necessary.

Many cultures and religions from different areas of the world mourn differently and process their losses in manners which may not be acceptable in different cultures.

Egyptian Muslims believed that sharing their stories from those who have died would somehow strengthen them and support them through their sadness. It is believed that to not share their feelings can create harm to their physical being and mental health. Another group of Muslims of Bali view sadness as weakness. To be sad is an emotion that carries over to those surrounding them. It creates disorientation in finding the way to heaven for those left behind. Silence is indicative to the sorrow they hold. So laughter is used as a cover to hide the sadness.

In this society that we have grieving is accepted but the expectation is to return to normal activity and no longer recognize that the person ever died. Everyday activity is resumed as though they had never left. Although the dead stay with us emotionally rituals are conducted to assist in coping with a loved ones absence. Funerals are held as a memorial to acknowledge past accomplishments and recognize family, friends and associates that are left to grieve. It is said that rituals such as these lay the foundation of acceptance of loss and bring with it paths to continue in a world void of those that have passed. Memories are held and kept at heart so they are not totally lost.

Interestingly, W. Ernest Freud contended the belief that children through their play adjusted and began the bonding process to their unborn children which were not even created yet. This would be one explanation of the incredible bond between a mother and child while the child is in utero and thereafter. Age is a great issue and reaction is dependent on the capabilities of understanding.

One family member addressed was that of Freuds grandson, Ernst Halberstadt, who was first born in the family he was only five years old when his mother died. The father was also forced to grieve. The father was worried about the children. It had seemed that the children were seemingly more susceptible to illness. Ernst became a more unappealing child. The opposite held true to the brother. He was more frequently smiling. He was only thirteen months old and still did not understand his loss. This was very confusing to the family aside from the mothers sister. The sister noticed changes prior to the sisters death with Ernst. His whole demeanour had changed due to the birth of his brother. He felt that he no longer was the focus of attention. The importance of this is that he had already in his mind suffered the loss of the attention of the mother that had previously spent so much quality time. He held angry thoughts and this carried on to the loss of his mother. Some time after his brother died of an

illness.

Ernst continued to experience separation. A woman entered the families life and Ernst enjoyed her motherly ways. He finally felt loved. Later he found the woman was only trying to win the affections of his father. This was traumatic. His whole life was full of turmoil. Not only did he suffer a loss he was unable to communicate his feelings as he did not understand why this took place. Feeling lost is a very normal emotion that does not subside if the issue is not addressed. Time is an important factor and society need not judge how much time is needed for healing. A Substantial amount of time for some is sufficient. Understanding the process of coping can greatly assist with closure. Continual recognition of past events and memories can be quite beneficial to those affected by loss.

It is found that children begin at a young age to recognize the concept of disappearing and returning, An example of this is the interaction of the peek-a-boo game. When the eyes are covered the person is unseen but when they are uncovered they have in the eyes of a child returned. At a younger age death is not in the known vocabulary and not understood. As a young child it is difficult to grasp and actually understand the not returning. In their eyes they seem to hold on to the belief they will be back. With growth of a child comes adolescence. Adolescence brings with it confusion particularly when someone leaves them either through separation or death. Adolescents focus on life situations at that moment. Emotions of young adults often include anger. An older child may learn to accept separation of their parents with the underlying belief that reuniting will occur fairly soon. This belief come from encouragement and example. To comfort themselves initially the use of temper tantrums, repetitive self talk and remembrance of the results of the peek-a-boo game can help them get through the separation. The prior relationships with the deceased often affect the future relationships they hold. Feelings of abandonment are nearly always an emotion felt regardless of age.

When an important member of the family dies children react differently. Separation of a loved one for many is a time of sadness. Reactions vary in many ways. The bereaved may isolate themselves or rebel against those lost. The important factor is recognizing the significance of the steps of the grieving process. The steps taken are all advances to recovery. Everyone with a loss needs to grieve. Crying, talking and remembering are all acceptable modes of mourning. To mourn is to heal.

However old or young a person is this traumatic experience will always be remembered and any developmental issues regarding conflict that the person grieving was trying to work through when the separation took place will directly affect the future activities placed before them. Personality death caused by sickness or injury can more of an impact to a child than an actual death. When a person dies they can be mourned. If they continue living the person suffering from loss of a loved one must cope with the circumstances and are unable to actually say goodbye.

Although death and separation are at times unexpected the elderly in many instances prepare for the inevitable death which eventually is in every ones future. According to Erik Erikson the eighth stage of the theory of development is prevalent. This theory which is integrity vs.

despair indicates that the elderly either feel content with their past experiences and feel as though they have a positive communal contribution or they suffer feeling that their time is too short to begin new roads. The beginning of life and new paths are not an option.

Kubler-Ross says honest communication is essential to avoiding increased isolation and sadness for all involved. This creates unnecessary hardships in coping with the loss. There is not time to prepare physically and most importantly mentally for an event so great.

No Voice Is Ever Wholly Lost is a book in which was found to be quite interesting. The concept of facing ones fears and anxiety towards being left with a loss that is void of the physical being offers comfort to an individual who finally realizes that they are left with something. Be it memories or wisdom the prior experience fold together to create a pathway to an opportunity to advance to contentment. It offered relevant information to recognize the importance of a relationship prior to separation, which is an important factor in future relationships.

I found it refreshing for a writer to thoroughly step into a subject that many avoid speaking about. The openness of both the author and the subjects gave great insight on the many grieving modes to healing. Whether it be loss due to death, separation or abandonment this book will encourage healing to enable advancement into an understanding route to success with closure. Communication with loved ones after this enlightening view of loss can only encourage a positive end.



Reflections

For those of us, which have chosen to stay in the public eye, whether on TV or in print, find ourselves in a strange space at the moment. It appears under current circumstances we are put in a situation in which we seem to be a life line for the very people we try to inform to the best of our ability. The same holds true for me.

If I thought I got many phone calls prior to the tragedy which befell our country, I was wrong. 9/11 saw an increase in cries for help and explanations, how to deal with fear and what do I think, being a Psychic. People that would not consider asking me questions called hoping for a glimpse of the future in some capacity. I refer them to the predictions for that year, which are on the website free for download. Our current circumstances are not in the future, they affect us NOW.

Allow me to share some thoughts, memories and some of the things which I have related to many of you over the past two weeks. I am not even sure if all of what I say holds true at this time, it did in the time period in which I experienced it.

I actually lived in Louisiana for a short time period. I was often considered a Creole and had access to different cultures and people. This was not unusual since I have always had a fascination with people from around the world, the cultures, belief systems, rituals and the thought we could all coexist on this planet in my lifetime.

Louisiana itself was like entering a different country within the country. I found out that some of the old French laws were still in tact, maybe not always enforceable, nevertheless, they remained on the books and in people's reality.

To present a newborn with a mother of pearl handle pistol and put the gift into the cradle was an honor and represented the right to protect and defend yourself, your family and your property. To stand up for and help your neighbor was an unwritten law. Wild cats we referred to as Panthers were not only an occasional visitor at the front door, they kept snakes of all descriptions in check.

Women would spend hours to shop at Piggly Wiggly and just to treat themselves stop at Woolworth to carefully select a new ribbon for their hair to show off on Sunday when in Church. The men talk about fishing and their coon dogs, it was not unusual for someone jokingly to mention that it was OK to take their woman. Taking their Black and Tan Squirrel dog is another matter and not that easy to reckon with. We curse the old blue laws that prevented us from buying liquor on Sunday and the domino games came to an early halt around midnight because it was time to get ready for work in some of the Pulp Mills and the other industries that were popular in the area.

Beliefs ranged from all-day revivals to some of the ancient religions of the West Indies and Africa. People were as versatile and colorful as the dresses the women wore, it was a joy to go to town and exchange chit chat with the friends. A big pot of food was always on the stove, instead of a "how are you" it was "are you hungry?"

Life was hard, outright brutal at times and yet, something special and it made one wonder why it should ever be any different. Year after year the same people sit on the front porch, the same dog by their feet and occasionally one could forget how ugly the world really was, till the next time the subject came up, that is. Work and play were divided by a fine line just as love and hate did. It was the way it was, considering what happened in the rest of the world life was good and one hardly considered the possibility of it ever being any different. I do not know about the City Folk, it would be reasonable to assume that many had come from the country site at different times in their life's and at least had memories of the teaching of their parents.

When the earth shook in February 2001 I found myself in a situation I had not anticipated. It all happened within 45 seconds. I was alive and grateful to the Creator. Adrenaline sustained me for the better part of 3 days, I was neither hungry, tired, wet from the constant downpours and I was unable to tell if I was hurting anywhere. Disbelief set in on the 4th day when I realized that instead of a survivor of a major earthquake, 6.8 I had went from making news on the front local page of the newspaper to a regular homeless person which was denied to keep the clothes hanger that came with a dress that was donated by the Red Cross, furthermore, I was unable to get a plastic garbage bag because I did not have 60 cents to pay the price the man at the laundry charged for the garbage bag.

It is virtually impossible for anyone to understand how one does and should feel after a disaster, whether man made or an "act of God." All the fingers pointing and or/survivors guilt does not change the fact that it is the survivor who needs to be allowed to handle life and circumstance as he/she best sees fit. Advice in reference to "you ought to" become irritating after a very short time. No one can judge or assume the role of knowing what one needs to do by using their own perception, culture or status in life as a guideline. Problems and challenges arise which unaffected people cannot comprehend. Feeling helpless and not in charge of ones own life regardless how meager it might appear to the next person is in some cases almost unbearable. By attempting to make decisions for our fellow man we ourselves become in fact Victims of disillusion because we are unable to understand.

As a survivor of a natural disaster I saw the best and the worst in people, sometimes in the same breath. My lesson learned will last a lifetime. I was able to use it as a learning tool and honor all people, good, bad and indifferent. In turn I am now able to honor the survivors of the Gulf Coast by letting them know there is a flicker at the end of the tunnel. Only when we look at things in retrospect are we perhaps able to see the big picture. It might take years. Forced change is traumatic and will linger for a long time. Soon another disaster will follow and our attention will be occupied by something else, it's human nature.

I also know that some of us will stand by our sisters and brothers in their time of turmoil, long after it has all been said and done.

I salute you for you courage, compassion and hidden human qualities that lay dormant until now.

After 9/11 a friend of mine, a nun, pointed out to me that the people from the Twin Towers were now our angels, holding hands around the globe in order to protect us. Oddly enough after our earthquake we discovered that certain businesses were located in

strategic locations, it appeared they had held up the town of Olympia, just by being there.
Could it be that somehow the people of the Golf Coast serve as our mirror?
Could it be that the spirit of those who lost their lives represent a Phoenix and serve as pillars to enable us to rise again?
Could it be that the Evacuees hold energy in every state of the Union in order to stabilize and strengthen us as a nation just by being there?
Could it be that a simpler way of looking at human potential is in order and it really is high time we reflect in the mirror and decide if we truly are who we say and do we really truly like ourselves and what we have become.....

Love and Light,

Lilian

September 2005

We have been home for better than two weeks, Claudia arrived at home in Swiss Frankonia safely.

For a person writing a report or anything else for that matter it is not unusual to write in their head long before it is transferred on to paper. In my head I have written the newsletter several times, except it never seemed appropriate, so today is the day when I will try to convey a small portion of what is contained in my "letter in the head."

The trip was a total success. A friend, Kathryn Grandfield posted the highlights for you. I will attempt to convey the overall impressions of the journey.

Claudia arrived from Europe and brought with her, her thoughts, questions and excitement in learning more about the US continent, aside from Washington State which she has come to know like the back of her hand over a 10 year period. Just the realization that each of the 8 states covered, looked, smelled and felt different from one another was a revelation I was able to share with her. We filmed in excess of 22 hours for our program, mostly country-sites, scenery and points of interest, which I was unable to capture on camera during the previous trips for a multitude of reasons.

We met many people and asked them about their daily life, likes and dislikes and inquired about their opinion as to world affairs. After reviewing our footage at the end of each day we talk about incidences and individuals we had encountered between the many miles of the back roads of the country. 99,9% of the people were lets say..... NOT happy with the war and how we were conducting ourselves within the community of mankind in general.

We encountered many farmers in different stages of their harvest, soldiers on their way from or to somewhere which they were unable to find valid reasons for.

We encountered many foreigners from France and Italy that were interested in life on the Navajo Reservation and had therefore undertaken a rather difficult task to visit there.

We stopped at small towns which were transformed into Ghost Towns since last year because the economy had disabled their function.

We stopped at the Krishna Temple on the outskirts of Provo and towered above a crop circle from the year before. An unlikely sight, we thought, in the middle of Utah. We looked at the list of contributors and were pleased to see that Albertson`s was a major supporter.

The flags from some previous years had all but disappeared, the new fad is War Memorials that have appeared all over the countryside. Too many to film. We asked how that had come about, mostly the reason given was that it was the right thing to do under the circumstances

and people had no idea just how to be supportive without the feeling of betrayal to the soldiers under present circumstances. Almost everyone was concerned about the economy and the gas prices. Truckers, farmers, school bus drivers, straight across the board. Weather was on everyone's mind, since it has been such a strange time for weather. We directed them to the predictions for 2005 still listed on the website, solar flares and earthquake links.

We were reminded how unreasonable the treatment of anyone trying to visit an Inmate in the Federal System is, not that anyone expected any of that to change..... To vacuum a person for residue of drugs, while said person is staying at a hotel and travel by public means in order to deny entry, IS unreasonable to me. Light poles had wires sticking straight up on top of the lights..... a funny site.... guess it prevented the birds from landing without the proper identification and signing in, in order to spend any time visiting the facilities.

We experienced time shifts and time distortions, which became apparent after the fact. In one instance a 9 hour drive across three 10000-foot passes turned out was accomplished in a little over 3 hours and unknown to us we filmed a time warp in the foothills of Mt. St.Helens. Somehow a 26 day trip was accomplished in 19 days.

Renting a car from BUDGET was stress-free and we were totally impressed with that experience especially since the cost of the rental was more than 50% less than all of the others.

If people seemed resigned to their present conditions was an indication of "the way of the world," my battle with T-Mobile over a bill proved almost frivolous when Katrina arrived. Again we made reference to the predictions 2005. As a survivor of the 6.8 Nisqually quake in 2001 I realized that my dilemma of losing everything was but a "MICRO" problem compared to what the people are experiencing at the moment and for a long time to come. For those of you that have not read my earthquake story it is still in the archives. Again I fell like the scout by being able to explain what it feels like to have an encounter of such a magnitude. Whether man-made or natural, I would hope that this will make us think, take a good look at ourselves and rearrange our priorities.

If threats of strikes at Boeing and some of the local schools are any indication that some of us still don't understand the logistics of human suffering, making ourselves feel better by building war memorials and now, perhaps, Hurricane memorials is not going to solve our problems, they may numb feelings and compassion toward our fellow man. It is my opinion that this is a time to reflect on our own relationship to life. Gas prices should not be the deciding factor as to how life in our land, the United States of America, is being played out.

I would hope we take a look at the whole picture and take to heart what it is we are being taught or shown. Most of us are a loving peaceful people, compassionate and caring. It does not always show by our actions, simply because we don't think sometimes just because there is no time left for thought. Disinformation is rampant, if it is not on TV it is non-existing. One voice, one heart and other inappropriate thoughts are what I am hoping for, imagine if that should happen how inappropriate that might appear to the outside world!

Thank you to the friends that contributed to our task of making the trip, I promise to have the

new book Remembering Your Future available soon.

Love and Light
Lilian

September Newsletter

A beautiful summer day, in fact it might be one of the last ones for the year. I want to take in all of the beauty of the moment. Many FOR RENT signs, the famous Olympia Brewery is still dormant, windows broken, an eerie still about the place as I look at it in passing. Fruit and lemonade stands on the side of the road, somewhat unusual, I had not seen any of them prior, except for the day of the parade a few weeks earlier. It is a little hazy due to the many forest fires in the mountains, even so, one can see Puget Sound from a distance, water, mountains and sky all appear to have the same shade of gray. The first signs: SAND IN THE CITY. Artists come from all over and line the street by the docks with the most elaborate sandcastles/sculptures one can imagine. Fairy-tales, science, current issue subjects, somehow they have appeared in form of sand sculptures. I have come here to film them in order to have the belly dancers I filmed last week dance in the sandcastles in the closing shot for the end of the year show. NBC is here filming a clip for the Evening News, we chat for a moment and marvel at the details of the creations we are filming. A beautiful day, so I sit by the waterfront to enjoy the last heat of the year and admire the marina with all of the many boats, which have somehow congregated here instead of the open water.

The breeze off the water caresses my face, in my mind I see a young woman I knew in the mid-70's. Her name is September, she was the bartender at the Fireside Inn. I used to stop in at her bar, before the kids came home from school. I'd sit at the bar with a cognac while she was preparing for the crowd to come for the evening. I'd light the fireplace for her, actually it was a pit-type structure where people sat around and socialized, a rather relaxing set up.

September and I sorted out rumors and speculated on the behavior of men and the rest of human kind. Strange to think about September, what would we have talked about this fine afternoon?

It has been 2 years since Dr. John Mack left us. This week we are re-airing his memorial/tribute show to remind people of his greatness and honor; thank him for the work he did, by doing so left priceless information and research for us for future use. He would have appreciated a couple of experiences my granddaughter and I had over a 2-week period. On our way home one Saturday night, just as we approached the last half-mile before turning onto our street, what appeared to be a flying car came out of nowhere. It was the size of a Hummer, the length of a Van, it made no sound. We did not see it approach, nor was it visible in the rear view mirror, even though it had bright lights at least half way around rather than headlights. No time to react since it all happened so suddenly and the experience was over in about 10 seconds.

On August 15th we decided to go to the store about 10 PM. While getting in the car we noticed what appeared to be an airplane spinning in a circular motion while it kept flying in a straight line. We commented on it. As we reached the outskirts of the Airport less than a half of mile away, there was a fog and a flash about roughly 400 feet wide. It was like Steven Spielberg's scene from the TV Series TAKEN. As we cried out in surprise a man appeared in front of the car, I barely avoided hitting him. As we continued on our journey we took notice of our surroundings, still trying to sort out what had just happened. The Airport was in total

darkness, no approaching airplanes, just an eerie quiet. On our way back, about 40 minutes later, we saw the same man. He gave all the appearance of a homeless person by dress and unhurried demeanor. He was walking along the fence of a Car Lot, which has 2 Rottweiler serving as guard dogs. If one has to stop at the traffic light in front of the place, the dogs will try to bite your car, in this case the dogs did NOT react to the man walking next to their domain.

A couple of days later I had to seek medical help because the 40+ staples in my lower abdomen were on the move causing me great pain. At the time I thought this may have been caused by a fluctuation in the magnetic field of the Earth OR the events themselves. I cried out in pain at the local post office only to learn there were 2 women with similar problems. One had staple problems 8 years after a cesarean, the other, staples separating after heart surgery to the point they were coming out of her skin and had to be filed down on occasions. The question becomes if there is in FACT a change in the magnetic field to affect surgical sutures? Is it just sloppy work by surgeons? OR is it that when these clamps were used no one knew how they might affect us, if at all, long term. It would be interesting to know just how many of us have this most unpleasant affliction to date.

CEASE FIRE means to stop shooting.
Give up arms means SURRENDER.

A viewer called telling me about the investigation lounged against STATE FARM in reference to handling claims after Katrina. It was suggested for me to join the Class Action Lawsuit, that will no doubt follow. In my case it was the Nisqually Quake of 2001, which set me at odds with State Farm. The article CANARY 6.8 tells the tale of my experience as what I called being an Insurance Baby. Apropos Insurance..... The CROPPER was vandalized sometimes during the winter. Someone managed to get into it and opened the windows. As a result there was massive water damage. I filed a claim and was notified there was no coverage on said vehicle.... a 77 Dodge Motor Home. Instead coverage is on a 85 Dodge Motor home with a totally different Vin Number..... I do not have an 85 RV. The Cropper is the RV glorified in the book AND THE MORAL OF THE STORY IS.... which is free for download at www.highstrangeness.tv . A picture of the CROPPER is on the back page of the cover for those of you wishing to see it. It took me 3 whole weeks to paint the Crop Circles on the siding in 1997, the time of which I did insure it.

The word IDIOCIES has one definition according to Webster.
Foolish or mentally retarded.

I thought this to be an incorrect, in fact offensive description. In a German-English dictionary by Paul Glucksman/Follette Publishing it defines IDIOCIES as UTTERLY RIDICULOUS.

I was asked what I thought we should get of our time/life on earth. I thought the most important was to ENJOY the time allowed us. When going out for dinner, enjoy the arrangement of the food, the many wonderful, sometimes strange sensations send to your taste buds, smells and gratification it can present. Most of us know that ALMOST ALL FOOD is contaminated, being unable or unwilling to change that, it makes little sense to count calories, vitamins, pro's and con's of items sitting before you on your plate, especially if you paid an arm and a leg for it.

Many object to lack of privacy and freedom of choice. Oddly enough some of the people objecting the loudest impose restrictions on the people around them and in their work environment. Choices in ones private life should not affect the ability to seek or keep employment. I watched a piece on Discovery channel dealing with the evolution of Humans. It was interesting to note that ALWAYS men observed and adjusted themselves to Nature or the natural circumstances by which they were surrounded. Drought, wind, flood, lack of food supply. They heeded these circumstances, so what if it meant moving 30 miles east or west! It is modern Human, which is totally not flexible and totally arrogant to think the world now evolves around him/her. Bet PLUTO was in shock to learn that in a blink of an eye one's statures changes.

Just as we thought we had conquered social/ racial and ethnic dilemmas in the 60's.... we find ourselves in the same situation at this time. We have managed to undo the blood, sweat and tears of many and caused even larger rifts amongst ourselves. We are taught to hate others without question.

Mosquito is a device created to irritate the hearing of teenagers, in order for them to disburse. It allows them to spend money at the malls, yet it insures a hasty departure. It was pointed out that kids have managed to use the frequency of Mosquito, created a ring tone for the phone, only to be heard by people in their age group. Good for YOU!....EXCEPT.... What about us, the few who are able to hear beyond, targeted frequency? It would stand to reason it affects many, young and old alike. Targeted sound whether high or low causes some PAIN, ILLNESS and changes in EMOTIONS. Who is to say we are not responsible for creating many situations by this behavior of manipulating others only to find we create what some classify as criminals.

We have a great new store, which sells fun clothes, colorful, reasonable and, repeat, fun. We bought school clothes. The Lady at the checkout was unemotional almost mechanical, it appeared she also suffered from some noise pollution.

Some of the clothes did not fit the children, so my granddaughter and I went back to exchange them. We were careful as NOT to stop at said LADIES Workstation. Somehow we were re-routed and ended up there again. We engaged her in a conversation, she SMILED, became a person and one can assume changed many experiences for her customers for the rest of the day. Or...Maybe...she needed to be acknowledged and become a person to the rest of the world.

A wind is coming up, sat here for awhile amongst the crowd of the festival, so in thought having this renewed visit with September. Maybe she heard me, strange how she crossed my mind after all those years.

The sandcastles are too far from the beach so they are safe from the waves. IDIOCIES.... Pluto is no longer a planet..... just as I think the castles are safe, here comes the wind and carries them away.

Love and Light
Lilian

PS. Nomination for Human of the Year award now considered.
If you would like to sponsor some of the work we do, your help will be appreciated.

Letter from a daughter

Dear Mom,

I thought I would just take a moment to tell you just how much you mean to me...

Although you and I don't
always see eye to eye

When I think of losing you
it makes me cry.

We may not say much on
the phone day to day
just hearing your voice lets
me know your doing okay.

Sometimes-alot we disagree
But i always know you love me.

You offer advice.,ideas, suggestions
and such

I love you so much...

MOM...? I know that I may not always seem like I care. In fact many times I disagree. I'm
outspoken, fixed in my thoughts--- that's me!

I don't always see you day by day.

I am here for you in any time of need. When you get old I promise to care for you untill the
very end.

All children want to hold on forever, I am no different. I can never understand some things
that will always tug at my heart and soul. But I need to tell you that although it will always
pain me. I forgive you for digressions that you have made for me, as what you believed was
right for me at the time... LIKE I SAID I FORGIVE YOU.

Knowing that at any time I could lose you--- I could lose anyone all that I care for scares me. I
depend on you and need you--- even need you irritating habits. lol. I guess what I'm trying to
say is that Gypsy left me, she said she wouldn't. I know she had no choice. So quite simply
in a few short words

" I LOVE YOU"

Please continue to take care of yourself cause I would be lost without you.

I am not a very physical person but if you ever need a hug, a simple hello and an ear or an
irritating nag---

I got your back!

Your Daughter
Friend and Shoulder
ME

What a Road Trip

Lilian and I went on a trip this summer. We were out two days and then something strange happened. We had rented a motel room, we were trying to save money so we took a room with one bed. I am a bit handicapped so I don't move at night so we didn't think we would disturb each other.

I turn over when I get up to the restroom, I fell asleep very fast that night which was unusual. I awoke when I heard Lilian yelling. I calmly said her name to wake her. She awoke and climbed out of the bed. I asked her if she had a bad dream, she said she was yelling at someone who was putting her down on a beam. I thought about things for awhile. I was turned over the other way. I wasn't dreaming and I always dream. But as people often do I dismissed my thoughts. It was the next day that realized Lilians face and arms were very red. She had been looking at her face in the bathroom mirror. She knew what it was. Radiation burns, she'd had them before. Her face was very swollen, we didn't quite know what to do, you can't go to the doctor and say:" I was abducted, look at my radiation burn's," so we just kept traveling.

About three days later I realized my toe was very sore. I had a big lump under it. Believe me my toes are not very big, so I noticed this thing. It was very sore. I asked Lilian to check it for me, she did. She informed me that a lot of implants are put in that spot. So I guess I had been taken too. I had one very small radiation burn on my arm. I think I was pulled up under Lilian and she got the full force of the beam. When we got to Colorado we called a friend who brought Lilian some special water. That seemed to do the trick, as far as taking the pain and swelling from her face and arms.

I do not remember what happened to me up there, I only know I didn't like it. I think we get taken advantage of enough right here on earth without being beamed up.

Sincerely Rev Barb



Safe Journey Barb

The official address for T.O.H.S (Temple of High Strangeness) is PO BOX 8821 Lacey, Washington, 98509. A few times a month I pick up the mail, which consists of mostly, bills, licenses, advertisements and the usual junk one would expect. Ever so often a letter finds it's way, very few, since snail-mail is almost a thing of the past and e-mail has taken its place. I answer my snail-mail; e-mail is sorted WHEN I have a reliable PC. Don't hold your breath, it has been some time since I was online and the future of my re-entering cyberspace is not in my immediate reality... SNAIL-MAIL it is!

As I fumble my way through the pile of mail... I am sitting in my car, since someone removed the table and trashcan from the lobby at the post office, I realize I am parked kitty-corner from a restaurant/bar. I hardly recognize the place; in fact I no longer notice it when I pass it going to my mail pickups. I am not sure, but I think it was around 1980 when I first made my first acquaintance with the place. I called it Fireside Inn, when in fact it was Prime Connection.

Upon entering one finds oneself in a foyer, a second heavy wood carved door took one into a world of aromatic food, which changed daily. From BBQ, Italian spices, pot-roast, fish on Friday and lingering smells of allspice and pies. The plush chairs in the dining room, heavy brocade curtains, table cloth, candles and fresh flowers adorning the tables made one feel like one was really in a special place in our, at that time, little town. The Bar had a high rustic ceiling, much like one found in an A-frame-type ranch house. In the middle of the room was a huge fish-tank, no wait! It was a fireplace! No, it was a fireplace with a fish-tank in the middle, or was it a fish-tank with a surrounding fireplace? Either way... Leather chairs were surrounding the Fire/Fish bar, one would just sink into the chair and feel like a million dollars. One was no longer in need of an office, million dollar deals were made and closed sitting around the Fish/Fire bar sipping a cocktail. One could tell one's occupation just by the drink in front of the person.

Sue, the then considered plump laid back Lady, sipping on her Kalua/Cream in a tall glass. She was a consultant.

John, the bearded, casually dressed Rusty Nail drinking contractor.

Terrence, the Jack Daniels/Coke/Back gulping Army Recruiter.

Homer, the Gin/Ginger Ale/Back Preacher.

Helen, White Wine for her Real Estate dealings.

Rick, Sam and Sal ordered Screwdrivers after their dental office closed on Tuesdays.

Mr. Moreno topped off his day by having several Bacardi/Cokes. He was a Stock Broker/Investor.

Barbara, Coke straight up, soliciting for her 501 to feed the homeless.

Me, Cognac with a Coffee Back.

It was the skinny period of the American era. The time before political correctness, cell phones and hourly deadlines. A client calls, we tell him/her to meet us at the Fireside Junction, order a drink, put it on our tab, we would arrive shortly.

The men would compliment our pretty dresses, discuss their latest conquests, especially Terrance.

We talk about Dixie Lee Ray, our than first woman governor... we thought she was hell on wheels, especially how she dealt with our then mellow President Jimmy Carter, seemed she always got her way, especially after the eruption of Mt. St.Helens. Loud, politically incorrect and precise she demanded what she needed from the Federal Government as fast as YESTERDAY and materialized said request/demand. Life was good. Everybody knew everybody; we were politicking, forgetting who owed whom what.

Mr. Moreno made too much money one year, trying to lessen his burden before tax time gave me a

check for \$ 3,000 for the local Urban League.

In later years we found ourselves discussing finances, a taboo in the early days. It started out as bragging, I think, besides, jobs and events were rather boring, no one counted calories, we ate what we wanted and had plenty of money to buy what we craved.

OBDURATE according to Webster means: adamant, callous, dogged, hard, headstrong, impatient, impending, insensitive, mulish, stubborn, tenacious, unbending, tough, unfeeling and unyielding.

OBDURATE according to Follette by Gluckman means: hardening, stuck up, heartless and stiff-necked.

Junk mail! Should get a bigger PO BOX in order to accommodate the bigger bills... if the amounts were shaped like envelopes I would need a U-Haul storage facility!

The voters of Washington State voted to charge \$ 30.00 for license tabs rather than the previous amounts, which were based on age and value of an automobile. For several years we had issues with the re-enforcement of said policy, evidently agencies were unable to count charging way more than the \$ 30.00 indicated. The voters insisted they got full accounting of monies and fees demanded for payment. So here it is:

Vehicle Licensing Fee Breakdown.

R.V.

\$ 3.00 Filing Fee: Funds go to the county in which the fee is paid.

\$ 30.00 License Fee: Funds construction and maintenance projects.

\$ 0.75 License Service Fee: Supports the computer system used to provide licensing services.

\$ 20.00 For road, street and highway purposes.

\$ 3.00 RV Disposal Fee: Supports maintenance of RV Disposable Systems.

\$ 75.00 Motor Home Weight Based: Supports rail improvements.

\$ 4.00 Plate Reflectorization Fee: Funds road, streets and highway maintance and improvements.

\$ Total: 135.75

Retain current Plate Number (\$ 20.00)

State Parks minimum donation \$ 5.00

Car:

\$ 3.00 Filing Fee: Funds go to county in which the fee is paid.

\$ 30.00 License Fee: Funds construction and maintenance projects.

\$ 10.00 Weight based Fee: Used to improve the movement of freight.

\$ 0.75 License Service Fee: Supports the computer system used to provide licensing services.

\$ 20.00 Replacement Fee: For roads, streets and highways purposes.

\$ 4.00 Plate Reflectorization Fee: Funds roads, street and highway maintenance and improvement.

\$ Total: 67.75

Retain current Plate Number (\$ 20.00)

State Parks minimum donation \$ 5.00

Trailer:

\$ 3.00 Filing Fee

\$ 15.00 funds constructing and maintenance fees

\$ 0.75 Finance Service Fee.

\$ Total 18.75

The gang is gone, we buried Barbara in January. I am the only one left. I light a cigarette..... I can smoke in my car just a little longer, since the new law which forbids me to smoke in my own car in the presence of a person younger than 18 years of age has not yet went into effect. Wonder what it would be like to sit and chat with the friends around the Fish/Fire bar.....

The heavy door sticks, the smell of the food is unfamiliar. Chandeliers have been replaced with energy efficient lamps. Ashtrays are absent; I do not know the bartender. Here are my friends sitting around the Fish/Fire bar as always.

“About time you got here! We have been waiting so you can tell us the latest; we already ordered your coffee.”

“How is the new Year?”

“Sal, I waited all day to see the ball drop in Time Square. All day they talked about the new ball, how is green powered only using as much power as 10 toasters. Came time to show the ball drop the cameras showed everything except the ball. The people, the confetti, everything except the ball. I changed the channel only to witness the fireworks at the Space Needle in Seattle malfunction, a total flop. I laugh, in 40 years I have never seen anything like it. It was an indication how 2008 came into existence and has been ever since.”

“John, how is your new electric car running?”

“It’s a nightmare, I have to plug it in every 40 miles or so, it is impossible to find a plug-in on I-5. I-90 is not any better!”

“Lilian, do you want to borrow it for your trip this summer?”

“No thank you! I lost all of my sponsors so I am not sure if I can go this time. I cannot afford the mail these days.”

“The last storm we had was strange, you could have taken your mail and sailed it like an airplane in the jet stream. It would have returned like a boomerang in 2 days, the storm went in circles. Who ever heard of a Tornado in Vancouver, Washington? Did you get your roof fixed from the storm damage?”

“No, I am still waiting for my Good Samaritan to come, I was told flying wheel barrels were not covered by neither Insurance nor FEMA. The furnace is still broken, since December 11th 2007. I have been unable to come up with the \$700 it costs for repair, it is cold but I still consider myself lucky. On January 24, 2008, 6,000 people were in shelters and 2,631 people were sleeping on the streets in King County, Washington. It was 13 degrees!”

“Helen lost all of her money in the Stock Market. Should have checked out Lilian’s prediction on www.highstrangeness.tv.”

“Sam, did you watch Amy Goodman’s show in which she explained who is backing and advising the candidates for President?”

“Lilian, why are you airing old shows?”

“I realize many subjects I covered 6-8 years ago are in line with the times now, it is only now people understand what I was trying to say. People now experience some of which I spoke so long ago.”

“BARTENDER! Give us another round! Explain what you mean by people just now understanding what you said so long ago.”

“The writers strike is a good thing inasmuch as people watch things they would normally not. LIFE WITHOUT PEOPLE on the History Channel is a good example of that. The movie making is fantastic. It shows that without people the world will continue. It also shows the importance of humans, each one of us. Come to think of it, I assume we were all legal during the time we maintained the earth.

On January 20th 2008 my granddaughter asked me to take her to work. She called at 5:56AM. At 6:20AM I was on the road. The weather was terrible, we had lumpy rain... rain and snow mix... I looked up and saw an orange glow through the snow and the thick clouds. As if in an old fashion puppet show a curtain opened and I saw a golden planet, twice the size of the full harvest moon. After a few seconds, as if the curtain was being closed, the sky was back to normal. It was still snowing. My thoughts, as to what it was I had witnessed, were interrupted by the ring of my cell phone. My granddaughter called to tell me her nose was bleeding profusely. I raced down the empty street to come to her aid. An Olympia Police officer saw me speed by. I pulled over before he was able to turn on his lights. I told him my granddaughter had a nosebleed, could he please help me. He suggested I do not run red lights and told me to go. Olympia Police is notorious for frisking and tasing people, regardless of the circumstances. I counted my blessings... We were at the hospital for hours. Upon examination everything was normal, except my granddaughters nose was bleeding. The Doctors eventually soldered the artery in her nose and we went home. The nosebleed and the visitor from the sky occurred simultaneously. She never did go to work.”

“You were lucky with the police, they are no longer there to help us, and everything is rather OBDURATE.”

“Where has the time gone, the world is unrecognizable, what happened to us? How come people did not notice what happened to the world in the 21st century?”

Bartender! “I am getting a check from the President, so I will pay my tab in May!”

This round is on me. A SLOW SCREW, this way your hangover will be mild and it hurts less!

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. SAFE JOURNEY BARBARA O’NEILL! She left us on New Years Day.

www.theolympian.com/story/325857.html

Newsletter January

More often than not, the daily news incorporates animal stories. Whether you do have a pet, might it be a dog, a cat, a monkey, a donkey, a goat or a pot bellied pig, or not, it is part of neighborhood conversing as to how our animals behave. Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be some one's pet? My cat, MS. ET roams the house as she pleases. She picks and chooses the paper she wants to lay on, seeks out boxes she wants to hide in and finds the weirdest places to nap for a time. She avoids places she is not allowed to sit on and plans her escape as soon as she thinks someone is going to open a door. She refuses to eat what she does not like and sits in the small amount of water, which sometimes gets left in my bathtub that sits on an angle, which keeps the water from draining properly. When traveling in the RV she sits in a window and watches the trucks go by. When left by herself she mocks and teases any animal which passes by NAZHONI the RV. Mainly she trusts that I take care of her, she has a high level of trust for a cat and she knows that if everything else fails she can snuggle up to me, so I can reassure her all is good in our world.

The last month in 2007 was turbulent, to put it mildly, I almost wished I had been MS. ET the cat, rather than myself.

HMM, what would it feel like to be my cat.....

The TV in the big room appears much larger and louder than the one by the bed. They both are on 24/7, Lilian says the big one is for me, so I won't feel lonely and get weird ideas. All I have heard about is the Katrina- like- floods that covered both Washington and Oregon. Helicopters were flying overhead for 3 days in order for them to fly rescue missions. A Lady whose lap I once sat on did not answer the phone at all. Lilian was worried about her and called someone clear across the state to see if they had heard from her. She was fine but the Ladies daughter and grandchildren had to be rescued from their roof top. It was said no-one was able to get to the Chehalis Tribe, Rochester and Chehalis. Hundreds of trucks were parked 2 miles from here because the major freeway...I-5... was 10 feet under water. I overheard Lilian's niece call from Germany crying because she had seen her favorite Wall Mart immersed in water all the way to the roof in Chehalis. She saw it on German TV. The Home Depot looked the same way. Trains stopped running because hillsides collapsed on the tracks, bridges were out and thousands of logs swam down rivers, highways and fields competing with salmon, which had lost their way. The only way to get from Seattle, WA to Portland, OR was over the mountains to Yakima and along the Columbia River, a 480 mile detour. Oregon clocked winds in Gold Beach at 138 mph. It is said the West Coast has no Hurricanes.... Could have fooled me!

The roof of the extension had a hole from a flying object, people came from way up north to cover the hole, only to have to turn around and fix additional problems. Flying wheel-barrels and sprinklers were small problems compared to 6 people losing their life in Washington alone. I had to wait for my water; Lilian had to boil it because the groundwater was contaminated from 700 dead cows and over one thousand horses, which lost their lives. They were just waiting for pick up and burial after the waters receded.

Not sure if the rest of the country realized the trouble we were in, the National Guard came for a few days and it was time for them to return to guard the borders. So many Guardsmen are in the war... I don't understand the logic... what do I know? I am a cat!

Two weeks later we saw a truck with a license plate from Oklahoma. It had Flood-Disaster- Relief written on the sides of the truck. On December 18th the prediction show for 2007 was re-aired so viewers could see how accurate Kanashibushan and Lilian were. I had to move really close to the TV set to make sure I saw it all, did not want to miss any of it. Here they were talking about a Katrina-like disaster, they did not know where, they also talked about an Ice Storm on Channel 22. I jumped off the

couch and ran to the little TV by the bed, here on Channel 44, CNN showed the big Ice Storm in the Midwest. For a minute I thought I had nibbled on my catnip, but I remembered I don't like it and Lilian gave me treats made in Germany that Claudia, her niece sent, she, Lilian, is very strict about what I eat and where it comes from. FEMA took over a week to get here and the Governor had to fight to get any help at all. It was like in 2001 after the earthquake, we got little help. I think we are stepchildren, or maybe it is because we are a "Blue State"... Canary 6.8 is still on this website, so similar and the Insurance industry has changed little or none since then. I remember being homeless after the big quake, people were so surprised no-one covered anything on the news after the second day.

People scrambled for their very existence and here were the holidays. People still need help way into January and beyond!

Lilian had to fight for her heart pills, I was worried. I convinced her to write an article to post it on her website. www.highstrangeness.tv I helped her pick the title: Another I cannot believe it story. We put it in the news column and hope it will be available in the NUTCASE CORNER on the site, for years to come!

The computer broke down; we spent hours trying to fix it. We got so cold sitting there. The furnace broke, the heater people came, charged \$ 74.80 to tell us it would cost \$ 691 to fix it, so we decided to use little heaters, which created electrical problems in our old castle we call home. The Electrician was nice, only charged \$ 138 and he did fix it, but Lilian got paranoid and refused to use the little heater. Friends brought a generator and we are burning wet wood, the wood shed was hurt in the storm and leaks.

I thought we should drive thru town to see if we could find a propane heater, Lilian said: "We can't because the car broke down!" It just goes on and on and on.

PERPETUAL according to Webster's means: continuous and ceaseless.

PERPETUAL according to Follette by Glucksman means: verified, continuous, incessant and forever.

We sit close to the fire and watch the big TV. The news is funny! I have been known to be a TV Star! I am Ms. ET, the cat with the flat nose, many of you know me. I know how things work in TV Land. Lilian and I yell at the camera people, the newscasters just like if we were right there deciding the story lines. Perpetually covering the same thing. Politics! I know the interviewer can maneuver the conversation. Amy Goodman got into a big argument with Lou Dobbs about perpetual lying. She caught him in 12 lies. She put it on her website www.democracynow.org.

Dennis Kucinich's brother died, we send him condolences. We are also sad that AGAIN he was not allowed to participate in the IOWA DEBATES.

The History Channel is airing a new show on UFO/USO occurrences. We watched them on December 25th. We recognized many of the friends and chuckled about the fact that some people still believe the Government is telling us the truth. Just imagine, objects are not only flying toward the earth, they are also flying from the dept of the oceans towards the sky!

The alignment of the planets caused havoc in December, it had been 26,000 years since such a spectacular sight was visible, no written records was available what happened when Mercury, Jupiter, Pluto, Sun, Moon and Mars were so close to the earth. The possibility of an asteroid hitting Mars and

interacting with Comet Holmes had even mainstream news speculating if the world was coming to an end. Sure it interfered with electronics, people's emotions, starters, alternators and a variety of other devices. If we read this, we are still here and the earth is perpetually turning.

So many things I hear as I try to take a nap ever so often, people puzzle me. Guess that is why I am Lilian's DIVA CAT.

We take care of each other. We have survived fires, earthquakes, floods, blizzards, tornadoes, heat waves and sandstorms in the desert. In 90-mph winds in Roby, Texas even I got scared. I sat in my cage and closed the door behind me leaving Lilian with her thoughts. I promised to never do that again, so now I sit real close to her until she tells me to get away from her... I get a little clingy at times. In turn she turns off the TV and plays Oldies telling me about the good old days!

When a dollar was a dollar.

When people used words which expressed how they felt, words that are now politically incorrect.

When people had the freedom to think.

When people were not afraid of anything that moved.

When people knew their vote counted.

When people enjoyed their food, because it was organic and not contaminated.

When people thought having wrinkles was a sign of wisdom rather than a curse.

When Opium was a sweet smelling perfume.

When a fat, juicy hamburger tasted delicious.

I thought these ARE good old days, people are strange, but what do I know, after all I am only a cat.

Love and Light

Lilian

PS.... We will be starting a monthly astrological forecast by SANDRA JOHNSON. Please look for it along with the newsletter.

I Hear Hooves.... Who Goes There?

By Lilian Mustelier

We live in a world of texting and abbreviations, second nature to some and hard to comprehend for others. DID and MPD are short words for something enormous, in fact most people are unable to tell you what they stands for. PTSD is an abbreviation which has been forced into our vocabulary because of the significant amount of people, which have been afflicted.

DID stands for Dissociative Identity Disorder.

MPD stands for Multiple Personality Disorder.

PTSD stands for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

The football player Herschel Walker released a book last month: "Breaking Free" . By doing so he attempted to, once again, bring this subject to the forefront. 20/20 showed a report about.... A woman which wrote a book: The Woman Who Can't Forget. By Jill Price and Bart Davis.

In 1997 I wrote a book: And The Moral Of The Story Is... One Person At A Time.

<http://www.highstrangeness.tv>

Each one of these accounts touch on... in a broad sense... what it is like to be somewhat different.

Let me invite you into my world for a short time and tell you my story.

In 1987 I was diagnosed with MPD. It was determined I had suffered from said disorder since I was 9 years old. Extreme DID/MPD is brought on by severe trauma, torture or experimentation. It serves no purpose at this time for me to explain what this consisted of, only that during this time my own survival mechanism found it necessary to create a path for me to survive certain occurrences.

It created many compartmentalized files in my brain, which are accessible by different parts of me, Lilian. Somehow the brain managed to put in place the unique ability to become a "DIFFERENT" person all together, when it found it necessary to carry out a task. It was documented that even physical changes can occur, for example during an eye examination, in which my sight changed, from short-sighted in the left eye and far sighted in the right eye, to 20/20 vision in both eyes. Suffering from lifelong back problems and mild scoliosis, it was noted that during episodes I walked totally straight. Other times I have been unable to speak English. I am multi-lingual and sessions in other languages have been recorded by my therapist.

Changes in style of dress, food, music and physical activities are also common.

There was a time when I had no recall of anything, unaware of lost time or my whereabouts. It was not unusual to be unable to recall weeks. I jokingly call myself a "HOLEY" person, because I am unable to remember many parts of my life. It is not in my memory bank only to resurface at other times. I am unable to fill out paperwork which dealing with facts, including but not limited to medical history, work history or whereabouts. Many times I have very vague or no recollection of my children. I do not baby-sit my grandchildren due to fear I might not

know who they are and leave them in a stressful situation. I recall an instance taking a granddaughter skating. Not having skated in 20 years I was concerned about falling and hurting myself. Somehow I became 8 years old, the time period when I was an excellent figure skater. When it was time to go home I asked the girl with me to please call her mother, I did not know where we lived. I have made arrangements with my doctors to ask how old I am before leaving their office. Anything less than 16-20 is reason for concern because at that age I do not know how to drive.

For almost 30 years I have had great therapists which have taught me, very patiently, how to maneuver. There are no medications one can take, it takes hard work on a daily basis to navigate the maze, which is my life.

In recent times I had a therapist which, in my opinion, was not qualified and set me back in my learning progress by 10 years. Each time, after leaving his office, I would find myself in unfamiliar places. After several hours I did regain control long enough to have friends help me to find my way home. There were also times I would, the next day, find foreign food in the refrigerator. No recollection where I bought it or how much money I spent. The lady at my bank would pay a check ...This is 2007-2008... dated 1974. She would notify me of the overdraft (without charge) and a friend would have to come to my aid and cover the checks. Please keep in mind while I, LILIAN, have no recollection of many things these OTHER people occupying my body are fully operational and function normally according to their standards. Lilian's brain just shifts to a different compartment and operates according to the memory file in that part of the brain.

For those of you, which remember an EP/LP record along with the times your record skipped, after slightly tapping the record you might lose a fraction of the song you listened to, but the song would recover. Now picture a CD or DVD. As soon there is any discrepancy, dirt, a scratch or malfunction with the disc you will not be able to continue what you listened to. At best you can try a different player, which is usually of no avail. The only choice you have is to reboot and hope the disk will recover. It rarely does. With MPD a person feels a scratch coming on, some times with masterful skills continued play is possible with a few bumps and skips. More often than not the only course of action is to stop, separate from the situation and reboot.

Each one of these disorders require a trigger. A trigger is something which tells the brain to access memories from a certain time period. PTSD, in my opinion, creates vivid memories which play out like a video, transporting the person in the time period said memory was experienced and forces the them to re-live said instance and act accordingly.

DID and MPD act different inasmuch as it forces them to shut down and leave, therefore totally switching the brain to a facilitating alter. With intense practice after 30 years I sometimes recognize when I am "Scrambled" If I catch it in time I am able to maintain enough of my composure to stop a switch. Other times my skills let me down and I have to do the best I can AFTER the fact. Example: A friend owns a small aircraft. She offered to take me on a flight in order for me to film aerial shots for my TV show. I was excited. However, she called while I was writing this article, an almost impossible task. She called to tell me to come on we were going to fly. I said NO. It was only the next day I was able to tell her that one of my OTHER PEOPLE,

loved skydiving and I easily could have jumped out of the plane, without a parachute
As far as we can tell the "Persons" which occupy my body are as follows:

1. Male, in charge of logical decisions.
2. Small child, afraid.
3. Young woman, terrified of riding as a passenger in cars.
3. Woman, creative and excellent painter.
4. Male, prone to failure.
5. Woman, brilliant in business and public relations.
6. Woman, mother and defender.
7. Woman, social butterfly as well as dancer very popular with opposite sex.
8. Woman, writer/researcher very focused producer/director/host.

And there is the ME, LILIAN. Nondenominational, wise, extremely psychic, happy and the facilitator of everything which is ME. I am unemployable since I am unable to function at all. When under stress I am not able to control which part of my brain is going to be accessed, who takes charge of what needs to be addressed next. There was a time I would argue about events, things said and attempt to explain why I would never have done or said what I was accused of and search my memory for days to remember what people around me made reference to. I would have to actually recover physically, much as one has to after surgery. With time I learned that, at the risk of being called a liar, I now just answer with, this is not in my memory banks at this time, ask me again later, I might remember.

So, what do we need from the people around us?????

Most of us attempt to notify the people which we have close relationships with. Family, select friends, and people we work with, on a need to know basis. Health care providers should be notified, except there is no training other than how to deal with distraught people. In present times that can be a life threatening event for people like myself. Emergency personnel and Police are not trained to allow a person like myself to gain control, at which time everything becomes intensified. For example: I lived under occupation when I was small. A day after Sept. 11 I saw soldiers driving by. A police car followed and for a moment I panicked. I realized I would not have been able to tell anyone my name. I was on my way to therapy and it was decided for me to wear a medic alert bracelet identifying me by name and to state I had MPD. When spoken to I visualize everything a person tells me, sometimes it takes a couple of seconds longer to answer, than it would the average person. This is often mistaken for not answering or disinterest. The response of a person I am conversing with can sometimes act as a trigger. Triggers are different for each person. In my case it can be an odor, an event, holidays, a sound or the person I am dealing with themselves, their tone of voice when speaking or questioning me.

Picture yourself watching a TV program. You follow the story line. All of a sudden someone behind you changes the channel. You have little or no objection since you understand there are more people present yourself. You get involved in the new storyline only to have the channel changed again and again and again at which time you are dizzy. Your blood pressure and adrenalin rises, your choice is to become confrontational or leave. My eye movement will change when someone switches the channel and I will always decide to walk away to reboot. Unfortunately even the people we attempted to educate are not able or willing to afford us this luxury. In rare instances people will deliberately create an instance to switch me in order to accomplish an agenda which is NOT in my interest. A law was passed in the 90's to charge people with a crime if they were aware of a person's diagnosis and created a situation in which sexual favors are involved. The charge is Rape.

The suggestion of calling 911 for help does not serve a purpose inasmuch as a person such as myself is not able to explain to an untrained person what the problem is, it only intensifies

the situation. It will add panic to the equation. If I was able to explain my dilemma, I could reboot and fix it myself.

What is needed is TOLERANCE, it is almost more important than UNDERSTANDING. Even people aware of the situation forget or do not want to deal with an episode. They take things personal and are unable to RECOGNIZE something is not right. AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT. Stand down... Do not offer an aspirin and any medical solution. There is no pill, we need a clear mind and the luxury of composing ourselves. When the episode is over DO NOT ask questions trying to reconstruct what happened, this will only delay the recovery from that incident. Often there is NO memory about what happened. DO NOT TAKE ANYTHING PERSONAL. DO NOT BABY THE PERSON. DO NOT EXCATURATE THE EVENT. Or outright lie.

I live by myself. Each room is decorated in a different theme. I can tell my frame of mind by which room I spend my time in. I create myself a focus point. I do well when traveling because it is not necessary for me to explain myself since I am only at a place for a very short time. I do things at my own pace. I ask to be reminded of appointments. I do one thing at the same time each week, so I know at least once a week I will return "HOME". Unfortunately there are many people, which are not able to maneuver in this fashion. They live with others, they may not be as skilled as I have become after 30 years, they may not even know there is something which prevents them from functioning properly. My hope is that more education will be available for ALL of us, especially since so many people have at least PTSD.

Close your eyes, you hear hooves. You assume, no, you know you hear a horse.

Open your eyes.

IT IS A ZEBRA!

Lilian's October Newsletter

In most cases newsletters are written and published monthly, quarterly and so on - in most normal cases. This is the person of High Strangeness, normal does not apply to this newsletter, so here it is in big black letters because I do not know how to change the setting...

Guess I have to tell the stories backwards again since they only seem to make sense in hind-sight.

After struggling to leave my house and go uptown it occurred to me that it was time to put some of my thoughts onto paper and share them. I wanted to go to therapy but soon realized that everything had been so crazy that therapy would only complicate the process of my thought patterns.

There has been a lot of traffic on the website, for that I am grateful. I finally feel that some of my hard work is being recognized and fulfilling it's purpose. I reach a lot of people with the TV show "A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness". Now that friends from cyberspace are participating I got the boost I needed. Which brings me to the issue at hand. I wanted to share part of a conversation I had with a group of friends a few days ago. We talked about how it appears that we are more concerned with 3-D issues rather than spiritual issues. On the shows I mix things up a lot so it is not so noticeable. With the website we have attempted to make information available to you that seems to fit in with the big picture. It appears that the 3-D somehow has worked it's way into our evolution on a spiritual level. I feel that it is of most importance to me to be alert on all levels at this time.

Back to my little outing that provoked this line of thought. As I was sitting in the RV NAHZONI and watching the people rushing all over, I thought about Nostradamus and how he must have felt when he was shown the future. He of course had nothing to compare his visions to, because most of the things he was looking at were not even in existence. How frightened and lonely he must have felt. We have come a long ways since the 16th century and able to understand a lot of his insight. Unfortunately, in order to understand his vision, we are in a position of having to live them.

The predictions for 2005 have been aired and available for download in audio format. For it seemed that it was not feasible to do the predictions in August 2004, so far into the future. Whenever you look at all of the 3-D events that we are confronted with at this time, we see that time is speeding up and everythings moved into place for the final outcome of 2005. Just as Nostradamus had hoped, the future would be changed and prove him wrong, so myself and Kanashibushan hope that some of the things will be changed and it appears that we had no idea what we were talking about.

Our bodies are taking a pounding from Mother Earth, menstrual cycles are off by more than a week and the planet has a hard time going with the flow. One would assume that a spiritual person could remedy their own emotional system, heed the built-in alarm systems and compensate to stay in a positive space. I try that. Herbal teas, soothing music, candles, pleasing smells, hot bath and feel peace with myself. NOT SO. The rage I feel about something I cannot identify, is man-made. So many noises, so much frustration. We talk about the war and forget that we are in a war zone in our neighborhood. Given all the knowledge and tools I have to

work with and I am struggling. How about a person that does not have that available to them, how can they hope?

When hurricane Ivan headed towards New Orleans some of the Lightworkers went into meditation to buffer the blow of the fury of the storm. Some of us tried to turn it back toward the ocean. We did manage to turn it away from New Orleans but failed to save the rest of the coast. Crazy you say? On more than one occasion we have turned the weather with meditation and prayer and we know that we are very EMPOWERED beings.

Why is it that we are having such a hard time refocusing world affairs? Could it be that change is good, however unpleasant for the moment, and we are just going through a phase? Could it be that the "dooms-dayers" are right and we are at the end of the program in our virtual reality?

Either way, some of us have chosen to stay informed and learn from the experience of the times, which could be exciting for the most part, by the fact alone that we chose to have been born at this time to see the changes. Utopia might exist, if only in our minds, if we are wise enough to be able to access that part of ourselves.

Star Trek had an episode in which an alien being had invaded the ship. After a short time hate and utter chaos had overtaken the ship. It became apparent that the alien entity was feeding off the negative energy of the crew. When they realized what was happening they laughed and the laughter immobilized the alien. As it had lost its energy source the only thing for it to do was to leave. And it did!

We are at the point where we as people have been invaded by some alien entity (not necessarily from outer space) and put in fear. We need to break out in laughter and render it weak and ineffective.

It is important to stay informed. The good, the bad and ugly. Instead of directing our distaste and anger towards the rest of the world we can take what we have learned as a compass and use it to re-adjust our emotional system and with that make the world a better place.

So, am I less spiritual than I used to be? I don't think so. I am in a better position to recognize the pitfalls and know what does not fit into my bigger picture.

The late Dr. John Mack jokingly called me "that woman that wrote that ghastly book". In the same breath he invited me to spend some time with him. I was unable to do so because of my schedule and deeply regret that now. I have often wondered what philosophical ghastly something we could have hatched and with that in mind I would like to thank him for spending time and space with us.

That's the news as I perceive it in my heart. For everything else there is the usual circus of mass media.

November Already?

I have been working on this for several days, every time I think I know what to tell you about, things change. It almost appears that I am living on a different planet than everyone else or my reality is totally different from anyone else's.

Those of us that travel often will relate to the following scenario. Those of us that prefer to sleep in our own bed need to visualize the scenario. It might be as late as midnight when we arrive at our hotel. Tired as we are, we drag our bags down the corridor in search of our room. We unlock the door and take a look around to see where everything is located in our new surroundings and nod our head having figured out within 3 seconds what to do next. We unpack our things, hang our clothes and park the shaving/cosmetic kit in the bathroom. We check the mattress for firmness and fluff the pillow to see if it feels right. We figure out where the numerous light switches are located, pull the phone on to the bed to see how long the cord is and turn on the boob-tube. Just for noise..... I think it is more because we are looking for a familiar face, there is Ted Koppel, I am right.....

For the time being we have created our environment, much like my cat Ms. E.T. arranges her quarters, before getting comfy. A quick shower/bath and the scent of our soap and cosmetics send a signal to ourselves that we are”home”..... 11AM gets here early and that is checkout time so we can continue on our journey. Wish I could stay longer in which case I would put my unmentionables in the drawers, remove the bible and use that drawer for personal stuff. I could do something with this place in no time. THAT'S MY POINT.

No matter how long we are anywhere, we seem to have the instinctive need to be comfortable for how ever much time we spend in one particular place.

The last weeks in October were so crazy and unreal at times that I think we could settle down in our virtual hotel room, go ahead and put the unmentionables into the drawers for a spell, we will be here long enough to chat for a while.

The news came that we had discovered a new species of man, preferable human. I think that is great, it proves that we don't know everything, at least we try to think that. My Mother, a wise woman, knew of other species and we talked about the Neanderthals and others in detail. She would have been excited about this piece of information. In 2001 we talked about the remains of the giants that are still at the Smithsonian. We just have not gotten around to unpacking and displaying them. There were groups of people that thought they had revisited that subject, we did a whole show about that.

We saw the new moon TITAN, some of us thought that might be an explanation why the stars were apparently wrong about 2004-2008. We thought that maybe the Earth itself is not where it used to be and we need to adjust the heavens to the new calculations.

Several reports came in where friends had UFO sightings during the full moon eclipse, how exciting since they had never seen any before.

Mt. St Helen put on a show for us and it now appears that a Volcano in Greenland is competing with Helen, as we affectionately call her. We remember 1980, we resumed talking to the neighbors about Steam and Ash things that we had not thought about in a long while.

We have a new thing at the bank. Check 21, how convenient. We still pay when we make a deposit and when we make a withdrawal..... Interesting to say the least.

No-one says anything else about the Floridians and their dilemma after the hurricanes and floods. Having survived the Nisqually 6.8 earthquake and the aftermath, it took four years to recover, I can only imagine the hardships of the residents and the help they still need. We seem to get so wrapped up in the daily drama of our own existence. Without someone reminding us about what goes on in the world we just forget. A former First Lady said something to the effect that she did not want to cloud her beautiful mind with unpleasantness when asked about her opinion on the current affairs of the world.

That brings me to the Turkey. Autumn, shared blessings and harvest.

Turkey is often called the **Earth Eagle**. It is associated with spirituality and the honoring of Mother Earth. Turkey is linked to the idea of inner vision, the pituitary gland..... the third eye..... and the seat of the feminine energy in all of us. What an honor it was for the Natives of this land to share something so sacred. Every part of a turkey was used for something man needed, how far away from the original intent is a bowling-ball-turkey?

The time that was awarded for us to bring about change has passed. Do we want to spend another night in our virtual hotel room or pack up our unmentionables and continue our journey?

In the real world Jim McDermott got reelected, so did Patty Murray and Dennis Kucinich.

In Washington State the people voted to clean up Hanford Nuclear Plant.

They voted not to put slot machines into many establishments and with that allowed the Tribes to continue to support themselves and make a difference in many other areas.

Many people gathered in mind and spirit to bid Dr. John Mack and Betty Hill farewell and vowed to continue their work.

The movie: Forgotten captured dual time lines. What a great visual of ongoing occurrences.

Venus and Jupiter are kissing on my birthday.

Mr. Arafat might finally find the peace he was seeking.

A lot was said about moral issues. I am glad to hear that! That translates into respect and love for our fellow man regardless of persuasion. Food for the hungry, shelter for the homeless, healing of the sick and coexistence of ALL people of the planet Earth.

Love and Light
Lilian

December

For as long as I can remember December awakens the "Nesting Urge" in me. As a female that would explain new birth. Several of my male friends have described the same feeling. I can only wonder if I am identifying the feeling or behavior correctly. It is not unheard of for some species to in "UNISEX" fashion build nests, and care for the young together.

From November 22nd 8:02 PM till November 23rd 12:22 AM the earth beat accelerated by 44,000. We nicknamed it the Ramsey Junction. It created an unequal electrical saturated magnetic field according to the measurements taken. I remember experiencing similar Ramsey Junctions before so it is not surprising to be a little out of sorts, to say the least.

I just tell you about a few things that came my way that stick out in my mind. In the town I live schoolchildren are encouraged to not wear red or blue in school. For those of us that are naive it means that those colors could be easily associated or mistaken for gang association. One of my international reporters was visiting with me from Europe and we went for her 6 month shopping spree in the US. She did well this time because the dollar is so low against the EURO, she was able to buy a lot more than usual since her exchange rate had increased by much. We went to Fred Meyers. An older man approached us tugging on his shirt to get our attention. At first I thought he wanted to show us a name tag. I soon realized he was showing us the color of his shirt. Needless to say we were flying the same colors. When I realized what he was doing I stopped and talked to him. He was 82 and told us he felt like people need to identify themselves so they know who their neighbors are. A couple of days later I went to Costco to test that theory. I took my time choosing tapes I needed for an upcoming show. It did not take long before an older gentleman started a conversation with me. I asked him why he had picked me for a chat and he stated that he saw the color of my sweater. He was 76, born in Poland. He said he was so grateful that he had been liberated by the "Amies" he called them, that he decided to come to the US and help Amies to fight in the Korean War to say thank you... ..

We talked about how sad it was to be divided by "Colors." We talked about our pride of being Washingtonians since every vote counts, how glad we are that there are morals. We remembered that last year if we did not get a flu shot we were worried about dying and this year it is just a matter of washing your hands properly. We were in AWE how people are part of the same story and when we relate the story it is so different that one wonders if we are on the same planet. I asked him if he watched the TV Movie: 5 people you meet in heaven and chatted on about one never knows about the 5 people we meet in heaven.

He had seen the James Gilliland story about his UFO`s on Mt. Adam on the main news channel and recalled some stories of his own during his grateful times during the war. We talked about Hanford and how the Supreme Court said, the proposition to clean up Hanfordit was passed by the voters..... was illegal. We were saddened because there are actual people that know how to clean up our back yard. I told him about a viewer that send me a letter telling me she was 82 and uppity.

Old woman are punished for being poor and no longer profitable she said and added

Old age is not for sissies (Betty Davis). Courage should be as contagious as fear (Eleanor Roosevelt) and added that if the creator could transform an ugly brown-black water bug into a beautiful dragonfly-----the states symbol insect----- we can overcome anything. Flu shots and Hanford are of little consequence. She did not add the later, I did.

We saw Michael Moore wearing a neutral colored suit on Leno, checked the closet to see if we even owned something of a neutral color, naaaaaah, we like what we have on.

One of the Casinos sponsored a holiday bazaar, we were excited to see Apache and Navajo friends in our neck of the woods. A good visit and I recharged by batteries on a spiritual level.

Not much use to rekindle 2004. I am looking forward to moving on, what an exciting time to be alive. Never know what the next day brings. What I do know is that we have to laugh and have fun. That is the secret weapon to depression, even fear. Laughter, we need laughter. There is positive in everything we do. If the wind blows the house down we no longer have to clean it. A Ramsey Junction can certainly make one think. Man has all the answers, however a 44,000 spin can rock my world and remind me that Mother Earth and all her heavenly brothers have a handle on everything. I am wearing my seat belt.

I am trying to find a suitable name for my 8th grandchild and hope to finally present you with my upcoming book: Remembering your Future.

I am hoping to find a way to invent "SMELLAVISION" so I can present what I tell you sometimes even more real. So next December should be a blink away if we can all do our part in the Universal scheme of things.

In the mean time I am going to take a time out in Unisex fashion to finish building my nest. Spring is just around the corner.

I send you Love, Light and HUMOR.

Lilian

June 2005

For the first time since 1992 I actually have a little "down time." Easier said than done! The book: Remembering your Future, is done, the TV Station is down for two weeks due to conversion to a new system, my newest grandson made it into the world last week, the grass is almost cut and the house partially clean. What else could a person ask for other than maybe for the price of blueberries to remain the same. Two hours have passed, how enjoyable, now what am I going to do with myself?

I feel like a cross between an octopus and a Geoduck. An octopus with many arms and feelers, little suction cups that enable me to get a grip on things, fairly good size, clear vision so I can see what is going on around me!

The Geoduck part of me is strong, confident, knows it has shelter built right in as long as I don't stick my head out too long and step on it, that could get ugly!

I had some real challenges these past two weeks. Somehow I manage to get everything done. The book was completed, but at last check 32 pages had disappeared in cyberspace, I was in tears. Friends insisted I had no problem since I had a hard copy. I was frustrated because as I continued to explain All Hard-Copies were lost, I only had a printed version, "they" there was only "them" and me..... wanted to convince me I had no problem. Eventually I found out, accidentally, that a hard copy is not hard at all, in fact it is a limp piece of paper. I am looking for hard, only to find out I have limp, so I am grateful I got that straight and wonder what else there is that I am confused about.

Some of the visitors of the web site pointed out to me that the web site lacks the excitement it use to have. They want UFO landings and Crop Circles. Here is the problem: I can only tell you about UFO sightings when they occur, Crop Circle season has not arrived, I am not sure if any earthly creature can make them for us, so we have to wait, in the meantime there are the Links and Archives on the page that will take you to wonderful places.

Solar flares and earthquakes change every day, some of us have made a game out of trying to figure out where the next one will occur, just as you think you have it predicted there is one in Hotchkiss, Colorado almost on top of a 14,000-foot high mountain and another in Oklahoma, two of the most unlikely places on the planet. Instead of spending time at a Sports Bar we could actually take bets on earthquakes. That would be fun and properly illegal. SKIP THAT THOUGHT!

A Docudrama with 4 different endings could become another past time. The story is taken from the daily news and from various sources to keep us informed.

Ending #1: We turn off the news and refuse to acknowledge what is going on in the world.

Ending #2: We buy into the drama and stay upset and in fear.

Ending #3: We go to our all knowing, inside space that is in charge of our ability to transport us into a different space, an in-between space or wherever we go to soothe ourselves.

Ending # 4: We can attempt to combine all of the above since that is how the movie ends on the screen. In which case we are not responsible for the outcome, are ready, prepared and not surprised when our friends try to cheat and blur out the ending, even after we asked them not to.

I aired a show called Dachau. My niece went to the concentration camp to film it for us and we shared the what is now a memorial and museum. The storyline was not about the camp per se, it was about the cruelty of men, liberation and how easy history could repeat, that is what it does, repeat. It was about the fact that no one should be in a position to have to be liberated and no one is there to come to ones aid. Four month after the show aired, a woman called to share with me she had just watched Dr. Zhivago, an old movie. She stated that it was then she understood what I was trying to say. Sometimes we do not know how things unfold and what the outcome is.

While writing I rarely cooked, I grab what ever is available and closest to where I am standing. For 4 days that turned out to be a big bag of spinach I bought at Costco. About the 5th day I washed it, put it in the pot, added garlic, pepper and butter, just like always. Just as I was opening the door to the stove I heard this voice in my head say: " there is a snail in your spinach." I sat the pot back on the sink and examined the spinach..... there was the snail looking right at me.....

We have a new restaurant in town, it is an all-you-can-eat Chinese Buffet. Some of the friends were excited that we no longer have to drive into the neighboring town for a buffet.

Some friends said they did not like the food, they said it was different. Truth of the matter is the food in most all of our Chinese food restaurants have a Korean or Vietnamese flavor to it. When they first opened people were very judgmental toward citizens from those countries, so everything was called Chinese Food. Our restaurant IS, the food is Cantonese, only people forgot what that tastes like.

Imagine a string secured from one side of a room to the other. Imagine that is a timeline. Close your eyes and imagine to hear music. With music one can insert you to any place on the "String Time Line." Three notes is all it takes for me to transport you, your subconscious will recognize the song and before the lyrics start it is possible for you to find yourself in the setting in which you first heard the song, danced to it and remember the person/persons you were with when you did. If by the time you hear the 3 notes you move your feet and start dancing you will momentarily forget that you are much older, your feet hurt and, WOW, your thought of recognition; you were in what ever time frame the music transported you to.

It makes you think about the good old days when people were ethical.

When your word was your bond.

When not everything had to be in writing, including your love life and one would not threaten to sue you on Judge Judy or Joe Brown just because there was a little disagreement.

It makes you think about little towns in Montana where there are no traffic lights because everyone knows how to conduct themselves and the neighbors duke things out.

It reminds you when there was freedom of speech, freedom of the press and not any amount of money could change the fact that you either liked or disliked a person.

Threats or money could not change your principles to the point that you could be so maneuvered that your thoughts were not your own.

I wrote you a No-News letter in which I asked for help to once more, probabaly for the last time, make that long trip across country to visit and share thoughts with the people of rural America so I can report what you say and bring back story otherwise overlooked.

I have a newsflash: The world is NOT hunky-dory.

I can be a Geoduck with the shell with me, buried in the sand waiting for the fisherman to dig me up and make fun of me because of my appearance.

I can be the octopus, keep my eyes open and latch on when needed and let go when needed. Universe has functioned in a certain way billions of years. Ever so often things change on the planet earth on which I live at the moment. Natural changes occur, political changes occur. Native Americans talk about different worlds that are layered. Empires come and go, only to be replaced with another peoples only to start the circle again.

More than 300 guests appeared on my show over a 6-year period. They came independently of one another, from all walks of life, some scientific geniuses, some of the most spiritual people on the planet came, presidential candidates, mentally ill and yes, even ex-felons. Without them realizing it they all had a piece of the same puzzle. Whether we are 3-dimensional or spiritual, we are all facing the same eventuality. We are experiencing what it is like to be human. We can find balance and be informed at the same time.

In my opinion we can be assertive and strive for survival at the same time.

We can combine spirituality with science and everyday living.

That is why the website is the way it is. To keep us informed, good bad, or ugly. To provoke thought, help us find solutions and to trust. If Universe can make me aware that there is a snail in my spinach, I look and there it is, I have all the confidence in the world that everything is in the natural order of things. We have the choice to play out our docudrama the way we want; we can choose to eat Chinese or Mexican for that matter. We can turn hard copies into stone tablets and quit confusing people as the texture of the writings.

I am not sure if I like doing nothing.....

Love and Light

Lilian

[Puget Sound Shorelines: Species - Geoduck](#)

November News

Liar, Liar, Pants on Fire.....

I was extremely busy putting together the "End Of The Year" show. Have you ever been so focused on something that you cannot comprehend what goes on around you? Well, it was one of those situations.

I thought I heard a knock on the door, opened it. A young man in this early 20's smiled at me, I heard him ask: "Man or Lady?" I responded : "Lady."

He asks:" Do you do the cleaning?" I answer: " No, I don't clean."

He said, "You must be working hard then." I said: "No, I don't work."

He said: "I have cleaner for sale." I said: "My friend gives me cleaner for when I need it."

By now a few of my senses have returned, I asked him if he was local, he replied he was from St. Louis, MO and I mentioned I go to POKI, Illinois all of the time. He mumbles something about Inner-City-Kids, which my brain cannot compute, because I live in the country.

Eventually I realize what a weird conversation we carried on, how crazy I must have appeared to him.....he is gone... it is too late to call him back. All I know I answered his questions truthfully and in the manner that he asked.

In Washington State, a man is running for office, it appeared to be a popular idea until his opponent uncovered the man had slapped his mother in his early years. The man insists it is a terrible smear campaign and disgraceful. His own mother insists that besides slapping her, he also pushed her to the ground on occasions.

Front-page-news in Olympia, Washington was an article about the fights involving relatives displaced by hurricane Katrina. In short, the local woman, who took in many members of her family from Mississippi, became accused of using most of the funds donated for the purpose of caring for the hurricane victims. The local woman in turn accused the relatives of misbehaving and an array of other transgressions. The paper in turn told the whole, "He said, She said" story.

Washington, DC had their own set of problems, which I am not repeating because.....

As we look at each person's truth, I would wager that almost each of the people in my story, including myself, could pass a lie detector test, because it is the truth according to them. On the other hand the people assuming all said things would also pass a lie detector test, since it is their truth to identify a liar.

Some may say that my way of looking at this whole scenario is totally messed up, that is your truth. I think it is vital, in this day and age, to analyze almost everything. If we don't... we could easily assume what appears to be fog is really someone blowing smoke in the direction of our precious derrière.

I have a new toy. My grandson introduced me to Google Earth, the wonderful program that takes me, by satellite, to anyone's house I wish to visit. The Grand Canyon, even the local grocery store on the corner. For the first time I am having fun while using my computer. As I am flying across the planet earth it occurs to me that just ..maybe.. someone else would

wonder why am I flying across the world in search of the new and the old. Persons with a different truth might think I am actually looking for something..... such as a new truth I accidentally ran into while signing my new contract in order to air my show for another season. The law "politically obscene" which carries heavy consequences. It is buried within the Pornography laws..... No fish-net stockings or high-heel spikes for me while hosting the show!!!

Love and Light

Lilian

I Think That is How it Works

In 1999 I taped a show with my friend Monica Ryan Smith. Entitled CHAOS. We took a camera and hit the streets of the Tri-City Area where I live and asked people what their definition of chaos was. People at bus stations, beauty shops, hospitals and stores. We prepared a clip of the interviews and played it. Afterwards we discussed what people had described. We arrived at STRESS rather than CHAOS. Of course 9/11 had not taken place at that time so CHAOS could not be compared to what happened at ground Zero.

For the last 6 years we have provided those who are interested with the predictions for the following year. We reach a greater amount of people now. In the beginning it was only the viewers and the friends that had access to the shows by request. Now the predictions are on the web page and everyone can download them. Most everything predicted for 2004 came true even though we hoped changes could be made in time and prove us wrong. Some of us have a greater awareness these past few years. Even at that we don't quite know where topark.... our emotions, if you will.

I came across an interview with Lynn Buchanan, one of the original remote viewers for the government. Lynn is a wonderful human being, a great smile, good sense of humor, the kind of person you would welcome as a neighbor and proud to call a friend. If you listen to him talk in his gentle manner almost everything is OK again with the world..... It was an old interview but was it ever timely!

He was explaining the relationship between the subconscious and the conscious in a scientific way. The conscious and the subconscious do not speak the same language. The subconscious retains all memory. It knows your phone number from 30 years ago, where you left your car keys and has the answer to almost anything you want to know in reference to yourself. The problem comes in when the conscious mind asks a question and gets little or no answer since, as stated, it appears the two do not speak the same language. Conscious sends physical responses. In order to create an ideogram the subconscious is like martial arts. PRACTICE till it becomes natural for the two to be able to communicate. Thought he was reading my mind when I said out loud: "EXPLAIN!"

Here is the story: A man is the president (CONSCIOUS) of a company. One day the owner notifies him that he is bringing in a kid (SUBCONSCIOUS) to learn and run the company. President panics thinking the kid wants his job, even after he sees that the kid turns out to be his own son. The kid has great ideas and president decides to get to it next week since he wants to take credit for it. At the end of the week one of two things will happen. Kid fails because he was not allowed to do the job ----- kid succeeds and takes the job. Either way the president loses. Next scenario is president goes on vacation (altered state) but continues to check on kid to see what he is doing, that hinders kid from doing a great job. OR..... president is sent to the loading docks and kept so busy that he has neither time or desire to check what kid is doing and with that allows the kid to finish his learning experience and do a good job. End of story..... Or is it?

I thought how timeless and helpful. In my mind this explanation is twofold. And here is how I will apply it.....

2005 will be a crucial year. In the predictions it became apparent that even though mankind thinks we are in control and in a rather arrogant way we feel we have all the

answers.....technology and all..... we will be confronted with some indigenous issues. Mother Earth will be forced to protect herself and WILL. Looking at things from the modern western prospective might not be the way to reach the next level of life. Most cultures are aware that there is more to our existence than what is taught in school and only by retuning to the primal way of thinking can we fulfill our lives full potential.

STRESS and CHAOS are not even cousins. The Tsunami, the horrendous earthquakes and wars of 2004 were a taste of what CHAOS can look like.

I get many calls from people that are in fear. I ask them to define fear. Usually they are fearful of the unknown because the conscious mind saw something on TV or someone got caught up in the doomsday syndrome. The subconscious knows that we are part of the planet earth and are affected by everything with her. It also knows that we can affect her by not going with the natural order of her cycle. In the book The Gods of Eden the author notes that from a historical point of view a disaster of great magnitude was always preceded by an occurrence of "heavenly nature." On December 19th a meteor over Jakarta, Indonesia preceded what was one of the greatest earthquake and Tsunami in our lifetime. We need to send our Conscious Mind to the loading docks so we, as people, can do our job correctly. Live life as it was intended. Politics will not change the outcome, moving to a safe place..... if you find it please let us know..... will not change the outcome.

Personally I think I will try to live my life without fear and fulfill my purpose for having been born at this time.

I will stay informed.

I will show compassion.

I will rise to the occasion to help my fellow man.

I will appreciate my emotions for what they are, namely a compass for my emotional intelligence and energies.

I will not add to the CHAOS that has become our reality.

Many challenges are coming at us. They are part of our human experience and lessons. If we can remember that I think we will be able to look forward to the next day. Make choices that benefit all. Especially Mother Earth and us in the process. Let President work on the loading dock so the KID can do your job. This way we turn losing into a win..win..win..

LOVE AND LIGHT

Lilian

Brain washed

In my mind I know that every month has a certain amount of days. It has been such an active month and I found it surprising to have January drag out like it did. All the going on's with Mother Earth and of course the Terrans one would have assumed it had all went by in a flash. I suppose it was that very same thing that made me stop and think for a moment. People use the same phrases over and over till one hears them several times a day.

I was on my way out of the door when one of my neighbors asked where I was going so early in the day, way before noon. I told her I had a long day ahead, because I was doing some brainwashing today. She said she would be happy to come along since she had always be interested in "THAT" and she thought it would be fascinating to see someone at work that actually knew how to do that.

At first I thought she was kidding but realized she was not. I took the opportunity to see just how far I could take this and formulated a quick plan in my head as how to precede. My washer and dryer have been broken for some time and I have a laundry basket in the back-seat of my car..... for stuff..... Also the detergent is in the car so I won't have to drag it into the house. As far as she was concerned none of this was unusual, I am after all the person of high strangeness and no one asks me about too much, since I have my own way of doing things.

When we got to the laundry I asked her assistance in taking the laundry basket into the place next to an available washing-machine. I brought in the TIDE, Clorox and the fabric softener along with my little container that housed the quarters. Seven for wash and two for the dryer. I read the instructions on the machine, it said to put in the quarters, choose a setting for the temperature, open the little drawer and put the detergent and the bleach in the little compartment and push start. It also said as soon as the water level is right I am to add my garments. As soon as it stopped I opened the top and pretended to separate my brain into whites and coloreds. Needless to say it was at that time several people came to see what I was doing and I continued to explain that Thursday was my day for "brainwashing." Everyone there was either very polite or in total shock of what I was attempting to demonstrate. Eventually everyone laughed and I had managed to bring a little humor into their day. What resulted from it was as we patiently waited for my brain to go through the cycle..... I was not about to waste 7 perfectly good quarters..... we got into a very interesting discussion about to use or overuse of words.

Only 2 people present knew the meaning of the word BRAINWASH. It is according to the dictionary: to persuade, condition or program. It also means to intentionally, systematically, actively to alter the way the brain functions for thought. It made us examine some of the other newer words that we have been bombarded with over the past few months. It turned out that what we thought was said was not even close. It showed us the need to look up some words for ourselves and to assume nothing.

PIMPALICIOUS is one of my favorite new words, even though it nearly got my grandson kicked off the school bus. I adopted it when I saw his face light up as he was opening a Christmas PRESENT and in a very excited voice shouted: PIMPILICIOUS. It now represents joy and excitement to me.

Another one I like is DEFRAG. I find it wonderful to be able to say to someone: "please go and DEFRAG yourself."

As the world changes on a daily basis, not only in frequency and natural changes but also from a human perspective we have to really learn to maneuver quick and put our mind in a positive space. 2005 is going to be a trying year. Think January was long..... we are in for a rough and long ride. Metaphorically the cars that take us to places in comfort need to be traded for a jeep if we want to keep up with the "holey" traffic.

We are so bombarded with noises, chemicals and don't forget opinions, there is really nowhere to hide. We need to stay focused on why we are on this planet at this time. To help Mother Earth to survive and to hold the world together by loving everyone. Please note I said love, not like. I, for one don't think I have to like everyone or what they do, I am required to love them. If we can work on uniting as a human species we will have a chance.

I find it fascinating to go to the earthquake sites ...www.earthquakes.usgs.gov... and see how each and every day there are clusters of quakes all around the world. New mountains are starting to form and rivers find new paths to get to the oceans. Unfortunately we forget that as humans we are part of the great evolution of this planet. The animals already have that awareness.

We can turn on the TV or go online and watch reports per web cam and witness some great things that are happening in the world. Some of us are tired of TV and all the "bad news and lies." TV is a great tool and there are responsible programs that enrich or lives with knowledge and humor. It is up to us to choose what it is we want for ourselves.

The word DEMOCRACY is a great word, it means we have choices and our voice will be heard. Sometimes though it would appear it also gives us the right to be judgmental and we have the right to cramp our opinions down someone else's throat.

Well-being seems to be an everyday issue. Many of us feel we are ill all of the time. Please keep in mind we just went through major trauma with the weather and the shifting of the earth. I think we all have trouble to keep our footing, we are exhausted, unable to sleep, incapable of thinking clearly and moody. Just as we have climate when we go on a trip and overcome jet lag we can overcome this time of discomfort. Many chemicals are in the air at present, we can also request to be notified by NASA...www.spaceweather.com... to be on the mailing list that gives daily updates of space weather and planetary disturbances. Some find it helpful to have an explanation as to what affects our mind and body as we are trying to cope. Much as with the definition of words once we understand the reason or meaning of what has taken place at the moment we will be able to cope much better, one day at a time.

On our way home from the laundry we stopped at the drug store to pick up a prescription. I am at the point where I am willing to ask for help with my sleep deprivation. I check the label on the bottle. It advises at follows: If you experience dizziness, imbalance or seizures please notify your physician immediately. Back to the word game..... these are sleeping pills. If they do what they are supposed to..... how will I know? I am asleep!

February has 28 days, it will be interesting to see what great things we can accomplish in that short of a time. If everything else fails, take a time out and wash your brain.

Love and Light

Lilian

Advance Technology

It is a sad day when toilet paper rolls are so glued together that it takes a rocket scientist to unravel without tearing it into layers and layers of the actual paper and for some time the consequence is noticeable. I remember when paper towels in the restrooms were replaced with more sanitary AIRBLOWERS. It took a while to get used to the concept, because paper towels were used for so much more than hands. Blowing noses, wiping mouth, touching up lipstick flaws, at least for the ladies, and oh yeah lets not forget the laughs they generate at a formal gathering when they were stuck to your high heel slippers. Far be it from suggesting to replace toilet paper with AIRBLOWERS, BUT I am open for suggestions!

The CD case of the music collection I ordered through the mail is cracked and I have to call the grand kids to open the dual cases. No matter how I try I am just not able to figure out how the manufacturer thought anyone could open this without any trouble.

I remember the childproof cigarette lighters! I switched to matches unless I had a child present to tell me how the lighter works.

The new law went into affect where we can no longer carry lighters or matches on an airplane. We still have the right to smoke occasionally, however it becomes apparent that the possibility of that freedom is dwindling by the minute. I can't imagine the stress, created by the idea alone of not being able to light up in-between flights in places that are designated. creates. We have many international visitors to our country. They are fingerprinted, eye scanned and mostly don't mind that. Many people from other countries smoke, what a welcome for them! Just give us all a child proof lighter, psychologically that will help a bunch. Not that we can use it, at least we know we have one, if we could figure out how it works.

We have many things in place and available to us that actually work. In the meantime we are confronted with daily bombardment of new bad news that we are so willing to take suggestions for things that seem to be in our own best interest but are not.

In most cases one can take a negative and turn it into a positive. Somehow we have managed to turn things into money rather than making the transformation from negative to positive. Everything that is unusual, non conventional "exotic" or unexplainable becomes valuable to those that are intrigued by things that are different. Not a one thing determines what that entails and for whom, it therefore is logical that individuals can make the distinction as to what it is they want to incorporate into their reality.

Most people have a fear of the unknown. Whether spiritually or physically, if it is not familiar it becomes evil. Bear with me here, please. It is all in the word.

EVIL according to Webster means injurious or mischievous; not good. Bad morally; wicked; vicious.

We have put EVIL labels on many of the wrong things. It relieves us from the responsibility to sort out fact from fiction. Taking someone's word for something and making it a habit is so much easier. If we become desensitized we are apt to comprehend the consequence of our thinking. When something is unknown to me I make an effort to befriend it, communicate with it and sometimes I actually learn something from or about it, at which time I no longer have the need to fear it.

About the CD's that came in the mail..... I recently thought about and tested the fact that certain music can transport me into different time zones for lack of a better word. The 144 songs stretch over a 30 year period. I can re-experience the emotions and moods of the times to which they transport me. A lost love, a harsh winter, a pleasant rainstorm or an outstanding event that is associated with that song. It helps me to recall and tests my memory. That is not to say all memories are happy, in fact some of them can provoke old emotions, sadness and pain. It also lets me reexamine what could have been done to change the things that were unpleasant. It does by no means mean I am rekindling the past, just taking a look at it. I enjoy the pleasant memories, smile at myself and some of them because I actually recall the car I drove, the suit I wore and the smell of the perfume I wore. The song changes and I am in a totally different setting.

We have reached a critical time in our evolution. We need to create stress relievers in form of more memories of iceberg-like proportions. Much like an iceberg when it is visible it is beautiful to the eye, we can be easily deceived as to the dangers of the part that is not visible and lurks in the deep waters. That is where the danger lies.

We do not allow ourselves to stop long enough to sort out what is indeed the truth and what only appears to be the truth. It would take time and effort to do so.

Going backwards to look at our potential as a people can be eye-opening as we, I hope, reexamine our place in the order of things on our planet and with that avoid the re-run of CRAPP.

When things like the paper towels in the latrine become obsolete, it's time to reevaluate what it is we are really dealing with. Granted, things ain't what they use to be, except it makes little sense to fix or replace something that is not broken. In case that brings to mind the possibility of AIRBLOWERS rather than toilet paper, relax..... not right now, maybe later.

Love and Light
Lilian

Newsletter April 2005

We are used to the expression buy one get one free. I am not really sure when that started, I do know, it has been around for as long as I can remember. Some of us live for the Wednesday mail delivery so we can browse through the stack of offers for the upcoming week and make our list of "goodies" we are sure to pick up somewhere during the time the offer is in place. It might have appeared that at one time that was a womanly thing to do, except our world has changed and many men have taken over, or to quote it politically correct, are sharing in the tasks of our daily life.

Some would like us to believe that our daily activities are "user friendly." So how friendly is life these days?

If we think some things are OPPOSITE, by definition set against, entirely different and opposed, we need to examine some other issues first. If we think we are in OPPOSITION, by definition in contrast, hostile and resistant we again must examine some other issues.

The term PARADOX represents, in part, a statement that seems contradictory but may be true in fact. Point in time the last week in March.

Depending where you live or whom you ask, winter is over, cherry blossoms have come and gone. Groundhog saw his shadow a while back and Easter bunny is freezing his derriere off. I plant plastic flowers to avoid allergic reactions from insects, so when I arrived at the hospital 5 minutes from going into shock, the doctor asks me why I plant plastic flowers and I inform him because I am allergic to bees it seems to be a natural response for him to laugh because I got stung by a bee sitting in a plastic flower.

After seven years a body is found that turns out to be a young girl that disappeared. I worked on that case. The picture in the paper still listed her as having blue eyes and mentally disturbed even after many go-arounds with the mother that finally admitted that her eyes were brown, the contacts she was wearing were blue, and she had never been diagnosed as mentally ill. Had the truth been told and the suggestions as to her whereabouts followed she would not have been murdered. There is a difference between a magician and a psychic.

The cost of gas is \$2.13, with discount coupon \$2.19

My anti-lock breaks do neither lock nor stop as I am sliding through a red-light. The man approaching in the car from the right rolls down the window and shouts: "What the bleep do we know?"

Health coverage was canceled in many places for mental illness and counseling. There is a bill on the table in Washington, DC to make political paranoia a mental illness that will be covered by insurance so we can seek help and get a pill to make ourselves feel better.

A young Native American child goes on a rampage and kills many people. What was it that troubled his soul like this? No condolences from any higher ups.

A woman that has been dead by definition for many years is reason to have Congress come in for a late night session and cut the Presidents activities short so they can save her life.

After the crisis of 9/11 the government became a "shadow." What planet am I on?

No E-mail at all from NASA for 3 weeks, highly unusual because we are all interested in what goes on in the world around us. Finally, a notification! The article reads: "Was Einstein a Space Alien?"

What we do know is that the Tsunami caused the earth to tilt a little, that is what we call it in laymen's terms. We know it changed the natural time by as much as a couple of hours in places because we have noticed some of our sleeping habits have been changed by about that much.

A great movie aired and is out on Video, it is called "**The Core**." Science fiction? Again it depends where you live and whom you ask.

Is it possible that devices are being used to correct the orbit of the earth and some of us react to the frequencies of the noise level that is not detectable by most. It could certainly send a young boy into a rage where he could commit murder.

Whales and dolphins are beaching themselves because of the supersonic noises. If they were armed they also may go on a rampage.

Sensitives have many tool available to them, like with any trade we have to know which tool is appropriate for what job or we could easily smash our fingers. We can attempt to be skillful or we can improvise and hit the nail with a rock and accomplish the same thing.

Howard the Duck is another movie that is worth revisiting. It is about a dual world and I for one suffer from the Howard the Duck syndrome. Science fiction? I do know it is one of the great sleepers of all times. We are running dual and parallel time-lines. Some of us are aware of it and others are not, either way we struggle just to make it through a day.

What the bleep do we know is a documentary that was released on video. It deals with the function of the brain, funny and informative. Again it depends on which planet we reside for it all to make sense.

We need to thank the soul of the woman that is teaching us the paradox of the time by having been willing to bring to the forefront that we are indeed strange creatures, confused to say the least, so we can re-examine life and death.

The objectors will return home, leaving the parents to come to terms with the bizarre behavior of mankind. We need to thank them, the family, also for having had the strength to follow through with this impossible task.

Thousands have died on the battlefield, it is time for a late night hearing to make a decision on that.

Crime and corruption everywhere, some of the musicians are being blamed and expected to take the full brunt of the blame for some of it. Activists and reporters are being attacked for telling the truth. Right about then the NAACP has their yearly award ceremony and reminds us of what we can accomplish with combined effort and how we can honor those that came before us to put the world together again.

Great, it is Wednesday, here comes the mail. Two for one coupons. Planet Earth, buy one get one free! I will chip in to buy one and share it. That leaves one free one up for grabs. Does anyone know if we are capable to manage that one better than this one?

Love and Light Lilian

Newsletter May 2005

When people tell me they don't care about anything or anyone, I usually respond with: "that's good, neither do I." My head says something totally different, more like: "are you crazy? Have you ever sat in a traffic Jam?" I think it is much easier for us to agree with people than to fall into the trap of trying to tell them what we really think or what we know for that matter. What I should have said is: "if one person and one person only, takes their eyes off the road for one-second, swerves in their car, it disrupts the flow of traffic a mile away. A chain reaction; that just shows us how we are all connected in some way, willingly or unknowingly.

In order to relax a little I decided to watch an old movie "Sugar Hill" with Wesley Snipes. The story evolved around a time period when the streets of Harlem were flooded with heroin by the Mafia. It was easy to imagine what a frightening, dangerous time period that must have been. I don't think any one effected was able to change anything, people just got used to it and the problem continued to spread, even to the suburbs and so on. Mothers warned their children and prayed that the problem would just disappear, even in cases where they themselves had fallen victim to the demons of drug addiction.

Not too much has changed, drugs have made way to much larger problems. Corruption, human rights violations, genetic war and killing in the streets of our own country. Mother Nature has reared her head with changes, much destruction all over our blue globe. Much of it is manmade. Activists and town cryers, doomsday preachers and scientists have all been trying to tell us we have to change our course of action.

When in fear we as humans are easily controlled and contained. The things that we should fear are discredited and belittled.

Seeking true information is tiresome, bothersome and unfashionable for some, so others use that scenario to hype and very successfully cloak the truth.

Just living is a challenge for most of us, trying to make ends meet. There is hardly any energy for anything else left. Because of that valid concerns are dismissed as crazy and untruth are fed to us on a daily basis.

A new labeling law went into effect to keep us informed as to the place of origin as to what we put in our bodies. Imagine, if you will for a moment, if everyday occurrences would have to be labeled, it would read something like this:

- War = greed, politics.
- Hunger = greed, politics.
- Genocide = greed, politics.
- Crime = greed.
- Unrest amongst religions = politics.
- Destruction of the environment = greed, politics.
- Decease = greed, politics.
- Deception = politics.
- Conspiracy theories = greed, politics.
- Dissolution = greed, politics.
- Fear = greed, politics.

- Death = natural order of life, hurried by greed, politics.

How does one decide what to buy, where to buy it or even to accept hand outs?

No matter how many town cryers, prophets or news flashes we encounter one thing is for sure. We CAN change ourselves, the way we treat one another, treat Mother Earth with respect. We can go into fear if we so choose without any outside help or take the position of "let them sleep." A woman once told me that when living in an area of nuclear activity she heard the sirens one night. She started to grab her children and flee to..... where?..... Changed her mind, got in bed with her children and decided to let them sleep.....

Now for the real news as reported by ABC

1. *Table Mate* really works, has a lifetime warranty and is an 18 in 1 table. They said so on prime-time news, so it must be true.
2. It is vital this year to follow all the rules of the new fashion for ones Prom.
3. Dresses can reach anywhere from maxi to mini, the young men can wear anything from a tux to a jacket over jeans and snazzy multicolored tennis shoes.
4. Make sure you consult a dermatologist to make an appointment go get a cortisone shot to either prevent or heal your zits, cut your hair and get a manicure, put extensions in your hair two days in advance because your picture has to be perfect since you have to look at it for the rest of your life..... not for the yearbook, that has already went to print....
5. Make sure the limo is on standby, preferably a hummer, since you can get a waiter with that.
6. Make sure you reserve space for a jacuzzi it would be disastrous to find out you cannot take a jacuzzi since you forgot to put that on your list.

Love and Light
Lilian

November Newsletter

For several years some of us found ourselves in a quandary, one day it was summer, next day it was winter. Not so this year, we were surprised to actually go into autumn. The first fall storm had swept through the Pacific Northwest. I marveled at the fact that some of the leaves, deep red, golden, yellow, brown and even green were hanging on for dear life, refusing to leave the branches as to prolong life just another day or so. Ever so often a wind gustlike someone directed it with a giant whip.... would stop a bird in mid-flight. Flying at a total standstill not able to gain on distance, almost representing the month of October which seemed to be endless.

We had "Washington Rain" all but a constant drizzle.

We had "Sideways Rain" rain blown by the winds.

We had "Lumpy Rain" rain and snow-mix.

As I sat in my car abiding my time before a Dr.'s appointment, trying to formulate a line of conversation about my complaints I intended to present to the good Doctor, I noticed a man in his 60's I assume, sitting in the car next to me. He was just laughing away. He was still laughing after he got out and locked the car, I asked him what was sooo funny. He gave me a long stare, turned away and started to laugh again, as he walked towards the clinic. About 20 minutes passed, he returned to his car, knocked on my window and said:" In answer to your question. The world is such a f..... up place, I listen to Comedy Central and disassociate myself from the whole sh.. and caboodle, it works for me". He slammed the door as he got back into his car and started laughing again.

In August I was given a cocktail of antibiotics, CIPRO and FLAGYL. The intent was to cure a very bad infection I had contracted. The medicine made me deadly ill, I complained, not only to the Physician on record, but also to the Emergency Room Physician on duty, telling them I was allergic to the Flagyl. They were of the opinion I should continue with the pills until they were gone, it was a 10 day regiment. Not wanting to die from the infection I did just that. I WAS allergic to Flagyl, some of the ingredients attacked the nerves in my legs, I am still unable to walk properly and am in pain 24/7. The remedy for the leg pain is as dangerous as what got me to this point in the first place, all I can do is try to adjust to the tremendous amount of pain. The fact that I have such a high tolerance in pain level and I can function with an 8..... counting from 1-10..... does not stop me from being awoken from a deep sleep crying from hurting, even in my dreams. PLEASE research your medicine, change Doctors if they are not willing to listen to you, do anything you can to avoid what happened to me. I was too sick to fight. Now I am trying to deal with the dilemma I find myself in.

October 10th I had to report to Homeland Security. This agency is also home to Immigration and Naturalization. It was time for a new Permanent Alien Resident Card.

Almost unable to walk, I took a friend with me in order to assist me with the trip into Seattle, about 67 miles away. After checking in we were requested to show our hands. I ask what the purpose was and was told by the Lady examining our hands that she wanted to see if we had blood on our hands. We did not, needless to say we asked nothing else of no-one as we sat waiting for an hour for me to be fingerprinted etc. We marveled at the about 150 people processed about every hour. They had come from the 4 corners of the world, what a sight to see. We all just sat there wondering what had brought us to the USA, young and old alike.

Like a beautiful flower bouquet, a vast variety of people. I closed my eyes and listened to the quiet, one could hear a number called, other than for this distraction one could hear each others thoughts. If only all people of the planet Earth could gather this peacefully, it gave me hope. After all we were at Homeland Security you might say!

A couple nights later I found myself in a similar setting. This time at one of the Indian Casinos. A boxing match was winding up and many people from all walks of life gathered to hear the band, Society's Child. People of all races talked and danced together, again it felt there was hope!

The word for November is INCOMPREHENSIBLE. According to Webster it means: exclude, misinterpret, mistake, ignorance, misconception, misunderstand.

According to Follett by Paul Glucksman: not wrapped tightly, short sighted, unable to bundle, unable to come to grips.

The Predictions for 2007 have aired, they were recorded in September 2006. There is a good chance they will be posted on the website shortly.

It was interesting to note how accurate we were, again, for 2006. It is always my hope things will be recognized, adjusted and/or changed. Unfortunately this does not happen. Somehow people feel the accuracy of what a Psychic tells a person is more important than changing anything one does not wish to experience, making proper adjustments, so some events never take place. Much like the 5 AM news gives you weather and traffic reports every 10 minutes, so you can safely maneuver around the madness of the morning rush hour, the prediction shows are intended for the same purpose. PLEASE contemplate what you see/hear and make us WRONG. Only by understanding what is ahead in the next year can we make changes. Be aware of your surroundings, stay educated as to current affairs.

VOTE, even if it appears not to make a difference. Universe recognizes INTENT, if we intend to make the world or Planet Earth a better place for the moment, do your part and INTEND it.

The Human Of The Year Award was given to Monica Michelle Moore, mother of 8. Her Children range from 22 to 1/2 years old. She was chosen to represent all mothers of the planet by way of educating the children by means of respect, non-judgment, tolerance and pride of being a member of the Human Family. Mothers can make the difference to this beautiful place we have been given, nurture and preserve the planet we call home.

A few miles from here is a mounded prairie. The Mima Mounds. For 5 years a group of us have monitored a rift in the Earth I located. I was told it is where the Pacific Plate touches the American Plate. The maps available from USGS are somewhat inconclusive in this regard. I have taken several scientists to the spot, we arrived at the conclusion that there is logic to my thinking. Imagine, if you will, you sliding the nail of your left middle finger under the nail of your right middle finger. Imagine your left wrist is the Pacific Ocean. The October Earthquakes in the Ring of Fire could have affected that area. The Quake in Hawaii was said to have been a fractal bend due to weight. Imagine a teeter-totter, lower the wrist since it is now heavier. It will result in your left nail to slide from under your right nail. It is therefore logical to assume this would explain how the crack grew from 2.5 inches on 10.11 to 2 feet long and 18 inches wide by 10.25. One of the scientists I talked to also suggested the presence of a paramagnetic spot within a few feet of the rift. This is being looked at.

This time period has many theories and beliefs. Some believe Armageddon is right around the corner, some believe a Rapture is about to happen, others know we are in the middle of the Earth-Changes. Either way we live on the planet Earth which had many changes since her birth. It is an ongoing part of evolution. People pray for the changes regardless of their belief systems. I find it INCOMPREHENSIBLE to think one would acknowledge the above, yet, at the same time ignore the fact either way we, as occupants, are or will be affected.

The book: [And the Moral of the Story is... one person at a time](http://www.highstrangeness.tv) (available for free download at www.highstrangeness.tv) tells my life story.

A week ago I was contacted by a woman which claimed she knew me as a small child. SHE DID. I call her my "MEMORY KEEPER," she told me I had confided in her as a child. She NEVER divulged any of which I told her and kept my secrets for 50+ years. Imagine my surprise to have the honor, unknown to me all this time, to have such a person in my life. I was unaware such a loyal friend could even exist in this day and age. We reminisced for hours, she remembered all of the things I had forgotten. It was for that reason I took a look at the word INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

We recalled our childhood, what it was like to grow up under Occupation. Parts of our world still in ruins. The built-in caution button we instinctively developed, just playing in a field or a stroll on the outskirts of the forest could result in injury or death since there were many leftovers in form of explosives 10 years after W.W.II. Lack of proper nourishment and malnutrition are noticeable even now that we are 60.

It is INCOMPREHENSIBLE that nothing has changed, in fact things are more intensified, weapons are deadlier and have more long range effects. There are no Liberators to look forward to, which was the case in the 1940s.

It is INCOMPREHENSIBLE to think we are divided by walls, fences, groups, religions and tribes given the fact that the largest divisions are economically. More of us now find ourselves on the left side of the tracks rather than the right. The train is parked at the station; no schedule as to when it will leave for the next destination, which again is INCOMPREHENSIBLE if only we, as people, would take the time to think rather than act. We have become the left wrist slowly forcing the left fingernail to pop from under the right one. We have lost balance on so many fronts in our life it seems INCOMPREHENSIBLE to worry about someone else's skin or hair color.

My family is much like the people at Homeland Security that day. Since "Liberation" after W.W.II we consist of Native American, Afro American, German, Gypsy, Swedish, Vietnamese, Yoruba/Cuban, North African, Creole, Caucasian American from Iowa, Guatemalan and Haitian. We represent the people of the planet Earth and have come together in our Universe... UNI as in one....Verse as in....all on the same page as we sing the song of life. I don't think we planned it like that, it just happened because it CAN.

My definition of INCOMPREHENSIBLE is somewhat different from quoted in the dictionary. It is more like unable to imagine. I like that better than remaining in bliss of ignorance which would actually present a way out!

Love and Light
Lilian

April Newsletter

On Thursday I went dancing. A group I like: "Society's Child" stopped at one of the local casinos and had us jamming to disco. As often happens, tables were pulled together and soon besides the friends and relatives of the band we were joined by what we called in the olden days: GROUPIES. It was great to forget about the troubles of the world for a brief moment, actually 4 hours and live in the NOW. So what if it was the 70's and 80's! In-between dances and yelling at each other to override the volume of the music, we had a great conversation going in no time.

We talked about the BUTT PATROL, of course. The fact that schools are closing down and teachers are without work, the pressure our poor kids are under to pass the tests required to graduate..... or was it to get reimbursement from the government for attendance... like I said it was disco and loud. Some Non-smokers have risen to the occasion to be really mad about the whole thing, now that they realize many tax dollars are lost by us not buying cigarettes in the usual places. Rather than admitting they fell into the trap of allowing themselves to be guided to show outright hatred toward the smokers than to realize they did not read both sides of the smoking ban issue..... even some smokers neglected that part of it, I was told... a rumor is now circulating that it was the Natives which started the whole thing! Most of us smokers and some NON-SMOKERS have united with the Natives and support their establishments 100% of the time since we are able to exercise freedom of choice and appreciate the opportunity to have a voice after all.

Toward the end of the evening the fans of the band were represented by several nationalities, again it was noisy but so much fun. A few words got construed, so during break times we would tackle one or two. One of the words presented was STUPID.

STUPID according to Webster is defined as follows: Lacking normal intelligence, foolish, Stupid in idea, dull and boring.
Lets see now....

Moving almost all submarines to the same location is lacking normal intelligence!

Trying to arrest and jail/deport ALL illegal aliens is impractical. A person should immigrate legally, pay taxes and have a say in the affairs of our country. However, to think that our countryman/woman would be willing to work for slave-labor in order to keep our country functioning and so much as even attempt to compromise with employers for respect and unreasonable demand like that, is unlikely. To assume anything even close to that would result in business as usual, now that is foolish!

To think it was sooo surprising that [Luna](#), our [local whale](#), would escape injury or death indefinitely by leaving her in a surrounding which threatened her every being on a daily basis, now that was STUPID in idea!

To try and sell the same non-existing Deep Space Nine Series for less than \$300 and not think you would get caught, now that was STUPID in idea!
In the mean time I was gifted season 1 & 2. 3 - 9 will fall out of the sky any day now!

I aired a show which contained historical data. It was violent and alarming. I was required to fill out a paper notifying the viewers that this show contained graphic material. When I turned it in I was told the paper was unnecessary since this was no longer graphic and we see dead bodies on TV every day. To turn on the tube and see people die from hunger and get killed in war has, to some, become dull and boring!

Amongst the people which had joined us was a young man. He had NO arms and NO legs below the torso. He was wonderful, so skillful in the way he maneuvered his wheelchair some kind of way, when he danced with each and every one of us. One could see that he was not born like this and only assume that he had lost his limbs in the war. Such a beautiful, precious human being reminding us of the spirit of the human potential!

It was so enjoyable to linger in the 70's and 80's for a while.... the time when we had all of the answers and to the best of our knowledge had at least began to make the world a better place. A song from 2005, we are back in the present.

To me STUPID means: to willfully choose not to reason.

When we incarcerate people, regardless of how they got there and refuse after care after major surgery in order to run the risk for them to bleed to death, that is willfully choosing not to reason!

What a night! Only 7 days till Thursday so we can do it again! My throat is sore from having raised my voice. I search my purse for a Tic Tac. I find it about the time my friend wants to know if I have a headache. HEAVENS NO! Stupidity is painful, I could holler 24 hours a day! I am in the NOW, we have not learned a thing and I am looking for my "STUPID PILL!"

Love and light

Lilian

PS. For details on the prisoner in this horrible predicament please contact me.

May Newsletter

Due to the unpredictable, or should I say, rather predictable time period we find ourselves in, the 2006 Road Trip is behind us. A gentle rain fell on the tin roof of my home, I was able to enjoy the quiet for a moment. As I opened the front door a rabbit came closer. I thought it might be Mr. Rabbit from last year, but then it could have been his grandson. Time flies and either way it was so soothing to have a chat with a creature which was calming and appreciative.

"How are you Mr. Rabbit?"

"Just fine, now that Easter is gone and things are getting back to normal. Never did know what I had to do with a resurrection, oh well, all I have to concentrate on now is the neighborhood cat, which insists I should be dinner. Thanks for asking. Why do you look so serious, is the cat eyeballing you too?"

"No, Mr. Rabbit I am grateful to be home and get away from the hectic of what have become human life."

"For crying out loud, I am a rabbit! Don't use big words, say what you mean and get to the point!"

HECTIC according to Webster means: agitated, excited, feverish, flustered, nervous, restless and/or unsettled.

Tina, the young woman, which came along to help me film, was able to capture all of the above on film. She comes from a HECTIC background, so she was able to determine what was calm, peaceful and breathtaking to a person forced to live in every day society. In part, we traveled 1,400 miles in California, an eye-opening experience in many ways. I liked the fact that blending in with Hispanics and Latinos earned me much respect as an older person. I will miss that part of reality. More paranormal things happened on this short, 12 day trip, than on all of the previous ones. I think it was to show Tina how life can be, once one realizes we do not have to feed into the frenzies.

We talked to people across the 4 states we traveled. Washington, Oregon, Nevada and California. Across the ages, from 15-90 everyone agreed that things will have to change in order for us to survive. Foster children have been tuned out due to the fact foster parents get little or no compensation. Children looking for work, willing to stay with anyone who offers help. A dangerous position to be in.

Garbage littering small towns because of little or no services. People not "BENDABLE" in any capacity thinking they are superior to the rest of the world. Big fancy houses on the hill sides at a respectful distance from the shacks and falling down barns. Livestock struggling to keep their hooves on the ground, so much of the West is flooded, including the desert, along with the edge of Death Valley. Chemtrails in every part of that area, patterns never seen by any of us. Snow storms, mudslides, rock-slides, in fact in 1 day we experienced all 4 seasons.

"What are you telling all of this to me? I am after all a rabbit?"

"I know! People of the back roads are aware of things, they have a grapevine of their own. Some places had no access to television even. The only phones that had reception were Verizon. T-Mobile fell a little short on reception. Even at that, people were informed some kind of way. I would assume you have a rabbit grapevine and can pass some of this on to others."

"Not so bossy, say please and I will think on it."

After April's newsletter I got an E-mail from Australia. A gentleman commented on the word game and the English language in the US and some of the other English speaking countries. He mentioned the word: PLEASE. It is to plead with/or for someone. Tina and I took a good look at that and determined when we have to plead with someone it puts us in a vulnerable situation, renders us powerless, aside from interfering with self-worth and self-esteem. We will not stop using the word, as it represents respect and courtesy in society, instead we will notify our subconscious that we do not mean it in a literal way as to not to confuse our emotions connected to the use of the word constantly throughout the day. "HUMANS!"

We found solitude at a "Living Ghost Town" along HWY 395. Stopped for a moment in silence at the site of the Earthquake victims of 1848, along the same HWY. Stopped at the Federal Correctional Facility in Victorville, CA to check on Omar. He is better at this time. Sad we] had to resort to pressure by Senator Barbara Boxer to obtain medical attention, when in fact when we put people in a cage we should have the wisdom to seek medical care. PLEASE.....

Patriotic as I am, I have always owned American made cars. I drove 2,305 miles in a Toyota at 45 miles a gallon and must tell you dollars which are no longer green spend just as fast as the multicolored money we now have. I mentioned I felt like a traitor using multicolored dollars, green money was an American constitution and was told these were the signs of the times. I was exhausted when I got home, drove to Budget Rental Car...as I usually do after my return.... to return the car only to realized I did not have to return the Toyota. IT WAS MINE!

Before I left a woman came to visit and bring me some travel money. She mentioned she had seen on TV that if you give away money it will come back to you 58 fold, I believe she said. She wondered why I did not live in a mansion, instead of a mobile home, possessing all the talents I claim. I explained to her that if I concentrated on money I would be unable to do my work in a way I am guided to. I cannot function in the HECTIC of every day society. I am home safe, standing in the door way of my meager home. It if fine after all of the things I saw across the land and I am, at best, concerned about some of the upcoming bills as a result of the gas prices.

"Don't look at me for help you crazy woman, I am after all a rabbit and busy worried about the neighborhood cat!" Mr. Rabbit turns his head and hops away, belly heavy loaded with child, turns out he is a she.

Love and Light

Lilian

My friend Rusty Smith from Texarkana, TX is in a coma. He was attacked with a hammer in a robbery several month ago. We pray for him for what ever is best for his Higher Self and send him Love. Thank you Kathryn Grandfield and Trepus for your help.

Trader Joe's

Summer is trying to hang on in the Great Northwest. The leaves are turning into the most beautiful array of colors and ever so often a wind has started to blow, ever so softly, a couple of leaves fall off the trees. Autumn used to make me sad, it reminded me of dying. I heard a father telling his 2-year old son that summer was going to sleep to make room for new flowers for the spring. The friends in the Southern Hemisphere are beginning spring and I have finally accepted that the only constant in the Universe is CHANGE. Autumn is also a time for reflection and as I had finished the task of recapping 12 years of my TV Show, I decided to go for a drive and revisit some of the local sponsors that I had over the years. Most of them were no longer in business with strangers greeting me at the door.

THE GOOD GUYS were one of my major and longest benefactors, the doors long closed. A new store had opened in their place. A unique neighborhood grocery store: TRADER JOE'S.

<http://www.traderjoes.com/static/index.html>

There were pictures on the, now multi-colored wall, small set ups for vendor booths. It smelled like fresh brewed coffee and addressed every sense in your body. Smells, color, happy voices, aisles and aisles of "STUFF". Even the cat food smelled good. Almost everything was organic, for a moment I wondered about this new "world" I had stepped into.

According to Webster the word INSIGHT means: mental vision or discernment and perception.

According to Follette by Glucksman INSIGHT means: to look into, understanding and to use your senses.

The music was playing just at the right volume at TRADER JOE'S.

3 women were congregated next to the Bananas...19 cents a piece. They spoke and commented on the fair prize of the organic fruit. I told them that I eat anything, organic or not, since I am sure almost everything is imperfect due to the contamination of almost all food supplies. They looked at me a little puzzled and I explained that when we showed the documentary BAD SEED... the truth about our food:

<http://vids.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=vids.individual&VideoID=53930958>

at the film festivals, there was always a question and answer period after the viewing. There was always at least one Farmer there to explain that regardless how organic your soil is, the seeds arefor the most part... cross contaminated. The younger woman of the 3 said she had seen on the news that China was now using CHICKEN MANURE to make electricity. We thought that was commendable...smelly maybe ... but commendable. One more use to raise and kill chickens... how sad. The older woman thought it was a wise decision to go smelly GREEN.

I struck up a conversation with a tall man in front of the dairy case, he was looking for buttermilk. He, too, was looking for organic milk. He had trouble bending, he was rather tall, so I offered to get the buttermilk for him. He said he had been in Iraq 3 times, the 3rd tour had really damaged his right side. We looked for and located a couple of chairs and rested a bit. We talked about the purpose for war, the price we pay for...in hindsight... NOTHING... and how criminal it is to send a soldier to a war zone 3 times. We talked about the difficulty of returning home, people assuming life for the soldier and his family can continue just as nothing had happened in-between, only to find out you have to return to the war zone and start your hell all over. I mentioned the female soldiers, which come to visit me and how damaged their psyche is, how fragile the people really are, even though they thought they were doing the right thing in fighting for the country. He looked at me with empty eyes and said: "YEAH."

A full aisle of imported wines, how interesting. A mother is trying to prevent her small child from removing a wine bottle from the bottom shelf and bribes the child with the promise to watch a TV program about strange bedfellows. The news report/story is about animals which befriend each other and travel together, an orangutan and a dog, a hippopotamus and a turtle, a lion and a baby antelope. The child abandons the quest to move the wine bottle and asks: "WHY?" The mother proceeds to explain that people could actually get along like that, if they were not...so picky... in their choice of people. She explained that all people are equal and can't seem to get along and even though the animals are different species, they can befriend one another, instead of the lion eating the baby antelope, he cares for it. The child is impressed.

The tempo of the music has changed and I noticed there are many more shoppers present than a few minutes ago. One of the men starts dancing, bumping a lady, she dances with him in the aisle. Before long almost every consumer is dancing around one another, with each new beat shopping carts are rolled and used like one would use a broom to dance. People are laughing and helping one another. A boy throws a box of cereal to the woman, which was unable to reach it and just as the vendors throw fish in Seattle at the market, items are passed around, as needed.

A taste test ahead, a lady with something on a stick is dancing along with it and hands out the treats. She locates a chair, dances toward the chair and sits down, in order to catch her breath. I do the same, this mode of shopping is exciting and tiring. She recognizes me from television and asks if I am there to film a show. "No, I am not, just looking around."

She wants to know if I saw Michael Moore and Keith Olbermann discussing Michael Moore's new film: Capitalism...a Love Story. I had. We were both impressed to hear the men talk about how as long as they make money for the stations they serve a purpose and are allowed to stay on the air, even though they both have strong opinions. They both agreed to go fishing the moment people would listen to them and "put them out of business". The lady thought I must be making someone money with my outlook on life. I told her the reason I had stopped at the store to reminisce about my old sponsor and how hard it was for me to produce shows with zero budget. She laughed and suggested I go fishing, in fact they also sell bait.

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2009/09/24/michael-moore-keith-olber_n_299366.html

On the wall hang a variety of bags. Cooling bags, shopping bags and wine bottle container bags. They all have the logo on them and I am unable to make a decision which one of the bags I need, if any. A friend sees me and gestures to go outside with her to have a smoke. A great idea, since this is such an unusual shopping experience. The 25-foot-away-from-the-building-while-smoking-rule has not been obeyed by anyone since after a week it went into effect and people got hurt standing in the middle of the street. Benches and ashtrays reappeared and we sit on a concrete bench, enjoying the sunshine and a smoke.

We swap stories and arrive at the subject of the predictions for 2010. They are finished and will air in a few weeks. It was quite an experience this year. The lady that assisted with the predictions did not have her cards. I broke the seal on a new deck and gave it to her. The prediction show went well, one of the reasons we have to disconnect from the information is, that we are taping 3 months in advance. The lady pointed out to me that she had read with a defective deck, it had several cards missing and several of the same. After further examination we determined she was right. I was excited when I realized Universe had maneuvered our predictions to such an extent that I am absolutely sure they are

ever so accurate. Now we wait and see. They, the predictions, will be posted on the web site early in October.

Cigarettes taste terrible these days. Suppose we all quit smoking... Who will pay the bills?

Society's Child played at one of the Casinos. A young woman with a walker danced with an older man. You could see the pride in the man's face as the young woman maneuvered her walker with the rhythm. Her left arm was in a cast and no matter how hard she struggled, she enjoyed several dances with the older man.

I ran into them in the hallway. Turned out the young woman was recovering from a very complicated head injury, her mother told me. The man was her father and he was so pleased with his little girls to show determination, confidence and endurance. She made her circumstances work for her, not against her. She gave us the biggest smile when we gave her a standing ovation.

It was a beautiful day at Tumwater Falls. Two girls in evening gowns accompanied by a young man in a tux, armed with a camera, just taking pictures. I ask what the celebration was, the girl in the pretty green gown said it was her prom. She was unable to go to her prom with the rest of the students, so she was celebrating her prom that day.

My friend buys us a cup of organic coffee and we smoke another cigarette...generic rather than organic.

The shoppers are still dancing as they push their carts, I am looking for canned black cherries. Not in stock a very friendly store clerk calls out to me, as she twirls by with an arm full of dishtowels. Maybe next time, I buy white asparagus from Peru instead.

The bill is less than I expected, the checker wishes me a great day and offers to help with take out.

I belong to social sites. Lately I have gotten chain letter type embedded comments from some of the " friends." I explain that I have neither the time nor the desire to forward anything and to please refrain from posting it. The process is repeated. It happens a 3rd time and I take my curser, click on the X on the left side of their face and they are deleted, never to enter my reality again. It teaches me to make decisions as to the friends and associates I am allowing to enter my reality and space. There are neither confrontations nor opposition involved, it feels good to be in total charge of my environment.

If we can trust a "defective" deck of cards to help us to decipher 2010, a young woman with a head injury can dance and put a smile on her father's face, a girl celebrate her prom at the waterfalls in late September and TRADER JOE'S make shopping a wonderful afternoon out doing our shopping....TRADER JOE's takes coupons! There is nothing to complain about.

TAKE NOTE: Life is good!

Love and Light
Lilian

Lilian's September 2009 Newsletter

Have you turned on the TV on a Sunday? One would think on the one day, when many of us have a day of R/R, important and informative programs would be readily available.... NOT SO. It is sometimes over the weekend I get many calls about things, which is of interest to some, because the weekend is also the time when many surf the web and sometimes accidentally ran into things and subjects some have not really thought of. While channel surfing I ran into a 5-minute discussion with Comcast and a City Council man. I don't know from which city. I found it really interesting, because they were talking about the fact that the city was in the process to create ONE web site to access everything connected with the city and have full disclosure as to anything being discussed in reference to the happenings regarding the city. The reason the Councilman gave was that they wanted to make sure the citizens would be able to examine and decide for THEMSELVES what was said and how it affected their life.

Last weekend I was looking for something...don't remember what it was... and found several articles pertaining to my web site. It listed me as the author of articles, which did NOT originate with me. Please note that there is a disclaimer on the site stating that I do NOT endorse articles and Ideas posted. My web site contains daily headline news from other alternative news sources, information from paranormal/scientific reports AND/OR articles by private citizens, which give opinions on a certain subject.

According to Webster the word ETHICAL means: decent, good, honest, honorable, just, moral, principled, righteous, scrupulous and virtuous.
According to Follette by Glucksman ETHICAL means: well in moral, well behaved and truthful.

During my 12 years of writing and interviewing people I have earned the reputation of being ethical. I allow and respect people's opinions, check my facts and do not attach myself to the outcome of the story, since things mean different things to different people. Unfortunately we live in a time period where "DIVIDE and CONQUER" is the theme of the day, not to mention feeding paranoia and fear. Many articles are written, which are influenced by the writer's political views, believe systems and deep down need to present personal views and ideas to the reader in order to sway people's opinions. More often than not, some information has been presented as a novel, rather than a fact. There is more truth to a novel than one might think.

COMCAST... our local cable company is running an ad at the moment, which I like very much. It is a character/cartoon setting with only 3 actual people in it. Like Roger Rabbit, only more fitting for the times. The ad lets one use the imagination of many possibilities and how it affects the human characters in the story line. It makes the point how we can create our own reality and comfort within the world that surrounds us....In this case Comcast costumers are much better off than costumers of other cable/satellite providers. For the purpose of this " newsletter" lets step into this ...Comcast World. Human behavior would like us to attach ritual to many things, when in reality ritual is not required. We live in a world that is no longer based on a certain protocol and human interaction, we get our information electronically, for the most part.

Many people mindlessly TWEET about things which mean something to them, rather than the rest of the world. Little or no thought is given to the consequences or the feelings and actions of others. This can prove to be detrimental to some, in an age where...because the instant availability of information... some act on something they read, were enticed by or promoted a certain idea, which results in

destruction of property, and even kills. Like in the Comcast world, everything is an illusion except ourselves. In a way we do live in a fragmented Universe, therefore the divide and conquer.

I stopped to visit a friend at a car dealership. He had already left for the day. On my way out I notices MANY burlap sacks leaning against the wall. I asked what was in the sacks. I was told that one of the customers facing repossession of an automobile had decided to pay off the car. IN PENNIES. Thousands of dollars in pennies sitting against the wall at the dealership waiting to be counted.

My Doctor requested I get a Tempur-Pedic mattress to prevent my back from breaking, while I am asleep.

A friend made the purchase possible and a whole new world of sleeping opened up to me. It is painful, for the most part, since it forces me to sleep in an unfamiliar fashion. My granddaughter came to take a look at this fantastic mattress I was talking about. I suggested she lay on it. She did and immediately commented that she cannot sleep on her back. She laid on her side, her head resting on her arm and we talked for a minute. Unknown to her I watched the mattress create a mold of her body and ever so slightly grab her, inched her onto her back and held her there. It reminded me of a Venus Flytrap. My granddaughter did not notice being turned and trapped until I pointed out to her that she was now on her back. She got up slowly, the mattress also prevented her from making sudden moves and we continued our conversation sitting on the couch. I LOVE my Tempur-Pedic, I can see what the doctor was trying to accomplish. It works and it no longer hurts....Sleeping, that is.

Red Rose Tea did not have an animal figure in the box, as it has for the 40 years I am drinking it. It had some weird pumpkin.

For several month I have noticed and wondered why chickens no longer have backs with meat on them.

Finally, the way to import chocolate made with camel milk has been cleared.

5 Days after suffering from a heatwave the weatherman is wearing a wool vest.

VETS finally got their new GI BILL. I am glad, it should not have taken that long.

Cigarettes are very hard to smoke these days. They keep going out, unless you suck on them constantly. This is do to the new regulations in reference to the paper used. The paper will extinguish itself almost immediately, if not puffed on. It is rather irritating, on the plus side... one less thing to blame the smokers for....lit cigarettes.

There is finally a class action lawsuit about bad medication. I am glad, because many Doctors I dealt with during my "IMAGINARY" pain did not want to listen to complaints based on bad medication. The fact that I had needles stuck under my kneecap, leaving small holes... WITHOUT NOVOCAINE, because of my allergies... carried no weight in a diagnosis either, or the compassion of the Physician over a 15 month period. Only after signing a contract in reference to pain medication did I, after 12 month of suffering, get some relieve. The behavior and the lack of assistance of the medical profession involved with my debilitating condition was cruel, inhumane and bordering on criminal.

According to our prediction for 2009, the economy should stabilize in September.

Kanashibushan is unable to help with the predictions for 2010. She is recovering from heart surgery

and her house burned down. She is in need of all of our support.

I walked my granddaughter out and smelled the most wonderful scent. The aroma addressed all senses and was unidentifiable. I felt I had been given a sign from heaven. The neighbor noticed my delight and puzzlement as to what it was I smelled. She pointed to the back of her house. The heavenly scent came from her dryer vent.

I am saddened by Ted Kennedy's death. When I as young I had 2 brief encounters with President and Jackie Kennedy, while in Europe. I always followed all the stories about the Kennedy family. It was only after I saw the summery of Sir Ted Kennedy's life that I realized I remembered most all of this great and humble man's actions and how they affected me and my life in the United States.

Safe Journey Sir Edward Kennedy.

Guess there are only 3 behind the scene politicians left...in my opinion... that can truly make a difference. Maxine Waters, Barbara Boxer and DENNIS KUCHINICH. Unfortunately the Libertarian Party suffered a large set back.

Let's get back to the setting of the ad in which everything around us is non-human except ourselves.

There is a bottle, the label says Ice Tea. I open it and out jumps a Genie.

Like any genie he grants me 3 wishes.

1. The wisdom to be able to be fair.
2. The fairness to respect all people's opinions.
3. The privilege to have everyone read all my previous newsletter to see that I have always been able to see HOPE, LOVE and CHANGE. Always been able to find positive, no matter how grim or dark the circumstances are.

The City council man had a good idea to hook everything into the same web site in order to actually allow people to witness the running of the city, providing you make the time.

PolitiFact is a NEUTRAL fact finding entity, which analyses fact from fiction in the decisions of the government. Please bookmark this address if you are interested in this approach.

<http://www.politifact.com/truth-o-meter/promises/>

I have the misfortune to break vacuum cleaners as fast as I buy them. After 3-6 uses they break down. .. The exceptions are RAINBOWS, which are faithful to me for many years... I acquired a brand new vacuum, cleaning number 4 was as long as it wanted to cooperate with me. I dug out the instructions, followed the trouble shooting section, dissect the machine looking for clogs and things. Everything looked perfect. I reassembled the Vacuum cleaner. The directions of the instruction book were printed in a foreign country and somehow a couple of parts did not fit the way it was described. A big BANG.... Vacuum cleaner was dead.

One thing I do know is a FACT, I am a Vacuum cleaner KILLER.

Love and light

Lilian

Lilian's August 2009 Newsletter

Washingtonians are in a critical heat wave. Temperatures of above 100 degrees. The weatherman said since weather was recorded....I forgot the year, 1902, I think he mentioned, but it has been some time... it was never above 70 degrees after midnight in Seattle, until last night. It was 82. I live south of Seattle, weather always varies by several degrees up or down, so we are in our own... weather world... Very few of us are equipped to handle a situation like this, since the majority of households do not have air conditioners... we don't get that hot. Once, in the late 80's, and in 98, it was 108. I took a picture and the picture was shown on the national news.

Today I went to town early and saw the Sheriff Department patrolling neighborhoods and checking on people. Some of the homeless, normally residing in the parks, were headed for town to sit in the Cooling Centers the City made available for the people. It was announced on the news that fire trucks would patrol the streets and hose groups of people down, at their request. For years some of us have talked about... and noticed... Earth Changes. It is now the mainstream population noticing something doesn't feel right... things ARE changing.

At least 100 degrees outside, so I sit in my living room with my feet stuck in a bucket of cold water, to cool my body down. I learned that from the Navajo, when visiting the friends in the bush in mid summer. On the reservation we use empty coffee cans. Unless your feet are a size 12 and a can is too narrow. There is wind on the reservation, lots of wind. Not so in my living room, so I use a small fan to blow around the hot air. The cat looks at me as to say : "Now that is stupid and just hot air going in a circle."

Cat is right, except it makes me feel like I am doing something, at least. Want to cover her in a cold wet towel, but she does not think too much of that.

Someone is at the door! Its Malcolm, my grandson. He is coming to check on my well being. I get him a wash tub filled with cold water...he wears a 13... and aim a fan his way. After I am all caught up on his adventures we talk about mine. When the chit-chat is out of the way we talk about changes we either experienced or willingly made.

"Turn the TV up, so we can see what they are talking about". KOMO is showing the snow storm from 2008, like that is going to make us feel better....well, actually it is. Look at all that snow, people breathing and having smoke come out of their nostrils.

Due to the heat joints on a bridge expanded, a drawbridge, so no one is able to open the bridge. The workers took burlap sacks and wrapped them across the joints , kept them watered in the hope of reversing the expansion.

Highways buckled from the heat.

Fire alarms went array and caused false alarms.

A stretch of the median on I-5 caught on fire.

Ballenger Island, a bird refuge, in the middle of a lake burned.

A thundercloud deposited 2 inches a rain per minute and created a mudslide 300 feet in width, which

shut down highway 20.

Insulation on power lines melted, burned the power poles and left a couple of townships without power.

People standing in line since 1 AM at Home Depot were given numbers for air conditioners, the truck delivering the air conditioners is stuck somewhere, not sure if it even arrived before the heat wave is over.

The weatherman shows a thermometer, as it passed 120 degrees it makes a flip and registers MINUS 120. Weatherman is awestruck, he has never experienced anything like it.

A renderer truck dumps the load unto the freeway.

Malcolm helps me to hose down the house, the well water is very cold, that seems to help a bit, we get back into the house to stick our feet into the water buckets again and treat ourselves to Mangoes. Too hot to snack on anything else.

According to Webster the word TRUST means: firm believe in some quality of a person, thing; hope, confidence in; obligation; custody; have faith or confidence in, rely on and believe.

According to Follette by Glucksman TRUST means: faith; pawn; in good hands; confidential, curator.

Malcolm inquires about a rumor he heard. He heard I am bringing the TV Show to an end at the end of the season. Malcolm has worked on the show since he was 8 years old. Not lately, since he is all grown and busy now.

Not a rumor, I am not able to do all the things it takes to produce, film and edit a weekly one-hour TV show. He seems disappointed, no, the word is surprised. I guess when we are young we do not consider the fact that people do get old, in our mind everything remains the same with the people we love. A gray hair here or there, but everything else remains the same.

I have used a walker off an on for years, some days I feel I can run track, other times I am barely crawling. I am flattered that I give the appearance of being invincible.

"How many shows do we have? 700 or so?" He asks. No, only 674..

We reminisce on the 12 years, we think about the people that helped us financially and physically over the years. Some of them lost their business during the recession and some have lost their lives due to accidents and illness.

We reminisce about the places we went to, in order to get the footage, the interviews we filmed, which were so prophetic and sometimes years ahead of the times. We consider re-airing the earlier shows, but are told that re-runs are not permitted.

We reminisced about the downfalls and advances we made over the years, the times when we had no idea how we was going to accomplish a new task either in technology or practical application.

Somehow we figured it out. Looking at it in hindsight necessity made us rather inventive.

We reminisced about the bloopers and the "craziness" of learning how to rearrange our thinking according to what was needed to put a new show on each week.

We reminisced about the yearly picnics we attended with the other producers and staff and just how many had fell by the wayside long before we expected them to.

We reminisced about the young people all grown up now with children of their own.

In the natural order of things the human species has always been able to adjust to the changing of the planet. They tuned to animals, which ...for the most part... sensed things ahead of time. They followed the food chain and some, till this day migrated with the seasons.

Man became tribal, even at that, adopted according to the circumstances. Physical appearance changed, genes mutated according to the environment, intermarriages were necessary to protect from outside dangers. It is modern man, the only species on the planet, which has decided to master their environment and developed the notion to think everything can be maneuvered.

Suppose the Europeans had ignored the mini ice age, which befell them only a few hundred years ago. Suppose the cultures of a bluish Sahara had thought they could outsmart their home turning into a dessert. Men has always been on the move according to their survival needs.

True, we have hastened the changes on the Earth by our unreasonable behavior and destroyed a good portion of this beautiful globe in space. It would stand to reason that now that we have gained that realization we would attempt to rectify this within reason. You would think that. Instead we tighten the borders, become even more territorial, manipulate food supply, create new diseases and try to define the odds of the natural order of things.

Changes do not come easy, especially when given a choice. We make excuses, go into denial and are so surprised when we find ourselves in a position we have no control over. We continue to build cities in the deserts, overpopulate the planet, overpopulate the land with industrial farms to raise an animal food supply. We strip the Earth of natural resources, yet expect a positive outcome.

In our personal life we HAVE TO be in charge. We are taught we can do anything we set our mind to. On a subconscious level we are doing this, because we believe we are entitled to to do so.

Struggles for racial and cultural domain remains, even in this "ENLIGHTENED" age. We talk about faith, when in reality we have very little. We have programmed ourselves to be in charge of our own destiny. We have convinced ourselves that we, and only we, are right and allow ourselves to be bombarded with lunacies sometimes draconian ideas of others, which feel the same superior way we do.

" You want me to change the water in your bucket, mine is hot already?"

" Yes please.... and get me another mango while you are in the kitchen, thank you".

The news announces that President Obama changed his airtime for a news conference by an hour because the singing wonder Susan Boyle has an interview scheduled. Many people want to see the Susan Boyle interview rather than hearing what the Leader of the free world has to say about health care.

" Guess he... the President... is wise enough to make a change, huh"?

In some cases it is easier to have changes made for you, like a sudden disaster or event. No time to think about anything and deal with the consequences later. I am sure we have all found ourselves in a situation when we were at the wrong place at the wrong time. I hindsight ...at times... it turns out we were at the wrong place at the right time and our life changed as a result of it.

" And you are telling me all this because".....

" Hard as it appears, when we make changes by choice we can maintain a certain control over what happens and adjust a bit better.

When we have faith.... a better word is TRUST... things have a way on falling into place and we eventually realize the action we took was somewhat pre-destinated, we would have arrived at this point anyway. Like a suppository. We can do it the easy way or the hard way, either way.... that is where it goes."

"Drought in Texas, unbearable heat in Washington, deadly monsoons in places. So what do you do?"

I guess we have to have the wisdom to acknowledge that we are part of a cycle on this planet. We need to spend our time wisely while we are allowed to dwell on the Earth. We need to respect life, each other and all that we are gifted with.

" So are you sure we are going to end the Show? We went from BETA to SVHS to DVD to DIGITAL to HD." "Yep, my body went with the natural order, downhill and I am in the Autumn of my life. My feet stuck in a bucket to stay cool. As sure as you can smell snow before it arrives..... Change is coming"."Thanks for checking on me, don't stay away too long. Please hand me the phone, I want to place an order".

ASPRAY.. and pocketshot \$14.99. If I order within the next 3 minutes I will get 2 of each for the price of one!

Love and Light

Lilian

[Bang Bang, You're Dead](#)

Lilian's July 2009 Newsletter

The fig tree in my backyard is trying it's best to come through the window in my studio, each time I open the window. It is a most amazing thing, I can literally watch it... the fig tree... reaching for the window sill. The process all takes place within a few minutes it almost appears as though the fig tree is waiting for me to allow it entrance and is seeking the energy within my dwelling. Just the other day I stroked it's leafs and talked to it, telling it about how lucky we are in this part of the country when it comes to weather. The storms are over, it is pleasantly warm and ever so often a breeze caresses us ever so lightly. I explained that I welcome the company, but it is time to close the window, since my little room would only accommodate a small part of one branch, at best.

My granddaughter goes fishing every chance she gets. I, on the other hand only went fishing once, when I was 25. Fished at the Nisqually river and my bounty consisted of a boot rather than a fish. I have been in a little dilemma in reference of sorting out some things, which have come to my attention. I Thought, since it was such an exquisite day, I would attempt a new fishing experience and maybe, by chance, would be able to brag to my granddaughter what a great fisher person I was after all. Grabbed a piece of a branch from the fig tree, which the wind had deposited there during the winter storms and a roll of fishing line from my "Junk Drawer". Stopped at the corner store and bought some marshmallows...had seen men in the SOUTH use marshmallows in place of worms...

The Nisqually river is one of the fastest in the country and claims many lives each year, so I was careful as not to sit in the wrong place. 2 family members are AVON representatives, so I used plenty of Skin So Soft to keep the bugs away. A marshmallow on the string...All set.

June was a harsh month, each day a new story. I got a letter in the mail from my friend, which had sent me the DVD: The Obama Deception, I had called the cover offensive in JUNE'S newsletter. He asked me how I could have mistaken a mask for a doo- rag. It took me a while to see what he meant. He was right, it was a "mask". As it turned out I thought I owed an apology to my friend. I was rather disturbed about having upset my friend, so I took the DVD cover and showed it to 20 people, randomly. One person said it was the Presidents face used for target shooting, because of the bull eye. Another person said it represented non-patriotism, because the flag on the lapel was backwards. On my show the person said the President's ears were tied with a string, so he was not listening. It was the most amazing thing, everyone saw something different. I went to the web site, it was blocked, along with the Prison Planet site, but I found a lot of comments, which did not even resemble anything that was discussed on the DVD. All of this resulted in a large discussion, mostly because everyone saw something different.

PERCEPTION according to Webster means: acumen, acuteness, apprehension, cognizance, comprehension, discernment, insight, keenness, recognition, sharpness and understanding.

PERCEPTION according to Follette by Glucksman means: acknowledgment, to look at, to visualize and to determine.

The fish are biting, oh.. it's big, it's an alligator... no, it is a piece of a log tangled up in my pole! Let me unscramble that before it pulls me in the river. I don't want to let go...I got It.. that was close. The boat speeding by must have created little waves.

I am apologizing to my friend and thank him at the same time for having created a wave, because the DVD would not have been seen by so many if we had not looked at it in the way we did. However, we did agree that the person presenting it was a very angry person and might have, for the most part.. accomplished the opposite of his original intent. While some of us were still preoccupied with the deception issue, it appeared things were changing rapidly.

Genetic screening for Cancer in order to personalize treatment was discussed. A programmed pill, which would only attack the cancer cells themselves, in what ever part of the body the cells are present. For some time many of us have used programmed water, which in some ways works on the same principle:[://www.masaru-emoto.net/english/e_ome_home.htm](http://www.masaru-emoto.net/english/e_ome_home.htm)

Gary Locke returned to Seattle for a weekend to participate in a Walk For Life, which takes place once a year. I was impressed, one of the things I always liked about Secretary of Commerce Locke is that he was always available to any of us before, during and after he became Governor of Washington State. It would appear he is still interested in what happens to us, the little people of his home state.

A slight breeze has come up, the water looks so alive. Or deadly, depending on ones PERCEPTION . Should have brought my cat Girley, she would have a field day. I think she is bulimic, she eats and eats, then regurgitates and eats some more.

A Labrador was high on marijuana. They said on the news he looked so stoned, looked at his paws and carefully attempted to run up and into the wall, to the point that the vet bill amounted to \$1,500. How is that for PERCEPTION ?

Driving on the highway next to my house I noticed something on the side of the road. Unable to identify what I was looking at I asked my passenger what it was. She did not know either. I put on my emergency blinker and slowed down to alert the 6 cars behind me. Just about then, a large truck...18-wheeler... made a U-turn on the little 2-lane-highway and had to maneuver turning for quite some time. We wondered what possessed him to undertake such a challenge and realized, the truck was 2 feet taller than the underpass he attempted to drive through.. I know the drivers behind me were not happy with my original hesitation, but actions always have reaction. Now they were glad, since I don't think any of us could have avoided running into the big truck, now straight across the street, like a gigantic steel wall.

A little rustle, can you believe it, there is actually a little snake slithering towards the river. Better hide my marshmallows, in case the little critter thinks it is an afternoon snack and crawls into my bag.

I always visualized the 21st century to be "out of this world". Some of our politicians have been injured, broken limbs, heart surgeries and it makes me wonder how can they be back to work a day or two later. Do we have Star Trek laser like ability? Did I miss something?

Just last night I saw a hair comb advertised. It is called a BUNITS. It took me backwards to the days of Jackie Kennedy. We all teased our hair to kingdom come and wore it as high on our heads as we possibly could achieve. And now there is a comb one can hook into the hair, throw the few locks we have across it and whew, we are back in the 50's. and 60's.

One of my earliest memories are petticoats made out of sponge, draped with starched lace and itched like crazy. Kodachrome is a thing of the past, on to the next thing... we are engaging in Cyber-Wars. So, are we attempting a U-turn on a small highway or what?

It is getting noisy by the river. Little boats have appeared and they are blasting music, beer bottles hit the shore occasionally. People never cease to amaze me. Maybe they don't see me sitting here, trying to catch something... would prefer a fish to beer bottles. I would really like to catch a fish, wasn't that the reason I came? The sun is going to set soon, the bugs are biting, another quarter of an hour and I am going to pack it in.

One morning I decided to get on TWITTER...PSYGERIA.... It took a bit to master, but I was determined to upgrade my computer skills and get with it! The next day the elections in Iran took place. Like so many, I got on TWITTER and followed the posts which came across almost each fraction of a second. It made me think just how skillful and connected the people were. At one point it became appeared that some people acted as "traffic cops". No, don't go that way, try this link, don't use this number, it is a trap, re-route to France, try Canada. It reminded me of the stories of the old people in Europe when they told about the ingenuity of the Concentration Camp prisoners, how they were able to communicate and sometimes find relatives in totally different camps across the country. It made me think of the human spirit and even if some don't believe we are connected by water, air and everything else in the Universe...here we are; all connected by an electronic highway. People were so skillful and helpful to connect everyone to the people on the ground.

On the second day I received a video from one of my non-English speaking Arab friends from one of my TAGGED social site.

It was " WE ARE THE WORLD" with Michael Jackson and all the friends. I was moved to tears that this friend was inventive and send something we were able to understand. I posted it with an explanation as to where I got it from.

In the past few months several people turned into killers, because of something someone said, in a hateful way, somehow the energy portrait in the presentation, regardless of context. The energy of the presentation makes ALL the difference.

Obama Deception was informative, but presented in an angry way. It steered up many emotions in the people I talked to. They did not see the message, only the way it was presented.

We Are The World accomplished the opposite, it was loving, uniting, universal and we ALL knew it represented love, regardless what language someone spoke.

The next day Michael Jackson died. Some thought I had posted the video in his honor, once I pointed out the day of the post, it became eerie. TWITTER became active again, most traffic was about Michael, rather than Iran. Again People of the world were united in spirit. It can be done! It never occurred to me that one person can make such a difference. Which brings me back to the electronic connection. Is it my perception or ARE things changing on a global front? It would be so wonderful to be able to see something this momentous taking place.

I went on a shoot for my TV Show. People were discussing all negative aspects of the happenings of the past 2 weeks. Rather than getting caught up in the negativity, I was able to present another perspective. When we look at the logistics of events in the world, one can only marvel at how one thing balances the other. I guess people that only see bad will continue to stay in that miserable frame of mind, regardless. Those of us who rather partake in positivity are free to make that choice.

I have connected with the most wonderful people through TWITTER, TAGGED, FACEBOOK and MYSPACE. How can I have a bad day?

It is getting late, no fish for me. I thought I was fishing, turns out I was thinking. There is always Safeway with a fish tank.

As I drive on the Reservation Road I notice a man with strange arm movements. I pull over, stop and ask him what he is doing.

He stops and answers: " I am flying an imaginary kite for peace! What else would I be doing on a day like this?"

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's June 2009 Newsletter

It would stand to reason Summer is here, except for the friends in Australia where it is getting pretty nippy. Either way, with the change of seasons thought patterns and behavior change. In the bitter cold of the winter we think about cold fruit soups and iced tea, floats and fresh strawberries that come along with the hot summer days and in the heat of Summer we sometimes long for comfort food, which we like in Winter. Stews, soups and a hot toddy before going to bed. Somehow we KNOW, if we wait an appointed time, our wish will come true and we will get the changes we seek.

Winter is gone for good in America. I thought I would visit relatives and surprise them with a summer-type meal. I thought about it for a couple of days actually and during the night my thoughts manifested and laid out all the foods I wanted to prepare. Unable to sleep from having all the tastes and smells floating in my head, I got up and prepared a meal, which looked exactly as I had visualized it. I boiled rice, spiced with the curry a friend brought me from Europe.... the curry originated in India....sesame seeds and fresh ground pepper. Eventually I fried the cooked rice in butter, fresh garlic, parsley and roasted pine nuts. Zucchini was sauteed with Roma tomatoes, onion, garlic, basil and turmeric and later became the bed for roasted chicken. Baby beets were pickled with vinegar, fresh pepper, sesame oil, a large piece of onion....it was later removed, since some people do not care for raw onion.... and parsley sprinkled over the beets.

When I got to town with my food and dished it out, the expected response did not come. The fact that the food was colorful and contained nourishment for everyone present...in some kind of capacity... I added smoked salmon from our local Native American Tribes. A nibble here, a nibble there. At the end it was decided I was to take the remaining food home and eat it myself. Tried peddling it with some of the friends on the way home, they were not interested either. There was not enough food left to feed my daughter's large family and I opted that thought. As I pouted and drove the long way around to get a handle on my emotions I noticed so many cars.... had hit rush hour... so many different cars. Everyone of them looked different, in color and models but they all had one thing in common. They got people where they needed to go. Well, I am assuming they did. My little red Toyota took me where I wanted to go. Home to lick my wounds.

According to Webster DISPOSE means: adapt, adjust, arrange, bestow, classify, conform, give, locate, order, place, regulate and settle.

According to Glucksman by Follette DISPOSE means: to put in order, to choose a place for, getting rid off and finding a place to park.

While driving home I had the crazy notion that I was somewhat DISPOSABLE, so I looked it up and realized I was so far off in the interpretation of what I thought I felt that I LOL. The cat smelled the curry, which lingered in the vicinity of my picnic basket, so I had a little talk with her. She seemed interested in what I had to say. She watches TV with me faithfully.

The Astronauts landed safely after completing repairs of the Hubble space craft. So many literally out of this world amazing pictures reach our computers as a result of the existence of the Hubble. <http://hubblesite.org/gallery/album/>. I guess we really should be grateful to the people making such a wonder available.

Neuro-scientists tested several people, which after further examination were found to to "SUFFER" from Synesthesia. Their taste, smell and what they looked at were reversed inasmuch as they perceived things different than other people, proving that some of us are WIRED different. I was extremely happy about that conclusion since it is hard to explain to people what it is like to "LOOK" at everything a person says to me. I visualize everything and jokingly tell people I ...SEE... what they are talking about.

Rashes were reported in several states, some thought it was shingles, others had no name for the infliction. What was interesting is that in almost all cases Chemtrails were involved. People had noticed an increase of activity in the skies above the areas where the live.

<http://www.carnicom.com/>

When attending an event where people were 3 hours late I was overheard talking to a Lakota friend. I mentioned that I thought we, her and I, were in good shape since we arrived on "INDIAN TIME". Indian time to us represented natural time, in reference to the elements. It was perceived as a racist remark by a spectator and created a small uproar.

The documentary: The Missing Link was shown on the history channel. It is about a 47-million-year-old fossil named IDA, which is a possible link in form of a transitional species to humans.
<http://www.history.com/content/the-link> To me it was fascinating to see how due to "back-engineering, for lack of a better word, we can obtain such incredible information.

I took my left-over food, nicely arranged it on a plate. Determined to DISPOSE of it somehow and sat in my hammock. The rice was excellent, especially now that it had aged a bit.....
It has been an eventful month for me, in part because Of a DVD I received in the mail.

For 12 years I have aired an 1-hour weekly TV SHOW: **A visit with a Person of High Strangeness** on the Government and Educational Channel. I take great pride in the fact that, even though controversial at times, I am politically and religiously neutral on the show. I consider myself an enlightened person spiritually and in everyday life, which requires me to be aware of my surroundings.

My plate of food sort of reminds me of that. I would have preferred some of the smoked salmon in the mix, however I left that for one of the children, since he really liked it. If I am to claim any political affiliation, it is Libertarian. Since I realize that line of thinking is not going to produce an American President at this time, I would have preferred [Dennis Kucinich](#) to be elected.

I knew this was not realistic at this time and I was excited when Barack Obama became president. In part being a foreigner and having witnessed the struggle of America, as a people. I appreciated the new faces of the country since it is time that we are perceived as we really are. Multicultural.

First week in May I received a DVD from a friend. We share the libertarian view of things. When I opened the Package I immediately became offended by the cover. The Obama Deception the title reads and it shows President Obama wearing a very bad attempt of a Doo-Rag, a scarf worn by some of us with curly hair while sleeping.

I knew my friend did not want to upset me, so there had to be another reason he sent it. I ignored the DVD for several days.

Like the beet on my plate, it looked like one thing, but the beet was pickled and the taste was rather different that the looks would indicate.

Being a reporter, talk show host, I decided to look at the DVD from a neutral reporter's point of view. I am no stranger to vast subjects, such as conspiracies, UFO encounters, metaphysical explanations and at times just plain stupidity on people's part. I have seen almost all of it.

With an open mind I watched the documentary, twice. On the cover it stated: Covered in this film who Obama works for, what lies he has told, and his real agenda. If you want to know the facts and cut through the hype, this is the film for you. It reminded me of being on a jury. The prosecution states their case.... it makes sense...you say: "Yeah, that is what happens!"

The defense presents their case and you say: "Yeah, that's what happened. As a juror you than look at the case from both sides, determine which presentation had a better story and decide. Either, OR. You can take a 3rd route and look at he law, exercise a jury nullification, dismiss the case, and hopefully at one point change the what you consider a bad law. This is time consuming and not without controversy. Kind of like the vegetables on my plate. They look pretty colorful, except I am not really sure what made me cook zucchini, onion and tomatoes together. Come to think of it, it now reminds me of okra.

For the month of May I made it a project to watch each news channel each day to compare what was being reported. They all covered the main story of the day for the most part. What I found was that each station reported things from their perspective and called in experts to discredit the stories according to their findings. Of course the experts appeared to have been picked in line with the political outlook of the station/newscasters. Therefore it appeared all very logical, except there were always two opposing opinions, depending which station I watched.

Producing a weekly show each week is no small task, so I can only imagine how hard it must be to cover 24 hours of a small amount of events and drag this out and make it interesting. It must take a genius to find a number of people talking about the same story for hours on in. I am no stranger to DEBUNKERS, due to my background in UFO-ODOLOGY. Debunkers make it their profession and life mission to dispute people and things they have no idea about, are narrow minded and rather than finding a field of their own choose to dispute subjects already in existence. Unfortunately that creates repeating pissing contests and we, as a competitive people, don't seem to mind or care.

I fight with my webmaster. It always happens in two month cycles. His pool of news sources...all 300 of them.... are different than mine. I suppose they are "Independent" or what ever else we choose to call them. They come from a pool of neutral reporters and for the most part look at things from a totally different perspective. The articles are good and mostly fair, however I object to the headings under which they are posted. It sounds RUDE and ANGRY almost all the time. It was explained to me that if the heading is not eye-catching people will assume it deals with the same old, same old. In order to maintain an international popular web site we have to use catchy phrases. If our disagreements... the webmaster and mine... were a contest, I would win a game, he would win a game and that it would be a draw, at which time we start the battle all over again. The Obama DVD was RUDE, ANGRY and OFFENSIVE. I watched it anyway. We will try to do better with the web site. It is intended for information, NOT hate mongering.

The rice on my plate is just that, RICE. The curry added the yellow, the parsley the green, the garlic the brown specs, the fresh ground pepper the dark specs and the onions the occasional little clear squares. IT IS RICE!!!

I am a child of the Universe, I am interested in respectfully earn the right to live on this planet for a time. Unfortunately, rather than going with the flow and living my earthly purpose I, TOO, have the notion to want to be important and change the world.

Like the chicken on my plate, there are different parts of the bird and some would rather I would not have a chicken on my plate at all. Different textures in the meat, various tastes, depending how it was

prepared and served.

Politics has been around as long as mankind existed. Some feel superior and Elite and continue to oppress the rest of the world. Empires fall and we never learn from the past. It is always the same. Personally, at times I feel I do make a difference, yet, sometimes I feel like no matter what I do, I feel DISPOSED.

I am grateful not to fall into the category of de-bunkers and stay informed. I wish we were less judgmental and eventually live in peace.

While watching all the different news casts in the month of May I tried to imagine what it would be like to have to be President. Everyone dissecting thoughts, words, motives, the clothes you wear, to be prisoner of your own ambitions. The world expecting EVERYTHING to be perfect in four months. He started out with RICE and added the ingredients which were available to him. Had he have been able to do his own shopping for groceries he might have chosen different spices.

In the series LOST time travel and bi-location is part of the storyline. Every time something changes...FLASH.... new circumstances, new challenges requiring new solutions. Some of us have been ...LOST... for 5 seasons. Try to be President for 4 months.

When reading or listening to the news, please do so with an open mind....be that Jury and use your own judgment. A lot of what is presented is a partial story and designed to address your emotions. I was thinking that just maybe, maybe, some of us could be that link in an transitional species which evolves into a new beginning with a peaceful Earth and in harmony with the rest of the Cosmos.

As careful as I was to enjoy my dinner, I realized, it's OK , it all goes to the same place. Each political season has it's own beauty, dangers and challenges. When it is Winter, we want it to be Summer. When it is Summer we want it to be Winter. NEWSFLASH! When it is Winter on one side of the Globe, it is Summer on the opposite side of the Globe. RELOCATE!

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. Am I going on the road to interview everyday people on the cross country back roads this year? I cannot. I am financially not equipped for such an undertaking. The present economy has hit all of my sponsors hard.

And just so you see how open minded I am... here is a summery of some of the subjects we covered on my show in 2008

[The Year Which Was 2008](#)

Lilian's May 2009 Newsletter

At last... winter has lost his grip, new life has come to my world. As I am sitting on the dock reeling and looking across Puget Sound, the Cascade mountain range is finally visible, the fog has lifted and I can actually see the ships, which came all the way from China and are docked in our Port. My home town of Olympia made the green list two month ago, even though I thought we had been "GREEN" for many years, because it is also home to the Evergreen State College and students attending there have been "GREENERS" since 1971.

A little before my time, I was actually hatched across town at the Landfill 21 years ago. Food and shelter was plentiful before recycling, but just about the time I reached adulthood modern technology made that a little difficult. Had heard the pickings are better in town, by the water, so one year I decided to relocate to the bay and give that a try. It was much nicer and no one shot rubber bullets at me, so I decided to stay. Now all I have to do is circle around the water and , for the most part, just wait for bypassers and all my needs are met. I sit on tables, cars or anything else I can find and try to befriend the people which come for walks, lunch or festivals. They leave me the best treats I try to identify myself as I deep dive or walk between their legs, not sure if they understand. I tell them I am Sea Gull, but they just respond with:" Here Birdie, here Birdie."



Photo by Ebony Moore

Humans are mostly unaware of the fact I am intelligent and have long-term memory. That's OK, guess I will just tell you about some things I heard in the month of April.

Two of the guys, which always sit at the table behind the Deli, were complaining how uneventful things were at the moment. One thought the most exciting report he heard was that Neo Breweries are

on the rise and it showed 15% increase in Alcohol sales, reminiscing of earlier times when he had struggled paying his bills in the 1980's. His friend though the dumbest thing he had heard was the novelties lighters being banned and fines of \$ 250.00 issued, for not abiding by the new law. He thought parents should be responsible for keeping track of pretty lighters and keep them away from children, rather than having the government regulate something that frivolous.

Complaining about the possibility that stores run out of bullets, since hoarding of ammunition has started... needlessly... he made reference to what is referred to as the Apocalyptic thrill... fear of the end of the world... in comparison to Porno. Seems humans prefer an artificial adrenalin rush other than life itself.

I sat right in front of them as I picked at the scraps they fed me and started telling them about what the other birds in my flock were discussing. The fact that seagulls are the national bird of the state of Utah because "Legend " has it, when Utah was overrun by grasshoppers, the seagulls traveled inland, ate the pests, returned to the great Salt Lake and regurgitated the insects in order to repeat that process till Utah was saved from the plague of grasshoppers, with that earning the nick name Mormon Bombers. They are not listening.... I will visit with the young girls walking along the dock. Gosh, they walk fast, must be swift on my little legs to keep up!

One girl talks about the natural looking, fake eyelashes Michelle Obama wears all the time and how she, the girl, is trying to buy the same kind at the Mall, except no one knows the name of the brand. The other girl shares the story her Mom told her about Jackie Kennedy, another trend-setting American First Lady. European tabloids followed Jackie's every move. A third young Lady joined them.... I better get out of the way, she almost stepped on me... They are arguing about the word insight. So many sights... hindsight, foresight, how confusing to have so many words. Glad my language is easy.

According to Webster the word COMPETITIVE means: rivalry and skill.

According to Follette by Glucksmann COMPETITIVE means: concurrence, gamble and betting.

A couple of camera people from TCTV, the local TV station, sit down overlooking the Marina. They got a lot of bags on top of the table... can't eat that! Wait, a corn dog and nachos... if I dive at it just right, I might be able to.... OK he just dropped the corn dog... that ought to hold me for a few hours. He looks mad. He is not mad at me, it's something else....something else. Digital TV. The show Monk and how the new formats are separating the picture and distort the sound. Yeah, get use to it! It will be like that from now on. Fancy televisions and disk players, yet, new technology unable to perfect a smooth picture.

One of the guys is also a Ham radio operator , he explains how the storms on Jupiter interfere... no... enhance the reception on his radio. His friend thinks it is solar flares which bring clarity to the sound reception, except according to the news there have not been any solar flares the whole month of April. Officially. Seems like the news is selective in what they want people to know. To me that is strange, since life goes on regardless, rather uncomplicated, all I need is food and shelter. Maybe a mate, that's it! When I am competitive it means that I am looking for food, I have to be a little inventive, but the rest of the time I just go with the seasons and the flow.

I heard some ladies talk about the flow. They were partially leaning over the railing, one peeling an orange, the other had a banana in her hand... Don't throw that peel in the Sound.. Lady! This is a green city! Doesn't anyone ever listen to me?

What's your worth the older one of the two asks. The young one does not answer. What's your worth repeats the older one. When she realizes her friend does not understand what she means, she answers in her place. " I am priceless" she says.

Never expect people to treat you by your worth, if you don't know what you are worth.

Recession and all, psychics are in demand. The news reported that many people are seeking help from psychics since they are unable to find answers anywhere else. The average personal reading at the moment is \$350.00 and the charge for corporations on retainer is \$10,000 per month.

I got something to say about that! I am insightful and intelligent with 20 years of experience in human behavior...Listen... no one ever listens to me!

What's that sound? A teenager with music stuck to her ears is just singing from the top of her lungs. A Walkabout, perhaps? She is in her own world, not concerned with the fact that a large cloud just dumped an inch per foot of water on her, she is just singing and content with herself. Now that is something I can relate to. I don't care if I get wet, I just shake my feathers, wait till I dry off and strut my stuff on the promenade

I think I am going to fly across the road and see who is doing what by Capitol Lake. This way I can also get a good look at the freeway and check on the traffic conditions. Lots of bikes on the road uptown, as soon as the Sun comes out, all kind of people everywhere. Too many people for an ordinary afternoon, something is going on at the Capitol. It is a demonstration! Olympia is always demonstrating. Some of the TOP ACTIVISTS are "Greeners". What are we demonstrating about today? Move over, this is a wide enough ledge for the both of us. "What's going on?"

Something silly, as usual. They have funny hats with tea bags hanging on them. They are complaining about taxes and blaming their New President for everything, including the weather. Humans have such short memories. The present President has nothing to do with their present tax dilemma and certainly nothing to do with tea bags hanging all about their cloth. So what am I suppose to expect from intelligent people with tea bags hanging from their head? They are NEVER happy about anything. Can you see the people on the other side of the Legislator Building? People in wheelchairs and their companions? Lets see what they are talking about.

The Governor mismanaged the state budget and is taking money from the poor, disabled and sick in order to make up the deficit. Now that is reason for a demonstration. Humans are strange. Always competing in the way they do things instead of helping one another, cooperating and sharing a ledge with.

Hey.... grab some of those tea bags to take back to the Sound... I am assuming you are going that way! A group of students working on some papers. A laptop and everyone has a Starbucks cup. I found a grape, better get it before they chase me away.

"Here it is...Ford Derrick Laboratories, Maryland. Home of the Aids Virus. 1970."

It was JUST reported some vials of biological material were still missing. An old story perhaps, but current issues since we have seen the beginning of what WHO (World Health Organization) would like to categorize as an upcoming or ongoing Pandemic. Swine Flu. It just happens to be a combination of all the different viruses combined.

It sounds like someone is preparing for an article. Kind of dangerous to speak of things like that, even in Olympia.

I can tell them about the last time people were afraid about illness,' everyone was afraid and did not come out. I had to return to the landfill for a little while, till it all blew over. People got out of the Apocalyptic thinking and went back to Porno..... he just dumped a whole box of cookies. There is no janitor on the boardwalk, just me and my friends, we will have to eat all night now.

All I know is that I am glad it is Swine Flu rather that Bird Flu. I am too old to dodge bullets. No one ever listens to me anyway. I may be a Sea Gull now... in my next lifetime I will be a CROW!

Love and Light,

Lilian

Lilian's April Newsletter

It took a whole month to collect my notes for the newsletter and then.... the paper disappeared. There was a time this would have greatly upset me, I cannot say it did not raise my blood pressure momentarily, as a natural result, this time, but there was nothing I could do about it. I made a cup of coffee and started writing. As I tried to reformulate my memory, I looked up and the paper was right in front of me. It is my personal opinion that we have reached a point in time where we are forced to go with the flow or else.

A recent Email I received reminded me that on the Show: **Predictions for 2009**

The audio version is on this web site middle column towards the beginning of the page.

On said show I held up the book: **Behold a Pale Horse by William Cooper**. ISBN 0-929385-22-5. I mentioned that originally I thought I was making reference to the Pale Horse in the book of revelations, but corrected that immediately and guided the viewers to the book. I own 2 copies, I was unable to locate either of them. I asked a friend to send me his and it finally arrived. While waiting for the book I realized that it must be very important for me to re-read it in order to understand why it would show up in the predictions. In 2008 I predicted Gary Locke would go to Washington, DC and he did as Secretary of Commerce. It took 2 rejections of candidates for this to happen, so it appeared for some time I was wrong. End-result was, I was right, therefore I paid close attention to the prediction about the Pale Horse. During this time a study revealed that 10% of ALL religions suffered an exodus of attendees and broadening the number of free-thinkers and spiritual people on the planet Earth.

Regardless of the unfavorable portrayal of Mr. Coopers character, he rendered a great service by writing his book over 20 years ago. At that time his claims, which he backed up at that time, are fully applicable and valid at this time. I would suggest you read the book yourself, because different persons could easily arrive at different conclusions. It deals with Secret Societies, treason in High Places, enslavement of the poor and disadvantaged, Rule by the Elite and it makes reference to the extraterrestrial connections and involvement. What I arrived at is the following: When Mr. Cooper recovered the files in the computer he ended up with he was looking at what could appear to be a projection of a "master plan" as to how to shape the government in the future. Had he been a psychic he might have realized what he was looking at, the fact that he was a very logical individual he thought it to be important to inform the public, He did an excellent job on preserving documentation on how this was to come about. The way this fits into my story here is that everything seemed to be on track until our new President was elected and was in the process on unraveling.... knowingly or not.... everything which was implemented so the projection could become a reality in time.

I use cards in my work, DEATH to me represents the end of a period, a new beginning. Having said that the analogy of the Pale Horse does fit. It appears to me this is the end of an era and it is a time for new beginnings. Change is always hard, some welcome change, others fight it with all of their might. When we consider additional chain of events... behind the scene... one can see the added unfolding of the future.

Jim Marrs...Rule by Secrecy and Dr. John Mack in Passport to the Cosmos also referenced many of the same subjects at a later time. I need to add that only Jim Marrs is still amongst the living, Bill Cooper and Dr. Mack were murdered. It was my privilege to have known all three of these men. Jim Marrs in present tense.

My computer crashed while writing this newsletter. In my momentary frustration I sat and watched TV for what I thought was to clear my mind for a few minutes. Instead I got involved in 3 movies, which were very timely to this subject.

One of the challenges many of us had in the month of March was the physical discomfort some of us

experienced during atmospheric disturbances, a fly-by by an Asteroid, a Comet very close to Earth, clusters of earthquakes in very vulnerable areas, 3 volcanoes in the Pacific Ocean and 1 in Alaska and horrendous weather conditions.

Two days prior to the Asteroid fly-by I noticed myself and others to be very static. Animal had seizures and most of the population suffered from some kind of painful back/joint event.

I needed to fill up my gas tank and luckily remembered I was a conductor...everything I touched sparked... so I asked to have the attendant pump gas instead of setting the pump on fire.

The first movie I watched was: **Earthstorm**. It was about a mega earthquake, which had occurred on the Moon and had very dire consequence to the Earth. It disrupted the magnetic field around our planet and had the potential of destroying the planet.

The second movie I watched was: **Polarstorm**: A story about a Comet passing by the Earth and lost part of it's tail and a broken off piece hit the Earth in Alaska... spooky, since a Comet with severed tail, not once, but twice, was a REAL event in March... By doing so the Comet in the movie also disrupted the electromagnetic's and magnetic field of the Earth. It started by birds confused during migration, flying into things like buildings and planes. Whales and dolphins beaching themselves off the coast of Australia.... Speaking of Australia... I have finally heard from the friends in Australia, which were indirectly affected by the fires, everyone is unharmed and back online.... In the movie at first some and then all electronic communication failed.

The third movie was: **Darkstorm**. It was about an experiment in which dark matter was being contained and the dire consequences of that experiment. As the movie started I assumed it to deal with the present day HADRON COLLIDER in the Alps.... it is said the Collider is inactive and under repair at present. My niece lives in the area of the Collider and has had such difficulty that she is renting out her house and moving to Portugal. She is unable to function in the vicinity of the Collider, it affects her physically and emotionally....

The movie got very Hollywood, but I did watch it to the end. I could not help but think about the writers, which had been able to put such a movie on the screen and wondered what it was that they knew and who's book they may have read....

At present the documentary Planet Earth is on the Discovery Channel. In one of the episodes it allowed us to witness the cooperation of some of the sea creators. A swarm of fish were traveling in large numbers in order to avoid becoming prey for others. At one point it showed MANY sea snakes chasing the fish. In a bit it became apparent that the snakes were chasing the swarm directly into a community of other predatory fish. By doing so and the cooperation of both the snakes and the large fish there was...(unfortunate for the swarm of fish)... dinner for everyone.

When visiting the Cheyenne in 2003 I was taken to Buffalo Cave. It is a cave in which when times were hard the woman would sing and a buffalo would walk into the cave and lay at their feet, sacrificing himself because he knew the people had to eat. It was a powerful feeling for me to sit in the cave, I could only imagine how it must have felt to be present at such a time when it actually took place. The sacredness still lingered.

Everything has a natural order to it. Unfortunately we live in a time that we ALL feel we have all the answers and have the right to force our "suggestions" on the rest of the world. It would appear we, as a species have run into a little resistance and rightfully so. Regardless how we interpret the "PALE HORSE" it is pointing to a time of reconciliation.

According to Webster the word STIMULUS means: incitement, stimulant, incentive.

According to Follette by Glucksman STIMULUS means: Bribery.

We are still in a phase of STIMULI in many ways. Our choice is to be a little patient, make the proper adjustments and pray like hell we will be able to return to some normalcy in our daily life, more importantly in the natural order of things OR it will be done for us.

For those of us that understand the concept of change it is welcome. For those of us resisting change you may reconsider.

I met a wonderful man online. His name is Lester "Smitty" Smith JR. He is the author of a book:

[Living in Flow Motion](#). ISBN 1-59975-690-0 It is a fun book and available at: www.osmitty.com

The Seattle Zoo sells ZOO DOO each year. It is the dung from all of the animals collected over a years time which is ripe and ready come garden time. Because the animals were fed contaminated genetically engineered food last year ZOO DOO is not safe for fertilizer this year. I know change is hard... NO

ZOO DOO FOR YOU!

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's March Newsletter

In slang the term: "You're so crazy" indicated that one makes decisions questionable by others, even though the action taken by a person makes sense to them and them only.

I was : "You're so crazy" for a couple of weeks in reference to my back. It went from worse to bad to impossible. Even at that I was determined to beat the odds....painful as it was... and do everything I wanted to do. One of the things on my agenda was to film the Valentine Music Review Show, performed by my favorite band Society's Child at the Casino, located at the Chehalis Reservation. My camera person is under age. Since I was unaware of the fact I could have gotten a special permit for her to work, I filmed 3 hours by myself. 3 hours of intense, crazy-making, no moving, try not to breath too hard, filming. After a friendly back rub in between sets I was FINISHED, unable to move. The shows are great and I was happy and miserable for several days. The mind over matter did not work for me and I concentrated on my next adventure, scheduled for 5 days later.

I need to add that 2 days prior I met with the friends and danced a spell. I had advertised the event on Myspace. Several people showed up. Word had gotten around as to what happened 2 months earlier when they...Society's Child.. performed at the Nisqually Reservation and people wanted to talk about that.

In essence what happened was, as I came up the 2 steps leading to the lounge, which is slightly elevated, I felt a NON-HUMAN presence.

I greeted my friends and sat at the table they reserved for me. The table was next to the dance floor. As we chatted I kept ...scanning... the room, trying to find what I was sensing. After a while I noticed an extremely attractive, tall Nordic looking gentleman. Well dressed and he was wearing a diamond earring in his left ear. He was sitting directly behind my friend. Eventually our eyes met and I KNEW he KNEW I had seen him. After a few minutes he got up, deliberately brushed against my friend and asked the lady next to my friend to dance.

My friend gestured me to turn around... my back was turned away from the dance floor... and take a look at the man and our friend dancing. The man was about 6'4" and slim. It appeared he was wearing snake boots, which were turned up in the front... like a shoe would look if too big... then the toe-part of the boots were turned downward. Not wanting to appear rude I quit staring, however turned back around almost immediately to take a second look at these boots, at which time it was VERY OBVIOUS that in fact they were feet, rather than boots. Very Reptoid. We all saw it except the friend dancing with him, she was smitten with his extremely good looks and dance skills. After escorting our friend back to the table he sat back down and PUFF disappeared. About an hour later another man sat at the same table. A Tibetan Monk drinking a whiskey over ice. He also vanished as soon as we had seen him. We all discussed this in detail later that night and 2 more nights after that. We asked the band members what they had seen from the stage, if anything, they had also noticed the feet, thinking it might have been part of a costume. The band themselves are unable to see much of anything from the stage because of the lights aimed at them. They did not linger with observing the feet, they were busy playing. BUT... when I asked about it, they, all 6 of them... remember having seen the same thing. Now armed with the camera we saw NOTHING resembling a visitor/observer from another world.

According to Webster the word COWARD means: one easily intimidated, lacking courage.

According to Follette by Klugman COWARD means: one which does not speak up, one which avoids confrontation.

Five days after my Valentine Shoot escapade the North West Tribes hosted a Pow Pow. Originally the celebrations consisted of Patlatch, which is similar. It is a get-together which lasts for days and exchange of gifts. When the Casinos came along Pow Wows were added to the benefits of the tourists, as requested by the public. In their mind a Pow Wow was expected, since it is associated with Indian culture. In reality Pow Wows are gatherings, in most parts of the Americas, in reference to war dance. So come along.....

As soon as I drive into the vicinity of the location I can see people walking. They have backpacks, baby buggies packed with children...the baby strollers... color attire everywhere. They are wearing their tribal makeup. there is the sounds of bells and shells as they walk. click...click...click.

As I come around the corner to find a place to park I see food stands and vendors and can hear the drumming 2 blocks away. I have to walk about 4 city blocks in order to get to the old Tobacco Company, which provides enough room to accommodate the hundreds of people gathered there. The building is vibrating from the sound of the drums and the movement from everyone dancing. From 2 years olds to the Elder in the wheelchair, everyone is dancing. A brief interruption in the dance in order to make announcements, prayers and honoring some of the members, the Color Guard and a salute of thanks to the Veterans and the dancing starts again.

I see friends I have not seen for a while, Cheyenne from the Dakotas, Shawnee from Bishop, CA, Piutes from Mountain View, Idaho. Friends from Warm Springs, OR, Navajo from Shiprock, NM and Ft. Defiance, AZ. Taos from NM. And of course many local friends I made while listening to the band. Puyallups, Nisquallys, Kalmatchies, Quinaults, Queets, Kamalas, Squaxin and just every tribe you can imagine, Some dancers had come from as far away as Alaska and Florida.

Imagine for a moment all the different INDEPENDENT Nations of the Native population in one place, in UNITY socializing, singing, drumming, praying together and dancing. I know it is hard to describe the energy and the colors one is surrounded with. To give you a visual take a LOOK



Now that you see what I mean I want you to think for a moment. After centuries of rivalries and

disputes a whole UNITED people celebrating their shared earthly journey!

We shared fry bread and native foods, from salmon from the North to tamales from the South. Everyone takes care of any child which needs help, small children are not afraid of being kidnapped, no child is being yelled at or slapped and the old and disabled get help from someone without having to ask.

Time does not exist, everything gets done, if it takes 2 hours or 8, no one complains or tells you that you have to do anything, people just DO.

I situated myself on my walker...I had no back left after the long walk...I sat in front of the old Tobacco Company for a good while, listening to the drums from a distance and thought about some things.

I thought about how the government calculates their budget around the cigarette taxes... lets not forget the other sin taxes. When the smoking ban went into effect the life of smokers was made almost unbearable, to the point where I used to report on the behavior of people via the BUTT Patrol. It was soon recognized that was not a smart move, the ashtrays reappeared on side of buildings and public parks. It was recognized that we, the smokers, could only smoke so fast, it was the taxes from our vices which paid... in part... for health care for children, parks, museums and substitute teachers.

Now, when the government allocates money to " Help" people quit smoking.... nothing said about freedom of choice... HOW are they going to pay the bills., if we all quit smoking? How can you base a budget on something you would rather outlaw? What are they thinking?

We, most of... THE PEOPLE... wanted change. We got change when Mr. Obama was elected. Some of us, we...THE PEOPLE... felt wonderful as we noticed the shift in energy.

We were able to breath all of a sudden.

We were no longer in fear.

We thought the country had turned a corner and got in step with the 21st century.

We thought that no matter how bleak the next few months looked, we could adjust.

We thought it was so helpful to finally have a leader, which cared.

We thought we would finally have a leader, which kept us informed.

We thought we had a First Lady, which was a real person and projected such.

If we have all that you say?

Then why the hell is it so hard to acknowledge it?

Then why the hell don't people give the President a chance to straighten things out?

Then why the hell don't we applaud the First Lady for trying to remain a real person?

Then why the hell does the national news fill 24 hours with complaints and the same crap they talked about for the past 8 years, rather than concentrate on something positive which is taking place, rather than analyzing every word and eye movement of everyone.

Then why the hell is it necessary to, AGAIN, have to march in protest because the media has turned many things into a circus.

Then why the hell does Al Sharpton have to walk the streets with the same watchful roaming eyes just like it was necessary in the 60's.

Then why the hell are some people trying to get back to the same hateful times which we have finally....or thought we had... finally overcome.

What do we want? Do we ever know what we want? Why can we not be happy with the moment. If we don't like the ride, GET OFF THE TRAIN!

A week or so ago, an Amber Alert was issued. The television program was interrupted. Not only that, the Amber Alert also ran across a ticker on my computer on myspace.

Once I was driving on the Autobahn...Freeway... in Germany. It was night and barely any traffic. I was listening to my Blaupunkt cassette recorder. All of a sudden something kicked the tape out of the player and a voice came on on the radio. I was startled all during the time the voice said:

This is a warning. This is a warning. A ghost rider is coming right at you if you are northbound on Autobahn Number 86. This is a warning. This is a warning.

I did not know what a ghost rider was. I looked up and there was a car coming straight for me, head on. A driver going southbound in a northbound lane.

When a warning is sound, whether by technology, natural occurrences or by the behavior of animals, it would be wise to pay attention.

Fear and hate has no place in the 21st century.

When it is possible for the indigenous people of this country to unite to honor each other and Mother Earth, I am sure we can pull ourselves up by the bootstraps and figure out in a NON-COWARDLY-WAY to do the same. IT CAN BE DONE.

Where did the time go? It has been a great experience, I am glad I came. Now I have to ask for help to get me to my car so I can go home. A long 5 days and I have been "You're so crazy"

If we saw...for argument's sake...what we KNOW we saw on the dance floor, who is not to say there aren't observers from another world studying us, in order to see if they would really like to meet us, the people of the planet Earth!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3s9z3IOpH1g>

NAVAJO POW WOW FANCY DANCERS

Love and Light

Lilian

Lilian's February Newsletter

For the world of me I was unable to figure out how we name the months and how we arrive at the meanings. So I typed in Wikipedia *January meaning*. <http://www.answers.com/topic/january>
Did it clarify anything for me? Not really.

January was an eventful month for us people of the planet Earth. Still thinking about the ramifications of this so-called new beginning, I was sitting in the parking lot of an office building, killing time before a meeting, when I noticed 3 trees swaying in the wind on a stormy day. It was quiet, except for the wind and the sound of an occasional saw, on this ungodly stormy day, people were absent to the point for a moment I thought I was the only person on the premise. I listened to the trees as they moved, swung back and forward with the wind, spinning at the top as the gusts caught the top of their crown. In the stillness I listened to their story.

Spruce Tree:

"I have been here about 120 years, somehow it feels like something HAS changed. I thought I had felt it before, except by the time I was able to recognize the change, humans reverted to their old ways, they did not too much care what we thought as tree people."

Maple Tree:

"You know I noticed also. Humans say things and make a big deal about things. They don't think we are paying attention at all."

Oak Tree:

"I enjoy the fact that they have to come out of the houses they build here, they eat, drink, talk on their phones and smoke. They have no clue that we are listening and discussing their conversations later."

Spruce Tree:

"We, as tree people, have to ability and obligation to serve as time keepers and story tellers, so human law does not apply, if it did, I think they would behave more responsible in the things they say and do. They actually justify destroying the planet, they are selfish and unwilling to acknowledge our feeling in the matter."

Oak Tree:

"Let me tell you what I overheard the other day, right before it got noisy from the snowplows moving snow and ice a couple of feet over, so the cars were able to pass by. Just look at it, 3 weeks later, after the flood and the dirty snow mountains they created are still sitting there, unwilling to melt. It was stated that the Seattle SeaHawks were sold and when they came to town a big storm followed, as it usually happens, when the Hawks play. Not one person noticed that this was a mistaken statement made by a totally un-sporty person, a woman named Lilian. It was the Seattle Super Sonics, which went to Oklahoma City and the Storms, a women's team. I have kin in Tumwater, 12 miles from here, they tell Lilian stories also. For instance...."

Maple Tree:

"Wait, how can you have kin 12 miles from here, I thought we were your family?"

Oak Tree:

"According to Webster the word FAMILY means: well known, forward, informal, intimate, household groups.

According to Follette by Glucksman it means: Group of people together, people you trust and are familiar with.

Kin are people related by blood and tribe. I am kin to the old Oaktree in Tumwater, never spent too much time with him as a seedling, before the wind carried him away. I can still hear him when he talks

to me. You are my FAMILY and here we are.

As I said my kin, the Oak tree told me he overheard the same woman stop and talk to a woman standing on the street corner with a sign. She said Lilian sat on a crate next to her, in the rain and told her that she had written about her, the woman in her newsletter. How she had wanted to help her in the last storm, but had no money to give her, only a loaf of bread. How a reader sent \$200 with a note telling her, Lilian, that if she ever saw that woman again she now had a few dollars to share with her and others like her. Lilian went to the bank and got small bills and told the women at the bank what she was going to do with the money, the teller had noticed, a notation on the bottom of the check read :
USE AS NEEDED.

The woman at the street corner said her name was Nora and allowed a picture to be taken of her." She offered Lilian some bread and explained why she was at the corner sometimes begging for money. She has a place to stay and food to eat. She recently had a knee replacement and her hip was going out. Medicare does not pay for her medication and every month she needs \$41 for medication. She sits at the corner and waits for people to help her. She said she meets wonderful people and they share stories with her. She said interacting with people also made her forget about the horrendous pain she experiences each day.

Lilian wanted to know why her sign reads homeless or out of gas. Nora said if it would read need medicine, people would assume she was a drug addict, she did neither drink nor smoke."

Spruce Tree:

"Why do humans feel they can not tell the way things are? They are born non-judgmental and at one point their taught behavior gets everything all messed up."

Oak Tree:

" Because they have taught behavior and are, for the most part, not able to return to the old ways, even if they tried. Modern man feels in charge of everything at all cost. My kin, on the other end of Lacey, heard Lilian talk to the man at the tobacco shop. She was there to buy some special african tobacco for a friend, The man running the shop is from FIJI. They were talking about how the animals sensed the Tsunami in his homeland and the natives were wise enough to understand the language of the animals and followed and were safe. They talked about the dissatisfaction in the people and how it would appear the energy has changed momentarily, with the electing of a caring person trying to fix the mess they got us into.

The poor man, people expect him to have a magic wand and put things in order within a week. Little do they know this is not going to happen in the given time frame."

Maple Tree:

"Humans only live a short time, how can they comprehend what it is like to live 100's of years like us? If they did, they would surely show more compassion for us, the Earth and even themselves. They turn on eachother if things are not the way they expect it to be. No one can meet their expectations. They never learn, look back on your life time. You will be lucky to make it to 200 years. Look over there, a new building, someone is going to complain about you shedding your needles or leafs and clog the drain. You will be blamed for the next flooded parking lot and there you go. If you are lucky you will be able to become firewood and warm someone's house. Chances are due to pollution there is a burn ban and you just died for nothing, just laying around. Nothing ever changes, it will be the same in 100-years, if we are still here we can tell that story again."

Oak Tree:

"I want to get back to Nora and Lilian sitting on the crates on the street corner.

They talked about the terrible things happening to the people in Gaza.

Lilian told Nora how one year she was stuck in an abandoned old car wash thinking she could shelter the RV she was traveling in from hurricane type winds. She was unable to see anything and only heard

the dangers flying at her in the dark. At that moment she understood what it must feel like to not know what people throw at you and what will kill you. For so many years to live in fear and terror. The same word terrorism comes from and is used for even unrelated things for a half of decade.

She asked Nora if she knew why Israel wanted to take the land from Palestinians.

Lilian told Nora how in the late 40's a group of people decided to reclaim, what they thought was their homeland and remove the people living there, regardless.

The people living there felt like the people of Israel did many years earlier when they thought they would be invaded. They went to Masada, a fortress. They decided NOT to give up and died there.

<http://www.jewishvirtuallibrary.org/jsource/Judaism/masada.html>

Why would the Palestinians not want to remain in their home.

This is no different, you can not take some ones else's spot, killing women, children and anyone else for that matter is wrong.

Lilian's mother remembered the Phosphor bombs being thrown at them in Europe, she said everything burned, it was like crossing a raging fire river on twigs....barbaric. How can this be allowed in present day and no one said anything.

Not sure if Nora really understood, but Lilian gave her the money for her medicine and promised to visit her again next time she sits at the corner, with the sign. She now has a phone number. Next time she can call so Lilian does not have to drive around looking for her."

Spruce Tree:

"Since you know so much, how about asking Lilian to bring a seed from my kin over here, the rest are all spread out in Olympia. If they do cut us down, maybe we are lucky and they overlook the seeds and we can continue for another 200 years telling stories about the Noras and Lilians then.

Do you think humans will ever get it right?"

Maple Tree:

" No, they will continue to fight and not recognize a change is about to come. They will not honor the Earth and make things very complicated for the new guy...President Obama... they will not take responsibility.

The wind will continue to caress us and make us sing, there will always be Lilians, people to hear us, like family.

A girl in the Alps of Europe had a car accident. She had to make a choice between a ravine and a family of trees. She called out to us and said:" Here I come, embrace me!" The trees did just that. They caught her as her car was sliced into two pieces on impact. She got out of the car, shook her head and saw she had not as much as a scratch. She hugged the trees and said "THANK YOU" Her name is Claudia, Lilian's niece."

Spruce Tree:

War is a reality show, people live in a UNISEX politically correct society. If they don't turn off this noisy machinery I am going to throw a branch at them."

Oak Tree:

"Great going, make them mad, look Lilian is leaving, lets swing our tops one more time, loud enough so she remembers talking to us on this fine, stormy Northwest afternoon."

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. When downloading Nora's pictures, there were 2 of them, they somehow faded.. as in disappeared. I am not able to retrieve them, like Nora is nonexistent in digital.

Here is a photo a woman by the name of Laurie Johnson took on one of her travels in Arizona driving through the dessert. Bet the trees shook their tops about this human concept.....

Lilian's January Newsletter

The phrase: Planes, trains and automobiles jerk memories for some of us. Try this one: Planes, trains automobiles, bikes, skateboards, ferries and everything, which does not resemble a slate and that will draw you the picture if at least a couple of weeks in our homeland. No-one is going anywhere fast, any times soon.

In the predictions we mentioned that things would get so outlandishly bad that Mother Nature would have pity on us.

Imagine, if you will, for a moment the month of December with pleasant weather. An occasional house with holiday lights. People window shopping at the mall, yard work on the weekend and children writing demand.. ops.. wish- lists.. to the fellow at the North Pole. Electricity, Cable TV and the internet working perfectly, everyone comparing notes for the shortest routes to Grandma's house on Map Quest and overloading the system on Priceline to bid for the cheapest tickets available.

Wrong story you say?... Oh yeah.. In order for this to be the truth we would have to have a house to live in, a job to pay the bills. Power to heat our dwellings, money for presents and lets by no means forget food. Thousands of people would still have their jobs, American cars would take us where we want to go. Circuit City would start a lay away instead of a going out of business sale. Food banks would have plenty for the many hungry citizens and homeless Vets, children have warm coats and a hot lunch while in school and sick people have the medicine they need. Credit card limits would have been raised, so we could all have a Merry HoHoHo.

Nature did have pity on us and put almost everyone in a deep freeze. In Washington State it was reported that a winter as such had not occurred since 1861. Oregon called in the National Guard, to the surprise of many, since we assumed The Guard was unavailable and fighting some other problem abroad.

The East of the United States was without power for many days and storms and rivers were raging in the mid section.

Over the last 3 years, when ever the Seattle Seahawks play in Seattle, a MAJOR storm occurs. The Seahawks were sold to Oklahoma City and left. They returned to Seattle for a game and all holy hell broke loose. One could actually look at their schedule and prepare for a weather event. The fans are fantastic and somehow manage to fill the stands, their determinations is something to be admired. People had to reflect in December, it was all that could be done. We were frozen to the ground. If someone attempted to leave the safety of their home there was always someone with a shovel to give a helping hand. People concentrated on necessities rather than wants. Schools were closed so the old coats were not noticeable. The mail was undeliverable in places, so nothing went to the North Pole. Banks were shut down, so bills were late. No paying on line since there was no Internet. Driving was impossible, the fact that lots of places ran out of gas was not a big issue. The delivery trucks were parked by the freeway for safety, at least we knew they were going to get to where they needed to go... eventually.

Olympia made the international news, we had roofs at schools, nursing homes and apartment houses collapsed. No one was killed as a result of the storms.

3 great women died. **Miriam Makeba**, **Odetta** and **Eartha Kitt**. All three were pioneers in their activism. They used their music to relay messages to so many. All three had developed signature sounds by which to recognize them. Now we have computers and can duplicate sounds, when they started their journeys, they had the wisdom to create sounds which addressed the subconscious and gave a signal as to the importance of the message they were about to deliver.

All 3 were active and changed many things for us as a people.

Miriam in Africa and Apartheid.
Odetta in the civil rights Movement.
Eartha Kitt in international race relations.

All 3 saw the change our country is about to undertake and must have felt comfortable enough to leave, knowing that there are some of us which are willing to take their place.

MSNBC featured a Cello player. Yo Yo Ma. It was so interesting, he talked about his Cello and explained all of the pieces of wood and things. He told where everything came from and how it covered the Earth. Because if this he said one could drop him anywhere on the planet and he would fit in.

<http://www.msnbc.msn.com/id/3032619/>

According to Webster the word INEVITABLE means: assured, avoidless, certain, definite, fated, imminent, positive, sure, unavoidable and unquestionable.

According to Follett by Glucksman INEVITABLE means: no way to get around, and predestine.

I received some e-mails in which I was asked if I agreed that in February... at the time of the changing over to all digital... the TV's would have a monitoring device build in so we can be spied on.

I enjoy a good conspiracy theory, this is NOT one of those.

In 2007 the TV Station I broadcast out of was converted from analog to digital. We had to change our formats and equipment. At no time were we aware that anything subliminal and such was added to our program.

In the e-mail it was asked why the Government spend such large amounts of money for converter boxes IF there was no ulterior motive. I appreciated the \$40 coupon, my equipment is old. I appreciated that someone had enough brains to realize not everyone could afford this new way of doing things, the electronic waste would have been too much to get rid off and I would assume "THEY" knew there were so many other ways to spy on us, this would be irrelevant..... in my opinion....

As bad and turbulent the world appears to be at the moment, having been at a total stand still in December, it occurred to me that the energy change which we experienced in November is here to stay. I am sure much effort will be wasted by some to attempt to throw us into new conflicts, continue the fear we have been living in for many years, but somehow I think we have turned the corner in our conscious line of thinking.

The banks were lenient with late payments, the retailers forgave us for not spending our life savings. The man from the North Pole did not fly Alaska Airlines and got stuck at the Airport. I saw him on the news, he was a diver and maneuvered his way through the water, he actually got to some destinations. The kids were happy because there were many snow days and presents seemed secondary.

Hawaii got on the weather map due to a very strange power outage while President-Elect Obama was visiting his home.

The earthquake activity on the continent has resumed.

People were nice, friendly, neighborly and helpful. Some out of necessity since their passage was obstructed, never the less it was a merry time for people in America.

Miriam, Odetta and Eartha are smiling down on us, we found our own signatures and should everything else fail... We can always blame Mother Nature.

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. Links to the Ladies can be accessed at www.myspace.com/psygeria 2008 predictions under videos.

We have many international friends sharing stories about their lives and changes also occurring in their

consciousness.

The 2009 predictions are up in audio format and for those which missed this great ice formation here it is again.

An anomalous ice formation that grew on the outside of a double paned window in front of an aloe vera plant. The most likely explanation is that the plant's energy influenced the growth of the ice.



Are Activists Being Attacked With Electronic Weapons?

By Bill Phillips

Many of our friends who are more intuitive and active in trying to make the world a better place have been experiencing nearly identical symptoms of unexplained origin. The symptoms include headaches, stomach swelling and pain, night sweats, time anomalies, trouble concentrating, hearing strange noises - all with no apparent physical cause. Some have had extensive medical checkups which found no cause. One of our friends awoke from a deep sleep on several occasions to a strange vibration inside their body. In most cases the people around the friends have not been affected.

Possible causes for the symptoms include virus, bacteria, contamination from genetically engineered food and electronic weapons.

- **Virus** - Usually causes other symptoms such as runny nose and fever and wouldn't cause the vibration or time anomalies. Would also likely infect others.
- **Bacteria** - Can cause all the symptoms but the vibrations and time anomalies. Would normally cause a more regular fever. If the symptoms were from food poisoning it is likely that others who ate the contaminated food would also get sick.
- **Genetic contamination** - Little is known about disease caused from genetically engineered foods but the symptoms include all of the above but the vibration and time anomalies. The transgenes implanted into food are known to jump to other species and cause a wide variety of ailments. Would likely affect most everyone who consumed the contaminated food.
- **Microwave weapons** - Microwave weapons can cause all of the symptoms but the time anomalies. Microwave weapons can be detected using a wide band radio frequency detector or spectrum analyzer. Microwave weapons will usually impact anyone who is in the path of the beam, which has not been the case with our friends.
- **Psychotronics** - Psychotronics is the remote energetic manipulation of a being. A psychotronic weapon can target a specific person and cause virtually any symptom. It operates from a distance and creates no trace which can be measured with commonly available instruments. Psychotronic weapons have been under development since the days of Tesla. Present-day weapons are more advanced than we can imagine. Psychotronic and scalar weapons are the only known potential cause for all the symptoms experienced by our friends. When we talked to physicist Tom Bearden about the symptoms he claimed that they could only be caused by an electron interferometry device.

Evidence for electronic attacks is abundant. Patents exist for some of the devices and a recently [declassified document](#) sheds light on some of the types of weapons. For more info. visit our mind control document [collection](#).

Why would anyone target intuitive activists?

The last few years have seen many changes in the United States and the world. Freedom in all countries is slowly being suppressed in the name of the "war against terrorism", yet the efforts to supposedly fight terrorism only create more potential terrorism while nothing is done to address the cause of guerrilla resistance to corporate, economic, political and social oppression. Those waging the war are the biggest terrorists of all. The attack on the World

Trade Center was not orchestrated by Muslim terrorists but by an international criminal elite which controls virtually every government and almost all media. This organization is made up of a globalists, zionists, satanists and possibly aliens. Yeah, I know that this sounds pretty nutty, but the evidence supports the existence of such a group.

The organization is evil and seeks control over the entire planet. In the last few years they have stolen trillions of dollars. They control the most advanced technology, the military, most mass media and have all the financial resources they could ever need. With genetic engineering and cloned stem cells they now have the ability to switch-off the death gene and live for a thousand years or more. They can't be defeated on a physical level. Their only vulnerability is on the spiritual level. As dark beings they are vulnerable to positive spiritual energy.

Most every human has the ability to defeat darkness, yet most people have been spiritually and mentally enslaved through diet, religion, schools and popular culture. Living in the modern world causes devolution. Cell phones cause brain damage and emotional instability, eating/drinking much of the food on the grocery store shelf can cause chemical imbalance, disease, mental and emotional instability. Mass media eliminates useful information and feeds people information designed to limit growth and awareness. We are poisoned, dumbed down and told what to think and how to feel.

Very few people are left with the awareness and focus to address the rise of evil. Those who have the awareness and ability to counter evil are being attacked and influenced to prevent them from interfering in the global takeover and resulting depopulation. Defending oneself against such attacks is not easy.

Surviving the attacks

Surviving psychotronic attacks is not easy but it is possible and will ultimately make you a better person.

- The first step is to know that you are being targeted by non-conventional weapons. If you really think that you are being targeted ask your self why and try to find other explanations. Try to rule out everything else before you conclude that you are being targeted by electronic or other non-conventional weapons. Very few people are ever really targeted and most just imagine that they are. Don't be a paranoid nut-case.
- The next step is to discover your own ability to influence energy and to learn how protect yourself and influence those who might attack you. Learning Quantum Touch is an easy first step - www.quantumtouch.com, and should be learned by everyone.
- Colloidal silver charged with QT or Qi energy can be very helpful. You can buy colloidal silver in a bottle or make your own with a device sold from a variety of sources such as <http://www.herbalremedies.com/ahh-04.html> and other sources. To charge the colloidal silver water simply put your hands loosely around the container and transmit energy from your hands using the same techniques used in Quantum Touch. Using a large magnet negative side up under the glass you use to create the silver water can perhaps help.
- It is possible to shield against some types of electronic weapons. Less EMF, Inc. sells a wide variety of tools for the detection and blocking of EMF signals. www.lessemf.com. The Q-Link has been proven to be effective in protecting one's bio-field.
- If you are under serious attack you may have to change locations. A moving target is much harder to hit with any type of electronic weapon.
- If you are intuitive, try to connect to the person who has initiated the attack and connect

with them on a deep soul level. By expressing compassion you can reduce or eliminate their ability to cause you harm. However, you have to reach the person that has given the order to attack and not just those carrying out the attack.

- If you have a cell phone get rid of it. A cell phone can be used to track you and is very unhealthy. Just carrying one can weaken you and make you more vulnerable to attack.
- Accept the attack as an opportunity to grow stronger and become more aware. A simple change in your perception of the situation can change the nature of the experience.

If you really believe that you are being targeted by an electronic weapon please [contact](#) us.

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Lilian's May Newsletter

Where the HAIL is spring, the sign reads. Good question! I was on my way to the Post Office, so there it was... the sign... by the side of the road. We set record low temperatures for weeks, six months of winter is just a little much, even for us robust Washingtonians. We have bumper-stickers which read: WE DO NOT TAN, WE RUST.

I think almost all of us can identify with the fact that, even though we resent being stuck in traffic or being forced to travel alternate routes, it creates time to actually think. I know we all pretend to pay attention to traffic, the roads we travel and/or our surroundings. However, one cannot help to get lost in our thoughts, in fact I, for one solve some of my biggest problems stuck at the railroad crossing waiting for 129 railroad cars to pass. Even though I know about what time I will encounter said dilemma, my subconscious almost always maneuvers me to that crossing right about the time it is impassable.

So here I am again!

Caboose... In some ways April was a fast passing month, in other ways it just dragged along. Wonder if I missed anything. No, covered all Birthdays and appointments, paid most of the bills. Renewed Omar's subscription to USA TODAY. I was short on money so I asked ED to please check if there was a courtesy month available for a subscriber which paid uninterrupted for 17 years. No! Well, how about a free week so I have time to replenish my cash flow? No! Told him USA TODAY would surely reserve a spot in the newsletter. NO!

Car # 6... I hardly ever drink water, in part "maybe" because I come from a place in which water makes you sick. I catch a lot of flack from friends and relatives when I explain as long what I drink it wet and warm by body is just fine. I crave water when I need water, the rest of the time I follow by bodies request for something fluid and/or wet. Warm beverages prevent excessive sweating and Ice is not for me either since it keeps my temperature from stabilizing as needed. Low and behold, Science decided in April, 8 glasses of water are now a mere estimation and no longer set guidelines... My body knew this all along!

Car # 28... Salmon runs are very low. It was announced that fishing for salmon may not be allowed at all in 2008, which will raise the price of Salmon to \$40.00 per pound. Native American Tribes are not allowed to sell or give away any of their bounty. The past few years excess fish was laid by the side of the rivers for bears to eat. Needless to say we are enjoying Salmon as long as we can afford it, Buffet in Indian Casinos still serve superbly prepared Salmon.

Car # 39... Should pick a word for the month of May, lets see....
According to Webster AUSPICIOUS means: propitious, favorable, fortunate.
According to Follette by Glucksman AUSPICIOUS means: convenient, happy.

Car # 41... Most of the [bees have died](#) in Redmond, WA. No-one seems to know why, especially since a grant to study said problem was denied and the University of Washington is unable to get additional finances for the project.

It is sad to think voters are not educated in such important matters, if people realized that an insect as small as a bee is necessary to continue some of our food supply, I am sure the vote would have passed.

Car # 58... This is a slow train, patience! It took better than 4 months before some of the houses from the December floods in Washington State were ready for human occupancy again. Oprah and the Big Give had representatives in the area and made some difference. When we add the disasters, floods, winds and food shortages from the past few month it makes one wonder what the rest of the year has in store for us globally.

Car # 111... A brilliant documentary was released, it is called: [Meeting David Wilson](#) David Wilson took Dr. Martin Luther King's "I have reached the mountain top" speech to heart and followed his lineage in the USA and Africa. The film was 3 years in the making and the release of the DVD was coincidental to arrive at the turbulent time in our American Election.

Car # 124... Herschel Walker wrote a new book; [BREAKING FREE](#). ISBN-13: 978-1-4165-3748-9 - It is well written and provokes thought in many. Please expect an upcoming article from me in reference to DID (Dissociative Disorder) and MPD (Multiple Personality Disorder). To date I have been invited and taped an interview for a 1-hour radio show in Hawaii.

Car # 126... 15 minutes, I am still at this railroad crossing. Friends of mine told me about recent toothaches they experienced. What is different about these toothaches is that the friends have no insurance. They sought help at a local charity. They were requested to fill out forms and were instructed to please appear at the dentist's office bathed, shaven and to wash their hair. They were also requested to show up sober and drug-free for the day in order to get their tooth PULLED, not saved. The friends were somewhat dramatized by said requests, they ALL have jobs and are considered upstanding citizens in the community. They lack Health/Dental Insurance. The dentists were very nice and respectful, they did repair and save the teeth. I can well imagine how people in said situation feel, having to have seeked help a time or two myself. PLEASE do not give up! Things like this will touch many more of us under present circumstances. Many of us will not have money for many essentials, many will be put in a situation we find insulting. I do not think people whom draft these forms have any Idea how hurtful something like this can be.... OR they don't care.

Car # 129... Today the stimulus packages arrive, so we can go shopping! Oh, I forgot! Some of us on disability do not get a check, guess I cannot replace the quarter of a tank of gas I just used to sit here waiting for the train to go by!

I drive 3 miles and have to stop at a construction site. Guess I have time for another thought. A friend was admitted to the Hospital with a minor ailment and sent home a couple of days later. She then contracted Viral Pneumonia. She was admitted a second time and came down with MRSA. Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus

[Methicillin-resistant Staphylococcus aureus](#)

She infected her daughter. Eventually my friend ran out of money and Insurance, Medicare refused to pay for hospital care at one point and she was transferred to a Nursing Home where she died. The daughter recovered.

[Death by doctor/hospital is the third leading cause of death in the United States. Not only does the US have the most expensive health care system, it is also the most deadly.]

On a ballot in Washington State the voters had been asked to vote for a law which would have stated that when entering a hospital or facility with one disease and another was contracted or a doctor caused a second disease for whatever reason, the original caregiver was financially responsible. The ballot was written in a very confusing way and unfortunately for my friend the law was not passed.

On the move again, this time I drive 9 miles before coming to a stand still in front of Value Village.

I start laughing and remember a clip I watched on a DVD.

Tyler Perry's play: THINGS YOU DO IN THE DARK. The segment was of Mr. Brown shopping at Value Village. I am still laughing each time I visualize him picking the most colorful, eccentric clothes and things he could find. If they did not fit he bought them anyway, in hope to turn them into something else at a later time. I saw myself and decided to NOT EVER do that again!

My digital AV Mixer is broken. It prevents me from blending, adding and mixing footage of film I need in order to produce my shows. It is a very costly repair and not in the realms of possibility at the moment.

As most of us know by now in February 2009 all broadcasts are sent in digital format to our TV. This AV Mixer also allows me to convert older shows into digital. I prefer analog, since some major shows are arriving as digital in our homes already. Get used to having your shows dissected, faces in squares and stuck for seconds at a time. It is irritating. I guess it is progress.

Finally, I am at TCTV, at the studio. I am looking for the blue screen, which enables me to transport myself into ANY background I choose. Mountains, Ocean screens, my house, Santa's Lap or Outer Space. I can make you believe I am at places I have NEVER been and by doing so keep up with progress and convince you of things which do not exist. The wonders of TV Magic! I am hoping to go on my yearly trip and get more footage to share and attend a fashion show by my friend FIFI BLUME, a designer from Australia. She is still in the hospital, we wish you well, FIFI. Not to worry for those of you, which have weddings planned, she is well and functional in cyber space.

Fifi Bloom wedding keepsakes - Australian contemporary designed & made chic wedding accessories

The blue screen is gone, it has been replaced with a green screen. Why not.... Green seems to be all around and the madness attached to it. With the help of the now green screen I can create

settings which are AUSPICIOUS.

Long day, many delays, much time for thought and I am finally home.

Here comes the next round of HAIL. I almost forgot.... Scientists have decided that alligator blood could be a cure for countless illnesses, including AIDS. They decided since Reptiles such as the alligator have roamed the earth for almost 40,000 years, it would be wise to assume their (alligator) immune system must have something in form of an antibody for everything. All we have to do is treat People with Alligator blood. So, for those of you, which think Reptilians will only arrive from Outer Space.... Think Again!

Here is an e-mail someone shared

I received a thoughtful email about the dangers of the new season. The subject is a brown recluse spider bite injury. You all probably know about this spider. Yes, I have heard about it also but I never have seen such a good photograph of one of those spiders. My EMS booklet does not come near this photo. Oh, by the way, it is considered one of the most deadly spiders in the USA and it lives here in the Northwest among other places.

When you go to those cold, quite, dark places, be careful. Places like the shed, garage, places where things are stacked for long periods and not touched.

The email recommends turning on the lights for a half hour before sifting through stuff. Pick up things carefully to allow the spider to run away. make noise or whatever.

The first pictures are of a recluse spider bite...
take care....

Love and Light
Lilian









June Newsletter

At what appears to be the highest elevation in my town, Olympia, WA. is a park. It was thought to be in the middle of nowhere, unless you knew how to get up the back streets and find it, it could have easily been missed. This changed within the last two years' as some of us watched the evolution of the place. Trucks with enormous boulders arrived, it appeared they were there for the purpose of building a jetty high above the city. Dirt deliveries followed and within just a few months a subdivision was built, surrounding Outlook Park. Some of us questioned the insane decision of developers to built 200,000-400,000 dollar homes on man-made hillsides amidst an earthquake zone... but what do we know? Most recently Ebony... my granddaughter/camera person ... and I drove up to Outlook Park to film the Moon eclipse. The lights of the cities were just far enough below and we got incredible shots.

Looking down on the TRI-CITY Olympia, Lacey and Tumwater the sky looks hazy. About the same color as the pavement below. The park is a busy place, the thermometer finally made the hump and maintained at least 60 degrees, people must have played hooky and rushed to Overlook Park. A young man sits on the railing, feet dangling off the sides, he smiles and points to the view. Puget Sound below in a distance appears to be endless, the Olympic Mountains vaguely visible today, just enough to remind us in what a beautiful State we live in. The State Capitol sits next to Capitol Lake, a ways right of that St. Peter's Hospital, right of that Lacey is visible and way off to the right is Tumwater, I can see the runway on the airport and the trees lines where I live ... at least I think that is where I live.

The boy asks me if I had heard that on May 1st the Union Port Workers walked off the job in protest of the war. I had and we mentioned how people still try to voice their opinion, even though leaving ports unattended for 10 hours on both coasts may not have been the greatest course of action. Affective though, the young man thought. Olympia had a small riot, uncalled for, created by inexperienced, hotheaded activists and arched on by hasty, overzealous police officers.

There is Ebony! She managed to slip by me while I was engrossed in my conversations. She is sitting on the park bench staring into space, could be she is looking at Puget Sound. She is DISTRAUGHT. On her way to the park she was pulled over by a Highway Patrol car. The officer was unable to give a valid reason for stopping her. We are famous for racial profiling in our TRI-CITY. He asked her how long she had been driving and she told him since March 2008. Ebony has a mild speech impediment and her "March" was not exactly clear. The officer taunted her about this for almost 10 minutes, then gave her a warning ... she does not remember what for. I report the incident to COP WATCH, an organization we were forced to put in place to monitor the behavior of law enforcement.

According to Webster JOCOSE means: joking, playful or jesting.

According to Follette by Glucksman JOCOSE means: happy-bird, trixter, flirt and full of manure.

A woman in a wheelchair watched me from a distance. At one point she must have decided I was an OK person, in fact she finally remembered having seen me on TV. So we talked TV. Ugly Betty was a program we both watched. She mentioned she was glad to be as old as she is, I had to agree with her, neither one of us thought we could function in the stressful environment of today's

workplace. It is extremely important to acknowledge the work and accomplishments of an employee rather than to point out faults or to say nothing. We are strange creatures as people, in fact we need praises sometimes, it makes us feel like we are noticed and not just a worker bee in the hive of the modern work machine. A little honey goes a long way, we try harder, thinking we belong, rather than worrying about being replaced by the next person, which in turn in no time feels the same way. A conveyor belt of stressed out people debilitate a society.

Not to worry, we had both head on CNN a decision had been made to ration health care ... in case of a pandemic or disaster, natural and/or man made ... not to treat people over 85. People with severe dementia, serious trauma and burn victims, severe mental illness and chronic disease. Well, having said that I guess neither one of us has to worry about the future ... nothing JOCOSE about that!

We laugh about the commercial from Linkon Financial, in which people talk to their Future Self. Great concept! Guess that leaves us out!

Imagine what the producers of the show Boston Legal can do with that subject! RATIONED HEALTHCARE!

It is refreshing...no, wait ... surprising that the writers have not been forced to change the story-lines. Not only do they manage to talk about real issues in a truthful way, they also put the real names of the people involved in said issues. How is that for JOCOSE!

I shared the fact that a study was done about people like herself which found that when people with Parkinson dance the shaking stops. I know we can transport our memories in time frames from the past, it is also feasible to be able to trick the brain into a time frame before a person was afflicted with Parkinson. At least that was our opinion and we liked said analysis. See you at the dance next week!

Overhearing our conversation sparked interest in a Biker, he parked his Harley and leaned against the light pole. Good thing Michael Moore resurfaced. He (Michael) was on Larry King. The part about a Bank giving away a gun as a free gift when opening an account somewhere. I saw the segment but was unable to recall in which State this happened. Where ever it was he, the biker, thought he should move there and open a big account for a BIG gun, in case he needed it to protect himself from Space Aliens, especially now, since the Vatican said it was OK to believe in UFO's and other beings, all of creation.

He also saw the show about England releasing their documents on the UFO issue. Did I think the US was going to follow suit? We have been here before and I am not sure. I referred him to John Greenwald <http://www.blackvault.com>. John had e-mailed me and told me her has a copy of the disclosure from the British on his website. In fact he just posted his 1 Millionth document on UFO and other documents obtained under the Freedom of Information Act. Another source of reliable info is at Steven Basset's site <http://www.paradigmresearchgroup.org> . We thought it was JOCOSE for having made fun of Dennis Kucinich having, during a debate in the Presidential Race, acknowledged he had, in fact, witnessed a UFO himself and then to find out Hilary Clinton was at least aware of the Rockefeller Investigation during the Clinton era. An open letter to Hillary Clinton was posted by Steven.

A woman pushing a double stroller stopped and joined the conversation. She commented on the hazy skies and how everything has become so unhealthy. Said she was a lot more aware of things, now that she had twins. I mentioned that a volcano was rather active in South America, there could be a possibility ash from there was circling the globe and blocked out a certain amount of sunlight.

In fact this eruption is rather peculiar in as much as scientists are unable to explain why this volcano woke up after 9,000 years and is spitting Obsidian, rather than lava. It was a South American Volcano which eventually send parts of Europe into a mini Ice-Age in the 15th and 16th century. Said she had heard about China guaranteeing it would not rain during the Olympics. I heard something about that also. In the 1940s scientists discovered that seeding clouds with chemicals such as silver iodine and dry ice could trigger rain or snowfall. When a disastrous flood hit Rapid City, South Dakota in 1972 nearby cloud seeding was blamed. In Europe hailstorms are over-seeded to create small hailstorms instead of large ones, mainly to protect wine growing fields. American scientists use small rockets with trailing wires back to Earth to reroute thunderstorms to prevent lightening to strike the space shuttle during launch. In 1947 a developing storm moving from the East Coast was seeded. It turned around and caused tremendous damage in Georgia. How can a cyclone no one saw coming destroy almost a whole country.... the rice basket of the East at that! We should really concentrate on paying attention to weather forecasts rather than playing weather gods. Lets not forget the daily appearance of Chemtrails, those pretty chemical clouds deliberately laid. I showed her some pictures we took on a recent trip, which distinctly showed the airplanes involved. She, like many other people, thought what she observed at times were normal contrails from commercial airliners.





Have you ever seen a weather map full of airplanes? CNN shows them early in the morning. Like we have 2 worlds. Us down here and another whole society living in moving objects over our heads!

Today I drove back to Outlook Park. Some of the fresh boulders brought in a few months ago had grown weeds on them. If one did not know better one could think it was a natural elevation. The sun is shining bright with still a haze when looking over Puget Sound and our TRI-CITY. A new sign has appeared, the name of the settlement: Ridge at Suncrest.

I passed the same biker on my way here. He had stopped at the roadside and put flowers by one of the crosses put there, indicating he had lost a friend. He passed me 60 mph, almost like he had a death-wish himself.

I pulled over and sat for a while. I got to thinking how crazy life can be.

So many children without a father. So many deadbeat Dads. Imagine having to create a law to force a man to acknowledge his children and help the mothers to take care of their needs. Fathers wanting to share with raising their offspring, having to fight in court for the right to do so. Having to spend their lifesaving on lawyers instead of spending the money to benefit the child.

Why would any one want to be President?

We expect our politicians to keep us informed and tell us the truth. We turn around and try to annualize everything they say. In essence we are forcing them to speak in tongues. How is that for JOCOSE....

Love and Light

Lilian

My Visit From A Blue Ball

The last few months have been interesting, to say the least.

Recently I have been able to secure a film crew to shoot and produce my television show, in either the studio or at my small studio located in my house. I was on the road most of the summer and am in dire need of "CATCH UP". It was for that reason that we decided to film an insert for a fairytale segment at my house on 8/24/2004.

Two of the three cameras needed in order to do that, did not work at all. They just quit for no reason. Luckily we had a digital camera, which was still cooperating, so we shot the insert without incident. When we attempted to transfer the footage we realized that the footage was totally ruined by some special effect, that we determined was not within the program of the camera. We re-shot the segment, only to find that it was all in a haze. The fact that it was done at two different locations did not matter, I was in a haze, a movable haze at that. We were able to see energy flow and finally decided to use it "AS IS" since the story was about fairy tales and supernatural stories.

The crew went home, I was ill and decided to call it a night. 12:30 AM is early for me. I made a cup of tea and thought about the events of the day. Outside my living room window about 75 feet away I noticed something. On further inspection, through the window, I saw a blue ball about 12 feet off the pavement, just hanging in midair. I ran to get the camera, only in time for it to disappear. We played "BALL" for about 34 minutes. The baseball size ball would hang there and as soon as I started to film, it would disappear. I came to the conclusion it did not want to be filmed. What I remember most about it is the color. I have NEVER seen a blue like this. To come close to describing it I would have to mix Cobalt with Turquoise and Nassau Blue. I am not sure if that is possible in this dimension.

The next morning I talked to the Landlady and mentioned my wonderful experience. She told me that about 4 AM she woke up and went outside. She said the pavement was fluorescent in front of the house in the same place I had my encounter with the blue ball that I will NEVER forget, due to it's beauty. The next day the haze was gone, the cameras were fine and I wished the ball could have stayed a little longer. I hope I will have the pleasure to more visitors of that beauty in the future.

Let us know about your blue balls!

Calla Lily

This is the day the Universe put me in front of the computer with the words in my head that I wanted to write to you. This will probably be long. I have a story to tell.

I remember being obsessed with a plant for about 4 years. The plant is the Calla Lily. I have tried to grow many of them. Each one would bloom once or twice and then begin to fade. And I would diligently buy another one. When I moved down here I thought I had finally succeeded with one of them and moved it very carefully. It faded in the new house. Once a friend who knew of my obsession with these beautiful flowers felt sorry for me and had a florists shop deliver a very large healthy Calla Lily for my birthday. She had been guaranteed that this lily would survive if I just watered it. But it too faded. I was so sad. I remember thinking one day "I guess this just isn't the time for me and Lily's."

Last summer I was fixated on fireflies. Each evening for months I would sit on the porch for lengthy periods of time and watch the magnificent show in my front yard. It seemed there were thousands of these beautiful little lights flying everywhere. When I went to bed I shared my fascination with my cat Sabrina, and she soon joined me in my fascination with these creatures. Night after night she would wait for me to turn out the light and then she would run to the window and look out as the light show began. We went to sleep each night while watching fireflies. My friends thought I was a little nuts. Everyone here knows fireflies and no one pays much attention to them anymore. At least not adults. They commented on my fascination and asked me if I had forgotten about fireflies. I told them no, I had always seen them but that they seemed especially beautiful this year. The fireflies continued in my yard long after no one else had seen them. I saw fireflies into October. No one believed me so several came late at night to see if I was really seeing live fireflies or if I was imagining it. They were surprised to find several flying around my yard even though the calendar said they should all be gone.

Paula had told me about her friend Lilian that she had met in Kimberling City. She said Lilian was a psychic, was someone who did readings, and was a very interesting person. I didn't pay much attention to this information at first. Every now and then Lilian would come up in the conversation and long about September I decided maybe I would have a reading done by this Lilian person. After all, I was at some sort of impasse in my life and had no idea where I was going. I had been searching for answers to my thousands of questions all my life, and I was getting tired of the journey. And I had no idea what I need to be doing with my life. It seemed to me that my usefulness to anyone else had ended. I had started to ask the Universe to either show me what I could be doing or to get me out of here and let me move on in my spiritual journey elsewhere. All I got was silence. So finally I went to your website and wrote you about the procedure for having you do a reading. And you wrote back to phone you. I did this. And when I talked to you, I saw Calla Lilies in my head. And you know, I had not remembered that until this morning when I decided to write to you! And now I know, the obsession with Calla Lilies was the beginning of my search to find you.....only of course I didn't know it at the time.

So I phoned you and you did the reading. I remember trying to take notes during the conversation. You kept telling me that you would send the tape but that wasn't good enough for me, I wanted notes so I could remember as soon as the conversation ended. But my notes

were garbled and unintelligible when the phone was back on the hook. I couldn't believe you hit as many things about me as you did. And I was so HAPPY to be hearing your voice. In a few days you called again. I was thrilled. I couldn't believe you had phoned me back. I had wanted to call you but I thought I would be being a nuisance, so I had not done it. In one of our first conversations I mentioned to you that I had been fascinated with the fireflies. And you told me a Native American belief that the fireflies represented new hope or new beginnings (I can't remember which) and I instantly began to understand.

I am so honored. The Universe had been telling me for 4 years that you were coming. It gave me Calla Lilies and fireflies. By the way, after our first conversation I never saw another firefly last year. The message had finally been received.

Having you come into my life has changed me so much. I have been thinking about how I could tell you this because I want you to know how important the work you do with others is to them.

I was a wanderer through life last October when you did the reading. I was in a limbo of sorts. There was my past life, which centered on being a mother and wife; there was my illfated journey to the northwest; there was my work in social services. But at that time I had no idea where I was headed in my life. I had been marking time for several years. These had been years of trying to heal from some not very good personal experiences, but I felt much of the healing had been done. I had decided to study Reiki and had finished that. I had always known people had seen me as a healer of some kind and with Reiki I had a name and way of carrying that out in visible form. While I loved practicing Reiki, I nevertheless still felt unfinished and without direction. I had read many books in my search for a new direction. Each one would push me a little farther along, but none gave me the fuel I needed to rev up and really begin moving.

Soon we began talking often. I found myself suddenly learning names and things I had never included in my reality. Crop Circles, ET's, Abductions, Remote Viewing, Earthquakes, Volcanoes, Rampa, Credo Mutwa, Sangomas, Time Travel, Dimensional Shifts, and many other names and things and places soon began integrating into my consciousness and understanding. I began to buy new books. I no longer expected any of these books to give me THE answer, but rather I had come to understand they were simply one more piece to the puzzle. You began to share videos of your shows with me. I was ecstatic! I could see and hear you on the videos and that was wonderful. But also the videos brought me into contact with many others who had stories to tell. It was another piece to the puzzle – a large and very important part of the puzzle to be sure.

I also learned I could share things about myself with you without fear of being ridiculed or thought to be nuts. This was absolutely wonderful. It is always good to know someone else understands what you previously thought no one else could ever understand. Not only did you understand, you helped me to learn to begin to sort these occurrences out.

Then came THE night. Do you remember? I saw my first UFO. It was about 2:45 AM. I had just finished meditating for a few minutes and was getting under the covers when I began to notice something odd in the back yard. I saw three green globes of light. They were the color of green traffic lights. When I saw the first one it was about 20 feet from the bedroom window. I remember shutting my eyes several times thinking that something was messed up in my

vision. Then I saw the second one right away and it was just in front of the garage door. At this time I began to pay closer attention and then saw the third one up in the sky about a block away. I shook my head. I thought I must be seeing things. I lay down and mentioned to the cat that there were such bright stars in the sky. I forgot for a moment that it was a very cloudy night. I was looking at what seemed to be three bright stars up in the sky. Then I noticed one of them was pulsating. At this point I got up to get my glasses. I thought I was not seeing something clearly. As I lay down I noticed the brightest of the stars seemed to be pulsating. And, in addition to pulsating, I saw that it was composed of several lights of different colors. There were green, blue and white lights. I thought it must be an airplane. But it didn't move. I thought it must be a satellite, but again there was no movement. These lights stayed in the exact same positions in the sky. Then I began to get excited. Could this be something other than stars and satellites and airplanes? I watched it for about 20 minutes and then I couldn't stand it any longer. I phoned you and woke you up. You asked me several questions and I answered them. And then you asked me to wave to it. Just to pass my hand in front of my eyes back and forth. I thought you wanted me to do this to interrupt my field of vision so I could see more clearly or something. But then I noticed the pulsating lights began to pulsate at the same time, which they had not done before. You then informed me this was a response and that somehow they could see us wave at them if they knew we were watching. I was on fire! I couldn't believe it. I felt like a child at Christmas! Then you suggested tactfully that I might want to go outside and look at this thing there. I grabbed some shoes, kept the phone in my hand and ran outside in the cold January air in my pajamas. I found a viewing place that gave me the best view of the lights and then we watched them for another 10 minutes or so until I was so cold that I was getting numb and then I had to go back inside. By the time I got back into bed, the lights had left. I will probably never know if these lights were from a US aircraft of some new variety, from another country on earth, or from someplace else in the Universe. It doesn't matter at all to me. I saw an unidentified flying object...three of them to be exact. I know they exist. I KNOW this of a certainty. They are part of my reality now. And I shared it with you. And during this sharing you helped me to be unafraid, to investigate as much as I could, and to have some level of understanding about the event. I can't think of anyone else in the world more appropriate to share this experience with than you. Alone I would have been frightened, intimidated and wouldn't have enjoyed it nearly as much as I did with Lilian on the other end of the phone quietly telling me what I needed to know and understand. I can never thank you enough for that experience.

My life has changed much since that reading last October. My stack of reading and viewing grows weekly. I have my own time traveling pound of hamburger in the freezer (at least that's where it was yesterday – who knows where it is today), and I am learning to appreciate my own abilities that I previously thought were simply weirdness. I still don't know where I am going and have no idea how I would get there anyway, but it doesn't matter anymore. I know who I am. I am a Lightworker for the Universe. One of the most amazing things that have happened concerns my ability to write. I used to write all the time. But for about 12 or 13 years I had not been about to write anything about myself or life, and had been limited to factual articles about 3rd dimensional things. And, for about 5 years I had not been able to write at all. I thought it was something that was gone forever. Lately though I find myself in front of the computer screen and keyboard with thoughts spilling out of my head. Sometimes I can't type fast enough. I keep a pad and pen in my purse and jot down thoughts for some future writing effort as I am shopping, or driving somewhere. I am finding my voice again.

I think you are like the town criers of olden times. These were people who walked through the streets, sometimes ringing a bell, and shouting messages the people needed to hear. We live in strange times. No one knows what is going on most of the time. Sometimes people are scared. And always it is difficult to understand and make sense out of the chaos that characterizes our world. I believe you bring the message of understanding and hope to the people. You are there to help them make sense out of things they believed could make no sense. And you bring the things of high strangeness to a place where we all can begin to comprehend them. I have always wanted to paint but don't seem to have the ability. If I could, I would paint a picture of a beautiful Calla Lily with a firefly on it and name the painting Lilian.

I am so grateful to you. And, I am sure everyone who knows you is also. I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the things you have helped me to know and understand about the Universe and about myself. I am beginning to be at peace. And I think I am beginning to trust the Universe.

Thank you, Lilian. I am so honored and appreciative to know you. And I feel so blessed to call you friend.

Love, Kathryn

The Prison

by unknown

The corroded cynicism of many that have heard of those presuming of infallibility as they pass judgment on them, the fallible.

I am more formidable even with my stonewalls and steel bars than the lethal gun towers; for not even I, only I, slowly confine I inviolably destroy the souls of those I hold within me.

I am loneliness and I am heartache and my teeth sink into the souls of men.

I am the bleak emptiness where feeling is a sickness bone deep.

Anxiety swells and thrusts certainty constricts and stifles I am society's collector of debt.

I am the memory that comes violently in the night like the screaming sound of a trumpet from the grim orchestra of frustration, a melody of despair and crushingly impair the unchangeable indifference.

I am the depository of human failures, aborted dreams and numbness.

The holder of countless stories never told, never lived.

Yes, I am the liberal prison never can my viciousness truly be told;

I know it!

It must be felt and experienced!

I am cold!

I am hard!

I am merciless!

I am the intolerant conscience of the righteous face of society.

I am vibrant, have contempt for the mass, the endless.

When I see one uplifted with a happy face, lifted toward the open space, I exceed and expose the very soul of men; it is then that I should exist!

I am the face in the visiting room; eyes that are everywhere in action reflected in carefully watched and brooding faces.

I am the true stench.

The face of that man in prison irons remembering the warmth of love and tenderness.

I am the gut feeling of the man destroying his desperate hopes of letters that never come, with visits that never appear.

I am the deeply etched faces

Of those that wait

And wait

And wait

Their only sentence of heartbreak, disappointment, and vain regret.

Repeat, yes, I am the prison with the smothering confines of steel bar cages

here it crushes from the weight of inhuman reality, where in the endless emptiness of long days and shattered, lonely, eternal nights I

Repeat

Repeat

Repeat

My message.

Lilian's October Newsletter

Don't you hate... Hate is a strong word, maybe I should rephrase to TOTALLY dislike ... don't you totally dislike people that claim to have all of the answers? No matter what you ask, THEY know! It would therefore stand to reason we have, for the most part, very knowledgeable people in our midst.

Imagine for a moment an office in Washington, DC ... lets call it that ... we were told has staff members which spend their time there part time. It is a simple office, two small tables, 4 chairs. A simple bookcase with assorted reference books to give the appearance of warmth. Two tape-recorders or whatever is called for in order to go with the times. Maybe a potted palm-tree and a money-tree offsetting the purple drapes. The little mandelbrot shaped table in one corner of the office is covered by a bottle-green satin tablecloth. On it sits 2 small wooden boxes. One is plain purple, the other has native sand paintings on it. The 2 women, which are suppose to be working in this office, are everyday-down-to-Earth-Ladies. They are, between them, 136 years of age. Between them they have 75 years of work experience. They are not in yet, if you like you can wait.

My sleeping schedule is a little different from the average person, I go to bed about 3:30 AM. About 11:00 AM it is time to take my heart medication. I make a strong cup of Java, smoke a cigarette and then return to my bed so I can snooze for a bit, at least until someone calls and jerks me out of my slumber. It is during this time sometimes I dream or "GO SOMEWHERE." Dreams appear very vivid and realistic, could be I really do go to another realm. The first few years living in the United States I had 1 friend. Her name was Margie, short for Elizabeth. We were Army wives, first on Base and then we were next door neighbors, actually more like back door neighbors. We lived on different streets and our back yards touched. We raised our kids together, she had 6 and I two. We spent many an hour together while our husbands were on their second tour in Vietnam. Margie died at age 37.

The other morning I found myself sitting in Margie's kitchen. We drank tea and talked about current affairs. I can still taste the tea, a mixture of Red Rose and Peppermint. I can still feel what her table cloth felt like to the touch. She had brought it from Germany, some kind of fancy crochet. We talked about rising gas and food prices, we were leery of the future and were angry at the useless war our husbands were fighting. To protect us from communism, while we had no idea what our world would consists of the next day, hoping the next President would fix that mess.

She said: "You know, the world is a messed up place, the definition of the enemy has changed, while everything else remains the same. The present war makes as little sense as the last one." I agreed. She thought the political arena was like a boxing ring. The fighter with the best management, finances and larger fan club was going to win, since often the talent was secondary and the fighters were mismatched. To also assume the former champion wins was underestimating the skills of the newcomer, it is because of.... The phone rang which slung me back into this realm and I never heard the rest of the explanation.

I have discovered myspace. I have made it just that. MY space. My granddaughter set it all up for me according to my specifications. I was excited when she took me to the place where we found some of my favorite songs, which transport me into different times of my life. I was able

to put everything on the page that is important to ME and I can share with the new friends, some of which I have not met yet. I like the feature which allows me to only open my virtual home to people I like to get to know. So much on TV about staying safe ... just as you would in your real house you just have to invite the right crowd. I love it! What a unique place to meet. I have trouble walking these days so I will be able to spend time in MY space. Feel free to drop in for a visit at www.myspace.com/psygeria Make sure you announce yourself by requesting to be a friend.

I am currently putting a book together, my third, THE BIG P. It is a collection of all of my articles, newsletters and short stories I have ever written. I hope to have it done by December. Excerpts will be posted on my blog on myspace. We have several German speaking friends, eager to find out if the translator program works... So what if a scrabbles a bit! I am hoping to create a circle of international friends to share stories, so we can compare notes as to how to get from one day to the next in this difficult world we live in. How to cope with disrespectful employers, rude teachers, anal people and just maybe have a laugh or two to lighten our burden. The stress of unemployment, lack of necessities are almost unbearable; globally. Lets not forget about some of the paranormal stories which can emerge during an afternoon ... night in my case ... in myspace.

It is helpful to create yourself an escape, it is more fun than the bathtub. I am hoping someone will create "SMELLAVISION" soon, smells is the only thing we are unable to duplicate...

There is no word according to Webster or Follette which can describe September of 2008. Therefore there is no word for October.

Hurricanes Gustav, Ike and Kyle came to the US, wonder if anyone asked for their passports and/or visa.

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

Case in point:

KATRINA= pure, unspoiled.

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

GUSTAV= worthy of respect.

Well build, of considerable strength. Macho, not happy playing "House Husband."

IKE= Sea Friend.

Authoritarian personality. Swift. Does not learn restraint until adulthood. Greedy, demands possessions. Temperamental, shows off and occasionally needs a "time-out."

KYLE= straight, narrow piece of land.

Rather than a business owner he prefers to act as a consultant. Straight and to the point, no variation allowed from course. Very decisive. Respects human values. Main goal is to avoid boredom.

A LOT IS IN A NAME! Some cultures name their children according to their personalities and/or their expected life path.

The craziest, to date, Experiment ... in my opinion ... was attempted in the Swiss Alps. The goal is to reconstruct the Big Bang in a controlled environment in order to better understand the Universe. The HADRON COLLIDER, CERN. <http://lhcb-public.web.cern.ch/lhcb-public>. Try your hand at running the LHC and interpreting collisions on a simulator at <http://www.particledetectives.net/>.

Due to the overwhelming interest in the subject of 2012, many of you asked me what my feelings are on the subject. Up until now I never had an opinion. When I learned of the experiment ... keep in mind, it is so dangerous that some scientists had asked courts to stop it and save the rest of us from eventually being consumed by a black hole from within the Earth ... it occurred to me that this could be the explanation for what the Mayan Prophets saw. Often we, Seers, Prophets and Futurists see things either in metaphors, which are hard to interpret, OR, like Nostradamus in visions which we are unable to understand since the things we look at are not in existence at the time when we perceive it. IF the Mayans saw a wall of darkness or a black hole, they could have interpreted it as unable to penetrate, nothing visible, unable to see on the other side and therefore stopped counting time, which is perceived by many as the end of the world as we know it. I suppose we have to wait till 2013 to fully understand what took place. At present I think the (Mayans) saw the experiment take place.

Some requested Divine intervention, whether Earthly or Alien to stop this project. It malfunctioned, time will tell if we are allowed to continue with this madness of a few. It was reported to me by people living in the vicinity of the Alps that there were physical consequences almost immediately in form of nausea and headaches, loss of equilibrium and mood changes. These afflictions lessened a couple of days after the project was halted.

Wall Street. Well, the chaos is still unfolding, I suppose much of Novembers Newsletter will be devoted to that subject. OR NOT! The greed and irresponsible decisions of a few affected the globe..... IF we can still afford paying for Internet access in November. LOL

Back to the women in that imaginary office in Washington, DC....

For 11 years, once a year they have, on television and other news outlets, given people a general idea what is ahead for the following year. Their motive is to make people aware of what is coming their way, sometimes even giving solutions to an upcoming problem ahead of time. Mostly to inform; so many pitfalls can be avoided.

At times they have consulted other people like themselves to double check their findings, especially when something sounded so bizarre that it was inconceivable what it was they found.

Over the years they have predicted ... to mention a few... Sept. 11, vote-scam in 2000, recall of major medications, financial "disorders" plus wars, floods and a multitude of other natural

disasters. Home made Copies of these prediction shows starting from 2000 on are available on request. psygeria@aol.com. Please cover S&H. Donations welcome.

2008 has so far materialized many of the predictions made by the women and their "Double Checkers."

Floods in the West and Midsection.

Gustav and Ike.

Mayor issues with Wall Street concerning Credit due to GREED! Bailout by Taxpayers.

Loss of financial portfolios.

Presidential candidate selection.

Choice of GOP for VP.

Gay marriage.

Trouble with car industry.

Pet food recall.

Writers strike in Hollywood.

Potential disturbances in Venezuela.

Contermination of cosmetics.

The Office with the purple drapes is finally ready for occupancy. Lacking is the name tags on the door.

Kanashibushan and Lilian Mustelier

We should be able to get that job according to our resume... Oh WAIT ... we can't do that! No one hardly ever listens to us! WHO WANTS TO BE HATED FOR NOTHING????

Update from Lilian - High Strangeness on the Road

Hello Friends,

This is Lilian on the road. I just had a chance to phone in my report and this is Tuesday but this story begins very early on Monday morning. The Universe had given me directions to leave my home at 4 AM. So we actually followed the information I had been given and left at 4 AM on Monday morning.

We took Highway 14 towards Bend, Oregon. We heard the weather reports of heavy snow on the radio and eventually found ourselves in the middle of this storm. We found ourselves in hail, rain, snow and wind. I want to tell you that in my opinion this highway is not advisable for RV's or Campers at any time.

When we arrived in Bend we checked with Several hotels and weren't happy with the results. Eventually we did locate a Motel 6 and spent the night there. We found staying there a good experience.

We had no Press ID on our vehicle and were able to find someone to make decals for us that identified us as members of the Press. It was interesting to note that attitudes changed once we began displaying the Press ID on the vehicle. We also decided the reason people live in Bend is because they are so inflexible. We found them quite inflexible!

When we left Bend we were not able to travel on Highway 395 as we had planned. Instead we traveled on Highway 78 as it seemed to be the only way to get around the snow system.

I want to tell you about a very strange experience we had yesterday. As we were traveling, a green 18 wheeler began coming right towards us in our lane of traffic. There was nothing I could do. It was all happening very quickly. I still can't tell you exactly what happened except that the truck was headed straight for us and seemed to pass through us. We felt the hard vibrations in our vehicle. And we saw the truck in the rear view mirror. All we know is we are in tact.

Tonight, Tuesday night, we are in McDermot, Nevada. We ate a wonderful meal at the casino and I have been lucky playing the machines at the casino. In fact, I am dictating this message from inside the casino. But we are going to go to bed soon because we must leave early tomorrow. We will still be traveling on Highway 78 and our next message tomorrow should come to you from somewhere in central California.

Tina wants you to know she has found the trip very relaxing and she is really enjoying the scenery. She said she is used to traveling the Interstate and has never traveled the back roads before. She is enjoying the experience.

This is Lilian, signing off from McDermot, Nevada.

We are in Victorville, CA.

We located a great discount shoe store and Tina, my camera person, bought several pairs of

shoes. These shoes are really a bargain at that outlet store.

We continue to visit with the people around our Motel and we have made friends out of several of them we are sure.

I had my last visit with Omar today. Tomorrow I have to take care of some personal business and then we will begin our journey back home. It has been a wonderful trip and it is good to see Omar feeling better and getting the medical attention he has needed.

We will write again tomorrow after we have started our journey back to Washington.

Monday, April 24

We are still in Victorville. I had some personal business to take care of and when I returned to the motel the manager wanted to talk to me. She had a friend who needed some assistance in finding something important and I was able to help her locate the item. Then we went uptown and we were driving in the right lane and when I knew I needed to make a left turn. So we worked our way through the traffic and turned and found a restaurant with Arabic food. So we went in and ordered our food. While there a man came into the motel. His name was David and he wanted to know if this was our car out front. We said it was. He had left his wife and child at the park and had gone in search of Mexican food and somehow ended up in the Arabic Restaurant and he was interested in talking about anything on my website. We decided to smoke and went to that area of the restaurant and talked some more. We had not been able to visit the Strippers Museum as we had planned because it is being dismantled and taken to Las Vegas. We found out that David didn't live far from the existing museum wanted to film it. He knew the caretaker and made a call for us. Unfortunately much of the museum has already been moved and we were not able to do this. We returned to our room and for the next several hours it became a busy meeting place. We met a lovely young lady with cerebral palsy who had several stories to tell us. While this was happening we realized that one person led to the next and that one to the next and so on. We can see that this is how the human race should be.

I am almost sad to leave here. I can truthfully say I have made some wonderful new friends here. This was a most moving day for me.

If a person here has nothing else to do, they can sit and watch the gas prices rise. One woman told us of needing to get gas and having an errand to run and in the 10 minutes it took to do this the gas price raised 8 cents. Gas here is now above \$4.00 per gallon.

Tomorrow we leave. We will be heading out on Highway 395 going north. Another storm is coming and we will determine the route of the rest of our trip after we get to Bishop, CA and see how this new storm is behaving. We have loaded the car and had to rearrange everything because of the million new shoes we bought.

So tomorrow we will be on the road when we talk with you again.

Wednesday, April 26

We left Victorville, CA yesterday. We found several men on bicycles. They were carrying a sign that read "For Every Soldier That Dies 1 pedals 10 Miles". They said they had traveled more than 16,000 miles since 2004. We did an interview with them and bought them some food.

We went to the Living Ghost Town. They had no library, so I left some of my books in the Post Office because people wanted to read them. Since we left the Living Ghost Town we have had an invisible passenger in the car who whistles. We found the whistling on the tape we were making of our trip.

Yesterday we ran into bad weather. We ended up in a small mountain town for the night. I don't remember the name of the town. We left early today and out ran the storm. People kept trying to tell us to go to Klamath Falls but I didn't want to go there. Later we learned that if we had done that we would have gone across the Trinity Range of the Cascade Mountains, which we did not want to do. We also learned of some earthquake activity in the area and we wouldn't have wanted to get into that either. We are happy with the route we are taking.

We are in the last town in California tonight....Altura. We will cross over into Oregon tomorrow morning. We are still seeing lots of flooding from the rains that have been taking place. And we saw a huge flock of Canadian Geese flying south! We don't know what that was about.

Love and Light,

Lilian

Remote Viewing Conference - Austin, TX 2002

I have been a Psychic most all of my life and was pretty content with that knowledge.

A friend suggested that I should attend a remote viewing conference. So I did. In Austin, TX.

Up to that time I had spent time with a multitude of people, mostly in a spiritual capacity. I realized this energy to be different. While there I was able to attend Ingo Swann's book table and meet a great man, Paul.

There were several speakers I wanted to interview for the television show. Lyn Buchanan - he was so delightful and I appreciated his honesty. I found him to be a man I can be friends with.

Dale Graff from the STARGATE project shared a lot of information and we had a nice visit.

John Kovacs is a promising young man, a master at his trade. I was impressed with his dedication.

My main goal was to interview Ingo Swann. A life time opportunity. I chose not to, I felt I did not want to invade his space. What could I have added to the story of his life? Just being in his presence was a great experience.

There were many people that had come from all over the world. I asked for their reason for coming, which ranged from taking classes, socializing and just associating with the great minds of the planet.

One night they had a PK party and we all bent spoons. In the meantime I have employed that skill and taught the children how we can empower ourselves, no need for drugs or self-doubt.

There are many links on this website to the great Viewers themselves. Therefore I am reporting what I experienced and leave you the pleasure of getting acquainted with them. Jim Marrs himself was present, his smile lit up the rooms. I made new friends and learned a thing or two that since then I have put to use.

I would recommend you attend an RV Conference if you get a change. It will get your mind "outside of the box".

Related Links
Remote Viewing Conference
Lyn Buchanan's site
Ingo Swann's Site

First UFO Convention at Ocean Shores, Washington

Living so close to Ocean Shores, about 60 miles, I packed up NAZHONI the RV, grabbed Ms. E.T. the cat and off I went.

Most people thought I was there for the Psychic Fair that ran at the same time in the same building for the week end. I recognized a lot of the friends and the association was great.

At the Conference I found myself in the company of three of the greatest speakers I know. Derrill Sims the ALIEN HUNTER; Peter Davenport from the UFO REPORTING CENTER; and James Clarkson, my friend that publicized the JUNE KABA story.

Their information is awesome as always, I taped all the talks and as you can see even brought back some pictures for you.

Often times I take pictures of landscapes, animals or objects rather than people. Now that I know you want "people" also, I will accommodate that request.

The weather had dropped from 88 degrees in Olympia to 51 degrees all within 60 miles. Needless to say we were cold!

Derrill and Peter will be at the BOB WHITE conference in November. See the website Previously <http://www.hardevidence.com> now www.hardevidence.info created in his memory . He died on November 12, 2009. Since I have been all over the country already this year I am not sure if I can make an appearance there.

Universe has been known to give me a hand and with the help of donations I can leave at a moments notice. My plans are to see you at Jim Marrs event in Laughlin, Nevada September 27-28, 2003. <http://www.jimmarrs.com>

I will keep you posted and enjoy all the great people Universe has provided for us to meet, share space with and learn from.

Love and Light

Lilian

My Visit to the UFO CONGRESS in Laughlin, NV - 2003

A lot is to be said attending a conference of this magnitude. In my travels I find people everywhere, from the cities to the smallest towns, that have some knowledge about UFO's and the paranormal in general. Paranormal, because they consider these things out of the ordinary, man-made or not.

I had been invited to attend and interview the speakers. Bue hair and all, Justin Wright the director and myself arrived on time. It was awesome. Close to 1000 people intermingling with the speakers created a lot of energy.

Valery Uvarov from Russia is just delightful. I found him to be human and all heart. The interview was great and he was able to verify things I had talked about before, only in a speculative format.

Wendelle Stevens was very busy, even so he took the time to sit and visit with me for a spell. Robert Dean appeared every so often and we had what he called a "senior moment." Some of us are getting up in age and are anxious for the young people to take our place.

Jamae Maussan the researcher from Mexico of course had a big following. Eventually I got an interview and found him to be a wonderful man. James Gilliland, Hope and Randy Mead shared their ORB stories and gave me permission to work their ORBS movie into my show and we are grateful. The Planet X TEAM was present. mark Hazelwood shared a few laughs and Dr. James McCanney got very firm with the media circus, that was so overdue. Everyone wanted to mingle with the speakers.

Haktan Akdogan is with the UFO museum in Turkey and shared great footage of meteorites and UFO's. Nick Begich was armed with lots of new information regarding HAARP and had a great smile for everyone that approached him with questions.

Dr Lee from China gave an interview in Spanish, he does not speak English. The interpreter was a very nice lady and her voice had a wonderful ring to it. Those were the speakers I elected to share time and space, even though there were many others.

Midweek we had a Party and there again one could imagine world peace. Everyone was having a great time and demonstrated we can get along as a human species. Many new friendships were created.

I was able to spend time with Bob White, Dr. Jordan and Dr. Gibbons from the Museum of the Unexplained. I have been to visit the Museum in Reed's Spring, MO since then. It is worth the trip!

PS: I answer all E-mails

A PS at the beginning

A PS is usually put in the back of the story. However, in this case I am giving you the PS first, due to the fact that it is an afterthought ahead of time.

Only a few weeks to go in this year 2002 and what a year it has been. In afterthought I don't think anything changed. As a rule it usually takes years to repeat history, this time history has a way to just blend together and play out almost simultaneously. Some of us feel that there is as good possibility that there are parallel universes. Supposing that is true, I think we are living in that time frame.

A few years ago I saw a movie: Howard The Duck. All I can say is that I would recommend every one to see it now, therefore I will not tell you what it is about.

Show #212 was completed and for a minute I felt there was nothing else to say. That voice in my head said loud and clear: "You must be kidding! Fasten your seat belt because this ride is about to begin!"

I have recovered from the "little" heart attack I had in October and face to what I do best. Tell stories and working on the new book: Remembering Your Future.

Monica, ElektraAhn and Michelle went to Scotland to work with the ley-lines and Kanashibushan went to visit the Pyramids in November.

After polling the friends all around the country it was decided that Jim McDermott should receive the Human Of The Year Award 2002. So he did. Even though lots of you have lost a lot of money again this year, I am in awe of the compassion I have witnessed. If the world was supposed to be divided and it very well may be in this dual reality, I feel we have moved closer to hour Humanness (If this is not a word it ought to be, I like it).

The Lightworkers are doing their work, there is a bigger picture.

The predictions are available on Video and Audio.

Stay in touch with your friends and share your knowledge.

Lots of illnesses are connected to the pains that Mother Earth is experiencing. There are wonderful websites and message boards.

As we ring out the year 2002 I hope we reflect and feel good about all the positive things we have accomplished. OK, we can look at the boo-boos also.

The next paragraph is the old news to remind you what 2002 was like. Looking forward to the next report in 2003. Remember to ride that wave and surrender your heart desires.

After telling you for some time that the new web-page will be available for you.....HERE IT IS! Just a little reminder what TOHS is.

I was guided to create a SAFE PLACE for us. A place where we can meet and talk about things indiscriminately and without judgment.

In the Olympia, Washington Chapter we have done this since 2001.

The CROPPER, the RV, is the mobile ministry that gets us where we want to go and socialize. Cropper had been in Toronto and the repairs were slow in coming. It is fixed but aging. This spring we were gifted with another RV. The Navajo called it NIZHONI which means BEAUTY WAY. Like a journey that one undertakes during a Vision Quest.

With the help of friends, NIZHONI took us 5428 miles to socialize with the friends across the country. Cropper is still used to collect items and transport them to whom ever needs them.

It is my hope that through this web site we can create a community in which we can discuss things, from friendships and thank Universe to have sent us on this NIZHONI we find ourselves on.

After 9/11 all our lives changed. In Olympia we found it helpful to meet and share a meal. We talked about our concerns and managed to stay out of fear.

9/11 taught us that not all is well in paradise and we found it helpful to share love and light.

We will continue to produce the Show: "A Visit With A Person Of High Strangeness."

We will continue to visit with as many as we can and talk and share knowledge.

At this time I am a ONE MAN SHOW, smile.....

I will answer all E-mail. Not the same day because I am just one person.

I will answer my phone after 12 noon PST to talk to you. If you need a reading, please make an appointment so I can set time aside for that.

I will share knowledge with you as it becomes available.

I need HELP!

If any of you would like to create a chat room
I would be grateful and pop into your room from time to time.

All materials may be copied. If you quote me personally please make sure it is the right quote. (Misquotes are understandable and forgiven, since I have an accent)

If you have material you would like to share please feel free to do so. I ask that it is non-judgmental and nondiscriminatory.

I think it is up to all of us to make the world a place that we can share with the rest of the cosmos and be proud to be the people from the planet earth.

I appreciate your support so we can continue to do our work.

Love and Light,

Lilian

1953-1955

Lina died in 2003.

Never did shake the attachment I had to her until the day I got the news of her death. Only then was it done. To the point I felt guilty that I felt nothing. Phillip, my therapist, and I talked about that. He thought I had done more for her than any natural daughter would have and reminded me of the circumstances of our acquaintance.

She had offered to write me a letter to explain some things to me, only the letter never came. As I was searching for my past and recover my memories, she did manage to verify some things and remained silent about others. Eventually I ran into that scientist that had some answers for me. He too, read my book and recognized some interesting facts. He requested I draw maps and detail some of my dreams. He knew that my map was of an underground installation on the outskirts of Wiesbaden. The place Karl used to take me to. The Nazis used it up to 1945 to reverse engineer FUFIGHTERS or UFO's that they had recovered in Slovakia and Prague. The place my grandfather had his Filiale. It turned out that my grandfather did NOT make fibers for rugs. He was a biochemist for I.G. Faben. That is how my grandmother knew who to sell me to. Karl was a Nazi and most likely connected to that Gaylord and Horton Bunch.

Between that and what Lina verified we established that I was one of the little psychic girls that had been taken to Helgoland in 1953 and 1954 to take part in some experiments, including CRV. That was a hard one to recall, I asked several of the original government Remote Viewers....by this time I had met them all in some capacity....to help me with my dilemma of remembering. They of course were not able to do that because of the nature of my request and most of that might not have been for public knowledge.

Helgoland is an island in the North Sea. It belonged to many Nations over the times. Eventually it was claimed by the Germans in the late 50's. It was home to many terrible experiments in weaponry and other gruesome things, including the mind control devices that were used for creating alternate personalities. It must have been so contaminated that I find it surprising that it is now a bird sanctuary and refuge.

When I had been taken there it resembled Montauk, I guess that is why I was so familiar with the blue print of Montauk when I saw it on video. I always asked if there had been girls, since everyone always talks about the Montauk boys. Now I know!

I read a book by Preston Nichols: The Music of Time. I realized that Preston and I traveled in the same circles at the same time without knowing it. His association with Chubby Checker was one of those, while mine was of a different nature. In fact it was the Chubby Checker concert that caused me to run into President Kennedy at Wiesbaden at the General von Steuven Hotel.

A viewer pointed out to me that she thought I had ended up in Peter Moon and Preston's book: The Black Sun. She could be right, I cannot say for sure. I did talk to Peter Moon on

occasion, so it is possible.

In any event, I did remember all of it. The crystal boxes; the wormholes; the sugar beets and all the torture devices used on occasions. No wonder I felt such compassion for the Montauk boys.

My friend thought that Karl and Lina finding out I was not Caucasian and disowning me at the age of 12 might have saved my life.

Many years later I talked to a woman that said I had gone to school with her. She remembered me having a private tutor in Political Science by a teacher from Yugoslavia. She remembered his name and said he disappeared. What could I have learned in political science at the age of 10, I wonder?

I asked her what they were told when I disappeared. She remembered it was said I had run away. Years later she brought this up at a class reunion. The teacher, Ms Scarton, said not ever to mention my name again. The time I went to see her she refused to talk to me. I wonder if someone had scared her. I had always been her pet in school. To be scared 35 years later makes me wonder what she knew.

It also explained why I have such a connection with Canyon DeCelle and the Yeti of Westport, WA. The Canyon looks like the Island Helgoland and the Yeti is the place on the island I used to escape to.

The other thing the girl from school remembered was that I used to "escape" Lina's iron fist and spent time with the old man that rang bells at the local church. That caught my attention because I have taught many people the meaning of the language of the bells. Always stop in my tracks when I hear bells. In my days in Germany they would tell the news. Birth, death, wedding, storms and a multitude of other events. Only I had no recollection of how I came by that knowledge.

Time to get in a good space, time for a strong JAVA. Look at the storm coming in, we are in for a rough night.

Setting the record straight..... My refusal OF AN INTERVIEW, which turned me into a chapter in a book.

Sean,.

I was in the middle of a little coughing crisis don't think that went too well.

I have produced 301 one hour shows at TCTV in Olympia, Washington.

James Gilliland, Hope and Randy Mead work with Orbs and have produced films on the subject.

I was not present at that historical day at the Spooklights. TOTAL 7 ON FILM AT ONE TIME. Dr. Jordan, a Nobel Prize Nominated Physicist was. He talked about the possibility of Epesiolites (Don't know how to spell that) were responsible. He did not rule them out to be of ET origin. ET meaning that ws not something that originated on earth.....He recognized further studies. It is my understanding that Dr. Gibbons attempted that by locating, dropping a balloon on that site and trying to hook the location to a GPS. Not sure however if they actually put that into action.

I have discussed some of the non-logical possibilities with Dennis Baltaser from the Giza Project. Loren Coleman, a cryptozoologist and Valery Uverov head of the Russian Academy of UFO Studies for the NSA. Valery and I talked about the construction of the eye and how some people see objects that are in the beginning stages of dematerialisation in order to become interdimensional.

Orbs and/or lights are very common on Indian Reservations. The Cheyenne have little light people. They are little bouncing lights that originate from the ground. I have seen them. They are NOT tangible in as much that you could not touch them because they could be made of gases or mist. Unlike Orbs, that are very seldom seen with the plain eye, these little lights are very visible and brightly multicolored.

Toney Milford, an investigative reporter for the Navajo Channel, thought that some of the light sightings are interdimensional.

Not EVER have any of the people I talked to said they were ghosts.

Orbs and lights are present on Indian mounds. Mima Mounds in Olympia, WA; Cahokia Mounds in St. Louis, MO an Moundville in Alabama. Sound and pinging has been recorded along with those sitings on the film I have.

Time discrepancies exist at all of those sites. You can not tell time and watches stop very similar to the Crop Circle phenomenon. That includes 2 people looking at the same thing like a hawk for instance. One person will see it the other will not. When you change places it reverses, the one that saw it will not and the one that did not can now see the hawk. On one occasion I was wearing a heart monitor on a visit to the Mima Mounds. The monitor recorded electrical shocks to the heart. That is on record at the Dr. office.

I have a great reputation as a Psychic. I deal with current issues, meaning I go ahead in time and perceive events that are to come so people can make better decisions. My friend Kanashibushon and myself have made public predictions.....readings on the air.....for the United States. They have a very high accuracy rate fluctuating from 89-94% over a six year period. I also have a 91% average on missing persons and have worked on high profile cases. Free of charge.

My opinions on Lights are threefold:

1. Some have earthly or logical explanations such as mineral deposits in the earth and appear tangible but not solid.
2. They are an interdimensional occurrence that can be seen with the naked eye and filmed, because the way a camera lens is constructed.
3. They could have ET origin meaning it is something that did not originate on earth, it is bleeding over from some other reality that we humans can only speculate on at this time.

I hope all people can get un-busy long enough to become able to experience something that wonderful once in their lifetime.

Lilian

Lilian's December Newsletter

3 weeks after an extensive emergency appendectomy my 12 old Grandson was injured in a... out of all things...football game in school. Back to the hospital for him, I was elected to be taxi for the day... About 2 hours before I get up I might add, so it took a while for my brain to catch up with my aching body, it did by the time I got to the other end of town.

My Granddaughter Ebony's car died on Wednesday a week ago, after a lot of thinking about it, begging and patience ... that is what you do when you have no money ... she took matters into her own hands and operated on her car. She replaced fuses and installed a new starter, all by herself. The car runs for a moment, changes it's mind and leaves her stranded at the next corner. AAA has reached the limits, no more tows for Ebony until May 2009. I picked her up from work and she told me how we intended to move her car back to her mother's house and leave it there till it was fixed. She was going to jump it, race it up the hill in reverse. She estimated that the car would die at the top of the hill, at which time she was putting it into neutral, roll it back down the hill making a necessary left turn and roll it into the parking space. I held my breath while she talked to the car. She executed her theory and the car responded favorably, it parked on a dime!

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 loosing a job. How food prizes had risen at least 5% across the board and how happy everyone was to see the gas prizes drop. It was strange to listen how well everyone appeared to handle things. ALMOST everyone agreed on one thing! Barack Obama as our new president. Even in our city people celebrated in the streets. Our extremely complicated, confrontational police department allowed people to use several blocks of downtown for a victory party. Police on horses and bicycles patrolled, ever so often I could hear fireworks going off... I live 8 miles from town. Our citizen COP WATCH ... an organization some found necessary to form in order to keep and eye on the sometimes too zealous police force ... had only praise.

Total order on November 4th, 2008. It took 2 whole weeks before another "Criminal" was shot in the street at 5:23 in the afternoon ...one township over.

November 4th, 2008 was a historical day. Something happened to us as a people. A shift of some kind occurred, even in people, which were not in agreement with the outcome of the election. On some level one can feel we have lifted the burden of living in fear. In 2007 Elisabeth Kucinich, when campaigning with her husband presidential candidate Dennis Kucinich, suggested workshops and lectures to be put in place for those of us which could teach us how to live a hopeful life, like we still were on September 10th, 2001. 9.10, she called it. She did not get a chance to do that, BUT, in an INSTANT November 4th, 2008 it felt like we had all taken her workshop.

Someone said the script is written for us long before we get to this life and only the author/programmer of said script knows how it works and why. Guess that applies here also.

As I write this newsletter many people died in India from a terrorist attack. Even at that most people I questioned on the street today are far less afraid as they were for the past 8 years. The energy has shifted. No matter how we try we don't seem to be able to think like we did in October, even though things got worse for most of us.

After leaving COSTCO I saw a woman standing at the street corner. She leaned on her cane, her face visibly distorted by pain. She held up a card board sign: NEED GAS-I AM HUNGRY. I had just spent all the money I had in the world on 2 loaves of bread, I pulled over and tore the bag with the two loafs of bread and gave her one. There was traffic behind me so I was unable to talk to her, I felt so bad for her... I know debilitating pain which keeps you from standing up straight... I had no money to give her. I returned later on that evening worried she had nowhere to stay during the storm, maybe she would like to stay at my house for a night and rest. She was gone.

Speaking of Dennis Kucinich, he 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.

I wanted to rest my brain from the excitement of November and watched 15 hours of a documentary series made for Polish television. It explains the plight of modern day cultures which are harder and harder to maintain in modern society. It is worth the time spend, I learned a lot. It also explained why it is so important for us to become the people of the planet Earth once more.

Endangered Civilizations ISBN 0-7786-2758-6 available from Madacy Home Video, PO BOX 1445 St. Laurent, Quebec Canada

The word I picked for December is not in the dictionary, neither Webster, nor Follette. It is slang. I think couples comfortable with one another use it: **HONEY DO**.

As soon as the votes were counted many people had the Idea the president-elect had a magic wand and ALL problems were fixed. Rachel Madows at MSNBC suggested we would send her a "HONEY-DO" list, so she could let president elect know what people expected from him ... not that anyone thought about the fact that it is NOT January 20th yet ... but the list came in fast.

Dear Mr. President Elect:

On October 17, 2008, PRG published an open letter to the candidates calling for them to make preparations to end the six-decade truth embargo regarding an extraterrestrial presence engaging the human20race. This letter reiterates that request.

Your staff is now aware that letters, faxes and emails are arriving at your former Senate office and the Washington, DC transition headquarters. In general this correspondence will ask of you the following:

1) demand a full briefing from your military services and intelligence agencies regarding what

they know and what they are doing about extraterrestrial related phenomena. If you are told you do not have the proper clearance for this information, replace that person with someone who has read the Constitution.

2) press for open and comprehensive congressional hearings to take testimony from scores of government witnesses who have already come forward with extraordinary evidence and are prepared to testify under oath.

3) formally acknowledge the extraterrestrial presence and finally end the truth embargo after 61 years.

4) make available for open development technologies which have been secretly studied and reverse engineered for decades with unlimited black budget funding. These technologies are derived from extraterrestrial vehicles and are now essential to overcome the environmental, economic and societal challenges of our time.

PRG is well aware of your intention to launch a high technology "New Deal" code named "New Apollo Project" to restore America's economy. This massive program to subsidize green technology development, create jobs, expand the manufacturing base and reverse the trade imbalance will be likely accompanied by legislation prohibiting overseas hiring and offshore manufacturing.

All well and good, but it will not be enough. The challenges are too great and the response to these challenges too long delayed. It is essential the paradigm breaking technologies hidden in unacknowledged special access programs and sequestered behind the extraterrestrial truth embargo be included.

If you are in need of counsel to assist in you in these matters, you have but to turn to your transition co-chair, John Podesta. His efforts to end the truth embargo and release all relevant government documents date back to at least 1993 and the Rockefeller Initiative. PRG believes he is fully aware of the extraterrestrial presence and is committed to creating more open, transparent governance. In this he is in sync with the chief financial backer of his Center for American Progress think tank, George Soros.

Reach out to your party's allies within the military services and intelligence agencies. When you take office conduct the necessary meetings with the cross agency committees managing the extraterrestrial presence issue. In the spring of 2009, before the truth embargo becomes your embargo, initiate the most profound event in human history and begin rebuilding the trust of the American people in their government and the standing of your country in the world.

Respectfully,

Stephen Bassett

Executive Director

Pulitzer prize winner and Author Alice Walker (The Color Purple) wrote the following open letter independently.

Nov. 5, 2008

Dear Brother Obama,

You have no idea, really, of how profound this moment is for us. Us being the black people of the Southern United States. You think you know, because you are thoughtful, and you have studied our history. But seeing you deliver the torch so many others before you carried, year after year, decade after decade, century after century, only to be struck down before igniting the flame of justice and of law, is almost more than the heart can bear. And yet, this observation is not intended to burden you, for you are of a different time, and, indeed,

because of all the relay runners before you, North America is a different place. It is really only to say: Well done. We knew, through all the generations, that you were with us, in us, the best of the spirit of Africa and of the Americas. Knowing this, that you would actually appear, someday, was part of our strength. Seeing you take your rightful place, based solely on your wisdom, stamina and character, is a balm for the weary warriors of hope, previously only sung about.

I would advise you to remember that you did not create the disaster that the world is experiencing, and you alone are not responsible for bringing the world back to balance. A primary responsibility that you do have, however, is to cultivate happiness in your own life. To make a schedule that permits sufficient time of rest and play with your gorgeous wife and lovely daughters. And so on. One gathers that your family is large. We are used to seeing men in the White House soon become juiceless and as white-haired as the building; we notice their wives and children looking strained and stressed. They soon have smiles so lacking in joy that they remind us of scissors. This is no way to lead. Nor does your family deserve this fate. One way of thinking about all this is: It is so bad now that there is no excuse not to relax. From your happy, relaxed state, you can model real success, which is all that so many people in the world really want. They may buy endless cars and houses and furs and gobble up all the attention and space they can manage, or barely manage, but this is because it is not yet clear to them that success is truly an inside job. That it is within the reach of almost everyone.

I would further advise you not to take on other people's enemies. Most damage that others do to us is out of fear, humiliation and pain. Those feelings occur in all of us, not just in those of us who profess a certain religious or racial devotion. We must learn actually not to have enemies, but only confused adversaries who are ourselves in disguise. It is understood by all that you are commander in chief of the United States and are sworn to protect our beloved country; this we understand, completely. However, as my mother used to say, quoting a Bible with which I often fought, "hate the sin, but love the sinner." There must be no more crushing of whole communities, no more torture, no more dehumanizing as a means of ruling a people's spirit. This has already happened to people of color, poor people, women, children. We see where this leads, where it has led.

A good model of how to "work with the enemy" internally is presented by the Dalai Lama, in his endless caretaking of his soul as he confronts the Chinese government that invaded Tibet. Because, finally, it is the soul that must be preserved, if one is to remain a credible leader. All else might be lost; but when the soul dies, the connection to earth, to peoples, to animals, to rivers, to mountain ranges, purple and majestic, also dies. And your smile, with which we watch you do gracious battle with unjust characterizations, distortions and lies, is that expression of healthy self-worth, spirit and soul, that, kept happy and free and relaxed, can find an answering smile in all of us, lighting our way, and brightening the world.

We are the ones we have been waiting for.

In Peace and Joy,

Alice Walker

© 2008, Alice Walker

Cropcircle researchers have their own Idea about the future, check out:

<http://www.cropcircleconnector.com/2008/aveburymanor2/aveburymanor2008b.html>

Almost forgot about Ebony and her dilemma, this was in my information box:

Update!

my car is psycho!!!! It looked me out thinking that I was trying to steal it. Meaning can't start it w/o it dying, that is if I can even get it to start thinking I was trying to steal it! I hate my anti-theft system.... why would I want to steal my own car? Thats why I have a key!... Anyway, I am towing it to the Chevy Dealership to get my cars main computer reset.

The car is brain dead, she put it out of it's misery all together and managed to buy one that was able to think. How DO you fit a square peg into a round hole? **You make the hole bigger!**

Love and Light, LILIAN



Lilian's September Newsletter

August turned out to be strange, for a summer month. Two nifty storms, one would expect in October, came ashore and the leaves started to turn about mid month. In a way we, Washingtonians, were lucky compared to the rest of the country. Fay homesteaded in Florida totally ignoring the eviction notice, it took 4 tries before she vacated, only to harass others. It rained like buckets when I arrived in the parking lot at Target. A Lady in the parking stall next to me was unloading her shopping basket. I asked if I could use it after she was done, she said absolutely not, she was using it. I thought she misunderstood and repeated my request, no, absolutely not she was using it. She walked off into the distance and returned with an empty shopping cart and parked it next to my car. She removed the last item from her cart, got into her car and departed. I now had 2 shopping carts.

I thought about this on my way down the steep hill into Olympia when I noticed Capitol Lake had a major problem. It appeared the middle of the lake was dry.

Capitol Lake is a man-made body of water opposite from where the Puget Sound Inlet ends. It is separated/divided by a bridge and a street. It suffered major damage during the earthquake of 2001. I became concerned because changes in the flow of the water was noticed a couple of days before the 6.8 earthquake in 2001. A seagull flew next to my car as I was coming around the corner and stayed with me at 25 miles an hour for about 4 blocks, just yelling at me, as if to tell me something. My "SEAGULL" is a little rusty and I was unable to understand what the bird was trying to tell me. It did get my mind off the strange Lady at Targets though. I called the City about the discrepancy in the lake and was told it was an unusual algae bloom, which made it appear the lake was dry in the middle.

The marine clouds are entering over the horizon, peach colored roses are still blooming amidst the HOUSE FOR SALE signs lining the streets by the Capitol. Figs are not quite ripe enough for harvest. Kids are ready to return to school.

According to Webster the word: SACRIFICE means: offering to a deity, giving up of something cherished, loss without return.

According to Follette by Glucksman SACRIFICE means: offering, gamble, to sell at a loss and masochistically, self denial on part of a person.

About 5 miles from one of our Indian Reservation is a little town. I lived there for about a year in the late 1960's.

At that time there was a Hardware Store, a Nursery/Feed Store, A Meat Market, 3 Churches, a Drugstore, one Restaurant/Bar, 1 gas station/garage/barbershop, a Bank and a Store. If I wanted to cash a check at the bank chances were the teller would send me to Wolfs, the store. Wolfs had more cash on hand than the bank at any given time. There were groceries, Household items, and... wow... the cloth. I was the envy of the Ladies in the big cities about the cloth I wore. It was thought I had shopped in New York or Los Angeles. Having an accent I use to tell them I got them from Europe, rather than share my treasure Island of bargains I found in that little town of all but population 600.

My Grandson and I stopped in that little town last week. I showed him where everything had been before a big-time Channeler came into town. Many European Converts followed. It is still a small town in space but appears to be a large city with all of the luxuries/curses of a large city. A Wall Mart and let me tell you about the congestion. It is miles from an Interstate, so no matter which direction you come at it everyone is on the same road. In a hurry and Bumper to Bumper. No-one cares about the no hands law, which means you can no longer use the phone unless you have a device stuck in your ear, no-one care about the smoking ban along with the butt patrol, which makes sure there is 25 feet between your cigarette and a building. Benches are neatly sitting next to store fronts along with ashtrays and enormous hanging flowerpots above the sidewalks to enjoy. Somehow the people in the not so little town have managed to combine sacrificing small town for big town and compromised.

So little of value was reported in the month of August 2008, people were engrossed with the Olympics and politics, aside from an animal story there was little to peak peoples interest. Important stories, which are life changing for many were only mentioned in passing.

- Almost 200 people lost their lives in plane crashes around the world.
- There were 2 volcanoes erupting and interfering with air travel.
- A train filled with chemicals and crude oil derailed in Oklahoma.
- Barely any mention of fallen soldiers and so many others dying for courses which seem unimportant to so many at this time.
- A new disturbance between Russia and Georgia.
- New Government heads in several countries.
- The Arch fell in Monument Valley in Utah.
- A dam broke at the Grand Canyon.

NASA Science News snglist@snglist.msfc headlines for August 19th 2008 read: What if you woke up one morning and found your whole planet has been swallowed up by the atmosphere of a star? Don't laugh, it could happen to you and NASA has a special program to deal with it. Full story at: <http://science.nasa.gov/headlines/y2008/19aug-lws.htm?list731920>

On August 15th NASA told us about the preparation to launch a "Flying tractor" with microwave sensors to explore the nitty-gritty realm beneath our feet. See <http://science.nasa.gov/rss.xml> I wondered how this is going to affect those of us Sensitives, which as bouncing off walls as we speak, since we have been so overwhelmed with electromagnetic already. I saw a commercial from REDEXX, an electronic bug detector. It showed how the sound of the unit laid an electronic fence within the walls of the dwelling in which the unit is plugged into.

Wonder how many of us will feel like unwanted rodents in the future and decide to vacate.

APOD Welcome to the planet Earth is another service in which NASA can actually send joy to in your PC and other mobile devices. Each day you will receive a new picture from NASA, sharing pictures from space.

August 11th NASA notified us that the Lunar Crater Observatory and Sensing Satellite...LCROSS

for short... is on track for 2009 and will plunge into a creator near one of the moons poles.

We rented one of Steven Spielberg's old movies: Deep Impact. We thought we could put a visual on crashing into things. Right along with the movie: CORE, which deals with the center of the Earth.

I must tell you, economy, gas prices, lack of health care and general misery in the world seemed far removed from our things to consider, for a brief moment.



Picture taken by M.M. Moore

What does this dragonfly have to do with this newsletter? Absolutely nothing. It took me 6 weeks to figure out how to get it out of my T-mobile sidekick, I thought it was impressive and I wanted to share it with you.

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. Here is an e-mail I received. Unfortunately I am unable to give credit to the original author. I loved it and am passing it on to you.

You think English is easy??? Read to the end . . . a new twist

1. The bandage was wound around the wound.
2. The farm was used to produce produce .
3. The dump was so full that it had to refuse more refuse.
4. We must polish the Polish furniture.
5. He could lead if he would get the lead out of his shoes.
6. The soldier decided to desert his dessert in the desert.
7. Since there is no time like the present, he thought it was time to present the present.
8. A bass was painted on the head of the bass drum.
9. When shot at, the dove dove into the bushes.
10. I did not object to the object.

11. The insurance was invalid for the invalid.
12. There was a row among the oarsmen about how to row.
13. They were too close to the door to close it.
14. The buck does funny things when the does are present.
15. A seamstress and a sewer fell down into a sewer line.
16. To help with planting, the farmer taught his sow to sow.
17. The wind was too strong to wind the sail.
18. Upon seeing the tear in the painting I shed a tear.
19. I had to subject the subject to a series of tests.
20. How can I intimate this to my most intimate friend?

Let's face it - English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant, nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat. We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth, beeth? One goose, 2 geese. So one moose, 2 meese? One index, 2 indices? Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend? If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat? Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell?

Why do we park on a driveway, but drive on a parkway?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites? You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which, an alarm goes off by going on..

English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race, which, of course, is not a race at all That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible.

PS. - Why doesn't 'Buick' rhyme with 'quick'. and why doesn't 'dough' rhyme with 'tough'?

You lovers of the English language might enjoy this.

There is a two-letter word that perhaps has more meanings than any other two-letter word, and that is 'UP.'

It's easy to understand UP, meaning toward the sky or at the top of the list, but when we awaken in the morning, why do we wake UP ? At a meeting, why does a topic come UP ? Why do we speak UP and why are the officers UP for election and why is it UP to the secretary to write UP a report ?

We call UP our friends.. And we use it to brighten UP a room, polish UP the silver, we warm UP the leftovers and clean UP the kitchen.. We lock UP the house and some guys fix UP the old car . At other times the little word has real special meaning. People stir UP trouble, line UP for tickets, work UP an appetite, and think UP excuses. To be dressed is one thing, but to be dressed UP is special.

And this UP is confusing: A drain must be opened UP because it is stopped UP. We open UP a store in the morning but we close it UP at night.

We seem to be pretty mixed UP about UP ! To be knowledgeable about the proper uses of UP , look the word UP in the dictionary. In a desk-sized dictionary, it takes UP almost 1/4th of the page and can add UP to about thirty definitions. If you are UP to it, you might try building UP a list of the many ways UP is used. It will take UP a lot of your time, but if you don't give UP , you may wind UP with a hundred or more. When it threatens to rain, we say it is clouding UP. When the sun comes out we say it is clearing UP ...

When it rains, it wets the earth and often messes things UP

When it doesn't rain for awhile, things dry UP.

One could go on and on, but I'll wrap it UP , for now my time is UP , so..... it is time to shut UP...!

Oh . . . one more thing:

What is the first thing you do in the morning & the last thing you do at night? U-P

Lilian's August Newsletter

Most people think I am this great Adventurer, when in reality I am an animal of habit. I go with the flow maybe more than the average person, except when it comes to my home, my kingdom. Each room is designed for a different function, the library for reading and storing books, of course. The glass room we built on ... the walls are made of glass blocks rather than wood ... is for filming interviews and doing readings. The studio is for producing my TV Show and is home to the computer. The living room is for watching TV and occasional company. No need to explain bedroom or bathroom, they serve their purpose just fine. Then ... there is the kitchen! Sometimes I cook, it is headquarters for my coffeepot, which is in use at all times and there is the kitchen table. It is stacked with notes, papers, pens, a giraffe and a carved wooden bowl a friend made for me. Notes are pinned to the wall ... I ran out of space on the table! ... the kitchen is where most of my time is spent on the telephone ruling my world. I am expected to have ALL of the answers to the questions put to me by the caller. (answers, I have for the most part). If not I hit the redial button on the phone and I am sure to know someone able to answer a question or two for me, which in turn I can pass on to the inquiring previous caller.

The state of the economy affects all of us, unlike times before when it hampered only certain groups. I am not able to go on the road to film shows this year, the \$3,000 required are not in anyone's reality at this time, which shows me that even my previous sponsors are at the end of their wits. We all cut corners and abstain from many of our usual routine activities, change our driving habits, cancel outings and even switch our food to a lower grade of quality. Friends with gardens can no longer afford to share as they usually do, because they are substituting certain meals. Weather, fires and floods have ruined a lot of crops, take your pick everywhere we look changes have been forced upon us.

Not one person I know likes changes. They cringe when I tell them sometimes change is in order. We have free choice to make change willingly OR it will be done for us in order for our life path to continue.

Without warning we lost MS. E.T. the cat, during the full moon July 18th. I was out filming a show about my favorite band, Society's Child, when I heard the cat call me. Not a MEOW, it was more of an awareness of her and the need to go home. I did and found her dead by her food dish. A friend buried her on her property 30 miles from Mt. St. Helens. We notified the viewers and put together a memorial Show for her, MS. E.T. She was far from ordinary, she appeared on many television shows and had her own private fan club. She brought joy into so many lives. We thanked her for the 10 years she graced us with her presence. She traveled with me across country, faced Tornadoes, floods, hail, fire, earthquakes together and she made 1,000's of friends along the way. We wish her safe Journeys in her next life.

Life without my Diva Cat forced changes on me. I pondered for better than a week. I talked to a friend about this and we concluded that change always has consequences. Many times adjustment is hard and costly, I might add. One of the songs on E.T's memorial tape is Lenny Epps singing: STILL WAITING FOR THE WORLD TO CHANGE. We, as people claim to look forward to change, could it be we are actually kidding ourselves?

According to Webster the word STAGNANT means: not flowing, motionless, stale.
According to Follette by Glucksman STAGNANT means: total standstill, jammed and blocked.

A totally "GREEN" city, Masada, is being build in the desert outside of Abudabi.

A bonus of \$250 in gas is being added to the usual \$1,000 reward Crime Stoppers pays for turning in a criminal.

Moscow's underground bunkers are being converted into shopping malls and art walks.

Tom Stahl, a friend and Wheat Farmer, lost 30 acres of his fields on Bagger Mountain, due to lack of fire jumpers, most of Washington State firefighters are battling blazes in California. 2 have lost their lives during the 3rd week in July.

Washington endured thunderstorms for 13 hours straight - a first!

In honor of the United States 232nd birthday, July 4th 2008, Amy Goodman aired the play: Voices of the People by Howard Zenn featuring James Earl Jones, Alfa Woodard and Danny Glover amongst many others. It is archived at <http://www.democracynow.org/>.

Mt. Adams has ... ongoing ... fires set off by T-Storms. We hope James Gilliland and his retreat will remain safe.

We are lead to believe that the melting of the North Pole will bring down gas prices.

Almost ALL gasoline now contains at least 10% ethanol, Conoco, Shell and Chevron has listed it on their gas pumps. My Toyota does not like corn in it's diet and suffers from indigestion.

Nelson Mandela celebrated his 90th birthday. A birthday party was given in his honor with many of the musicians/actors/activist which were instrumental in his release from Prison and his election for President of South Africa. Zimbabwe allowed the fundraising unified concerts within it's borders AT THAT TIME. South Africa was still under Apartheid and it was illegal for multi colored/multicultural musicians to perform together.

How fast tables turn, it is now Zimbabwe which is under dictatorship!

The 5.4 earthquake in the Los Angeles Area was a close call, even though I feel it was only the beginning of things to come.

But wait..... we were talking about change. The local cable company is running a special. TV-Internet-Telephone bundled into one is \$99. The same amount as TV and telephone bought separately from two different companies. What a deal! I am finally getting hooked up to the net while I am still within my budget.

A nice man comes on Friday, drills a hole in my house, sticks a cable through the hole and puts a little box next to the ancient computer I borrowed for a while. He plugs in the telephone cord ... wow... I am all set. He leaves.

I use the phone, three words at most ... the phone cuts off and there is no dial tone.

Dial tone returns, I make a call to the cable company, 5 words, it cuts off...no dial tone. My granddaughter arrives, calls cable company on her cell phone. Cable company pushes a few buttons, we are all set for calls.

Six identical complaints to the cable company... Cable company decides there is a problem, they will

send a technician out in the morning.

Tech comes out on Saturday, makes a few phone calls to cable company and tells me I have a problem. Cable generated phones do not run through analog phone cords. HE SAID.

My old phones damaged his brand new modem. HE SAID.

All new outlets have to be installed, at my expense. HE SAID.

That is a bundled of BULL, I SAID.

He installs a new modem, makes a couple of calls, all set. HE SAID. He leaves.

I receive one phone call, after several words I get cut off. I call the cable company. Technician returns. Still Saturday.

He picks my old rotary phone from all the phones I have presented to him and hooks it to my computer. The computer is located in the studio, 70 feet from where I conduct my every day living.

He explains how I have to have 2 digital jacks installed...totaling \$70.00... and have to buy a digital telephone... \$69.00. If I don't like it I have 30 days to switch back to my regular phone company, at which time my monthly bill would raise by \$65.00 since I then I am no longer bundled. He leaves.

Over the weekend I have a rotary phone stuck to my computer. I can neither hear it, get to it and I cannot call the cable company to remove voice-mail with 2 rings, because I am not able to push 1 for English, nor 2 for existing service, nor 4 for service in Washington State. Ms. E.T. would have alerted me to a call, but she is no longer here.

Monday I call my old telephone company to inquire what it would take to switch me back. Easy...

THEY SAID. \$230 to hook my telephone number back to a satellite, in case I forgot, the number had be rerouted after the earthquake of 2001, I live somewhere totally different and it is the only way to keep the phone number operational in my present location. Forget it! I SAID.

Still Monday, from someone else's cell phone I call the Cable company to reason with them and ask to have my problem taken care of. OK, \$70.00 for new jacks and a digital phone. THEY SAID.

Tuesday. I try to reason with Cable company about the cost and again explain my budget dilemma. No Change.

Still Tuesday. I tell cable company I will make them a TV star and tell what happened on TV - No Change.

Wednesday, the lady at cable company agrees with me, it is a bundle of crap. She agrees to take \$50.00 off the bill, if I will pay \$19.99 plus tax for second jack and buy a digital phone. A technician will come out on Thursday after 1PM, OK, I SAID.

Change seems to be the word of the year. It is used by every one for all sort of things. The world is stagnant for the moment because change is coming. We actually look forward to it without thinking what that means. It is so much easier to keep things as they are, stick with what is familiar to us, remain stagnant and safe. It takes time to adjust to new things, that does not necessarily mean new is better. Better is more of the same. We want different. Different is hard and it will take time to get used to doing things, which are unfamiliar to us. Even the most thought out willing change can become nerve-wrecking. Educate yourself about the possibilities of the future. Be grateful to have an old rotary phone or at least knowledge Of it. So what if we get stuck for a week, can't afford to bring back the good old days, the only choice is to BUNDLE IT! Give change a try and maybe you can start someone else's good old days. IF I am wrong you have just bundled all over yourself!

Love and Light

Lilian

PS. OR..... you could go dancing!



Society's Child

THE PREMIERE R&B BAND

Lilian's July Newsletter

The weatherman on Channel 4 called June JUNE-U-ARY. It was the coldest, snowiest June recorded since 1874! What a difference a month can make! Washingtonians FINALLY have sunshine! The areas which were flooded and damaged since November are starting to dry out. The winds have seized, seventeen hours of daylight has revitalized our outlook on life. Not that basic things have changed by much, but inasmuch as everything appears to be easier to deal with!

We wonder how people in the Midwest are able to deal with the storms and floods for such a long time, we want to tell them we understand.

We want to let the Earthquake survivors in China know that on a small scale we understand their trauma and send our thoughts to the cyclone survivors.

Much like the rest of the world we question decisions made by governments and their solutions for relieve. Add fires in the American West and people of the planet Earth are just a tad overwhelmed. One REALLY has to make an effort to keep up with unfolding news reels, one would think that to be one of the easiest things to do given that everything is right at our fingertips and can be access within seconds...minutes for me; I have dial up. Unfortunately this line of thinking is incorrect, since news is so trickled down, slow in coming and overshadowed by the political views and censorship of almost every corner of the Earth. A very few sources have managed to still report and pool information from reliable sources, a hard undertaking, since even we fall victim to misinformation occasionally. In years past I have been on the road by now talking to people on back roads, villages in the middle of nowhere trying to get a story for my viewers. Winter was brutal, economics are brutal and people are either recovering, maintaining or planning to arrive at some somewhat sane space in their life in order to prepare for the next round of events which have become part of our daily lives. My request for financial help to undertake my yearly reporting trip has been unanswered. True, for me it is important to get first hand information for you, yet, it is also true that few people have what they need in order to have a meal on the table.

I saw an advertisement on the TV, it caught my attention and I stopped what I was doing. Several Hang-Gliders were taking off over a high-desert type scene. I assumed it to be at the east side of the mighty Columbia River.

Each person flying the Hang-Glider had a different bird strapped to his/her chest. On closer examination one can see these are all no-flying birds. Penguins, Chickens and even Emus. A voice comes on and asks the question:

"With cash who's life would you like to change...if you win the Washington State Lottery?" I know I am not going to win the lottery; so I need help to be the Hang-Glider, strap my camera to my chest in order to assist stationary people to understand what is going on and report what is not on You-Tube.

According to Webster the word BUT means: except, save, on the contrary, only or merely.

According to Follette by Glucksman BUT means: instead, without exception, almost always in lieu of.

Imagine opening your front door. A whiff of smoke goes by your nose, ever so slightly. Instinctively you know someone is barbecuing in the neighborhood. Only an open fire can caress both your nose and taste buds at the same instance. You follow your nose, make a left and YES, there it is, 3 houses down, an old fashioned BBQ. Not a modern grill, an open pit black from prior smoke grilling!

Your mind races... do I introduce/invite myself? Do I really want to share my cooking secrets? Do I

just go home and start my own fire pit? TOO late, the neighbor asks you to help him with the coals, they are burning too hot and the food is burnt. Looks mostly good except the main ingredients is missing... patience. You remove the food, corn turns into popcorn... watch out! You grab a cold drink and allow the coals to turn colors. You know we should not pollute the air like this, in fact you forgot to find out if there is a burn ban. Raw, basic primitive cooking that is all you can think about, as you load up the grill with the next batch of goodies. Polluting the air like this makes little sense, BUT, then so don't a lot of other things.

The message on the big screen TV reads: If you have suffered renal failure, heart attack or death during surgery call 1-800.***.**** Law Offices of \$\$\$ and \$\$\$!

A man in Oregon is going to give birth to his first child this month.

<http://abcnews.go.com/gma/story?id=4526582&page=1>

Children in separate parent households on average have 4 Mommy days and 3 Daddy days.

A memorial was erected and opened in London, dedicated to Journalists, which have lost their life in the line of duty. It is a beautiful cone shaped glass building, which is lit up at night, by doing so it puts a light beacon into the sky and allows the writing on it- Breaking News- visible.

While taping a show about PTSD the phone rang. The caller wanted to talk about some of his issues, which involved weight loss techniques. Since I am not qualified on this subject I handed the phone to my guest. By coincidence she was a Counselor, Hypnotherapies and Reiki Master.

They talked back and forward for a good while. I did not want to interrupt and got busy occupying myself with something else. I noticed my Guest was crying. I heard her tell the man THANK YOU for becoming a mirror for her. She said everything she suggested to him he agreed with and followed with a BUT. Confusing little word and full of contradictions. I guess it depends on how to use it and in which context. Eventually we analyzed, what we thought was an epiphany, no matter how we tried justifying and substituting we decided changes were in order. In some ways we are ALL "BUTT" people.

Love and Light

Lilian

News from Psygeria

It has been such a busy time, even so, here is the scoop!

Earlier this summer, myself and Tammie Bauer drove to Hotchkiss CO. to attend the Love and Light Conference. It was a wonderful gathering of people of like-mind and I had a chance to interview Randolph Winters, Arda Golden Eagle Woman and Fred Pulver. The youngest handwriting expert Nick, 11 years old was also present.

I have since then turned those interviews into a total of 3 shows in my series: A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness.

Next stop was the UFO Institute of Colorado in Pueblo. It was there that I gave a lecture on High Strangeness....My experiences with UFO-Crop circles-Time-jumps.

I was also blessed to visit with ElectraAhn a grid-worker from NC. She is 82 years old and has since then been to Rio de Janeiro and hiked in Central Australia.

With the help of KAOS Radio, Justin Wright Show, we held a food drive and got thirty four thousand cans of food for the children that were no longer able to eat in school because of summer vacation. EVEN THOUGH the food drive is over we are still excepting donations of food into YOUR local food banks.

For that I thank you.

The total of the TV SHOWS produced in 1999 total 58....It took many friends to accomplish that and they were always willing to help.

"Office Depot" in Lacey WA and "The Good Guys" in Olympia WA were some people that were willing to help with some of our needs.

GIVE YOURSELF A HAND!!!!!!!!!!

I just returned from Greenville Ill, a little town 51 miles east of St. Louis. Same Greenville that I wrote about in my book. I had a most wonderful visit and was very impressed with the progress the friends there had made. To be able to witness a town to open themselves up to some spirituality was one of the most rewarding experiences I ever had. It took me three years to go from "Gypsy" in the "bad part" of town to a welcomed friend in the "good part" of town.

I spent 20 hours visiting OMAR in the prison and he sends his love to all the friends and thanks you for all the love you have shown him. He wanted to let the friends know how much he appreciated the books and well wishes you have sent him. I am sorry to report there are no changes in his circumstances. He has however managed his Diabetes with YOGA.

On my way home I ran into a little trouble. As we flew over the 4 corner area and started our descent into Phoenix it felt like something exploded in my head and the medics had to be called. Instead of going to the hospital, I choose to continue on my way and feel there was a higher purpose for the terrible pain I experienced. I am not able to see a personal reason for that.

Since I live in a 3D world and in that REALITY we make New Years Resolutions I have chosen to make ONE change in 2000. I am going to ask for help from the friends to continue my work and ACCEPT it. I have struggled so long and learned that a choice between food and my work was hard. Since I have learned that I am going to allow the friends to learn how to be supportive in the things that they deem important to them.

I hope you have an easy transition into the year 2000.

You can call me at 360-923-9594 for copies of the book or the shows...Or..just say hello.

Love & Light,

Lillian

November Newsletter 2009

I am trying, no, I AM putting my book: **THE BIG P** together. One would think that after 18 years of writing I would have figured out how this works, only each time I think I have learned how to master the word processor, a new program comes along and reminds me just how computer illiterate I really am. I was born under the sign of Scorpio, so the word "defeat" is not in my vocabulary, not only that, I also arrived when Mercury was retrograde. I have noticed over the years that if anything lays dormant or is unfinished, all I have to do is wait till Mercury goes retro and like clock work, everything falls into place. It is for that reason that most of the friends keep me informed as to the status of Planet Mercury, so I can get ready for a wild, productive time period, while everyone else is totally unhappy for said time period.

**Mercury begins the year already retrograde from December 26, 2009 at 21 Capricorn
Mercury turns direct January 15, 2010 at 5 Capricorn**

**Mercury turns retrograde April 18 at 12 Taurus
Mercury turns direct May 11 at 2 Taurus**

**Mercury turns retrograde August 20 at 19 Virgo
Mercury turns direct September 12 at 5 Virgo**

*Mercury turns retrograde December 10 at 5 Capricorn
Mercury turns direct December 30 at 19 Sagittarius*

So I guess I have to wait till 2010 till I get another go around, unless I get some help NOW!

According to Webster the word: PANDEMONIUM means: wild disorder or confusion and Chaos.

According to Follette by Glucksman PANDEMONIUM means: noise from Hell.

I watched a program on PBS the other night, about Black Writers. One of the Authors featured was **Sly Cheney Coker**. He is a native of Sierra Leone, he has resided in the US for decades. He said something very interesting. I am not able to quote him, but it was something to the following effect: Writers should not write what people want to hear, but write about uncharted territory and make one think.

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Syl_Cheney-Coker#The_Last_Harmattan_of_Alusine_Dunbar

On my way home from visiting one of my grandsons, I stopped at Goodwill to use the restroom.

I remembered seeing a couple of neighbor women without a jacket a couple of days earlier. It had turned cold, so I inquired why they were walking around without a coat. They said they did not have one.

I decided to browse around the coats...it was a pink tag special... and see what was available. My intention was to stop and have a nice meal for myself since I had been stuck in the house for 3 weeks, due to my back problems. As I was looking at the coats I decided warmth for a person was more important than a meal for myself, I had plenty to eat at home and what better way to spend the last money in my pocket, than to help someone.

A young Muslim woman started to talk to me, we mentioned how expensive everything was, even with the pink tag special. How when people give things to organizations for charity, thinking they are helping and to see how unaffordable the merchandise is when it finally hits the rack.

The young woman asked me what had brought me to the store and I told her. She offered to help me make a choice, she tried the coats on, so I could determine if they would fit, especially since one of the neighbor women was expecting a baby. The young woman insisted I pick 4 coats, 2 for spare, she said. She walked me to the cash register and SHE paid for all of them.

It is OK to spend your last dollar on someone in need. The joy it gave me, not only to see the kindness on a total stranger's face, a young Muslim woman, then again later when I gave the coats to the neighbor women and told them what a great experience I had. I ate at home and still have my \$ 20 for the next time I go to town.

Zookeepers in GAZA painted stripes on a donkey, so it looked like a Zebra and children could enjoy it. Because their zebra had been killed in the last attack launched by Israel on the people of Gaza.

A friend moved his 5th wheel from Lake Stevens, WA, to Olympia, WA, a couple of days ago. I offered to help him find his new parking space and remembered he could only get there a certain way. His rig was a half of a foot taller than the railroad trestle covering the old Highway. Being a man he did what men do, he did not arrive on the route specified and we had to double back and detour 40 miles, in order to enter the highway on the proper side of the railroad trestle.

I drove ahead of him, I knew the road and it was a beautiful drive. The autumn leaves were breathtaking, even though it started to rain so hard, he barely escaped a flash flood.

While driving and trying to figure out men and their ways, I thought about the MAIN EVENT in the month of October. The Balloon Boy was the boy in the flying saucer, which turned out was not in the flying saucer. The world was worried about the child, only to find out it was a publicity stunt.

In a way I can almost understand the motive, I deal with people, which love to be on Television or find the need to surround themselves with well known people, for whatever reason. There are many willing to overstep boundaries, in order to be acknowledged. What disturbed me more than anything is the fact that legitimate UFO researchers and paranormal investigators have a hard enough job as it is, because of many narrow minded people. So, when this Wanna-Be Scientist pulled a stunt like this, he affected many facets of the subject.

Speaking of Wanna-Be's, the incident in Phoenix in which 3 people died in a so-called sweat lodge, is equally frustrating. Many genuine ceremonies are conducted by **the native people of our country**. The pandemonium of it all is fame and money.

I found it fascinating that both occurrences happened so close together, just as the Metaphysical community thought we had been blessed with at least somewhat of a beginning of exception.

I am in AWE of our new President. It appears he systematically works through issues that have long been neglected. You turn on the TV and he has addressed and fixed another issue. I am sure before his term is done, one morning he will have addressed the UFO issue and very nonchalantly, in passing, notify everyone that the UFO files have been released. He has a habit of giving us the facts and to remind us he says: " LET ME BE CLEAR"

I was concerned about the "crashing into the MOON" by 2 satellites. I thought it was utterly insane, since the moon affects all of our oceans, the weather and a one little wobble could send us spinning into outer space.

Here is the answer I got from one of my scientist friends: "I hope NASA knows what they are doing. Of course, the Apollo LEM ascent stages were crashed into the moon back in the Apollo era and nothing happened but a moon-quake that registered on their seismometers. I plan to watch on the NASA TV channel."

I do not have the capability to watch the NASA TV Channel, so I am STILL holding my breath.

Flash Forward is a new Series on ABC.

<http://www.hulu.com/watch/97929/flashforward-no-more-good-days>

In the storyline ALMOST every one on the planet blacked out for 2 minutes and 17 seconds. During that time everyone saw themselves several month in the Future' April 29th 2010.

In an announcement one of the main characters, an FBI Agent, made a comment and said: "everyone here now is a prophet. I have never seen a prophet, which had an easy life. I have never seen a prophet, which God does not love."

He also said:" you have to be living **for** the future, not living **by** the future."

Until then and the next time Mercury is retrograde I will just continue my quest to remind you to think for yourself, examine the facts and make your own decisions.

We can choose pandemonium promoted by hateful, misinformed people, or we can exercise our right as the people of the planet Earth and remain who we were design to be, a loving, caring being, which is part of the solution, rather than the problem.

Just as I am ready to close this newsletter with some of my famous sarcasm stories, like: " don't worry about blowing up the Moon, we just discovered 32 more Planets to blow up", I received an e-mail from a dear friend.

He gave me permission to share my mail from him with you.

Being from Oakland, we are exposed to ALL cultures.

True, 155 languages are spoken in The Holy City Of The Pride and Poise, "arguably" one the most ethnically diverse places on EARTH?

Human nature dictates certain behaviors that are constant amongst the species. Greed, lust, envy, myopia, hostility, indifference, insensitivity, cruelty, harshness; animosity, antipathy, or hostility

The antithesis of these characteristics is the Human pension for compassion, empathy, sympathy, condolence, altruism, charity, rapport, generosity, which equates to one word; **LOVE**.

By defining your Humanity, one can chose the negative, or when one has achieved self awareness, one can chose the POSITIVE.

By the grace of God we are given this **choice**, to either be a harbinger of deceit, or be the messenger of goodwill. That is what makes an individual, his/her **choice**, or even still one`s **decision**, to be benevolent or chaotic.

My example points to the people of Japan, to whom Club Nouveau and The Sekret Service paid a visit this weekend.

Speaking to a resident of the Island of Okinawa, she informed me the Japanese people view the number 49 as evil? They refuse to use 4 or 9 to number an apartment, or the floor of a building, etc? How can I disagree with this *ADVANCED* culture? :)

Because of my exposure to Asian culture in general, I portrayed a humble demeanor, (Jay will disagree), but this is the FACT. When speaking with someone, I would bow, utter "arigato" for their kindness, and recognize their cultural mores and social "value" system.

Throughout the world, the vast majority of the populace cannot relate to the "differences" between Human beings. Most adhere to their particular PROGRAMMING to dictate their behavior, EXUDING "myopia". These individuals believe the color of ones skin defines their worth, not the content of their character?

I composed a song years ago called "Power 2 The People", which stated.

*Hold it? Let me finish my story, mine eyes have seen the glory of brotherhood, solidarity
That was taught by Martin Luther King
The children are the hope of the future, that`s why I`m here to introduce you
To an alternative to a selfish attitude, I know it`s rough but don`t be rude
Extend your hand, to your Brother man, in other lands
Understand the difference in culture, CRUSH the Vulture of prejudice and ignorance
Make some sense, it`s a rough world, make a place for all the little boys and girls
Rise to the occasion, all the women and men, one world one Nation.*

We, as Club Nouveau, preached "Lean On Me", I don't need "Jealousy", and "Save The World". It is the RIGHT thing to do, the JUST thing to do, and the CORRECT thing to do. EMBRACE your fellow Man and his "differences", though no one will charge you to AGREE with him/her, RESPECT what you may not comprehend, and do your duty to make the world a better place. If for nothing else, the world`s children. You lead by EXAMPLE. :)

Club Nouveau, Okinawa Japan, October 2009!

+++++

Albums (712,Who`s Your Daddy?, Sekret Weapons) and Songs Available @ iTunes, Amazon, Emusic, Rhapsody. Lala.com and others!
Real Men Wear Black ™



[James L. Richard II - The Sekret Service on iTunes on MySpace Music - Free Streaming MP3s, Pictures & Music Downloads](#)

Testimonials

Lillian is intelligent, kind and very psychic. She is a seeker of truth. What does that mean? Well, not the truth the New-Agers are seeking, not the truth Christians are seeking, but a deeper truth a truth that rushes past all others - the meaning of why we are here. I have nothing against anyone's truth, if it works for you and makes you happy, then it is a wonderful truth, for there is very little happiness in this world.

Allow yourself to enter into Lillian's truth for a while, come into the real picture of our world. Many people have learned first-hand that things are different with Lillian. Time is different, people are different, animals are different. I am very honored to know her, her gifts are many and very unique, she will hold you spellbound, with things she tells you. I know these things are true. I know Lillian. She is the Person of High Strangeness.

Rev. Barbara McGuire

Lillian's life has forced her to cut through the crap and deal with the underlying reality of life. She has grown well beyond the illusions and games that most people are mired in. As an intuitive she has no personal agendas to cloud her perceptions.

As a true child of the Universe, she is plugged in more directly to the truth than anyone I have ever met. Unlike other 'psychics', Lillian's information does not come from entities.

Bill Phillips

Armchair Traveler

Thursday, August 4

We left Olympia Wednesday morning at 4 AM. The traffic was good when we started, but before long it began to rain. The unusual thing was that we encountered no wind, even in the area of the Columbia River. We stopped at the Flying J at LaGrande, OR. Then we went to the haunted hotel at Hot Lake to do an update story. According to the new owners the hotel was quiet. She was uncomfortable talking about ghosts, even though, everyone within 100 miles was aware of the state of the hotel and talked about it to anyone wanting to listen/ **BUT**, the Ghost of Hot Lake is still present and he insisted he have a piano on the premises and it is there. We stayed at the hotel in North Powder, where we had the abduction experience last year. Everything was very quiet and the Generator trucks that were there last year were gone. We are now at the Oregon Trail Restaurant of Baker City, where we again, ordered breakfast for \$3.99.

Friday, August 5

Good Morning! We are on our way to Utah. Yesterday we met a music producer from Tucson, AZ who was going to Seattle. We knew about the fires and helped him re-route himself to miss them. As we were leaving Oregon we saw a huge UFO over the highway. It was flying very low and I worried that we would hit it as we drove, but we didn't.

We drove backroads and in Idaho filmed mile markers and historic markers for the show. We drove to Burley, Idaho where we spend the night at the Budget Inn. We had no coffee pot! We both love our coffee. so we really noticed the absence of the most beloved Starbucks. This morning we are leaving Burley and are heading towards Provo, Utah where we will spend the night.

Saturday, August 6th

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

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

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

we could see the outline of the crop circle

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

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

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

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

Monday, August 8

Yesterday we arrived in Chinle, Arizona. We are staying at the Best Western Hotel. We had booked our tour of Canyon DeChelle with Eleanor, but they didn't know who she was. You have to have a tour guide in order to go into the canyon. So, we explained who Eleanor was and who her family members were and then they recognized who she was and everything with the jeep we had arranged was fine. But before I go further I have a story to tell you about yesterday in Moab, Utah. We decided to stop at a store. Claudia was speaking in German to me. A woman there answered in German. They actually live where I went to school in Germany, and they updated us on that place. Then we met a nice trucker at a hole in the rock and had a nice visit with him.

We made it just in time to eat at Mexican Waters before they close. They have the best fry bread since we left home and catfish

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

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

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

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

There are flood warnings this evening.

Our friends in Fort Defiance were supposed to come and pick up the food supplies we brought. We don't have enough time to wait out the mud, or to see

if the family will be able to get to us, since we would have to drive down there. But they could not make it, so we made other arrangements. We will be leaving here tomorrow, but Everett is going to Phoenix. He is going to take the food supplies with him and someone will pick them up from him and in a few days drive them back here.... in about two days. So the food is making a little detour, but will be back in two days, so the people get it.

Tomorrow we are going to [Dulce](#) and Taos, New Mexico. We told Eleanor we were going there and about how I got sick last year. She said she had gone there and got sick also.

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

Tuesday, August 9

Hello Friends!

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

Tomorrow we will leave on our journey to Florence, Colorado. I want to remind the friends that our [PayPal](#) for donation is intact.

Wednesday, August 10

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

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

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

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

Because of the short amount of time it took to get to Florence, I decided to

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

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

Thursday, August 11

We are in Florence, Colorado! Today we went to Canyon City and shopped for a little while. We also visited with Friends and swapped war stories with them. We still haven't heard anything in our travels about the canyon in Utah that collapsed, finally, we found an article on the Internet. We are very tired tonight. We will write more tomorrow.

Friday, August 12

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

Florence is in the middle of nowhere.

There are no taxis.

There are two hotels, some people drive all day and night to get here. They come this far and then they can't get in to see the person they came to see. Visiting starts at 5 PM, but the gate doesn't open until 5 PM. There was a very long line of cars going to the Maximum/Supermax security prisons there. We had to sign in after we got through the gate at 5 PM. Then we had to get where

we are going and fill out papers again. Then we had our picture taken. Then we get vacuumed with the electronic vacuum device. By the time we are done signing in, it was a quarter to 6. Even if we had been able to get in to see Omar it would have been 8 before we had been able to see him and visiting hours end at 9 PM. No one was allowed in for a visit after the woman was turned away. I don't understand... the visitors ARE TOLD about the consequences of bringing drugs into these facilities.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We don't know if we will even get to see Omar at all. We are hoping we will.

We will write tomorrow and let you know what happens.

Saturday, August 13

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

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

Sunday, August 14

When we went to the prison today we learned they had changed the rules. Visitors could not get through the gate until exactly 8 AM, 11 AM and 1 PM. Since we got there at 10:00 AM we had to wait in line an hour. We noticed something we thought was humorous. On each of the light poles in the whole prison compound we could see upside down nails. Each one had birds sitting on a "bed of nails". We joked about maybe this was to make the birds register, since they could not roost on the light pole as they usually do. We had another good visit with Omar. I had done some Quantum Touch with him yesterday and he felt better today and not in as much pain. We were happy to see that. We spent most of the afternoon and evening at the hotel. Because the restaurants all close at 2 PM we could not find anyplace to have dinner. We all piled in the car and drove to the next town in our search and we were successful. Denise from the White Phoenix was visiting and she took us for dinner in Canyon City. Later on we packed the car for our trip tomorrow. Our landlady had confiscated my only copy of my book: And the Moral of the Story is.... and brought it back to us saying she had read the whole thing. She also said she really liked it. Tomorrow we head for Laramie, Wyoming.

Monday, August 15

We are in Laramie, Wyoming and tomorrow we will be going to [Kemmerer](#), Wyoming. When we left Florence we stayed on [PIUTE](#) country dirt roads for about 60 miles. We got lost somewhere along the way and the only place we

could find to get directions was a Topless Bar. We went in and asked for their help and they were very kind to us, helping us figure out how we should precede in order to get where we wanted to be. Tonight we are exhausted from our trip. We had a lot of fun today, but we are oh so tired.

Wednesday, August 17

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

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

We had been trying to contact [Kanashibushan](#) and since we could not reach her, we thought maybe she had been evacuated, because of the fires. But we talked to her and she had just been out of town. We were going to see if we could visit her on our way back home, so we could do the 2006 Predictions show. [Kanashibushan](#) said she needed some time to relax and prepare and we will do the Predictions in a few weeks. Tomorrow we will be traveling north to Powder, Oregon. One thing Claudia complained about and she made it clear she was going to pass on and say was, that in the United States only one of the motels we have stayed in had a coffee pot. This meant we did have to buy a pot, so we could get our morning coffee. like we are used to.

Thursday, August 18

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

the Oregon Trail today and I was able to film along the way.

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

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

Four Apple Trees

by Kathryn Grandfield

I am staying in a beautiful part of Washington State. It is in the central region, surrounded by mountains. I am from the Midwest. We have few mountains and many trees. Here it is in a High Desert area and there are not many trees or other forms of vegetation. Below us lies Lake Chelan, a beautiful lake created by Glacial movement many years ago. It is now fed by snow melt from the surrounding mountains. Irrigation water from Lake Chelan, and rivers such as the Chelan River and Columbia River, make it possible for this to be one of the foremost areas in the US for growing apples. Cherries are also grown in this area. Miles and miles of orchards can be seen when traveling through here.

The place I am staying has used irrigation water from the lake for 25 years. In the middle of the arid mountains and land, this place sits like an oasis of vegetation. Nut trees. Dwarf peach and apricot trees. Beautiful trees such as Poplars. Evergreen trees. The Douglas Fir, ever-present in this area because it requires little water for life. There are also four apple trees. I was told these trees produced fruit that was riddled with worms. The apples were unfit to eat and were left to rot on the ground each year. Yesterday I took a walk around this area, which is about 3 acres. I happened upon the apple trees and picked up a beautiful little Jonathan apple that was in front of my foot. It was a perfect specimen of fruit. Symmetrical, beautifully colored, and with no evidence of worm holes or any other indication it was infested. I stuck it in my pocket and bent over to have a look at more of the fruit laying on the ground. I quickly found another perfect apple. In fact, I found no apples that looked less than perfect. Over my head hung a larger Jonathan. I plucked it easily from the tree as it was ripe, then put it in my pockets with the other two apples.

Later in the house I took a knife and began to peel the first, smallest apple I had found. After peeling, I began slicing it into wedges, looking for signs that it was unfit to eat. I found none. I cored it, continued cutting it in wedges and began to eat it. It tasted sweet, juicy and exactly as I thought a ripe apple should taste. While they have no certification as such, these are organic apples. No sprays of any kind have ever been used on them. I was thrilled to be eating a true organic apple.

Later I questioned the practice of letting the apples rot on the ground. I mentioned hungry people. I mentioned sharing the bounty of Mother Nature. Surely, I reasoned, there were hungry people in metropolitan areas who would be happy to have free organic apples if that offered a way to share what was going to be ignored here. No, this was not possible. No one would want apples I was told.

I was taken back to the previous Thanksgiving and Christmas holiday season. I was living alone in south central Arkansas. I was very poor. VERY poor. I was trying to save for the trip that had brought me to this place where I now am. My food budget was very slim. It had been difficult for me to provide myself with the things I believed were necessities for health. This was the normal way for many people to live in that area. Most were poor. Food was always a problem. I recalled how thrilled I had been to receive a bag of cucumbers at the end of the garden season. How I had eaten cucumbers and cooked cucumber soup with them. I had received several days of free meals, for which I was very thankful. Now, I wanted to

share these apples. But they are not mine to share.....but I can use them.

Last night I found recipes for apple butter and apple jelly. These require canning supplies which are not a part of my budget. Today I will go to the thrift store. I will see if I can find things that will work for me. I am already planning on giving gifts of homemade apple butter and jelly at holiday time. Beautiful organic apples that will be representations of Nature's bounty here. But still, I am carrying the thoughts in my head of hungry people and how those who have been blessed with bounty during their lives have little understanding behind the eyes of a hungry child or adult. I am also haunted by the specter of years of fruit produced but left to rot and never shared. Something about this seems very wrong. To be given the gift of bounty and never sharing what is not used seems to be a perversion of the human spirit to me.

I can content myself, if I choose, with thinking that the rotted apples each year have gone back to the earth to nourish it. I could try to think of the uneaten fruit as compost gifts for Mother Nature. Still, I can see these four trees sitting splendidly on the land. Year after year producing nourishment, readying themselves for harvest that never comes. And somewhere in this region there must be hungry people. I am sure of this because this past Sunday the local Food Bank was collecting flour, vegetables and cereal at the supermarket from customers who were willing to share.

When I placed the small sack with the things I had purchased for the Food Bank into their box, the man who was in charge of the box thanked me. Later he followed me as I left the store. He was taking the donated food to a storage building they use. He again thanked me. For reasons unknown to me I turned to him and said "Thank you for giving me the opportunity". My comment had surprised him. I recalled later talking with a friend and remarking that it was important to be given opportunities to give. It gave us the gift of choice to help others.

So this is what I will do. I have been given the choice of the apples laying on the ground. Their existence rests on my mind now. I will find a way to make the apple butter and jelly. I will give it to people I know who will appreciate receiving it. Perhaps I will find a way to afford mailing a box back to south central Arkansas and ask someone I know there to give it to my former neighbors. But perhaps the easiest solution would be to ask the Food Bank people if they can take home made things. My mind says no, that this would not be possible. But my heart says to at least try.

My firm belief is that one of our reasons for being here is to understand how connected we all are.....how connected everything is on this planet. My interpretation of this is that the apples lay on the ground and somewhere else a human Four Apple Trees

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Lilian's Newsletter - July 2007

It must have been in the 1990s, when a "CLEAR" craze hit. One attempted to develop many products in see-through-clear fashion. Food, drink, dish soap, actually a number of weird things which became almost non-recognizable. Well, there was green ketchup and green hotsauce, all deserving of a Mr. YUK sticker..... but..... at least green was visible! As I washed my hair with "ICE PANTENE" today I felt a rush of "RETRO" enter my reality, instead of drying my hair with a dryer I just sat, thought about some things as my hair turned into what appeared to me as flying string beans.

As I am preparing to leave on my yearly road trip, lots of loose ends need tightening up. Oil-change for the car, tire and belt checks, last minute repairs to my famous 20-year-old glasses..... a trade mark..... a cat sitter for Ms. E.T. my Diva Cat and lets not forget having my heart monitored for the second time in 2 weeks.

The guy changing the oil forgets to put the air filter back into place.

The belt checker does not close the hood properly.

The owner of the optical store suggests I stop in Las Vegas to buy a new frame for my glasses, something flamboyant, everything he features appears boring..... we can't have that!

Ms. E.T. is determined to act her part, a total Diva.

Hopefully this go around with the heart monitor works, the last one indicated I had NO heart beat at all!

Everywhere I went today conversations were odd, to say the least.

Several Ladies congregated in the waiting area at Les Schwab, waiting for their Mercedes Benz and Lexus to be serviced. They served us popcorn at tall round tables which reminded me of a bar, especially when we slid onto the bar stools surrounding the tables. No drinks and there was a sign NO SMOKING WITHIN 25 FEET OF THE BUILDING..... Two weeks into the Paris Hilton dilemma, we all had our own thoughts as to what her future should consist of. I thought she and our President had things in common for a brief period. Both must have felt totally alone and rejected for a minute. She, in jail and the President at the Summit surrounded by all of the world leaders. Neither one was being paid attention to. Then, for a brief moment, she was sent home to house arrest and planned a party.... he enjoyed the welcome of a Rock Star. Not so fast! She went back to jail and he came home, they were both unpopular again. In all fairness, I was glad that Paris brought the unfair casting of people in jail to the forefront. Some of us have fought for equal rights for some time, nothing ever changes, causes and opinions change with each administration, yet, it does remain the same.

My little toyota was ready, I bid the Ladies good-bye, got in my car, lit a cigarette and blew the smoke out of the open window, waving as I drove away.

The attendant at Jiffy Lube was arguing, with a coworker, I assume. It became apparent the subject was religion. Topic of discussion was the incident with the Pope and the recent attack on his life. Had I seen it? Of course I did! In fact it kept me up one night revisiting what I saw on TV. I figured the height of the leap the man made jumping over the security guard, the force of landing right behind the Pope should have startled the Pope. The struggle which followed created enough movement for anyone to notice. Yet, the Pope NEVER turned his head, not even instinctively, he

kept waving, never missing a beat.

The word for July is DOPPELGANGER.

According to *Alternative Realities* by Leonard George, Ph.D., DOPPELGANGER means: apparition of a living person.

According to *Encyclopedia of the Psychic World* by Theresa Cheung DOPPELGANGER means: exact copy of a living person. According to *Follette* by Glucksman it means: double self, second self and double walker.

Some scientific researchers believe a DOPPELGANGER is a projection of consciousness that somehow take on a form resembling reality. This can happen involuntarily or it can be accomplished at will.

It was reported on CNN that in Japan some parents have the opportunity to acquire Robotic Children. It was said they looked very lifelike.

It was assumed Saddam Hussein had many doubles which were people that looked like him, much like an impersonator. What I saw on TV that day applied to neither. It looked mechanical.

The nurse attaching the heart monitor to my body appeared frustrated, she very aggressively sandpapered my skin with an alcohol pad. I complained about the unnecessary discomfort she inflicted on my already battered chest. She insisted it had to be clean in order for her to attach the wires to my bosom. I said: "HEY! If you don't back off, I will leave. I don't care if I have a heart beat or not!

After the man finish his examination of the belts on my car, he informed me I was all set and I had nothing to worry about. I asked him to define "NOTHING." He said: "You know... nothing." I felt like playing with him and proceeded to explain to him that there was no such thing as nothing. He was done for the evening so he took the bait I had thrown at him. "Explain" he said. Well, everything tangible turns into something else. If you bury it, the earth will absorb it, even if you burn it will turn into smoke, everything lasts till infinity. "I don't get it" he said. I must have confused him and caused him to forget how to close a hood properly.

A car hit a tree on a straight line, another jumped a divider on an equally straight line.

I struck up a conversation with a young man in front of AAA. We were waiting for some workers to remove some traffic cones from around the building. They had painted arrows on the street, somehow overlooking the fact they were pointing in all directions and prevented us from being able to drive back to the main street.

The Lad was friendly, I asked him if he was a local. He thought he was.... somewhat... I asked how he felt about politics, he did not know and did not care. I asked about his religious opinion, he did not know. I asked if he liked the world he lived it, he did not care.

I read that young people's brains have to reach a certain age before the frontal lobes fully develop. I wonder which is easier.... to be young again and neither know nor care... or to be my age and

appear to worry about everything because I am seasoned, have foresight, been there done that Or allowed myself to buy into all the Bull I have heard, seen and/or experienced.

There are day people and night people. Over the years, while on the road, I ask people which one applies to them. What I found was that people born early in the morning prefer days and people born late or at night are more alert during those hours. It indicated to me that the time of your birth dictates your peak hours. A study was done in England recently in which they divided people in to two groups. A and B. The study showed that morning people... A Group... night people...B Group... were more productive in the workplace if said schedules were made available to them. AND, of course it was traced to their time of birth. Next time someone calls you a Night Owl, tell them: "Excuse me, I am a B person."

As I turned into the driveway a cat was chasing a little field mouse. I had trouble deciding which one of the two I should prevent from getting killed. If I save the mouse the cat will go hungry. If I stop the cat I have to fight with the owner. Lucky for me, the cat was frightened by my candy-apple-red car, it looked like the little mouse's little legs got taller, she ran to safety... for now.

What a day! I feel so retro, one thing is clear I am happy to be at the top of the food chain.... Or am I?

Love and Light
Lilian

The first crop circle appeared in June in Slovenia. It had a bird nest inside, it was in tact.
www.earthfiles.com

I am on the road. Please check the daily travelog in the middle of the screen. I still need help, please contact the webmaster if you encounter a problem with our PayPal.

T.O.H.S.
PO BOX 8821
Lacey WA 98501

Lilian's November Newsletter

The world is a confused place at the moment, suppose we should be grateful that we managed to get this far. But wait a minute... I am not "great" and I am not "full." Most people I know of aren't "Grateful" either. Summer lasted a whole 4 months in Washington State. Taking lessons from a busy squirrel population we hurried and gathered a little food, made the enormous repairs, which were afflicted on us by storms and floods during the winter and stuffed our nest with bare essentials, so we can attempt to get through the next 6 months.

Last Monday, earlier in the day ... while stuck in a traffic jam... I observed a man getting out of his car. He had what appeared a net in his hand and amidst the almost chaos he choose to catch butterflies in a nearby field along the highway.

Like many at the moment I was in deep thought driving home from running errands. Somewhere along the line my mind must have directed me to make a slight detour. I found myself sitting at an old friend's, (Margit Brennan), kitchen table. We ate dark French chocolate and sipped on peppermint tea.

Margit is a world renowned artist, her father and herself painted for the Vatican at times. After the Pope's death Margit was invited to the Vatican. She shared her pictures from that trip. Our visit at her kitchen table resembled an afternoon at one of the sidewalk cafe's in France. Sipping tea and watching the people walk by trying to guess who was who, their nationality, age, likes and dislikes. Sitting there, it appeared the by-passers followed their own agenda in the time frame allowed for activities chosen.

Margit is also a Delegate for Barack Obama, so while spending time in our imaginary "French Cafe" episode I shared the following with her.

On September 28th 2008 I had a dream. In it I found myself sitting on a wooden bench in some sort of stadium or lecture hall. A man sat next to me. I recognized him, it was Barack Obama. He asked what I was looking at so intensely. I mentioned to him that I thought the filters in the overhead lights had the wrong filters. He inquired how I knew this and I explained that I had learned about these things when I took classes for certification in order to operate all studio equipment in order to produce my TV Show.

I informed him that the present filters would make him appear very dark. He was quiet for a moment, then handed me 5 \$100 bills. I told the lightening technician what I thought, at which time Mr. Obama's phone rang, he appeared upset. He had been notified his younger daughter gotten hurt in the middle of the street.

The scene changed, I was now knocking on the door at the Obama residence in Chicago. Ms. Obama answered the door. She wanted to know what I was doing at her house and let me know I was NOT invited. I told her "I had fixed it," she was crying and went back into the house. I woke up.

Eyes half closed I went into the kitchen and wrote it down, so I would not forget it. I was also hoping I would be able to continue my dream, unfortunately that did not happen.

On October 6th, 2008 we filmed the United States predictions for 2009. Kanashibushan came across the mountains shortly after she suffered a minor stroke. She said she was fine and fine she was!

When looking ahead for the country our job consists of locating potential problems and sometimes talk about solutions at the time when we are at the cross roads which still allows for correction or change of direction. This was the 11th year of us making public predictions. As it turned out we ... unfortunately ... have a 96%-98% of accuracy, due to the fact anything is hardly ever changed by people in charge. Over the past 4 years we have advised for you to "fasten our seat belts." This time period is over, we need to switch to a surfboard, it will allow us to lean and duck. We may get wet and fall a time or two. Strapped in a seat-belt we are at the mercy of what ever means of travel we find ourselves in. We were only problem shooting, I am sure there a great things also. No time to look at good things in a 1-hour show.

Here is a summery of the predictions:

A lot was given in metaphor and we had problems pinpointing time.

- Food distributions, hard times for people to continue in the usual lifestyle.
- Mars and Pluto could detonate a war, it made reference to the 4th horse in the bible. HOWEVER, I believe it pertains to information given by the late William Cooper in his book: Behold a pale horse.
- I perceived a ship being strangled by an octopus. The crew had to cut the tentacles with a machete in order to free the ship so it could regain its equilibrium. The ship represents the country, I think.
- An instability is going to occur on the sun. As a result some will experience a gland malfunction and /or hormonal imbalance.
- Losing our house to me means a forced change.
- Earthquakes will continue at present rate earth-wide.
- Immobility, hard to put or maintain roots.
- BULL, Wall Street, possibly in May will see another major disturbance. Confusion and blindness, indicating the present bailout did not accomplish what some had hoped for.
- Earth and population has to go back to basics. Earth provides food, shelter and knowledge.
- A new system in science will present its self, some of which is not known yet.
- Critical month are January, February, March and September, as well as November.
- Many floods in the midsection and west coastline.
- At this time we were unable to tell who is president. It indicated a rerun of 2000. Massive legal battles.
McCain and Obama are both Leo, we were unable to distinguish between the two. Whom ever wins will occupy the Big House for a short time. Elections will not be resolved until spring. There were protests. There was a danger zone in Oct. 2008 that Palin will metaphorically DISAPPEAR. Hillary Clinton will seek and get appointed to high position, regardless of who wins.
- Government has to multitask, there are large problems. It showed me a teaspoon and a shovel. We will move problems by teaspoon ... to give you a comparison.
- Problems with postal service and similar deliveries.

- Broken backs, representing hard work, harder than usual.
- Changes in the Prison System, cutback in inmate medical availability.
- No changes in medical coverage for the rest of the population.
- Problems with the components of imported medication. Chemical.
- Change in the flow of at least one river, problem with overall infrastructure of the country.
- Changes in gun laws.
- Blackouts and soldiers on American Soil.
- Anxieties, even about petty changes.
- Problems with Textiles. We are going to utilize talents not used in a very long time.
- Washington, DC damage from wind and water.
- California has mega problems, talks of Mexican territory, will blame illegal workers.

One of the candidates has to make a quick trip over seas before the actual election.

According to Webster the word DEMOCRACY means: Government by the people.
 According to Follette my Glucksman DEMOCRACY means: Government by the people.
 Imagine that! After defining words each month for 11 years, we finally have a word which means the same in any language!

A friend in the financial sector compared our troubles on Wall Street as a cadaver on life support. We have to think global in anything we do, as much as attempts are made to divide us as a people, we have finally reached a crossroad in time where decisions are unavoidable. We have to take a stand as to our decision as to which road to take.

England is considering permission to use HYBRIDS Human/Animal embryos for stem cell research. Repeat... Hybrids Human/Animal embryos.
 Those of us which are fans of the X-Files are not surprised.

October was beautiful in the nature department. Golds and reds, wonderful weather, the calm before the storms.
 Human drama was more turbulent. Jobless, homeless, hopeless and afraid.
 French sidewalk cafes are in a far distance for many. At best we can sit at our kitchen table ... those of us lucky enough to still have one ... and define Grateful. Grate meaning: metal bar framework, reduced into particles by rubbing, scrape with a harsh noise. Irritating.
 I think a bowl of Tony the Tiger is called for... I can scrape the bowl with a harsh noise.... One more spoon full and I guess I consider myself GRATE-FULL.



Olympia @ sunset; picture by Ebony Moore

Don't forget to visit me at www.myspace/psygeria

Love and Light
Lilian

The Heart Of The Matter

By Lilian Mustelier

A friend called just the other day. Somewhere along the line she asked a question that brought back memories. Instead of answering I laughed, one of those healthy laughs that comes from the heart. She was wondering why, at times it seemed, she had an awareness of the fact she did have a physical body. I laughed because I used to ask people that very same thing when I was young and they thought I was crazy.

It must have been around the time I hit 50 when I finally realized I was a spiritual being in a body rather than the other way around. So while comparing notes about such a revelation with my friend we went right down the line of the organs that we possess that we can actually live without, such as gallbladder, appendix, thyroid, even though we only have one of these. It makes one kind of wonder why we had them in the first place.

No so with the heart, that is a horse of a different color. I guess that is why we treat affairs of the heart in a different way. So here is my heart story.

In the early 80's I did not feel all that well. There came a time when a Dr. suggested for me to see a cardiologist. I did that. He suggested I was stressed and needed to change my lifestyle. A few weeks later I was crossing the street with my mother in Europe and collapsed. I was rushed to the local hospital and there was greeted by a great Heart Doctor. He was able to determine from some tests that I had suffered from a virus that was not properly treated and that in turn created a problem with a heart valve. It later turned out that he was actually correct on the dates and the cardiologist had eggs on his face.

The medication he prescribed worked great. Over the years there have been struggles with the cost of the medicine but all in all it works rather well. A wobble here and a skip there just enough to remind me I have a heart.

The Nisqually quake in 2001 stirred up a lot of "mess" if you will. Losing the house, being homeless and the task of starting all over took almost two years. In-between keeping my TV Shows afloat and going on the road, occasionally as a terrified passenger due to my "passenger phobia", and a month long battle with repairs and an addition to the place I now live in, my heart thought I should have a look at it, my heart that is. It is a one of a kind I think and this is how it got my attention. I am talking on the phone and the Lady asks what I am thinking. I felt like I got shot and a bullet entered my chest and exited in the back leaving a big hole. At the same time it felt like I got busted in the jaw and the pain was unbelievable. I said to the lady: "I think I will hang up and call 911. I am having a heart attack."

The medics came and thought I should be transported to the hospital. They were great and got to work on me right away. Nitro, aspirin. I was so impressed. I was told later that one of the reasons things went so well was that I was able to work with my body and I was not afraid to die.

The next phase of the story takes place in the hospital. Everyone was very professional and attentive. Tests were ran and after many hours and a promise to be good and follow Dr. orders I was allowed to go home. What was odd about the experience at the hospital was that at one point a neighbor was allowed to come and visit. It was thoughtful of him to come but lets take a closer look at this.

While you are all hooked up to wires, a person enters the room that is part of what brought you to this there in the first place. While working with your body you have to be discreet, thoughtful and pleasant. You have to make sure you don't offend anyone and agree to all the unreasonable terms and promises that are being presented to you. Your heart has to be in the right place. Even as I am relating

this to you I fell like I wanted to be careful as not to offend anyone. It took several days before I came to terms with what I felt. I remembered a time I was guilty of the same behavior and thought that there has to be a lesson here. When a person is fighting for their life it is not a good idea to interfere with that process. It is not a good idea to ask for commitments. Here is why. All the patient can do is agree and get back to working with the body and have a heart to heart with the Higher Self to see if it is time to stay or leave. That was a mighty lesson.

Next stop is the follow up visit with the family doctor. That is a good experience mainly because he is familiar with you and has some encouraging words. Chances are he/she will send you home to rest and give a referral to the cardiologist.

I guess this is a good time to stop referring to myself as a third person and continue with the tale.

The nurse called me and gave me an appointment for a stress test and eco ... something. I was to fast, no caffeine or nicotine in any form, comfortable clothes and shoes.

I had been resting my heart as requested by my heart itself and wondered what it would be like to get all stressed out again 3 weeks later, it had taken that long to get the appointment. Not being able to do any of my usual activities such as cook, clean and regular personal hygiene because it is so exhausting, like recovering from major surgery. I gratefully accepted a ride from my daughter. I was nervous knowing I had to willfully strain my heart after I had taken care of it so lovingly for 3 weeks.

Now here is the good part!!!!

The receptionist asks my daughter why we are there. She looks through me like I am not there, even though I am all bundled up in a long black coat, have green and purple hair and a nervous smile on my face, and says to my daughter. Does she EVEN speak English?

I was speechless, here I had just spent a week with some of the few still living most brilliant minds on the planet, Forgot, they were psychics and could read my mind in any language.....

I am escorted to a room to get undressed. The lady scrubs my chest and I say OUCH. She tells me she has to do that; I roll my eyes at her. After all I did not question that, all I said was OUCH.

She hands me some papers to sign and I take the time to read them. I have to sign a paper telling me that the Dr is not responsible for any mishaps including heart attack and death (1 in 10000). A little wobble in my heart there, but I sign it U.P. Under Protest. If I don't sign I will not get treated. I ask how long after the stress I am expected to fall out. Not funny, I can tell by the look on her face.

Next stop is a room with a DREAMMILL and a lot of instruments. A new lady that started asking questions in a very speedy fashion. I told her that I had MPD and was unable to answer her questions in that order to please slow down. She asks nothing else of me and gives me a rapid explanation of the procedure and rules and leaves.

Another lady comes in to the room and takes an ultrasound of the heart. I was fascinated; this was the first time I was able to look at my heart. What a sight! It was beating 1-2-3-1-2-3.

The Doctor came in, introduced himself. I was put on a treadmill and started my journey. I lost my balance; my equilibrium was off because volcanoes interfere with my balance while they are exploding. I am a sensitive. Mt. Etna had just started to erupt. I heard 3 people talk to me all at the same time. I was concentrating on calling my Higher Self to take over so I could leave my body in order to finish this test. I was hyperglycemia. Someone asked why and I said because I was fasting. No one told you to do that, someone said.

I heard going uphill and heard myself say: I don't think so. It was over!

The Doctor told me that this must have been the shortest test ever conducted, 3 minutes and according to that I was perfectly healthy, no heart problems period.

I said I had arrhythmia and took medicine for 20 years. Dr. said it must be doing the job, it was perfect.

I said "I have to go to San Francisco in 4 days it that advisable so soon after my "EPISODE". He

said “you can go anywhere you want to”.

I said. “please tell me why I am so exhausted”.

He said “That is not my department”.

He left.

We now get to the heart of the matter. My daughter found me sitting outside the clinic sipping on a latte, smoking a long overdue cigarette. I was in shock. This Dr. did not even have my medical records. I was very angry for a long time, at which time my heart made attempts to let me know this was no way to get a rest.

It would be a tragedy not to seek medical help because that would be easier than to deal with jerks like that.

It would be a tragedy not to listen to your heart if it is telling you something.

It would be a tragedy to keep quiet about this or any similar experience you had.

It would be a tragedy if the lesson I had were for nothing. My heart told me I was doing my work.

I now have a heart to heart with my heart each night and tell it I think it is beautiful and it was a pleasure to have seen it beating 1.2.3.1.2.3 and thank you for keeping up the good work.

Love and Light,

Lilian

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HOLIDECK Greenville

If you are a Light Worker and think taking a trip is your Idea.....Think again!

If you think Pocahontas is always the name of a beautiful Indian maiden....think again! I had been to Greenville, IL in September, 18 days after 9/11 and was surprised that I wanted to go back so soon, this only being March.

I guess I thought it was to see my friend Monica. She was on her way to Texas from Wisconsin and able to stop and pay a visit to Omar, a Light Worker held prisoner at the Federal Penitentiary in Greenville.

We called our friend in Lansing, MI to see if she wanted to join us. Unfortunately she had to go to Toledo, OH that weekend.

A few months prior to that I had received a letter from Lynn Mari. I actually thought she was MEME, the woman in my book and threw her letter in the trash. My guides made me dig it out, coffee grounds and all. Out of that a friendship formed and I called Lynn to see if maybe she, her mate Martin and Baby wanted to meet us in Pocahontas. POKI for short.

Before that was to fall into place another Light Worker, Elekra Ahn said she would fly in from Little Rock, AR. 5 generations of Light Workers in a little place of 850 people should have been the clue of what was to come.

The plane ticket had doubled in price since 9/11 and it looked a little grim. Thinking this was my sign I wanted to cancel. My daughter surprised me with an online ticket in the price range that was affordable, BUT I had to fly to Phoenix, the place where I pass out, literally, on a regular basis while flying over the man-made frequencies in the 4 Corner Area. Fear set in and I really wanted to cancel. I think it was about that time I realized this might have been put in place by Universe rather than myself. I packed my bags. As soon as everything was all nicely secured, my Shaman Drum wanted to go. We repacked, of course!

Had borrowed a digital camcorder and Universe talked me into buying a second one, since the regular cameras I own were just too big for the carry on luggage.

My friend Angie owns the Mortuary and Motel in POKI and gave me a great deal for 3 rooms, at the Motel that is.

I left on time and had only experienced a little headache in the Phoenix area, was grateful for that. When I got to St. Louis, Monica had already swooped up Elektra from her arrival gate and here I was. Because of the paranoia I have riding with people especially on the freeway we drove to POKI on back roads.

Elektra is a grid-worker that works with the ley-lines of the earth. Months earlier she had been guided to harvest magnetic lodestones and deposit them in different areas of the earth.

We had no more than taken to the back roads when the stones wanted to be left in places. We accommodated that by throwing them out of the car-windows or driving to the areas we were led to. The Mississippi and Missouri and a hospital a little out of our way actually. We said a prayer there and included Omar and thanked him for having us brought to that area again, remember visiting him was part of the plan. I found out later that that was the hospital he had been in for 16 days 2 months earlier when we was deadly ill. I guess we had picked up his essence that remained at the hospital.

Snow still covered the ground, we had arrived right after a snowstorm. HOWEVER, it was 74 degrees. The motel room Monica and I occupied smelled terrible. Elektra was happy with hers. We burned incense and smudged it, it was hard to make it our own, later it turned out it was freshly painted, that was part of what we smelled.

We got up early the next morning to explore the Cahokia Mounds, just a few miles from down to St. Louis. Again we drove the back roads and I was able to show Monica and Elektra where the cropper had traveled and stopped at the Crop Circles in 1997. I told about the friends I made and reminisced about that time.

We got to the Mounds, it was warm. A beautiful day. We noticed we were the only people there and climbed the one closest to the Visiting Center and were in awe as to the size of it. I had somehow envisioned them to be like the Mima Mounds a natural phenomenon close to Olympia, Washington, the very same I had taken Sani to on her visit to my house. Monica started to drum while Elektra balanced the ley-lines. A strong wind came up and I commented that it was almost identical to the wind that had come up when Monica and I had prayed for peace at Ft. Defiance at the Mississippi right after 9/11.

It required a right turn to drive back towards POKI...hontas that is. Instead Monica took a left and ended up at the WOODHENGE. The sign said it was a replica of a sight that was put there in 10 AD by the Mississippi Indians for equinox ceremonies at solstice. It had 40 poles in a circle of 410 feet in diameter. We stood in a pyramid, prayed and left some lodestones. Elektra at the age of 86 was in the circle...it was too much for Monica and I. While filming I noticed besides a multitude of birds, I was filming Orbs. Looked like they were flying on a magic carpet made from brilliant colors of the rainbow. Respectfully we said our good-byes to the ancestors and drove away. I realized we had been 3 miles from the crop circles of 1997. It made me think of Stonehenge and the numerous Crop Circles appearing there each year and wondered if there was a connection.

The next day Monica attempted to enter the prison for her visit and was denied entry like on 4 previous occasions, even though all her paperwork was in order. Eventually we found it necessary to complain, which resulted in an investigation of the prison chaplain that was way overdue and we were conduits in doing so. I was able to spend quality time with Omar and we did work together like on so many times before. What was interesting is, after the male guards returned from special training after 9/11 they were too nice! Having been around them for the past 11 years, it was obvious that something did not add up right! Almost like they had left one person and returned another. Omar it would appear will remain in Greenville at least till October 2002, makes me wonder what else remains for me to accomplish there....

While at the restaurant an old friend recommended a place to eat in Grandforks. He mentioned there were coupons at the post office, most likely buried in the trash-bin. Went to the post office and checked only to come up empty handed. Coupons had been left for us at the Motel, so after taping the interview about Elektra's work we drove the 7 miles to Grandforks to eat. GHOSTS all in the place but the food was great and so was the association.

We learned that Pocahontas is a type of coal that was very valuable and heated the whole region therefore the name Pocahontas for the town.

Elektra felt her job was done and decided to fly home instead of riding with Monica as originally planned.

The winds were picking up. I walked the block from the Motel to th restaurant when I saw a police car drive by twice. Through the bullhorn I heard: "YOU THERE WALKING; PULL OVER!" I did. It turned out it was my old friend Pete from the Police Department. He was eager to get the TV Show bright him and to say hello. He was ill and I did not get to spend any time with him this trip.

As I arrived at the restaurant, had coffee and a smoke I felt this essence approach. It was Lynn and her INDIGO child. She said she needed to beam her light from Greenville. It felt like I had known her forever and she had the essence of all the females on the planet rolled up in one. I felt such an instant love for her. And there was Baby, I had known him forever and there was recognition on his part. The 50 mph winds remained for two days but we managed to film a show Light Workers 24-7. It was about what it was like to be the mother of an Indigo.

With permission to film we returned to the haunted restaurant in Grandforks and got fairly good footage along with a great meal! Baby had a conversation with the etherics. I hope he will tell us that part when he gets a little older.

Lynn left and on my last visit with Omar I had returned stones to the prison grounds that she had charged at the Mounds. Monica was resting and I thought I would have a quiet moment trying to absorb all the things that had taken place. The winds had knocked out the cable. Something told me to turn on the TV and just as I did that the light beams for the Twin Towers were lit. Earlier in the day I had called a friend. She told me about a program she had seen on the discovery channel about the lost next word was not on the page the coast of Japan. Draw a straight line from St. Louis, MS, that sight off the coast of Japan and you will find that line goes through Ground ZERO.

Finally got a hold of one of my ministers, COLE at 2 am, he said he would meet me at the airport. Monica dropped me off and left for Texas. Cole had not arrived. A group of Police and security officers were standing in a circle. I asked if any one of them knew how to get into my cell phone and retrieve a phone number. They said it must be an important man I was trying to call. We talked about the NWO and things. They said there were many people of like mind in the area but no one was willing to form a group. Here comes COLE. I said: "Meet your leader.".....

The flight home seemed uneventful right up to the time we flew over the 4 Corner Area. As always the nerves in my forehead around my third eye became swollen and extremely painful. On a pain scale from 1 - 10 about a 25. I was not unconscious this time so that was an improvement. The plane set down on the runway for almost two hours due to a water line leak. Eventually I took off and made it to Seattle just in time to catch the shuttle to Olympia. Oddly enough the shuttle drove the back roads and stopped at several little towns in the shadow of Mt. Rainier. The next day McCord AFB had need word on on page emergency drills, including the towns I had been taken to.

Still think this was my trip?

Still think Pocahontas is a maiden?

I will let you be the judge and by the way.....this was a Light Workers combined assignment, so I am sure each and every one of you were right there with us....see you at the Holideck!

Love and Light,
Lilian

July 17, 2004

I came to the US today, 38 years ago. For 35 years of that I used to celebrate on that day. 100 years ago 38 years would have been a lifetime. In the 38 years I have seen many changes in this country and many people come and go. I must have traveled a good 120,000 miles for one reason or another.

Many years I shared the trips with you. Sometimes in print and sometimes in film. As time went on the memories and lessons were captured on Polaroid, Kodak moments were eventually transferred to Beta and then to SVHS. This year I was really up on the times and it is all "digital". However when I got online to send the pictures I found a sign on my web page: Psygeria.com.....that said this site was "forbidden" to me to enter. I am so computer illiterate and thought I had misspelled the address of the website I have had for 8 years. I tried it again and no mistake. I am forbidden to enter my own website - it turns out that someone had somehow changed the permissions on the host server and it has since been corrected.

After I thought about that for several hours I started to wonder if what I thought my perceptions of this recent journey were caused by me being tired, OR if there is a possibility that I am actually right in what I perceived this time.

Lets back up a little by 3 months or so. By that time I had interviewed every expert on many subjects, in fact I decided that in my opinion there were no more reliable experts left for me to talk to. Therefore the journey of 2004 was dedicated to "everyday people" on my route. As always I had MANY challenges to get on the road. Many repairs had to be made and gas was \$2.45 per gallon. As always I overcame those challenges with the help of a handful of friends, or so it seemed.

Barbara McGuire, my traveling companion, arrived and off we were like a herd of turtles. We drove 30 miles to Walmart in Chehalis, WA to make sure Barb would be able to maneuver in the RV, NAZHONI, since she had some physical challenges. We stayed there 2 days to do just that and wait out a nasty weather system that had blanketed the great Northwest.

Let's back up again by a few weeks. Our intent was to go to the Navajo Reservation; Roswell, NM; Globe, NM; visit Novena Cobb on the Apache Reservation and on to Big Spring, Texas. After that the plan was to spend 3-4 weeks in Florence/Canon City, CO with the friends there and for me to visit Omar in the Federal Penitentiary whenever possible. On to see Jo Little Coyote at the Cheyenne Reservation and possibly stop at Tom Stahl's place in Eastern Washington.

We knew there were time discrepancies connected to both Barb and myself and others for reasons unknown to us. Just as the journey itself, this story appears to be a time jumper is.

Back to Walmart in Chehalis. We were ready to go again when NAZHONI decided to drive about 60 miles per hour and we were unable to stop in the parking lot. We called the repair shop. They are usually great about their services, except this time they were unable to accommodate my call for help. We towed NAZHONI back to Olympia, counted our coins and decided we were unable to pay for one more repair. We decided to take Barb's car instead and tough it out in Motels. My daughter miraculously repacked and fit 2/3 of the RV into the care and off we went.

Back up by a week. Adam Curry, a young genius friend had come to visit while on the road to film a documentary, "Bad Seed" - the truth about GE food supply and we, Barb and I, regretted not having spent more time with him. I thought I should have put him into my pocket and carried him with us. We loved him and admired his courage to, at the age of 19, go into the world, sleep in his car in order to bring this vital information to the world.

We were on our way again. First stop Toledo, WA. We were able to get leads as to how to get interviews with the Big Foot Society at a later time. The car was clean and looked great with the TOHS logo on the sides of the door.

After asking for directions we were directed, by a police officer no less, to the wrong road and with that we started our trip around, around, around and around Mt. St. Helens. On our fourth approach we asked a lady watering her grass how to get to the main highway. She said she had no idea as she never went anywhere. With that our time started to diminish and it would put us in a different time frame for some time.

We soon found out that staying in hotels was an unbelievable experience given the fact that Motel 6 posted a price of \$94 on the door. I did manage to get a discount to \$49 plus tax. We stopped at Hot Lake, Oregon only to find that the lake that has always been 208 degrees was hardly visible and had vegetation from one side to the other. When I asked the locals about it they said they had not noticed since they were more concerned about the economy and feeding their family.

The night we spent in Powder, OR was terrible since I managed to awaken with bad burns on my body that lasted for 3 weeks. The only thing that came to mind would be an abduction or some sort of electronic attack. Take your pick.....In case that subject is forbidden.

We attempted to interview some farmers for Adam in Buhl, ID. No one wanted to talk even though I had secured all referrals from the Chamber of Commerce. Driving back roads was new for Barb, she got to see things from a different perspective. We asked people questions and did many interviews. We put everyone in Charge of the World. After thinking for a moment we almost always got the same answer. Peace and JOBS.

When we left the flags were at half mast. After the period of mourning for Mr. Reagan was over they remained at half mast in many places and when we inquired why we were actually told that they just did not want to bother to change it, too much hassle. That was new to me after 38 years.

We missed Dr. Jordan by 2-3 days everywhere we went. Bill Ramsey came to see us in Green River, UT. Green River has a train trestle one drives under when coming into town. I have been there many times and inquired about the absence of it. The Locals still saw it! Visitors did not! Almost all buildings were uneven and we were told it was because the city was settling. We thought it might be sliding away into who knows where. The energy was terrible and again we thought we might have been in a time warp.

Our visit at Canyon DeChelle was great like always. Eleanor our guide was full of new stories and took us to different parts of the canyon. Wintertime sacred places. Travis Terry and his wife were there like always and we had a great time. The sandstorms ravished the place every night, just like I

remembered it. Randy the Ranger from the Fireside talk the year before had passed away, that was shocking and so unexpected. We offered to give a talk in his place and honor his memory. That wish was granted except we were not able to stay the extra 4 days we would have had to wait to do that. Unknown to us Navajo do not talk about the dead and must have been uncomfortable with our request. They gave a memorial interview for Randy. Had I known of that custom I would not have been insensitive and requested that. I would have also stayed the extra days even though the Hotel was \$109 per night. We met Toni, a reporter from the Navajo Channel and discussed that in detail. Now that I am aware of all the details of that awkward situation I so think the people of the Navajo Nation to have shown me the love and understanding it took to overcome that hurdle!

The rest of the week was spent in Ft. Defiance with my friends the Roanhorse family. Globe and Novena Cobb did not happen. There were horrendous sandstorms in the Phoenix area and we were unable to drive through that area. We were unable to get to Roswell because of sandstorms and fires in NM. Big Spring, Texas did not happen for the same reason, Texas was practically under water. My friend there was disappointed and I was sad to have been so close and unable to get there. She said we could see each other a little later in the year. That made me feel better. We turned NE and went into Colorado.

We spent the night in TAOS where we experienced many time discrepancies that we filmed and can prove. We arrived at the conclusion that TAOS is a wonderful town, but not advisable for "frequency people." I doubt that the locals suffer the same effects as do the visitors. Almost feels like something is beamed directly at you. It caused hysteria, nausea, headache, and loss of equilibrium. Maybe that is a "forbidden" story also.

We drove across a mountain region from TAOS in order to get into Colorado to I-25. We were crying part of the way because we noticed that 40% of the trees were dying or already dead. It reminded me of the forests I had seen destroyed by acid rain in Europe. By that time we also realized that we had seen no visible wildlife since starting the trip a month ago. Not even a sign of road kill in areas where heavy migration of deer, etc was posted for miles at a time. We were exhausted parting the weather that up till now was lingering to the left and right of us to the point the pavement ahead of us was wet. Not a drop fell on us. And so the heavens opened, lightening took its toll and we got dumped on royally right outside of Pueblo, CO.

We reached Florence and stayed at the Riviera Hotel. For 2 weeks I was able to spend time with Omar. The first visit was traumatic for me, I was unaware that he was at an underground facility. Going underground reminded me of my childhood and a lot of the horrors I experienced during that time period. I did overcome that problem. Finally, wildlife! What I thought were prairie dogs turned out to be gigantic field rats that remained in the perimeters of the prisons - the locals were unaware of their existence.

We gave a talk in Canon City. The regular Friday Speaker had graciously stepped aside for us. We were sad to see how the Lightworkers were procrastinating in their function in the big picture and decided were out of place and time for that matter. Florence itself was a sad affair, the buildings were unoccupied and boarded up. Most of the friends are no longer there, even though the records show the town to flourish somehow.

We taped a 2-part show: "Reflections". In part of our conversation we reflected on the fact that up to

that time we found evidence of running dual time lines We thought that some of the illnesses on the cruise ships are grit noise pollution that affects "frequency people" like we were affected in Taos. We thought about the talk that Valery Uverov gave in which he explained that when the earth fell out of orbit thousands of years ago and the Egyptians corrected the time lines to 54 minutes per hour. We thought that some of us have some kind of way mastered the 54 minute time line and others are still doing 60 minutes. That would explain the time discrepancies and why some of us see one thing and some of us see something totally different.

We talked about how we perceive America. The forests are dead, the animals are non existing. The buildings are gray, without windows, towering over a people that walks in their shadow. Almost mechanical. Not quite dead but not quite alive either. Hopeless, seeking relief and like they told us repeatedly, looking for the desperately needed jobs in small places that appear like ghost towns. Like the 4 minute discrepancy in time changes the perception of each individual. We met mostly 54 minute people and only one 60 minute person. He was so rich and misguided nothing would have swayed his time-line.

Turning west to go home was uneventful. We saw 1 deer by the side of a road and a dead fox. We moved the traffic ,so it was light. The fires in Washington State had flared up and we drove from Boise, ID to Olympia, WA in one stretch wondering if we had really seen what we did. We did! I reviewed the videos and think this is an accurate account of the journey in 2004.

I plan on making small weekend trips next couple of months. I thank all of you for again allowing me to be our scout.

Please keep Adam, myself and others in your prayers in case we find ourselves in "forbidden" stories and get lost in Cyberspace.

UNIVERSE AND MYSELF THANKS YOU FOR YOUR SUPPORT.

Love and Light
Lilian

28 May 2004

Hello Friends,

Almost time for me to get on the road for my visit with the friends around the country. It has almost become a ritual. It is also the time when I set out to do interviews with people of Terra so they can share their stories for the TV Show: A Visit With A Person of High Strangeness.

Over the years so many of you have taken part in all stages of the process and so many people are able to enjoy the shows all over the country. This year is no exception.

Earlier in the year I revised my book: "And the Moral of the story is...One Person at a Time"....Just as it was ready to go to print several events occurred that the publisher and I felt should be included in the story because they were part of the original story in 1997. We stopped the presses and are including the following happenings. I am sure they are fresh on everyone's minds. It is for that reason I am making them a part of the long overdue newsletter.

I am still mostly computer illiterate so I will Say everything else in this segment, since I do not know how to COPY more than once.....That's OK, turned out I became quite a movie maker lately and many of the shows were nominated for awards Spooklights of Joplin, MO lost to Brian Gumkble at the EBE Awards.

Bang Bang You're DEAD has not been determined as of yet. I am following universal flow and drive NAZHONI where it takes me.

Please follow along on the web. I will call key people that will list my where about while on the road.

I have no budget and appreciate any help you can render. I always need phone cards, stamps, association and cash donations for gas. An e-mail would let you know how to get those to me. I will spend time with the Navajo, Apache and Cheyenne.....they appreciate clothes and shoes. If you see me in your area I will be happy to carry those items to the reservations for you.

I have removed the UFO REPORTING CENTER phone number from the door of the RV, it overloads the phone lines for Peter Davenport at the Hot Line. I will still take your stories to him. I thank you in advance!

As always,
Love and Light
Lilian

Enjoy the stories.....

We live in times that are so, so busy. Just getting to the next day takes real effort. Most everyone is so stretched with making a living we don't always take the time to think, everything just comes automatically. I thought about quitting cigarettes in order for me to do that I have to work out a workable reason why in my own mind. Things have to make sense to me before I can justify something to the point I can act on it.

Lets look at the last 2 weeks:

Things are almost on schedule. I am supposed to leave on my yearly cross-country trip. This year Barb is going with me. First time we will travel together. In my mind I am already on my way to the canyons of Arizona. The generator breaks down. Not good since I need power going into the heat of a southwest summer. Universe knows I trust my destiny and follow universal flow without question. If this sounds like a contradiction it is not. My personal life is one story, my spiritual life another.

In my personal life things have to make sense, in my spiritual life I am on automatic pilot. The friends have offered to help with the generator. Lots of great ideas, except at this time none of the ideas are workable solutions. My thought is interrupted because I hear on the news that a Portland Lawyer was arrested because he was involved in the bombing of the train in Spain. The 9/11 of Europe. What a terrible thing! So many people died! How can anyone do something like that? He lives with his 3 children and his wife Mona.....Wait a minute I look up and see Mona and pictures of her children blasted all over the TV. And there is a picture of Brandon Mayfield. The wonderful, soft spoken Human Rights lawyer from Topeka. They now live in Portland. My heart skips a couple of beats and the phone starts ringing. Some of the friends are trying to tell me what they think about the reports on television.

It reminds me of the night Omar called and said he had been arrested. At first we thought it was a joke and later we thought it was a mistake. We thought it would all be cleared up in a day or so and go away. In a way that was easy because I knew Omar well and knew that was a setup. That set up cost him 27 years of his life and my faith in justice is somewhat tainted. Here it is again, Brandon arrested. A joke because he has never been to Spain. He is one of the most compassionate people I know, they treat him like a killer.

We live in a society where rules change ever so often. Usually every 50 years or so there is a war or genocide, the winner is right and everything gets changed according to that. I am 58, in which time there was Viet Nam, the Gulf War, Panama, Haiti, Afghanistan and now Iraq. Not counting all the little wars in between since I am only counting the ones that affected me or someone I know. There is a lot wrong with that picture. Because the rules change with every administration it is confusing how to feel. How does one know what the rules are for that time frame?

I still have my relationship with Omar and have never regretted that part of my life. I know that is the right thing to do. What does society dictate today? How do I feel about Brandon, Mona and the kids? How am I supposed to conduct myself? Brandon answered that for me after he was released two weeks later. I had heard Jim Marris use that quote. When one sacrifices freedom for security one deserves neither. A President said that, can't remember which one, it could have been Roosevelt.

Brandon is now free and even got an apology from the government.

He is still a lawyer.

He is still a Muslim.

He is still a loyal American.

He is still a husband.

He is still a father.

He is still a son.

He is still my friend.

He does not appear to be the same person and I don't think some of us are the same either because we allowed ourselves to be in doubt. We resented that Mona and the kids were on TV every day and it troubled us to see her cry publicly out of frustration. We wondered what she went through seeing the shameful behavior towards the prisoners in Iraq that was on TV daily at the height of the scandal.

For 2 weeks we did not know what to think. Some of us psychics looked at that and though we perceived Brandon being a great man, a man that will make a difference in a world in the future. Maybe that is why someone tried to make him out a terrorist and discredit him. The psychics knew him to be innocent. Some of a rest of the world was in doubt about everything and for that we need to apologize. I hope we can get past these terrible times and get some kind of sanity back into our life.

It is not too often that one takes time to analyze one's self. I wonder what triggered me to do such a thing tonight. Sleep just won't come, even though it is already in the wee wee hours of the morning. I am so used to being one way that I do not question too much on as spiritual level. The title PSYCHIC was given to me because there was not another to describe it and that is what modern man in the Western Hemisphere is used to calling Intuitives. I have never considered myself a Medium; no one from the other side ever talks to me. It is therefore not surprising that my association with ghosts is somewhat different than the average person.

My first experience with someone in the in between time and spirit form was when Tom Graven just appeared in my house the night he died in the 30 mile fire. I had NEVER seen or heard of Tom before, it took only a minute to figure out who he was. The next encounter with him was when he stood next to me by the kitchen sink and gave me a message for his family. Before I was able to ask him anything he disappeared. That experience stayed with me for a long time.

Another case and point in time is the Russell Jordan case. Now Russell's story is a little different. I had been asked by his parents to help solve his murder. Was it a coincidence that I was recommended as a profiler by the authorities? Was it a coincidence that I already knew his Father? Was it a coincidence that I was already practically en route to Missouri to visit his parents in reference to something totally unrelated? Not the murder rather the ongoing investigation of a piece of a spaceship. The Bob White object to be exact.

I entered the story double blind, that means I knew NOTHING. Within an hour we had established many details not only of Russell's short life, but also of a lot of the events leading up to his murder and the people that were responsible for his murder. My findings were that Russell had been killed because of a dispute about a girl and a lot of Marijuana. I am able to describe the crime scene and the people responsible for that act. Russell's parents were satisfied with the findings of the reading.

What was so unusual about the case was that he disappeared in 1982. His bones were found in 1995

and put on a shelf. Not until 2003 was anyone able to identify him because his hands and most of the skull were never recovered. The TV NEWS PROGRAM Dateline filmed a story about the mysterious case from Silicon Valley. The week the show was to air it was put on hold and from what I heard had a gag order put in place. Sean Viehweg was arrested under questionable circumstances and within a few months sentenced to 6 years. Six years because he bargained with the courts claiming he acted in self defense.

It was during the time this bargaining process was active in the courts that I interviewed Dr. Jordan and his wife and produced the show: Russell Jordan. I allowed the Jordan family to tell the whole story the way they remembered it. We did not have a gag order.

December Newsletter

Was 2009 a Roller coaster or what? I am amazed we made it! 2009 held much misery for millions of us, and to imagine that things had improved in many areas.

As I prepared to turn the last show of the year into the TV Station, I thought maybe I would re-check the quality of the disk. I am glad I did, seems we were all in a fog, one day turned into another and here we are.

In my personal life I literally did not know who I was for about 8 months, I mean I had issues with my MPD, BUT somehow everything got done, all deadlines were met and WOW...

People around me were struggling as well, the whole country underwent a transformation. I had never seen anything like it, it was good for some and very bad for others. The political circus with some of the politicians made for plenty of conversation and interesting TV watching. **I kid you not.** We saw the best and the worst in some people.

In the predictions for 2009 we predicted some things which happened, so allow me to refresh your memory. Of course some things did not happen...we were glad we were wrong sometimes... lets look at the things which **did** happen.

We saw many food lines... Some may have also been unemployment lines.

We saw corruption and extortion, war and the PALE HORSE... which dealt with William Cooper's book, in which he explained the big picture of where SOME were trying to maneuver us . A lot dealt with the banking system.

We saw the economy in a vice, as if an octopus had it's tentacles wrapped around it and we had to cut off the tentacles.

We saw Sunspots.

We saw Universal disaster... no shortage of that.

We saw Wall Street barely recovering... the ups and downs were listed my month. Bank accounts frozen in Switzerland and Claudia saw Sarah Palin disappear.

We saw the beginning of an almost new system.

We saw the car industry collapse and talked about the time it would take to recover.

We saw the explosion on the Moon, when the satellites were crashed into the surface of the Moon. Problems with nature and water everywhere, nonstop flooding somewhere in the country.

We saw Hillary Clinton as Secretary of State and disputes with the election until April, at least. Mr. Al Franken was not seated until the courts had decided his vote results and eventually, he became the 60th vote for the Democratic Party.

We saw Gary Locke in Washington DC, he became Secretary of Commerce. This was actually in the predictions for 2008, as it turned out he was the 3rd person selected for the job, which was time consuming, but Gary Locke is in Washington DC.!

We saw one of the, then candidates, make a stupid decision....Mr. McCain, when he stopped his campaign to save the economy and we saw one of the candidates having to make a sudden, quick trip before the election, which was Mr Obama, when he had to go the Hawaii to see his Grandmother.

We saw the lack of respect, we did not know the outcome of the election, since both candidates we similar in Zodiac sign, both are Leos. The respect issue could have been our clue, but we decided not to speculate.

We saw California sinking deeper into despair and the need to sort out the money problems of the country with a teaspoon, rather than a shovel.

We saw relatively few protest, but LOUD protests. I think we can see a tea party here.

We saw terms of loans in form of a dragon, which was CHINA.

We saw the post office having major issues... lucky us, we still have 6-day delivery.

We saw Senator Kennedy sick.

We saw major problems with health care, the prison system and issues with the swine flu shots.

We saw back-breaking struggles with jobs, continuing foreclosures, loss in textile sales and jobs.

We saw changes with guns laws, more troops in the war (Afghanistan)

We saw less travel and continuing decline in airline services.

We saw New York Mayor Blumeberg in the picture in some strange capacity. As it turns out he is seeking a 3rd term, even though there is a 2 term limit. I still see him in the picture and it is an ongoing work in progress, will be interesting to understand what it turns out to be what we really saw and how it plays out. He will remain in the forefront.

Actually, we do not see anything, that is just a term we use.

We said the main theme for 2009 would be greed and so it was. We said that patience would get us thru and so it did. As we rejoiced at the new beginning, soon some became **ferocious**, outright dangerous. Change means just that. Change.

Picture in your mind, for a moment, you are going on a trip.

You are all prepared and packed. You even have a plan B, if needed. You have a map and

you have marked your route with a magic marker.

You bring along your GPS and off you go. Looking at a map is an **inconvenience**, even though you picked the route out yourself and have familiarized yourself with it all. It shows, mountains, rivers, valleys and based on that you have picked your highways, GPS is easier, except it will not show you the elevations nor the obstacles visible on your map.

Eventually you abandon both and ask a truck driver which way is best for you to get to your destination. You thought a truck driver would be the most qualified person to give you direction, since that is what he does for a living.

I guess by making the predictions we sort of show you the most **feasible** way to travel thru a year. Much as a trucker sometimes we don't know about a recent change which was made, for the most part we can give you an idea which obstacles you might encounter. It is your choice how and if you want to follow the instructions, so you will get to your destination in a safe and timely fashion.

You can choose not to and after you arrive tell your friends how dumb it was not to listen, in fact it might create a laugh or two..... in hindsight.... it was not funny as you experienced the pitfalls of not paying attention.

So here is a current map of 2010. We, of course are not responsible for changes after we drew the map and expect you to use good judgment in all things.

Kanashibushan, my friend, which made predictions with me for the past 12 years, encountered several problems in 2009. She had 2 strokes, heart surgery and her house burned down. It was for that reason she was unable to travel the distance to come and assist me. Kathryn Grandfield traveled from Missouri to Washington State. While here, she took Kanashibushan's place and we filmed the show for you in September.

Kathryn, the Lady that assisted with the predictions, did not have her cards. I broke the seal on a new deck and gave it to her. The prediction show went well, one of the reasons we have to disconnect from the information is, that we are taping 3 months in advance. Kathryn pointed out to me that she had read with a defective deck, it had several cards missing and several of the same. After further examination we determined she was right. I was excited when I realized Universe had maneuvered our predictions to such an extent that I am **absolutely sure they are ever so accurate**. Now we wait and see. They, the predictions, were posted on the website early in October.

Predictions 2010

More changes in the country, hard to expect for some. Change for some means, I am all for it, unless it affects me. Surprise!

Changes in wind patterns, issues with electricity and electronics.

RED skies due to Atmospheric disturbances.....We now KNOW this can also be sand/dust/dirt storms.

The country will divide even more, the Right Wing will try to push you to the brink. If it was a relationship it would translate into: If I cannot have you, no one else will. This can be changed, PLEASE pay attention and seek balance.

Increase of body count in Afghan war, VERY little changes in Iraq and Iran. Possible new

skirmishes in South America, Venezuela and Region.

Raising of the seas, we need more **levees** and sea walls. Lots of activity in the oceans and rivers of the country. **We need to check major dams.**

Peaceful and harmonic times are possible IF we manage to unite. This will be sporadic and only if we strive for a rest from Chaos and sensationalism. We have the choice to disconnect people, who are trying to derail this process.

When sitting, most of us cross our legs. By doing this we do not allow negative energy to enter our space. At the same time it allows us and we have the option to change direction, as we can use either leg. When we complain about a person in Government of not keeping their word, we restrict a change of mind or direction according to the circumstances and could easily arrive at a wrong conclusion. Use your own life experiences as a guide line. We make decisions based on what we have to work with, at any given time. Decisions made 20 years ago would be handled in a different way now, since we have options now, which were not available to us than, in fact they had not even been invented. So PLEASE...do not restrict you leaders in such a fashion.

Lots of sickness, some preventable, some man-made... Use common sense.

Money flow will increase and there will be a stable market, for the most part. It was hard to get there, so use good sense as not to fail again.

That also applies to our position in the world..... I think President Obama's Nobel Peace Prize was a indication of how the world views us, at this time. It was not so much his personal award as it was for ALL of us, we should be proud to have turned the corner.

March and April will see lots of flooding in almost 80% of the country. Not all at once, rather like a train, steadily moving across the country.

More arguments about marriage, a waste of energy. Same sex marriage will prevail.

More arguments about directions the country will take, this is also a waste of energy. We are on Automatic Pilot.

New directions about space travel.

Churches will loose their grip even more, as more people start to take responsibility for themselves.

January, March and September will see attempts to interfere with Native Issues, this will also be a waste of energy. It will include Minority issues in general.

Hemp will be looked at at one point, that was already started when rules on medical marijuana were changed.

Compared to 2009. 2010 is a year we will be able to go forward. First flicker of light at the end of the tunnel.

CAUTION, if we do not stay the course it will be an illusion.

Women will be more prominent in decision making in 2010.

Groundless fear will keep us disturbed and the greed will continue. At the same time it is a year of opportunity and internal growth. Nothing will happen in a straight line..

The job situation remains unstable until the end of the summer. Some are NOT willing to trade a white collar job for a blue collar job. This is understandable, except unavoidable at this time.

Healthcare will look totally different than we expected....unclear at this time if this is a plus or minus.

Stock Market will have a unpleasant "BURP" around June. Wall Street needs more females.

Uri Geller is in the picture, I think it has something to do with space....unclear at this time, except for the fact that he will be a dominant voice in some capacity....

People will be on the move, relocating within the country around the transition of summer and fall.

We will also experiencing a nostalgic complex, in which some want to return to their"old" ways.

It is like giving birth, female energy will take the lead, except this time... men are not allowed to wait in the waiting room... they are forced to participate... if they expect to take part in the bragging rights when showing off the end result.

Tennessee, Kentucky have issues. it is a **speculation** on our part, that it has something to do with mines and coal.

"Enlightened" people will be unhappy, there will be changes at the top level in Government. it appears as a "RECYCLING" process of some kind. People need to understand that time moves along. Unlike some wanting to remain young and strong in their opinions, there is no political BOTOX, so realize some ideas are outdated and unable to cover up, besides BOTOX changes ones appearance.

President Obama needs to pay more attention to his surroundings, especially in spring.

Lots of funerals, Kathryn saw Red Cross vehicles on several occasions. The flu will be NASTY.

Hillary Clinton will change her color combination in her attire. I think that is physical rather than a metaphor, at least I hope that is what it is.

Entertainment will take a bigger part in things and will be more active and visible in 2010. Unions will have to rethink some of their positions and adjust to the circumstances of the overall condition of the country.

2010 is much easier to to handle than the past 10 years.. So hold on!

The HUMAN OF THE YEAR AWARD was given to George Amiotte for the work he does with Veteran and mainstream people afflicted with PTSD. Congratulations!

<http://www.native-americans-online.com/native-american-george-amiotte.html>

Guess the Planet Earth will turn once more, lessons will be learned and life goes on.

I wish you a VERY GOOD NEW YEAR!

Love and Light

Lilian

PS Enjoy the end of the year show

Remembering Bob White

BOB WHITE died November 16th 2009. He was my friend. We are all saddened by his death, after a car accident.

Bob was one of the James Brothers, a band rather popular in the latter part of the 20th Century.

Bob became my friend in 2003 after I interviewed him in reference to a very unusual object in his possession.

Bob was the keeper of a very "OUT OF THIS WORLD" artifact, which is thought to be a piece of a spaceship.

Bob was gifted with the object after an encounter with a UFO.

Some of us had a long relationship with this wonderful man. He spend the last 20 years of his life defending himself against debunkers and trying to prove what his object was. He had help from many sources.

When I heard he had been in an accident I recalled my times with him, the stories I wrote about our visits and what a great person he was. Unfortunately I did not know him in his early life and was only able to recall little tid-bits he told me. I remembered when he played the guitar for me at the Museum of the Unexplained, so I had a closing for one of my three TV Shows I did with him. It was said it was the first time in years that he had sang for anyone. I was sad that I knew so little about him and was upset that Bob and the object were always mentioned in the same sentence, as we followed his progress in the hospital. And here I am, guilty of the same. I guess the object was his life work and he may not have minded. My friendship with Bob became a catalyst in recalling very important occurrences in my childhood, otherwise lost forever. Our friendship had a metaphysical part to it, I wrote about it in my book: Remembering your Future, Let me share some of it with you:

An obsession had emerged after the conference. Nine days straight Bob White's object floated around in my head. I ran across a book called the OAH SPE. The book had been in my library for years and survived the earthquake. It was printed in 1882. They called it the new bible. A friend had asked me about it earlier, except it did not register or as we say, it went right over my head. I think that happens when the timing is not right. In any event..... It was during a stormy night like this one that my mind got back to that book. I opened it to page 563. I looked at what I thought was Bob's object. It was called the TOW-SANG. I looked closer and below it I noticed the planetary alignment of Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, Jupiter, Earth and Sun. The exact alignment of November 2003. The exact time of the conference!

A big concern had been voiced from many sources that the super volcano in Yellowstone could erupt and have catastrophic consequences to the whole country and beyond. When Barb and I ended up on that same plane to Springfield, MO we were flying to Memphis, Tenn. to change planes. We tried our best to sit together, no

one was willing to change seats. I was in isle 6 and Barb in isle 21. At one point the pilot directed our attention to the left. Jackson Hole Wyo. was visible and shortly after we flew over Yellowstone. We looked at the flight route on the map that was in the seat pocket in front of us. The plane should not have been there. When we got ready to land in Memphis the pilot, he sounded Native American, announced that he had bad news and good news. The good news was that he had fuel for two hours, the bad news was that we were unable to land due to heavy winds. So there we sat in a holding pattern over Memphis. I was the last one off the plane because I was loaded down with camera equipment and passed the Captain on the way out. I stopped to thank him for a safe flight and asked him what we were doing at Yellowstone. He replied he had NO IDEA. A wind of 170 miles an hour had appeared out of nowhere and we had drifted. I smiled, gave him my card and said: "I will be home in 10 days, give me a call." I might be able to shed a little light on that for you. Barb and I thought that we held up the plane and sent energy to the mountain. Maybe we were instruments in changing something, especially since it all happened during that alignment. I was 99,9% sure that this TOW-SANG, which was shaped like Bob's object, was a time line.

I searched the Internet for a phone number for anyone that could assist me with this, there was none. The next day I talked to my friend Bill and he reminded me that I had met the Keeper of the OAHSP in 1994, in Colorado. I called and my time line theory was verified. It is said that the Bob White Object is a piece of a UFO. It is. However to me it is much more. When I held it the first time I knew it was also a transmitter of some kind. When we held the object all three of us perceived the same thing in one way or another. I consider Barb and Kanashibushan to be as reliable as myself in a clairvoyant capacity. We discussed it in detail and marveled at the possibility that the object had come from so far away and the possibility that it could transmit what ever it needed from us to it's place of origin. We also marveled at the fact that in this circle of people that we had assembled EVERYONE was connected to frequency or sound in some way.

Bob was a member of the James Brothers a very well known band. We think that the reason Bob found the piece was because he is so totally honest and who ever gifted him with that object knew that. They also knew he would do the right thing and share it with the world when the time was right. Everyone in the same place along with the scientists and enabling us to bring science and spirituality into the same space was no coincidence. The question became how did it fit into my big picture. I researched all the planets and galaxies that entered into my picture throughout the years. Had I traveled in a spaceship I would never had to make a turn. It is a straight shot to Canis Minor, Orion, Sirius, Pegasus. They were aspit away from the STEFANS and fit the star map that my brother had on his body in 1995. In fact it all fit on to one page in the Skywatching book

by David H. Levy the kids had given me one X-Mas. The stars and planets connected to the HOPI, Dogon and Egyptians. Bob's object was a catalyst in my evolution regardless of what the future holds in reference to the ongoing saga of the Bob White story. I am certainly going to follow along at www.hardevidence.info

Assuming I am right and the object is a transmitter, a lot was learned about human behavior these last days of Bob's life. It appeared many cared more about the object than BOB, the man.

Bob was a very important part of so many people's life, we miss him and I thank him for having shared time and space with me.

Safe Journey My Friend!

SO HERE IS THE LAST WORD

It took 2 days to re-read everything in this collection. What a trip down memory lane! Originally I had arranged it nice and neatly, in a logical order. After reading it I thought I would mix it all up, so I did and had fun with the different time-zones.

Hopefully we will be able to add more articles in the future, so consider this Volume 1.

BOB WHITE was in a terrible accident. That event reminded me of all the times when I noticed the following: Many people have the need to latch on and ride a famous person's coat tail. As soon as something happens to said person, the need for association stops and the person appears not to be important any more. Gypsy Hurley, Keith Eubanks, Barbara O'Neill, Al Bielek and now Bob White. There is something so wrong with this picture. Human nature? I don't think so! Let's change the way we view a person's life work and become a steward for it instead.

Thank you for taking this journey with me and please remind me that next time I write a book I will start from scratch, rather than collecting bits and pieces of my work. LOL

As always I am proud to report I make up words and spell them the way they sound... In case you had not noticed. Spell check was confused more than once, especially when I put the words back the way I liked them. My spell check battle continued and I was declared the

WINNER

OMAR was released from Prison December 15th 2009.....

20 years of being unjustly incarcerated!

Deliberately Left Empty



Fatima " LILIAN" Mustelier

Fatima " LILIAN" Mustelier immigrated to the US in 1966 and 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 the founder of T.O.H.S. She is a UFO and Crop Circle Researcher, Speaker and Psychic. Author of 3 books: And the Moral of the Story Is... Remembering your Future... The Big P. Producer/Host of 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 on www.myspace.com/psygeria.

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