



CRY MORE ... 'P' less

"A collection of Newsletters and Short Stories"
by Fatima "LILIAN" Mustelier

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Vanya Kamaria Arnold 9.15.1993 - 4.30.2015

I knew of Vanya's arrival in our family before her Mother knew her Father. It is said children pick their parents, I think that was true in Vanya's case.

She saw auras and talked to animals. If you have ever met anyone so loving that it became an issue, well, then you must have known our Vanya.

She loved animals and they knew it. She was always ready to play jokes on us and had a smile as big as her heart.

Vanya had a dream of becoming a veterinarian since childhood and became a strict vegetarian after watching a documentary as to the cruelty of animals.

She choose to leave us about the time new flowers bloomed and the Earth came to live for another cycle. It was too soon and her suicide impacted so many in so many ways.

It is said that we all have a purpose on this planet. So did Vanya, we never knew just how much one can miss a person. Nothing seems the same and noone could buy snacks like she did and we hope we will see her again pushing a shopping card and informing us not to worry, she had taken care of the weekly grocery run.

WE WILL FOREVER MISS YOU



THANK YOU'S ARE IN ORDER

My family:

David, Conner, Michelle, Tamara, Brian, KK, Destiny, Carlos, Iliana, Ebony, ZOOZOO, Malcolm, Vanya, Maeson, Sirius, Chianti. Ava, Aria Alexa. Cue, Skylar and Malcolm, Jeanette and Claudia, as well as the Gonzales Family.

Once again they put up with my obsessive behavior in order to finish this project.

Anne, my long time friend and at times, my greatest critic.

Tim and Wendell. Tim for again believing in me.

ROBERTA ELLEN APPLE for saving you, the reader, from terrible spelling and for helping me through what at one time appeared to be a Carambolage and creating beautiful Pictures.

Bill Ramsay for keeping me sane.

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

Lia Shapiro of Alien Tribe for her support and friendship.

Fritz Mayr for his beautiful music.

Sten Westling for numerous Photos. Barbie for the portraits.

Renate Strang for her beautiful photos and "forcing" me to re-learn German.

OH YEAH! The "P" stands for Psychic

AUTHORS NOTES

I can't believe how fast this year has passed and here we are again. At this point everything written by me in 2015 is safely tucked away in book form, this year only in E-Book form, if that is what it is called. Just so you know I am NOT any further in my PC skills than I was last year and the year before.

2015 was the a year when I produced only 6 new TV Shows, instead we are playing Encore presentations and completed downloads of 291 shows to Blip, Youtube and my website. Only 416 to go. In fact up-on signing another contract with TCTV I discovered we just aired episode **1003**. Who would have imagined there was so much to talk about!

Did I tell you I mastered interviews live-streamed per Skype and ever so often air some of them, a bare minimum, since it is required for me to turn in a newly produced show occasionally

I turned 68 this year, I thought I had turned TV over to a younger face, well, I lied. I am still there AND filmed the predictions 2016 in our brand new HD Studio. It was awesome and our young producers are superb. I have a new Director: Tom Patten.

We added 5 new family members in 2015, Aria, Noah, another Conner and Alexa.

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

The terrible disease called suicide claimed our VANYA in April. We are still in the grieving stage.

So Welcome to my Queendom

INTRODUCTION

Dear Friends,

My name is Karen Ostah.

My best friend is Lilian Mustelier, the author of this book. It is my pleasure and honor for her to ask if I wanted to write the forward for this book. First, I want to tell you a little bit of how we met. About a year ago, I purchased my first laptop for reasons of writing my first book about crystals. So, I opened my computer and I signed up for Facebook, something I had laughed about for years. After I signed up they offer you some profiles of other Facebook members. I am 61 years old and I was looking for Baby Boomers, which I could relate to. I sent Lilian a friend request and she accepted. She was my 6th friend. I knew nothing about Facebook and was too stubborn to ask. I messaged her many times and she was so kind to teach me a few unwritten rules. We chatted a while and I came to find out we had so much in common. It was not an accident. We were friends and shared many of the same interests : Egyption Art, History, Pyramids, etc. She sent me posts on things we both enjoyed. After some time, we found out we shared the same birthday – again, no accident. Through this past year she has introduced me to some of her friends, crop circle researchers, other authors and her cousins. She also does a once a year universe reading on YouTube to keep us on this earth informed. Our friendship grew. I learned a lot about the Universe – Vibrations, and how all is connected. I have more respect for her than words can translate, she is a giver to all and is blessed with gifts of remote healing and deep intuition of Human Nature, and well schooled in Tarot Readings. She will give you the coat off her back, if you needed it. It amazes me all the books are given freely for anyone who wants to read them (Highstrangeness.tv) A series offered on YouTube, all Free. She taught me things not even knowing she was teaching me. To listen to my body, and how to heal my body... today almost one year later, I consider her gifts a Blessing to us all on this Earth at this time. She is a modest woman who will not charge for her books – it's her gift to the Universe – There are no accidents, it is all predestined. Her life story is very unusual, as a child she was experimented on, which caused problems in her life. She used this as a stepping stone instead of something getting in the way – To meet one who never complains is rare, but so is she. A rare free soul to share her gifts with the world, never asking or even thinking of monetary reasons. For sharing her life and gifts I'm honored to call her Best Friend. The world is a better place with her in it.

All The Best,

Karen Ostah



THAT'S ME Karen

January Newsletter

A major storm was brewing, the 3rd of a Pineapple Express. I decided to go to safer grounds and waited it out at TCTV, a building I assumed to be safe for me and while there finished up the book: Leave the Thinking to the Horses their head is bigger than yours.

Just as predicted the wind arrived with a fury, the last of the leaves danced in the wind as they fell of the swerving trees and it looked like they were engaged in a dance before they hit the ground and blew away. It was the first time in many years I was able to experience a storm and actually enjoy it. I always did when young and then came the trip in my Class- C- RV, in which I encountered 14 Tornadoes in 2 weeks. Needless to say, any sound, no, just the thought of wind made me afraid.

I heard the wind before it swept through the West-Side of town, A couple of minutes prior it sounded like rolling thunder, It came closer and close and BAM...with a fury blew everything away, what was not nailed down and/or not secure in the ground. December was a bit like that.

The last month of the year started slow enough, people were still in shock from the mid-term Elections. The forecast was there and predicted a turbulent ending to 2014. One could feel it, hear it and THEN.... there it was.

Protest continued around the world, in part, because there appears to be an international problem with Authority. At one point a deranged man decided to shoot and wound his girlfriend in Baltimore, it was sad since the Lady was a Veteran and maybe never expected to get hurt in that matter after having served in a war. The man, unfortunately an Afro American, went to NYC and executed two Police Officers before killing himself. As the story unfolded somehow many turned it into a story line connected to the protest. It was a SEPERATE ISSUE. The Media, like so often, fueled the fire instead of reminding their viewers that THIS incident had nothing to do with the overall problems we are all experiencing with some Law Enforcement. Several people were arrested for stating their opinions on Social Media and with that added a Freedom of Speech infringement to the equation. Confused??? Welcome to the club. Simultaneously more “OFFENDERS” were killed in broad day light while complying with new rules about wearing body cameras, which were... wait for it... forgotten to be turned on. I suspect it will take quite a while before anything normalizes, if it can be called that. While some celebrated the fallen officers as Heroes, stories emerged as to some of their behavior and people telling their story in reference of abuse suffered by the

hands of one of the fallen PO's came under attack by some.

It appears the country is so divided, one can only hope a balanced middle can be achieved soon. The only prevailing head seeing the big picture appears to be NY Police Commissioner Bill Bratton.

I finally discovered that when I see a Face with 1,000 masks it means massive protests. This was in the predictions for 2014 and continues into 2015.



The Predictions for 2014 played out with the following results.

1. **She exists in no time, no space- yet she still exists. Stagnation, hunger and**

poverty. Timelessness, aimlessness- not knowing where to park your bones. *She, represented the Country.... That was certainly true, it was hard to focus on anything, everyone pulling in different direction, especially in Politics.*

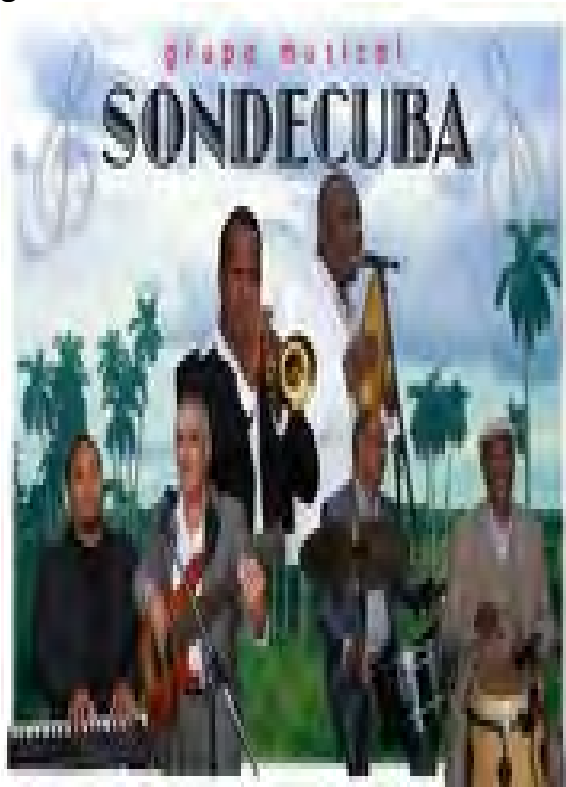
2. **Search for perfect balance of strength, failure in thoughts, determination, unreal dreams & fantasies; a slightly unethical or immoral triumph, failure at different things at different levels.** *Finally fessing up to the use of torture, conflicts with Russia and the “official” end of the war in Afghanistan, what ever that means to our troops still involved in that country.*
3. **Male energy, we will cease to think with the right head, logical, April/May- Republican, ferociously against female control of their own reproduction, female castration, control and ownership of the female population, taking away of rights, control of reproductive capacity. Draconian behavior toward woman issues in reference to woman health issues were attempted to become inforced and actually were successful in many places.**
4. **Success can bring loneliness, perhaps you should sleep alone. Profits- the goat always reaches the top of the mountain. You have not learned the lessons of Saturn- a severe but fair judge. With surprise on your face, you can fall as quickly as you rose. Sanctions against Russia was a lonely move and surprise, surprise. Stocks and business appears to have recovered swiftly since that was put in place.**
5. **Possibility of being abandoned- a moment of desperation, you need to ask for relief or help.** *I believe this had to do with not being able to implement new Immigration policies for our President. This was actually foreshadowed in 2013 when it became apparent this issue was not to be resolved in 2014.*
6. **A woman who expresses an opinion without arrogance or aggressiveness. Aware of hidden knowledge- she’s done her research in planning.** *Elisabeth Warren came to the forefront and it appears she is here to stay.*
7. **This is your final destination- will come to water on other lands- related to that element.** *At this time I am still unable to interpret this.*
8. **Apparent inactivity, during which time, you have to save energy & counteract the logical behavior at the beginning of the year.** *Politics came to a*

dead lock and very few things were accomplished.

9. **Celebrations, dances and processions.** *Going on a limb I would bundle together some of the good things. Release of hostages, Cuba relationship finally changed. Needless to say we are all very happy that finally so many families can be reunited in some way with their relatives on the Island. Fifty years of a nonworking policy only hurts little people. The people showed such resilience and somehow continued living their lives.*
10. **You may have changed your time & go back to the present, which will change what you said before. Be careful- a single face has a thousand masks.** *This are the demonstrations, which will continue into 2015.*
11. **New person in leadership position & authority, protects you from danger & inconveniences. Uproar in religious systems. Diverse campaigns will have repercussions, cause reactions at different levels & within different contexts. New appointments in top Agencies of the country. The Pope made many...to some shocking changes. Mid Term election Republican result**
12. **Practical jokes which are not funny- do not be the joker and try not to be the victim. Obstacles in studies, in minerals, lack of fertilizer, droughts, fault movements, ill cattle, lost crops, etc. I believe the joke makes reference to North Korea and the almost back firing of events with Sony. Drought was widespread, meat recalls took place and the lava in Hawaii is still on the move destroying property.**



This is my niece from Santiago, Cuba. She was so proud of that picture and wanted to share it with us, except we were not able to receive packages from our Cuban In-laws. Must mention, this is one picture of many she had managed to take, in spite of the poverty they endure for so many years. Determined to get the pictures to us it is not the end of the story. I had a Fed-Ex delivery one morning. I sign for it and was puzzled as to why I would get mail from the Swedish Consulate. True, I have a cousin in Sweden but during our conversation a day earlier he never mentioned anything remotely close to me receiving mail from Sweden. I opened the large yellow envelope and it was all the pictures my niece had taken and took to the Swedish Embassy to have forwarded to me. She can send anything she wants, we can talk and she could come visit to meet the American part of the family. It is such a relieve for so many to be able to communicate again.



Anibal Avila Pacheco shared an exhibit from the National Archives Havana, Cuba with me, It is a letter from Fidel Castro he wrote to President Roosevelt at the age of 12, requesting 10 American Dollars. So here it is. Mistakes and all.

Mr Franklin Roosevelt, President of the United States.

My good friend Roosevelt I don't know very English, but I know as much as write to you.

I like to hear the radio, and I am very happy, because I heard in it, that you will be President for a new (periodo).

I am twelve years old.

I am a boy but I think very much but I do not think that I am writing to the

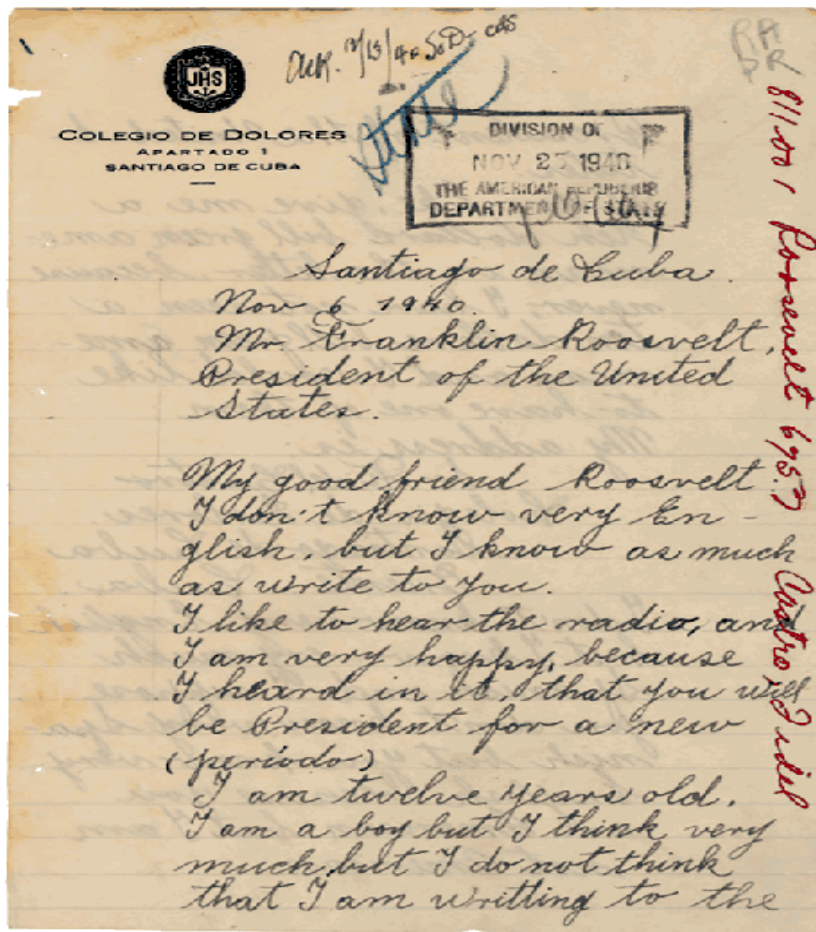
President of the United States.

If you like, give me a ten dollars bill green american, in the letter, because never, I have not seen a ten dollars bill green american and I would like to have one of them.

I don't know very English but I know very much Spanish and I suppose you don't know very Spanish but you know very English because you are American but I am not American.

(Thank you very much) Good by. Your friend, Fidel Castro.

If you want iron to make your ships I will show to you the biggest (minas) of iron of the land. They are in Mayari Oriente Cuba.



I believe the original story broke by Mother Jones.

<http://www.motherjones.com/mojo/2014/12/fidel-castro-fdr-10-bucks-letter>

My friend bought an old hunted Mansion a few years ago and once a year, at the end of the year, she gives a party in the place with so much history. Guest range from 22 to 70+. As a guest I have been observing the evolution of the young people. It is

AMAZING when talking with them and comparing knowledge from the previous year. Highly educated and caring young people gives us hope that the world may have a chance, if only my generation could retire from making decisions on a large scale. I am talking politics. 70 and 80-year old lawmakers have no Idea what it is we need to have a nonjudgmental, caring Society. These young people are very capable to taking the reins and create land free from isms we currently suffer from.

I copied the following information from Wikipedia, my international keyboard is broken and my English keyboard does not have all the letters required to write this correctly.

Kombucha most likely originated in [Northeast China](#) or [Manchuria](#), later spreading to east Russia sometime before 1910 and from there, to Germany and Europe.^[3] **In Russian**, the kombucha culture is called *chainyy grib* **чайный гриб** (literally "tea fungus/mushroom"), and the fermented drink is called *chainyy grib, grib* ("fungus; mushroom"), or *chainyy kvas* чайный **квас** ("tea **kvass**"). Kombucha was highly popular and seen as a health food in China in the 1950s and 1960s. Many families grew kombucha at home.^[*citation needed*] No historical records show use in ancient China or Japan (see [history of tea in China](#) and [history of tea in Japan](#)).

10-15 years ago some of us thought we had discovered a miracle cure for EVERYTHING. The Kombucha Mushroom. We were in touch each day and kept track of the development of yet, another friends new acquired piece of the precious find.

As I sat in my daughters Living-room, while celebrating the holidays with the family, I looked around and was in awe of just how many offspring I had. Not counting in-laws, just my blood offspring. 2 Children, 9 Grandchildren and 6, almost 7, Great Grandchildren... they all originated with me. I felt like a Kombucha.. ONE Mushroom. The mushroom was shared inasmuch as we removed a small piece of the Mother Mushroom. We nursed the offspring, and passed on another small piece, much like a pyramid business setup...except it was a free Mushroom and there to help us, in form of a tonic/tea we brewed.... with a number of ailments. I thought to myself how strange I would think of a family get-together and myself feeling like a Kombucha mushroom.

As generations continue, our looks change, our way of doing things change as we adopt characteristics and looks from new family members and then you realize.... new grown Kombucha are ALL connected/related to that ONE

mushroom. I was only thinking in terms of my family but this also applies to mankind.

Ms. Girley, the Cat is an indoor feline. I was sitting in the kitchen, when I heard a strange noise coming from the living room. At one point I decided to see what was making the odd noise and I discovered Ms. Girley was hanging on the door.. She had attempted to turn the door knob to open the door and let herself out. Her paw was stuck between the dead-bolt and the door, so there she was just hanging.... I freed her and wondered how that would have turned out, had a I left as I originally planned. I wondered about what she was experiencing to have acted in that fashion.



I headed to town on a back road to avoid rush hour traffic. There was a man who looked peculiar, I could hear him talk to someone, unseen to me. I slowed down and thought it was Jesus..... He must have thought so, too.

Love and Light
Lilian



Olympia, Washington

February Newsletter

Unlike many, who think by flipping the calendar the New Year starts and everything comes up roses. It gets frowned on. I believe the New Year is a continuation of things and ONLY IF, we, as people choose to make changes, some things will change. I happen to think that if I had a magic wand, I would wave it and make it Summer year around..... we do know the outcome of that unreasonable wish. For about a week or so it appeared like the masses were correct and everything would be uneventful for a minute. This gave me room to work on a newsletter I had been wanting to write. A newsletter about places, people and things.

Somewhere in 2013 I befriended a young woman from Algiers, Algeria. It was exciting for me because some of my family were born there and resided there till the revolution got so out of hand that many had to leave their homeland and relocate all around the world. I attempted to visit the land of some of my ancestors in the 1980's to see what it looked like. Right about then, skirmishes erupted once more so I decided against the visit. So my young friend was happy to honor my request to share some pictures with

me that I was unable to take myself of seasons in the beautiful country which hold so many colorful and ancient treasures. Ancient sites which only recently were available to us in film due to a series, Ancient Aliens and similar programs which touch on the ancient history of such lands.



Spring at the Mediterranean Sea, Summer in the Agadir Mountains, Fall in the Sahara Dessert and Winter in the City.



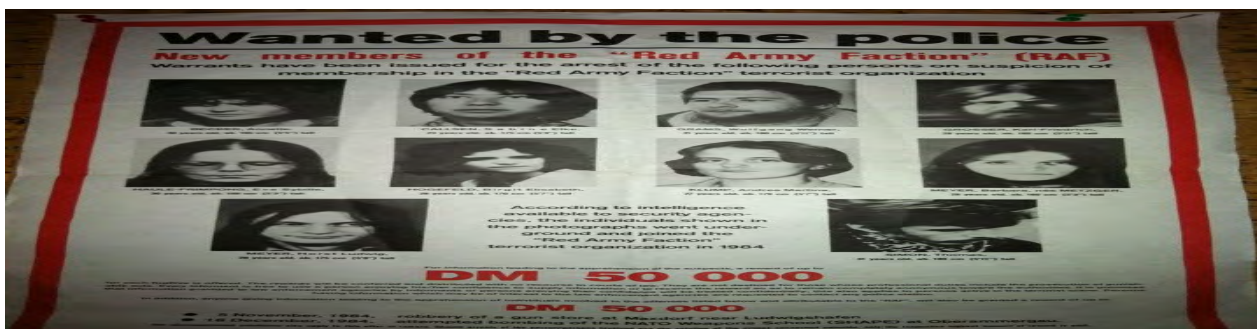
It SNOWED there in January, a rare occurrence which caused wonderment to some of us and thanks to my friend here is what it looked like. SNOW IN AFRICA!

The fight for independence from France lasted from May 1945 to July 1962.

Indigenous people of the country fought for their independence from France. Many ended up in France, since under occupation they held French Citizenship.

So while preparing for the Newsletter the news came that there had been a terrorist attack in Paris. As it turned out the culprits were 3rd generation Algerians, most likely French citizens. I struggled with my decision to continue with my newsletter like I had started and stay on subject. Well, as much as it let me because things continued to escalate.

As I watched the story unfold in France and Brussels I was reminded what it was like to grow up under occupation while going to school in Germany, that is where I ended up before coming to the US. I remember tanks and soldiers patrolling the streets, while walking to school. We avoided the French, Russian and British. They displayed very little tolerance for any of us, the Americans on the other hand were our friends. They stopped the tanks in the street, allowed us to safely cross the street and occasionally gave us gum and Hershey Chocolate. I still have an American/German dictionary a soldier named James gave me before I got on a trolley. I had mentioned I was going to become an American when I grew up. Here it is 60 years later and it sure looks so similar.



These pictures came from the site Friends Of Camp Pieri, the military post I lived close to. Permission to use for one of the pictures is pending.

Wanted Posters for terrorists have changed over the years, but it appears they have always been there. I am beginning to believe each generation faces the same issues just packaged different. I am also thinking, like many others, that

rather than their Nationality. Israeli Arabs... Wonder at started the categories of bad

Such similarities to the Journey and the winter of it.



French Algerians, what time someone people.

spring of my Life's While the news

covered the attacks on Paris and Brussels for 4 days, many things changed in the world it was sadly only mentioned in passing. So let me bring you up to date about this first month in 2015.

A MONSTER Blizzard buried the East Coast of America. Travelers were stuck where their plane had to wait for things to improve. The West Coast suffered from Landslides, floods and a mini heatwave of 64 degrees, a record for Seattle in January. The first severe weather system which originated on the East Coast (Philadelphia) dumped several feet of snow on Spain. An Asteroid flew dangerously close to the Earth.

George Zimmerman again was arrested for assault.

An unauthorized drone landed on the White House lawn.

Russia Bans Trans People And Those With “Disorders Of Sexual Preference” From Driving



The Government in Yemen fell. King Abdallah of Saudi Arabia died. Greece by voting changed the direction of its government. These are ALL Allies and if my predictions for 2015 are any indicator, that can create new challenges for the way the world seems to be structured/postured at the moment. Republicans took their place in the US Government.

Seattle Seahawks are going to the Superbowl for the second time. A

deflated football scandal came in handy and dominated the news for another 4 days. Let me take you back to the Superbowl for one moment. Imagine the financial impact of such an event. On the LOW END it will cost \$ 3595 PLUS transportation, room and board per person. Priceline has a package for \$ 4552 per person Includes Hotel and transportation. The Stadium in Phoenix holds 78,603 people. Do the math.....

I went to see SELMA. Regardless of the controversy surrounding the movie...that is what is is...a MOVIE, NOT A DOCUMENTARY.... I thought it was excellent and a

great tool to show our young people how hard and deadly it was to secure human and voting rights for ALL Americans. This is how it was when I arrived in this great country and here we are again fighting the same issues.

My friend Michael L. posted the following question to me: What does it rain on Uranus?.....

Marlo Morgan, Author of Mutant Message Down Under told me several years ago that the Australian Aboriginal people believe that when we are born we are worthy of life. I happen to agree with that line of thinking in as much as we all, in my opinion, have a path to follow and a purpose to fulfill while living on this planet. All living beings have value. If we were all to take responsibility for own own behavior we could easily eliminate the competing attitude of My dog is bigger than yours.....Better yet.... Like Richard Pryor said on the bridge. THAT WATER IS COLD, TOO.

Love and Light Lilian

I came across this short amazing video. It illustrates how we FIGHT to be born, we fight to live here. We fight to stay here and actually ALL have the right to be here.

[stories-in-films](#)

<http://www.denofgeek.com/movies/true-story/33513/looking-at-the-meaning-of-true>





My Queendom I RULE HERE!

March Newsletter

Afro American History Month of 2015 is at an end for now. What a month it was! Unfortunately, I noticed a lot less festivities than....lets say about even 5 years ago..... Maybe because our awareness has changed, we are focused on the “NOW” and how it effects us in this time frame. BUT! I am proud to report some of us used social media to inform and make aware many about what it means to have a rich history long before modern day ugliness set in. We were able to share with the new generations what it means to be part of a proud people, of which many make a difference at present time and in the future. On some level...through all the present problems facing us as a people...we were able to awaken interest in history and hope for the future. Someone send me this great article: BY RUNOKO RASHIDI*

Moors-Saints-Knights-African presence in Midieval and Renaissance Europe
<http://atlantablackstar.com/2014/06/01/moors-saints-knights-kings-african-presence-medieval-renaissance-europe/>

Universe allowed me to befriend a young Aborigine Artist from Australia and she has done a marvelous job of informing us how things play out in her part of the world, at this point in time. We can look forward to an upcoming article about life and issues of modern OUTBACK.

For a while it appeared nothing was ever going to change. Turning on the news was like a soap opera. If you missed a day you were OK because the same story was still playing out the next day and the next. Same with Speculations in politics. 24 hours, same old, same old and BAM! Mother Nature offered a hand by surprising most of the country with one Artic storm System after another. In all my years living in this country... 49 to be exact...

never seen a Winter like started talking about the of 2015 in May 2014. I obsessed with the subject. bought 5 cords of wood of 3. The predictions for were full of trainwrecks, demonstrations, food shortages, illness, faces 1000 masks and bigotry. It February and much of it is



I have this. I Winter was I even instead 2015

with is only already

taken place. Having struggled with health issues again I had to think out every action I

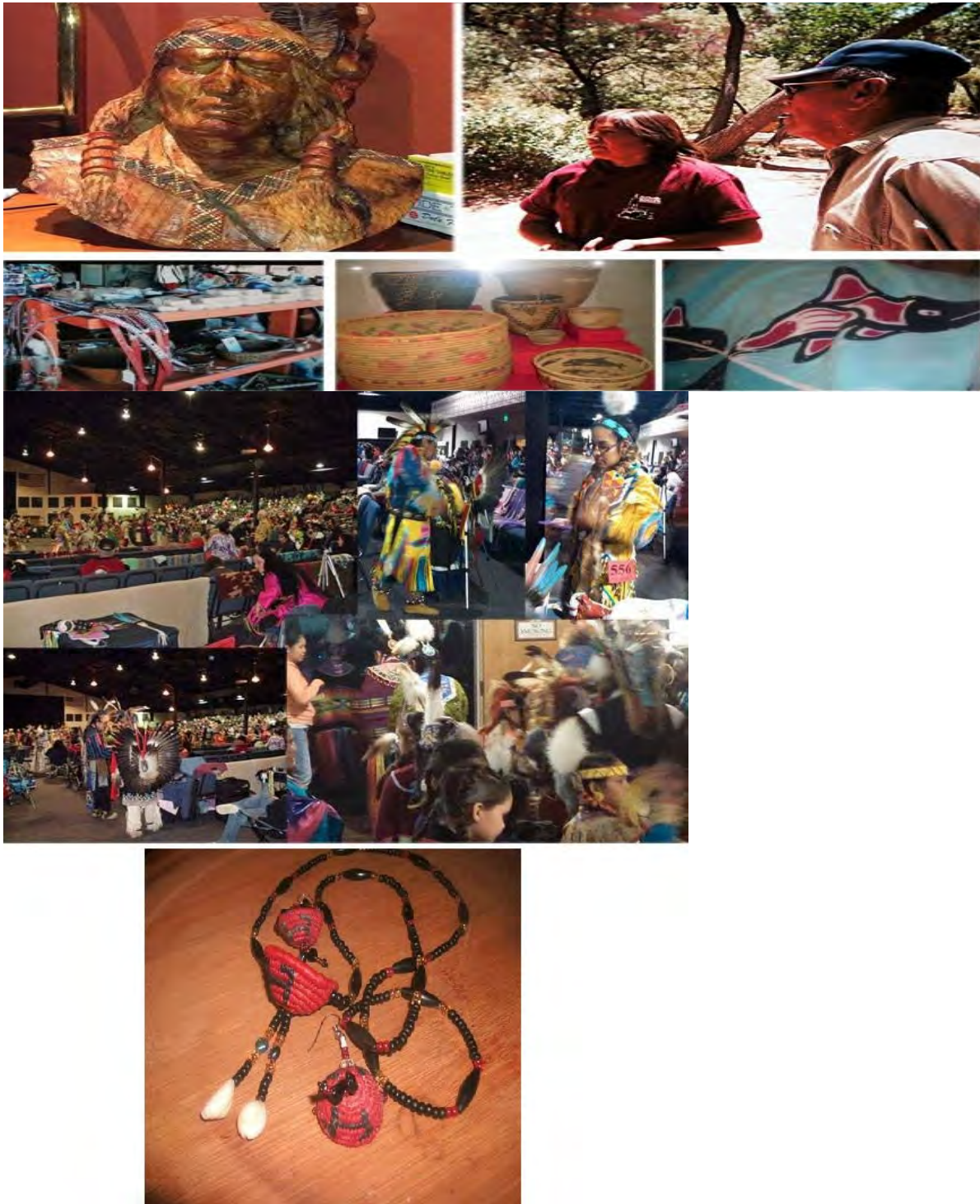
took and living became a little challenging for a minute. Just so you know...ObamaCare does make it possible for you to fire your Doctor and seek qualified help. I was only too happy to prove this point and find a Doctor to my liking. I do NOT have MS, it is still fallout from the Reclast Infusion OR one of my strange "Lilian Afflictions" we call it, in which case we don't know what is wrong. Either way, I expect to continue living and continue with my favorite February activities. I spent Presidents Day at Kohls. Like every year I had coupons and promotions and like every year I bought everything I needed for myself and gifts for the year for less than what I would have spend for Dinner for 3 at Fujiamas.

Like every February the local PowWow took place. I so look forward to it each year, regardless how cold it is and everything is iced over every year. The Vendors come from as far away as Oklahoma and Missouri. Friends reunite from Tuba City AZ/NM, depending on which side of Town you live, since Tuba City has 2 timezones. This year was amazing because while much of the country was and still is in a deep freeze, for the FIRST TIME... I attended many at the Little this was the first Spring, even ALWAYS in



have
PowWows
Creek...
time it was
though it is
February.

The drive along Hood Canal was gorgeous and I felt so grateful for Universe having moved Spring up for me so I could take it all in. Everything in bloom, except on the flip side it is really not a good thing. No snow in the mountains and I wonder what Summer will bring with a drought like we have not seen too often. I tried I tried soaking everything in like a sponge so I am sure to be able to remember it. The drive, the smells of the blooms, the food and oh yes, the dances and the songs. Even after being back home for some time, the body still felt the healing energy of the drums.



While driving home from the PowWow I wrote my Newsletter in my head. I wanted to talk about positive things because it was such an ugly, violent month around the world.

Once at home I remembered I had taken you on the trip along the Hood Canal once before and it had the same impact in creating memories. It made me think about the claims and times that people tell stories which happened rather different than they actually happened, this becoming real issues with some Newscasters and Politicians lately. I think it is easy to do especially if a long time has passed since the actual occurrence of an event. Thinking back, I must say it happens to me sometimes. Most of the time I catch it and correct a statement right away. But think about it....who has never related something that was different to other participants because people remember things different than people experiencing the same event. That ELEPHANT SCENARIO around the dinner table at Thanksgiving. We have become so judgmental and unreasonable. Imagine having to fill a 24-hour broadcast EVERY DAY. So much is speculation and what if's. They have already sorted out and covered the elections in 2016. And we sit and are glued to the television, we tweet and give opinions on Social Sites. We have turned into judgmental, nitpicking argumentative creatures. We nag, criticize and argue about things we know little about or have opinions about things we do not understand. It makes for a good tweet.

Bill Ramsey, my friend who monitors sounds in space also had news. His instruments recorded previously not heard sounds in space. They occurred at 7.5 degree latitude every half hour and later changed to 15 degree latitude within an hour increment. Bill thought that it would cause much stress on the Planet and provoke earthquakes at 39 degree latitude, shortly. Renewed or new Volcano activity is also possible, shortly.

After finishing the newsletter this piece of information came my way, so I thought I would list it. I wonder if this is related to what Bill heard and measured.

THEIR SKY HAS CHANGED!" INUIT ELDERS SHARING INFORMATION WITH NASA REGARDING EARTH'S

"WOBBLE"https://acenewsdesk.wordpress.com/2014/12/05/their-sky-has-changed-inuit-elderssharing-information-with-nasa-regarding-earths-wobble/http://www.thebigwobble.org/2014/12/their-sky-has-changed-inuit-elders.html?utm_source=BP_recent

President Obama made good on his threat to VETO the building of the Keystone Pipeline across our land and many of us think it is the only right thing to do. If not careful we will totally ruin the Earth for our future generations. If we don't think 57 years, a split second in history, make a difference take a look!



1958

2015

Progress?

By Lew Rockwell

Love, Light
Lilian

We had a whale in the Bay and were so happy he found his way back into open ocean. For those of you not close to the ocean Enjoy the Video it is **AWESOME!!!!!!**

<https://www.facebook.com/video.php?v=10152427317547854> data-width="466"><div class="fb-xfbml-parse-ignore">Post by Mpora</div></div>



[The tree by my house](#)

APRIL NEWSLETTER

Funny.... and I don't mean Haha.... thing is that March was a strange month. The news reported the same things over and over, like they were looking at the same news-reel each day. The world was still in the same sad condition as the months before. It gets harder each day to speak one's mind, so it was surprising that another country, mainly Israel, was able to address the American Congress without the blessing of the White House. I am sure it looked rather strange to the rest of the world how American Lawmakers behaved. There is actually a word for this, except I cannot say it.....

Multiple train wrecks, a German Plane crashed, Helicopters crashed into houses, food recalls and 2/3rd of the country was still either snowed under or in a deep-freeze. The West coast was suffering from a heatwave and in some parts the fires started early. The drought came early and when driving with our Washington Mountains in sight there is almost no snow, one can see the dirt, it looks like July. Many farmers in Eastern Washington have decided not to grow anything at all, since there will be little or no water to irrigate the plants. People talking about price increases rather than the fact that food shortages are possible.

Shootings by police are still reported every day and I trust it will be the new normal for some time. Many people pay little or no attention to the affairs of the world and are, instead, shopping for Easter since the holiday money machine lubed itself and went straight from Valentines Day to Easter Displays over night. Someone sent this to me on Facebook and I thought you may want to take a look and ponder what it has to do with the holiday.....



In 2001 I filmed a show in which we talked to a EX-Russian Intelligence Officer in which he profiled the Afghanistan people as a people and as opponents in battle. One of the things he explained was that they are a very loyal People. Once they invite you to their "HOME" they will remain a friend for life. On the other hand, once they request for you to leave...that is the end of the journey. Turns out we have, once again, been invited to stay a bit longer. Baby-boomers and the few remaining which came before us are having thoughts of our own about that new development. We are being told by the new generations to take better care of ourselves, yet, some of us are doing rather well while we continue our lifestyle and attempt to pass on our life experiences. No one is listening in this virtual world we find ourselves in.



Photographer Unknown

My friend, the late Martha Barnhill, worked in a diplomatic capacity most of her life. She served in Haiti, Tunisia, Yemen and was taken hostage in Vietnam. At one point she worked for Colin Powell and had many stories to tell. Her favorite places on the planet were Tunisia and YEMEN. I am glad she did not see what happened to her beloved Yemen and the closing of the Embassy.



Spring started early on the West Coast and all vegetation was in full bloom by the last week in February. Not so for the rest of America, they are still in a deep freeze now, in the last few days of March. Australia was visited by a Cyclone and it was several days before we heard from the friends in the Out Back. News about the “People-Going-On's” was hard to come by, because politics occupied the news in many countries. Israel saw no positive changes and the madness of the 2016 Presidential Elections started in the United States of America.

Several weeks ago I put out a request for people to submit a positive story for the newsletter. This is the first one of this series. The Author, Debra, is on her way to Washington, in order to film a travel series for my show: A Visit with a Person Of High Strangeness. She is on a journey from Orlando, FL to Olympia, WA.



Crosses are everywhere! It's almost Easter in the Panhandle of Florida, a time for new growth and just in time for one of THE most holy of holidays, Easter. I would have been oblivious to this phenomenon had it not been for a sweet lady by the name of Karen Altman. Today was one of those gloomy Panhandle days. I only had a few days left in this area of the world, so I was pleasantly surprised when I met Karen and she educated me about the new growth, this phenomenon.

Isn't it strange how we as humans are led to our blessings? What I've come to learn, we are unable to receive those blessings if we refuse to open ourselves up to others. This day, I was hungry and in search of Wi-Fi and food. I wanted to walk, to capture photographs of my hometown. It has been ages since I've been back home. I thought I knew a lot about

this town, that is, until I met Karen, a true Gulf Coast Ambassador. I walked past the restaurant, although I did notice the sign on the door, PUFFED TACOS, Tex-Mex style. I was almost at [Burger King](#) when my inner voice encouraged me to go back and peak my head in the door – get a feel for the small hole in the wall. A burger just was not going to cut it for me today. Trust me; I had to get out of my comfort zone in order to dine here, an unknown restaurant. The last thing I wanted was a 2am visit in the bathroom. I took a chance. The waitress seated me. I pulled out my laptop and started to do my thing. Looking around as my stomach growled I noticed a plaque on the wall, featuring the PUFFED TACO. FYI, I am nowhere close to having the adventuresome nature as Parts Unknown star Anthony Bourdain, but today was different. I was ready to experience diversity in a very southern town.

Karen was so friendly. She encouraged me to try the PUFFED TACO. "It's awesome" she said. As I spoke with this affable lady and her husband Jack, I learned about [more](#) than a taco. After telling her that I'm a photographer, Karen shared how I "must" get a shot of a special species of pine tree that grows in certain areas of the Panhandle. Karen asked me, "Ever notice the Pine tree crosses on Easter Sunday?" I had no clue about this tree. Eagerly, Karen went on to inform me that these trees start their new growth weeks before Easter. This kind lady left her hot meal to take me outside and point out a similar tree, but with shorter needles. "If you check out the tops of the Pine trees several weeks before Easter, you will notice yellow shoots and the tallest of the branches forms a cross. You can't miss them."

I wanted to [share](#) this experience here on Dystenium because I found this phenomenon to be amazingly spiritual, how the Southern Pines know its Easter.

Debra Ellick

It is my hope we can all find at least a little pleasure in our life and

concentrated on the good things we are still blessed to receive. Celestial Events keep us in awe and we are starting to smell the roses, at least in some parts of the planet.

America's first declared presidential candidate is Senator TED CRUZ. He was born to a Cuban Father and an American Mother in Canada. He is the most vicious critic of President Obama. When studying for a US Citizen Test you learn that you have to be born on American soil in order to become President. Cruz shut down the government because things were not going his way. When his wife quit her job for the campaign he enrolled in what we call Obama Care....the Affordable Healthcare Act..... the very thing he has been viciously opposing since it was put in place. He makes his own rules and I think that if Hypocrisy was painful he would holler 24 hours a day.

Love and Light

Lilian

I am starting to film again for my show, this time I have the luxury to produce shows in our new HD Studio at TCTV. So I take you on a journey on what it was like to do a show early on. Sit back and enjoy. For the young readers this is how we were inventive BC DIGITAL. It is OK to laugh.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-O-7XTqNXDE&list=PL575B36844FF71F86>

MAY NEWSLETTER

My granddaughter in law was over last night and notified me enthusiastically that one of her friends, during an outing, introduced her to a soluble pill which is deposited in the toilet and it prevents poop from smelling at all, while using public bathrooms. We, some of the other family members, of course insisted she was kidding and launched a heated discussion about the subject.

April was very confusing to me. I had a friend visit from Florida, we made plans for upcoming shows, events we intended to attend and just going with the flow when it comes to every day living. In fact, we planned to try and make a little sense out of the craziness of daily reports of changing reports of the now having started Presidential Runs for 2016. My friend was a very active participant in the 2008 elections associated with our now President Obama. One night at 9PM, she informed me she was leaving the next morning. I was shocked since there was no indication of this prior to that point and I tried making sense out of the decision, what I was left with was a reminder that going with the flow is full of surprises... at times. 24 hour cable-news is informative, yet, we forget much is just speculation on subjects to fill the 24-hours newscasts. This, I think, gets us used to thinking ahead and in some ways even worry about things which may never take place. It is so easy to start adopting that line of thinking and adjust our behaviour to that. My friend's sudden, unexpected departure reminded me to step out of the daily hype is not the way to go and it is time to get back to reality, staying with the facts and stick with what we really know to be true.

True is that another young Black American was killed by police.

True is that hundreds of fleeing refugees died at sea, trying to get away from violence.

True is that Spring has arrived for all in this hemisphere.

True is that there is no peace on Earth in sight.

True is that nothing or very little will change for the better on the planet.

True is that Mother Earth is spitting multiple volcanoes at us to remind us that we are a tolerated species on Earth occupying some space and it is time to reconsider our behavior before that privilege is revoked.

True is that another test was conducted on the Bob White Object, which proves it is not of Earthly Origins.

Dr. Robert H. Gibbons

I came across a photo of the Travis Walton Abduction Object found at the site by one of

his friends looking for him. It looks a lot like the BWO! (Bob White Object)

Travis Walton story was the basis for the Fire in the Sky movie.

Dr Gilbert Jordan encountered a report of an object from a Danish Foo Fighter, it was said knowledge he was blessed with, which got him involved with...at that time...the Museum of the Unexplained in Reedsville, MO. Home of the Bob White Object.



Travis Walton Object



Bob White Object

For those of you hearing about this for the first time:

Bob White and a friend, in 1985, were driving from CO to NV. Around Grand Junction

they saw a glowing object falling from the sky.

White said, the lights were blinding. He got out of the car and stared, dumbfounded. The object was about 100 yards in front of him, he said, "and it was huge ... absolutely huge."

In time, he said, the lights bolted toward the sky and connected with a pair of neon, tubular lights — "the mother ship," White guesses now. And just like that, he said, the entire contraption zipped eastward through the Colorado sky and disappeared. "What I saw," White said, "was not of this Earth."

As the craft flew away, White said, he noticed an orange light falling to the ground. A locator probe? Something that simply broke off? It was red hot when he reached it, he said, but in time it cooled enough to pick up. White shoved the object into the trunk of the car.

The object is about 7-1/2 inches long and shaped like a tear-drop. It has a coarse, metallic exterior and weighs less than 2 pounds. It looks a bit like it could be a petrified pine cone and is composed primarily of aluminium.

His story was aired on several occasions by me on:

[A Visit with a person of HighStrangeness](#) and eventually on the History Channel.

www.abovetopsecret.com/forum/thread461414/pg1

In 2002, was the first time I touched the BWO I felt it is a transmitter of sorts. I spend much time holding the object which reminded me of Styrofoam even though it was metal. It was so cold and warmed right up for me when laying on my lap for a few minutes. I felt like a friend...to the point I never thought about consequences of handling the object that had fell into my reality from such a far away place..... I believe it was actually tested for sound at one point and the test was inconclusive.

In April 2015, new test results were released and here are the findings. No changes or editing has been done and I thank Larry Cekander for allowing me to share this with you so you can make up your own mind where we are with thinking we are the only thing in space which matters.....

R. Olson, M. Topolski, L. Martins

Project Notes

Two questions lingered after the first report was completed. First, it was thought the polymeric material we were seeing might be some form of contaminant, so we wanted to look at a fresh polished cross-section. Second, the fact that we were seeing significant amounts of iron and silicon in the alloy, yet no precipitated secondary

phases, suggested the metal was cooled relatively quickly. We thought if we heat-treated a piece of the object, we should see some precipitates start to form within the alloy. Larry Cekander kindly allowed us to slice a small piece from the small shard he sent us so we could 1) polish a fresh cross-section for new examination and 2) use a piece of this section for a heat-treat experiment.

Specimen Notes

A sample was sectioned from the small shard Larry had sent us using a Buehler diamond wafering blade. One half of this section remained a control, and the other was prepared for heat-treat by sealing in a glass ampoule, this in order to limit reaction of the metal with oxygen during exposure to high temperature. The sample was inserted into a glass pipette and both ends melted shut using a blowtorch, taking care not to heat the sample.

The sealed piece was heat-treated at 750F for 6 hours in a Skutt kiln and then slow-cooled back to room temperature. Both the as-received control piece and the heat-treated piece were then mounted in epoxy under vacuum and polished to a 1-micron finish for examination by scanning electron microscopy (SEM) and energy dispersive spectroscopy (EDS). The arrows in Figure 1 point to the surfaces that were polished and examined. Figure 2 shows an optical picture of the polished mounted samples. The epoxy mount was labelled as "SM005".

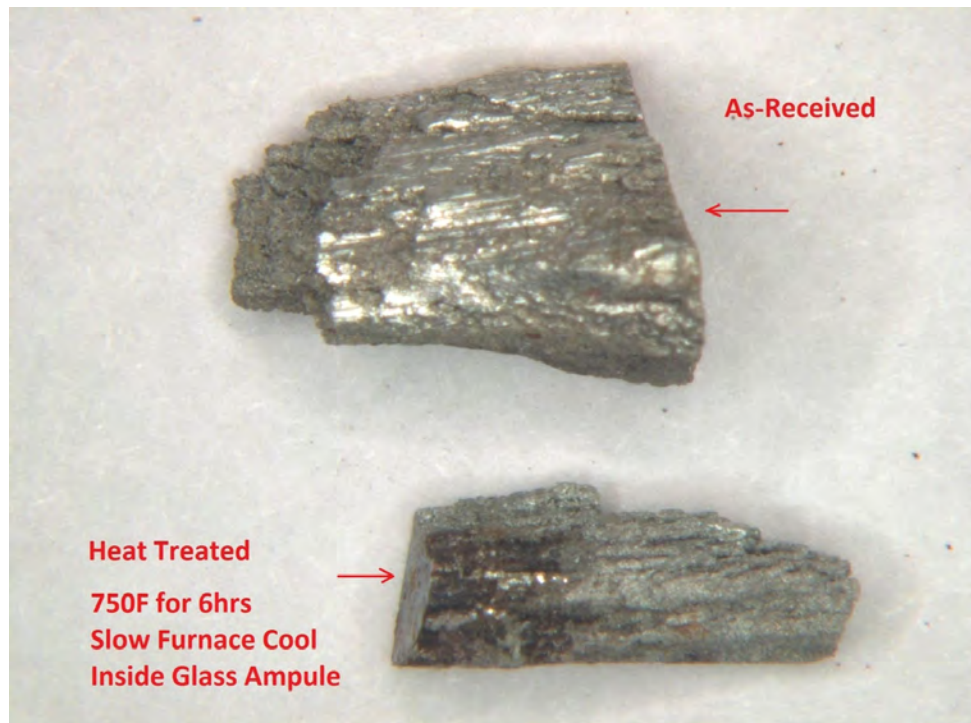


Figure 1: Arrows point to the surfaces that were polished and examined.

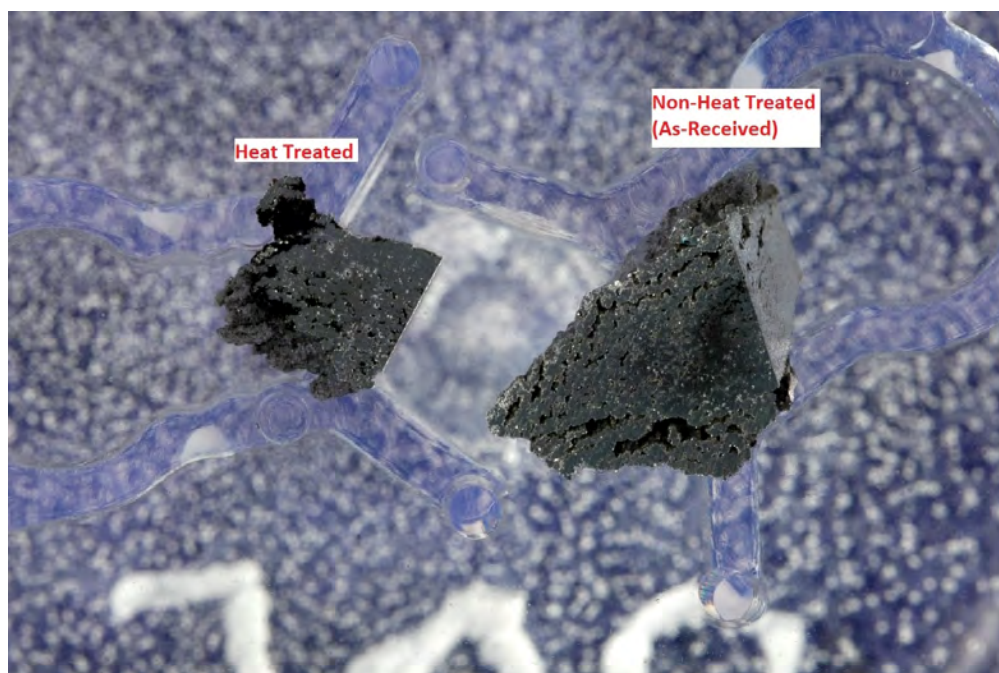


Figure 2: Mount SM005 – optical picture of polished samples.

Results

Figure 3 shows a low magnification SEM micrograph of the control sample. In short, two major distinct phases are present, a bright continuous phase and a darker mostly non-continuous phase. As discussed in the previous analysis, there is a lot of porosity present. We did not see the unusual polymeric phase in this cross-section as identified in the first analysis, suggesting it may have been an anomaly or contaminant, but we are uncertain.

Figure 4 is a higher magnification image of a region near the centre of Figure 3. The micro-structure takes on the appearance of what looks to be fused droplets with a reaction product at surfaces and within pores. Spectrum 16-18 are elemental analyses taken of regions shown in Figure 4 using EDS. Table 1 displays the quantitative results of those analyses.

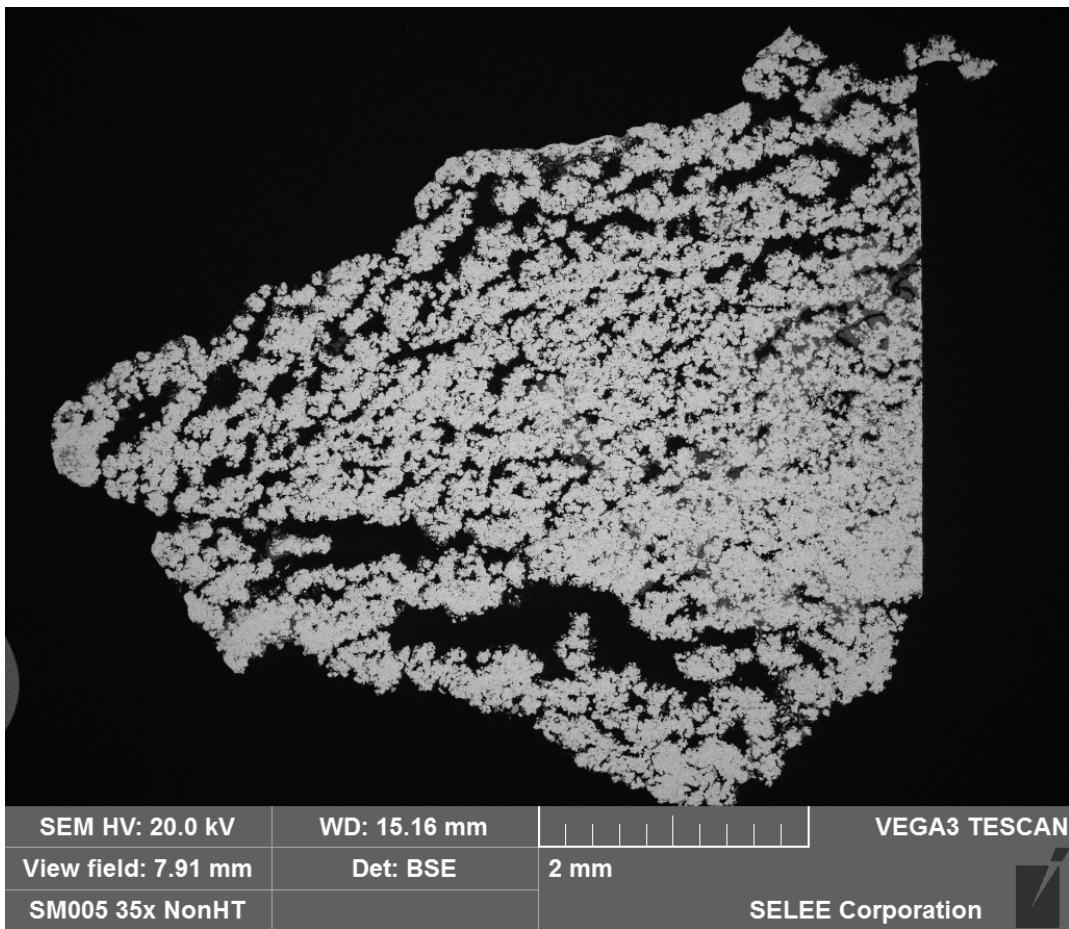


Figure 3: Backscatter SEM image of a polished cross-section of the control sample (not heat treated) taken at low magnification.

SM005 Non-Heat Treated ++

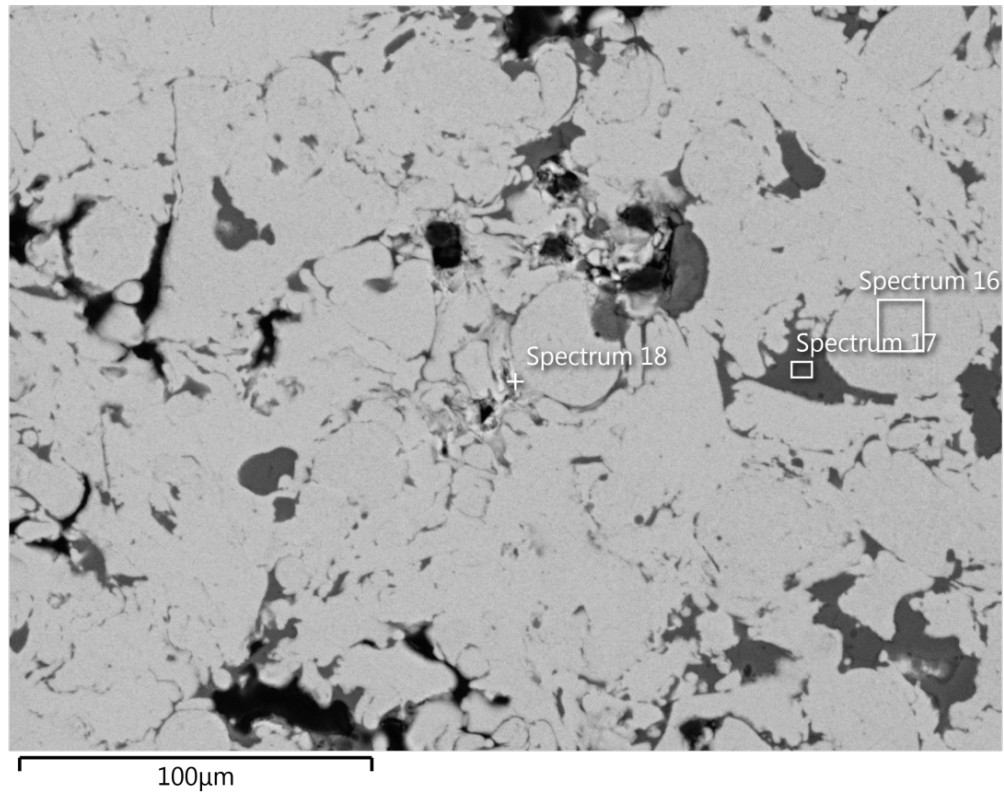


Figure 4: Backscatter SEM image of a region from the centre of Figure 3 taken at higher magnification.

Table 1: EDS results of locations shown in Figure 4.

%ATOMIC

Spectrum Label	O	Na	Mg	Al	Si	S	Cl	Ca	Fe
Spectrum 16	4.3	-	-	90.1	5.4	-	-	-	0.3
Spectrum 17	69.7	0.2	-	29.2	0.4	0.6	-	-	-
Spectrum 18	11.1	-	-	83.0	5.6	-	-	-	0.2

%WEIGHT

Spectrum Label	Al	Si	Fe
Spectrum 16	93.4	6.0	0.6

Spectrum 16 is an area analysis of the bright phase, which is aluminium alloy, and Spectrum 18 is a single spot analysis of this alloy. Table 1 shows the results of these spectra. The alloy is approximately 5-6 atomic % silicon, a small amount of iron at about 0.2-0.3 atomic %, and the balance aluminium, which is similar to what we saw in the previous analysis.

Spectrum 17 is an area analysis of the darker phase, which essentially looks like the oxidation product of the alloy. We see a small amount of Na and S in the oxidation product, but do not see these elements in detectable quantities in the alloy. If they are in the alloy, they would likely be at concentrations less than 0.1 atomic %. We could only speculate as to how these trace elements ended up in the oxide. The presence of aluminium oxide at surfaces and within porosity suggests the alloy may have been exposed to oxygen for some time period while at high temperature, allowing it to partially oxidise to some extent, but not completely oxidise before cooling and solidifying.

The fact that the alloy shows no obvious precipitates when imaged at high magnification, despite that it contains about 6% silicon and 0.6% iron by mass, suggests the metal was cooled rapidly. Thus, the purpose of heat-treating a sample was to show how the micro-structure might look when cooled more slowly under more typical circumstances. We did not want to completely re-melt the sample, as that would have destroyed the original micro-structure, so we chose the temperature 750F and time of 6 hours in an effort to effectively anneal the sample and grow precipitates within the alloy.

Figure 5 shows a low magnification image of the polished cross-section of the heat-treated sample. The appearance is fairly similar to Figure 3. Sealing the sample in the glass ampoule seems to have inhibited any additional oxidation it may have experienced during the heat treat. Figure 6 is a higher magnification image from the

centre of Figure 5. Several spectra were obtained and the results were similar to those acquired in Figure 3.

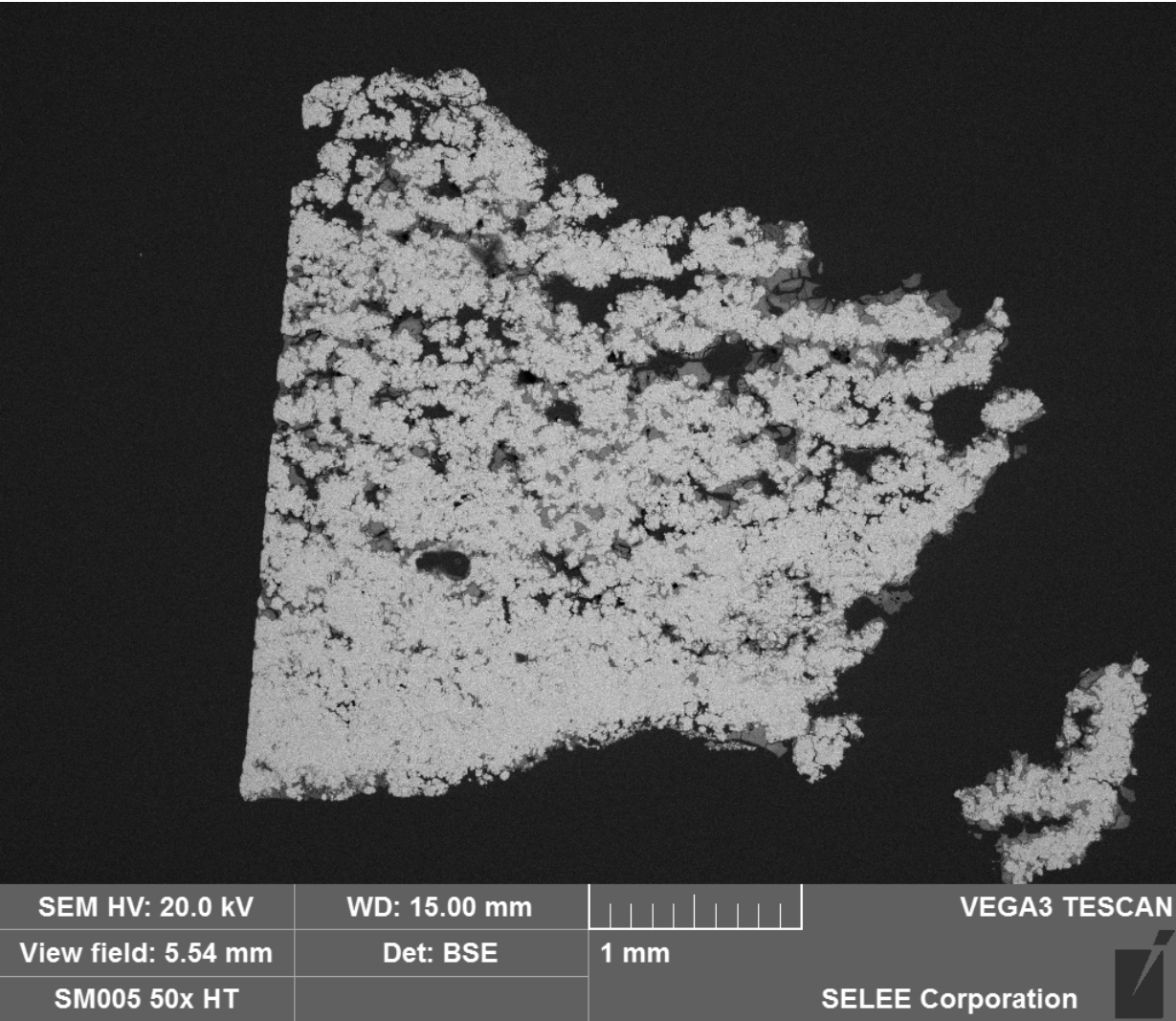


Figure 5: Backscatter SEM image of a cross-section of the heat-treated sample.

SM005 Heat Treated

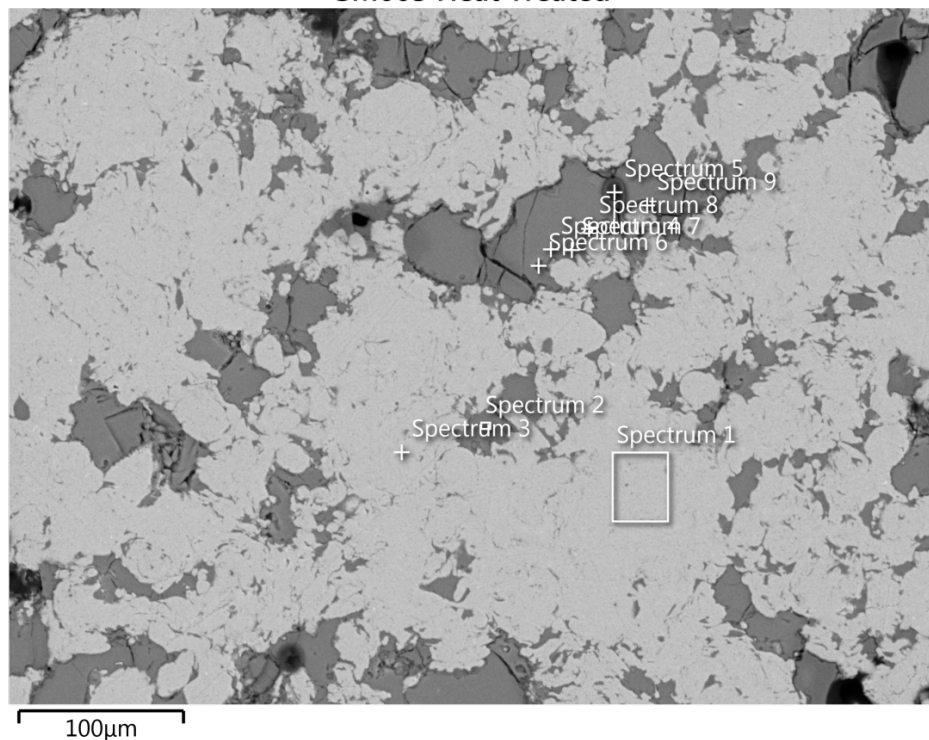


Figure 6: Higher magnification image of a region from the center of Figure 5 taken at higher magnification.

Table 2: EDS results from locations shown in Figure 6.

%ATOMIC

Spectrum Label	O	Na	Mg	Al	Si	S	Cl	Ca	Fe
Spectrum 1	6.1	-	-	81.9	11.8	-	-	-	0.2
Spectrum 2	59.1	-	-	39.1	1.1	0.5	0.1	0.1	-
Spectrum 3	3.7	-	-	87.7	7.8	-	-	-	0.9

Spectrum 4	58.1	-	-	32.0	2.1	0.4	-	0.1	7.3
Spectrum 5	76.4	-	-	13.4	-	-	10.2	-	-
Spectrum 6	56.1	-	-	37.5	5.3	0.6	-	0.2	0.4
Spectrum 7	49.0	-	0.1	46.2	3.6	0.5	0.1	0.2	0.2
Spectrum 8	54.1	-	-	40.0	4.7	0.6	0.1	0.1	0.3
Spectrum 9	44.6	0.4	-	45.5	8.5	0.4	0.2	-	0.4

%WEIGHT

Spectrum Label	Al	Si	Fe
Spectrum 1	86.1	13.4	0.5

Very small amounts of calcium and magnesium were picked up in some of the oxides spectra. Spectrum 5 has a high chlorine content, which means it is likely epoxy peeking through in a pore. Otherwise the spectra are very similar to the control.

At this stage, we feared the heat-treatment was unsuccessful in producing precipitates from the alloy, but at very high magnification of about 5000X as shown in Figure 7, we began to see small flecks of a bright phase in the micro-structure that we had not seen in previous examination attempts at similar magnification in the non-heat treated material. We believe these are the precipitates we were trying to produce.

Figure 7 is a very high magnification image of a region of aluminium alloy in the heat-treated specimen. The small bright regions are less than 1-micron in size and appear uniformly dispersed through the alloy. Comparison of a spot analysis of one of the

larger bright regions (Spectrum 10) versus analyses of the bulk alloy (Spectrum 11-15) showed it to be relatively high in both silicon and iron, which is what we might expect in a precipitate.

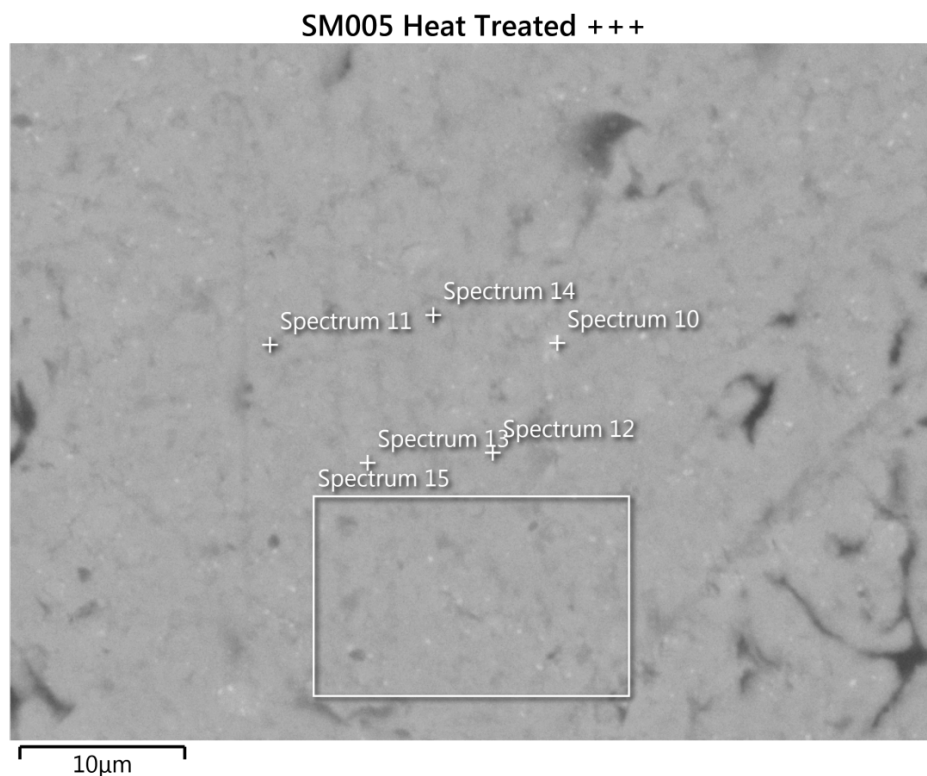


Figure 7: Much higher magnification (5000X) of the heat-treated aluminum alloy sample.

Table 2: EDS results from locations shown in Figure 7.

%ATOMIC

Spectrum Label	O	Na	Mg	Al	Si	S	Cl	Ca	Fe
Spectrum 11	2.0			79.6	12.2				6.2
Spectrum 11	4.6	-	-	89.1	6.2	-	-	-	0.1
Spectrum	7.0	-	-	86.4	5.9	-	-	-	0.7

12									
Spectrum 13	2.6	-	-	90.9	5.9	-	-	-	0.7
Spectrum 14	5.3	-	-	90.4	4.2	-	-	-	0.2
Spectrum 15	5.8	-	-	81.4	12.5	-	-	-	0.2

%WEIGHT

Spectrum Label	Al	Si	Fe
Spectrum 15	85.3	14.2	0.5

Conclusion

In agreement with the previous study performed in September 2014, the Bob White object is in general composed of a relatively porous aluminium alloy. It is so porous that it appears to be composed of fused particles or droplets of aluminium having a size between about 5 and 50 microns. The presence of aluminium oxide within pores and at surfaces suggests the object and/or particles were exposed to oxygen (or air) at relatively high temperature for a long enough time period to form some oxide, but obviously not long enough to completely oxidise the object.

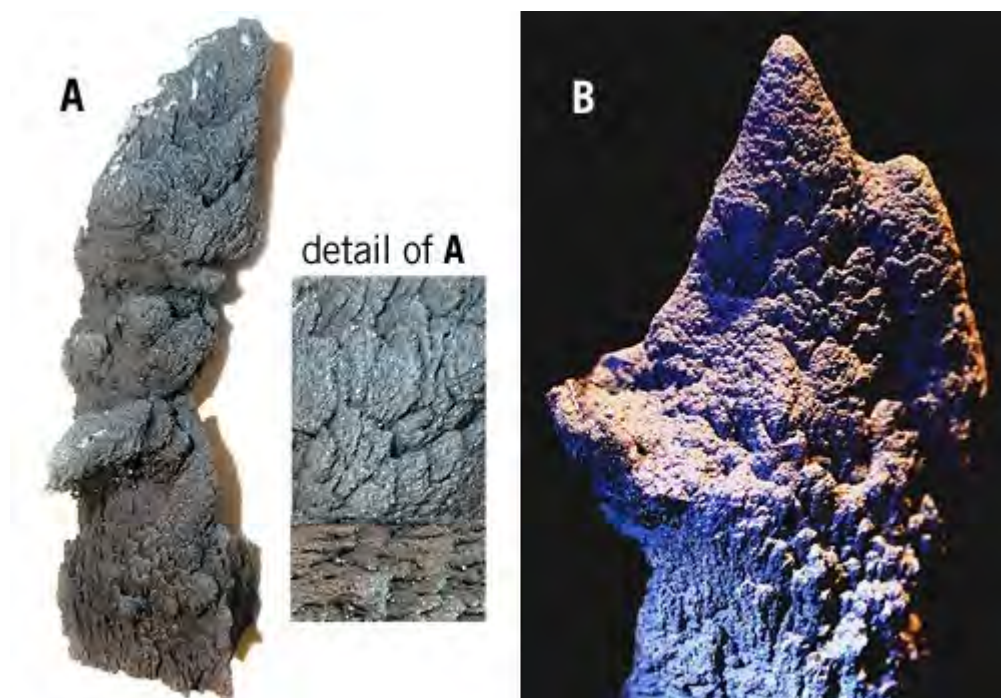
Given the high concentrations of silicon (5-6 atomic %) and iron (0.2-0.3 atomic %) in the alloy making up the Bob White object, one would expect to see precipitates dispersed within it, this unless the object was cooled quickly. Heat-treatment of a piece cut from the object induced the emergence of precipitates, albeit rather small, high in silicon and iron. It would have been nice to see something a little more pronounced. With a more optimized heat treatment schedule, we would expect these precipitates to grow significantly larger.

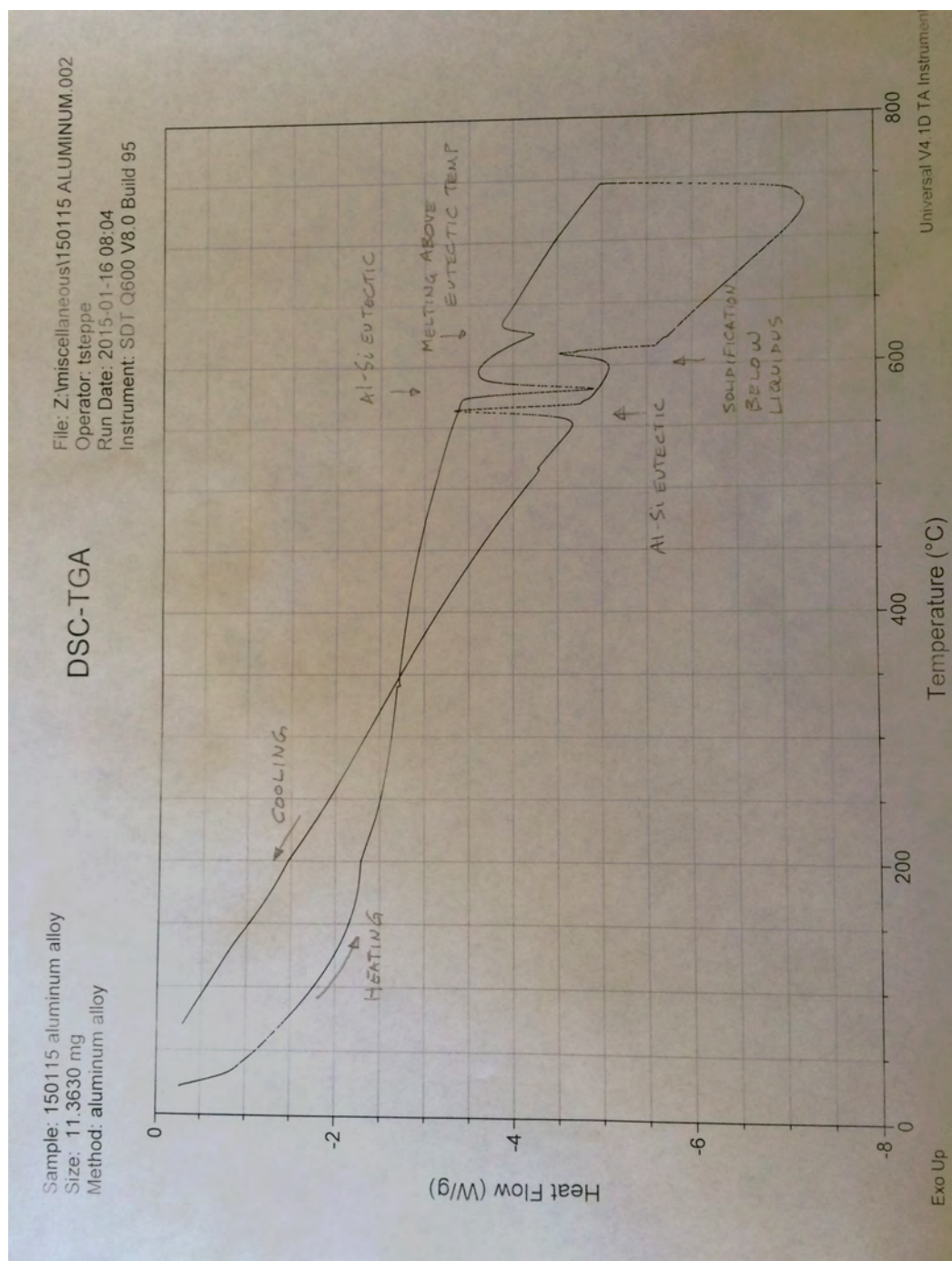
Given these results, this experiment lends support to the idea that the metal making up the Bob White object was cooled relatively quickly, allowing it to attain a featureless

heterostructure lacking precipitates high in silicon and iron.

Addendum

Differential thermal analysis was performed in argon using 11.3 mg of sample. As shown in the Figure below, the first peak on heating is indicative of reaching the Al-Si eutectic, which is expected given the composition identified in the SEM/EDS analysis. The second peak signifies melting of the remaining aluminium phase. Solidification occurs at slightly lower temperatures on cooling, which is normal.





Summary of Energy Dispersive Spectroscopy Results - %WEIGHT

Spectrum Label	O	Na	Mg	Al	Si	S	Cl	Ca	Fe
Spectrum 1	-	-	-	86.1	13.4	-	-	-	0.5

Spectrum 2	46 .0	-	-	51 .4	1. 5	0 .7	0. 2	0 .2	-
Spectrum 3	2. 2	-	-	87 .9	8. 2	-	-	-	1. 8
Spectrum 4	40 .8	-	-	37 .9	2. 6	0 .6	-	0 .2	17 .9
Spectrum 5	62 .8	-	-	18 .6	-	-	18 .6	-	-
Spectrum 6	42 .6	-	-	48 .1	7. 0	1 .0		0 .4	1. 0
Spectrum 7	36 .1	-	0. 2	57 .3	4. 6	0 .8	0. 2	0 .4	0. 5
Spectrum 8	40 .8	-	-	50 .8	6. 3	1 .0	0. 2	0 .2	0. 8
Spectrum 9	32 .0	0 .5	-	55 .0	10 .7	0 .6	0. 3	-	1. 0
Spectrum 10	2. 0	-	-	79 .6	12 .2	-	-	-	6. 2
Spectrum 11	2. 8	-	-	90 .4	6. 6	-	-	-	0. 3
Spectrum 12	4. 3	-	-	88 .1	6. 3	-	-	-	1. 4
Spectrum 13	1. 6	-	-	91 .0	6. 1	-	-	-	1. 4
Spectrum 14	3. 2	-	-	92 .0	4. 4	-	-	-	0. 4
Spectrum	-	-	-	85	14	-	-	-	0.

15				.3	.2				5
Spectrum 16	-	-	-	93 .4	6. 0	-	-	-	0. 6
Spectrum 17	57 .6	0 .2	-	40 .7	0. 5	1 .0	-	-	-
Spectrum 18	6. 9	-	-	86 .5	6. 1	-	-	-	0. 5

Summary of Energy Dispersive Spectroscopy Results - %ATOMIC

Spectrum Label	O	N a	M g	Al	Si	S	Cl	C a	F e
Spectrum 1	6. 1	-	-	81 .9	11 .8	-	-	-	0 .2
Spectrum 2	59 .1	-	-	39 .1	1. 1	0 .5	0. 1	0 .1	-
Spectrum 3	3. 7	-	-	87 .7	7. 8	-	-	-	0 .9
Spectrum 4	58 .1	-	-	32 .0	2. 1	0 .4	-	0 .1	7 .3
Spectrum 5	76 .4	-	-	13 .4	-	-	10 .2	-	-
Spectrum 6	56 .1	-	-	37 .5	5. 3	0 .6	-	0 .2	0 .4
Spectrum 7	49 .0	-	0. 1	46 .2	3. 6	0 .5	0. 1	0 .2	0 .2

Spectrum 8	54 .1	-	-	40 .0	4. 7	0 .6	0. 1	0 .1	0 .3
Spectrum 9	44 .6	0 .4	-	45 .5	8. 5	0 .4	0. 2	-	0 .4
Spectrum 10	3. 5	-	-	81 .5	12 .0	-	-	-	3 .1
Spectrum 11	4. 6	-	-	89 .1	6. 2	-	-	-	0 .1
Spectrum 12	7. 0	-	-	86 .4	5. 9	-	-	-	0 .7
Spectrum 13	2. 6	-	-	90 .9	5. 9	-	-	-	0 .7
Spectrum 14	5. 3	-	-	90 .4	4. 2	-	-	-	0 .2
Spectrum 15	5. 8	-	-	81 .4	12 .5	-	-	-	0 .2
Spectrum 16	4. 3	-	-	90 .1	5. 4	-	-	-	0 .3
Spectrum 17	69 .7	0 .2	-	29 .2	0. 4	0 .6	-	-	-
Spectrum 18	11 .1	-	-	83 .0	5. 6	-	-	-	0 .2

So then.... protesters and police are in violent clashes in Baltimore, we are involved in MANY conflicts around the world, people are hungry, droughts all over the country and people are living their lives. Maybe my Granddaughter in law is correct and there is such a pill which prevents our poop from stinking.....

Love and Light Lilian

PS. Here are the shows I did about the Bob White Object:

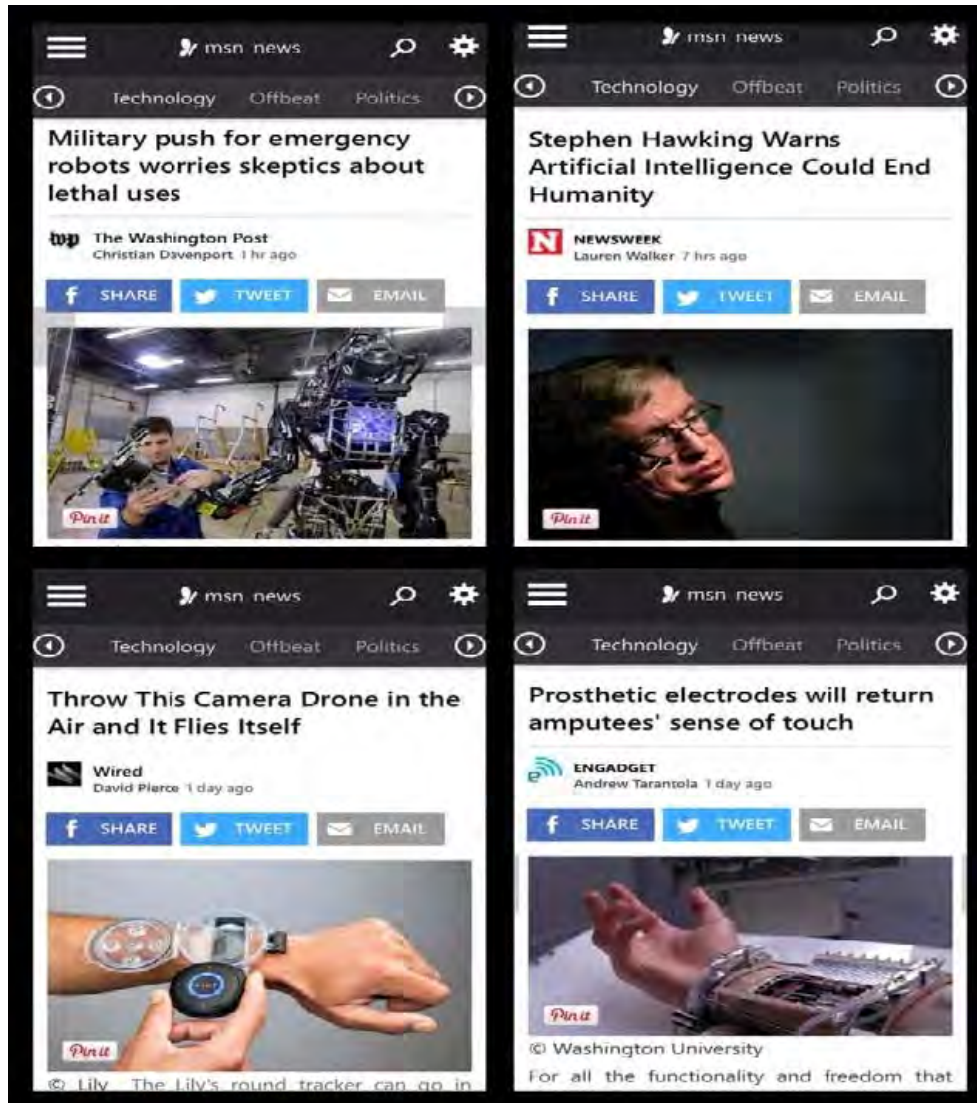
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wk5Ubfwcsbc>

This is the update on predictions for 2015. By April most things predicted already happened, so we live streamed an update on April 25th 2015.



June Newsletter

Four (4) MSN news reports just from today. We really are living in the future, we just don't realize it yet. Holographics, self-driving cars and virtual reality are also real things now. The countdown to the robopocalypse has begun. Should I pull up next to you shouting, "COME WITH ME IF YOU WANT TO LIVE," I suggest you get in the car! So when I found this I posted it on my Facebook Newsfeed.



I thought it to be really interesting and it made me think. The world has changed so much between 2011 and 2015. Some recognize the changes; others, especially us few remaining Baby-boomers, have, in some cases, a hard time wrapping our mind around this new world we live in. The Sun rises, we go grab some form of nourishment, go to work or school and stay

occupied for hours. We rush home after maybe a short stop at the local store or in some cases grab a bite on the way home. We accomplish a few chores, maybe watch the news or some other program on TV, where we catch up on the events of the day which is by now passed, and go to sleep. We repeat this process over and over and before we know it we have grown another year older. Within about the last 3 weeks we have witnessed, mostly with an electronic device that the following took place. Let me give you a quick overview:

- 1 Oil spill in Santa Barbara. The result was and still is devastating to Fish and wildlife.
- 2 Train-derailments with horrendous consequences to the environment occurred.
- 3 Train-wreck in Pennsylvania, several people were killed.
- 4 Earthquakes in Nepal, and Tibet was also effected. Thousands are dead and even more have lost their homes. A second large quake caused even more damage and it will take years for the countries to recover.
- 5 Demonstrations continued around the world and it hit close to home when in Olympia, WA a police officer shot two young men after an attempted theft of a six-pack of beer from a local Supermarket.
- 6 ISIS took over large parts of Iraq and there is no end to the misery of the inhabitants of that country.
- 7 Record breaking deadly floods in the plains of the United States.
- 8 Fighter jets had to accompany passenger Airlines due to threats on Memorial Day.
- 9 Floods are threatening many in Texas and Oklahoma.

NORMALLY life has a cycle. One is born, grows up and after reaching old age dies. It is the normal order of things. Occasionally this cycle is interrupted by illness, accidents, war, murder and what is now a daily occurrence by many: suicide.

We are so used to death, we see it on TV, watch it on our computers and have become desensitized by what we see and hear. Much like playing a video game we push the re-set button and go on with our daily activity. It does not concern us if daily hundreds of living people become collateral damage due to war. Epidemics in news reports are also part of our daily reality.

And then it happens..... we are directly affected by a death in our personal life. Maybe it happens in our family or circle of acquaintances and **BELIEVE** me everything changes. It is no longer on Television or “Over There.” My friend lost her Husband, a few days later another friend lost his wife. Of course I wanted to comfort them in their grief. While still being supportive to my friends my Granddaughter **Vanya Kamaria Arnold** became a victim of suicide.

I say VICTIM and here is why: A few years ago in my capacity as a Psychic I was asked, by their family members, if I could determine why their loved ones killed themselves. Somehow they thought it would relieve them of feelings of guilt and bewilderment, emotions people experience at times like that. While doing so I had to reconstruct, with the help of relatives, the past 2 days of the person's life, so I could establish an accuracy rate in my findings. Based on that I could determine how accurate the next phase was for me. I would “become” the person and reconstruct what they felt and experienced prior to the event. In ALMOST ALL cases I found that suicide is accidental because they all changed their mind at the last minute....IT WAS TOO LATE. This is our beautiful Vanya





She always smiled and often times got on our nerves with being so “Loving”. Hugging and kissing us. She loved everybody and had this big heart. She wanted to become a Veterinarian because of her love for animals. It was for that reason she was a Vegan. She wanted to save all animals from suffering and dying.

Vanya was 21 years old. We had plans to spend a couple of weeks together and talk about STUFF. When she was little she used to tell everyone her Grandmother (me) was an Alien. The

kids in school teased her about it, so one day we made a copy of my Immigration Card, which read: Resident Alien, so she thought she had proved it. She saw Auras and once told me my car was sick because it had holes in the colors and BAM, the car quit. She was right it was sick, actually it was dead and I had to buy a new one.

Grieving is a natural part of human existence. Not only that, animals grieve. Elephants have rituals for their departed family members. Cats and dogs grieve after they lose a young one, not only to death, but also when we remove them from their mothers too soon. Plants droop and have feelings, several studies have been done on all these subjects.

The grieving process is different for each person. Having experienced this first hand only intensifies my thoughts in reference to war. ALL humans experience grief. We hardly ever consider relatives of our enemies and how they feel. Collateral damage, enemies, how ever we word it... experience the same emotions we feel when loosing a loved one. And EVERYONE is loved and missed by someone.

Let me tell you about another grief, which is worse than death. Some cultures and religions practice SHUNNING. When that happens the person being shunned no longer exists for them. When a person dies we know it is the end for now and perhaps in some belief systems we know we will see them again. Those of us who acknowledge re-incarnation KNOW we will be together again at some point in the future. A person being shunned does not have the option to believe this in this life time. There is no opportunity to grieve because you see that person, you cross paths with that person, and there is no closure. You can only miss them and experience a multitude of emotions. Shunning is worse than death. So please if you are shunning a person due to religion, please re-think this. Even in the legal system the worst punishment you can sentence an offender to is DEATH. Back to the natural human emotion is the dealing with the grief of loosing someone to death. I think we all wish to change things, even though we know it is, for the most part, natural, we want to say things and regret decisions we have made and want to know we have loved and are being loved. By shunning you will never get that chance again and will have many regrets to live with... eventually.

My Great Granddaughter wanted to go to the movies. I took her to see Tomorrow Land. The story line was excellent. It addressed the eventuality of our Planet, which by that time we had destroyed with technology and environmental disasters. I would have preferred a little less violence towards the robots in case they, by that time might have had feelings also, but it gave me food for thought. Camera drones. Self-driving cars, prosthetic touch... it is here. The least we can do is maintain our emotional quality and remain human at this point of time. We still have the opportunity to show love for one another, quit having wars and KNOW we are the people of the planet Earth. We are equally important and experience the same emotions as long as we are allowed to live on this beautiful planet. There was a time we thought Startreck was fiction and here we are.

The tragedy which befell us already resulted in a Mother reuniting with her son and his family, a suicidal person shunned deciding to LIVE. Hotline numbers from around the world were posted on Facebook and IF I have my way a change will be made in how Suicide Hotlines are run and staffed where I live.

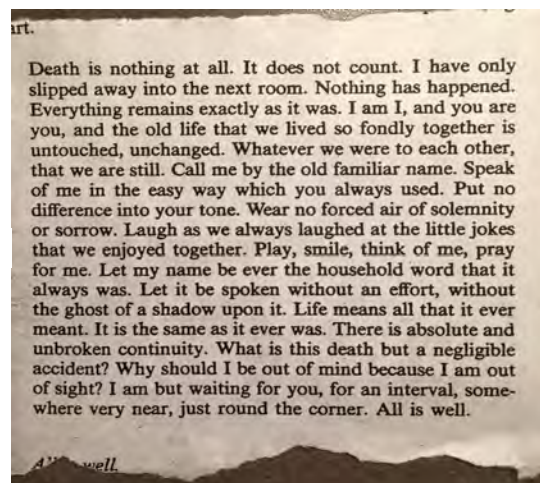
We looked for videos about help for people thinking about ending their life and shared them on Social sites. When I asked a friend if I could tell her story this is what she wrote me back:

As I said --you can mention that an Army son of a good friend of yours got help in time and was saved from dying by his own hand this past week...just please do not name names.

You can also say he is getting treatment for PTSD and is responding well to treatment and now has a brighter outlook on life. That is all true.

I wish I could have shown Vanya the eagles nest on top of the light pole on the road home from The Chehelis Reservation, the Monkey tree in bloom on Littlerock Road and taught her how to go shopping at Kohls. I wish we can ALL enjoy each other, be good to one another and can stop killing around the globe.

Still having to deal with missing the deceased person and the natural process of grieving in one's own way someone sent this to me this to me.



Out of pain comes wisdom. Right now I am so wise I can't stand it!

Love and Light

Lilian

During one of the searches on grief and helpful material to assist with that, I ran into this wonderful Motivational Speaker Rodney Allgood. He talks about loss and allowed me to share th<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IshP0WONWqI> is with you.



[Photo Sten Westlin](#)

July Newsletter

About this time of the year my cousin Sten, who lives in Sweden, starts roaming the world in search of the perfect picture for my “ End of the Year Book” I put on line each December for everyone to be able to reflect on the passing year. This year he sent me this picture accompanied by the following explanation. An explanation is a rarity, since Sten expects me to be able to read his mind and know what he is trying to say.



A UFO had landed near Helsingborg (Ängelholm) : The man Gösta Carlsson, who later discovered the secret of how pollen can use trees for Healing Tablets. After he was rich and a lot of money was spent for the community Ängelholm, He had this monument built in 1976 in honor of his experience.

Short-text would be.... he ran into a UFO landing. The contact allowed him to develop some kind of healing agent from pollen and bark of trees. After sharing much of his wealth with his City, Ängelholm, he used some of the money and build a monumet to comemorate his experience in 1976.

Origionally the newsletter was suppose to revolve around a Rap Song I was asked to listen to and give my opinion on. It dealt with Social Justice and I was so excited to be able to readdress that subject. For two weeks I tried reaching

the owner of the song for permission to share it in my newsletter, due to copyrights.

Two days before reaching my deadline it became apparent it was not to be at this time, and I needed to rethink the content of July Newsletter. I often fabricate a newsletter in my head while driving, so it was this time, while traveling to an appointment at the Doctors office. I thought about the picture Sten had provided me with and imagined what the occupants....if indeed there were any... would think about my immediate world and surroundings.

The Clinic I decided to have as a medical care provider had summoned me to come in for an appointment. Soooo, I set out to drive there and while doing so wrote my newsletter in my head, at least that is what I thought. It is exiting to see we have fun cars again, mostly Babyboomers are driving snazey personality reflecting bright colored cars. I thought about what IF.... there was actual Extraterrestrials amongst us and observed the way we did things. The way we behave, the way we live and what kind of transportation we use. In case they looked at this historically, the horse drawn buggies are gone and look at the progress we, as humans, have made. We rush around like ants about 4 PM, that is the time everyone decides to travel on public streets and highways. We honk horns, blast music and curse at each other. We are glad to be done with our days work and able to relax by watching TV and play video games, so we can start all over the next day.

I am at the Clinic. I sign in and am asked to sign 2 papers. The first one is a declaration that I or anyone I know does not suffer from Ebola. After all I live in the America in the Great North West. The other paper is for me to agree to treatment and medications prescribed to me by the clinic, even if it means it is

totally different than what I normally take. I refuse to sign the second paper. I get weight... I lost another 2 pounds without trying... Temperatur is fine so is my blood pressure. On the menu to day is 3 shots. Tetanus, Pneumonia and Shingles if I want them. I refuse. A memeogram, Bonedencity test, colonascopy, diabetis screeing and a general blood test. OK, I choose memeogram and Bone dencity scan and refuse the rest.

I jokingly ask for a VD Check since I am NOT sexually active and was advised this was not the day for VD Checks. I am however giving a referal to the mental department of the clinic...AT MY REQUEST. Doctor is pleased my bloodpressure is back to normal... thanks to the Bloodpressure pills I did NOT take. She asks if I like a refill, I refuse.

If I was confused, imagine how those ET's observing this must have try to sort that out..... not to mention to balance that out with people standing on the street with signs begging for food because they are hungry and some of the dogs accompanien the homeless are in need of water in 90 degree weather.

I stop at the store to buy grapes and ask to use the bathroom. The grapes are at the checkout stand but entrance to the bathroom is denied to me. What to do, what to do? Pee on the floor and pose for a selfie? Wonder how that would confuse my alien friends.... OR NOT, since by now they must wonder what a strange world I live in.

I updated the predictions for 2015 because I felt everything was was looking at had happened already. In the update I saw (perceived) an event similar in energy to September 11. And there it is. A young man goes into a church in Charleston SC, sits and prays with a study group and without hesitation shoots and kills 9 of the people he was just praying with. He assumes... and according to his manifesto wants to start a race war, instead people untie, much like they did after 9.11 and the killing accomplishes the total opposite of what this Killer intended.

Even though the same ideology exist today it would appear that the Confederate Flag will finally exit our reality and take its proper place in a Museum rather that a State Capitol and other objects in 2015. And to think how many years people fought about wanting to accomplish that. Just like a yellow road sigh suggests a safe speed around a curve, people forget it must have taken traumatic events of someone having died before

someone had enough brains... after a long fight by some...to erect that sing to keep or try to keep people safe by posting a warning.



I like this one from 1965! That is so long ago the copyright if okay by now as a public domain.

When I got home I recalled what I had seen a few days earlier when watching the Mini Series Book Of Negroes. WHY, at the end of the Civil war did people think it was unsafe to stick with the North, which is now the United States...today I wonder if it really is.... why did they think they would be enslaved again. If I was one of my imaginary alien friends I might not think that is a strange question. Look at the treatment and mostly the difference in treatment of some of our citizens and it is so clear. All indigenous people of the planet experience the same discrimination around the globe. Take a look at some of the Native American Issues, the Aberrational Issues of Australia. So similar. There is no excuse for ignorance, use your social network and TALK to people of different ethnicity and see what you can learn. And then of cause we have other problems also. Floods. Food shortages, extrema heat waves across the world. Sun-flare entering with Earth Gravity, all the problems which we should really work on as a collective human race.

Ancient Aliens airs on the History Channel on Fridays. Take a look...even if you are NOT into or believe in the subject. It may surprise you what you can walk away with, here is a little sample of what caught my attention last week. Pumapunku [Tiwanaku](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pumapunku) Site near Tiwanaku, [Bolivia](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pumapunku). Evidence from 1500 BC. What IF it is true and Ancient Aliens have been here and are observing our evolution. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pumapunku>. A reminder that TERRESTIAL means from EARTH. Extraterrestrial means not from Earth and CELESTIAL means from stars and planet and galactic.

The gracious PUMA is no more, another animal extinct. What have we done to the planet....

Now that we have Health-insurance in USA much money is being spent on illnesses which have not happened. Uninsured people still have no way of relieve. I felt like I was going to a 200,000 mile checkup. Needless to say it is 200,000 miles what to expect. There was strange lighting in the bathroom and I saw my face as it really looks. Lines everywhere, I am getting wiser by the minute.

Love and Light
Lilian

Here is a live feed to an Eagle Nest, enjoy. Also the update to 2015 predictions AND a surprise from Germany.

HAMBURG, GERMANY - For centuries, walls have stood defenseless, befouled by generations of public urinators. Now, it's peeback time.

Community organizers in Hamburg's party district, St. Pauli, are sending a message to drunken revelers: walls are not urinals.

They've coated the neighborhood's urination hotspots with an superhydrophobic paint. Basically, it makes walls pee right back at you.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uoN5EteWCH8>

<http://bit.ly/1xgbAuA>

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o2uaFSiZJHU>

AUGUST

July 17th is the day I entered the United States to make it my home. In 1966, 49 years ago!

Looking back on this put me in deep thought on **June 26th**, a historical Day in my new country. It was too late to include it in July Newsletter, it was already on the way to be posted and left no room for addition, so HEAR YE... HEAR YE... HEAR YE.....



As a child I heard President John. F. Kennedy twice and I thought it to be a highlight in my life. On **July 26th 2015** I heard President Barack Obama give the Eulogy for Senator Clementa Pinckney in Charleston, SC and decided to add this to most memorable moments of my life. So much time passed in between those events. So much stayed the same and yet.... it appears we are going forward again as a people.



June 25th , actually the night of, I was asked to give a ride to my grandson. I drove into the area where I lived in 1966. I was unable to find my way around due to the fact that instead of a prairie it now looked like a city. There were 20 foot trees and buildings. I pulled into a parking lot in a business mall to ask for direction. A woman was sitting in her car, and as I approached she rolled up all her windows.

I loudly asked her to help me find my way through the closed windows and eventually showed her the paper on which the name of the place was visible. Through the window she pointed to the building I had stopped at. I was there, only at the back of the building. I thought it was sad for someone to be so afraid as to not to respond to an old woman with wild hair.

July 22nd and the leaves are falling from the trees. It is so dry that it looks like fall and the soft breeze is causing the leaves to dance before they hit the ground, something I noticed on my 52 mile drive to a qualified Therapist.

July 4th. *Was heading for the fruit Isle at Wal Mart. I called out to Vanya and was excited to see her. Even her hair color was growing back in. When I got closer as I was rushing toward her in excitement she looked up and I realized it was a woman in her 40's rather puzzled with my behavior. I was devastated, and one of the greeters and a young man consoled me. I recognized him as one of the Lost Boys from Sudan. We have several living in Olympia. He was much older than I remembered and so kind to me. The Lady gave me a strange look and walked away. Saw her later in the parking lot and it appeared she did not want to talk to an old lady that thought she saw a ghost. BUT I now KNOW what **Vanya Arnold** would have looked like at 40 years old. To remind you, my granddaughter Vanya died a couple of month ago. After I calmed down I was grateful I had the surprise experience and the people at Wal Mart were so kind to me.*

July 20th Bridge collapses in torrential rain on California freeway. There are fires everywhere and at my house there is a DUCK walking down the street, just strolling, there is no water within miles.

July 16th 2015 was the day a man opened fire and killed several soldiers at Recruiting Centers in Chattanooga, Tenn. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/2015_Chattanooga_shootings



Are you confused yet? GOOD, that was my intention. Every time a major event happens we try to reason within our comprehension as to what could have happen. According to what one looks like different reasons are explored. If it is justified as to the person had mental problems the next sentence is: “Why did he/she did not try to get help”. This brings me to the main story of my newsletter. **Mental Health.** Some of my FB Friends and Viewers asked me to address this subject in true Lilian Fashion, so here it is.

It is public knowledge that I have bouts with a mental condition for many years. I have addressed the subject on some of my shows. It is also public knowledge that I have been effected by several recent events, which have made my life a little harder to maneuver than usual. For 4 months I have been attempting to get go to counseling and get me a little help to be fully “operational”. Unlike many unfortunate people I DO have insurance. My plight looked like this:

Appointment with Doctor on record to get a referral: 32 days.

Appointment with Mental Health provider for group explanation as to what comes next: 18 days.

Appointment after filling out papers for 102 minutes and being assigned to an intake person: 21 days.

Appointment with Intake Therapist to make an appointment with the ...from now on... regular therapist and answer more questions : unknown at this time.

Imagine, if you can.... your mind is in distress and no-one to talk to...understanding you is too much to expect. You think about going to the nearest ER....and tell them WHAT???? In most cases they will prescribe some pills and have you make an appointment with a regular therapist unless you threaten suicide or intent to hurt someone. But you really want is someone to assist you in unscrambling your brain....RIGHT NOW. The Hotline you are referred to only gives you more numbers to

call and IF you could explain the problem in your head ... you could fix it yourself. And THAT is how things happen.

I have the good fortune to have a wonderful and qualified Therapist. HOWEVER, he is 50 miles away in a totally different town and charges \$260 per session. I have no money, so I borrow the \$149.50 he agrees to see me for...after all, we have been BUDDIES for 17 years. 45 minutes later I walk out of the office and I am “operational”.

The system stinks and people around us are busy with their own dilemma and even when you make them aware you are in distress have no way of knowing what it is you need OR won't admit they have a less than “PERFECT” person in their midst. PLEASE take the time to observe and listen to a person asking for help, whether by verbal request or action. You may find yourself at that same place one day and no-one is there for you. It is very hard to find a qualified person for your immediate need. We have set up some groups on Facebook for people to talk to each other and share experiences and possible band-aid solutions. Some grief counselors offer free services for those unable to deal with death. Regulations prevent people from helping one another and it is a sad affair. Psychics and Life Coaches have taken the place of mental health providers because they LISTEN and engage people in thinking things out.

PLEASE be there for each other and maybe we can prevent a person from taken their own life and some of the terrible things happening to our fellow man. Not everyone is afforded the luxury to be able to reason out solutions to their state of mind.

Here is an article I wrote several years ago over a period of 3 weeks....like it says: welcome to my world.

I Hear Hoofs.... 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 becource 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. 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 experimentations. 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 no or very vague recollection of my children. I do not baby-sit my grandchildren due to fear I don't 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 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 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 them, or how much money I spend. The Lady at my bank would pay a check ...This is 2007-2008... dated 1974. She 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 loose 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 disk 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 continue 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 experienter to re-live said instance and act accordingly.

DID and **MPD** act different in as much as it forces the experienter to shut down

and leave, therefore totally switching the brain to a facilitating alter. With intense praxis 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 PR.
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, ER 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 Sep.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 conversating 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 than 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 persons 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 in as much 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 TOLLERANCE, 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 RECOGNISE 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 hoofs. You assume, no, you know you hear a horse.

Open your eyes.

IT IS A ZEBRA!

Love and Light
Lilian

edited by Roberta Apple

Rainbow Warrior is how we told the story about making it rain at BIG BEAR California. I would also like to share the Eulogy President Obama presented in Charleston SC.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?list=PLU7REmKUBGuvu4Z1ESOy-PHOkXPN9xi5E&v=lmCGZLcbI_4

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?t=4935&v=GNcGW2LYtvG> Eulogy



September Newsletter

So... Was in the studio and filmed the show In Dry Dock. We were unable to livestream and since everyone is new and learning the new HD equipment we have to do editing. I will load it to YouTube when I get it. Unable to tell you how it came out at this time, but hope we touched on some subjects which will be helpful.

On the way home my grandson and I stopped at Sheri's to eat. The food was TERRIBLE. When I complained I was told....WAIT FOR IT..... Because of OBAMA CARE they were unable to hire reliable cooks and it is what it is. OBAMA's Fault. I almost lost it. Stopped a soldier in the parking lot and asked him if he knew what else Obama was responsible for. We agreed on everything and have a new friend. OBAMA CARE made lousy food, I have never heard some crazy sh...like that before. I will write a complaint to Sheri's, not that they care, but I feel I want to let the world know what stupidity can do to you. Needless to say I will not return.

OBAMA'S FAULT! Can you believe it!

Anita Perez I have heard similar idiocies. Apparently it was also Obama's fault that we had a computer shutdown, that we had no rooms available at the inn, and that a particular couple got charged for a missing coffee machine in their room that MYSTERIOUSLY turned up in their car. It was also his fault that we charged them \$125 for it- (it's a Keurig.) Apparently they also made off with the hair-dryer, the remote control for the TV, AND the toilet seat. I suppose that is also Obama's fault. Btw- they were white, were driving a Mercedes, and wearing very expensive clothing. To hear them rant like fools while this discovery process was underway, you'd think Barack himself stole this stuff and put it in their car. Sickening.

So here is one for you...PrezObama had NOT intended, I AM SURE.

My 5-year old great grandson Zoozoo broke his arm while playing at the playground Aug.13th about 7:24PM. At the hospital they treated him and reset his arm. So HERE IS THE KICKER!!!! He is wearing a SPRINT because Melina is his insurance and an APPROVAL for a cast is required. This is FRIDAY 8.14 and nothing. Imagine what will happen to his arm if this is not attended to in a timely fashion.

Aside from this his mother will lose another day of work, unpaid. Please say something about this so I can put it on my TV Show.... It is a disgrace. When I

was 9 I broke my arm in this fashion, now, at 68 it is Still giving me trouble and it WAS ATTENDED to properly.



Here are the responses as they came in, I did NOT change or edit anything.

- [Tamara](#) I'm not sure, but did want to share because I do agree that there is a problem with what insurance companies are doing. They are requiring pre approval on items relating to health to reduce their bottom line. A great example of this is the 20,000 dollar bill that I got for Elijah's emergency care in May. I thought my son was going to die and when he was released I ended up getting a bill for his care. Initially they said his care was not covered because I did not get preapproval. My response "for emergency services!?!". I later appealed and it was once again denied...the reason this time was that they did not think his care was necessary even though he slept for 26 hours straight and was still showing signs of something on board. Insurance companies are crossing a line when they are not considering the needs of the patient in order to reduce their overall cost. I wanted to share this because I believe the system is broken and there needs to be more controls because what they are doing is so wrong



- [Lilian Mustelie](#) I am going on Blog radio next week to discuss this, may I use what you wrote, if so, who was your insurance Company [Tamara](#)

- [Reichell](#) That is ridiculous!! Pre approval for ER services, that is absurd. I'd keep appealing it. Get the doctors/ER services to write you a note or something.

[Rachelle](#) And\$20k?? Holy crap. I thought they aren't supposed to cast right away in a break anyway because of the swelling??? I know that isn't the point of the story though. Sounds like someone is slacking

James B. Hendricks

On the flip side of the coin, I just wrote Obama a letter to thank him for saving my life.

**Here is that letter I wrote to President Obama yesterday. Feel free to share it:
Dear President Obama;**

I am writing to thank you for saving my life. In February of 2014, I was diagnosed with prostate cancer. Mid-scoring on the gleason index, my doctor told me that the cancer would surely kill me in about a dozen years. At that time, I had no health insurance so, without Obamacare becoming available just then, I would not have been able to get coverage with this pre-existing condition. In March - the following month - I signed up for health insurance, using the ACA's online marketplace - which was working just fine by then. And I decided to make my health condition public, in order to persuade my many Facebook friends to sign up for insurance with the ACA as well (if they hadn't already done so). And to get screened for cancer.

In the years preceding implementation of the Affordable Care Act, I saw friends of mine die of cancer or some other deadly disease requiring expensive treatments. A carpenter, a waitress, an artist - none of whom could afford the health insurance premiums under the broken mess we had before the ACA came along. And I likely would have shared their fate.

With my pre-existing condition, I would have had to pay \$77,000.00 out of pocket for the radiation treatments needed to send the cancer into remission. And I don't have that kind of money. Knowing me, I would have kept postponing treatment - growing increasingly desperate as the cancer progressed. But thanks to

Obamacare, I did not have to choose between death and financial ruin. The insurance I was able to obtain paid for forty five radiation sessions, which *did* send the cancer into remission. With the most recent results in hand, my doctors have declared me 90% cured. Your enormous efforts to get this desperately needed legislation passed has not only saved my life, but the lives of other folks I know personally, who have been able to get essential treatments using the Affordable Care Act. This humane and cost effective program has not only saved lives, it has improved the quality of life for me, my friends, and millions of my fellow Americans. Not only are you President of the United States, you are a leader of Civilization itself - persuading others around the Planet to do the right thing. And by your example, you have shown us how enormous obstacles may be overcome in order to help one another. Thanks to you and others in this effort, the future for us all looks more and more promising.

Respectfully,

James B. Hendricks

Here are a few more comments from friends wishing to stay anonymous.

Example number one:

Citizen has a very specific medical condition that her physician is familiar with and had treated successfully for several years. The condition required hospitalization and due to recent changes in insurance and policies at the hospital, she had to go to the ER and be admitted. She did not see her own physician a single time while in the hospital. There are staff physicians that work 12-24 hour shifts and the support staff is similarly scheduled. This resulted in having different nurses and doctors each day, and each time an exhaustive series of questions was presented prior to any healthcare being provided. The medications her personal physician had prescribed were not dosed in the manner in which she was accustomed, resulting in a worsening of her overall condition. Once she was released, she was able to get back on the schedule she needed and is now back on track. When she questioned this series of events, she was told that due to current healthcare reforms and insurance procedures this is now SOP.

Example number two:

This medical center is extremely unreliable and full of incompetence. I was going to arrive a few minutes early for my appointment because otherwise I knew that I would be forced to wait the usual couple of hours to be seen. I received a call informing me that I no longer had an appointment that day because the nurse practitioner would not be coming in. I should add that I have only seen my physician on one occasion and have been forced to see the nurse practitioner the other few times that I have been ill. This was a major inconvenience because I was going out of town and would not be available at any other time after this week, and the clinic claimed to have no other person who could see me for a simple physical that day. I will be switching to another clinic immediately, even though this means that I will have to drive all the way to XXXXX

Example number three:

XXXXX Hospitals hopes that folks who get sick in the country won't head to the city to get well. The company, a spinoff of hospital giant HCA, operates more than 50 hospitals located in non-urban areas. In most cases, the hospitals (which house more 5,900 beds combined) are the only available acute care facilities in the region. XXXXX hospitals are located in 17 states, with the heaviest concentrations in Kentucky, New Mexico, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia. The company participates (and owns a 4% stake) in the HealthTrust Purchasing Group, a group purchasing organization that negotiates competitive contracts on medical supplies and equipment.

Bear in mind this is all I know due to Hipaa rules but 3 patients died in early 2012 at XXXXX Regional Hospital due to untreated sepsis. No antibiotics were given in the emergency room and none given on the med/surg floor where they were admitted. This hospital is so greedy that they cut staff immediately when docs discharge patients, knowing that the dr. Offices admit in the afternoon. When admits come in the nurses are so understaffed that they can not adequately care for patients and provide vital meds and care. The turnover rate for nurses is phenomenal because competent nurses wee the danger and leave, many before their orientation is complete. This hospital is left with staff that work under impossible conditions and are pushed

to the limit every day. There are a few competent people remaining but they are exceptions to the rule. This place is a death trap and it is a game of chance you play, being a patient there. On their geropsych unit they rip off medicare, taking sick patients with simple economically treatable diseases like urinary tract infections and electrolyte imbalances. Instead of a \$20 script of antibiotics they are thrown into a psych unit and medicare is billed 35-40 thousand dollars. They staff with LPNs instead of RNs on nights to save money. They literally will risk patient's lives to save a dime. If you are in Overton County, Tennessee, Livingston, Tn. And in need of health care. Drive on through.

Example number four:

Epic fail . I know lots of changes at your office but letting my little one go without meds is wrong. One angry Mommy.

XXXXXX is a joke.. my mom had a stroke and had to go there for a a follow up. She had to send papers in on the 5th of August in order to get temp disability until she went back to work and she brought them to them to fill out on the 2nd. They told her they would be done later that day. Well we called every day for a week and then on the 8th day they finally had them done there were only 3 papers and some of them were just checking yes or no and singing. Then they blamed it on my sick mother because she didn't go to therapy because her insurance wouldn't pay for it, and it would have been \$75 a day. And they said that they didn't know all of her information or improvements because she didn't go to therapy!

I finally got her "concentration" meds refilled after 2 phone calls from me, a request from the pharmacy and a trip to the office where I said I need samples or a script OR I bring bring her here and sit ALL DAY long every day with her wired for sound. Lol. I've never had a problem other than the occasional fax machine didn't work until this summer when both of my kids doctors decided to leave the practice and use up all their personal time before doing so. I have made an appointment with the "new" doctor. We'll see how it goes and if things straighten out and if not I guess we will be following her old doctor at

her new office. I love most of the staff there but no reason I should have to make 5 or 6 trips a month there due to no refills plus her normal weekly visits for shots. My kid feeling good and doing well in school and liking it is way more important than being loyal after all these years. XXXXX, don't get me started on leave papers. That's why I lost my job at XXX because of screwed up and incomplete papers that wasn't my fault.

Where to go oh where to go!





On our home my grandson saw this van and took a picture of it. ZooZoo has a temporary cast, it has be be rechecked to make sure the bones are still in place. Needless to say he has suffered so because when the splint was removed everything, including X-Rays had to be repeated and it is looking "FORWARD" of another round of torture in a couple of weeks.

Washington, Oregon and California are on fire. Firefighters have died and it is frightful. I am sure this situation will continue several more weeks and I will discuss this in next month newsletter, by then we should be able to tally up what happened.



A pilot of a commercial airliner made a mistake that PROVES the existence of "CHEMTRAILS" — by forgetting to turn them off before he landed! We have video of the plane landing while still spraying CHEMTRAILS as it hits the runway. This is the first empirical evidence to back-up claims made. people, smeared as "conspiracy-theorists," who claimed airlines are being used by government to spray aerosols into the air without the knowledge or consent of the people being sprayed. With proof like this, the public now has legal standing to file lawsuits, utilize subpoenas and force discovery of evidence. The 1 minute blockbuster video appears below.

Markus Aurel posts us his latest slide that speaks for itself:

<https://www.facebook.com/897799083585295/photos/a.897826276915909.1073741828.897799083585295/1026972837334585/?type=1&theater>



It is the HOTTEST Summer on the globe ever recorded.

Motel 6 exploded in Bremerton WA and NOT once did anyone report it different than it really was.... A GAS LEAK!

Straight out of Compton hit the movies and it is a very good movie, brought back memories for those of us involved with issues of that time period.

I was featured in the OffCamara Newsletter this month.

Producer's Spotlight: Lilian Mustelier

by Dan Bennett

Lilian Mustelier became a member of TCTV 17 years ago. She immediately began producing her show: "A Visit With A Person Of High Strangeness". Since then, her program has featured a wide variety of guests, topics, and field locations across the country.

Lilian has generously offered music and guests to other producers, and many of her family members have gotten involved and expanded their horizon. When asked why she has been doing her show for nearly 2 decades, she said: "I want to encourage people to think. I started doing reality TV before Reality TV. I want viewers to walk away with their own perspective because my shows are politically and religiously neutral. And the

shows are not just about the paranormal,I want them to be culturally diverse with something for everybody.”



Lilian has produced over 800 shows and has no intention of quitting or slowing down,for which I am certain many viewers are grateful! Be sure to check out her show: "A Visit With A person Of High Strangeness" Tuesday at 9pm,Fridays at 11am,and Saturdays at 5pm and on YouTube @youtube.com.psygeria.

One Friday morning 2 weeks ago my heart stopped for a moment. When it restarted itself it was beating in an opposite rhythm. I had to wear a 24-hour heart monitor. The nurse almost broke my ribs as she prepared and “cleaned” my chest and against my advice used very little glue to secure the wiring of the monitor. I drove home without fastening my seat belt, sat very still from 5pm until the wires just fell off in the 90+ heat. I called the hospital and was advised they were unable to fix the problem so the next day...in between figgling with her I-pad the nurse suggested I do it again. Someone has to cover those expenses and it makes me angry when NO MATTER what happens...Wait for it... It's Obama's Fault.

**Love and Light
Lilian**

edited by Roberta Apple

We aired a show in Vanya Arnold honer. It deals with Suicide and mental disorders. YouTube blocked it in some countries because of the music on the clip. We remade the show and my dear friend Fritz Mayr wrote the music. **So here it is in writing:**

Fritz Mayr This must be dear **Lilian** because it is my own Music and Free for use for you

•**Lilian Mustelier** It is beautiful and I thank you. The sparkles on the end blew me away.
THANK YOU!!!!

Fritz Mayr thank you dear **Lilian** great you like it, i thought it is good doing it this way.

<https://youtu.be/NwF7LVdtvjQ> Chemtrail video

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hv1Y19EtFYs> In Dry Dock

At TCTV hard at work



OCTOBER NEWSLETTER

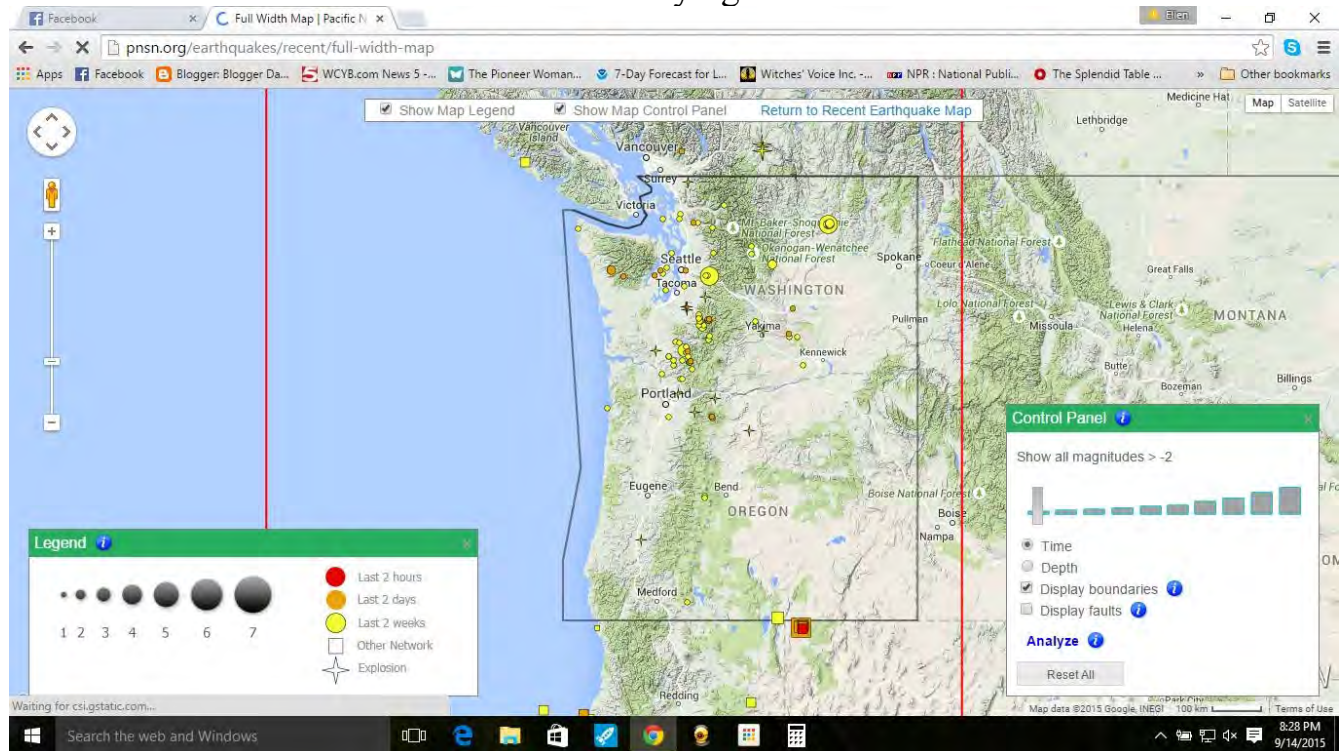
Destiny, my number two Granddaughter, decided to have her baby shower for her second daughter Alexa in the park rather than at her house. It turned out to be an awesome party, all the in-laws and we again, after many years have a DJ in the family. Needless to say, he musically took us around the world and I stayed to the bitter end, no-one wanted to go home but dusk arrived and we had to leave, because the park was going to be under lock and key at any moment.



Creation by Carlos Gonzales

I decided to avoid the road I would normally take because at dusk all the resident animals are on the move, even with ANIMAL SAVERS (a horn-looking thing which make a noise and letting animals know you are approaching, as soon as they hear that sound they stop where they are and you won't get hit) on my bumper. I thought it would be safer to take the main road. I had not driven that road in 10 years and was in awe as to what it looked like. 20-foot trees in the middle dividers, Metal lamps and concrete dividers, roundabouts everywhere with 12-foot Totem Poles in the middle. Thanks to

our former Governor Christine Gregoire. She was full of crazy ideas how to spend the FEMA Money allocated to her for repairs after our last major Earthquake in 2001. It sure looks pretty, even in the dark but.... OH MY.... the next disaster will come and we will all be stuck with all the “PRETTIES” laying across the road.



It was a turbulent month. If we had looked forward to anything improving during the Summer, we were so wrong. Like people were losing their mind, maybe due to the fact that politically everything was in turmoil. September/October is the time I film the predictions for the next year. On September 20, I took a peek at what that would look like and prepare for the show. Under the circumstances and the upheaval happening in some of our psyches here is a little information on ahead of the show. This is what I posted:

I have started to work on the predictions for 2016. Here is who will NOT be president. TRUMP, Carson and the GOP Lady, can't think of her name. There will be no clear determination as to what will happen until October 2016. One additional person will surface at a later time. It is important to talk to people about voting. I "saw" this on September 20th 2015.

I put up another post: **HELP ME TO DEFINE HEROES.**

I am confused, seems like everyone is a Hero these days. I know how the

dictionary defines it but it is no longer used like that,tell me a story please..... and please not the one about a dog named Hero.

Here are the responses:

Ruth: For me a hero means someone who sacrificed themselves for another, saving a human or animal. Putting themselves in the line of fire and defending...that is what a hero means to me.

Vernon: Same. It's certainly not about someone coming out of the closet. I realize it's hard, but it's definitely not HEROIC

Gilbert: Hero is the one who breaths for self and gives carbon dioxide to plant's to breath from sharing to caring we all are hero just we aren't conscious about how much powerful we are

Grace: My son, in my mind is a hero. No matter how deep his depression or personal problems weigh him down, he still suits up and shows up to defend the American public from our enemies, here and abroad to keep us all safe in our beds. My son-in-law is also a hero, working for the US customs office, putting in hours and hours of overtime each month to patrol our borders to keep the terrorists out. Heroes sacrifice their own personal lives unselfishly to help others, expecting nothing in return.

Allison: My parents are my heroes.....

Arthro: Robin Hood was a hero and Martin Luther King and Gandhi and Nelson Mandela

ANNE: A hero to me is someone who risks personal safety for the well-being of others; or who takes a principled stance, knowing that he/she will be reviled for that stance. Jimmy Carter is a hero. Caitlyn Jenner is not. (Not that I don't appreciate that she had the courage to be true to herself, but there was no prioritizing of others over herself as she transitioned, and earned beau-coup bucks for doing so.)

I agree. There are many people whom I respect and admire, but heroism is

something really special. Thank you for the comments... they call everything a hero and it kind of lost the meaning. So speaking of Heroes:



The fires, some which started in July and August, along with several new ones in California are still raging. Thousands of houses have been lost to the fires and some people died, including real heroes. Firefighters who put their life on the line to save Human life and property. I had some thoughts on some of the Washington State Fires, it was almost like an Epiphany one night. Because of the political rhetoric from the GOP Presidential Candidates and their constant threats to Illegal and in some cases legal immigrants there is a lot of fear in the consciousness of millions of people. Eastern Washington has a very high migrant population. In 2014 farmers were threatened with legal actions if they employed illegals. Many offered \$150 per day to non-migrant workers to work the harvest. The response was so low that much of the harvest...a major component in exports for the farmers, was not attended to and as a result proved very costly in lost revenue. This year it appeared, to this outsider, that things went back to normal and very very large segment of the population in that part of the State are migrant workers. With the constant uncertainty and threats of deportation and loss of family the anxiety level is extremely high. I believe it is possibleas a collective consciousness....to accidentally cause a spontaneous combustion.

NOTE! I did NOT say that is what happened but in MY reality there is such thing as combined consciousness.

<http://io9.com/5855700/10-cases-of-spontaneous-human-combustion>
<http://io9.com/5855700/10-cases-of-spontaneous-human-combustion>

In MY reality Mother Earth **could** have reacted to the fear of the people. I think it is shameful to use so many human's vulnerability to advance ones political agenda.

Over the years we, in Olympia, have had problems with excessive police behavior. To the point that we started a Cop Watch and report on such occurrences. Earlier in the year we had such an incident where 2 brothers were shot by an officer. Unhappy that we refuse to make this a racial issue, White Supremacists came to town to stir up trouble. We overcame THAT. It was only when the court decided not to charge the offending Officer things got somewhat tense and we had demonstrations.



My grandson and I took several pictures of the damage of City Hall. Some of the pictures came from other sources I am unable to credit since thru were posted to my FB Timeline. We found a homeless person sleeping in his wheelchair in Olympia WA while taking pictures of the damages at City Hall. It is a disgrace to have a helpless person like that all by himself. I think this will make an excellent image for my 2015 book cover.



From Sunday September 19

ATTENTION LACEY WA! UFO???????

I am trying to determine what I saw in the sky over Lacey between 2:20 PM and 2:30 PM today. It was larger than a Search Helicopter with search-lights on. It was way too BIG to be a helicopter, in my opinion.

When I first saw it it was above the clouds, BRIGHT LIGHTS ON, it dropped below the clouds and hovered about 3 minutes. It changed altitude and disappeared above the clouds... BRIGHT LIGHT ON... Dropped back below the clouds and disappeared. I did

not have a camera with me. I am unable to find a report of the object at this time and am hoping someone else saw it.

Here are the responses and BTW, one of my helicopter pilot friends said it was NOT a helicopter.

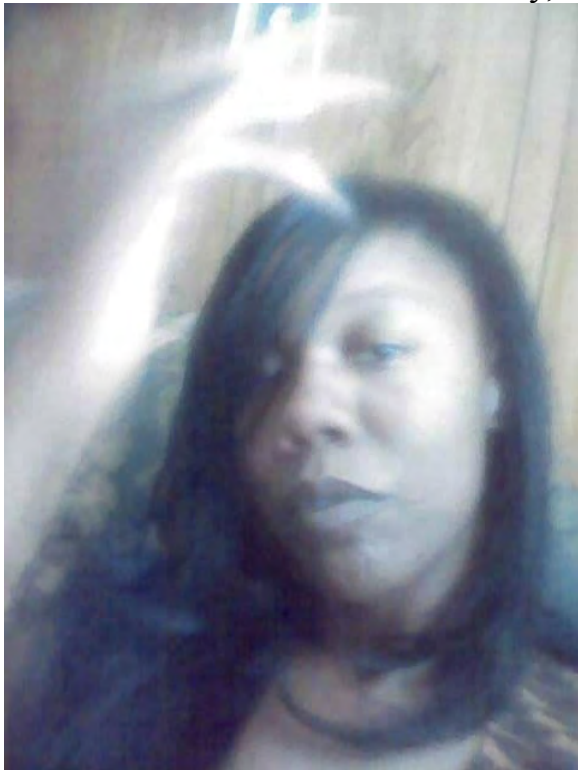
EOGHON: Just me on my magic carpet. Don't panic!

Michael Lillie: Glynda was saying, she saw something about 5:30 am Sunday morning, following SR-8 from the ORV park to Mud Bay. It was triangle shape with a fix red and a white light. It would stop and hover for a bit and pretty much stay pace with the car. It suddenly vanished when they got to Mud Bay. She saw the same craft earlier a week earlier in the same area.

One more thing.....

One of my extreme religious relatives...from New York sent this picture to me to analyze.

No analyzing necessary. I think that is a visual to assure my niece that her Mother, who was also a victim of Police Brutality, is watching over her. It gave me comfort.



On the way home form the store we noticed my youngest Grandson moving to a beat. He had a quarter in each ear. One in the right and one in the left. We asked him what he was doing. Without hesitation he answered: I AM LISTENING TO 50Cent!

Love and Light
Lilian

edited by Roberta Apple

Ancient Aliens aired a great Crop Circle show. So I am sharing one of mine from early 1999: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ebVz1q3bWzE&list=PLU7REmKUBGutiIb-4wur4FWxiozO0c5MMc>



Imagine, I have to dust often

November Newsletter

As I was leaving my house today, in order to attend my youngest Grandson's Birthday Party, I smelled something very familiar. It was smoke from a chimney ... the first Wood Fire of 2015 in my neighborhood. Two days ago it was 70 degrees and now, in some places, we went straight to Winter. It has already begun to snow in some areas. It always amazes me just how time flies. On the other hand October was a bit boring when it comes to news and events, the only news on TV was about the elections NEXT YEAR and shootings which took place across country on a daily basis. We get so desensitized about killing, it becomes part of our routine. We say to our self it can't get any worse and go on to the next sunrise like everything is normal. Actually, I took the time to re-read all the Newsletter books going back to 2007 and SURPRISE nothing has changed. It was very interesting to reminisce and remember all the things happening each year, our saying it can't get any worse and here we are on another repeat. We regurgitate and rename the same issues. GOOD NEWS is we have always survived and continue another year. The new End Of The World story at the moment is an Asteroid fly-by...very close fly-by.. on Halloween. I am sure I will plan my Birthday Party on November 1st.

Kanashibushan had TWO deaths in the family and was trying to board a plane from Atlanta, GA to Seattle, WA. She was stopped and searched in Atlanta: "Because her hands were hot and she looked suspicious." She said taking off her shoes was the hardest part for her. It brought back memories for me... all the hoops I had to jump through after 9.11.2001, looking like Cleopatra. Needless to say my friend was NOT happy!

My friend Samuel Schmid took a train from Switzerland to Northern Germany. He skyped and showed me what the countryside looked like. I asked him how many Refugees he encountered on his train trip, he answered: "NONE"

Some of us are having trouble sleeping. We try to find reasons, we usually arrive at a conclusion and some of us think it is just the changing energy of the Planet. I sleep in the daytime, so I see the Sun rise and set each day. Sunset is my favorite. On the morning of the October 10 I thought I had lost time and the sun was setting, when in fact the Sun was rising. I posted it on my Facebook Page and ask if anyone else had noticed the strange look of the sunrise. It only took a few minutes and pictures arrived on my page. Turned out many people saw it and took pictures, because it was just that unusual.

I remembered one year when the Sun set twice and it was discovered there was a discrepancy in the Photon Belt. Here is a collage of the pictures the friends posted.



One of my cousins posted the following conversation with her 5-year old son.

Henry in the car last night....

Henry: mom?

Me: what's up?

Henry: can we talk about babies being born again?

Me: uhhhhhhhh....again?....sure.

Henry: well me, I want to talk about when I was born. Why did I need help again?

Me: well not really help... You just took a long time because you were facing the wrong way.

Henry: is it dark in your tummy?

Me: not totally sure. I have Never been in there but probably....

Henry: Well I probably couldn't see where I was going!!!!!!!!!!

I am assuming this conversation came about because my Great Grand Daughter arrived 9 days late. We welcomed **Alexa Kamaria Gonzales Wells on October 20th**.

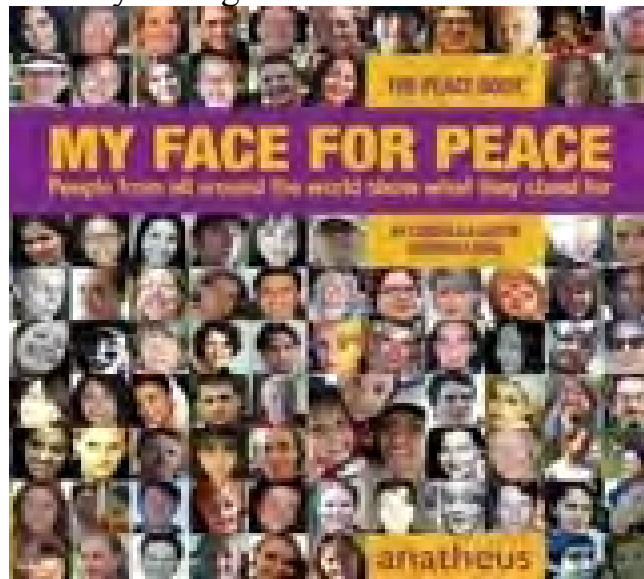
My grandson drove from Michigan to Atlanta. As he does often, he put me in his pocket and I came along in spirit. Technology is wonderful when we know how to utilize it. Friends have taken me on a train per SKYPE and this time I located a road my grandson and his daughter were traveling on on YouTube. I was able to follow along on YouTube and wondered what did we ever do BC.... before computer.

For those of us who don't get to go places any more, we can just sit in our favorite chair, visit friends, go on trips, attend lectures and go to the stars. There are live links to the Space Station.

Saeed Dastmalchian, my friend from Germany has finished his project: **My Face For Peace**. He noted:

Many people ask me if they can still order the Peace Book. YES OF COURSE. Here is the link for ordering (the price includes the shipping charges)
http://myfaceforpeace.org/How_you_can_help.html

We have already started to plan exhibitions. We hope to finance a part of the exhibition costs by selling the Peace Book.



Another post came in from my friend King Shakur:

I'm reading all these post with people being pissed that BET didn't cover the Million Man March this weekend (but certainly covered the recent hip-hop Awards). What people don't realize is that BET is not owned by Black people. It's owned by Viacom which is owned by Sumner Redstone (thanks John) who could care less about a positive gathering of a million Black Men or what a speaker like Minister Farrakhan has to say. But have no problem showing bouncing boobies and Snoop with gin and juice and the hip-hop awards. The mandate comes from the top. Hope that clarifies some things.



[Gregory Herndon](#)

Happening NOW: Tens of thousands of people are marching on the national mall in Washington, DC to commemorate the 20th anniversary of the [#MillionManMarch](#), and to demand an end to institutional racism.

The media is almost totally silent about this historic march. Share and help spread the word! This year many of our Native Friends attended and again requested a Pardon for Leonard Peltier. I listened to some of the speeches on line. It made me look back on some of the struggles us Baby Boomers were involved in. Again I found we are almost asking for the same things AGAIN as we did in the 1960's. Hard to believe. I talked to a friend about that and he said : "Drama makes you realize you are alive". I thought about that for a while, he is right.

The biggest Storm EVER recorded on the Planet hit Mexico. They named her Patricia. Patricia lived up to her name. She has enormous reserves of ENERGY. Her Elements are AIR and WATER, and if she thinks she falls short of her potential she will call on a friend for help.

The National Hurricane Center said based on hurricane hunter data, Patricia had strengthened into a monster Category 5 hurricane with estimated 201 mph *sustained* winds -- with even higher gusts!



I stopped at the local Smoke Shop on Columbus Day. BTW it is now finally called **Indigenous People Day**. The owner of the shop is Korean. I commented him on being open for business. He sad: Not my Columbus. Not your Columbus either and made the

sign of a UFO... you not from here either.

Love and Light
Lilian

edited by Roberta Apple

Here is a re-post of Faces, It was an honor to have been allowed to do the show.

And the Tunnel of Trees in Michigan.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3bIgQsY-RRk>

https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=12&v=JJO0JTcJNAE



Someone Visiting..... HMMMM

Newsletter December 2015

Well, November started out pretty calm and some were amazed how smooth everything transpired. A Super El Nino had been predicted and most forgot what this entailed, exactly.

My 68th Birthday came on the 5th, with it many good wishes and cards. Each year I am surprised to still walk the Earth. Such a multitude of ailments and yet, it appears my job as a Universal Troublemaker...as in taking some out of their comfort zone as to how they view the world... is still in effect. For some years I have managed to present some with a 3rd option in managing their daily life, because for some time $2+2=4$, but so is $1/1/2$ and $2\frac{1}{2}$. For MANY years I have followed the plight of Credo Mutwa, a South African Sangoma and I must tell you it was a nice surprise to receive some new photos of him and his wife from a friend as a B-day present. He is in his 90's and still doing his work. Guess by some standards I am a baby....



Credo Mutwa Photograph used with permission.

Sangomas are legally recognized in South Africa as "traditional health practitioners", under the Traditional Health Practitioners Act of 2007 (Act. 22 of 2007) as diviners alongside with herbalists, traditional birth attendants, and traditional surgeons.

An Igqirha is someone who has been called by their ancestors to heal, whether from their Maternal or Paternal side, they cannot be called by someone else's ancestors.

Strange sounds from space or was it from the Earth were recorded all around the world.

Monks started to pray all around the world...like they had a premonition of things to come and 1 Million children prayed for peace...either in Nepal or Tibet, the exact location escapes me at the moment, and is almost irrelevant in the story.



Photo Claus-d Blessmann



[Thank you Claus-d Blessmann](#) For the use of the photos

The sea of children is a sight to behold.

November must have re-thought his/her position and acted normal, guess it was a bit too quiet and here came the terrible news of the Terrorist attacks...Paris before the G4 conference in Turkey and Mali right after. Several other countries experienced attacks but very little was talked about that. The total of people killed in November 2015 was just above 115,000. That is NOT counting people shot and murdered just “because”.



As seen here the world rallied around anything French and with that the airstrikes increased and with that people died because they are Collateral Damage.

While all this was taking up the news for days and right in-between falling trees, flying objects, power outages, lack of any kind of communications and severe flooding of many streets and fields all around me I managed to post the following:

I wonder if today's events in Paris is what I "saw" in the 2015 predictions. The updated is directly below in the comments. It is unusual for me to perceive things abroad since the Predictions are for the USA, unless it will effect us some way.

The Band playing was an American Band: Eagles of Death Metal, maybe that was the connection, But I am not sure at this time. It is similar in Energy to 9.11 in as much as it will change the paradigm as to how we look and prepare, especially Europe.

As soon as power was restored I updated my post:

In the 2001 Predictions I "saw" Birds. Turned out they were planes. Birds out of Metal.

In the 2015 Predictions I "saw" Birds. Turned out it was Eagles of Death Metal. The band that was playing connected with the tragedy in Paris.

Took me ALL DAY to figure it out!

My Kindle has a battery life of 16 hours. While waiting for the storm to pass and my power to return I had my Kindle read 167 pages of my book: **The Big P.**

In a way I was in AWE to discover that nothing ever changes, in as-much as this book covers several years of previous newsletters and there it was! Such similar stories occurred in 2007 and 2003, take your pick. The statement that it has never been that bad is totally inaccurate. Reading about something, remembering something and experiencing it, while said events take place, are 3 different stages. I know that Mother Earth is a living Entity and of course...she will repeat certain cycles. The behavior of humans living on her is another story. The cycle repeats, repeats. Repeats. **BY CHOICE!**

While politicians pretend to look for answers and utilizing the Traumatic events for their own agendas, the main population is sent into fear and people die as collateral damage. Officially there are no easy answers and like always the Musicians came to the forefront with another: SHINING A LIGHT Concert. This one included Zac Brown Band, Eric Church, Jamie Foxx, Rhianna, Tori Kelly, Bruce Springsteen,

Ferrell Williams, L.L. Cool J, Morgan Freeman and many others. It gave them and many of us the knowing that someone was doing something and had a voice. This years Concert was to speak out against Police Brutality. Even though it was the original intent, to some of us it felt like it was a statement against ALL violence. It buffered the helpless feeling we all have and the timing turned out to be perfect.

One of our local stations aired a show: Searching for Ramptha. I thought I would take a look, since her School Of Enlightenment is located only 11 miles from here. Please note, I am NOT a fan of J.Z.Knight. The show was so disrespectful and misleading that I was ashamed a local producer disrespected this woman like that. It reminded me how hard it is to have conversations with some about paranormal or the excepted norm of religious belief systems. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/J._Z._Knight

For 2 weeks I searched and requested help from my Christian friends with a Bible scripture I was looking for. Unfortunately I cannot follow my original intent to quote the scripture directly, so I will tell you the story. Gog and Magog were ancient kingdoms. As many times before they were making war. As they were busy killing each other they neglected to pay attention as to what else was happening around them. Out of the “Heavens” some beings watched them and compared the battling factions to croaking frogs. It meant to me just how ridiculous wars are. I intended to bring this story into present day by comparison, so this is the best I can do. We must really behave like croaking frogs to the rest of our space neighbors. If this does not ring true with you that is OK, Myself I think it is rather naive for me to think we are the only species in the vast, wonderful creation of the Universe. The prophets of ancient times must have really had their work cut out for them, they “SAW” many things not even invented.

As we approach the ending of another year without having ran ourselves into extinction I hope we will reflect on some of our actions since we are accountable as a collective Human race.

In 2001 My granddaughter and I were painting my kitchen. As I stood way up on the ladder my phone rang. It was one of several NUNS I used to do readings for. She had been transferred to Kuwait and wanted to check on me to see how September 11th 2001 affected me. She said she was praying for us all and the people who lost their lives we now Angles holding up the Earth for us.

Love and Light
Lilian



Here is a video with the strange sounds heard by so many I made reference to.

<https://www.facebook.com/UnexplainedStrangeSounds/>

A video to show what it looks like to encounter so many refugees walking in order to get to safety instead of becoming Collateral damage.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uvw-AnYBqNI>

Prediction update for 2015

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o2uaFSiZJHU>

Predictions for 2016..... of which are already happening

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a6M_kSCU-IU

The latest Show of 2015 which explains what is sometimes involved in being a soldier. It is dedicated to the 22 vets per DAY who kill themselves.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Run8-oX_swA

And if that is not enough, here is a copy of the book The Big P I was reading during the power outage. See for yourself how nothing ever changes. Click on the link for free download.

<http://www.highstrangeness.tv/library/bigp.pdf>





Originally Dan Bennett was going to write my Foreword. This piece has turned out so profound that I will share it as a separate entity. THANK YOU DAN!

When we look at the sky, and wonder about those tiny points of light that beckon, distant suns so far a way that they are only points of light. But they're not all like our own Sun. Most of them that we can see on a dark night are within about 300 light years. Close by, relatively speaking. But we mostly see the bigger, brighter stars that are short lived blue giants that are as sparkling diamonds to us. The open cluster known as the Pleiades are about 425 light years away and are made of stars much larger, brighter and hotter than our Sun, born in the same stellar nursery and have since floated free. But the thing is, the vast majority of stars in our galaxy are smaller than our own Sun and thus dimmer. We can only see two out of the dozen closest to us. These stars are half the diameter of our Sun and a quarter as bright.

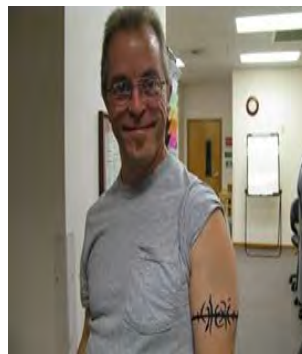
There are 12 stars within 10 light years (ly), over a hundred within 20 lys and around 2000 stars within 50 lys. And we have learned that all stars are born with planets. Some have more and some have less, depending on the gravitational wonkiness of close-by companion stars. We have found planets with 4 methods. Doppler redshift, planetary transits, gravitational lensing and direct observation. In the past 20 years, we've found over 6000. And the more we discover, the more we find that the rule: 'The bigger, the fewer.' applies to many things in nature on many scales. Atoms, molecules, plants, animals, river rocks, asteroids and comets, planets and their moons, stars, black holes and galaxies. For instance, small terrestrial planets close to their home star, are much more abundant than worlds like Jupiter. So smaller stars are much more abundant, along with small terrestrial worlds like our own.

When we ponder the possibility of aliens, it's important to understand a few things. Life as we know it requires liquid water and a protective shield from cosmic assaults. Our own solar system has at least 8 places where life can abide. Earth is shielded by a magnetic field, where the other seven are protected by layers of rock and ice. Mars has as much water as the Earth, but it's frozen on its surface and as a salty liquid beneath the layers of rock. Three large moons of Jupiter: Europa, Ganymede and Callisto have salt-water oceans protected by an icy crust. Saturn has two moons, Titan and Enceladus, with similar conditions. And Pluto and its moon Charon appears to harbor oceans beneath their protective icy crusts. And there may be

more, as we have not explored the moons of Uranus and Neptune.

You see, it is not just Earth-like worlds that hold the possibility of alien life. Moons in our own solar system that gravitationally interact with their host planets or other moons cause their mantles to regularly flex, creating friction e layers of rock. Three large moons of Jupiter: Europa, Ganymede and Callisto have salt-water oceans protected by an icy crust. Saturn has two moons , Titan and Enceladus, with similar conditions. And Pluto and it's moon Charon appears to harbor oceans beneath their protective icy crusts. And there may be more, as we have not explored the moons of Uranus and Neptune.

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Angel is 7 years old and we thought we would share his “FIRST BOOK”.



Little Turtle

by Angel Vargas

Little turtle, little turtle, little turtle coming out off you egg so small.
Into the world so big, to the Ocean Blue where no-one can find or
see you. Found the water-----. You made it at last. Good thing that
you can run that fast, what will you do? I must find food. I swim so
fast and find some food. To my surprise I found my friend and now
every day we swim and play, We must be careful where we go,
because other creatures down below want to eat us: we don't know.
So we hide and play together and we will be friends forever, we are
safe together. We will be friends forever!



THE END!

Apples and Owls



You may have seen Roberta Apple mentioned from time to time in the newsletters for 2015. Well, that would be me. I met Lilian via another Facebook friend and over the past bit have come to love and respect her immensely. It is such a joy in life when we come across someone who is as compatible with thoughts and philosophies as Lilian and I are. Below I have included a couple of short musings I recently posted on Facebook, as well as two prayers/blessings that others penned that really spoke to me. You will also see a series of photographs of artwork and carvings by my husband – he is the "Apple" and I am the "Owl" of our Facebook page, Apples and Owls (<https://www.facebook.com/ApplesAndOwls/>). I also have a blog (<http://whiteowlatmidnight-whiteowl.blogspot.com/>) ,

Live in the now. Remember what has been, for it brought you to this day - but

don't let it dictate the rest of your life. Anticipate all the possibilities, the hopes and dreams you carry for the future - but don't let them dominate to the point that you dream away the markers in your path that will get you there. Be in the now. This day, this joy, this sorrow has more for you than you ever imagined. Accept it as a blessing.

As darkness slowly blankets the barren almost-winter landscape, let us pause to light the first candle in our evergreen wheel/advent wreath. For several weeks the sun has been less present day by day, and wintry weather has come to the Northern Hemisphere. The days begin to crowd in on us, pressing to find the hours we need to fulfill so many needs and wants. So take a few minutes. Breathe. Connect with what it is of this time of year that is sacred to you. Appreciate the gentle slumber of nature, the anticipation of the weeks ahead in the faces of children, the beauty of all seasons of this delicate planet that nurtures us all. Blessings, from my heart and home to yours -

Prayer 2

Here with flowers I interweave my friends.

Let us rejoice!

Our common house is the earth.

I come too, here I am standing;

now I am going to forge songs,

oh my friend!

God has sent me as a messenger.

I am transformed into a poem.

— Nahuatl (Mexico) blessing (circa 1300 BC)

Prayer 148

Bless our hearts

to hear in the

breaking of bread

the song of the universe.

— Father John Giuliani (b. 1932)

—



Finally, I would like to share with you a short story I wrote – I hope you enjoy.

The Beckoning

I recollect when I was just a youngin', still in school, we were taught how these mountains came to be as they are these days. How great

big glaciers slid their way down the surface of the earth, scarping and pushing and piling up rocks until the highest was so high and all the good soil was left down low. I reckon the scientists took a long time to figure all of that out. It is rather rough for a mountain woman like me to understand all the ages and eras and layers they taught us. I have a much better grasp on that I can see with my own eyes, and feel with my own hands.

They's a hill that our homeplace backs right into. Remember when we were little and we would pack silty dirt into a old bowl and turn it out upside down? That round top that would be jutting up above all the dirt around it? That is what that hill reminds me of. 'Course, they're trees and rocks – Lord, the rocks we have. Gifts from those glaciers I suppose. Deer and cows and sheep and God knows what else have walked that slope so many times there are paths worn all the way down to the rock in places. In the springtime, when the scrub grass and violets and clover and dandelions all start coming in those paths look like some giant drug his finger through the dirt, leaving a trail for us regular folk to explore.

After the peepers have come, and the Forsythy bush by the front fence has come out in a yellow as bright as the Summer sun, those cowpaths start to beckon me.

Now the beckoning might come at any time by the time and calendars folks tend to keep. I have a bit of a chuckle to myself from time to time about such things. In the old days, the people kept time with nature. By the signs some folks might say. Moons came and went, and weather and the land kept a calendar to suit themselves. All the education and postulatin' in the world has yet to be able to keep Mother Nature and Father Time on any schedule but their own. And Mother, she sure does have a mind of her own. Why, we might have a late Spring by man's accounting but I promise you that Mother is not late, nor has she ever been early. All that happens is at it should be. An' I don't reckon we were supposed'n to understand and agree with her at all. They's mysteries to life, and death, that keep to themselves no matter how hard we try to figure 'em out. And that is truth you can put in your head to keep, 'cause I know it to be so.

Well, this year Mother and Father have decided that 'round about what we call May Day is when the beckoning has come upon me. It is hard for me to put to words what this beckoning is, or why I hear and feel it when others don't far as I can tell. Of course, I never really talked it over with others much. Seems to be the sort of thing a woman might be wanting to keep to herself. I don't want to start being known as one who is tetch'd, though tetch'd I very well may be. I do know they has been others in my line, menfolk and women as well, who were whispered as to maybe having the sight. An' my Granny had a right good hand with healing plants. Many times when I was just a youngin' I recollect the knock on the door callin' her out in the wee hours, she and her pouch of plants and roots being needed for other folks or maybe a sick cow or lame mule.

What? You were thinkin' that such things were only for people or that the tales you been told 'bout the folks up here on the ridges and in the hollers was just talk? I am here to tell you that life is more, and less, than you ever thought to dream.

Now where was I? The beckoning. I have marked over 50 trips around the sun already in my life, and I hope to make many more. The beckoning started with me when I was still a snot nosed youngin', not even a-knowing what weight being a woman would bring to my shoulders. The reason so many womenfolks has stooped shoulders, you know, it comes from that weight of love and worry and sorrow that keeps getting heaped on us year after year. It's a rare thing indeed to see young girls stooped like that. The years have not piled in on them as of yet.

This ain't no thing you can see, now, nor a sound that comes from the outside. It be more of a feeling that commences to roiling about inside one, but not a bilious feeling at all. Bilious makes one want to run to the outhouse, or grab the slop jar. This beckoning is more of a feeling that flutters about in your chest, like a starling caught up in a tree canopy and fighting to get free. I never was much one to talk things out with others, or to really stop and think things through. A bull in a china shop my momma used to call me. Settin' off on my

scattered way without thinkin' out where I might be endin' up when all was said an' done.

I was out in the side yard, tryin' to keep outta way of my momma as she had set to gettin' all the washin' done at once. After catching my right arm plum up to my elbow in the wringer one day she was more at ease if I kept myself scarce when the Maytag was a'dancin on the back porch. Being too short to pin the clothes up once they was washed my only real chore on laundry day was to help her lift the line up with the forked pole so the sheets and my daddy's britches didn't trail in the dirt. A warm breeze came across my face, making a strand of hair tickle my nose and make me want to laugh. I looked up towards that ol' high knobby hill, seein' that cowpath, and all of a sudden I just knew I had to climb up there.

They is two ways I know of to climb a hill, a hard way and a easy way. Even as a youngin' I would pick the easy way – keepin' my energy in case I needed it for somethin' more vital I suppose.

Hard climbing is goin' all out, not resting none or looking at the pretties along the way. Hard climbing is like not understanding that laughin' makes it easier to cry right when cryin' times come.

Easy climbing is a pure joy, and in itself is enough to make one not mind overmuch when there are bugs and itchy weeds trying to make you want to go back before you get to where you want to be. Truth be told, a good easy climb might take a girl so long she needs to carry a biscuit spread with apple butter with her. Just in case she gets peckish along the way. So off I darted into the house, grabbed me a biscuit to wrap up in one of my daddy's bandanas and off I went. My momma hollered for me not to wander off too far, and I waved my hand in her direction just to show I heard her as I headed up the hill.

My granny told me once I don't so much walk as meander. They taught us in school that a meandering stream is one that makes its way through the land in a path that ain't straight but that instead follows the soft earth, going around and over the rocks and stones and roots that gets in the way. I guess that makes a right smart sense to me. Why step on a rock and hurt your foot, or trip over a

root and scrape your knee when you can go a little this way or that and avoid all the bother?

So up the cowpath I meandered away, taking in secrets and picking up pretties along the way. You do know what I mean when I say picking up pretties don't you? Pretties is those thing the birds and critters and ole Mother herself leaves lying around, just waitin' for a girl to find and decide upon. You decide upon a pretty by weighin' the attraction against the aggravation. If something is too big or heavy or smelly or still attached you just admire and remember where it were. If it is just small and light enough to fit in your pocket or to fold up in a bandana then you can decide upon takin' it with you. Later on there may be another pretty that you like more, so you can change 'em out one for the other. I have been known to pick and change out pretties a half dozen times on a good climb. My pretties tend to be bird feathers, snail shells, and rocks. Especially rocks.

So, there I was, meandering up the cowpaths picking up and squirreling away my pretties. The further up the hill I went, the more settled that fluttering in my chest was. I found three special pretties that day that I knew were keepers. A shard of shell from a hatched out robin, a bit of quartz rock worn smooth and shaped all round yet with a hole 'most dead center through it, and a raven's feather all blue black and shiny. Having long since eaten my apple butter biscuit I wrapped my pretties in the bandana and tucked it in my pocket. After stopping to rest a bit every now and then, I finally found myself as near to the top of that knob of land I had ever been.

The sun was about high in the sky, so I knew it was time for my momma to put dinner on the table but I felt more inclined to linger a bit than to go back down that hill so soon. I found myself a sitting place, a flat piece of limestone jutting out from one of those big ole glacier rocks. They was dark spots on the shady sides, where the mosses liked to gather and suck up the water running down the crooks and crannies after a shower passed over.

One thing most folks don't know about living up here where we do is that many days it is like being in a cloud. The mists will gather in the

hollers and the air gets a softness that is both a comfort and a bother. When you take it into your head to go to the top of a ridge it is like unto walking through the clouds and coming out in the sunny side of the sky. In springtime the rains come often, and the air drops to so cool at night the mist rises from the hollers like fingers, wrapping around you and putting a chill through your skin all the way to bone. Come noontime, the sun just burns off all that mist, from the top of the ridges down to the greenest holler.

As I sat there on my shelf of rock, I felt as though Mother herself was burning that fluttering right out of my chest and I commenced to feeling more like the me I was more used to being. My heart wasn't thumping no more and I felt a lightness and sort of happy in my belly I had never known before in all my days. Even a youngin' can have worries, and I had been carrying a few burdens in my deepest self I had not seen fit to tell about to other folks. No matter what they were, or even if they may seem that burdensome to others. For me they had become a weight, and up there on that knob of rock Mother seen fit to help me untangle some knots in my mind and ease the weight I had been a toting around.

After a bit it were as though I was being given answers to questions I never knew I had, and I will tell you one thing for sure. The first time this happens it can be a mite scary. I was not yet knowing what was happening to me, and it was a good thing I was up there with Mother 'cause she spoke to me in that way she has that makes one know things are okay. I had a peace about me then, one that I was needing to be sure.

All at once I knew that those things I had been trying to tote around all on my lonesome were going to work themselves out, and that Mother was the one that would do most of the working. Yes, there was things that were beyond me or my momma or daddy or even my granny. But that was okay, leastways for now.

I took the bandana I had wrapped my pretties in and laid it out on that big ole limestone outcropping. I untied my knot, and placed each of the pretties on the stone, side by side. After a bit I knew that I

could tote the stone with the hole back down the hill with me but that Mother would be mighty happy were I to leave that egg shard and black feather there with her. She had in someway I had yet to divine placed the pretties just where a meandering girl might find them, and each had their story to tell.

That piece of a robins egg, just a shard of blue shell? It was a telling me that I had to let some things break so they could be more of what they were meant to be from the beginning. We can't be keeping an egg forever, cause it will spile and be of no use to anyone. An iffen we want to hear the birds sing, why they have to hatch out and learn to fly so they can find the things what makes them sing.

That blue black feather that had fallen from a ravens wing? It was a telling me that sorrows have weight to them, but they fall down below and land soft even as we go on the journey we were meant to take. The weight of our sorrows and worries can sure enough grow so great that we cannot carry on another step or take our next breath. T'only choice we have is to let them fall away gentle as we go, let them land soft on Mother for she will truly take care of them.

That quartz rock with the hole in it? That had the most to tell, and so much I needed to be keeping it with me for a long time. I carry it with me to this day, and each and every time the beckoning has come upon me I have toted it up to the top of that knob with me. My life has taken a path none of could have foreseen when I was just a youngin', and I am here in the homeplace still. Many odd and wondrous things have been in my days, things that made me laugh 'til I cried and things that hurt my soul deep I could not shed a tear or lift a word the knife of sorrow were so sharp upon my heart.

The beckoning has been my constant. I never know when it will be upon me. At first it came only in the spring of the year, when Mother and Father got their heads together and decided it was time for everything to get on with the business of living and dying. Over time, I have felt it more and less, depending I guess upon the weight I was tryin' to tote with me. There has been years it visited as many as half a dozen times, and there was once I did not feel the pull for almost 15

moons. Each time, I take my meandering climb up to my knob. Each time Mother leaves pretties along the way for me to bring up to her. They has been times I found the pretties waiting for me the next time I come, and I knowed they was gifts and Mother let me know who they was to go to next. I always take my holey stone with me, and as time has passed I have learnt that if I always have her in my pocket, or tucked away in my bosom right next to my heart, I can easier tote the worries of my life until Mother beckons me up the path to the knob again.

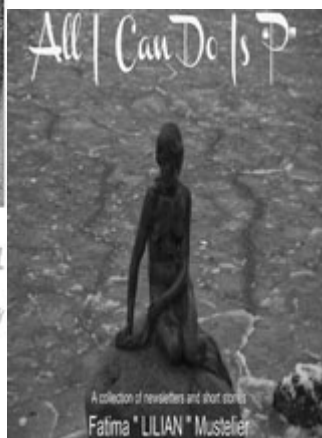
One day soon I reckon I will tell you more about Mother, and the beckoning, the things she has taught and showed to me some of which I am now seeing are my place to pass along. But right now, right this minute? I have a path to meander up, and a few pretties to gather up to take to Mother. For the beckoning is upon me this day, and it is a call I have to answer.





Original artwork by Roger Lee Apple

THESE ARE THE BOOKS WRITTEN BY LILIAN





These Kindret Spirits came to me via Facebook.

I am unable to credit the photographer, so I am am posting this under the Fair Use Act.

Occasionally people ask about people who wrote the introductions to the other books. Here are some of them

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

In her first book, “And the Moral of the Story is... One Person at a Time,” Lilian encounters grasshoppers on a road trip and looks up the significance. When a grasshopper appears it is in indication of an uncanny leap. I felt an affinity for this creature going back to my childhood. I used to watch David Carradine in the TV show Kung Fu. His character, a Chinese-American Shaolin monk, was nicknamed “Grasshopper” by his old blind master. Master Po: [after easily defeating the boy in combat] Ha, ha, never assume because a man has no eyes he cannot see. Close your eyes. What do you hear? Young Caine: I hear the water, I hear the birds. Master Po: Do you hear your own heartbeat? Young Caine: No. Master Po: Do you hear the grasshopper that is at your feet? Young Caine: [looking down and seeing the insect] Old man, how is it that you hear these things? Master Po: Young man, how is it that you do not? A style known as Poekoelan. My teacher illustrated the philosophy of the style using the rose: beautiful petals hiding deadly thorns. I also studied the post-modern Japanese dance form, Butoh. My teacher there also used the rose as a powerful symbol meaning the impermanence of suffering and persistence of love. I grew up in Portland, known as the City of Roses. I had a great aunt, a sister, and a girlfriend named Rose. It made sense that I would choose a rose for my first tattoo, at the Electric Rose tattoo parlor.

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

He had undergone transformative growth and left his old self behind. I decided then to honor my spirit animal by getting a grasshopper as my second tattoo.

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

The grasshopper looks surprised and says, “You have a drink named Herbie?” Several years later, on March 14, I was in Ellensburg and decided to commemorate Pi day (3.14) with a Pi tattoo. To me it represents the irrationality of life. Pi is an “irrational number” that cannot be expressed as a ratio of whole numbers. When I told the artist I wanted “the symbol for Pi” he gave a quizzical look and assuming I meant “PIE” began to reach for his Japanese dictionary.

“No, no, the math thing,” interrupted the girl running the register, and she quickly jotted down the familiar table shaped marks: π . The artist took it on himself to thicken the lines, and now I have something reminiscent of a Wolf Howling at the Moon. By the way, did you know that 314 is PIE backwards? Mind=blown. I only have four tattoos, and you must hear about the final one because Lilian engaged to be married but between jobs when I heard from Lilian that she planned to attend the UFO Congress in Laughlin, Nevada. She needed a cameraman to come along so she could interview some of the world famous guests. The trip was financed by her angel investors, and all my travel, food and lodging would be covered. I leapt at the idea. I sorely needed an adventure like those she’d described in her book.

Let me step back for a moment to explain my position on all the High

Strangeness. My father is one of the world’s ultimate skeptics. He’s an electrical engineer who got into forensic animation (cartoons recreating fatal accidents).

For him everything has either a rational explanation, or it’s crazy made-up bull\$#! My mother was a lawyer, and things need to pass the evidence test as well or they are inadmissible. Facts are separate from hearsay. Granted, she also has a willingness to entertain certain poetic and mystical notions like: Your Car is Your Way. Her parents originally came from the Indonesian island of Java.

Although they (and she) were raised Catholic, there were ancient animistic beliefs woven throughout the community. I heard that great Grampa had a Keris

(a traditional curvy sword forged with an alloy of meteorite iron) that protected

him in snake infested territory. Oma Selma told me that she was able to see auras. Opa Rudy got deep into the Woo-woo and often talked about Edgar Cayce, reincarnation, and the Egyptian god Ra. The rest of the family didn’t exactly encourage that kind of conversation. They all basically humored him.

That's what I learned to do. I learned to be a somewhat dispassionate listener.

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

Lilian and I volunteered to be judges for the documentary film festival, watching dozens of movies about Angels, UFOs, Aliens, Orbs, and Crop Circles. Many of them pushed the limits of credulity and would not pass the giggle test. An "artist's However, one subject had ample photographic, videographic, and physical evidence in addition to the anecdotal: crop circles. They are undeniably real.

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

Speaking of leprechauns though, let me bring in another voice, that of Terence McKenna's. systems, so how do we tell the \$#! from Shinola? McKenna brought up Plato's idea of hyperspace.

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

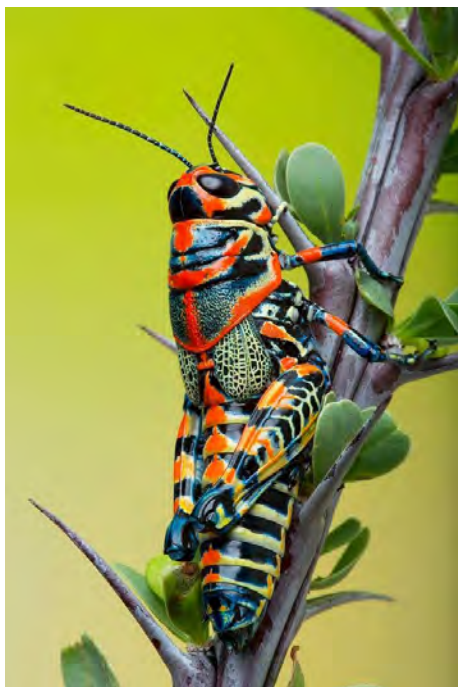
It's another of his theories that I want to share, however. He was once asked

why he thought people believed so many strange things. It was a “Balkanization of epistemology”. One person believes fervently in the channeling of arch-angels and their neighbor is a strict econometrist. We’ve got a lot of mutually exclusive operating systems, so how do we tell the \$#! from Shinola? McKenna brought up Plato’s idea of “The Good, The True, and The Beautiful”. It’s tricky to tell what is good. It’s even trickier to tell what is true. But it is easy to discern what is beautiful. As a species, in spite of our huge intellect, we mostly choose based on aesthetics. Some folks like a lot of stained glass and Latin framing their world view. Others like knocking on doors and handing out pamphlets to give their

lives purpose. Still others drink grasshoppers and tell long meandering stories dozens of movies about Angels, UFOs, Aliens, Orbs, and Crop Circles. Many of them pushed the limits of credulity and would not pass the giggle test. An “artist’s rendering” of the “being” you say you saw doesn’t convince me. However, one subject had ample photographic, videographic, and physical evidence in addition to the anecdotal: crop circles. They are undeniably real. The phenomenon has evolved over the centuries from simple circles to intricate football field sized patterns. When we saw the documentary “Crop Circles: Quest for Truth” projected on a big screen I recognized High Strangeness indeed. It was a goose-pimpling hair-raising moment to see the immense scale and quantity of circles being analyzed with honest-to-goodness scientific diligence. Dad would have had a field day with it, I’m sure. His go-to motto is Occam’s razor, namely that a simpler explanation is more correct than a more complicated one. In the end, he could be correct in assuming every single formation has been man-made, and that’s less complicated than alien leprechauns. Speaking of leprechauns though, let me bring in another voice, that of Terence McKenna. I first heard McKenna on a cassette talking about “the self-replicating machine elves of hyperspace”. You can apparently only see these ‘elves’ after taking the powerful psychedelic DMT. It’s appropriate that he figure in this rant because of his work around the I Ching, Mayan calendar and novelty theory. He proposed a timewave zero that increases interconnectedness eventually reaching a singularity of infinite complexity in 2012. On December 21st. [8 weeks away as of this writing!] You won’t be able to call him up and say Neenerneener on the 22nd though. He passed away in 2000. It’s another of his theories that I want to share, however. He was once asked why he thought people believed so many strange things. It was a “Balkanization of epistemology”. One person believes fervently in the channeling of arch-angels and their neighbor is a strict econometrist. We’ve got a lot of mutually exclusive operating systems, so how do we tell the \$#! from Shinola? McKenna brought up Plato’s idea of “The Good, The True, and The Beautiful”. It’s tricky to tell what is good. It’s even trickier to tell what is true. But it is easy to discern what is beautiful. As a species, in spite of our huge intellect, we mostly choose based on aesthetics. Some folks like a lot of stained glass and Latin framing their world view. Others like knocking on

doors and handing out pamphlets to give their lives purpose. Still others drink grasshoppers and tell long meandering stories about their tattoos. I decided to get a crop circle tattoo. I didn't choose the latest, most detailed version. I chose version 2.0: the ring. Originally, for hundreds of years only circles appeared. Then, one day a ring appeared, and it was an uncanny leap in crop circle evolution. I told Lilian my plan, and she handed me the money. I took a bus from our hotel across the Colorado River from Nevada into Arizona. In so doing, I had suddenly gained an hour, as I crossed from one time zone to the 89next. I had to walk 2 miles to my destination, Time Warp Tattoo. In the end, a black & white diagram of a crop circle ring looks something like a total solar eclipse. Now my tattoos can make a rebus: the sun and moon rose for grasshopper pie. What I've been trying so hard to convey is that if you encounter Lilian, her show, or her writing, the voice of your intuition may get a little louder, and you too may be drawn into a life changing adventure. At our house we get a lot of mileage from the old Latin phrase De gustibus non est disputandum which in English means "There's no arguing taste." Or as the Indonesian proverb puts it "Different men have different opinions; Some like apples, some onions." Whether you like apples or onions, I hope you will find something to your taste within this book.

Jusby the Clown, Olympia, 11.3.2003





"It is not change that we fear, but the speed at which it takes place". This quote from author and medical intuitive Caroline Myss is one that has echoed about my head many times this year. I have seen countless examples in 2012 not only of change, but of the fear that accompanies it, despite our best attempts to embrace the knowledge that all is happening according to Divine order. So many of us have experienced so many variations of this, during 2012 in particular. Most of them are sudden, and some of them happened so incrementally that we didn't even see them until they were upon us. For many, time has sped up (as if it weren't moving fast enough). And yet I have also seen just as many opportunities granted to those riding out the proverbial storm. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, though despite an endless progression of vivid dreams, I haven't exactly been shown the best method of progression. I have been doing and learning many things on the fly of late, able to hold on to no more than my intention, and a willingness to be ready. When I first met Caroline at a Tattered Cover bookstore in downtown Denver, she was accompanied by her friend and fellow author Clarissa Pinkola Estes, who wrote "Women Who Run With The Wolves", among many other other empowering bodies of work . A particular sentence Clarissa had uttered during the presentation also continued to echo about my head as I approached the teachers with books they would sign for me, "Now is the time. Now is the time." I would see Caroline a couple more times over the years and when I ran into Clarissa again at the exact same Tattered Cover earlier this summer I felt as if many events, wisdoms, losses, worries and miracles had come full circle. I was vastly more empowered, educated and alive than I was when I had first seen these friends laughing like schoolgirls and whispering as I approached their table, at first intimidated by them but later beaming with grace as Clarissa sized me up and remarked how she "liked my look". She sent me off with a dare to uncover the Divine Mother in every aspect of my

life, who was always there when I needed her, nurturing, loving, devoted. In true synchronistic fashion, she then began popping up everywhere, always when I felt the most vulnerable.

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

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

A best friend of mine, one who I had known for over two decades, had come to the point in her texts and internet posts in which no one could understand her anymore, including me. Everything was abbreviated with the ever-popular "OMG"s, "LMFAO"s or "ROTFLMAO"s, "UNI"s, and TTYL"s, not to mention the emoticons she was creating that were supposed to resemble horizontal faces, in addition to several references of hers to obscure and bizarre internet memes: humorous concepts that spread through the web, much like a virus... I would lose this friend by the end of summer, still grasping at who she had been, or who she could be. I had asked if she might imagine walking beside a rice paper thin wall, and on the other side she could almost see her other self, her higher self, whispering to her, "This is who you could be. Cross over. Now is the time." She had helped me move back to Manitou Springs, an area so sacred to the former Ute Indians that they would remove their warpaint upon entering its valley. I had moved back there just in time to be evacuated from the Waldo Canyon Fire a week later. In the evenings I would watch as the skies glowed with an unsettling apocalyptic red hue, the enormous plume of smoke drawing ever closer to my new home. Still, if I were meant to lose all of my recently-moved worldly possessions, so be it. I read a story by Lilian in which she had also lost a home and many belongings in a mysterious sinkhole incident, and I gathered much inspiration from her startling honesty and candor, as I always have, in her assembly of easily-identifiable words bestowing me with the helium I would need after

having lost my previous home to foreclosure. Somewhere along the way my friend and ally had begun to embrace fear and flirt with its companion: anger. I took her to eight of the natural mineral springs in Manitou which were still producing water. The Utes believed that each of these sacred springs had the power to heal, especially when taken together. I made us lemonade with them. I walked through the town with her, walking backward in time, back through the events that had made us fast friends. I thought about who I was, so eager and hungry for light, and how uncomfortable it had made my friend the year I had discovered Caroline Myss's books. We had both been victimized in several ways throughout our youth and had showed off our wounds as easily as we had tattoos. Yet, I wanted authentic healing, and that meant having one day to climb out of the life boat I had shared with her, and to practice spirituality on a congruent basis. It was a jump she was not yet ready herself to make. By that time the bat had become my primary totem animal. I envied its means of echolocation, and the symbology behind its being able to see in the dark. To explore darkness as if it were an entity, to greet it, to embrace it, I decided to explore the nearby system of caves above Manitou, which the Utes also said contained an entrance to the Underworld. I was doing so to confront my fear, fear in general, the fear of fear itself, hoping to pass through that rice paper veil and take a larger part in my place of things. It was dark there, dangerous, confining, a vast labyrinth where one could easily become lost or knock themselves unconscious on one of the many low-hanging rock ceiling stalactites. I had went in with James, who I had an instant spiritual connection with when we first met at a metaphysical store I was managing in 2004. He was fearless, and after an hour and a half our underground journey led us to a place where we were able to photograph the many spirits coming and going through a portal to the otherside. Our photographs were in fact so startling that the Biography channel flew us out to L.A. for an interview on our experience there. The producers, as was typical of Hollywood, put a very fear-based spin on our story, although we had been filled with nothing but wonder. They dispatched a cameraman out to meet us at the caves once more, where we were granted even more evidence of spirit activity, including several shots of an entity holding what clearly resembled a bow and arrow. Perhaps he knew I was an Oglala Sioux, and he was a Ute warrior who had come to protect us from some of the darker manifestations in the caverns. Afterward, joining us during a nighttime excursion to an enchanted grove, I realized that my friend was also losing her vision, her perception having become too contaminated and distorted by fear. I was going into a lot of dark places, not only in the physical world but during my dreamtime. I wanted to be ready for whatever was going to happen, and I knew I still had a lot left to learn and apply. Alerted to a series of videos being reported on Whitley Streiber's website, a man who I had met during his "Confirmation" book tour on alien abduction, I watched the YouTube video footage of a woman who claimed to have captured evidence of real fairies and sprites near her home.

As a Native American I was taught early on that everything had a spirit, that there were

several forms of life outside those one might only find in text books. Many of these exist in other dimensions but are able to come through every now and then. Not everyone can see them. By then, James and I had many albums featuring paranormal phenomena, our own perceptions having broadened with belief, so much so that we decided to form our own paranormal investigation team in 2007, but I had still never seen a fairy, or a sprite. It costs us absolutely nothing to hold a thought form in our mind, to explore its facets, to turn it over like a crystal and ponder its importance in our lives. If it turns out that it simply can't fit within our belief system, we simply let it go. As such, I didn't mind investing in the belief that fairies might be a very real possibility, and I began calling out to them as if uttering a silent prayer. As it was, everyone the world over was capturing "orbs". Why now? Why so many? They couldn't all be dust particles and insects flying too close to the camera lens. I had followed the crop circle enigma very closely, author and reporter Linda Moulton Howe having spoken to James and I at a MUFON symposium in 2010, and had been shown a number of the newest formations. The world was alive with miracles and yet so many souls were choosing to ignore them. I saw the orb phenomena as an event which was more interactive and accessible to the people. My friend had taken many photos of them, but when we went out into that enchanted grove together, calling out to that which we are usually unable to see, her fear stopped her dead in her tracks after a man appeared in James' camera flash. I continued onward, knowing it rude to call someone and hang up when they answered, remembering what it was like to descend deeper and deeper into the darkness and disorientation of the caves while trying to emit signals of peace and good intent. But as I did, I myself began to capture photographs of little selfluminous winged people, one of which even had its arms outstretched as if welcoming us. Surrounding this grove were also giant gelatinous orbs, big green amoebas peacefully floating past the camera lens and a mysterious sweet glitter we could see showering us every time we took a photo.

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

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

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

During the Dark Knight Rises shooting tragedy here in Colorado, James and I had plans for our own midnight showing. We were due to see the movie in Aurora, but the tickets had sold out quickly and we arranged for a later show. The afternoon of the shooting, we both shifted uncomfortably in a Colorado Springs theater. I clutched a bat fetish close to my chest as the audience gasped at the sudden beams of light appearing behind the screen, unaware at first that these were simply the flashlights of the increased security. I flinched with every explosion and rattle of gunfire, though the film turned out to be very inspirational and even Batman himself spoke out against the use of guns. After the show, our blessings and prayers going out to those affected by the shooting, we walked out into a sunny afternoon with the sounds of a quickly-assembled charity concert surrounding us.

The actor portraying Batman came to visit the shooting victims in Aurora, as did President Obama. The hospitals waived fees, Warner Brothers donated a huge sum themselves, and musician Hanz Zimmer composed a piece to which all proceeds were donated to the victims. There was such an outpouring of grace afterward, but my friend, ever the victim, chose to use this event to garner sympathy for herself despite being uninvolved with the tragedy. I attempted explaining to her the archetypes that were appearing, how the event had certain symbolic aspects when viewed as a story, none of which she was able to grasp. She clutched ever tighter to her anger, and I decided to stay on my path of healing.

I then met a woman whose niece was in the theater during the shooting. Her niece had been pregnant and had to deliver her baby alone, as her husband, who had shielded her during the attack, was still lying in a coma. It turned out, synchronistically, that her aunt was also employed by the same metaphysical center where I had previously worked. Eventually I would return to my former job there, delighted that I had returned in time for the 4-day metaphysical fair, which would also be their 100th fair. On the fourth day, at three in the afternoon, the doors to the auditorium were closed, all of the vendors suspended their business and we joined together in a special aligning ceremony for 2012. Again, I was reminded how everything was cyclical, feeling that everything had once again come full circle. I saw many old friends and acquaintances, all radiating the same intent, all laughing, cheering and singing together. The chants of one of the energy healers echoed throughout the auditorium, rising far above the butterflies and Buddhas, dreamcatchers, dragonfly banners and Goddess fetishes. I knew I was exactly who I needed to be then, in exactly the right place. "Now is the time. Now is the time." Each day of work I am surrounded by wisdoms and concepts old and new, fresh insights into 2012 and where civilization as a whole is headed. I hear many stories, and I pay extra special attention to my dreamtime, just as I have ever since receiving my Indian name. All I can do is radiate grace and love, and with each smile I create I know I am getting closer to the man behind the rice paper wall. I have left behind many thoughtforms which no longer served me, most of which never really belonged to me anyway. There have been great changes in health, in home, in environment and fortune all over the world, all over the town I live in. There are so many sensitive youths running about with their nerve endings exposed, with insomnia, with great outbursts of psychic energy creating poltergeist-like phenomena in their home. I see these people and I hear their stories every day. Last week I saw photographs of an odd cylindrical object taken by 10 different people, none of whom knew each other. Two weeks ago a soldier who lived in my old neighborhood texted me a series of photos featuring strange faces that were appearing in her home. She was disturbed because they didn't resemble typical ghosts, but instead appeared alien in nature. I happened to mention all the activity people were experiencing to a psychic one day at work and I showed her one of the photos I had been texted. Without knowing the story behind it, she said, quick as a flash, "Those aren't from this world. The veil is thinning, and not just the veil between ours and the Underworld. More people are seeing things, capturing photos of things they don't

understand. It started with those orbs. It will be like crop circles. At first they were very simple, but they will grow into something much more meaningful and complex." I looked at her with love as she squeezed my hand, thanking me for sharing the pictures with her. She had been a psychic reader for a very long time, as well as an elder, a living library. I have noticed many elders losing their knowledge to Alzheimer's, or crossing over altogether. Many people have been leaving the planet this year, leaving behind a wealth of information for new generations of highly intuitive souls who will know what to do with it. Elder and storyteller George Lucas recently selling Lucasfilm to Disney for \$40 billion, leaving his stories, archetypes and myths to new generations was very symbolic of this, including his decision to donate much of the money to charity for educational purposes. I think of what I have left behind, willingly or unwillingly: a house, a vice, an attitude, a friendship. My former lifeboat, replete with its crutches and bandaids and all manner of things that once provided me with comfort as I sailed toward healing shores, was never meant to be a permanent settlement but simply a means to get me to the other side. I watch as it drifts away and onward, my friend waving her goodbyes through a rice paper veil, as the waters claim them, and the shadows grow long, reminding me of the passage of time and my own passage unto spiritual maturity. Now I can move forward. Now is the time.

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Christopher Allen Brewer, November, 2012



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



expressed some ideas that are on Lilian's website, and we are going again to do more tests when the trees loose their leaves. Lilian and her good friend Kanashibushan came to our UFO Convention and was a speaker on the same caliber as Peter Davenport, Robert Golka, Derrel Sims, Heather Ahrens and Stanton Friendman. Our conference

benefited by Lilian's presentation and we have had many complements about her program. We were pleased to show her "A Visit With A Person of High Strangeness" programs at our Museum, and I always read her Facebook news items on a daily basis. Lilian is a very special person and I have enjoyed her previous books. I wholeheartedly recommend this new book to her new readers and her old friends.

– **Dr. Robert H. Gibbons, Executive Director Emeritus, Museum of the Unexplained.**

– (Dr. Gibbons has worked for NASA, Atomic Energy Commission, Hughes Aircraft Co., Lear Siegler, Inc. and Northrop-Grumman Co. He served as a Nuclear Medical Science Officer in the U. S. Army, Medical Service Corps for a total of 22.5 years, retiring as a Captain.)



A storyteller can relay an idea in a way that captures your interest and imagination. A historian will record the events of the time, and teaches the impact on daily life and society. An artist will weave the two together and create a journey. As you read these “newsletters” you will be captured in Lilian's tapestry. Humorous, thought provoking, and maybe even “politically incorrect,” you will be captivated by these articles. Human nature is a a fantastic study. When you don't understand why humans behave the way they do, it is healthy to question and discuss. When humans do wonderful things, you should celebrate. Communication is a tool for healing. We should open our hearts and our minds to all perspectives, and try to meet common ground. Open your mind to Lilian's words, and enjoy the journey.
Yours truly Lisa Bielski



BIG P

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 98military 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



And the Moral of the Story is ... One Person at a Time An autobiography of a person of high strangeness “ This is a book about a known psychic and profiler’s exciting travels, and contacts with unusual people who describe their unusual and exciting experiences. She is seemingly guided in her adventures, and thus meets unusual people, and also has many unusual, and unexplainable experiences. Her book adds much to the ET/ UFO community, and also expresses some interesting political views based upon various experiences. Subjects are mentioned including: Crop Circles, UNICOR, Tesla, Fort Detrick and the World Health Organization, among other subjects which weave in and out of her discussions of her travels. Mention is also made of her past experiences in Germany and other places. If one reads this book from cover to cover, things will eventually tie together. Abduction, church organizations, as well as other topics, are mentioned in passing as related to her observations and conversations with interesting individuals. She traveled from the west coast (Washington, Oregon), through the Rocky Mountain area (Utah, Colorado) and on to the Midwest (including Missouri).

I find the book both humorous, descriptive, and informative. This book should transform the skeptic, and might provoke new thoughts. Spiritual experiences, like these should be included along with scientific investigation in relating to the Universe and its impact on mankind in the present and the future. Dr. Gilbert F. Jordan PE, CEM, ME
 A. Consultant to the EEMF (which publishes the Journal of New Museum of the Unexplained)



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Oladeli Osafemi

I describe Lilian Mustelier as a wise old woman, She was, however, wise when she was young. And now she presents to us as a sorceress and a shaman, She is an engaging chronicler of our times. She has shown her wizardry by tapping into the space-time continuum and sharing her insights with us. She is witty as a raconteur and is sensibly psychic.,

She has brought her multicultural roots and her odyssey and massaged it into a palpable entity that tantalizes our sense of orientation to linear events.

Lilian is a personable psychic. She is a family member; a mother; grandmother and great grandmother who can also cook up a great meal as well as a great tale.

I am always eager to speak with her when is channeling and downloading her perceptions as she translates her experiences and interludes with the collective unconscious. Sometimes when speaking to her I feel as if "she can see in the dark". She is a scribe for other consciousness and other realities.

Her roots that originate in Africa and transmute to Germany have given her breadth and depth of experience that allows for a fuller understanding of contemporary events.

She is personable and convivial. A real live wire and multifaceted personality.

Lilian is a true light worker. One who volunteered on the other side to be a vehicle on Earth to assist us in our ascension. I always anticipate her witty musings and await eagerly her newsletter with its prognostic reactions. She is always able to place things in a good context. A word to the wise is sufficient. I always pay attention to Lilian Mustelier, she has important things to say. Don't miss her message.

Yours truly, Oladeli Osafemi





From my cousin Sten



My friend Lilian is a person I've come to greatly respect and love. I am fascinated by her deviation from things and situations most people consider normal, or expected, even things that are established. Her love for the Universe has taught me new considerations, a new way to look at causation.

When reading her adventures, this Author keeps you in suspense, doesn't give her reader the immediate gratification they may seek. I further find it fascinating the manner in which Lilian guides her reader through her adventures, eventually pieces of situations coming together forming delightful and unexpected realizations. You can be assured, reading about life from Lilian's point of view will always prove to be a rewarding experience.

Knowing Lilian the friend has taught me how she searches for a deep truth to the consideration of why any of us are here as part of this huge universe. I find Lilian is genuinely interested in her audience and people in general. Her level of empathy for mankind and willingness to help them is surely reflected in her stories.

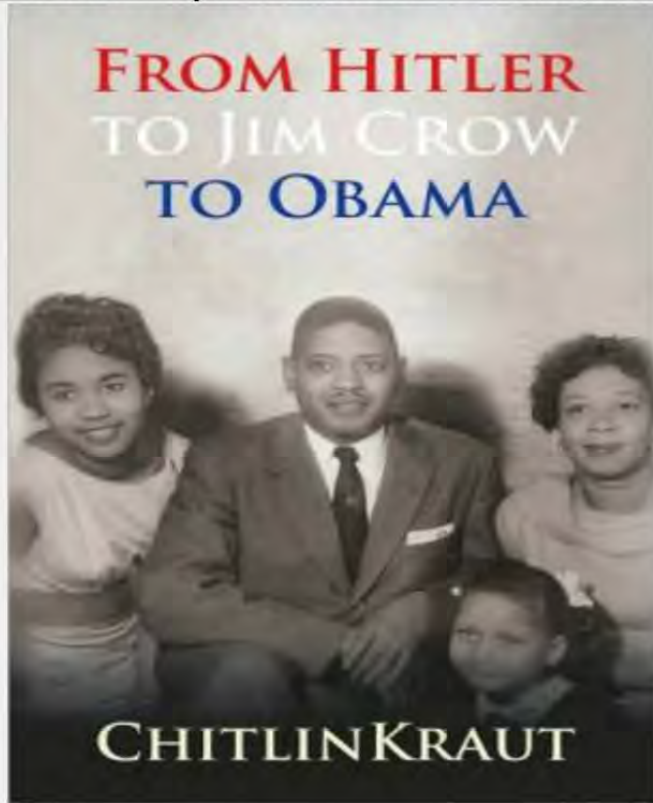
Despite Lilian's tortuous past, she has managed to survive and become matriarch of her family. Additionally, I am fascinated by her efforts to leave her family with things she did not have in life, those "things" one cannot buy, a means to understand --so their reality will be better. I find this not only fascinating, but admirable.

Surely, none of us is perfect and Lilian is surely the first to admit she is far from perfection, however what mortal is perfect? Well practiced with Lilian is her sense to do what is right to do when people are not looking. This speaks to the character of a woman I've grown to love and respect.

Everything happens for a reason in life and Lilian and I agree it was no accident our spirits bumped into one another in this great big universe, this place my friend has a deep connection with. Lilian looks for one thing every day she experiences and that's a lesson. She believes in every experience there is a lesson to be learned and she tenaciously works to learn it. Lilian's devotion to her family is probably the one characteristic about her that most endears her to me. I'm a better human being having experienced Lilian's light.

Respectfully,
Debra Ellick

Pre-election opinions about Barack Obama



DME Photography

Historical viewpoints
were gathered
between its pages—
showing the
"how and why"
a
"post-racial" society
may never come to
fruition, in a nation
based on
Freedom and Liberty.

TOM: is ChitlinKraut's book meant as racial bait?

DME: Why would assume that?

TOM: I assume nothing. I asked a question based on the copy provided (a "post-racial" society...in a nation based on Freedom and Liberty) and the name "Chitlinkraut" which sounds, to me, like a play on racially charged words. Tell me more please.

DME: The book is a compilation of stories, viewpoints and thoughts from this mischlingskinder who became a Gulf Coast resident displaced by Hurricanes Ivan and Katrina. This compilation took place during a period filled with dismay leading up to a hopeful 2008 Presidential campaign. My promise to displaced residents, "when" I found my audience for - From Hitler To Jim Crow To Obama - I would help

them rebuild their lives and not let their stories die.

I felt the need to publish this compilation when the owners of a writing site I was a member of and invested an appreciative amount of time contributing to decide to shut down. The site owners embraced a political viewpoint that did not allow for viewpoints from members who happened to embrace Democratic viewpoints which propelled me to take control of my content.

I realized my online experiences during that period leading up to the 2008 election would never happen again, a black man really had a shot at becoming America's first black President and he has a beautiful family and he is a learned and thoughtful man that appeared to have a heart for all people. I also realized the importance of showing the hearts of so-called good and upstanding and righteous Americans who called themselves Christians who became enraged.

From Hitler To Jim Crow To Obama is a one of a kind book because it documents influential people who were pissed by the color of Obama's skin. In fact, there were many firsts I recognized, how this site, this venue was one of the first online social media venues to employ strategies to benefit a political party. I refused to allow the NeoCon site owners to take sole ownership of content I researched and offered for discussion.

An illness I developed also propelled this urgency to publish. I held onto overwhelming hopes one day my prayers would be answered whether I was alive, or dead; that my grandson would discover From Hitler To Jim Crow To Obama. I came to realize one important fact, Jehovah Witnesses believe politics are wrong and his mother would probably never let my grandson know about the thoughts and considerations his "Oma" embraced. Perhaps knowing these things may help him understand himself a little better if I am not around to share them with him.



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.

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.

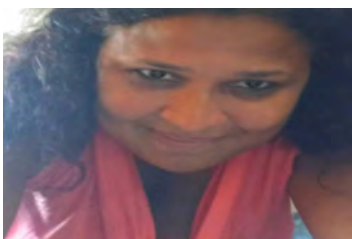
Although death and separation are at times unexpected the elderly in many instances prepare for the inevitable death which eventually is in every ones future. According to Erik Erikson the eighth stage of the theory of development is

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.



This is the end of the book

It calls for a few closing words, I think. There are times I tell a story and after I realize memory failed me stop and say: Oh no, I lied and then correct the storyline.

Well, as of this time in my life I feel I need rest and fun with the kids, my cat and lots of sunshine and reflection. Ones mind keeps forgetting we are mortal and by doing this plan too far in advance. I have decided to take one day at a time and enjoy breathing a bit longer and let myself be surprised by what the next day brings. So this is the last book for me, Or, I can always add to it and revise the editions of my stories.

Like always I can say to you: “OOPS, I LIED!”

It has been a great journey once again to have shared this year with you, laughed, cried and wish the world would settle down and become a peaceful place. Suppose it does, what lessons would there be to learn for the next classroom!?

Love and Light



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Fatima “LILIAN” Mustelier immigrated to the United States of America in 1966. She has resided in Olympia, Washington most of that time.

Once she worked as a CLM, later became a S.H.E.S. Minister. She holds an HDR. She is a UFO and Crop Circle Researcher, Speaker and Psychic.

Author of 9 books: And the Moral of the Story is...One Person at a Time, Remembering your Future, The Big P, 2 P's are better than 1, All I Can Do is P. 2012 so what am I still doing here, NUFF SAID. Leave the thinking to the horses, their head is bigger than yours and Cry more..”P” less.

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

She writes a monthly newsletter on her website www.highstrangeness.tv and a blog for [facebook.com/lilian mustelier](https://facebook.com/lilian.mustelier).

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