

NUFF SAID.....



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

**Cover Photo by Sten Westling**



**Forward by Michelle Moore, daughter.**

**My dad, Clarence Moore Jr was a man of wisdom and wonderful guidance. Although at times he lost his way he found it to a better place. He now rests with no pain, no suffering and no worries. Loved and cherished memories remain. He is truly missed by many but by none more than me.**

**Thank you for bringing my Mom to America so we can be who we are.**

**December 3, 1943-March 19, 2013**

## **And here are the Thank You's**

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

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

Anne, my greatest critic.

Tim and Wendell.

Anita Perez for saving you, the reader, from terrible spelling.

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

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

Lia Shapiro of Alien Tribe for her support and friendship.

Fritz Mayr for his beautiful music.

Sten Westling for the cover Photo.

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

## **My fans for cheering me on!**



## **HIGH STRANGENESS CONSTITUTES:**

An applied description for events that are so extraordinary that conventional systems of analysis produce only contradictions, as part of an overall spiritual evolution. They necessitate that the experiencer undergoes a paradigm shift that leads to a greater understanding.



## 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 2013 is safely tucked away in book form, this year also in E-Book form, if that is what it is called.

2013 was the last year I produced any new TV Shows, instead we are playing Encore presentations and completed downloads of 265 shows to Blip, Youtube and my website. Only 512 to go. Who would have imagined there was so much to talk about!

Did I tell you I mastered interviews 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 66 this year, I turned TV over to a younger face, HOWEVER... PEN picked me up and now I am airing on the internet channel and am guest on many of the new producer's shows and Blog Radio.

We added 7 new family members in 2013, of which 3 are my great grand babies.

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. So welcome to my Queendom and enjoy!

So there you are.... Ready, Set, GO!



## **So here is the Introduction.....**

***I first met Lilian Mustelier a bit over a year ago through my dear friend Anita Perez. We had many of the same interests-Tarot and Metaphysical Spirituality just to name a few- and we met on a social network. We had been listening to pod casts and would often critique them afterwards, noticing their strengths and discussing things that we would do differently. One day- I forget who- one of us said, "You know, we could do this!" And so, we did. Anita has an encyclopedic knowldege. I have a wide eyed curious wonder of everything around me. Together this makes for a quirky chemistry that seems to work. Doing programs with her has given us access to people we would never have otherwise had the opportunity to meet.***

I found my path later in life, and that is great. I believe that your "Path" finds you when it is your time. When I found my personal Pagan path my biggest dream was to read cards well enough that I could work for a phone line. That was the limited scope of my dreams. Since than I have grown and hopefully, evolved. My dreams and vision have expanded. In a relatively short time, I became a professional Tarot reader, wrote articles, helped to create several programs via pod/web casts and just finished my first novel. That is not to toot my own horn. One of the things that inspired me to do these things was seeing someone who demonstrated how to live your dreams without compromise, and stay true to yourself.

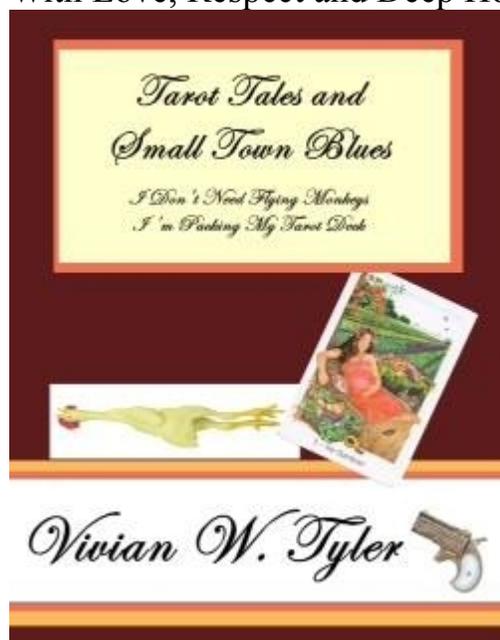
When I was growing up there was a TV commercial, and the children were refusing to try this new breakfast cereal. Then the one brother said "I know, let's get Mikey, He'll eat anything!" That is how I have come to view Lilian. When confronted with something I do not know or understand my first thought is, "Ask Lilian, she knows everything."

She has been on our programs often, and is a greater influence than you might imagine. Lilian has always made herself available for advice, wisdom, and guidance. One of the first things that struck me was her voice. Since English was not her primary language she has a bit of an accent- however I find it mesmerizing. It has a lovely lilt to it, and causes you to mentally slow down and take in what she has to say. When we talk I take those opportunities to savor the words, observations and pearls of wisdom she imparts. It is like a taste of delectable food that you savor a bit longer to get the full experience. Oddly I find her to be a bit of a chameleon, in so much as that if you ask someone if they know her they may not- however, she knows everyone. She has interviewed everyone and has friends from every continent, compiled of political figures, dignitaries, celebrities, authors, writers, musicians. This eclectic cast of characters are honestly her friends. I am not talking in terms of social media contacts. She actually knows them, has broken bread with them and shared many experiences and relationships on deeply intimate levels. She has 66 years filled with fascinating stories. For those of you who may not know my dear friend- it is like sitting at the feet of a master. She does not pull any punches. She is unafraid of being controvertial.

She has taken to heart the responsibility of being a good steward to the land, a friend to animals and the planet. Lilian's circle includes all political spectrums as well

socioeconomic sectors. Lilian has the wisdom to know that financial resources, and social prominence do not automatically make anyone a good person. She comes from the mentality that says, “No matter how little you have, you never have so little that you cannot share.” Those words express how she lives. Her phone rings constantly, and she is one of the first people tend to call on in a crisis. That is a good thing but her friends are on every continent so her phone is ringing constantly. Her perspective from not growing up here as a child, has not been a liability, by any means. I am amused how often she is perplexed by the things that impress and hold amazing value to people who grew up in our culture. If you want to discuss crop circles, UFO's, past life memories, how to trust your intuition and any other other worldly thing you may want to know, she is the person to talk to...however her expertise does not stop there. Lilian Mustelier has been doing her television show for years. She is the author of multiple books. She can tell you about lighting, staging, how to interview people, and put them at their ease. This is just a small collection of her stories. I invite you to sit back, relax and enjoy. This marvelous work is a compilation of articles and newsletters assembled in one place. It is composed in thirds. Her life story, the vast assortment of guests, and all of her newsletters. This is a vast treasure of information, wisdom and laughter from a woman who has crammed several lives into one life time. Her life has not been an easy one, however that has given her the compassion and understanding that surviving those things can give to you. Many say the most valuable lessons are those that are learned the hard way. I disagree. We can learn many valuable things if we just listen, observe and take note. This is much to be learned from this labor of love that Lilian is crafting as a tribute of love to her friends, fans, and the lives of the people who have touched her life and shared so freely in hers. I hope as you read it you will get to see my dear friend Lilian Mustelier through the same eyes that I do.

With Love, Respect and Deep Honor, Tarot Tidal (aka Tidal Miller)



## **And some nice words from a friend my friend Wendell Aumann**

*"I am fascinated with psychic abilities because they seem to work like magic, an ability to take a shortcut and cheat physics. Most of us have to gather every bit of clue to find a lost object or person, but here a person of high strangeness, Lilian, simply just asks a few seemingly irrelevant questions which connects to it in unknown ways that she herself probably have no clue how at all. She just sees things beyond the veil of physical reality.*

*I have yet to personally witness that ability, for I am waiting for a time to seek her psychic help, not wanting to be entangled with it. I am afraid, perhaps of being pulled into a world without perceivable grounds to stand on and become disoriented. For now, let me enjoy her friendship and see the world through her eyes. It comforts me to know that in the frightening dark places of this world, there is a friend who can give light to which way one should go."*

## **NEWSFLASH! Just as predicted, the world did not end.**

I am very late in writing the newsletter, in part, I don't know where to start and the thought of me wasting my time had also occurred to me, since we seem to replay the same disk hoping for a different ending. It would appear we could at least push the pause button, yet, we don't.

I removed most of the doors in my house. I like privacy, yet, I also like to see what is going on around me. The beads are perfect, they separate and at the same time allow me to look into the other rooms, if I so choose.... AND, they act as an alarm system.

If anything or anyone enters, leaves or attempts to snoop, the beads rattle and alert me of a presence other than myself. The cat is very skillful and walks, runs, slides and sneaks under the beads and moves around undetected, which is fine, she OWNS this house.

Like many others, I am sure, I always thought that once a law is passed, it is a law. I familiarize myself with as many as I can in January, to make sure I remain a law abiding citizen.

I remember the Brady Bill to assist with sales of assault weapons.

I remember tax cuts for struggling families.

I remember reading what Social Security is and is designed to do.

I remember opening a letter was a federal offense.

After the school shooting many people ask to have the Brady Bill or something similar to be reenacted. It should not have gotten rid of in the first place.

Tax cuts were put in place for recovery of the economy. It should not be abandoned in mid stream.

Social Security is a separate entity aside from the government and should not be part of political hostage taking.

The Post-office should not be made a scape goat for "Crazies and unresolvable rules and regulations."



Making predictions 18 months in advance is a little bit like looking through my beads. You can see just enough to know when something is out of place.

**Some of the predictions for 2012 were:**

1. Distraction, disquiet, immobility.

2. Disloyalty, weakness of purpose, disagreement, lack of communication, hotheadedness, and a certain degree of violence. Be suspicious and pay attention to your environment. Restate facts that seem ambiguous, demagogic acts and gestures.

3. Swan death song. Guttural noises sound will be heard afterward.

**BENGAZI**

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

**IN PROGRESS....FISCAL CLIFF.**

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

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

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

**ONGOING..... IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE LOST CONTROL OF OUR MIND AND COUNTRY.**

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

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

**SHOOTING SPREES**

9. Cyclones, hurricanes, lighting from the sky. Challenging.

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

- Courts will be involved in the elections.
- At least one major homeland event will happen.
- Icebergs will move more than expected.
- Iraq will end up the way it started.
- Death penalty cases will be put on hold.
- Religious scandals will multiply.
- Food recalls will become necessary.
- A made up health scare will be announced.
- Many people will lose health care.
- Power outages.
- Tentacles I made reference to are politicians keeping the President in a

vice, don't think that has anything to do with which Party rules, it is like a Pirate for power.

- **2012 will again start a new era, one we use to identify time periods.**

Looks like replaying the end of the year play back reel, if I say so myself.

Remember, the reason for the predictions is so we avoid problems, which we locate ahead of time. I often wondered how it would feel to say” We were 100% WRONG!

It appeared nothing would change and we were right. Same crap!

**Lets take a peep at 2013!**

1. Country has to remain feminine because it is highlighted by a greater number of suicides, robberies, murders, etc.

2. It represents sadness, grief, bad spiritual experiences, uncontrollable fear and slander. We have to balance the yin and the yang. We have to go beyond the material to deepen the crystalline and limpid waters to reach high values.

3. Changes in Capricorn and in Virgo. Venus and Saturn acting in close relationships. In sum the trilogy of a united Earth.

4. Do not let stubbornness blind you. Do not covert more than you deserve. Danger of envy, corruption, fraudulent contracts, blackmail and extortion.

5. You are in a less comfortable position. It will demand resources that may not be practical or evolve as an exchange – like a barter or payment in kind or so on.

6. Unhealthy jealousy. Accident with cutting items. Surgery and operations. Sadness and sorrow. On commercial and industrial levels.

7. Since the planet Venus governs the Bull, you will encounter some gentleness in upcoming agreeable times. The Bull appears ready to charge.

8. Truth cannot be hidden or detained. Ignorance and foolishness of the hangman. You are stopping what needs to naturally evolve wanting to find

other sources of destinies.

9. Chances for change. Aries, Leo, Sagittarius.

10. Self-examination, communication difficulties. Check up should be recommended however small by specialists. Recovery and improvement from state to state that will happen in time.

11. Lose your house.

12. Characteristics of a leader that can take in any activity. Effort will be noticed but you need the power of decision.

13. Someone wants something that belongs to us, creditors. Caution!

I think the unnecessary irresponsibility by our politicians will linger for some time. I am unable to understand what possesses some of the lawmakers in their destructive thinking and decision making.

I also feel like it will be harder for anyone to utter their opinions without repercussions shortly, which is unfortunate for those of us, who try to keep you informed.

I am confined to my home many days. I managed to make my dwelling operational for my needs. Not perfect due to the lack of funds, but manageable for my needs and what I have to work with.

I have a NOAAH Radio, which alerted me to the state of emergency our Governor declared during the Ice storm of 2012, because she was alarmed at the loss of milk, in case the trucks were unable to transport the goods.

I have basic cable, which allowed me to hear President Obama mention spilled milk in the State of the Union Address.

I have pencil and paper, which allows me to add numbers and take a look at the disaster of the possibility of expiration of the Farm Bill and what that will do to hungry people.

I added up the money I spend on my beads.... I should have bought a COW!

Love and Light  
Lilian

## February 2013 Newsletter

ICE! BAM! Instead of kissing the wheelchair ramp I caught the fall and moved my hips out of place just enough to have to lay around for the rest of the month and beyond. Our present dilemma with Ice and ice-fog is far better than it was in 2012, 9 days without power and exploding trees...even at that ....it is ungodly cold. The friends in Australia are burning up, 115 degree weather. They send me virtual sunshine and I return with virtual snowballs.



*Photo from the KOMO website. It is Mt. Rainer as seen from Graham, WA.  
YouNews contributor jinneym*

So while all of this beauty or hardship... depends how you look at it... I am parked on my couch resting my hips. A couple of years ago I raised my sofa by 4 inches in order to take the pressure off my back while sitting on it, so when I recline on it, the height is a bit awkward. Have to turn off the lights and I am unable to see the Television. That in itself is not a problem, having monitored all the news channels during the election for 12 months, I know every one's voice in the BoobTube. I know my way around the living room and can determine by sound if anything changes. Everything is within reach, the remote, the phone, SKYPE, Coffee... I only smoke while I am up and moving, that is on the opposite side of the room... and Ms. Girley, the cat, is lounging in my armpit under the blanket. So here I lay....

The neighbor is turning off her porch light and leaving for work. She only works ever so often, makes me think of a post on my FB by Veronica German. *Americans need to know that if you are over 50 years of age and you lose your job, it is very unlikely that you will receive another full time position. Knowing this will help with your planning. Many of my peers mortgaged their homes to earn further credentials, green building certification, Masters, Ph. D., contractors license, etc. when they met with lay off only to uncover they are denied access and locked out. Make plans with your savings as if there is no more job for you. Endless Blessings.*

Aleia Leighland and I discussed this on her Radio Show a couple of months ago. Times are really changing, I remember when I noticed some of the waitresses I know were now middle age, they must have been working at the same place forever. I did not notice things like that when young, guess getting old was so removed from my thoughts, it did not occur to me this would ever become an issue.

Guess it is time to stretch a bit and turn over.... I drove through town last Friday night at 6:30 PM or so. I was in awe of how quiet and deserted the place looked. Hardly anyone walking, no one in the downtown Starbucks. No one sitting at the tables on the sidewalks in front of the little restaurants sipping on something. No Street Musicians, no Artists, no panhandlers, no one at the park and the bus station bench in front was empty also. Olympia ordinances have forbidden to drive...cruising... around the block, or sitting on the sidewalk. The town looks lifeless. Locals objected to traffic and Homelessness, so all the ANTI RULES were put into place and if you asked me...even if you don't.. I'll tell you. It looks like someone killed the town after dark. How do you practically outlaw homelessness without helping people who need it?

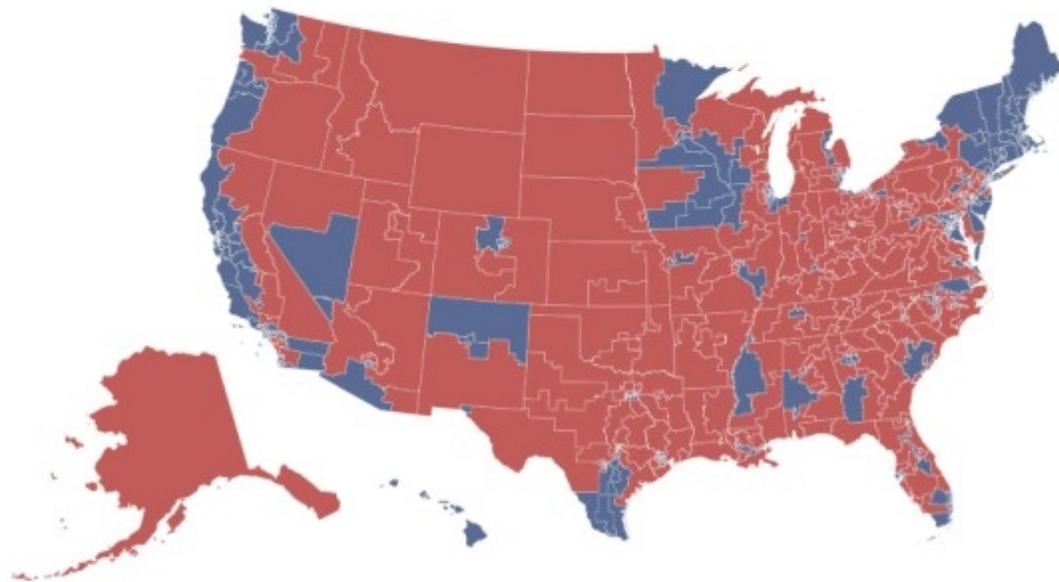
Chris Mathews on MSNBC is explaining how in some states the Republican Party has started to redistrict counties so it makes it impossible for Democrats to win a Presidential Election in 2016 and thereafter. I thought the election was over and we were able to breathe and concentrate on making a better place for our offspring. The HATE continues. I don't understand. So much turmoil from within, was this a report from a foreign country, I would assume it was heading for a coup. Silly thought, this is America. Better move around a bit my mind is playing tricks on me.

**This is what the 2012 Election would look like under the Republicans' Vote-Rigging Plan and what it may look like in 2016.**

**President Obama would have won the popular vote by 4.66 million votes but would have lost the election by 11 electoral votes.**

Obama 262

Romney 273



I LOVE IT when I wake up in the morning and BARACK OBAMA is President

mvp

A fluff here, a fluff there, really getting hard to get comfy after a while, but here I am still lying on the Sofa.

Wondering why it is so hard for me to drive after dark. All of a sudden I am as blind as a bat. Dark street ahead of me, oncoming traffic blinding me and big vehicles behind me blinding me though all of my mirrors. Transition lenses. **When wearing transition lenses the simultaneous change of extreme light and dark confuse the glasses.** It is possible to see things, which are not there and miss things which are. The other day I thought I saw something crossing the road and I slammed on my brakes. It was a mailbox disguised as the head of a fawn. Later a person in dark clothes wandered onto the street and I did not see her or him. I am not going to drive in traffic after dark any more.

Our First Lady looked marvelous during the Inauguration. Not since Jackie Kennedy has a First Lady set an example to so many young women... and oh, the fashion! We ALL wanted that coat she was wearing, it was the chatter on the social sites.

I was on my way home at 5:15PM. To my left the Sun was shining bright, blue skies and a little pink. Straight ahead of me were gray and black ominous clouds. To my left, the full Moon and night was coming across the horizon. I have never seen a combination and colliding of day and night before. It will be in my memory from here on in.

January was slow, or it felt that way. Laying around is not my cup of tea. I am grateful I have a couch, firewood and food, so many have so much less or nothing at all. Let me get up and sit for a while and do what I do well. Drink coffee, smoke and figure out my next move...when it comes to this crazy hip dilemma.

Justin Timberlake bought MySpace. He made some changes and people, especially Artists, are starting to hang out again. I have always maintained my blog on the site, but it is nice to revisit some old friends. While I was hanging out on MYSPACE someone had posted the following on my Facebook Timeline. I am unable to give a credit, it was not noted, so I will call it – by anonymous.

- 1.If someone in a Home Depot store offers you assistance and they don't work there, you live in Washington.
2. If you've worn shorts, sandals and a parka at the same time, you live in Washington.
3. If you've had a lengthy telephone conversation with someone who dialed the wrong number, you live in Washington.
4. If you measure distance in hours, you live in Washington.
5. If you know several people who have hit a deer more than once, you live in Washington.
6. If you have switched from 'heat' to 'A/C' and back again in the same day, you live in Washington.
7. If you can drive 75 mph through 2 feet of snow during a raging blizzard

without flinching, you live in Central, Southern or Eastern Washington.

8. If you design your kid's Halloween costume to fit over 2 layers of clothes or under a raincoat, you live in Washington.

9. If driving is better in the winter because the potholes are filled with snow and ice, you live in Washington.

10. If you know all 4 seasons: almost winter, winter, still winter, and road construction, you live in Washington.

11. If you feel guilty throwing aluminum cans or paper in the trash, you live in Washington.

12. If you know more than 10 ways to order coffee, you live in Washington.

13. If you know more people who own boats than air conditioners, you live in Washington.

14. If you stand on a deserted corner in the rain waiting for the "Walk" signal, you live in Washington.

15. If you consider that if it has no snow or has not recently erupted, it is not a real mountain, you live in Washington.

• 16. If you can taste the difference between Starbucks, Seattle's Best, and Tullys, you live in Washington.

17. If you know the difference between Chinook, Coho and Sockeye salmon, you live in Washington.

18. If you know how to pronounce Sequim, Puyallup, Abiqua, Issaquah, Snoqualamie, Wenatchee, Spokane, Umpqua, Yakima and Willamette, you live in Washington.

19. If you consider swimming an indoor sport, you live in Washington.

20. If you can tell the difference between Japanese, Chinese and Thai food, you live in Washington.

21. If you never go camping without waterproof matches and a poncho, you live in Washington.

22. If you have actually used your mountain bike on a mountain, you live in Washington.

23. If you think people who use umbrellas are either wimps or tourists, you live in Washington.

24. If you buy new sunglasses every year because you cannot find the old ones after such a long time, you live in Washington.

25. If you actually understand these jokes and forward them to all your Washington friends, you live or have lived in Washington.

I turned 65 and was put into a new healthcare plan. I now have to buy my medications at Walmart. I asked my current pharmacy to transfer my records. It turns out the only thing transferred was the name of the prescription. It took many trials and errors to figure out what drugs were compatible with me, I have MANY allergies, so I wanted to make sure Walmart knew of my challenges. The Lady at Walmart was very nice and explained that more often than NOT only outstanding prescriptions are being transferred. I told the Pharmacist that when I get frustrated I walk away from a situation, to please be patient and allow me to come back later. She thought it was great I told her about my behavior under extreme stress and added: "Let me know if you want me to give you a hug." Unknown to me a long line had formed behind me and a man started waving his hands and shouted: "FREE HUGS, FREE HUGS!" **PLEASE CHECK WITH YOUR PHARMACY what their policy is, if you don't know that the old files are not being transferred you could get hurt!**

Here is something one can scratch one's head about. If a woman is employed while on pregnancy leave and has exhausted her sick leave, has no income, there is no social backup for her, because it is the past income which is considered. Any owed income is used for medical insurance and deductions. She is unable to collect unemployment if she terminates herself, so please check on all your options or you and Baby will end up in a shelter while you can say: "I HAVE a job!"

Love and Light

Lilian

P.S My book 2012. So what am I still doing here is up for free download.

New from Fritz Mayr..... Chill around the world, enjoy!

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j0lTaipYI0>

## March 2013 Newsletter

Oh, where to start, oh, where to start! February is usually the month when I write about weather and hopes for spring time and the wonderful expectations, which come along with looking forward to flowers and blooms. Delphina Nova summerized part of February best by the following post:

It's really funny when you speak to people and they say nothing is happening. Gosh..this week alone, the Pope has stepped down (first time in 700 yrs.), a lightning bolt hit the Vatican, we had an asteroid fly-by, a meteorite crashed into Russia, another hit Cuba, another did a flyby over San Francisco, major quakes and tsunamis on Solomon Islands, Santa Cruz Islands, a cruise ship stranded for days in the Gulf of Mexico.

Today.a quake in Rome.

~~~ All at the tail end of the Water Dragon and the New Moon of the Black Water Snake. ~~~~~ Not to mention all the swirling in people's lives. So...for 2013....New Year....Year of the snake...Change, change, change. Plenty of action. Water! Emotions. More flooding world wide and yes.....tsunamis.

Make sure you get some play time in. Get your surfboards handy for the unexpected. Time to surf.

Love and Blessings,  
Migwitch,  
Delphina Nova 2013

The State of the Union Adress was quiet interesting and the Speaker of the House looked like he lost his best friend. <http://www.whitehouse.gov/state-of-the-union-2013>

The Skies over Tumwater, WA were very active. A couple of nights I saw an airplane...if that is what it was..... It looked like one of those big Ram Trucks with a rack of lights on the top. It was because of the rack of lights I was so puzzled and not sure what it was.

One Monday at 3:40 in the afternoon, a large plane flew over my house. Everything was rattling, so when I opened the door to see what was shaking the house, here was a plane, which made NO SOUND I could hear, yet, it shook my house. It was way too large to have taken off at the small airport I live next to.

I was blessed with a new Great Grand Daughter AVA LEIGH, did we welcome her ever!

She arrived at the time we had the Asteroid Flyby.

Speaking of the flyby:

In 2003, I was lucky enough to spend 8 days in the presence of some of the most knowledgeable scientists and analysts on the subjects of flying objects in space. I learned a lot and for that reason kept close track of the Asteroid over the years. I decided not to do a story on my show about it, because there was so much hype about the end of the world according to the Mayan Calender and since so many people preached the Doomsday Scenario, I did not want to overload people with one more thing to worry about.

Since the Asteroid flyby took place below the space where our satellites are located...that was CLOSE...when it became apparent a massive solar flare was also occurring during the same time. Normally, when necessary during a solar storm, the orbiting satellites are turned to prevent power problems on the planet. In this case this was not possible, because there was an asteroid in the way and could have easily collided with the satellites.

Prior to the date of the actual flyby problems started to surface. All Cell phones in Texas, except AT&T, were down, power outages during the Superbowl...it was blamed on mechanical problems... lost power in many places. People were frustrated and outright nasty for no reason. This later changed to disoriented and disassociated.

On Friday, the actual day of the event, I was scheduled to be a guest on a radio show. The way it works, the hosts set up for their show, which involves an online broadcast. A slideshow or showing of pictures of the people you are listening to. A phone line for listeners to call in to ask questions, a Skype for participants and a thread or feed for the listeners which want to make comments on Facebook while the show is airing.

Everything was in place and everything unraveled on my end. The following is the actual conversation between the hosts and myself trying to fix the problem.

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

is there a thread we can add to my timeline for the show

[Anita Perez](#)

?

what did you have in mind?I posted the link to your wall and a thing about you and a thing about Mihai

8:59pm

[Anita Perez](#)

one minute to showtime

9:01pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

they have to call me I keep getting someone else

9:03pm

[Anita Perez](#)

oh how strange

I'm so sorry!

can I have your number

9:06pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

360.923.9594

9:07pm

[Anita Perez](#)

we're having a terrible echo he's trying to call you now you need to add him to your contact list he's trying to Skype you

9:10pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

K try again

9:10pm

[Anita Perez](#)

k, I'll tell him he's trying again, now

9:14pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

I am right here. nothing

9:15pm

[Anita Perez](#)

oh no!

can you try calling in again (646)378-1114

9:17pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

I am calling that number/ I keep getting non English speaking people who ask me where I am EVERY TIME, total of 9

9:17pm

[Anita Perez](#)

so sorry! that is the call in number they always use

9:19pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

it is a man in NY and he is NOT happy because I keep calling

9:19pm

[Anita Perez](#)

we are trying to figure it out OK, we put on some music- that will buy us a few minutes to try and get you in

are you in?

9:21pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

I am listening

9:22pm

[Anita Perez](#)

are you connected?

9:22pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

Skype is working, they need to call me per phone

9:22pm

[Anita Perez](#)

I don't think we can call your phone, Skype is ringing and ringing it's trying to connect

9:24pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

Don't know what to tell you

9:24pm

[Anita Perez](#)

can you get online and click the Skype button? on the btr page

9:24pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

I am on Skype

9:24pm

[Anita Perez](#)

were you able to connect?

9:25pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

connect where. I am on

9:25pm

[Anita Perez](#)

you are! oh thank goodness

9:26pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

not the show

9:26pm

[Anita Perez](#)

oy

can you go to the show page, and click on the blue button in the top right?

<http://www.blogtalkradio.com/tidalmiller/2013/02/16/the-chemical-artisans-hour-1>

at the top of the show window, to the right, there is a blue button

9:28pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

my Skype is a different computer

9:28pm

[Anita Perez](#)

Oh we don't know what to do that number has never done that to us before

9:29pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

I don't either, just called the number again, he is mad. ASTROID DAY!

9:29pm

[Anita Perez](#)

I'm so sorry- I have no control of that, LOL

9:30pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

Lol my Skype is psygeria1

9:30pm

[Anita Perez](#)

such crazy luck

9:30pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

maybe they forgot the 1

9:31pm

[Anita Perez](#)

I don't know he was calling your other Skype

9:31pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

OK

9:31pm

[Anita Perez](#)

no, he tried psygeria1 also

9:31pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

It is no longer there, I canceled that

9:32pm

[Anita Perez](#)

oh

9:32pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

what is this

9:32pm

[Anita Perez](#)

Tidal Hudson we don't know what to do so which Skype account is the current one? the Lilian one? or the psygeria1 one?

9:34pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

psygeria1

9:34pm

[Anita Perez](#)

it's still ringing, trying to connect

9:41pm

[Anita Perez](#)

I don't know what to do!

9:42pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

talked to Tidal, he lost everyone and they're are playing 3 songs on top of each other on the show now everything stopped

9:45pm

[Anita Perez](#)

we ended the show, it just spiralled out of control

9:45pm

[Lilian Mustelier](#)

OK

ASTROID1

I called the number on the 16th to again apologies to the stranger I had called and explain what I had attempted to do. You guessed it! The number was back to normal.



Meteorite fragments recovered in Russia so far.

One of the people I met back in 2003 at the conference was Valery Uvarov, from the National Security Academy of Russia ...

Up to that point his main research was about the Tunguska Meteorite event in 1908. He wrote several articles about his research in NEXUS magazine. As of this moment, I am unable to find those articles but encountered many people on the internet, who are also wondering what happened to his articles.

I would have preferred Valery's article, since this is not possible for me at this point here is a link to a NASA write up on the Tunguskaa Event and also a link to Wikipedia [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tunguska\\_event](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tunguska_event).

It was an eventful February. Much of the world is experiencing horrendous weather and we are again in fear of our money crisis in our country. We call it: Sequester. We are 2 days away from loosing essential assistance for people in need. That will be the subject of next month's newsletter.

We are being bombarded with fear factors and stress. I can understand

unpreventable events from space, but I cannot understand the man made burdens constantly imposed on us as a people.

What to do, what to do.... I can wait for the approaching Comet and ride it's Tail!

Love and Light

Lilian

P.S. This video documents the events that occurred on 2/14/2013-2/15/2013 of a number of meteors crashed to earth in the wake of asteroid 2012da14 flyby. Sightings and explosions were recorded in Japan, Russia, San Francisco and Cuba see the remarkable footage.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HEdFpRJDm0>

I got a hold of Mr Uverov right before posting the newsletter. Valery Uverov made it possible for you to read his article, so here it is! Thank you Valery.

PLEASE READ!

<http://wands.ru/tunguzka.pdf>

How about THAT!!!!

## April 2013 Newsletter

Voices in your head——Lucky-Me, depending how one would decipher that, it appears that at certain times I get thoughts or hunches I follow. This time I spent 92 hours of “RESEARCH” to see if anything ever changes or if we have always been in a fog of self righteousness. It was rather mundane to Google for many things, so I decided to renew my Netflix subscription and watch movies from the time eras I was seeking. As a film maker I realized I CANNOT always present a story in a total duplicate to how it looked; in fact some documentaries are reconstructions of an event or time period in the best way to portray the subject they cover and in a way that is understandable to the target audience. Having said and realized that, I started in Europe from 1349 to 1910.

By studying the thought patterns, behavior, education and religious background of said periods, one can easily see the cast setup of societies of those times and regions.

Most movies, especially about Royalty, have a dual story line. The movies deal with the lives of the Elite, since that makes us feel good and it's pleasant to look at. Pretty Ladies in their blush dresses, servants, big castles and the ever ending search for more riches for either an inheritance or a suitable marriage to further the wealth agenda. It entered daily discussions and scheming around the dinner table and was a way of life. The fact that servants lived under their own roofs or in very close proximity made absolutely no impact to their society and line of thinking...and vice versa.

My biological sister and I grew up separately and wound up on different continents.

Now, that we are on the back side of sixty we have agreed to compare our history, behaviors, likes and dislikes within our biological family. It is amazing how much we are alike, or at least similar in our thinking and decision making to this day, even though we should have adjusted to our separate environments. It led us to the conclusion that many things we think, feel and just know and do have to be GENETIC.

At first we thought they were learned behavior.... except that would not apply, since we grew up in such totally different surroundings and were not twins. We also took a good look at our blood ancestry and were able to re-enforce our findings through said process.

We were almost shocked at some things and events we discovered. My sister was aware of some things and I was aware of others. Somehow the

combination of our knowing formed a somewhat accurate.... or at least....plausible story line, and gave us an uncanny insight into our ancestry and WHY we do the things we do automatically, and why we believe it or not. Our great-grand children display the same traits...even though we are a much more diverse ethnic mixture than we were before.

This is a photo of our Grandfather on our Mother's side. It was taken in early 1900.



Europe was pretty much in the Medieval times when the Moors invaded most of the European continent. They brought culture, architecture, classical music and RULED for 800 years.

[http://realhistoryww.com/world\\_history/ancient/Misc/True\\_Negros/The\\_True\\_Negro\\_2a.htm](http://realhistoryww.com/world_history/ancient/Misc/True_Negros/The_True_Negro_2a.htm)

It is only logical to assume that once power was seized and new Royal lines were established, there was no going back. Roles were reversed, and when Europeans occupied other cultures, it was natural for them to adopt the idea that staying in a superior position was essential.

Fast forward to the American Continent, and the power struggle continued. It would also be logical, to this writer, that division in shades of skin color entered into the equation.

This can also be observed in Creole culture within our own land.

Many more cultures were added and suppressed. The financial empire continued to funnel into Europe during the building of the American-Mexican railroad. It continues to this day, once you continue to trace the ancestry of the modern Elite class.

It would appear resentment of the Royals toward outsiders, foreigners and peasants is on some level rampant, especially within the last decade.

Several friends invited me to see the movie "**Lincoln**". I declined because it was my opinion that the movie was not historically accurate. History books in other countries often document historical events and people rather differently than we do in the United States. (It is now available on Comcast on Demand for

\$4.99.) Unable to sleep I watched it last night. I thought the movie was excellent, not only that, it was accurate. I am sure Mr. Steven Spielberg had something to do with that. I was in awe that everyone I had talked to about it in the past missed a very important point. It was not President Lincoln's life story, as I was lead to believe; it was about the 13th Amendment! It showed the reason why it was so important to pass such a law in such a short time. Had the decision to free the slaves been overturned, and the Northern Union forces won the war, Africans would have still been considered property and it would have been a very costly undertaking for the upcoming newly established country. Peace was only accomplished after after the 13th Amendment passed. When I first came to this country I befriended Dr. Edgar I. Fuller. He was at one time the treasurer for the KKK. He exposed many ugly facts about the organization and was expelled from the South. He wrote 2 books which were both banned.

The Millstrom, which only 1 copy existed under lock and key at a library/museum- (...not sure which one....) in Detroit, MI. and another book, which dealt with the Civil War and contained pictures of documents proving why the War had very little to do with slavery.

It was hard to search for the book, due to it's title, which is offensive by present day standards. It was under the following heading:

PC alternative to "nigger in the woodpile"

I only found ONE post:

"I am not a member and just happened upon this site. Just wanted to mention that I have a book entitled, "Nigger in the Woodpile" by Dr. Edgar I. Fuller". I was just looking for it to give some more info about it but can't lay my hands on it at the moment. Dr. Fuller is my wife's grandfather. He died in 1980 in Lacey, Washington.  
Don."

What I did NOT expect in the movie "Lincoln" was the reversal of the principle of our two present Parties. During that era, Republicans were the compassionate party for the people, and it was the Democratic Party which was totally draconian. I watched a second time, just to be sure that I arrived at the correct conclusion.

In March 2013, we as a people have been very occupied with two issues and new words:

### **Austerity**

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia:

"In economics, **austerity** describes policies used by governments to reduce budget deficits during adverse economic conditions. These policies can include spending cuts, tax increases, or a mixture of the two. Austerity policies demonstrate governments' liquidity to their creditors and credit rating agencies

by bringing fiscal income closer to expenditure.

Most of Europe tried this as a fix for their financial troubles and it was shown not to work.”

**se·ques·ter**

/sə'kwestər/

Verb

Isolate or hide away (someone or something): “the artist sequestered himself in his studio for two years”.

Noun

A general cut in government spending.

Synonyms

verb.

sequester – seize – isolate – impound – insulate

noun.

segregation – sequestration

Whether intentionally or not, this turned out to hurt a large segment of people on a very deep level.

This is from the official White House website. Please take a look and see how your State is effected by this action.

**White House estimates of state-by-state impacts of sequestration**

**View state profiles:**

To pressure congressional Republicans to compromise on a way to prevent the looming \$85 billion in automatic spending cuts, the White House on Sunday released estimates of how it says the so-called sequester — scheduled to take effect March 1 — could affect programs in every state. The GOP has questioned this administration’s methodology.

[Read more coverage.](#)

**Here is the breakdown by category:**

[Teachers and schools](#)

[Work-study jobs](#)

[Head Start](#)

[Job-search assistance](#)

[Military readiness](#)

[Law enforcement](#)

[Child care](#)

[Vaccines for children](#)

[Public health](#)

[Nutrition assistance for seniors](#)

[STOP Violence Against Women Program](#)

[Clean air and water](#)

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-srv/special/politics/sequestration-state-impact/>

What I learned during these many hours of reviewing history showed me that until we become ONE HUMAN RACE with equal opportunity and equal rights for ALL, it allows for little room to change our circumstances in present day.

Anti-discrimination laws are of little avail.

We cannot expect a class of people with NO point of reference as to how the rest of the people live, to EVER understand why we need equality in RESPECT and the right to provide for our families. I am of the opinion that since things were done a certain way it is an in-bred part of some people's existence and way of life.

Since they have neither a point of reference nor see any other way of looking at things, it cannot change the way they feel.

I KNOW that we can show love and compassion to our fellow man and give a fair chance to those of us who need it. In case I am just outright wrong.....

**...Fetch for yourself...**

Love and Light

Lilian

[Faces of America with Henry Louis Gates Jr.](#) > Videos B

## **May 2013 Newsletter**

PLEASE NOTE: I STARTED THIS NEWSLETTER on April 3rd.

The advantage I have of having selected friends from around the world in my social media like Facebook and Twitter is that I am so able to be informed. For those of you, who have shied away from such sites, let me explain what is involved in my association with so many people. Rather than being afraid of massive exposure to the world in which we now live, I find it an amazing tool. Before allowing anyone to join my "Facebook family" I take the time to learn a little about the people requesting entrance and if at all possible, speak to them at least once either per phone or Skype. By doing this, rather than relying on just a few information sources with key players in my evolution, I have been able to expand my pool of information and acquaintance with some of the most beautiful people from around the world. As a result there are almost 500 friends who are engaging in conversation about our world, the way we now know it. We share experiences, pictures, fashions, politics, music, causes and everything which we feel is important.

**No fly zone? If any of our FBF have anyone on the ground, please post/twitter for us NOW**



No fly zone confirmed above Mayflower, Arkansas oil spill!

Just like in the case of the GULF Oil Spill.... As expected friends in my network were able to keep us informed, long before the national news posted updates. We exchanged pictures of extreme weather and local goings on, which became important to the rest of the country and/or world long before it caught the attention of the main-stream media.

Amber Alerts have resulted in fast responses and I am happy to say I was personally able to locate two missing persons before their disappearances became critical.

Often families are estranged from each other, we compare notes and render encouragement to one another. And oh yeah... there is the support we render each other when it happens to a loved one or a stranger.....death.

Baby-boomers is the name given to my generation, starting with those of us conceived during and at the end of WW2 and born right after the war. Baby-boomers are now at an age, in which many of us are old and in the winter phase of our lives.

There have always been generational surges in life and death, except it is somewhat noticeable right now, since there are so many of us at a stage in our lives when it is time to leave this plane and transition to the next life.

The medicine wheel of life is circular.

It has 4 directions and 4 seasons.

The natural order of life is:

**Birth,**

**Adolescence,**

**Adulthood**

**Wisdom/Old age.**

It is time for my generation to step aside.

It is time for people to understand the natural order of things.

It is time for people to abandon learned behavior and teachings as to wanting to change the order of life and death.

At the moment many are struggling with the issue of death. Whether premature, suddenly or in accordance with, what we assume is the circle of life-time, the eventuality remains the same. Appreciate people while they are walking the Earth, show love for one another, and remember there is a time when the hourglass will have to be turned, so the process can repeat.

On Easter I watched a watchathon on free HBO.

Season 1 of: The Newsroom..... I liked it a lot because it showed the struggle behind the scenes of the newsroom. It showed how they constructed the stories, much like I do my newsletter, to make it historically true, of validity at the later time period so we can feel good about knowing factually what is true.

And here was THE story of the month of April: the Boston Bomb attack.

The social medias went into high gear almost immediately.

Google set up a site: Google Person Finder: social sites at their finest.

People from all around the world posted pictures, thoughts and theories.

People all of a sudden remembered not only Boston, but also numerous people killed in attacks around the world and “Collateral Damage” from drone strikes.

Main stream Media appeared to run behind in their reporting and what appeared to be a parallel investigation/fact-finding reports between News and social media.

When the Assassins were identified everyone wanted to help— if you will.

Some jumped the gun...no pun intended...and identified the wrong young man due to an overload of “HELPER.” This is the result:

**CONFIRMED:** Brown University student falsely identified as Boston bombing suspect found dead in Providence River. His name was Sunil Tripathi; he was 22 years old. So sad that so many did not even notice that part of the story. Some of us lit a candle for the last victim of the tragedy in Boston.

<http://www.usatoday.com/story/news/2013/04/25/boston-bombing-social-media-student-brown-university-reddit/2112309/>

After locating the REAL culprits during the original shootout with police, a man,

who lived directly kitty corner above the scene, on Twitter stuck his computer out of the window and made it possible for some of us, who happened to be on Twitter to watch the drama unfold below him on the street. Since there was no media allowed, the story was reported somewhat differently than I actually saw it unfold on the man's computer. Boston was put into a lock down...it was not called that... and PRIVACY investigation talk about what it is NOT.

We were able to send condolences to the people of West, TX, after the explosion in the fertilizer facility, and the destruction of their town, which got little or no coverage on TV.

So for you "Late Bloomers" it is OK to join Social Media. Wonderful connections and friendships are formed, and if you manage to sort out what is factual from photo-shopped, it is a wonderful way to enrich your life. Not to worry, you will spot the fakes in no time!

SKYPE is amazing, I am able to visit friends around the world, watch them cook, show off my new acquisitions from the second hand store, fix coffee and see new babies grow. I have finally figured out how to do interviews for my show with my dinosaur equipment, using SKYPE and my filming of new shows will resume. In the mean time some of us are making the rounds on Blog Talk Radio and PEN, an online TV Network.

An update on Stick and Bug, my stickbugs....they are well and it would appear are able to live another 4 years, along with Pole, the newcomer.

| <b>WORD</b>      | <b>Rearrange the letters</b> |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| DORMITORY        | DIRTY ROOM                   |
| PRESBYTERIAN     | BEST IN PRAYER               |
| ASTRONOMER       | MOON STARER                  |
| DESPERATION      | A ROPE ENDS IT               |
| THE EYES         | THEY SEE                     |
| GEORGE BUSH      | HE BUGS GORE                 |
| THE MORSE CODE   | HERE COME DOTS               |
| SLOT MACHINES    | CASH LOST IN ME              |
| ANIMOSITY        | IS NO AMITY                  |
| ELECTION RESULTS | LIES LET'S RECOUNT           |
| MOTHER-IN-LAW    | WOMAN HITLER                 |
| SNOOZE ALARMS    | ALAS NO MORE Z'S             |
| A DECIMAL POINT  | IM A DOT IN PLACE            |
| THE EARTHQUAKES  | THAT QUEER SHAKE             |
| ELEVEN PLUS TWO  | TWELVE PLUS ONE              |

When in town many of my conversations go something like this. “How are you...”OLD”. More often than not I can see a startled question mark on their face, in which case.... remember I am informed.... I continue with: “Don’t worry, according to the latest reports the Aflac Duck has recovered.”

Love and Light  
Lilian

## June 2013 Newsletter

...And then came the day when OFFICIALLY it was possible for me to discuss UFOs and Aliens. To remind you... the Newsletter Stories are geared to an international audience rather than just a certain part of the population, which has already come to terms with certain facts.

At the turn of the century a hearing had been scheduled. 32 scientists from around the planet were supposed to testify in front of a commission about their knowledge of the existence of events which affected our planet and the people who live on it. It was supposed to be aired on C-Span for people to follow right along. The problem, which some of the witnesses ran into, was that they needed permission from Janet Reno to allow testimony about things they had encountered under high-level security clearances. They did not want to run the risk of facing treason charges for things they were going to testify about, which were secret. Needless to say, that permission was not granted and the hearings were scrapped.

During that time I had the privilege to meet many of the persons involved and found to my own satisfaction that 98% of them were credible and really sincere about telling us the truth. I did interviews with them, saw their work, ate dinner and spent personal time with many of the participants and call many of them my friends.



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AND THEN CAME the Press release:



• May 9, 2013  
FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Media Contact: Janet Donovan

(202-904-1035), [creative.enterprises.int@gmail.com](mailto:creative.enterprises.int@gmail.com)

(for interviews with Stephen Bassett and all CHD principals) [sic]

• Citizen Hearing on Disclosure Committee Seeks UN World Conference on Possible Extraterrestrial Presence

[Washington, DC – On May 3, 2013 members of the Citizen Hearing on Disclosure Committee and Hearing witnesses representing ten UN member nations met at the Press Club to draft a statement seeking United Nations review of evidence of a possible extraterrestrial presence engaging the human race. The result is the following communiqué:](#)

### **Citizen Hearing on Disclosure Washington Communiqué May 3, 2013**

From April 29, 2013 to May 3, 2013 researchers, activists, political leaders, and former members of military services and government agencies representing ten countries gave testimony in Washington, DC to six former members of the United States Congress. After hearing this testimony these members issued the following statement:

Whereas: given the unfolding scientific understanding of the number of potentially life supporting planets within Earth's home galaxy, it would be the height of arrogance to assert that humans are the only sentient beings within that galaxy;

Whereas: given that credible witnesses have brought forth overwhelming scientific evidence documenting the current presence of unidentified and unexplained aerial craft that many believe to reflect an extraterrestrial intelligence;

And Whereas: given the enormous global implications if these craft are, indeed, of extraterrestrial origin, such an issue is a matter for the General Assembly of the United Nations;

Therefore, we the undersigned request the Citizen Hearing Foundation use its offices to organize interested parties and raise the funds necessary to pursue a global campaign to convince one or more nations to propose a resolution within the General Assembly calling for United Nations sponsorship of a world conference addressing the possible evidence for an extraterrestrial presence engaging this planet.

We the undersigned pledge our support for this effort.

**Congresswoman Carolyn Kilpatrick Senator Mike Gravel**

**Congresswoman Lynn Woolsey Congressman Merrill Cook**

**Congresswoman Darlene Hooley** [Unable to sign due to postemployment restrictions on Congressional Members and officers.]

**Congressman Roscoe Bartlett** [Unable to sign due to post-employment restrictions on Congressional Members and officers.]

The Citizen Hearing Foundation is a pending 501(c) 3 non-profit, which will launch its website later this month and immediately begin raising funds to pursue nation sponsors for a resolution to the UN General Assembly.



A rare photo of Peter Davenport and myself, Peter is shy....smile



A de-cloaking UFO pic I took with a 110 camera from an Airplane on my way to Phoenix.



Me, Mr. Woodward..witness to a UFO encounter at a missile silo at time of Bay of Pigs and Jim Marrs



Myself, Ingo SWANN and Jim Marrs

So what do these pictures have to do with the hearings, you ask? Not much, other than it puts a visual on the fact that that some have been working on this subject for many years, and we are excited to have made a start.

I asked Dennis Kucinich during his first run for President, if he was elected President would he allow full disclosure. The way he answered, at the time ..... was that he addressed the young people in the audience and encouraged them to make up their own minds as to what they see and believe, and trust their guidance. I kind of thought that was a yes....close enough under the circumstances, and I felt almost bad having put Mr. Kucinich on the spot like that. Remember, he had just acknowledged seeing a UFO, while visiting us in Washington State.

Libertarian Candidate Harry Brown gave me a Yes, outright, without hesitation,

during an interview, when I asked him the same question.

To list all the comments and testimony here would be too much for my humble Newsletter. The website closest and most complete that I was able to locate was the following, by Susan Joy Rennison.

[http://www.susanrennison.com/Best\\_oftheblog\\_UFO\\_disclosure.php](http://www.susanrennison.com/Best_oftheblog_UFO_disclosure.php)

One would assume a transcript of the hearings would make things easier for the general public to read; well.... I am unable to find it, so this will have to do. <http://www.citizenshearing.org/>

Imagine, for a moment, that we would be allowed to see and understand what goes on behind the scenes. How would some react?

Would it shake their faith in Religion as we know it, or would we just embrace the fact that we, as humans, are just a tiny part of the inhabitants in the cosmos?

Would we change our outlook on how to get along, work together, share resources and knowledge?

Would we finally realize we need to nourish our home planet?

Would we take care of it and show love for one another?

In the month of May alone there were so many deadly tornadoes in Oklahoma, and floods in Texas and Georgia. Events caused by nature, I grant you, but there were also killings, bridge collapses, political in-fighting... and the war is still going strong. People are hungry and homeless, schools have been closed, medical assistance has been denied...and that only in America. Now add the disasters: the death of the workers in Bangladesh, and things we do not even hear about from around the world...and all of this in one month.

People took to the streets world wide to demonstrate for our rights...as humans... for safe food; we don't want to be Monsanto Lab Rats. In my family bloodline alone we have seven (7) new members. We don't want them to die just from eating GMO baby food.



The disclosure hearings are a start to MAYBE look at things in a different light. People have given their lives over the years to bring the subject to the forefront because we have a right to know what happens on our planet. It belongs to all of us, not only a select few.

This is a collection of actual videos of the hearings, if you wish to view them. Some can also be found on personal sites of the people giving testimonies.

[http://litcorner.net/index.php?option=com\\_content&view=article&id=15854:new-video-highlightsfrom-citizens-disclosure-hearing-april-30-2013&catid=629:extraterrestrial-presence](http://litcorner.net/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=15854:new-video-highlightsfrom-citizens-disclosure-hearing-april-30-2013&catid=629:extraterrestrial-presence)



Rocket Display on Hyw 82 in Utah

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

In our attempts to travel to our planetary neighbors, is it not possible they do the same?

Better yet...have they already achieved it?

Love and Light

Lilian

## July Newsletter

Emotion is defined by Webster as follows: feelings of joy, hate, sorrow, fear, love etc. Follett by Glucksman describes EMOTION this way: to be moved, a spike in feelings, easily influenced, including but not limited to excitement and compassion.

Downsize...a word we hear daily. We downsize living space, wardrobes and oh yeah, don't forget the shoe Schrank. We downsize Government budget by cutting programs and closing agencies BUT! How does one downsize ones life!?

Due to the sequester, furloughs will go into effect in our joint Military Base JBLM, affecting hundred of thousands of civilian workers, all now unable to contribute their usual amounts to the slowly recovering economy. And THAT is only in one State.

June 2013 was an emotional month and divided much of the population in the USA. Three rulings of the United States Supreme Court took place in a two day period.

1. It resulted in the gutting of the Voting Rights Act.
2. Affirmative Action is upheld only in cases of special circumstances; besides the fact that Affirmative Action not only served to adjust racial balance, it also served single mothers for a very long time. Just today Chris Hays on his program pointed out that statistically, by the year 2050 Caucasians will be a minority in the US.
3. Proposition 8 was over-ruled for California and equal rights given to same sex marriage where legal standing in the States exists.

Uprising in Texas...

A restrictive abortion bill was filibustered...it is up for a vote again in a few days.

This happened at the same time as Execution # 500 in Texas. A woman.

This was Execution # 27 on Gov. Perry's watch. A confusing view on the sanctity of life... just saying.

Personally I found it sickening that CNN's "**After Dark**" made....what could appear to some.... a game-show out of the Treyvon Martin/Zimmermann trial hearings. Between this trial and the Immigration Reform issues, it appears racial divides are again on the rise. I have experienced this from a black and white perspective, but I am amazed at the behaviour against Hispanics. I have a young neighbor friend of Mexican descent. He is an American. I have noticed the behaviour towards him, especially in the past few weeks. Point and time. We went to ACE to buy 2 screws/washers to repair a lawnmower, and a blueberry bush for my Stick Bugs. While waiting for my bush to be brought to me at the cash register, my friend collected the screws. When attempting to

pay for the purchase, the checker badgered him for the price of the screws/washers. I pointed out to her it was not his job to price-check the items, and she became accusatory and hostile. After a lengthy back and forth discussion, I suggested she take the screws and stick them where the blueberry bush doesn't shine. I then took my young friend by the hand and left.

I wonder what it will take to at least return to how things were in 2008.

As it turns out the Panama Canal is no longer efficient as the only waterway to accommodate all the large ships required to transport the volume of goods passing through the canal. With that arises the need for an alternative canal. It also means MANY Seaports need to be updated and enlarged to handle the huge transport ships in the future.

Unusual weather conditions have reared their heads more swiftly than even scientists anticipated, resulting in massive flooding, violent storms, and lets not forget... a very early severe fire season.

Temperatures in Alaska reached 92 degrees F compared to Hawaii at 82 degrees F on the same day. It is just the beginning of Summer and yet LasVegas had the highest temperature ... 119 F degrees ... and Death Valley recorded the highest temperatures on the planet... EVER... since temperatures have been recorded: 129 F degrees.

In Moab UT, today, the temperature reached 110 F.

It was reported that a major Sun Flare is approaching, which IF it hits close enough to Earth it could put us back into the early 1900's, because of the technical blackouts.

Just today, June 28<sup>th</sup> a rocket was launched from California to explore an unfamiliar region of the Sun, so future Black Outs can be avoided.

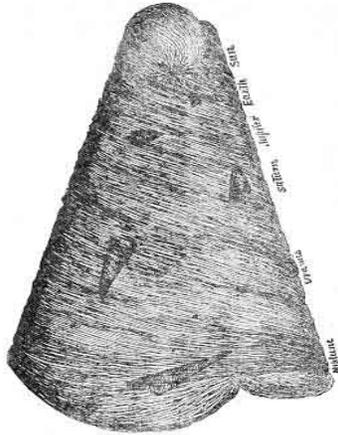
The 2013 Crop Circle season has begun. There were several of what I would call "practice circles" around the world. Personally, I wait for the first profound circles of the season to construct a theme for the year. This year the first 2 were very impressive, and in my opinion represented a timeline.

Due to copyright law, I can't post the actual pictures here. In lieu of that, here's the link to the page where the pictures are located.

<http://www.cropcircleconnector.com/2013/silburyhill/silburyhill2013a.html>

A consultant friend with training in archeology, recognized the spokes in this crop circle as ogham writing, and was able to translate them as a representation of "halfway through 2013"; in other words, this present time. The center represents an hourglass, which is shown upside-down, because that is the way the photo was shown on the page. The symbol behind the hourglass resembles the Greek letter "Omega". This would seem to convey the message "Wake up, the time to act is growing short."

I am of the opinion that the fan shape in the second crop circle refers to the upcoming and ongoing heat waves of this season.



To me the Tow'Sang represents a timeline, so I am going to use it at such in reference to this story.

Dr. Robert H. Gibbons

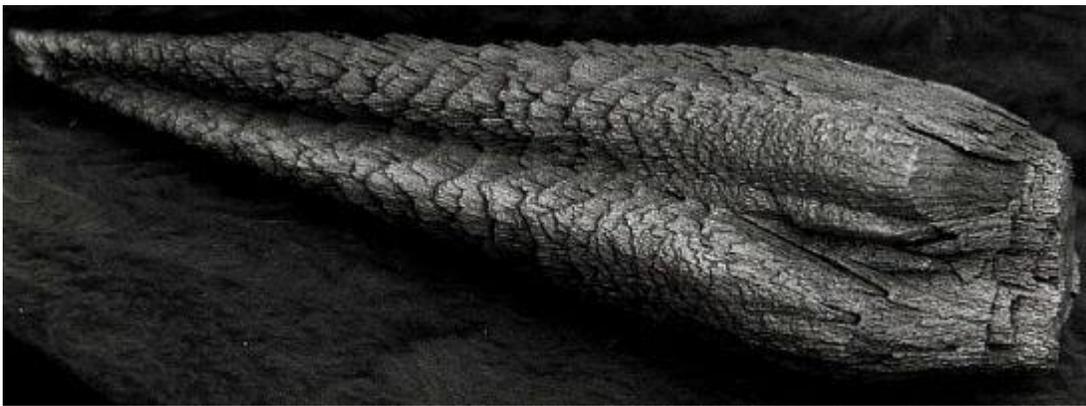
I came across a photo of the Travis Walton Abduction Object found at the site by one of his friends looking for him. It looks a lot like the BWO! ( Bob White Object)

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

Dr. Gilbert Jordan encountered a report of an object from a Danish FooFighter, 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

The first time I touched the BWO I felt it is a transmitter of sorts. I believe it was actually tested for sound at one point.

I find it is no coincidence that the Crop Circles and these objects re-entered my life again simultaneously. I believe it is pointing to a time period to which we really need to pay attention to our behaviour toward the Earth, her environment and inhabitants.

I was blessed with yet another Great Grand Child. Elijah Clare Reed. I wonder what his world will look like. Instead of uniting we behave like Morons.

Lets be objective, quit throwing stones at your fellow HUMAN Relations, take a magnifying glass and look at the bumps on your face.

Love and Light

Lilian

**Forbidden Archeology: SUPPRESSED New Evidence of Early Man - FREE Movie.**

Thank you [UFOTVstudios](#)



<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=koYWznEIV50>

## August 2013 Newsletter

So many suggestions as to what I could address in the newsletter were sent my way this month. I appreciated all of them, HOWEVER, all the suggested subjects have been addressed by me already, over a period of years. It gave me the chance to re-post some, starting as early as 2008. It would appear not too many things change, if at ALL, and it serves little purpose for me to regurgitate subjects on race, prison conditions, nullification of bad laws, sentencing guidelines, poverty guidelines, entitlement issues by some and all the things which appear to go anywhere in a positive sense.

For free download my website [www.Highstrangeness.TV](http://www.Highstrangeness.TV) hosts all 6 books I have written, four of which contain ALL articles ever written by me and PREDICTIONS 2013 is also there for your review.

Ever just get to the point where your mind just wanders and before you know it you are totally engrossed by an activity you chose on a subconscious level? The day after the Zimmerman verdict my water was mysteriously turned off for 3 days and Confederate Flags reared their ugly heads once again adorning flagpoles in places where we thought they had finally come to their demise. In contrast the people of South Africa celebrated Nelson Mandela's birthday and stood vigil around the hospital to pray for their leader, who had changed their country and taught them how to love the people who suppressed them for so long. Love may be the wrong word, tolerate is a better one. Anyway, I wanted to change my attitude and started looking for something to watch and sidetrack my line of thinking. These are the things which held my interest.

### **Lifetime's "The Forsters"**

It is about a household with 2 Moms. They build a family for themselves and between natural born, adopted and foster kids.... a total of 5.... the show deals with their everyday living and challenges. Much as my own family, they are multicultural and interracial; during the 6 hours of my watching this show it dealt with PEOPLE of the HUMAN RACE. Much can be observed from living together in this fashion.

### **The Burning Times**

This is a documentation of the witch hunts in Europe. They began when churches and their followers felt threatened by the power of the female. Healers, advisers and all the things woman stood for. About 30 minutes into the

program.... all of a sudden .... I thought about the movement of Right Wing America to AGAIN stifle the power of women, not by genocide, as was done back in the days of the inquisition, but by political moves to undermine the rightful position of the female in our society. A scary thought? Well, it ought to be, when looked at from a historical perspective.

## **Pompeii**

In this documentary.... extremely well done and worth the time it takes to watch it.... the archeologists were able to reconstruct the culture and daily lives of the people from so very long ago. They discovered murals, paintings, living quarters and life styles. It appeared there were only rich and poor and nothing in-between in this so advanced society. They had pipes for flowing water. Some of the painting on walls gave a detailed description of what life was like before the eruption, long before Christianity arrived. When the mighty Vesuvius came to life it made no distinction between rich and poor, indiscriminately everything became what we now call "collateral damage".

The 9th US Circuit Court ruled in favor of Monsanto. The Panel ruled that the Federal Government is powerless to regulate ROUNDUP READY alfalfa. It gave the green light for ongoing sales of the product. (*Center for Food Safety vs. Vilsack, 2013 DJDAR 6270.*)

In August the Supreme Court also ruled that it is required for farmers to buy NEW seeds each year instead of using newly grown seeds from subsequent planting. According to their ruling, Roundup Ready alfalfa is not a "plant pest" as defined by the Federal Plant Protection Act and therefore cannot be regulated by the Department of Agriculture.

An Oregon Wheat Commission spokesman said South Korean flour mills will resume buying soft white wheat from the Pacific Northwest and will not restrict the growing of GMO's in Oregon. Japan, Korea and Taiwan had suspended buying from Oregon, Idaho and Washington to make noodles, sponge cakes and crackers. However wheat will continue to be tested by Korea. This of course can hurt our attempt to at least label GMO food. I am UNABLE to verify, at the time of this writing, the RUMOR that Monsanto has hired Blackwater to discourage GMO Activists from getting too noisy. I would strongly suggest that you look into further developments. While we are bickering and fighting each other over skin color and belief systems we are eating a lot of food..... Think for a moment as a HUMAN Inhabitant of the Planet Earth!

A new King was born in the UK, third in succession. Since quite a few years must pass before he becomes King, let's just hope there is something left on the planet for him to rule.

My cousin Sten Westling took his vacation in Germany. While taking photos he came across this remarkable scene, which we turned into the cover for the upcoming book: *Nuff Said*, which will be online January 1, 2014. Sten Westling was also the photographer for: *All I can do is P* and *2012....so what am I still doing here*. When I saw the picture he picked this time I was amazed how perfectly it described where we are as people. Please note the bird-poop on the side of the face. It appears the few still able to see a little are allowing themselves to get desecrated.

## NUFF SAID.....



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

So here is a peek at the book-cover. I am truly blessed with a family which is aware and recognizes what I need for my next project. EVEN THE BIRD-POOP . What a month it has been!!!!!!!

Love and Light,  
Lilian

## September 2013 Newsletter

Little Red Corvette I am not. I am a red 4-door 96 Toyota Tercel. Before Lilian rescued me as a rental car I was pretty abused. True, I got to go many places, yet I found no joy in racing up and down freeways unnoticed and unappreciated by the operators of my greatness. True, when they returned me to the lot, they poked me and gave me what was called routine maintenance. I thought that is what my life consisted of. At one point I was parked at a lot and just sat there in the rain when a Lady came by and ran her hand over my body. She nodded her head a few times and suggested she tell me a story. She related how she always drove American Cars...to be patriotic, she added... but a few days ago she had a dream telling her to buy a BUDGET car. She picked one in Olympia but was unable to get it financed...the salesman was trying to overcharge her. She set out to find a BUDGET car and in a totally different town, Tacoma, I sat until she appeared. Don't know what the rubbing on me represented to her... at that time... I did not care, I was just happy that at one point she turned the key and off we went to her house.





I liked where I was parked, amongst trees and real people went by, a girl singing each day and I was close enough to the window so I could hear and get to know Lilian. She talked on the phone to half of the world and I realized the reason for

her having rubbed me. She is a Psychic and wanted to see if I was truly the car for her. Over the years she rubbed me often, finding little illnesses I suffered from, and took me to the Car DR right away, and every time I got well again. I am getting ahead of myself..... she measured my doors and adorned me with a magnet plaque... put Press stickers on my front and back. I now have Animal Savers on my front bumper so I don't hit a little critter on the highway ...better yet, so I won't get hit by a deer. She equipped me with a microphone and put a pretty basket in the back window. I have a converter stuck in the cigarette lighter for her camera and she NEVER eats while driving, and cracks the window when she smokes. Music is soft and never vibrates my insides...she wants to hear me purr.

Right away we went on the road...back roads that is... and traveled to see the country while she filmed and stroked my dash praising me each time I got her over another big mountain. She even said thank you when coming down a 14,000-foot mountain and came to a smooth stop at the bottom of the hill. For 3 years we made small runs to town, we drove to the mailbox each day because Lilian was ill. She learned how to throw her walker into the back seat with ease and every so often I even transported a great-grand baby in a car-seat to some fun lunching. I am always ready to go, all gassed up, and I get new oil every 3,000 miles. I was equipped with new front brakes a few weeks ago, and remember thinking that something was up and right I was, which brings me to August 2013.

My tires were checked. My fluids replenished, overnight bags, coffeepot. Blanket and pillows on the back seat and at 4 AM Lilian and her Grandson started me up and off we went.

Lilian has taken me this way many times, yet I enjoy her explaining the roads and little towns to the young man. First stop Toledo, WA, to take pictures of the City block which burned down one X-Mas Eve. The businesses on the block were settings for several TV shows for Lilian. Just one piece of the old Mason Hall is still standing and the only video in existence of the former splendor was donated to the City by Lilian.

The foothills of Mt. St. Helen were superb, a light fog was covering the streets till arriving in Amboy. The drive was wonderful till Chamas, the pollution from Pulp Mills was "breathtaking". (It stank!) While heading for Highway 14 I eaves-dropped on the conversation between Lilian and her Grandson. He filmed and took still photos while Lilian was pointing out points of interest, and rattling on about Girley, her cat. About a week before the trip something upset the cat. Usually sweet and even tempered, Girley turned into this unruly, yelling and destructive creature. She tore curtains off the window, pulled the fishnet in the glass-room off the ceiling, knocked over appliances and ran through the house like a bat out of hell! Lilian thought something happened to her during the

airshow in her back yard. Maybe some new device was tested and the cat reacted to it. This went on for almost a week, and I think Lilian was kind of glad to get away from the cat-turned-crazy for a minute, and enjoy the trip.

Lunch was in Stevens, WA and I got a check up and gas. Fires were raging in Eastern Washington where I was supposed to carry them to. Lilian said she had talked to the wind to turn the smoke, so when the emergency sign came to tune to your radio to 106, they did. It said Highway 97 was closed due to the Goldendale Fire but there was no indication we were going to stop, so I just kept rolling. Through the tunnels, the clouds, which had accumulated on the highway due to the altitude, just hugging the rocks and admiring the mighty Columbia River below. They talk about how unbelievable it is that a court ruled a baby cannot be named Messiah and how the court had ordered to change her name. How crazy is that?

One more hill, we are almost at the destination.

I stopped in front of the Mary Hill Museum and enjoyed the wind just blowing the dust off me. Much later my passengers emerged. We stayed parked for some time and they marveled at the beauty of the Museum. The Queen of Rumania donated many of her treasures such as clothes, furniture, paintings and her throne to Mr. Hill. It was said they were great friends. On one floor there is a Native American display. It has many things from the Columbia Tribes and gives an outstanding history of the region and the past. Sculptures were housed on another floor with magnificent pieces of art. Lilian's Grandson was in awe of what he had seen.

So glad to get a rest, been driving at a steady pace for 9 hours, well, truth be told... 8 with the stop and go escapades Lilian performed to let 18-wheelers pass on the narrow road.

Two more miles, another elevation and here we are!



Notice the wind turbines and the scorched soil! The fire had come down as far as the river. Amazing, there was no smoke so to speak of. Lilian and her grandson were disappointed the giftshop at the entrance was closed; she always buys gifts for the family there. Not too many people and the wind has calmed down to 50mph. She tells people the story of Stonehenge. Mr Hill, an Eccentric, adored his wife and built the replica of the original. It was not well received, so he turned it into a WW1 War Memorial. He added name plaques of

fallen soldiers from the region and THEN everyone liked it.

We stayed a couple of hours, Lilian and her Grandson were talking about the ceremonies conducted here till this day, the age of the fallen soldiers—some as young as her grandson—and the sadness of wars as they reflected on their blessings. I think they felt accomplished with their thoughts.

22 miles to The Dalles, across the river, into Oregon to spend the night. I felt a bit wobbly by the time I got across the bridge, so Lilian parked me and they walked to a Cantonese Restaurant for dinner and boy... the cook sent them back with two big plates of food when he found out Lilian actually knew how to cook Cantonese Food.

I rested, and liked the wind caressing my body, and I could hear the TV in the Hotel room. I knew when something interesting came on, because Lilian yells at the Telly, and yell she did. Surprised her Grandson got any sleep at all, but he did! She was very upset at the news.

Syria had for a second time attacked their own people with Sarin. The pictures were terrible. She wondered what would happen next. More war for our soldiers on the horizon? More name plaques on a war memorial?

There is a building in New York which has two Front Doors. One for RICH and one for POOR. It is affordable housing, Jim Crow Style, with 2 entrances. The gentleman explaining why this is not discriminatory even added his opinion in the following segment about Kidney transplants based on employment....one should sell kidneys as a marketable resource....suggested the affordable housing guy.

<http://video.msnbc.msn.com/all-in-/52814545#52814545>

The weatherman said this year it is an impossibility to predict the winter, it is a neutral year, given the heat, floods and fire; in 2013 anything is possible.

The North Pole is not melting, that was a falsehood posted on the internet [d-  
researchers-clarify.html#.UhVpB-3fJuw.facebook](http://researchers-clarify.html#.UhVpB-3fJuw.facebook)

Time to go home, I am still wobbly. Les Swabs here I come. One leaky tire, 28 pounds and here I thought the wind had kicked up again. Air in my tire feels good but now I knock and struggle going up the mountain. I am really sick. Lilian to the rescue! She thinks I got bad gas in Stevens, treats me with a bottle of Octane Booster and fills me up! She gently strokes my dash and talks to me for 200 miles explaining to her Grandson that one has to have a relationship with one's car and respect it. He has a "whatever" look on his face, and has to agree it works.

All Highway 500 signs going North are turned the wrong way. Lilian keeps hanging a right anyway, she trusts her instincts and heads to Kelso even though

the signs wanted to send her in the opposite direction. She is trying to take me across the bridge to Highway 411, but the signs are still wrong. She asks the local John Deere dealer how to get across the Kalama River and is told there is no such highway. She has seen totally uninformed locals before, so she asks the FED EX guy parked by the side of the road. He agrees there is NO Highway 411 and no bridge! He would know, after all he had to deliver packages to all addresses. Lilian spots a UPS Lady, they have a smoke together and laugh about how dumb... well, you fill in the blanks. She draws a map and then, 3 streets over we get on the non-existent bridge, make a right and here I am on Highway 411 for 32 miles. Vader, just where I had been before, several times. The last 50 miles are easy and to show my appreciation for the kind words and treatment I got, I took Lilian 720 miles with 1 1/4 tanks of gas. Mind you, I hold 11 gallons in my tank. So repeat! 720 miles!

While on the little trip, Lilian's Homeowner Insurance transferred 6 double payments out of her meager bank account, collapsed everything, and reminded me she truly is a lead-foot Scorpio. Good thing I was so kind with drinking gas or we would have been stuck in Oregon. August is over and she is still looking for some of the money to be returned to her...I will keep you posted.

2/3 tank of gas was still within my belly and after several days we went to the Movies. It was important to continue the final lessons of the summer journey. A friend made it possible to buy tickets for Lilian and Grandson to see the best picture in a very long time. On the way home they discussed the movie and this is what I got out of it.

### **The BUTLER.**

This personal story of the White House Butler runs a dual story line: a family story, and a look back at the at the 20th century in reference to who we are as Americans. The Civil Rights Movement and how people arrived at our present state of affairs. Everyone should take their Children and Grand-children to see this masterpiece. It is so skillfully woven and reminds us that we need to be careful and continue to move forward. It gives the new generation a point of reference as to what not to do, rather than reading it in schoolbooks, which at times are distorted. The cast is awesome and will win many awards.

And THEN... in real life. It was 50 years ago that the March to Washington took place. On August 24th people again marched to Washington continuing the message for equal rights for ALL Americans. Some of the original people and some great grandkids of Lilian's generation, marched again! Some of her friends attended, and just when she thought she was unable to get a personal photo...

there it was! Thank you, Selena Fox!



Picture by Selena Fox

Through the window I heard a segment on the TV Lilian was watching. It was about the Heroes of the Civil Rights Movement. Lilian was emotional and talking to herself for a while after that. Something about being so young when she came to America right in the middle of all of the turmoil still occurring in 1966.  
<http://www.nbcnews.com/id/45755884/vp/52831299#52831299>

And off we are again, guess it will take the last little drop of gas I have left to carry them to the Reservation for lunch for the last leg of the August 2013, early autumn journey.

Lunch at the Casino. The Maitre'd, John, seats Lilian and her Grandson. After some story exchanges they order. Two elderly Ladies arrive and John tells them he will seat them at a booth, directly behind his favorite Trouble Makers. The Ladies are having a wonderful time laughing about the previous day they got stoned out of their heads on marijuana, now that it is legal. About the hardy appetite afterwards and the cloud of weed-smelling smoke. Lilian lights a cigarette. One of the ladies throws her hands up in the air unsuccessfully trying to roll on the floor. She yells: "I am allergic to smoke!" John tells her this is an establishment on the reservation in an Independent Nation. He offers to move them to a different table or better even, refers them to a Non-Smoking bar next door. Lilian never turned her head, and just kept smoking.

I did make the trip home. I am only a 96 Toyota Tercel but I am still laughing about the Ladies and their weed-smelling smoke. And a good time was had by ALL!

Love and Light,

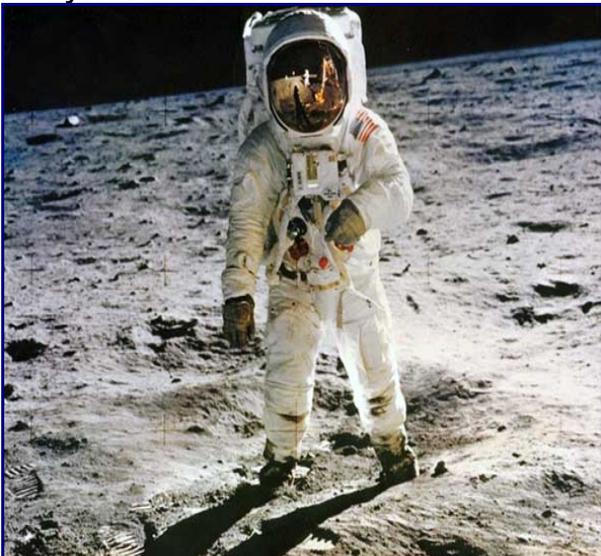
Lilian

PS: This is a trip to the same place from an earlier year. It is part of the 7-week series "Nazhoni"

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mjsu8X32EIQ&list=PLU7REmKUBGus7D6dl-4XAwpCnEdUs3wgZ>

## October 2013 Newsletter

And **If** I thought August was a turbulent month, I had a surprise coming! To refresh your memory....I know some of you, having been on that symbolic roller-coaster with me, would rather not hear it again.... but being who I am I am going to regurgitate the fiasco of newsletter time for the September Newsletter. After sharing a wonderful picture someone posted on FB, everything seemed perfect, except the owner of the picture decided he would rather not be part of my monthly creation. I assume he only skimmed across the story and assumed I was talking about my car. I can almost understand, since it has been some time since I turned into something else to tell you a story. Most of my friends were still in WA. DC for the Martin Luther King celebrations and I was unable to get pictures in time to go along with my story. Buzz Aldrin suggested I use his 44th anniversary picture Neil Armstrong took of him when first walking on the moon. I do not want to deprive you of the Photo, so here it is...before I continue my story.



With permission, An Alien on the Moon, thank you

Guess since it appeared I had no earthly cooperation for my report he thought outer space would be terrific.

A new friend, Selena Fox was present at the MLK March and allowed me to use some of her pictures an hour before my deadline.

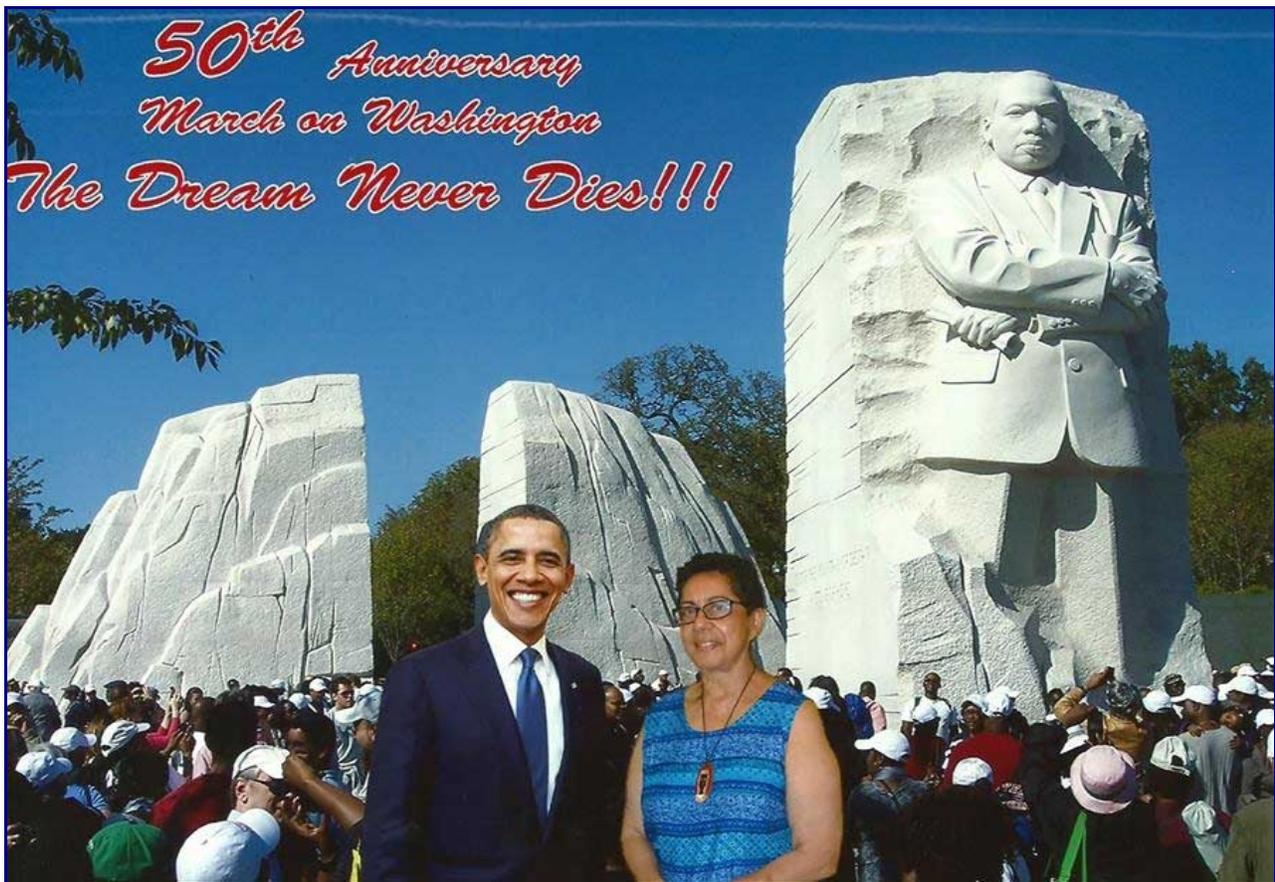
Selena Fox is an interfaith minister, environmentalist and Pagan Elder. She helped organize the first Earth Day on April 22nd 1970. She advocated for equal treatment of religion in the public square, including a public holiday display at the Wisconsin State Capitol. She was the person addressing the derogatory comments of then Senate Candidate Christine O'Donnell, which became world famous: "I am not a witch". MLK Memorial March was dedicated to ALL Human Rights and we were proud to have Rev. Fox represent a segment of the population. Again we thank her for the great photographs she shared.



This event took place on August 24th 2013.

Some of us felt so hopeful as to world peace, love for the planet, equal rights when looking at the multitude of people of the planet Earth gathered with one thing in mind: To make the world a better place. It is times like that we can create permanent memories for ourselves, in case we need to sustain ourselves in times which are challenging, comfort food for the soul.

A few days later my long time friend Beverly Farris came home from the MLK Memorial Celebrations and shared many pictures from that event. So here are 3 of them.



The King Center Imaging Project: sharing the Dream Worldwide. This is a traveling exhibit with a "Dream Wall" each person had a chance to post their dream on the wall.

Those of us unable to attend were hungry for reports so we could see how far we had come as a people, ALL people and Babyboomers shared stories and pictures with the young generation.

Some of my friends are still fighting against the Idea that SKYPE is wonderful. It is easy to install, FREE and gives us a chance to actually visit, share everyday living and Ideas. I have learned to do interviews and so enjoy sharing parts of my life without having to spend so much time writing in a chat etc. It is a great tool to connect, have a look, I am SURE you will like it.





It appeared September would be a quiet month, a time to celebrate the last days of summer and preparing for the changing of the seasons. Festivals, harvest, a new school year... betting how long it will take before X-mas ads etc will appear. Yes, X-Mas. **THEN** all holy hell broke loose. September was so crazy that even the Harvest Moon appeared to have moved as far away from Earth as possible and in some parts of the world disguised itself as a Silver Moon.

Flooding in Colorado and Arizona killed people, destroyed whole towns and changed the landscape for years to come. That was only in America! Mexico, China, the Phillipines and many other places in between suffered the same fate. A 7.7 earthquake in Pakistan created a new island. It was almost global!

A 14 hour thunderstorm just going in circles from east to west and around and around and around appeared out of nowhere over Oregon and Washington. Some said it was man made. Even the Weatherman had problems explaining it.

Many people lost their lives in Shootings. When we hear of people killed in this Fashion our mind suggests we are looking at war...yet... it happens in our country, in our neighborhoods. How can one wrap ones head around that!? It is occurring so much now that we are desensitized and are fascinated with the mental state of killers.

The hostage taking and killing at the Mall in Nairobi, Kenya was mistaken for an uprising by one of the friends.

We came so close to obliterating many more people in Syria and the arguments for and against doing so were sickening. Universe said: "Not so fast" and to the displeasure of some war mongers stepped in with a reprieve.

FOUR MILLION people will be denied Food Stamps, it was decided. If it was not enough to brutalize so many with what appears to be a distant happening, the sequester; people are desperate, hungry, discouraged and hopeless.

Another threat of Government Shut down... in case you missed the reason....to prevent the Affordable Health Care Act (Obamacare) to take effect.

In midst of the Draconion decisions made for poor and sick people, the Stock-market rose above 16,000.

Navajo Code Talker Nelson Draper died at the age of 96.



Kanashibushan was in the hospital and we prayed for the recovery of our National Treasure.

She has recovered once more and will be celebrating her 80th Birthday on October 4th.

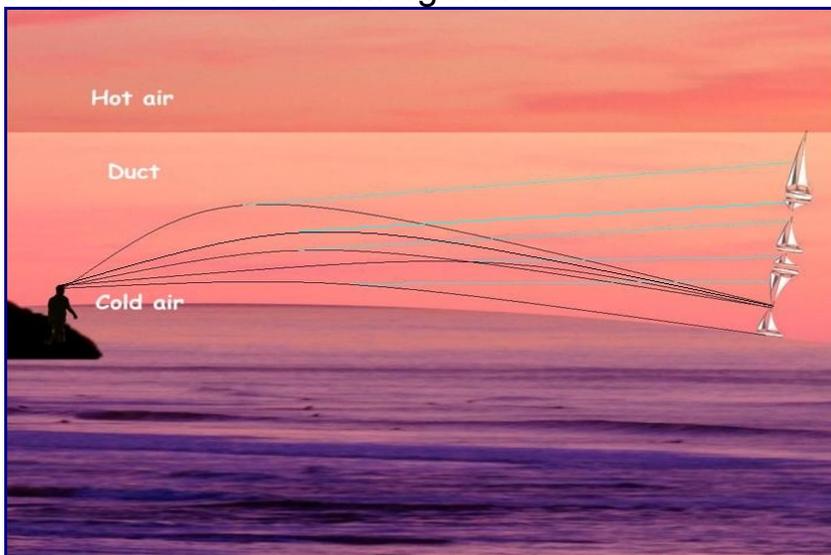
My youngest great-grandchild, Skylar Jade Moore was born.

My Show was picked up by PEN(Paraencounters Network), I am ecstatic.

<http://paraencountersnetwork.com/>

It is a known fact that some of us are able to “SEE” into other times, dimensions and perceive things not yet occurred. Some weather conditions can cause Mirages, which is not the same, since people can perceive certain conditions etherically.

A Fata Morgana can be described as a very complex superior [mirage](#) with more than three distorted erect and inverted images. Because of the constantly changing conditions of the atmosphere, a Fata Morgana can change in various ways within just a few seconds of time, including changing to become a straightforward superior mirage. People lost in the desert often perceive what they consider to be an actual Oasis, and objects they feel are necessary for immediate survival, regardless of distance. Songs have been written over centuries about Fata Morgana.



Wikipedia: This file is licensed under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike 3.0 Unported license.

Events, occurrences and actual truth were so distorted in September...world wide... it was very hard to sort out the actual facts since some appeared to have lost their political minds. Many were suffering from the “Wag the Dog Syndrome”. So many distractions were presented to us and few have the time to

sort out truth from fictional problems.

One thing is for sure. The war on the poor is well underway, and it is time that we start caring for one another. We are the people of the planet EARTH. If we continue to behave as we do, our home will actually grant our request and all we have to do is go for a walk to experience a FATA MORGANA.

Love and Light,

Lilian

## November 2013 Newsletter

I have not been known to make little mistakes. When I do, they are so big it is impossible to miss them.

The predictions for the following year are usually taped in September. It is different this year, due to Kanashibushan's hospital stay. Eventually I asked Anita Perez to assist me. I worked up my usual overlook of 2014 in September, assuming I was starting in January 2014. To refresh your memory the predictions are for the United States of America. Here are my notes.

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.
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.
3. Male energy, we will cease to think with the right head. You may have changed your time and go back to the present, which will change what you said before. Be careful – a single face has a thousand masks.
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.

Imagine my surprise when I realized I was looking at the month of October..... to the point of the Government Shutdown. Rather than explaining what the

predictions said, try to decipher it yourself. It is ALL there!

**Exasperate is the word of the month. Irritate intensely, infuriate, annoy. Provoke and antagonize.**

Once again politics ruined many lives, we still have to absorb the Sequester and it appears the gap of rich and poor is widening with each stupid decision more people are being hurt. Since this crazy mess was delayed till January 15, 2014, I am hoping NOT to be RIGHT twice!

My friend Justin Wright was on a planned adventure. He wanted to accomplish the task of "PIEING" 1,000 faces in Washington,DC. Imagine his surprise when he approached the gates to the Zoo in Washington and the doors were locked. A picture worth a thousand words and he became my poster child for what was October 2013.



Picture by Justin B Wright.

He did accomplish his goal of 1,000 pied faces, but I was worried about my friend, especially while Congress was in lock-down for a period and a woman, upon her surrender, was shot to death close to the White House.

[Woman slain after car chase from White House to Capitol – USA Today](#)

The Shutdown was renamed Slowdown, some called it a COUP!

3 Storms in the Great Northwest (PNW) rattled nerves, destroyed property as they arrived way too soon in the season and again we wondered why we are not calling winds 75+mph hurricanes. I suppose the people living in the PNW would take heed much better than just calling it a nasty storm.

Hungary declared being homeless ILLEGAL. I suppose with the speed what appears a war on poor people we are not too far behind. During the Shutdown I watched a 3-part movie. It was called the ALDON. It was the story of a 5-Star and very famous hotel in Berlin. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hotel\\_Adlon](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hotel_Adlon) I found my timing amazing since it showed me similarities with the present, inasmuch as the RICH/ELITE Patrons continued their festivities undisturbed while at the same time outside of the famous Hotel the rest of the world was experiencing bloodshed and hunger. It made me think how unattached, ruthless and uncaring politics can be.

Another series I accidentally ran into was called Wiesensee. It was about the DDR into the 1980's and the hardships and behavior of the people. I can understand how it came about that the European Block is very disturbed at the knowledge of present surveillances on some of their citizens.

PBS aired a series: Voices of the First People and told the story and the plight of John Trudell

The Wounded Warrior campaign started to air news announcements to encourage us as people to help the soldiers who are disabled by yet more wars.

[Welcome – Wounded Warrior Project](#)

Some may not agree with war... speaking from experience ....when soldiers return home the whole family is victimized and life is never as it was before. It effects spouses and especially the children to adjust to a parent no longer whole. Mentally or otherwise.

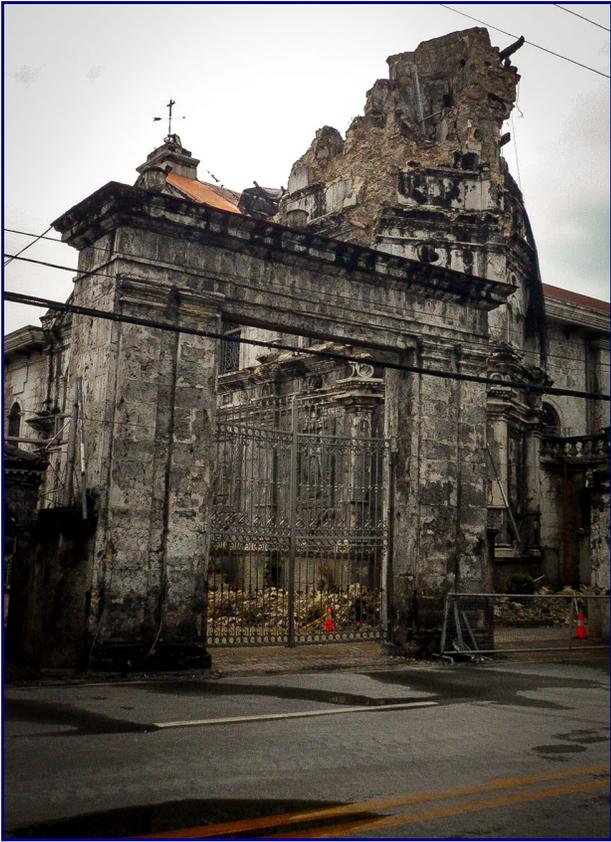
Driving across the Olympia Bridge.....which separates the Sound from Capitol Lake... I noticed a strip of land I had not seen in the Sound. When the flow of water changes it usually announces a major earthquake.

After the 2001 Nisqually Quake a local artist painted a mural on one of the damaged buildings and showed what the bridge looked like before it was destroyed. Eventually upon completion of the repairs of the building it was painted on, it was removed and it is for that reason I am unable to credit the artist. It is amazing what beauty can come out of a disaster. Not sure if anyone else took a picture. So it is with many things. We work and take joy in creating something, whether material or emotional and then someone else comes along and removes what is so dear to us. I am just ranting I guess, but tell me, how

can a few people make decisions for the rest of us, misuse our trust to have elected them to represent us and all of a sudden end up in a power-struggle or better yet, a pissing contest, with no regards for people's well being and continued existence. When people look back on this in 40 years we must appear primitive and yes, crazy to behave in this fashion. And here is the point I get back to the bridge. Did I get sidetracked, or did I get sidetracked.



Speaking of Earthquake, we were very shook up when we saw the pictures of the 7.2 quake in the Philippines. Some of our friends were very affected, all we can do is hope for a quick recovery from the tragedy.



A 7.3 Earthquake hit Japan and worried many of us on the West Coast of USA about the radiation issues we are already experiencing from the last BIG ONE. Family members were in Car accidents with VERY serious injuries, and my daughter and 4 of her children are misplaced by a house fire.

Don't forget to VOTE!!!!!! Hopefully you will vote YES on I-522 in Washington State and we will have labels on our GMO food.

A meteorite was recovered from a lake in Russia, a man swam in a frozen lake, I wanted to equate this with our 16- day-shutdown- dilemma and then the newsman gave me an idea...wait for it..... SHRINKAGE!

Love and Light,

Lilian

PS. In order to show how crazy October was, here is a segment from Rachel Maddow Show. .... A must watch story from [The Rachel Maddow Show](#)

## December 2013 Newsletter

Unable to report that the so-fought-for labeling law passed in Washington State, I soaked for a couple of weeks. We worked so hard and it was beyond my comprehension how come, with only \$550 donated locally AGAINST the label laws, we lost. AHA, there was also in excess of 30 million spent from out of state entities against us, so there you have it. Not related, but I was happy to find out that new federal labeling rules set to take effect November 23rd 2013 will eliminate that process by requiring meat-packers to list where livestock was born, raised and slaughtered.

[New meat label to track livestock from birth to slaughter – latimes.com](#)

I think that is good, now all I need to know is what the animals eats, so us meat-eating-persons can be careful. This however, does not accommodate our Vegetarian friends. I am hopeful that with the GMO awareness, which was in our reality for weeks, many of us will trade with local stoople are very nice there, I sit and sometimes catch part of a conversation and, being who I am, I make no qualms about butting in. So it was that day. The conversation was about things and people feeling really weird. The place was pretty busy and everyone was sporting their tattoos. We wondered what the stories and motives were behind the tattoos. It appeared people were walking billboards and displayed their hopes and dreams on one body-part or another. I mentioned I had just left TCTV (I am fairly well known in the area, since I am on TV three times a week, people feel they know me) and we were re-airing some old shows. There are new people at the station and it creates a new environment for me. I like it and need the interaction of the young producers, in thought and creativity they are so far removed from the original people I dealt with, I marvel at their work and their attitude toward me, the Person of High Strangeness. The older shows are wonderful inasmuch as they show how much things have changed....yet not, just different and more advanced.... and how we have become a different people. America has two different realities, like stepping across an invisible line and try to function on either side of the line. It is rather noticeable to me when I step out of my house and mingle with the hustle and bustle of the daily activities in town, some days I am unable to tell if that is real, or my life and thoughts within my four walls. People are in their own hectic, uncaring world, which has become the norm, and one wonders if it has always been like that or the multitasking, sleep deprived behavior of people is the real normal and I missed the changing of times. Our world is so different than it was in November 2011 that for the people, who were waiting for the end of the world in 2012 were highly disappointed and no one noticed the world changed so much,

it is like we slipped right into a new age without realizing it, because the world did not end, it CHANGED!

And so I sat....surrounded with all the “stuff” which makes me feel at home.... thinking how I was going to summarize the last Newsletter of the year 2013 and things started to happen.



An Earthquake ridden Philippines was hit by one of the largest Cyclones ever recorded on the planet. I have mentioned before, that when we name the storms they take on the personalities of that name.

Petrel is a type of sea bird and Haiyan is the Chinese name for petrel. **Haiyan** is not a popular first name. It is more often used as a girl (female) name. People having the name Haiyan are in general originating from France.

**Yolanda** according to nomenclology is unprejudiced and careful her better judgment is not

swayed by the intensity of her passion. She addresses the heart and Yolanda represents a compassionate, calming female. I am assuming it could have been worse...if that was possible... had the cyclone not been named Yolanda. The resilience of the people of the Philippines is astonishing to me, I have never seen anything like it, especially the loyalty to their employment.

I watched 3 seasons of **TREME** (HBO series about the aftermath of the Katrina survivors available on Netflix). I would recommend it since it is a great way to familiarize yourself with what comes AFTER a disaster. The Music is outstanding and buffers the enormous human suffering to the viewer, while still involving you in the everyday struggles of the people living in New Orleans. A Masterpiece of film making....in my opinion.

I expect this winter will be as brutal as we have not seen in maybe forever, please remember we cannot control things beyond our control and have to make wise choices as to what is important and what can wait.

Whoppi Goldberg presented a special on HBO about our beloved **Moms Mabley**.

[HBO: Documentaries | Whoopi Goldberg Presents Moms Mabley](#)

I appreciated the program so very much because it shows the young people how we all struggled to make America a better place. Each person used the gifts they were given for the betterment of all of us and some heroes were busy in the strangest ways.

The dispute about “Obamacare” continues in the most hateful, fierce way. I am grateful that our lawmakers in Washington State decided to go forward and implement the Affordable Care Act. This is what I received in the mail:

### **Washington Apple Health**

*Effective January 1st, 2014, these benefits Change Due to legislative Action*

\*Restore dental care for adults.

\*Remove limits on mental health professional services.

\*Cover the Shingles vaccination for clients age 60 and older.

\*Covers screening for Autism for children up to 36 months of age.

\*Covers screening, brief intervention, and referral for treatment (SBIRT) for substance abuse, including alcohol and drugs.

\*Cover ORAL Contraceptives prescriptions for 12 months at a time.

In most Kingdoms, Empires and Countries citizens are respectful and loyal to their leaders, at times to a fault. This is not the case in this time and space. Here is a post from my Facebook: From Tim Hall in reference to our behavior towards our president:

**“Stopped the second world depression, saved the auto companies, took**

**the stock market from 6,000 points to over 16,000, got rid of Bin Ladin, ended the Iraq war, putting an end to the Afghanistan war, solving the health care crisis and solving nuclear crisis in Iran. Just think what he could have accomplished (yes more than the 300 plus) if the Republicans were out of his way. Obama some day will go down in history as one of the best Presidents ever had.”**

On November 23rd 2013 Harry Reid Goes Nuclear, Senate Democrats End 60-Vote Filibuster For Most Nominees. With that he eliminated a tool to further hold the country hostage to obtain unreasonable demands and in the process hurt the people. I assume it will present a problem when the minority changes but.... I always thought 51% at anything was a majority vote.

After 30 some years in a surprise announcement a deal was made with Iran in reference to their nuclear program.

3-decade gridlock broken: The nuclear deal with Iran in Geneva ...

[3-decade gridlock broken: The nuclear deal with Iran in Geneva – CNN.com](#)

This was welcome news to many countries, unfortunately the leaders of Israel and a fraction of our Right Wing, as always, disagreed.

Some of you asked me to comment on the movie: **12 Years A Slave**.

[Twelve Years a Slave – Wikipedia](#)

It is hard to answer with I liked it or I did not like it due to the subject matter.

So here is my personal opinion:

The movie was based on a true story and if I am not mistaken taken from writings of the actual Freeman whose experience it was. I am so very glad that some of the new film

makers, in this case Steve McQueen, present stories historically correct, it is time. The scene which occupied my mind most was the punishment. It showed him bound and hanging from a tree in such a fashion that death could have been imminent. The way his body was situated, it left a very small space where he could have easily executed himself by choice or simply by becoming tired and relaxing his body. What he did was constantly rotate his toes to even out the ground beneath his feet so the mud his toes came in contact with remained even, therefore preventing the weight of his full body from hanging himself. This went on for many hours before he was cut down and rescued.

Children were playing around him, unaffected since they were used to treatment like this. They were so desensitized since to them it was NORMAL to have a human being hanging from a tree fighting for his life. The scene stayed with me for weeks.

Not to change the story line and compare us with this event. We are so politically correct that it is almost impossible to make drastic comparisons in history. I thought about how this applies to us in our time frame. For those of you reading this in 2023 you will have the answer in historical context. It is the normalcy and desensitization I am making reference to, inasmuch as to the lesson. We have to change our line of thinking as the people of the Planet Earth rather than shuffle our toes so we don't choke to death.

Love and Light

Lilian

Here are the predictions for **2013**..... see where we have been and for **2014** to see where we are going. Also a video produced by a friend in the Philippines after the Cyclone.

[YOLANDA TYPHOON TACLOBAN LEYTE AFTERMATH...](#)

with permission. Video credit to Lito Llanera Hobayan

## **And then there is the SKYPE THING.**

Anita Perez took this picture while I was invited to appear on her Internet Show. I learned a lot in 2013....guess I had to,wanted to keep up with the times



Aphrodite's Kitchen. THIS week in the kitchen Anita is talking with Lilian Mustelier. Lilian is hard to define but can best be described by the description of her book "And the Moral of the Story Is....." A journey through life's mysteries and madness. This woman's personal / spiritual development teaches us to trust the Universe's subtle messages and synchronicities. As she explores this and other realities, it becomes clear that our world is not what it appears to be.

<http://paraencountersnetwork.com/>



## **Meet my friend Renate Strang**

And this is how I met my Besty.....

A couple of years ago, through my niece Claudia Gentsch, I was befriended per FB by Rosie Magel.

Rosie is a Psychic, Reiki Master and works with Nature energies. Rosie came to visit me...all the way from North Dakota.... and we filmed several shows. Rosie in turn had a friend, Renate Strang , who at that time allowed us to use her Faerie/Orb Photos in our shows. And that is how it started.

Renate Strang lives in Northern Germany and I called her often. It was not easy, because my German was limited to small talk, but she hung in there with me.

Eventually we started to communicate per Skype and Renate encouraged me to re-learn German. I still search for words occasionally, she waits patiently until my brain is done scanning the databanks, needless to say at times I am not even close....

We Skype each day and were able to do a show together, which aired on TCTV and is on YouTube.

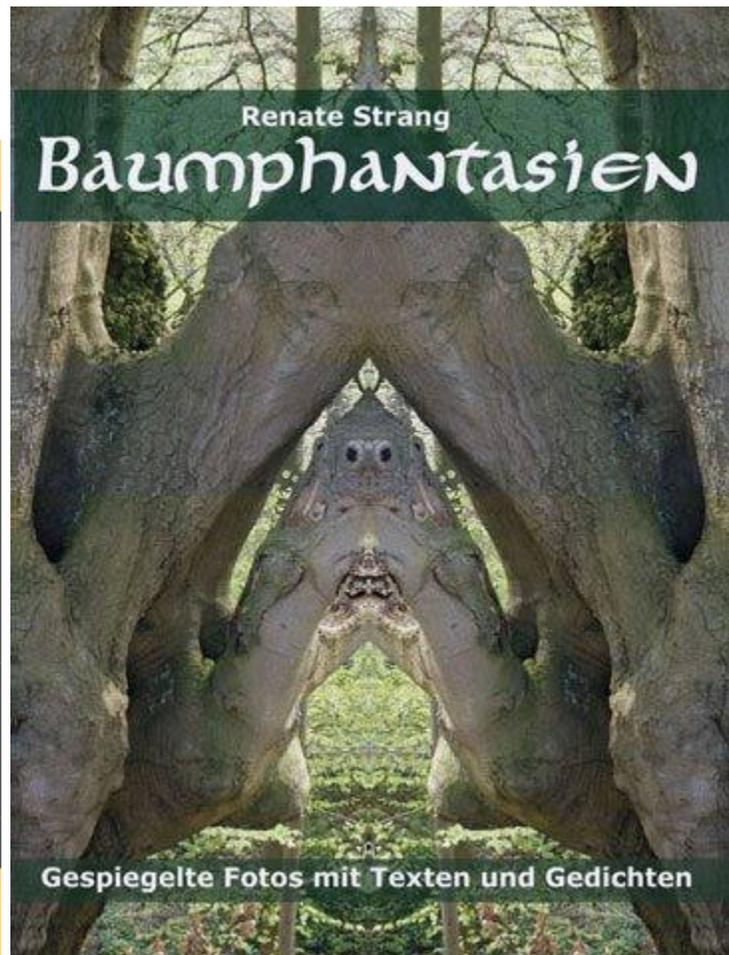
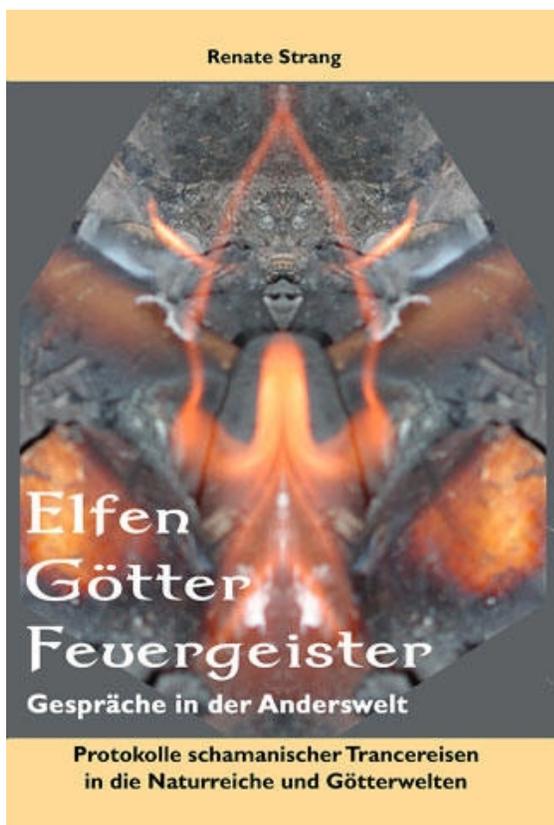
She, Renate, allowed me to share a sample of her work with you, the reader.

On her show she explained how she arrives at her information from Nature Spirits, Fairies and Elves.

She goes on trips....in an altered state.... visits with the beings and reports what it is they told her.

Her books are fascinating and the Photos exquisite,

Elfen Freundin is a book about conversations with Gods and Fire-Ghost



**In her own words:**

Recently I got to know the technique of mirroring of photos. Since my first attempts, I am fascinated by it. The mirrored photos can what you see with your own eyes in nature,

exacerbate or bring hidden images to light. But also tell stories of the past and bring a little light into the mysteries of the world.

Here I want to show pictures of elves and nature beings that I have mirrored. The mirror technique is wonderfully suited to making natural being visible. The mirror axes are not randomly chosen, but I put them where I see the essence. Convince yourself of the results. The page is constantly updated.

**Here is a sample of the unique style she developed.**



## **Stone Beings**



**Tree Being**



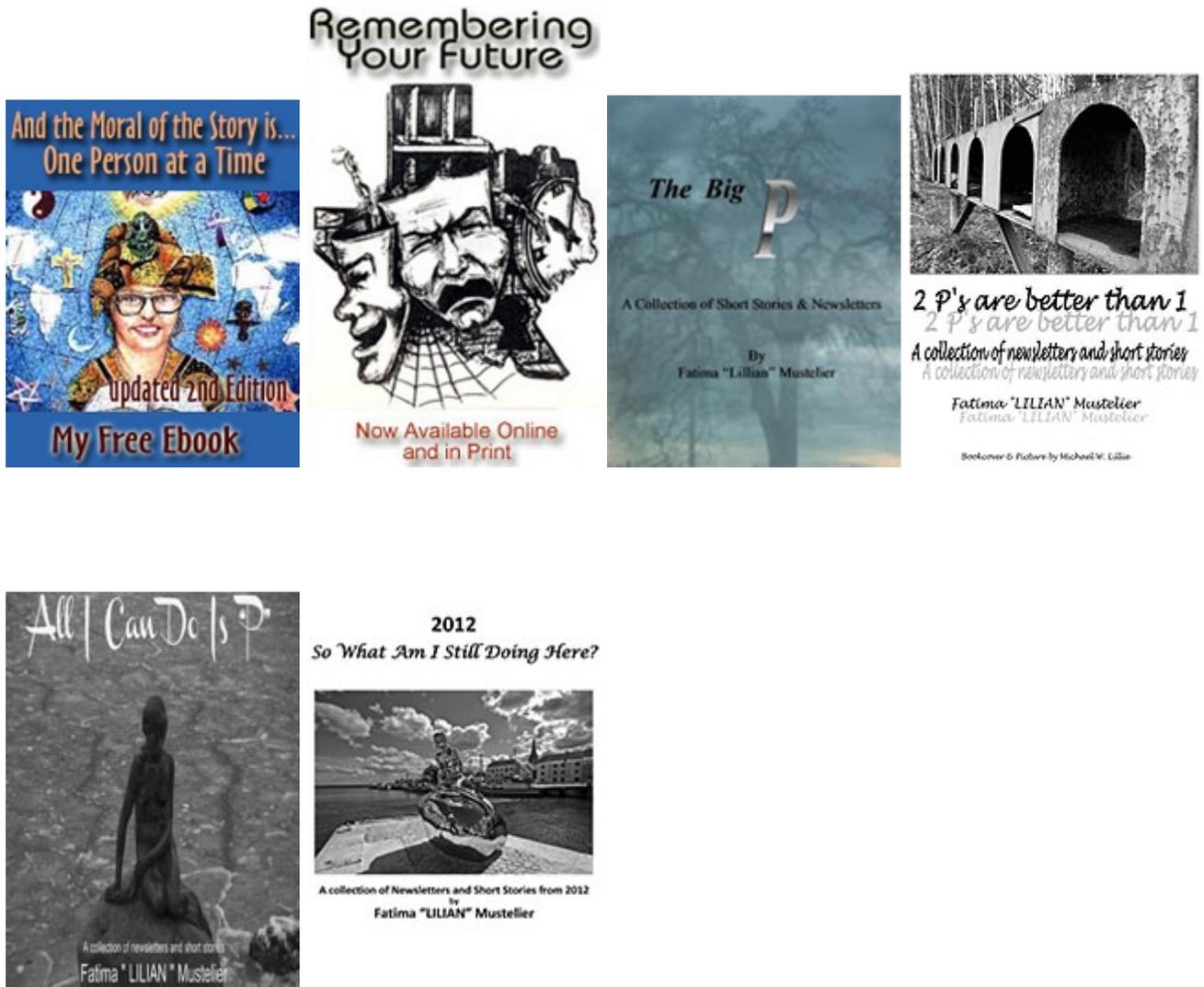
**Joshi, her Helper**

**Here is Renate's latest treasure. While walking with Joshi she captured this shot. I was very excited to see this, we can't ever have too many UFO's.**



**(C) Renate Strang (renate-strang.de | DSCF6917)**

**This is a list of other books written by Lilian.**



Occasionally people ask about people who wrote the introductions to the other books.

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I first met Lilian around 1998 while directing the TV show of another producer at TCTV. Lilian was the guest on “Living Solutions with Nancy Seals”, a live psychic call-in show. She poached me (willingly) away from Nancy, and I began

to direct her show “A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness.” I had started my own live show, “Dance O’ Dance” with an awful timeslot of Wednesdays at 4PM. It wasn’t until we switched to Fridays at 8PM that we understood just how awful the previous timeslot had been. One Wednesday afternoon the only person dancing that hour was Lilian!

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

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

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

Master Po: Do you hear your own heartbeat?

Young Caine: No.

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

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

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

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

I also studied the post-modern Japanese dance form, Butoh. My teacher there also used the rose as a powerful symbol meaning the impermanence of suffering and persistence of love. I grew up in Portland, known as the City of Roses. I had a great aunt, a sister, and a girlfriend named Rose. 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:  $\pi$ . The artist took it on himself to thicken the lines, and now I have something reminiscent of a Wolf Howling at the Moon. By the way, did you know that 314 is PIE backwards? Mind=blown. I only have four tattoos, and you must hear about the final one because Lilian both inspired and paid for it. It actually completes the set in a way. In 2002, I was 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 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-pimplly hair-raising moment to see the immense scale and quantity of circles being analyzed with honest-to-goodness scientific diligence. Dad would have had a field day with it, I’m sure. His go-to motto is Occam’s razor, namely that a simpler explanation is more correct than a more complicated one. In the end, he could be correct in assuming every single formation has been man-made, and that’s less complicated than alien leprechauns.

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

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

I decided to get a crop circle tattoo. I didn’t choose the latest, most detailed version. I chose version 2.0: the ring. Originally, for hundreds of years only circles appeared. Then, one day a ring appeared, and it was an uncanny leap in crop circle evolution. I told Lilian my plan, and she handed me the money. I took a bus from our hotel across the Colorado River from Nevada into Arizona. In so doing, I had suddenly gained an hour, as I crossed from one time zone to the

next. I had to walk 2 miles to my destination, Time Warp Tattoo. In the end, a black & white diagram of a crop circle ring looks something like a total solar eclipse. Now my tattoos can make a rebus: the sun and moon rose for grasshopper pie.

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

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

Jusby the Clown, Olympia, 11.3.2012

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"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 "ROTFLEMAO"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 self-luminous winged people, one of which even had its arms outstretched as if welcoming us. Surrounding this grove were also giant gelatinous orbs, big green amoebas peacefully floating past the camera lens and a mysterious sweet glitter we could see showering us every time we took a photo.

I understood the fear which clouded my friend's vision, crestfallen that she was unable to share the same experience, and in the aftermath she chose to accept anger amid the warnings that the age of reason was finally beginning its collapse. And ecosystems were collapsing. Insects were disappearing. Great swaths of sea life were washing up on shores. Mammals were becoming infected with mysterious, life-threatening viruses. One could no longer deny the change in our climate, and as I watched another

superstorm flooding the country, and saw the photos of a flooded Ground Zero, I could feel a symbolic cleansing again taking place. Just as a fire had decimated the lands surrounding my home, the environment was crying out for a great change in how we lived and perceived things. My friend, upset at her inability to photograph the unknown, began her own sterilization of wonder. Two years ago I stood with retired Sgt. John Burroughs who was involved in the 1980 Rendlesham Forest Incident, in which he and several others at the RAF/USAF Bentwaters and Woodbridge bases in Suffolk, England witnessed a legendary UFO landing. I was absolutely floored at the things he confided to James and I.

Many skeptics passed off this incredible event as no more than the sighting of a nearby light house. These were the people who had their labels set to "swamp gas" whenever some new report of unknown phenomena was released. I could understand a bit of what Mr. Burroughs was feeling, as shortly after the SyFy channel featured a collage of our Cave Of The Winds photos the comments section was inundated with proclamations that we were photographing no more than smoke, dust, and our own shadows. There seemed to be a great need for people to take the wondrous and inexplicable experiences away from others as they were having none of their own, and they didn't think that anyone else should 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.

- Christopher Allen Brewer, November, 2012

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## **Robert H. Gibbons**

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

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

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**A storyteller can relay an idea in a way that captures your interest and imagination.**

**A historian will record the events of the time, and teaches the impact on daily life**

and society. An artist will weave the two together and create a journey. As you read these “newsletters” you will be captured in Lilian's tapestry. Humorous, thought provoking, and maybe even “politically incorrect,” you will be captivated by these articles. Human nature is a a fantastic study. When you don't understand why humans behave the way they do, it is healthy to question and discuss. When humans do wonderful things, you should celebrate. Communication is a tool for healing. We should open our hearts and our minds to all perspectives, and try to meet common ground. Open your mind to Lilian's words, and enjoy the journey.  
Lisa Bielski

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BIG P

**Introduction**

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

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

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

The hypnotic regressions brought out much more than just the memories related to my

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

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

To many people, Lilian is a bit kooky, but that is only because they don't know her. The kookiness is just an ingenious disguise and a way to reach the people she really needs to. Our time here is far too short to spend on those who aren't ready to open their eyes to the greater reality.

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

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

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

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

Tim Loncarich

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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 other discussions of other 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 Energy ) and the Museum of the Unexplained.

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## Letters I received and mean a lot to me

Dear Mom,

I thought I would just take a moment to tell you just how much you mean to me...

Although you and I don't always see eye to eye

When I think of losing you it makes me cry.

We may not say much on the phone day to day just hearing your voice lets me know your doing okay.

Sometimes-a lot we disagree But I always know you love me.

You offer advice, ideas, suggestions and suc.

I love you so much...

MOM...? I know that I may not always seem like I care. In fact many times I disagree. I'm outspoken, fixed in my thoughts--- that's me!

I don't always see you day by day.

I am here for you in any time of need. When you get old I promise to care for you until the very end.

All children want to hold on forever, I am no different. I can never understand some things that will always tug at my heart and soul. But I need to tell you that although it will always pain me. I forgive you for digressions that you have made for me, as what you believed was right for me at the time... LIKE I SAID I FORGIVE YOU.

Knowing that at any time I could lose you--- I could lose anyone all that I care for scares me. I depend on you and need you--- even need you irritating habits.

lol. I guess what I'm trying to say is that Gypsy left me, she said she wouldn't. I know she had no choice. So quite simply in a few short words" I LOVE YOU"

Please continue to take care of yourself cause I would be lost without you.

I am not a very physical person but if you ever need a hug, a simple hello and an ear or an irritating nag---

I got your back!

Your Daughter-Friend and Shoulder  
ME



**The late Kathryn Grandfield**

### **Calla Lily**

This is the day the Universe put me in front of the computer with the words in my head that I wanted to write to you. This will probably be long. I have a story to tell.

I remember being obsessed with a plant for about 4 years. The plant is the Calla Lily. I have tried to grow many of them. Each one would bloom once or twice and then begin to fade. And I would diligently buy another one. When I moved down here I thought I had finally succeeded with one of them and moved it very carefully. It faded in the new house. Once a friend who knew of my obsession with these beautiful flowers felt sorry for me and had a florists shop deliver a very large healthy Calla Lily for my birthday. She had been guaranteed that this lily would survive if I just watered it. But it too faded. I was so sad. I remember

thinking one day “I guess this just isn’t the time for me and Lily’s.”

Last summer I was fixated on fireflies. Each evening for months I would sit on the porch for lengthy periods of time and watch the magnificent show in my front yard. It seemed there were thousands of these beautiful little lights flying everywhere. When I went to bed I shared my fascination with my cat Sabrina, and she soon joined me in my fascination with these creatures. Night after night she would wait for me to turn out the light and then she would run to the window and look out as the light show began. We went to sleep each night while watching fireflies. My friends thought I was a little nuts. Everyone here knows fireflies and no one pays much attention to them anymore. At least not adults. They commented on my fascination and asked me if I had forgotten about fireflies. I told them no, I had always seen them but that they seemed especially beautiful this year. The fireflies continued in my yard long after no one else had seen them. I saw fireflies into October. No one believed me so several came late at night to see if I was really seeing live fireflies or if I was imagining it. They were surprised to find several flying around my yard even though the calendar said they should all be gone.

Paula had told me about her friend Lilian that she had met in Kimberling City. She said Lilian was a psychic, was someone who did readings, and was a very interesting person. I didn’t pay much attention to this information at first. Every now and then Lilian would come up in the conversation and long about September I decided maybe I would have a reading done by this Lilian person. After all, I was at some sort of impasse in my life and had no idea where I was going. I had been searching for answers to my thousands of questions all my life, and I was getting tired of the journey. And I had no idea what I need to be doing with my life. It seemed to me that my usefulness to anyone else had ended. I had started to ask the Universe to either show me what I could be doing or to get me out of here and let me move on in my spiritual journey elsewhere. All I got was silence. So finally I went to your website and wrote you about the procedure for having you do a reading. And you wrote back to phone you. I did this. And when I talked to you, I saw Calla Lilies in my head. And you know, I had not remembered that until this morning when I decided to write to you! And now I know, the obsession with Calla Lilies was the beginning of my search to find you.....only of course I didn’t know it at the time.

So I phoned you and you did the reading. I remember trying to take notes during the conversation. You kept telling me that you would send the tape but that wasn’t good enough for me, I wanted notes so I could remember as soon as the conversation ended. But my notes were garbled and unintelligible when the

phone was back on the hook. I couldn't believe you hit as many things about me as you did. And I was so HAPPY to be hearing your voice.

In a few days you called again. I was thrilled. I couldn't believe you had phoned me back. I had wanted to call you but I thought I would be being a nuisance, so I had not done it. In one of our first conversations I mentioned to you that I had been fascinated with the fireflies. And you told me a Native American belief that the fireflies represented new hope or new beginnings (I can't remember which) and I instantly began to understand.

I am so honored. The Universe had been telling me for 4 years that you were coming. It gave me Calla Lilies and fireflies. By the way, after our first conversation I never saw another firefly last year. The message had finally been received.

Having you come into my life has changed me so much. I have been thinking about how I could tell you this because I want you to know how important the work you do with others is to them.

I was a wanderer through life last October when you did the reading. I was in a limbo of sorts. There was my past life, which centered on being a mother and wife; there was my illfated journey to the northwest; there was my work in social services. But at that time I had no idea where I was headed in my life. I had been marking time for several years. These had been years of trying to heal from some not very good personal experiences, but I felt much of the healing had been done. I had decided to study Reiki and had finished that. I had always known people had seen me as a healer of some kind and with Reiki I had a name and way of carrying that out in visible form. While I loved practicing Reiki, I nevertheless still felt unfinished and without direction. I had read many books in my search for a new direction. Each one would push me a little farther along, but none gave me the fuel I needed to rev up and really begin moving.

Soon we began talking often. I found myself suddenly learning names and things I had never included in my reality. Crop Circles, ET's, Abductions, Remote Viewing, Earthquakes, Volcanoes, Rampa, Credo Mutwa, Sangomas, Time Travel, Dimensional Shifts, and many other names and things and places soon began integrating into my consciousness and understanding. I began to buy new books. I no longer expected any of these books to give me THE answer, but rather I had come to understand they were simply one more piece to the puzzle. You began to share videos of your shows with me. I was ecstatic! I could see and hear you on the videos and that was wonderful. But also the videos brought me into contact with many others who had stories to tell. It was another piece to the puzzle – a large and very important part of the puzzle to be sure.

I also learned I could share things about myself with you without fear of being

ridiculed or thought to be nuts. This was absolutely wonderful. It is always good to know someone else understands what you previously thought no one else could ever understand. Not only did you understand, you helped me to learn to begin to sort these occurrences out.

Then came THE night. Do you remember? I saw my first UFO. It was about 2:45 AM. I had just finished meditating for a few minutes and was getting under the covers when I began to notice something odd in the back yard. I saw three green globes of light. They were the color of green traffic lights. When I saw the first one it was about 20 feet from the bedroom window. I remember shutting my eyes several times thinking that something was messed up in my vision. Then I saw the second one right away and it was just in front of the garage door. At this time I began to pay closer attention and then saw the third one up in the sky about a block away. I shook my head. I thought I must be seeing things. I lay down and mentioned to the cat that there were such bright stars in the sky. I forgot for a moment that it was a very cloudy night. I was looking at what seemed to be three bright stars up in the sky. Then I noticed one of them was pulsating. At this point I got up to get my glasses. I thought I was not seeing something clearly. As I lay down I noticed the brightest of the stars seemed to be pulsating. And, in addition to pulsating, I saw that it was composed of several lights of different colors. There were green, blue and white lights. I thought it must be an airplane. But it didn't move. I thought it must be a satellite, but again there was no movement. These lights stayed in the exact same positions in the sky. Then I began to get excited. Could this be something other than stars and satellites and airplanes? I watched it for about 20 minutes and then I couldn't stand it any longer. I phoned you and woke you up. You asked me several questions and I answered them. And then you asked me to wave to it. Just to pass my hand in front of my eyes back and forth. I thought you wanted me to do this to interrupt my field of vision so I could see more clearly or something. But then I noticed the pulsating lights began to pulsate at the same time, which they had not done before. You then informed me this was a response and that somehow they could see us wave at them if they knew we were watching. I was on fire! I couldn't believe it. I felt like a child at Christmas! Then you suggested tactfully that I might want to go outside and look at this thing there. I grabbed some shoes, kept the phone in my hand and ran outside in the cold January air in my pajamas. I found a viewing place that gave me the best view of the lights and then we watched them for another 10 minutes or so until I was so cold that I was getting numb and then I had to go back inside. By the time I got back into bed, the lights had left. I will probably never know if these lights were from a US aircraft of some new variety, from another country on earth, or from someplace else in the Universe. It doesn't matter at all to me. I saw an unidentified flying object...three of them to be exact. I know they exist. I KNOW this of a certainty.

They are part of my reality now. And I shared it with you. And during this sharing you helped me to be unafraid, to investigate as much as I could, and to have some level of understanding about the event. I can't think of anyone else in the world more appropriate to share this experience with than you. Alone I would have been frightened, intimidated and wouldn't have enjoyed it nearly as much as I did with Lilian on the other end of the phone quietly telling me what I needed to know and understand. I can never thank you enough for that experience.

My life has changed much since that reading last October. My stack of reading and viewing grows weekly. I have my own time traveling pound of hamburger in the freezer (at least that's where it was yesterday – who knows where it is today), and I am learning to appreciate my own abilities that I previously thought were simply weirdness. I still don't know where I am going and have no idea how I would get there anyway, but it doesn't matter anymore. I know who I am. I am a Lightworker for the Universe. One of the most amazing things that have happened concerns my ability to write. I used to write all the time. But for about 12 or 13 years I had not been about to write anything about myself or life, and had been limited to factual articles about 3rd dimensional things. And, for about 5 years I had not been able to write at all. I thought it was something that was gone forever. Lately though I find myself in front of the computer screen and keyboard with thoughts spilling out of my head. Sometimes I can't type fast enough. I keep a pad and pen in my purse and jot down thoughts for some future writing effort as I am shopping, or driving somewhere. I am finding my voice again.

I think you are like the town criers of olden times. These were people who walked through the streets, sometimes ringing a bell, and shouting messages the people needed to hear. We live in strange times. No one knows what is going on most of the time. Sometimes people are scared. And always it is difficult to understand and make sense out of the chaos that characterizes our world. I believe you bring the message of understanding and hope to the people. You are there to help them make sense out of things they believed could make no sense. And you bring the things of high strangeness to a place where we all can begin to comprehend them. I have always wanted to paint but don't seem to have the ability. If I could, I would paint a picture of a beautiful Calla Lily with a firefly on it and name the painting Lilian.

I am so grateful to you. And, I am sure everyone who knows you is also. I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the things you have helped me to know and understand about the Universe and about myself. I am beginning to be at peace. And I think I am beginning to trust the Universe.

Thank you, Lilian. I am so honored and appreciative to know you. And I feel so blessed to call you friend.  
Love, Kathryn



Kathryn's BOB

## **I Hear Hooves.... Who Goes There?**

By Lilian Mustelier

We live in a world of texting and abbreviations, second nature to some and hard to comprehend for others. DID and MPD are short words for something enormous, in fact most people are unable to tell you what they stands for. PTSD is an abbreviation which has been forced into our vocabulary because of the significant amount of people, which have been afflicted.

**DID** stands for Dissociative Identity Disorder.

**MPD** stands for Multiple Personality Disorder.

**PTSD** stands for Post Traumatic Stress Disorder.

The football player Herschel Walker released a book last month: "Breaking Free" .

By doing so he attempted to, once again, bring this subject to the forefront.

20/20 showed a report about.... A woman which wrote a book: The Woman Who Can't Forget. By Jill Price and Bart Davis.

In 1997 I wrote a book: And The Moral Of The Story Is... One Person At A Time.

<http://www.highstrangeness.tv>

Each one of these accounts touch on... in a broad sense... what it is like to be somewhat different.

Let me invite you into my world for a short time and tell you my story.

In 1987 I was diagnosed with MPD. It was determined I had suffered from said disorder since I was 9 years old. Extreme DID/MPD is brought on by severe trauma, torture or experimentation. It serves no purpose at this time for me to explain what this consisted of, only that during this time my own survival mechanism found it necessary to create a path for me to survive certain occurrences.

It created many compartmentalized files in my brain, which are accessible by different parts of me, Lilian. Somehow the brain managed to put in place the unique ability to become a "DIFFERENT" person all together, when it found it necessary to carry out a task. It was documented that even physical changes can occur, for example during an eye examination, in which my sight changed, from short-sighted in the left eye and far sighted in the right eye, to 20/20 vision in both eyes. Suffering from lifelong back problems and mild scoliosis, it was noted that during episodes I walked totally straight. Other times I have been

unable to speak English. I am multi-lingual and sessions in other languages have been recorded by my therapist.

Changes in style of dress, food, music and physical activities are also common.

There was a time when I had no recall of anything, unaware of lost time or my whereabouts. It was not unusual to be unable to recall weeks. I jokingly call myself a "HOLEY" person, because I am unable to remember many parts of my life. It is not in my memory bank only to resurface at other times. I am unable to fill out paperwork which dealing with facts, including but not limited to medical history, work history or whereabouts. Many times I have very vague or no recollection of my children. I do not baby-sit my grandchildren due to fear I might not know who they are and leave them in a stressful situation. I recall an instance taking a granddaughter skating. Not having skated in 20 years I was concerned about falling and hurting myself. Somehow I became 8 years old, the time period when I was an excellent figure skater. When it was time to go home I asked the girl with me to please call her mother, I did not know where we lived. I have made arrangements with my doctors to ask how old I am before leaving their office. Anything less than 16-20 is reason for concern because at that age I do not know how to drive.

For almost 30 years I have had great therapists which have taught me, very patiently, how to maneuver. There are no medications one can take, it takes hard work on a daily basis to navigate the maze, which is my life.

In recent times I had a therapist which, in my opinion, was not qualified and set me back in my learning progress by 10 years. Each time, after leaving his office, I would find myself in unfamiliar places. After several hours I did regain control long enough to have friends help me to find my way home. There were also times I would, the next day, find foreign food in the refrigerator. No recollection where I bought it or how much money I spent. The lady at my bank would pay a check ... This is 2007-2008... dated 1974. She would notify me of the overdraft (without charge ) and a friend would have to come to my aid and cover the checks. Please keep in mind while I, LILIAN, have no recollection of many things these OTHER people occupying my body are fully operational and function normally according to their standards. Lilian's brain just shifts to a different compartment and operates according to the memory file in that part of the brain.

For those of you, which remember an EP/LP record along with the times your record skipped, after slightly tapping the record you might lose a fraction of the song you listened to, but the song would recover. Now picture a CD or DVD. As soon there is any discrepancy, dirt, a scratch or malfunction with the disc you will not be able to continue what you listened to. At best you can try a different player, which is usually of no avail. The only choice you have is to reboot and

hope the disk will recover. It rarely does. With MPD a person feels a scratch coming on, some times with masterful skills continued play is possible with a few bumps and skips. More often than not the only course of action is to stop, separate from the situation and reboot.

Each one of these disorders require a trigger. A trigger is something which tells the brain to access memories from a certain time period. PTSD, in my opinion, creates vivid memories which play out like a video, transporting the person in the time period said memory was experienced and forces the them to re-live said instance and act accordingly.

DID and MPD act different inasmuch as it forces them to shut down and leave, therefore totally switching the brain to a facilitating alter. With intense practice after 30 years I sometimes recognize when I am "Scrambled" If I catch it in time I am able to maintain enough of my composure to stop a switch. Other times my skills let me down and I have to do the best I can AFTER the fact. Example: A friend owns a small aircraft. She offered to take me on a flight in order for me to film aerial shots for my TV show. I was excited. However, she called while I was writing this article, an almost impossible task. She called to tell me to come on we were going to fly. I said NO. It was only the next day I was able to tell her that one of my OTHER PEOPLE, loved skydiving and I easily could have jumped out of the plane, without a parachute

As far as we can tell the "Persons" which occupy my body are as follows:

1. Male, in charge of logical decisions.
2. Small child, afraid.
3. Young woman, terrified of riding as a passenger in cars.
3. Woman, creative and excellent painter.
4. Male, prone to failure.
5. Woman, brilliant in business an public relations.
6. Woman, mother and defender.
7. Woman, social butterfly as well as dancer very popular with opposite sex.
8. Woman, writer/researcher very focused producer/director/host.

And there is the ME, LILIAN. Nondenominational, wise, extremely psychic, happy and the facilitator of everything which is ME. I am unemployable since I am unable to function at all. When under stress I am not able to control which part of my brain is going to be access, who takes charge of what needs to be addressed next. There was I 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 running the risk of being called a liar, I now just answer with, this is not in my memory banks at this time, ask me again

later, I might remember.

So, what do we need from the people around us?????

Most of us attempt to notify the people which we have close relationships with. Family, select friends, and people we work with, on a need to know basis. Health care providers should be notified, except there is no training other than how to deal with distraught people. In present times that can be a life threatening event for people like myself. Emergency personnel and Police are not trained to allow a person like myself to gain control, at which time everything becomes intensified. For example: I lived under occupation when I was small. A day after Sept. 11 I saw soldiers driving by. A police car followed and for a moment I panicked. I realized I would not have been able to tell anyone my name. I was on my way to therapy and it was decided for me to wear a medic alert bracelet identifying me by name and to state I had MPD.

When spoken to I visualize everything a person tells me, sometimes it takes a couple of seconds longer to answer, than it would the average person. This is often mistaken for not answering or disinterest. The response of a person I am conversing with can sometimes act as a trigger. Triggers are different for each person. In my case it can be an odor, an event, holidays, a sound or the person I am dealing with themselves, their tone of voice when speaking or questioning me.

Picture yourself watching a TV program. You follow the story line. All of a sudden someone behind you changes the channel. You have little or no objection since you understand there are more people present yourself. You get involved in the new storyline only to have the channel changed again and again and again at which time you are dizzy. Your blood pressure and adrenalin rises, your choice is to become confrontational or leave. My eye movement will change when someone switches the channel and I will always decide to walk away to reboot. Unfortunately even the people we attempted to educate are not able or willing to afford us this luxury. In rare instances people will deliberately create an instance to switch me in order to accomplish an agenda which is NOT in my interest. A law was passed in the 90's to charge people with a crime if they were aware of a 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 inasmuch as a person such as myself is not able to explain to an untrained person what the problem is, it only intensifies the situation. It will add panic to the equation. If I was able to explain my dilemma, I could reboot and fix it myself.

What is needed is TOLERANCE, it is almost more important than UNDERSTANDING. Even people aware of the situation forget or do not want to deal with an episode. They take things personal and are unable to RECOGNIZE something is not right. AT THAT CRITICAL MOMENT. Stand down... Do not offer an aspirin and any medical solution. There is no pill, we need a clear mind and

the luxury of composing ourselves. When the episode is over DO NOT ask questions trying to reconstruct what happened, this will only delay the recovery from that incident. Often there is NO memory about what happened. DO NOT TAKE ANYTHING PERSONAL. DO NOT BABY THE PERSON. DO NOT EXCATURATE THE EVENT. Or outright lie.

I live by myself. Each room is decorated in a different theme. I can tell my frame of mind by which room I spend my time in. I create myself a focus point. I do well when traveling because it is not necessary for me to explain myself since I am only at a place for a very short time. I do things at my own pace. I ask to be reminded of appointments. I do one thing at the same time each week, so I know at least once a week I will return "HOME". Unfortunately there are many people, which are not able to maneuver in this fashion. They live with others, they may not be as skilled as I have become after 30 years, they may not even know there is something which prevents them from functioning properly. My hope is that more education will be available for ALL of us, especially since so many people have at least PTSD.

Close your eyes, you hear hooves. You assume, no, you know you hear a horse.

Open your eyes.

IT IS A ZEBRA!

## Meet Anita Perez



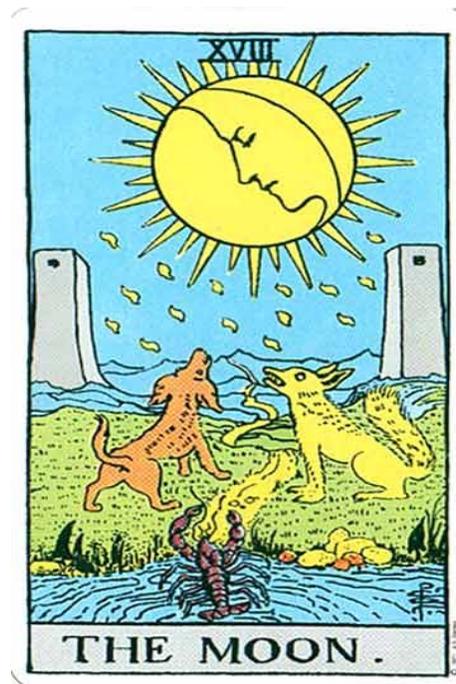
Mirror in the Sky

By Anita R. Perez

There has always been a fascination with the Moon, our only natural satellite. Many theories have been entertained over the millennia, from the ridiculous to the sublime: the Moon is the Face of the Mother Goddess, who rules the tides and all things changeable; the Moon is consumed in stages, and reborn again at the end of her cycle; the Moon is the source of madness and delusion; the Moon is a part of the Earth, which was torn from her by a direct hit from a meteor; the Moon is a chunk of space-rock captured by our gravitational pull; the

Moon is an artificial structure, placed there by aliens; the Moon is the maker of romance, and the ally of lovers; she is a blessing or she is a curse; she rules the tidal blood of women and the tidal waters of the sea...and on and on.

The Moon is an important card in the Tarot- one of the Major Arcana- and our view of this card has undergone some very radical changes with the passage of time, as we move away from the bias against feminine power, and learn to appreciate her subtle and elusive charms.



In the past, the Moon was considered a card of Danger and Deception, a warning that someone was working against you in a hidden and deceitful way. Old-school Tarotists will still warn you of hidden enemies, infidelities and hazardous paths, when the Moon shows up in a reading.

In more modern interpretations, the Moon card is considered an omen of ebb and flow, of intuition and unconscious knowledge, or revelations that are rising to the surface- or instinctive urges toward growth and self-realization. It may refer to something as simple as dreaming, or it may refer to the personal evolutionary process that each soul goes through as it travels the path between the feral and the cultivated self.

In Astrology, the Moon represents the archetypal Mother within, the emotional nature- one's stability and motility is determined by the sign and house, dignity and aspects to this important feature in any chart, among other influences. Only the Sun and Ascendant are as heavily weighted in the analysis and interpretation of the patterns revealed.



Of one thing you may always be sure- no matter what shifting sands you stand upon- there will always be change, and things are never as simple as they seem while looking at a shiny surface.

The Moon calls to something deep and primal within us, and every other living being on Earth.

Law Enforcement and Emergency Room personnel often recount how the Full Moon seems to bring out the crazies, and inspire wild and reckless acts. If it is powerful enough to pull the tides around the planet, how would it not affect our tiny measure of salt-water and sense?

Scientists have taken tanks of sea creatures and moved them to widely separated locations, to see if the tidal patterns would remain the same, and they found that though the original patterns persisted for a week or so- they suddenly stopped, and changed to a new pattern, that would correspond to the tide in their new location- even though their new location was far from any significant body of water. What was the determining factor? You guessed it: the Moon.

Interestingly, it seems that the more developed the visual sense in the animals observed (both aquatic and terrestrial) the more easily their perceptions can be interfered with by overcast weather. To me, this suggests that regardless of our understanding of their intellectual capacities, they are looking for visual cues from the Moon, which they evidently remember, and hold in great regard.

Equally interesting, is that sightless animals are far more regular and much more perfectly synchronized with lunar cycles- which clearly



indicates that they are relying on senses beyond our current understanding, but which still have a powerful association to the pull of the Moon.

If you live in a neighborhood where many of the residents have dogs, you are never in doubt of when the moon is rising. Canines of all types greet the Moon with vocalizations, chilling and yet oddly harmonious. This baying calls to something in our deepest and most primitive nature, and is evocative of a time long before indoor lighting and artificially sheltered environments, when keeping track of the cycles of the moon could mean the difference between survival and starvation.

I myself have seen deer move to the roadsides, to stand gazing at the open sky, where the moon sails majestically across the night- and I have seen the gleaming green eyes of tiny silver fish skimming the surface of the sea, gazing up at the horizon where the moon is about to appear.

The oldest artifacts known to be man-made depict the changing lunar cycles- evidence that our forebears did what they could to make sense of the variations they witnessed month after month.



The most ancient monuments are oriented toward sun and moon positions, and validate the idea that these luminaries loomed large in importance. This was the way we knew the times of planting and migration, could predict when the snows would begin, and then recede.



From the time we had enough consciousness to look up in wonder at what we were seeing, the Moon has held a special place in our imagination. It has been repeatedly proven that people get less sleep on nights when the Moon is full. I personally have been awakened by the full Moon, and since I was a small child, had a strange, instinctive fascination for it- as many children do. I felt the first stirrings of premonition, knowing that this was significant, and would get up in the middle of the night, let myself out into the yard, and would sit on the porch steps, gazing tirelessly at this mirror in the sky for prolonged periods. It was a compulsion that was possibly older than not only my young self, but older than human-kind- and I felt it with an immediacy that was both ancient and timeless.

In 2008, the Indian Space Research Organization has announced that the unmanned mission Chandrayaan-1 has found amino acid traces and organic compounds- possible evidence of life- in moon rocks and soil samples. When interviewed, the scientists in charge stated that similar findings had been published in the findings of the first manned US space mission- Apollo 11, in July 1969- but that the equipment of the time was not sophisticated enough to definitively confirm the finding.

Interestingly, very little has been said about it since.

Perhaps the mystery is too daunting.



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<http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/tei-Bio17Tuat03-t1-body-d5.html>

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## **Pro-Active Evolution at the Edge of Extinction**

By Anita R. Perez

I had begun this, my second article for Attune, as an exploration into Self-Esteem Magick- but recent violent events have propelled most of the people I know into a state of heightened anxiety and raw vulnerability- as is completely understandable.

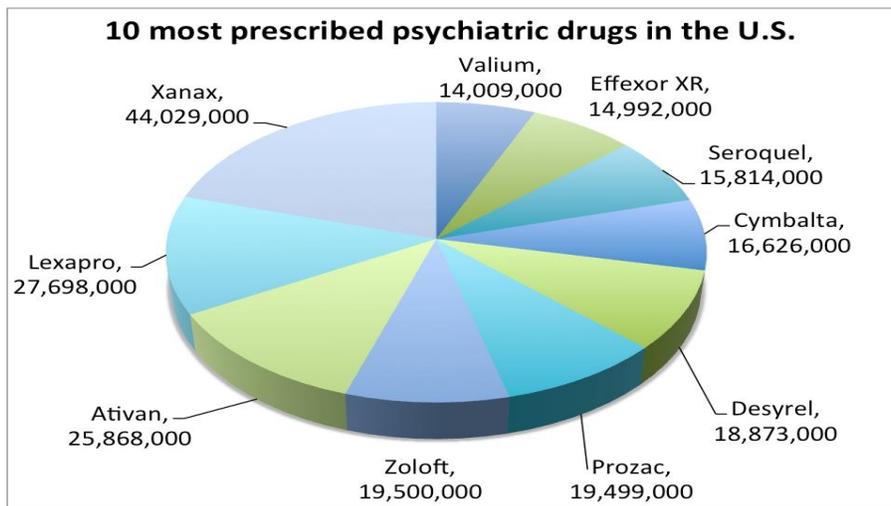
Arguments rage across the 'net about whether it is due to a shortfall of Mental Health Screening and Services, or the failure to adopt more stringent gun control measures. Some people point out, quite rightly, that many countries have a much higher percentage per capita of gun ownership than the US, and yet have never had incidents such as those that keep happening here...and now another country which is facing similar pressures has experienced an eerily similar event on the very same day- without a smoking gun.

Violence will find a way, even without the tools of war. There will always be a sharp rock handy, it's the impulse to use it on others that is in question. The problem is with the people who wield the weapons. What is it that would impel a person to murder children that they don't even know? What fatal flaw in the spirit or mind would drive a person to such lengths? We are usually tempted to point the finger at the parents as well as the perpetrator, and to some extent, this is often true- but what about those times when this is no clearly not the case?

We should also consider the effects that bullying by peers has on young impressionable minds and souls. Just take a moment to look around and examine the culture we live in. Look at the prevalence of violence in entertainment and news media, the repeated currents of hatred and cycles of warfare, the raging of extremists duking it out in front of the watching world, the displays of ego-maniacal posturing that passes for politics- these influences all have a profound impact on the sensitive mind and spirit of anyone who is subjected to it. If a single unkind exchange of words can rankle in a person's spirit for months or even years, how much more damaging can years of warfare and conflict be, brought into the family living-room and made personal, via television, movies and internet? How about repeated incidents of hazing and rejection in early life? School is just as often the setting for torment as severe as many profoundly dysfunctional homes.



Noted psychologist and author Peter Breggin said, while being interviewed on Coast to Coast AM, that in his years of studying the backgrounds and motivations of mass murderers, there has always been one or both of the following factors in effect: either there has been a history of severe abuse, or the perpetrator was receiving psychiatric drugs. Some of the side effects of these medications can be greatly exaggerated by metabolic abnormalities, and sometimes the issue that kicks things off is a change in dosage, or a change in other medications. Body chemistry is seriously impacted by drugs and their interactions with each other, by hormonal or metabolic changes, and by changes in the person's living environment. A slice of grapefruit can cause a medication to become dramatically exaggerated in its effect upon the user, or completely negate the effect. Chemical alterations in a person's system can even cause formerly unexpressed genetic abnormalities to suddenly become full blown, or suppress others.



Recent findings in the relatively new science of epigenetics has begun to shed unexpected light on these disturbing trends, as well as unofficially strengthening the case for both reincarnation and a spiritual component to the pattern. It turns out that the imprinting begins long before birth, even generations before- and is carried and added to by each incident of trauma, experienced by the pregnant great-grandmother of your grandmother- passed along in something that can only be explained as inherited memory. Famine, toxins and plague also have their roles in this; each far-reaching pang

etches itself into the record, modifying the actions of genes, and passing on myriads of patterns that reach exponential proportions.



A positive outcome not included in the published papers of most of the scientists working on the various facets of this emerging discipline, though it is implicit in the findings just as surely as the evidences of the damage already done. To state it very simply: just as negative factors can cause damaging modifications that can be passed down to one's descendants, so it must also be possible to change these expressions in a beneficial way.

Perception is an unexpectedly huge part of the equation, as is our interpretation and chosen action. We CAN decide how to react, and interrupt destructive patterns if we just pay enough attention to what is actually happening around us and within us. We can't control others, but we can control ourselves, and respond to others in a more timely and effective way- and if others are not neglected/abused/ignored at key times in their development, they are less likely to lose their capacity for empathy, and less likely to pass that chemical propensity onto their descendants. This is crucial, because as our population grows and develops more and more of a history of suffering and passing on that suffering in personal lore and behavioral patterns as well as embedded chemical imprints of the experiences of our ancestors, who among us can say by this era in history, that we have not been traumatized and abused at some point in time? Each of these experiences leaves its mark in this way, not only on us as individuals, but on the family history, and eventually on the species mind...and soul.



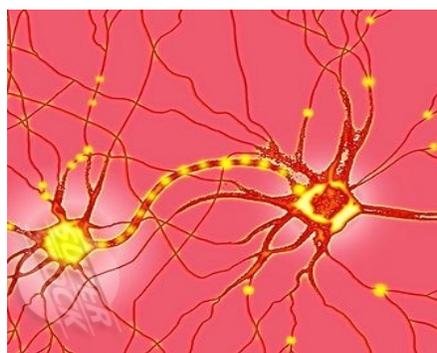
Since energy is the foundation of our material matrix, and experiences encode themselves in the fiber of our being, it's clear that ruthless and callous action toward others will cause exactly the increase we are seeing in violent action toward others. We are reaping the harvest of our insensitivity and selfishness toward other life- forms as well. The Vedas refer to the impressions of experiences that accumulate in our energy

bodies as "sanskaras". Other traditions sometimes refer to them as "cords". Again, we have various branches of the sciences and ancient beliefs echoing each other. As wild as it sounds to our materialistic science-biased minds, the ghost really is in the machine, and it carries memories of our ancestors' experiences and coping strategies. How much of that could also be related to past lives? Do we live again as our descendants? Those accounts that have been surfacing in recent years of confirmable evidence of past lives suggest that this is not necessarily the case, but doesn't rule out the possibility of it's happening some of the time...but that is another branching of the tree, to be explored at another time.

Returning to the importance of perception and reaction in determining our ability to deal with our life experiences and make better choices for ourselves, breaking destructive patterns and adopting constructive ones, involves changing our thoughts first.



Thoughts are as potent as actions, because they are actions in potential, and they steer the energy of our attention toward or away from outcomes that have consequences to everyone- whether we know them or not. And here is where Quantum Physics locks into another side of the equation: every atom in the multiverse, no matter how distant, knows and experiences what is happening to every other atom. We are made of those very same atoms, and it follows that we burden or lighten the karmic load of impressions for everyone in the multiverse with every action just as surely as passing electrons along a chain of atoms will move a charge down a wire or a nerve path.



These passing on of impressions and experiences embedded in our chemistry is a

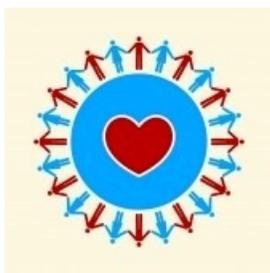
stunning revelation- it shows how experiences of stress and fear create histamine responses- which trigger certain receptors, which become sensitized to repeated experiences of fear or rage. As these experiences build on each other, the capacity to feel other things becomes diminished. A person becomes addicted to their rage, and tortured by their fear. All else falls away, and the entire life of the organism becomes a quest to manufacture the chemistry that will shore up the pathology and keep it going.

Destructive actions and revenge against the original aggressor can be taken out on an innocent proxy for no particular reason except opportunity, when the compulsion becomes sufficiently urgent. The way out is to become conscious enough to accomplish a pattern- interruption, and break out of the habit of rage, before getting to the point of establishing the pattern of lashing out, and /or self-destruction.

This kind of change requires a high degree of determination and self-awareness. The knowledge that assures us that we can effect what happens in our lives is a crucial part of our ability to effect our survival of this crisis.

All the sciences point ever more firmly to our ability to take the reins and have more conscious control of ourselves, and it is time that we take responsibility and do so, already.

The last obstacle is establishing urgency and intensity in the determination to change, which must be generated from within, and the only way to do that is through love. That love must be for others and for ourselves equally. Neither side of that equation can be out of balance. We must love and take care of each other with great deliberateness and earnestness, for this to be effective, and just as the chemistry of negativity has spread through our culture down through the eons, we can now spread it's antidote, with conscious spiritual intent.



Our ancestors had eons to spread the hate and abuse, so we can't expect the change to happen overnight. It's important to persist and be steadfast, because we are at the tipping point. Ancient calculations from past civilizations may disagree on various of the smaller points- but most point to this general era in time. All the planetary and galactic alignments leading up to this point add to the impetus too. We've already been at it for quite awhile, and we are in the middle of the process. We make the mistake of expecting

it to happen in sound-bytes, with a soundtrack written by Phillip Glass, narrated by Alistair Cooke, and fit neatly into a spectacular 45 minute time-slot.

We are in the middle of an extinction event, worrying about what we are going to wear to the apocalypse!

In fact, we've been experiencing our extinction event for quite awhile, and it's likely to last for generations to come. It is very much in our hands what happens to each of us as individuals and as a species, even though we are dealing with the cumulative pressures of millenia of choices that we ourselves did not make. We have some key advantages: we have crucial elements of the spiritual technologies left to us by our predecessors; we have the confirmation of those technologies by the newest and most fertile and progressive branches of our sciences; we have certain particulars about those technologies that have been pulled into sharper focus both by science and the work of modern visionaries; we have the internet so that we can exchange and assimilate this information in documentable form with greater ease and speed than ever before in human history, and most importantly- we have each other.

According to experiments with conscious practices from a variety of spiritual traditions, small groups of people using healing intent can have profound and spreading effects on large areas of concentrated population, even when operating quietly without that surrounding population being consciously aware of their efforts.

Meditation experiments have been documented in several cities where violent crime was running amok, and had profound measurable effect for the duration of the experiment, and for some time after. The Huna practice of Ho-opponopono quieted the most notoriously violent mental institution in the State of Hawaii within a year, through the persistent practice of a simple prayer! Clearly, one of the keys is consistency and repetition- but the results have been so profound and easily accomplished that it is ridiculous not to follow through. Noted author and researcher Gregg Braden estimated that if approximately 8000 individuals are meditating, praying, casting spells of peace, blessing or healing, practicing Reiki, or sending/projecting positive energy of any modality, at any given time, the entire planet would be immersed in a potent field of healing intent, and the tide would turn. With 7 billion people living on the planet, 8000 people voluntarily acting on this imperative repeatedly and consistently can well save our bacon, without even working up a good sweat. We can stop this train before it runs out of track; it's almost too simple, in spite of all the illusory complications that obscure our vision and distract our energy.

When we stop worrying about competing with each other for ever more and shinier stuff, and start lavishing each other with the concern and sensitivity we would wish to receive from our precious family members, then peace and prosperity will become the rule, and we can usher in an Age of Light, Wonder and Gratitude. Let's do it right now...it's time. This is our planetary wake-up call. It helps to have faith in the support of



other like-minded groups and beings, regardless of differences in origin, philosophy or methodology. The focus is on light.

In the interests of keeping this article confined to a manageable length and readability, I have glossed over and condensed many theories together. The basis of my conclusions have been gleaned and knitted together from the principles contained in the following source materials:

"The Divine Matrix: Bridging Time, Space, Miracles, and Belief"  
and "The Isaiah Effect" by Gregg Braden

"Reinventing Medicine" by Larry Dossey

"The Hidden Messages in Water" by Masaru Emoto

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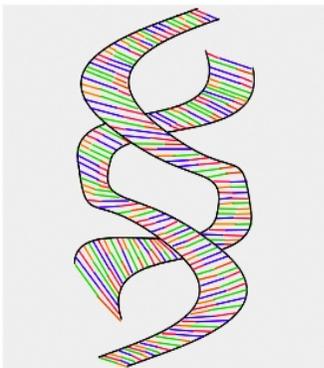
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**Speculations on The Shadow-Side:  
The Uses of Fear, Order Vs. Chaos,  
and the Spaces Between**

**By Anita R. Perez**

The tie that binds us to the physical may at times remind us of the long strands of DNA binding us to our genetic nature- as does our trajectory through Time-Space. The way many of us interpret our reality now, we manifest in the physical according to a code that is set into our very atoms. This can't help but influence how we experience ourselves from the root of our solidification in "meat-space".



There is an instinctive knowledge that there are other levels of existence- a knowledge first attained when we began to evolve the concept of spirit, and realized that we are ensouled beings.

At first, and still largely to this day- this understanding was visualized as a phenomenon akin to Russian dolls- the soul lives inside us, a diaphenous essence that flees with death, and carries our awareness with it.



As humankind began to develop their understanding of this concept, they began to think of it as being projected from a higher realm, into the physical, where it lives inside the housing of flesh that is the body.

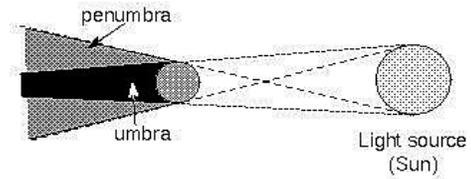
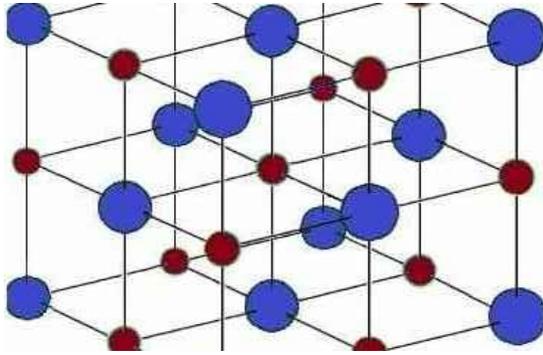
Many civilizations respected this housing for the spirit as the "temple" in which the life essence- a gift from the divine- was contained- a precious and mysterious fluid that must not be spilled, misused or wasted in any way (an irony during millenia of human existence when life was cheap, and often spent for entertainment). In such cultures, life-force was often associated with the liquid portions of our physicality, such as the blood, the semen, the tears of physical beings. Though not completely associated with spirit, it was still believed to carry the life essence that made the containment of spirit within flesh possible. It was almost as if we were seen as bottles of life, and the water inside was living, whereas the bottle was merely a bottle.

These days, we are more likely to see it as some elaborate, sensory-programmed wet-suit; a virtual reality robot in which we live, like a living bit of software inside of an organic device, grown to general, life-support specifications.

(A marvelously flexible and versatile bottle- but just a bottle none-the-less.)

I personally have a different take on the matter.

I see this as being an enmeshment of frequencies, where entire planes of existence slip into and out of existence, and interact with each other in the same space- interpenetrating each other in a kind of suspension, where some elements are literally cheek by jowl with each other, yet never directly interact- even as they both are affected profoundly by other substances that are more solvent, and interpenetrate both. These substances ebb and flow- and are changed as some combine; others are merely carried, afloat and distinct from each other. Imagine a massive aquarium, where oil, water, alcohol and ether are all combined. The oil and water never truly mix, even when agitated together. The alcohol penetrates the water, and the ether penetrates all three.



As we move further into the analogies between solvents and frequencies, we come to the issue of light. Do we call those frequencies that are perceivable by our sense organs "light" when in fact, we are looking at "light" with organs made of light? In some way, our position in time-space may, in fact cause us to eclipse our own ability to perceive reality objectively...we can't remove ourselves from the equation.

Focal length can be used to bring an image into focus, but can it not also be used to set things aflame?



In trying to comprehend these matters of light and focal length, we bring images into and out of focus as the light shifts and the lens changes. Things become more or less solid, as your perspective shifts with your frequency. You, the observer, are the lens AND the image- so it is impossible for you -under ordinary circumstances- to view and analyze this process in a detached manner. To some extent, you must influence both the process and the results- and therefore your view of the thing you are trying to observe reflects back to you some mirroring of yourself, because you are looking at it through some portion of who and what you are. It's a lovely possibility though, that the light which penetrates you, is something you can see reflected in the eyes of another.



While all of these notions have their place in a kind of interpretive story-telling, where we try to explain reality and the meaning of life to each other- each follows the other as an expounding upon that which we can never truly know. It's like a drop of water trying to explain the ocean to another drop of water. We can catch a fleeting notion of it- because all the essence of that ocean is contained within our being- but we can never examine it with the necessary distance or objectivity to really get to the heart of truth that is maddeningly hidden inside ourselves.

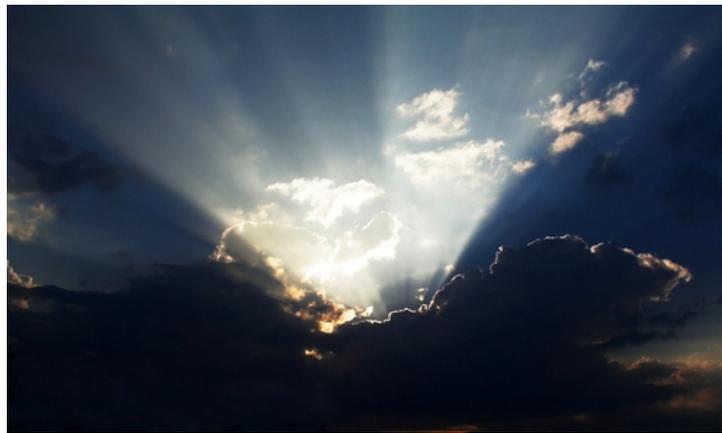


With the advent of Quantum Theory, it has in fact become apparent that instead of spirit/energy being a separate, higher component that merely occupies the physical, it is in fact the basic fiber out of which all things are woven, including the physical. Even the most solid, immovable objects are composed of energy and empty space- and our ability to sense them is made entirely of charges that attract and repel each other, as they vibrate and entrain their frequencies to achieve some kind of equilibrium. We find, that instead of flesh, we are rhythm and light!- and that spirit, as such, is simply the template that organizes the frequencies of which we are composed, without which

the "flesh" disintegrates.

We are led to understand that just as we are not simply an elegantly designed vessel created to contain a sublime ethereal substance, we are not simply order struggling to maintain uniformity in a battle with chaos. We are both pattern AND chaos, in a never-ending dance of change and temporary stasis.

Chaos is not the enemy, just as shadow is not the enemy. Chaos is important, because it brings change. Chaos introduces movement into an otherwise frozen and unchanging situation. An element of chaos can be what brings new energy into an otherwise stagnant situation- just as shadows add interest and contrast to the presence of light. Without shadows- light is glaring and harsh. With shadow, comes interest, restfulness, and sometimes challenge.



Proponents of Chaos Magick claim that there is a higher order -or pattern- hidden in the seeming randomness of change and flux that chaos brings about.

When we view things in the microcosm only- the patterns are often impossible to see...but when we expand our view, the patterns become visible. Fractals in nature demonstrate this underlying pattern that repeats itself over and over again, as we change our perspective to include ever larger and smaller views of our universe. This makes it clear that there are no absolutes in non-local Time-Space, and that it is the limitation of our physical equipment and human-centric understanding that makes it appear that way. There is always something greater, and always something smaller- the Rabbit Hole goes on indefinitely.



Our original interpretation of nature as our adversary was formed in a time when we had little control of our immediate environment. We as a species came to the conclusion that nature was a force that we had to master; every shadow was a potential hiding place for a ferocious predator, and every deviation from the peace of a summer afternoon could mean that a ravaging force was on it's way.

We have since come to the understanding that predators also have their place in the world, that nature is not our enemy, and that those ravaging forces are in fact a natural means of restoring balance when the pressures of stasis have become smothering.

It is natural to be afraid. Fear is a signal that danger is near, and it can improve our ability to survive, when we are surrounded by patterns that are too enormous for us to interpret. The key is in making constructive use of that fear, and not allowing it to master us.

The same is true of shadow- when we use it to rest the eye, to provide contrast to the starkness of light, it becomes beautiful, restful or exciting- depending on the setting. Chaos introduces oxygen into otherwise stagnant waters, and nature -"...red in tooth and claw..."- is basically cooperative in it's feral innocence.

Without challenge, we would not know what altruism and compassion are- there would be no need for it.

We can certainly interpret our personal disasters as negative experiences- but how we cope with them afterward is where the greatest potential for personal growth lies. Certainly we are allowed to own our pain, and to grieve for our losses...to expect otherwise is to invalidate our experience as humans. But in order to rise and achieve something more, we must break our patterns and introduce a little chaos- rising up out of

the pool of stale suffering- and do something entirely different to break out of the entropy.

Too often, we see only what we expect to see- and any deviation from this is judged to be a disruption.

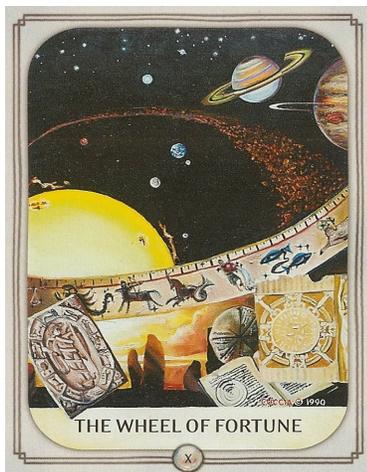
Perhaps occasional disruption is good for the soul.

None of this is to say that we should surrender to evil. There IS suffering and oppression in the world, and it certainly IS appropriate to do what we can to alleviate it. The point here is to acknowledge that the purpose of our lives is not to illuminate every shadow, or to drive chaos from the universe- but to learn their uses, and seize the opportunities that they provide. Each obstacle can be used to construct a stairway to enlightenment- and when the stairway crumbles, it's time to take aim at a new understanding of enlightenment, and build again.

# rEvolution in Time/Space

By Anita R. Perez

Pagans celebrate a cycle of festivals often referred to as the Wheel of the Year. Much like the orbit of planets, it seems that even as you are moving around the heavens, the heavens are moving around you.

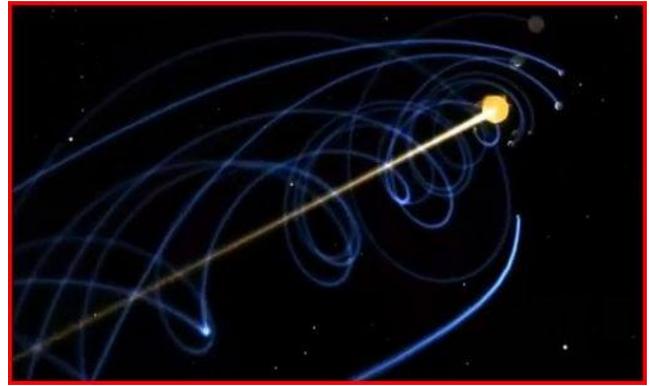


So, which is true? The band of the classical Zodiac appears to proceed in a majestic carousel around the sky, describing a mythos of love and conflict, and points of view as varied as the billions of stars in the sky- both seen and unseen...and all of it in constant motion.

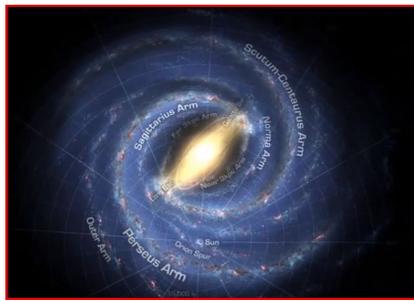
As we follow our sun through the vastness, our perceptions turn to face it's light- sunflowers turning their shaggy heads toward the radiance, unaware of their own sacred geometrical constructs formed by the atoms of stars long dead, and greater than ours.

Our understanding changes with each loop of our path through this continuum, whether we realize it or not- just as surely as the fabric of our cells contain the carbon of suns that burnt out so long ago.

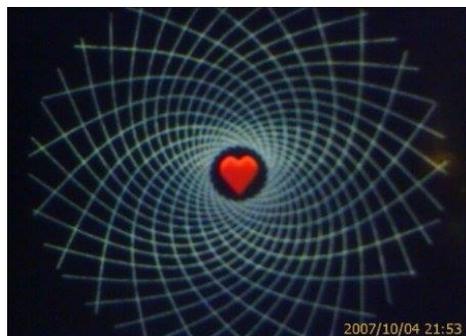
The orbit we follow is only a circle to those who live on a flat earth. Since we move through time/space, our motion is in fact a spiral.



The planet spins, with us upon it, and the spinning planet spirals around our sun, which in turn spirals around its own orbit of the galactic center.



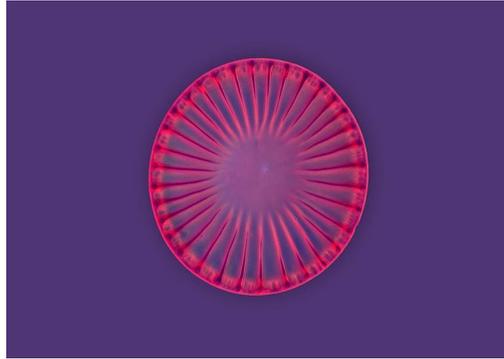
Everything turns, wheeling through space/time, as surely as a cart bumps its way down a cobblestone road, carried by its homely wooden wheels. Whether we view it from the microcosm or the macrocosm, the spinning of life cycles carries us on an endlessly spiraling path down twisting corridors of probability. We travel in both directions simultaneously- toward both inner and outer reaches where distance becomes an almost meaningless abstraction, and focus becomes the axis at the heart of the spin.



We cannot help ourselves- we are caught up in the spinning of the wheel by virtue of the very fact of our existence. We spin, right along with the atoms of our substance, and with the planet on which we live. We clatter down roads of this life-dream as loudly or as softly as our temperaments require, and sometimes we sing out loud, or whisper,

according to our fortunes.

The natural world spins with us, as do the subtle forms of life we know are there, yet usually do not perceive.



From ancient times into the present, beings have gazed into inner space, even as they have contemplated the heavens, experiencing visions of the working of the universe.



Ezekiel Saw the Wheel

ca. 1943-1944

William H. Johnson

Courtesy of the Smithsonian American Art Museum

The experiences of living may make us feel as if we are at the mercy of fortune, or swept along by the currents of time. Only at the center of the spin can we begin to grasp that the center is inside ourselves, and that the still point is everywhere.

Nature moves in circular paths, and Space-Time contains us in the fabric of itself, just as we contain it in the fabric of our being.



## Platinum Molecule

The Tarot image and concept of the Wheel of Fortune evolved a couple of short centuries before we, as a species, began debating whether or not the universe was a cosmic clockwork construct, controlled by a God who was separate and remote from us.

Descartes, who is wrongly supposed to have been a proponent of the Clockwork Universe, did not in fact espouse the belief of a mechanical, soulless reality, though he did propose the duality and separate interactivity between mind and body, and is considered to be the father of Western Philosophy with its emphasis on skepticism.



Above all, he proposed that humans were more than simply helpless wisps being blown about by the winds of fortune- that each of us was "an emancipated being equipped with autonomous reason" and that what we sought was not merely what was true, but of what could we be certain?

However, in experiencing life, there is a great deal we feel that we have no control over- huge events seem to bandy us around, gravity holds us to the ground, and the Wheel of time crushes us beneath its tread, just as we have crushed belief and faith

under the heel of "reason".

Subtle forces have been downgraded to changes in air pressure and electromagnetic tides- and magick has been drained out of our existence. Again, we consider ourselves victims of fortune, the main difference being that our culture now believes there is no meaning or intent behind the oncoming tread that raises, then crushes us.

The perception of the connected spiraling of life is largely lost in our mechanistic world-view, and we feel that we have lost control as we climb over each other to remain at the top of the wheel.

Inexorably, time pushes us toward the oncoming curve and into the asphalt- and we cling with bitter hands to the tread that carries us forward.



We forget that the one thing we have control over is our own behavior, and that our treatment of each other is key to creating our experience. The life around us suffers also- as we fight to steer the oncoming weight in any direction except toward ourselves. Cartesian certainty becomes the certainty of doom, in a universe ruled by the worship of material- for all things must wither and decay, as time grinds on and space both narrows and becomes increasingly empty. All objects are in a state of constant decline, as their composition is constantly stealing and losing electrons while entropy looms and then swallows everything.

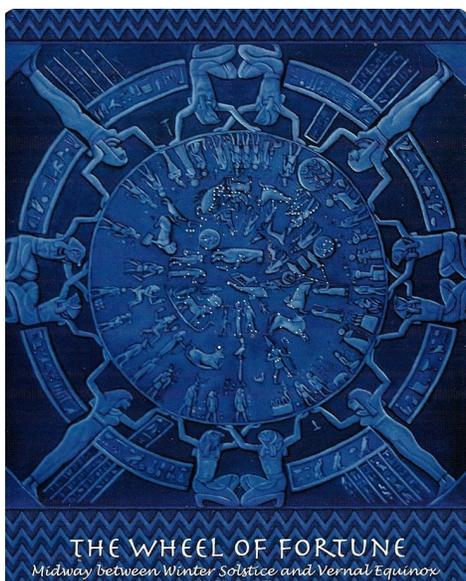
Such is life in the flat universe.

A peek outside the curtain of "flat earth thinking" reveals truths and wonders that

seem to have slipped from our grasp since ancient times.

The Ancients of various cultures knew that wonders lay behind every aspect of the universe. Often they attributed these to life-forms that were invisible to the casual observer: gods and goddesses, spirits and elementals- fairies and fae- energies and forces that possessed intelligence and motives of their own. They ruled aspects of the natural world, and were believed to exist outside of the Time/Space that we occupy, even though they were able to influence us within it.

As we progress in our understanding of the workings of the universe and the nature of "reality" we begin to see that in fact the ancients were far wiser than we have long believed. The "primitive" world view was in fact, very sophisticated, and simplistic symbolic explanations of their beliefs concealed a far more profound understanding held by many of the mystics of their various cultures.



The Wheel of Fortune,  
Journey into Egypt Tarot  
by Julie Cuccia-Watts

We realize that old-school predictive readings were only one step removed from the supplication of Deities, and invested our faith in a deterministic reality, where we had little control of our destiny. It is becoming clear to us now, that we have much more impact on the universe around us, and on each other than we understand. While it is true that the tidal forces of nature and time can sweep us along in their path, we still have available to us the Middle Way- where we maintain a certain detachment which allows us to surf the curl of the wave rather than to drown in the depths. You can choose to let the spiraling force carry you by maintaining your center and refusing to engage in extremes, rather than fixing your hopes to the heights- because what goes up, must indeed come down. This does not cancel out a certain enlightened opportunism,

because the wheel can carry you beyond the limits of your current time-space...in fact it will, whether you perceive it or not.



The choices you have are where to put your attention, and how to conduct yourself in the time-space that you occupy. The windows of opportunity open the widest when you operate your bio-body-suit from the center of yourself. That is the only place you can steer from. The rest is a matter of ebb and flow, of seasonal return to places and times we have never been, and will never be again. In this seeming contradiction, we find the only true constant: change.

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both by Julie Cuccia-Watts

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## **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 I stop and say: Oh no, I lied and then correct the story line.**

**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, seven is a good number, someone said it represented spiritual completeness. Plus 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**



Fatima Lilian Mustelier immigrated to the United States of America in 1966. She has resided in Olympia, Washington most of that time. At one time she worked as a CLM, later became a S.H.E.S. Minister. She holds an HDR.

She is a UFO and Crop Circle Researcher, Speaker and Psychic.

Author of 7 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 and NUFF SAID.

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

She writes a monthly newsletter for her web site:

[www.highstrangeness.tv](http://www.highstrangeness.tv) and a blog for [facebook.com/lilian mustelier](https://www.facebook.com/lilian.mustelier).

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