

Wholistic Heartbeat

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WholisticHeartbeat.com

Wholistic Heartbeat

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**We are always accepting articles, stories and poems
for our bimonthly issues.**

Wholistic Heartbeat is an embodiment of the evolving awareness of our wholeness. We appreciate your contributions and are glad to offer a place for your joyful expression. All submissions are welcome. We print what is in the flow of each unfolding issue.

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Wholistic Heartbeat

a FREE bimonthly magazine offered by **ISIS HEALS**,
Where we believe that sharing stories, wisdom, gifts and skills about love, healing and spiritual transformation, inspires and strengthens the overall health of our community.

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Our intention is to offer a wide variety of quality information that will support all of us on our healing paths by providing tools and resources for personal growth, awareness, and self-empowerment.

Through *Wholistic Heartbeat*, (formerly the Isis Scrolls) we seek to inspire and educate the members of our community about our uniquely skilled and gifted healing arts practitioners and the rich variety of integrative healing modalities available to us. *Wholistic Heartbeat* is a vessel through which the voice and heartbeat of the innate healing wisdom that lives within each of us, can be experienced.

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THE ENERGY THAT FUELS US IS AS IMPORTANT AS THE ACTIONS WE TAKE

Happy Chinese Year of Yang Earth Dog - 2018 (4715)!!!

By Jeffrey Haloff LAc.



We have effectively navigated the year of the Fire Rooster, (surviving the early morning tweets of the mad Rooster), we are still here, and now we joyfully welcome the New Year of the Earth Dog! (Begins February 16, 2018.) Dogs are revered in China, and worldwide, as “the Human’s Best Friend”. In China, since at least the Shang Period (1766-1121 B.C.), numerous breeds are represented in pictographs, sculpture, paintings, etc. The mutually supportive relationship between dogs and people is ancient and strong, and this Dog year arrives at the perfect time. The qualities of the Dog, justice, fairness, loyalty, love, protection and unselfishness, are sorely needed. It is the Dog’s year, so let’s learn of its characteristics that we may harmoniously thrive this year and beyond.

It is a Yang Earth Dog. The Dog’s natural element is Earth, so we have a double Earth year. The key element is in harmony with the ruler of the year. The last two years we had the element of Fire clashing with the Metal of the Monkey, then Rooster. Those conflicting relationships contributed to unsettled times. Last year’s Fire produces Earth, as the ash after a fire produces fertile ground. Things should slow down a bit, theoretically, settling and relaxing after the fast-burning pace of the Fire years. The projects that we have begun can continue to progress, nurtured by the Earth.

We refer to Earth as Mother Earth, for, indeed, she provides sustenance, nurturing all life on our planet. Earth (Yin)

receives the Yang energy from the Sun (Heaven), and life here flourishes. When we, the people, live in harmony with the cycles of Nature, cycles measured by the Heavenly Orbs (Sun, Moon, Earth, Stars), we can perceive and create Heaven on Earth. This Chinese astrological cycle is 60 years, combining the 12 Animals and the 5 Elements. We gain wisdom through experience, living the energetics of life during each of these 60 combinations. And we value the Chinese tradition of respect and honor for the older, more experienced ones amongst us who have completed this 60 year cycle.

What can we learn, in order to functionally enhance our life, from this ancient wisdom? As the Earth Dog Year is Double-Earth, we have the image of Mountain. We can look to the venerable I Ching, the Book of Changes, Hexagram 52, “Gen – Mountain, Keeping Still”: double Gen (Mountain) Trigrams, each with two descending Yin lines below one rising Yang line. A healthy energetic to emulate: grounding into supportive Earth, with a mountain view, relaxed mind and peaceful heart.

**“The Image
Mountains standing close together:
The image of KEEPING STILL.
Thus the superior person
Does not permit their thoughts
To go beyond their situation.”**

Brilliant, ancient advice for our modern, mad world, with the news-cycle craziness always a quick click away. Sit, back straight, grounded and present, to incur calm mind and heart. Dogs do tend to worry, so this is an important practice.

Dogs worry because they are protecting their family. They are loved because of their loyalty, trustworthiness, integrity and fairness. A theme of the Dog Year is one of justice. Working for the “underdog”, we should see more effort, more court cases that uphold a sense of fair-mindedness and egalitarianism. Dogs are born to serve, unselfishly, and are said to be the most “humanitarian” of the astrological signs. This year we shall see many people motivated by a sense of social justice, putting effort into pointing out and fixing inequalities, helping those less fortunate. We shall likely become more idealistic, questioning our values and motivation, acting with honesty and integrity.

The faithful Dog works with concern to guard their family, enhancing the quality of family life. This task, while gratifying, causes some worry. Watch your mind, and do not worry too much this year. Dogs are forgiving. Use forgiveness to free yourself of worry. And remember, Dogs like to, and need to, play. And run! Get some exercise this

year, as it helps reduce anxiety and balance overthinking. The Earth Dog can have strong opinions, fiercely defending justice. We likely shall see a lot of barking this year, each side protecting their point of view, protecting their family, tribe, party, what have you.

Since the idealistic Dog is concerned with justice, just what can we expect politically this year??? Well, as a matter of fact, Donald Trump was born in the year of the Fire Dog. More impulsive than the Earth Dog, President Fire Dog doesn't seem to think before he barks/speaks. He does seem to have a strong sense of loyalty, demanding it of associates and family. (The mafia has such loyalty.) He and his ilk seem to think that business is unfairly encumbered by restrictions, and he works to improve the lot of his underdog billionaire class. Dogs are protectors, so expect his Great Wall, defense, and immigration to remain hot topics. As the Department of Justice investigation continues, Fire Dog Trump's worries and paranoia will grow. The Fire element makes it difficult for him to control his emotions, and Dogs can attack when cornered. As his worry and anxiety increase, he will need to play more golf, as he can find peace only on the golf course. (Just like Nero found peace in his fiddle.) Will justice prevail? The Dog says: always, eventually.

How about the economy? Dogs are generally optimistic, though protective and conservative, and prone to worry, so expect the stock market to contract.

We've just had two Fire years of happy, speculative optimism. With Fire illuminating the flashy appearance of value, the market surged. It must come down, but hopefully not crashing (although there are some people who bet that it will.) The Dog month, however, is October, and we have experienced 2 crashes in October: 1929 and 1987- though not Dog years. Personally, if your work follows your heart's enthusiasm, your finances will slowly improve. And charitable generosity improves karma.

Earth Dog weather? According to Five Element Theory, Earth can inhibit Water, like a dam or levee, so this year may be dry, and maybe with periods of deluge. Also it may be warm. Double Earth, slow moving, like tectonic plates, can we expect earthquakes this year? Very likely, yes. Volcanoes also are very likely. An endearing quality of the protective Dog is worry, so have your emergency plan: food, water, etc., and worry a little less.

What health advice does the Earth Dog give? Just as our planet Earth nurtures and nourishes us all, the Earth element governs digestion. We eat food grown in Earth, and our digestive system integrates and distributes the nourishment, Qi, energy to all our organ systems. We get the energy and

vitality to function effectively from the food we eat. Our digestive systems must operate in a healthy way. If you need help to maintain digestive function, ask your acupuncturist/herbalist. The ancient Chinese have determined that the Earth element also governs our mental process. Thoughts are like food, and when we are functioning in a healthy way, we select and use the thoughts that can benefit us, the ones that give us confidence and inspiration, and we let go of the ones that don't. This year, careful planning, with efficient and cautious action, produces accomplishment. Follow your instinct, listen to your heart for direction, plan and act accordingly.

The Chinese Medicine perspective is all about balance. And the Dog, which equates to the western sign of Libra, is also about balance. Work like a Dog...and play like a Dog! Plan thoughtfully....and frolic spontaneously. Exert energy.....and rest. Worry....and find Joy. (The Dog finds Joy in being of service.) Be pessimistic.....and optimistic. Dogs are pack animals, so gather a team for mutually supportive work.....and play. Enjoy social get-togethers and enjoy food, as a Dog does. Dogs are motivated by love and can get sentimental. Use nostalgia to motivate connection to gather with faithful, loyal friends and family.

Let us be optimistic, like the Dog, that this year our world will adopt the view of fairness, social justice and compassion, and leave the blighted way of greed and fear behind. Unbridled greed causes suffering, but the Dog acts with generosity, in faithful service. A Dog's service is what makes them happy. Act with integrity, following your Heart's instinct, and there is no need for worry. Be charitable. Be forgiving, like the Lucky Dog.

Keep wagging that tail! MAY ALL BE AS YOU WISH!
HAPPY NEW YEAR of the EARTH DOG 2018/4715!



Jeffrey Haloff LAc. operates Humboldt Acupuncture with his wife, Chelsea Colby LAc., in the beautiful Carson Block Building at 517 3rd St., Suite 18, Eureka CA 95501. They can be reached at (707) 268-8007 and humboldtacupuncture.com.

Love is a Need

But Not the Only One

Learn the Secret to Happy Relationships

by Yaj, MA



All we need is Love, Love ... Love is all we need. Right? Well ...

I'm a hardcore Beatles fan. Lennon forever. And though my hippie values were hand-me-downs from my baby boomer older brother, I claim them as my own. However, seventeen years of counseling couples, my own experiences in marriage, divorce, and numerous long-term relationships, as well as witnessing friends, community, and society at large, have taught me that we do, in fact, need more than Love.

For what do we need more than Love? For healthy, functioning, sustainably-fulfilling intimate relationships. In our culture, we are not taught how to attain this. We are not given the most important, effective skills that actually help build and maintain intimate partnerships.

On the whole, we are relationship-injured, as a society, as a species. Most people are lost, making the same errors repeatedly in chronic patterns of frustration and lack of fulfillment.

Relationship advice found in the mainstream has improved dramatically in recent times. Yet, I still see a lack of the crucial piece that makes or breaks how much actual value people receive from good advice in their day to day lives.

The problem is that even good information leaves humans responsible for figuring out how to implement the suggestions on their own in the privacy of their homes. We make messy mistakes the moment our emotions rear their heads. What's missing is an immediately-usable, one-size-fits-all how-to guide that actually works. A step-by-step roadmap, instructions, directions, a script that reliably gets results.

It actually exists, this universal script.

The most important life lessons are simple, yet profound. The fear-based, reactive, ego mind says, "If it were that easy, everyone would be doing it" That very thought, which is rampant and largely unconscious, blocks us from implementing simple yet profound truths and tools in our daily lives, tools that are game-changers in relationship. We need relationship instructions seriously broken down, chunked into digestible, bite-sized words. We often muck it up on the first try after reading an article or even after a good couple's therapy session.

What exactly is it that we muck up? Our attempts to get our needs met in relationship. We even muck up our attempts—bless us for trying—to meet the needs of our partner. It's the drive to meet needs that is underneath all human behavior and certainly what's underneath all conflict between partners.

We all do whatever we can in order to survive – to get our needs met – in any moment of our lives. It's instinct. If we can see this, accept it, and work with it as an ally, we can successfully implement effective tools designed to satisfy this driving force, thereby maintaining happiness and harmony between ourselves and our partners.

We can use negotiations, transactions—not tit-for-tat trades but bids and requests, offers and follow-through to achieve fun, romance, fulfillment and true love in our partnerships.

Later in this article, I will give you an exercise to try at home, complete with script lines to follow. You can test the universality of the tool for yourself.

First, a discussion of what exactly these needs are that drive our human behavior in relationship.

Six Basic Human Needs

- 1) Certainty**
- 2) Variety**
- 3) Significance**
- 4) Love & Connection**
- 5) Growth**
- 6) Contribution**

These Basic Human Needs are the why of what we do. When we learn to identify and work consciously with them in our relationships, as Tony Robbins, master trainer, teaches, all the confusing pain vanishes and we have a relationship roadmap that brings peace, fulfillment and deep intimacy to ourselves and our partners.

I don't imagine anyone would argue with this list to any great degree. It's not up for debate that we all have the need for Certainty (feeling safe and comfortable), Variety (change, shifts, newness, movement), Significance (feeling special, needed, worthy of attention), Love and Connection (we all need Love but many of us will settle for Connection), Growth (expansion, discovery), and Contribution (to give to something beyond ourselves).

For those who have given good thought to the concept of human needs motivating behavior and to their effect on relationships, I'd risk saying that the contemplation probably has remained

just that —contemplation—mostly in the realm of the theoretical vs. practical.

To go from theory to practice involves actually doing things differently at home, in privacy, often with some discomfort at first due to newness. There's a period of adjustment, then incorporation of a new habit. Learning to have better relationships is a process that requires engagement of more than the mind, though mindset is crucial.

Evidence-based techniques for practical application are the only thing worth doing. Proven methods for creating real change, achieving actual results in the form of both partners reporting more closeness, more loving connection, more satisfaction are essential.

I want people to actually change their lives and relationships in ways they desire, to be able to state that the work made things better, that they still are better, and that they continue to use the tools together that keep things better.

What's the best way to move forward with this information about Basic Human Needs?

Learn about your partner's unmet needs in the relationship and start meeting them. You might get surprised when you make this the lens through which you see your whole relationship. Tony's teaching is fiercely clear when he says that the number one most powerful, positive and effective thing you can do in your relationship is to make your number one priority meeting your partner's needs. Most people are usually thinking about getting their own needs met in relationship. If we're honest, that includes ourself.

***A caveat:** There are cases in which a person should definitely not put the other person's needs and desires before theirs. Namely, when it is not safe—emotionally, mentally, or physically. These are either cases of toxic relationship, where the person seeking help would benefit from considering leaving, or getting better at protecting themselves from pain and/or danger, or there is a safe partner, but self-esteem work is being done by the person seeking help who needs to practice putting their own needs first, as it is so foreign to them to do so.*

In cases without emotional or physical abuse or neglect, violence, mental illness or addiction, where one or both partners are safe enough to do this work without retribution or shame, it is not only effective, but earth-shatteringly revolutionary to relationships to make this paradigm shift intentionally and to follow through on it, regularly and consistently, with action.

What is the best way to follow through on this shift to focusing on meeting your partner's needs? How do we get from the theoretical to the practical?

The universal script I spoke of earlier focuses on one thing: asking a partner if you may help them meet a need of theirs. That's the key. Simple. If you are like most people, sometimes it will be easy, sometimes it will be hard.

Asking to Help Meet Your Partner's Needs – Universal Script

1) You: “Knock-knock. Are you available to speak about meeting a need of yours?”

Your Partner: “Yes.”

2) You: “Thank you. I would like to help you meet your needs. Can you tell me what need you have that is not being met?”

Your Partner: (Their need)

You: “Would you be willing to tell me something I can do to meet that need?”

(or, “May I suggest something I can do to help meet that Need?”)

Your Partner: “Yes. My request is that you .”
(or, “Yes, I would like you to do that. Thank you.”)

Speaking this way with a partner can radically shift the energy, tone, and real life impact in our relationships at home and in the world.

An important distinction: For relationships based on an agreement to co-create a healthy bond, this material is great for discussion and relationship work.

For a more unilateral approach to feeling happier (have more of your needs met by meeting more of your partner's needs) in a relationship, you will be using what I affectionately call the Stealth Mission. For the Stealth Mission, you still do the above, but change the words. You don't want to be so obvious that you are doing something different. Please contact me if you are interested in hearing more about how to do this work unilaterally.

Even though I say this is simple, there is much discovery to be made about the ins and outs, the things that come up when the tool is put into action. An article cannot take the place of a coach. Change happens in the moment when we are confronted with an opportunity to do something differently. Those are the teachable moments, vibrant with the stuff of real transformation.

My practice specializes in coaching people to implement and incorporate scripts such as this and other Evidence-Based relational and self-management tools. The results? More happiness and peace.

Since 2001, Yaj (also known as Amy Jay) has been in private practice seeing couples and individuals in New York. Now located in Arcata, CA, she has a Master of Science in Family Systems Counseling, is certified in Imago Relationships, trained by John Gottman, and is a Non-Violent Communication (NVC) Practitioner. Her work is centered on training people to use reliable tools for having authentic life and love. Please visit Yaj at www.HeartMindPartners.com.

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Dare to be Wild - A True Story about Mary Reynolds

Movie Review by Ellen Dee Davidson



Image: PA Archive/Press Association Images

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Shannon Wilhite, J.D.

Let me help empower you to
navigate the legal terrain.

I've been there, I can help!

I am a mother with personal custody
experience and a law degree with a
certificate in family mediation.

616-558-0404 - scmwilhite@gmail.com

I stumbled upon a beautiful movie that I want to share with all of you. *Dare to be Wild* tells the true story of Mary Reynolds, the youngest person to ever win a gold medal at the prestigious Chelsea flower show. The sumptuous, visual feast of this movie inspires on many levels and gives us a model we can apply to our own lives and talents to “change the world, just a little bit”.

Growing up in wild gardens in Ireland, Mary spends an enchanted childhood seeing the sparkling lights of the nature spirits. In fact, the way the movie depicts these fairy lights is exactly what I sometimes see when meditating with the old trees in the woods! As an adult, Mary applies the magic to her landscape design.

Spiced with romance, the movie twines around her relationship with a young man, Christy, who is working to plant forests in Ethiopia. At first, he thinks his work is much more important than hers. After all, he's trying to reverse the desertification of the Earth. Mary insists that people won't want to restore what they don't know about and that her wild gardens are part of the restoration. She points out that people travel the world seeking wild places, and her desire is to bring these wild places home to people in their gardens. After Mary travels to Ethiopia and catches his vision, Christy returns and helps her create the winning entry for the flower show.



Many moments in the movie give us a map to how Mary generates such astonishing success. She starts as an outsider with no money trying to enter the very competitive world of the Chelsea flower show. At one point, her designs are even ripped off. But Mary's faith is unwavering. She has a vision, writes affirmations, and takes every opportunity that comes her way. In the end, when Mary gives her acceptance speech, the words she uses are identical to the affirmation she'd posted on her refrigerator.

Today, Mary Reynolds continues to listen to both the land and the needs of clients, guardians of the land, as she designs healing landscapes all over the world. On her own property in Ireland, she is planting gardens to educate children through a deeper connection to nature.

A few cynical reviewers have called this movie "horticultural ho hum", "sappy", and even "a herbaceous bore of a movie". I'd like to encourage you to ignore them and see Dare to be Wild for yourself. This is a movie for dreamers, visionaries, environmentalists, romantics, people who have not given up hope, people who believe we can still make a difference, nature lovers, and all the intuitive souls who know, from our own personal experience, that nature is intelligent and we can consciously connect with her. If you want to feel good about what is possible, watch this TRUE story about someone who is following her heart, doing something beautiful, and making a real difference. For me, it doesn't get much better than that. So, my review is an enthusiastic 5 Stars. Happy watching!

the soft wind

by Catalina, age 6

the wind,
its blow,
gets my mind
to feel better
and the soft light
makes the day
grow short

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Holistic Pelvic Care

By Shannon Tinder



There is a great stirring deep within all of us to return to the origin of creation and birth a new way of being, a world in which we honor and celebrate the balance of the feminine and the masculine. The healing of the feminine has been happening and we are finally getting to the root. The darkness has been brought to light as we face our shadow and heal the depths of ourself. Within these depths is the healing of the womb. For it is from here, the spirit gateway, that all life comes forth. We are healing, we are loosening the shame matrix that has kept us disconnected from our own vitality and creative life force. This is the time to reclaim our sacred temple as a whole and embrace our roots.

There is a phenomenon going on right now of womb healing. **Yoni steams** are trending on Instagram and showing up in spas. Womb care products are all over Etsy. **Womb specialists** are on the rise, emerging as the next biggest wave of healers. Why so suddenly? Where has all of this come from? The healing of the feminine has been happening for many, many years now and has taken on different aspects of her. Just as we are now hearing empowered voices come through in the #metoo movement, we are also seeing the healing of the divine feminine deep within each of us. Chakras have become mainstream language and energy medicine widely accepted. Now it is time for the embodiment of the whole human being, which means healing the divine masculine and feminine within, finding balance and communication between the two. We are returning to our roots, the deep grounded place of creation within each of us, so that we may gestate and heal within to birth a new paradigm. Welcome womb healing.

Let's first look at what is included in the womb, or pelvic

bowl. The pelvic bowl includes the entire pelvic region from the pelvic floor to the top of the hips and energetically includes the root and sacral chakras. The pelvis is the foundation for our entire core, holding it all together, so to speak. Yet this area is left out of most bodywork. When we address the "core issues", everything can fall into alignment. We can broaden our sense of the pelvic bowl beyond the purpose of actual fertility and see how it applies to our lives in all creative endeavors. Each of our organs has its own energy. The ovaries are the creative fire energy within women, literally holding the seeds of creation, potential life force. The right ovary is the masculine energy, the yang, action energy.

What this means is that this ovary holds the fire for taking action with one's inspirations. The left side is the feminine, the yin, the place of rest and receptivity. The two weave their energy in an infinity pattern through the womb. True health is knowing when to take action and when to rest and listen. The uterus is the place of gestation. Here our fertilized seeds of creation are planted and grow. This can pertain to anything from children to creative projects to visions for one's future.

Womb healing sessions can come in many different ways such as Tantra, Energy, Work, Physical Therapy and Holistic Pelvic Care. Search the internet and find many practitioners offering their own unique take on working in the womb space. This article will be focusing on the Holistic Pelvic Care model, pioneered by Tami Kent MSPT, who found that postural patterns, emotional stress, energy blocks and trauma can lead to tension and holding in the pelvic region. These tension patterns can lead to a multitude of physical and energetic symptoms such as incontinence, pain during sex, menstrual irregularities, fibroids, cysts, endometriosis, prolapse, lack of vitality and creative flow, and an overall disconnect from life. Holistic Pelvic Care addresses core patterns, reestablishing physical and energetic alignment in the pelvic bowl. Most important, the practitioner helps the client to connect with all parts of herself. Where attention goes, energy flows.

Each session begins with a very thorough intake including physical, sexual and emotional history. On the table, the sessions can be solely energetically-focused, such as with pregnant women, or move on to a gentle internal and external massage that includes techniques of breath, guided visualization, and musculoskeletal massage. Did you know

the womb has its own innate intelligence? If one quiets and listens, she can be heard. In a session, one will be guided through breath work and mental imagery to reclaim her own pelvic bowl, clearing and cleaning house and beautifying her sacred space and learning to hear her voice. Sessions with me include sound healing with tuning forks, beginning with ancestral and birth energy and working toward current time to clear drag in the field. Tuning forks pick up dissonance in the biofield (our energetic blueprint and storyline). Dissonance picks up traumatic life events and/or emotions that need to be cleared from the person's field. It can be thought of as strings with tangled balls of energy all over us that we can sense within our biofield. These create drag in our system. The forks magnetically clear the entanglements and return the energy to the person, particularly to the chakra being worked on. This sound healing combined with Holistic Pelvic Care creates an opportunity to heal from the outside in to the inside out.

Is a Holistic Pelvic Care session right for you? These sessions are for women who are ready to reconnect with their creative vitality and align with their core wisdom and for women in postpartum recovery needing proper alignment. The sessions are also for women in need of healing from an abortion or miscarriage, for women wanting to heal from a traumatic birth event, for women wanting to heal from sexual trauma, for anyone who has concerns such as pelvic pain, fertility issues, incontinence, endometriosis, pelvic floor weakness, prolapses, hemorrhoids, pain during sex, menstrual pain, menstrual irregularity, or menopausal concerns. Health begins from the ground up. Let's reclaim our sacred centers.

Shannon Tinder is a licensed Massage Therapist and Holistic Care Practitioner offering deeply intuitive and therapeutic sessions in Ashland, Oregon. Shannon provides a safe, comfortable, and sacred space for healing to unfold and radiance to flourish. She can be reached at (707) 834-1276.

Yoni Steaming, also known as vaginal steaming, is a practice in which a woman allows the warmth of herbal steam to permeate the exterior of her vagina. Respected by healers around the globe, yoni steaming is an opportunity to reconnect with your body and utilize the wisdom of plant medicine to heal your cycle. www.soulvibrance.com/yonisteam/

A Womb Specialist is someone trained in the specifics of female reproductivity anatomy, cycles, energetics of the chakras, guided meditation for the womb, etc. This is a broad category where knowledge may be energetic and/or physical. **For example:** www.yonisteaminstitute.com offers a Womb Reiki Certification along with Yoni Egg training and Yoni Steam Certification.

photo by sarah gray - Upsplash.com

Here are a few of our local women who are helping with Pelvic Care

This list comes from the Woman's Care Section of www.WholisticHeartbeat.com

(Found in the Healing Arts Guide- Quick Reference Modality section)

CRISTINA AMERICA, L.Ac., (707) 826-1097
-Woman's Health Care, Acupuncture, Herbal Medicine, Massage, Placenta Medicine

MONICA BALLARD 707-703-9802 -Yoni eggs
www.MonicaBallard.com

TINA GEORGE DAWSON 707-498-5952 -Doula Services, Childbirth classes, Placenta Medicine
www.HeartOfTheRose.net

CAITLIN MCMURTRY 707-616-4820 -The Enlightened Cycle Certified Fertility Awareness & Reproductive Health Educator, Journey of Young Women Mentor for Girls and Teens www.Enlightened-Cycle.com

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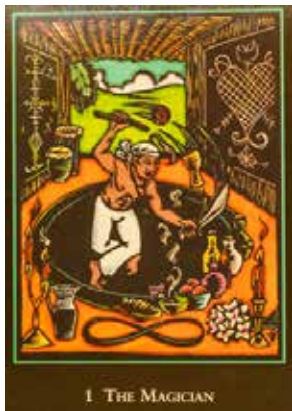
SPIRITUAL MAKEOVER: THE HOME EDITION

By Juna Berry Madrone

What simple changes can we make in our home to support our personal growth and happiness? Where we spend time on a daily basis affects us on every level. Let's play 'Spiritual Makeover'.

Here are the rules of our game. Please do try this at home. We pre-determine what our four card positions represent. These will correspond to the four worlds. Each world, or kabbalistic level, pertains to a type of human activity that we shall explain more fully below. To illustrate we shall use 'The World Spirit Tarot' with illustrations by Lauren O'Leary and text by Jessica Godino and Lauren O'Leary.

We spend a lot of time at home. Most nights we sleep here. The ambience of different areas can profoundly affect us. We are looking for insight from the Spiritual World into what actions, changes, additions, and eliminations can feed our joy, creativity and spirituality.



Position 1: 1 The Magician

Assiyah, or the realm of the material world, governs activities that relate to the health of our physical body. Kitchen magic is easy to perform when our tools are well organized and we have a well-stocked pantry of basics and condiments at our fingertips.

So, let's take a fresh look at this one room in our home. Quickly run through an inventory of all things that occupy pantry and refrigerator space. Shine the light on those dark corners where scary things are lurking. Discard any items that are past their expiration date or that no longer reflect our current dietary preferences. Make a list of essential foods and tools. Keep these items stocked. Develop a system to quickly replace them when they are used up.

Making it easy to throw together simple meals makes it less likely that we opt for 'fast' foods. Preparing food with loving care produces superior nutrition. Homemade meals invite sharing with housemates and loved ones.

This card offers several other good bits of advice to enhance

our kitchen spaces. Bring in more fresh air and light. Hang some lively and stimulating art on the walls. Bring in music to play in the background while we get creative. Enjoy fresh flowers regularly.

Cooking is one of the strongest ceremonies for life. When recipes are put together, the kitchen is a chemical laboratory involving air, fire, water and the earth. This is what gives value to humans and elevates their spiritual qualities.

-Laura Esquivel,

https://www.brainyquote.com/quotes/laura_esquivel_797420

Position 2: 16 The Tower



How can this dynamic image of invasive power pertain to *Yetzirah*, the realm of relationships and feelings? As we study this card we notice the depiction of a wall that demarcates boundaries between inner and outer space. The message I am receiving here is about the importance of clearly insuring personal privacy.

Privacy is a basic human right. Respect for each person's right to private space promotes harmonious co-dwelling. Every living situation has its physical limitations. Each dweller in a space needs to know that their personal thoughts, conversations, and actions are safe and protected. This pertains especially to the relationship between spouses/partners and between parent and child.

How can we configure space to support healthy boundaries? All parties should be clear about their personal space and communicate this to others. This personal space may be a bedroom, a drawer, a desk, a diary, or a smart phone. The use of lock and key and/or creative signage can promote feelings of safety and self-worth.

It is very easy to rationalize invasion of a child's or a lover's privacy. Short of circumstances that are life endangering, we should think long and hard about going there. We might argue that snooping is the only way to get to know what is going on with someone. Exercising patience allows a relationship to naturally unfold and deepen in intimacy. A relationship of trust is extremely important to keeping the doors of communication open. Violation of this trust creates core wounding.

There is something specifically healthy about strong fences and boundaries. They, first of all, are a way of taking intrinsic care of yourself and those you love. But energetically something else happens as well. Things fall into place.

-Kathryn Hall

Plant Whatever Brings You Joy: Blessed Wisdom from the Garden



Position 3: 8 Strength

A woman relaxes in a seated position. Her back is supported. She is comfortable, awake and alert. What message can this have for the *Briyah* arena of our lives? This is the world of the mind — of thoughts, ideas, and communication.

Our lives are sometimes utterly busy. We have grown accustomed to that everyday reality. We keep rushing without shining a focused light upon certain aspects of our everyday life. Here we are being invited to pause for a moment to reflect upon two specific issues regarding seating arrangements in our home.

First, most of us spend a lot of time taking in and sharing information. Where does this happen? Is it at a desk, on the living room couch, or in bed with our laptop? Where is the one place we spend the most time processing and sharing information? Take a look at where and how we are seated. We may have disregarded this up until now, even though we actually spend considerable time here. How can we create support and comfort to cradle our bodies? Can we use cushions or pillows? Is it time to invest in a new chair or perhaps a full body pillow?

Secondly, we want to create a seating arrangement where we can comfortably enjoy conversation. Is there one place in our home where two people can relax and share together without neck or back strain? Can both people sit at the same level and easily share eye contact?

Let's create good seating. Creation of ergonomically supportive seating allows the energy in our chakras to run freely. Our bodies are not distracted by pain and discomfort. Focus and mental clarity ease our relationship with information and with each other.

He that rules by mind is like the North Star; steady in his seat, whilst the stars all bend to him.

-Confucius,

The Sayings Of Confucius

Position 4: Seven of Pentacles



The energy of the Seven of Pentacles is about cultivation, the relationship of humans with the Plant Queendom. Specifically it is about the timing of harvest. This is a metaphor for those moments in life when we pause to consider if it is time to harvest a project. Should we continue to invest? Do things need more time?

The world of *Atzilut* governs our creative and spiritual activities. Consider where in our home we spend the most time in these types of endeavors. Our relationship with time is critical as creative and spiritual beings. The message here is that our lives can be enhanced by the presence of plant energy.

Our creative and spiritual lives are gardens that need active tending in order to flourish. One of the most essential nutrients in our lives is oxygen. Spirit is suggesting today that our gardens can be enhanced literally with the presence of more plant energy. This can mean actively tending the plants that already dwell in our creative and spiritual play spaces. It can mean that there is a special plant that is waiting to come home with us. Breathe deeply!

I find one vast garden spread out all over the universe. All plants, all human beings, all higher mind bodies are about in this garden in various ways, each has his own uniqueness and beauty. Their presence and variety give me great delight. Every one of you adds with his special feature to the glory of the garden.

-Anandamayi Ma

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Juna Berry Madrone, Natural Mystic Guide, is a mystic and Goddess priestess residing on the sacred island of Bali, Indonesia. Her highly effective long distance work supports you through Tarot, spiritual psychotherapy, and transformative ritual. Call Juna at (541) 973-6030 and visit www.naturalmysticguide.com



CROSSING OVER INTO THE LIGHT: from the Medium's Journal

By Jessica Bryan



A woman in her eighties came to see me recently for a clairvoyant reading. She began by describing a recent dream: she is in a dilapidated, dark house with faded oak paneling, and she doesn't like the house because, as she says, "I like houses with lots of light."

There are four ghosts in the house, three women in one room and a man who seems especially dark. He is standing by a stairway leading down into more darkness. My client realizes it's the spirit of her husband, Charlie, who died many years ago. She is frightened of Charlie, the basement, and especially the darkness.

Turning her attention to the three female spirits, she realizes she must help them cross over. I'm surprised because I didn't know she had this ability, especially in the dream state. The first ghost goes "to the light" quite easily after passing through my client's energy body with a loud, powerful "whoosh." The other two are more difficult, but she helps them too.

As I'm listening, it becomes obvious that Charlie, her deceased husband, needs my attention. He had had a heart attack and there was some trouble at the hospital. They didn't do everything they could have done to save him and he died.

Just then, the spirit of Charlie appears directly in front of me. He too seems to be listening to the telling of her dream. He sends me a telepathic impression that he is really angry about what happened at the hospital. Now it's apparent he has not accepted the fact that he is dead. Maybe he doesn't even know he died.

Going deeper into trance, I accept Charlie's invitation to go down the stairs. At one point, he looks over his shoulder, smiles at me mischievously, and waves his hand to indicate he wants me to follow him. I go willingly, curiously. Even though my client is frightened, I am not because I know the Holy Spirit is protecting us.

Arriving at the bottom of the stairs, I see we are in a basement. It's not a physical basement as on the earth plane but rather an energy field in the fourth dimension, or astral plane, that Charlie has created for himself. The basement looks like any workshop you might find on earth. There are tools, tables, nails, and hammers. As Charlie walks around, he waves his hand as if to welcome me into his "home."

Now I understand for certain that he doesn't know he's dead and that the experiences surrounding his death in the hospital have possibly prevented him from crossing over into the Light. *Should I help him cross over?* I wonder. At this point I'm thinking maybe I should just leave him where he is. Then Spirit lets me know I should help him.

Once I've accepted the task, an energy portal opens above Charlie's head. He notices it almost immediately and seems enthusiastic. Perhaps he is bored after being alone in a dark basement for forty-five years!

He smiles at me, and as he moves closer to the portal, energy objects appearing like shadows fall away from him. I don't know what they represent, but I presume they are related to something he needs to let go of before his final departure.

Above the portal, an energy vortex begins to swirl and Charlie is drawn into it.

Then he rises up gently, moving towards a brilliant, heavenly Light. Finally, the vortex draws up behind him and the portal closes. Charlie's spirit has been released into the Light, into freedom.

* *

After this powerful experience, it was difficult to return to my body. I had been so far away that my brain was not quite connected to my eyes when my consciousness returned. I know this because, when I tried to open my eyes, I was nearly blinded by the harsh earthly sunlight. It took a minute to get them open and readjusted to looking at physical reality, rather than using my inner sight to view the spiritual dimensions.

My client came out of trance, too, exclaiming, "At the end, the earth just closed over the dark house and the hole where

it had been. There was only emptiness left, like a desert. Everything was peaceful after those souls were gone.”

The rest of the day, I was filled with tremendous energy and so much joy I could hardly contain it!

* *

In my work as a medium, I often see people who bring their deceased loved ones with them (whether they know it or not). Perhaps the deceased person recognizes the possibility of communicating with the living through me. I don't really understand this with my conscious mind. I only know it's wonderful to be able to help people in this way. Certainly it brings peace to both the living and those who are gone.



Jessica Bryan is an author, book editor, and spiritual medium. She does clairvoyant readings and a type of energy healing from the Philippines called “Magnetic Healing.” Jessica lives in Ashland, Oregon and can be reached by e-mail: medium@mind.net. See also: www.theflowofgrace.net and www.oregoneditor.com.

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We are drawn to certain locations where the land resonates with us and pulls us towards it. People can spend their entire lives looking for the places where they belong, places where they feel at home, where they fit and can comfortably set down roots.

— Mary Reynolds, *The Garden Awakening: Designs to nurture our land and ourselves*

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How To Choose Your Midwife

by Tracy Lough



The birth of a baby is a powerful, life-changing and, sometimes, a healing experience. There are many different kinds of midwives in Humboldt County, a small but very busy community where many people are looking for a unique birthing experience. From a natural hospital birth to a home birth, birth center, water birth, or VBAC (vaginal birth after cesarean), there are many options.

I know most of the Licensed Midwives in the county and I can say that I absolutely love each woman who is called to this work. We support each other, work and learn together, and back each other up as needed. Therefore, after you ask about credentials, experience, and training, the most important factor in choosing your midwife is whether you feel a connection with her. Will you feel comfortable with this person by your side through your pregnancy and birth journey?

What Kind Of Birth Do You Want?

There are several types of midwives, some who have formal education and some who do not (such as lay midwives). Certified Nurse Midwives (CNM) and Certified Professional Midwives (CPM) have completed training for midwifery. Most CNM practice in hospitals, while CPM have specific training and expertise in out-of-hospital births. Licensed Midwives (LM) are CPMs licensed by the California Medical Board to practice in California.

Shop Around

I encourage you to interview different midwives so you can hear what each midwife has to share about how they practice and what their care looks like. Check out potential midwifery websites to read up on their overall philosophy, services offered, certifications held, and what clients have to say about them. If you have friends who have birthed with a midwife, have a birth philosophy similar to yours, and had a good experience, ask for a recommendation. You and your midwife will be spending a lot of time together during your pregnancy. Some midwives take a higher client load than others or take on-call/off-call time. Are you hoping for a midwife to follow you through your pregnancy journey and be there when it comes time for your baby to arrive, or are you open to a midwife on call? From here, you can start to decide who you want to interview.

The Interview

Make a list of questions that are important to you and your partner. Make sure to ask if they are California licensed and how many clients they take per month/year. Find out what the appointments look like, how often they are and how long they last. Ask about their fees, payment plans, insurance billing and what is not covered in their care. Do they use fetoscopes vs. dopplers and do they offer options for testing in pregnancy? Do they offer home, water, and VBAC births, and what do they recommend for pain management in labor? Ask about the first hour after birth and postpartum care/breastfeeding support. Finally, you can inquire about how they handle complications and emergency situations, hospital transport and back up physicians. You'll want to

know if they are planning a vacation and how far are they willing to travel for a home birth? Soon you will have a sense of your connection with them.

Trust Your Instincts!

If at any point your original provider or birth plan feels like it is no longer the right choice for you, give yourself permission to alter the plan. Women who were certain about hospital birth have switched to a home birth midwife at 40 weeks and vice-versa. Do what you feel is in the best interest of you and your baby.

Birth is something we will always remember and it can and should be a blissful experience. Finding the right midwife for you will ensure that your desires for natural birth and postpartum care will be honored as much as possible.

Tracy Lough, LM, CPM, is a local home birth midwife with Welcoming Dawn Midwifery. She is owner of the "Birth Yurt" located in Fieldbrook, CA. Tracy meets each birth experience with gentleness, respect and safety, while supporting the mother's and family's needs and wishes. She was inspired by her own birthing experiences with midwives and has been able to provide a high standard of pregnancy care coupled with a more caring, personal and intimate birth experience. She feels welcomed as a guest for each birth to ensure mother and baby's safety, or she is able to provide doula support at the hospital if that is the safest place for a baby to arrive. Tracy offers affordable care because she believes low-risk pregnancies often achieve the best outcome with home birth. Every women desiring to have their baby at home with a midwife should have that option. In addition to her midwifery practice, Tracy provides Craniosacral Therapy for mothers and babies, teaches hypnobirthing, offers placenta encapsulation and runs a Waldorf-Inspired Outdoor Nature Preschool on her homestead.

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How to Make Liposomal Vitamin C at Home

By Aleah Howington

Most individuals body's are aware of the therapeutic benefits of vitamin C. Vitamin C supports cellular health, enables the body's production of glutathione, balances blood sugar, boosts the immune system, helps produce collagen, supports adrenal health, enhances NK (natural killer) cell activity and so much more. Unfortunately, with our busy, high stress lifestyles our body's systems can quickly become depleted of vitamin C. These depletions can lead to the expression of many genetic and chronic illnesses. Some of the most common signs of vitamin C deficiency include fatigue, muscle weakness, joint aches, swollen gums, slow wound healing, weakened immune system, leaky gut, autoimmune disease, and weight gain. The longer the deficiency persists, the more serious the health issues. Some of the long-term health issues may include high blood pressure, gall bladder disease, stroke, certain cancers, and Atherosclerosis. When the body reaches such a state of depletion, mega doses of vitamin C are required to bring the body back to its proper equilibrium. One of the most effective ways to absorb mega doses of vitamin C is through the administration of Intravenous therapy. This allows Vitamin C to enter directly into the blood stream. Unfortunately this treatment can be very expensive and sometimes difficult to obtain.

This is where liposomal vitamin C comes into play. A liposome is a spherical vesicle having at least one lipid bilayer that can be used as a vehicle for the administration of a nutrient that has the ability to pass through the stomach acids and bile salts in order to enter the digestive tract. Then the nutrient is delivered directly into the bloodstream without causing GI distress or discomfort. According to Dr. Thomas Levy, liposomal vitamin C surpasses the bioavailability of IV administration. An individual can take lower doses of liposomal vitamin C and have higher blood serum levels than an individual taking equal or more vitamin C through IV administration.

It may seem easier to buy pre manufactured liposomal vitamin C, and in some cases it is easier. Unfortunately some companies use ingredients to make the product shelf stable, with GMOs and the use of soy lethicin instead of sunflower lethicin which is the primary ingredient in liposomal products. Soy has been attributed to the loosening of the tight junctions in the BBB (blood brain barrier), making it more permeable and allowing unwanted and/or harmful particles to enter, ultimately leading to what is known as leaky brain. Sunflower lecithin improves cognitive and neurological function, helps heal the liver, improves quality of sleep, and balances the nervous system.

When making your own liposomal vitamin C at home, I suggest the use of Camu Camu. Camu Camu has a high concentration of vitamin C and also contains trace elements of iron, phosphorus, beta-carotene, calcium, vitamins B1, B2 and B3, comprehensive complex minerals and amino acids.

Before we move forward with the liposomal process, I would like readers to be aware that there is a genetic deficiency called glucose-6-phosphate dehydrogenase (G6PD) deficiency. Hemolysis anemia can also occur in G6PD deficient individuals when taking high doses of vitamin C. If you have taken high doses of vitamin C in the past and actually felt worse, I recommend getting tested and learning about the different opinions that exist. G6PD deficiency is directly associated with high dose vitamin D, and some studies have found a correlation with Berberine as well.

Whenever starting a new supplementation protocol, ALWAYS check with your doctor or primary care physician. I recommend starting slowly, working up to the full dose. If unwanted side effects occur, stop immediately and contact your primary care physician or an alternative health practitioner. When our bodies are rebalancing we may experience a healing crisis or Herxheimer reaction. It's important to be aware of your body and how it responds to exogenous supplementation. It's also important to ensure that your detox pathways are open before you begin any cleansing or healing process.

So let us begin!

Method 1:

This is the most standard and widely used recipe for making liposomal vitamin C at home.

Ingredients:

- Organic Camu Camu
- Organic sunflower lecithin
- Reverse Osmosis Water re-mineralized with Himalayan sea salt ½ teaspoon per gallon.

Tools:

- Ultrasonic jewelry cleaner
- 1000ml. glass beaker
- Low speed blender
- 2-glass quart jars
- Measuring spoon: 1 Tablespoon
- Thermometer (preferably digital)

Process:

- 1) Stir in 2tbs of Camu Camu in 1 cup of RO water in 1 glass quart jar.
- 2) In a separate quart glass jar stir in 6 tbs of sunflower lecithin in 2 cups of RO water.
- 3) Soak both jars for a minimum of 4 hours.
- 4) When soaking is completed, blend at lowest speed Camu, Camu and sunflower lecithin separately for five minutes each.
- 5) Combine Camu, Camu and sunflower lecithin together and blend at lowest speed thoroughly for 8 mins.
- 6) Pour blended mixture into 1000ml beaker, then place beaker inside the middle of the ultrasonic jewelry cleaner.
- 7) Fill jewelry cleaner reservoir with water, so that when the beaker is placed into the reservoir, the mixture and reservoir water levels are exactly even.
- 8) Turn on Jewelry cleaner for at least 30 minutes and stir frequently.
- 9) If after a 30-minute cycle separation is present, continue to run in 15min. increments up to 60 minutes or until all surface bubbles have dissipated and no fluid separation exists.
- 10) If reservoir water becomes hot to touch or reaches above 95°, replace with cool water or add ice until temperature drops.
- 11) Upon completion, stir well, pour mixture into separate glass container then refrigerate. Use as needed.

Method 2:

This type of method is used by Dr. Klinghardt to make liposomal melatonin. He found that taking melatonin without liposomes does not allow the melatonin to pass through the BBB for brain detoxification. I commonly use this option for melatonin, glutathione reduced, methylcobalamin B12 and many others.

Ingredients:

- Camu, Camu
- Organic sunflower lecithin
- Organic coconut oil
- Organic raw honey
- Reverse osmosis water, re-mineralized with Himalayan sea salt ½ teaspoon per gallon.

Tools:

- Ultrasonic Jewelry cleaner
- 100ml glass beaker
- 1 glass container
- Low speed blender
- Measuring spoons: 1 tablespoon, ½ tablespoon, 1 teaspoon, and ½ teaspoon
- Thermometer, preferably digital

Process:

- 1) Soak 2 teaspoons of sunflower lecithin in 4 teaspoons of RO water in a glass container for 4 hours minimum.
- 2) Add 2 tablespoons of coconut oil, 1½ teaspoons of raw organic honey to 100ml. beaker.
- 3) Place beaker in warm to hot water and stir contents until a milky liquid is achieved. Be sure to monitor temperature with thermometer so temperature does not increase above 95°F.
- 4) Once the milky liquid has been stirred, add in the primary supplement (2 teaspoons Camu, Camu in this case) as needed, depending on desired concentration and dosage.
- 5) Pour into beaker soaked sunflower lecithin and water and stir until no lumps are present and the mixture resembles a milky, pasty syrup.
- 6) Place 100ml. beaker inside reservoir of your ultrasonic jewelry cleaner and fill reservoir with enough water to surround beaker to the same level as mixture, or slightly above mixture level, depending on viscosity of mixture fluid. If mixture is more viscous, then filling reservoir slightly above mixture level can suffice.

- 7) Turn on Jewelry cleaner for at least 30 mins. Run until no liquid or sediment separation exists.
- 8) If after the 30 min cycle separation is present, continue to run in 10 - 15 min. increments until all surface bubbles have dissipated and no fluid separation exists.
- 9) If reservoir water becomes hot to the touch, replace with cool water or add ice until temperature drops.
- 10) Upon completion stir well, pour mixture into separate glass container, then refrigerate. Use as needed

Method 3:

After extensively researching liposomes and liposomal particles, I have created this third method that, when processed, achieves a sufficient (nanometric) size of liposomal particle. I commonly use this option as well for melatonin, glutathione reduced, methylcobalamin B12 and many others.

Ingredients:

- Camu, Camu
- PC phospholipid complex
- Reverse osmosis water, re-mineralized with Himalayan sea salt ½ teaspoon per gallon.

Tools:

- Ultrasonic Jewelry cleaner
- 100ml Glass beaker
- Low speed blender
- Measuring spoon: 1 teaspoon
- Thermometer, preferably digital

Process:

- 1) Add 2 teaspoons or 10ml of a liquid phospholipid complex and stir in 1 teaspoons of Camu, Camu and 4 teaspoons of RO water to a 100ml. beaker.
- 2) Stir until no dry sediment or lumps are present and the mixture resembles a wet, syrupy consistency.
- 3) Place 100ml. beaker inside reservoir of your ultrasonic jewelry cleaner and fill reservoir with enough water to surround beaker to the same level as mixture, or slightly above mixture level depending on viscosity of mixture fluid. If mixture is more viscous, filling reservoir slightly above mixture level can suffice.
- 4) Turn on Jewelry cleaner for at least 30 mins. Run until no liquid or sediment separation exists.
- 5) If after the 30 min cycle, separation is present,

continue to run in 10 - 15min. increments until all surface bubbles have dissipated and no fluid separation exists.

- 6) If reservoir water becomes hot to the touch, replace with cool water or add ice until temperature drops.
- 7) Upon completion, stir well, pour mixture into separate glass container, then refrigerate. Use as needed.

Pease enjoy a long and healthy life! All dosages are dependent on each individual's needs.

That which secures life from exhaustion lies in the unseen world, deep at the roots of things -Rudolf Steiner

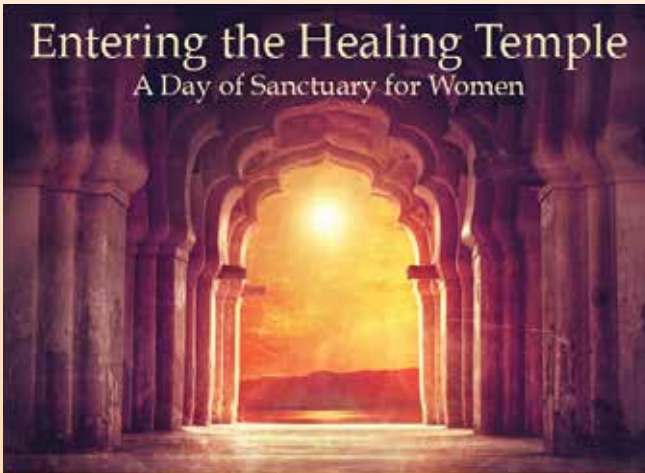
Aleah Howington is a Certified Functional Medicine Practitioner, Certified Holistic Nutrition Practitioner, and a Certified Natural Health Practitioner. She also holds a Tier 1 Gluten Free Society Certification. She has been healing herself and her children from chronic migraines, chronic Lyme disease, MAS and among others. Using a functional medicine approach, appropriate dietary changes and targeted supplementation, Aleah has helped many people suffering from all types of physical and psychological disorders. Her fundamental belief is that all psychological disorders are the result of nutrient imbalances. Aleah works with people of all ages and is currently accepting a limited number of clients by pre-approval only. To schedule a free interview to determine eligibility please call 707-572-7197.



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Entering the Healing Temple

A Day of Sanctuary for Women



The doors are open to Entering the Healing Temple, A Day of Sanctuary for Women, to be held **Saturday, April 7th in Arcata**. I will be guiding this day – the culmination of a personal journey that began almost 3 years ago. If there is something calling to you in your life, I encourage you step towards it and begin!

Women have been kind of in awe of this event: “FIVE Healing Practitioners for only 15 women?!?” Yes! A visit with each practitioner is like having a pebble tossed into the pond of your Being... allowing your self and your unconscious to come forward — bit by bit, and layer by layer — offering you healing gifts to take home and into your daily life.

You come to the day with an intention to receive guidance for something that’s ‘up’ in your life. Spiraling through mini-sessions from each of the 5 Healing Practitioners and spacious time for reflection will offer you a beautiful array of “input” — those pebbles — to guide your journey.

If you have any questions about Entering the Healing Temple, or about how to register, call me at 707.499.7861, or email me, claritybridge@gmail.com. If you are feeling called -- come! We’d love to have you. Blessings! ~Melinda

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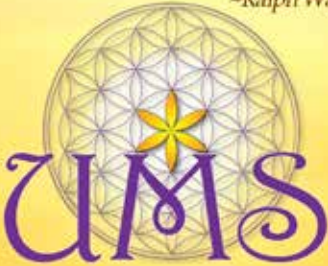
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~Ralph Waldo Emerson




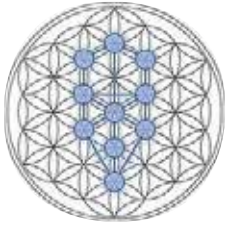
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Tarot Wise

March/April 2018

By Carolyn Ayres

Note: This column is an ongoing exploration of the Tree of Life which the modern Tarot is based on. Most of the thousands of tarot decks created since the 1960s copy the Waite Smith and the Thoth decks without the context of their connection to the Tree of Life.

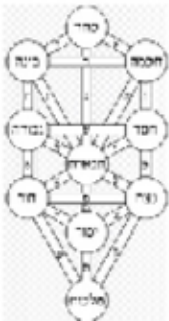
Which would you rather live by: Strength or Lust?



What has changed in the meaning of this Waite Smith card from the virginal woman in white, gently restraining the red lion, to the passionate, strong, very naked woman holding the Beast with one hand, while creating new worlds with the other on the Thoth card? I became taken with exploring the difference between these two versions of the same archetype

when I realized the numerology.

For the Tarot card of the year 2018 ($2 + 0 + 1 + 8 = 11$), we come up with many possibilities: **II** High Priestess; **11** Justice (Waite Smith); **11** Lust (Thoth)

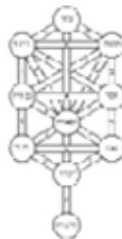
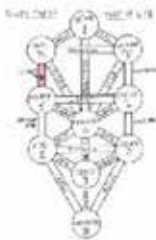


Those of you who have played with the Tarot for a while will be aware that the Strength and Lust cards, though symbolizing the same path on the Tree of Life between Chesed and Gevurah, are numbered differently. The Waite

Smith image is number VIII while the

Thoth image is XI. (See the Tree of Life to your right to orient yourself)

I will attempt a simple explanation. Though often the pre-Waite-Smith tarot decks, from the 1300s to 1910, were not numbered, the Strength card, then known as La Force or



Fortitude, eventually became the eleventh, and Justice was traditionally the eighth card. Arthur Waite and the magical society of the Golden Dawn, from whence the modern Tarot was born, switched the position of these two cards to make them fit the astrological correspondences of the Tree of Life. Each path on the Hebrew Tree of Life has the correspondence of a Hebrew letter and either an astrological sign, planet or element. But it depends on which Hebrew tree one chooses, as there are many versions. The Golden Dawn chose the Kircher Tree from the 1600s, as seen to your left. (You can see another version to your right which follows Isaac Luria's version from the 1500s.)

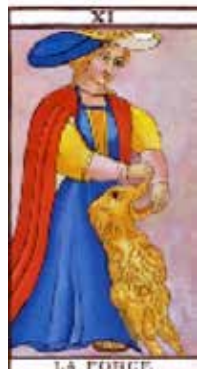
On the Kircher Tree, the path between Gevurah and Chesed is the Hebrew Letter Teth, the serpent, as the cosmic, electric, universal life principle which is associated with the astrological sign Leo. The eleventh path between Gevurah and Tipareth is the letter Lamed, the ox goad, associated with Libra.

(Kircher Tree in public domain) (Isaach Luria Tree in public domain)

Waite and his cohorts, men and women, decided that Strength or Fortitude, with its taming of the Lion, was more fitting to the eighth path of Leo and Justice more fitted to the Path of Libra, the eleventh path. This switch of Strength and Justice was adopted by most modern Tarot designers, some of whom probably did not even know that a change had been made. Crowley, on the other hand, stayed with the traditional numbering of XI for Strength and VIII for Justice. He then seems to have promptly forgotten this numbering as he described his *Lust* card in *The Book of Thoth* as being on the path of Leo, exactly where the number 8 *Strength* card from the Waite Smith deck is placed. So the argument seems to be moot. Just another story of the mutiny of Crowley within the Golden Dawn. Or perhaps another story of how the Golden Dawn took the ancient Kabbalah and changed it to suit their vision. And, one must remember that the whole point of even trying to understand the Golden Dawn's version of the Tree of Life is that the modern Tarot is rooted in its branches and correspondences.

(*Strength card, public domain from the Marseille deck, approximately 1700s*)

Whew! Now on to the fun of exploring these wonderful feminine archetypes of *La Force*, the image of a woman forcefully controlling the Animal: *Strength*, the woman in white, lovingly controlling the Red Lion and *Lust*, the passionate, naked woman controlling the Beast. What do these cards have in common? The strength to control one's own circumstances, one's



Shadow, and one's desires in a way that can create something new. But only in the *Lust* card do we see the womb of creation. Only in the *Lust* card do we see the outcome, the snakes of transformation swarming out to create a world entirely different from what the Feminine has experienced up until now.

How did the incredible shift in the look of the card come about? We don't know much about the Marseille's creator, but we do know a lot about the very different personalities of the creator of the *Waite Smith deck*, Arthur Waite, a Catholic mystic, and Aleister Crowley, the creator of the *Thoth deck*, the new age prophet known as the "wickedest man in England." Also, keep in mind that the image on Waite's *Strength* was created in 1910, Victorian England, while the *Thoth* deck images were created in England in the early 1940s. What shifted so dramatically with the Feminine in those 30 years? Plenty. Women could finally vote and the morals and structure of the very Christian nation of England had been upended by WWI and then WWII. Legendary for breaking all the rules, Crowley, with his *Lust* card, prophesied the rising up of the New Feminine.

More important, we must look at the women who created the images of these iconic decks and the circumstances under which they created their art. The artist of the Rider Waite, or as the Tarot community would say, the Waite Smith deck, was Pamela Coleman Smith, a young bohemian American artist living in England who was contracted to paint the deck in six months. Not a lot of communication happened between artist and creator. In fact, it seems as though Arthur Waite didn't really look at the finished product, for his descriptions in *The Pictorial Key to the Tarot*, the book he wrote for the deck, are different at times from the image on the cards.

On the other hand, Frieda Harris was the one who encouraged Crowley to create a deck according to the Golden Dawn specifications. Part of the initiatory process of this magical society was the creation of a Tarot deck. Though none of these homemade decks survive, the description of the cards, entitled *Book T*, does. But *Book T* is quite spare in its descriptions. It seems that, though Crowley and Harris planned for six months to complete the deck, Harris then encouraged Crowley to go beyond the Golden Dawn ideas and design an entirely original pack of cards. She expressly thought he should design a Tarot through which he could express his in-depth knowledge of comparative religion, mathematical physics, philosophy and Magick. The six months then stretched to five years. And so, though both the *Waite Smith* and the *Thoth* deck come from the same perennial root of the Golden Dawn and the Tree of Life, they branched out in very different forms.

I would never say throw out that old 1910 image of the *Strength* card, but I would say that women have moved from the virginal woman in white to the powerful woman astride

the Beast. As Crowley says in the description of his version of the *Strength* card, "*Lust implies not only strength, but the joy of strength exercised. It is vigor and the rapture of vigor.*" This is the path that girds Love and Fear on the Tree of Life. Imagine what can emerge when we find the courage to push through our Fear with Love and create something oh so new. Gerd Zigler calls it "divine intoxication." With the image of the *Lust* card, the Feminine gains her *Strength* from all of her experiences and, in her "divine intoxication" of *Lust* and Love, pushes through to create a new paradigm.



Now It's Your Turn

Reading for Strength/Lust

How to work with the new feminine to bring in the New Paradigm.

Separate your deck into Majors and Minors

Lay out the spread starting at the bottom and work upwards.

Drawing from the Minors only

1. Draw three cards: What aspects of you must be integrated to give you the Strength to bring forth your Lusty Light of Love that will transform our world? a. b. c.

2. Draw one card for a helper for your integration

3. Cross this card with another card asking: What might distract you from your quest of integration of your Power?

Drawing from the Majors only

4. Draw one card for you as the liberated Feminine

5. Draw one card asking: What are you here to birth?

Read these last two cards together for the message.

As always, I welcome your communication with questions and or comments.

From Carolyn Ayres: I am passionate about ongoing awakening for us all, so if you have read this far, I encourage you to email me and get on my email list, carolyn@tarotofbecoming.com You will then receive my New Moon Message and Tarot reading each month and hear about my classes and workshops. Classes for the year have already started but private mentoring and consultations are always available on the phone, Skype or in person at the Garden Studio in Eureka. If you are out of the area, I am also teaching privately online with Zoom. For more information about my classes or private consultations, call 707-442-4240, email me at carolyn@tarotofbecoming.com or check out my website at www.tarotofbecoming.com. If you are on Facebook, please "Like me" at www.facebook.com/Tarot-of-Becoming.

The Bhagavad Gita

March/April 2018



A compilation of Bhagavad Gita verses, comments from the masters (sometimes paraphrased), and personal introspections presented for your pondering and enjoyment.

By Krishna Jaya

Chapter 2, Verse 60

“Even those who know the path
Can be dragged from the path.

The senses are so unruly.

They can violently carry the mind away.”

Swami Shivananda;

The senses are like horses. If you keep the horses under control, you can reach your destination safely. Turbulent horses will throw you down on the way. Turbulent senses will hurl you down into the objects of the senses, and you will not be able to reach your spiritual destination, the abode of eternal peace or Moksha (final liberation).

Krishna Jaya:

“The turbulent senses will throw you down into the objects of the senses.” Seeing “objects” as separate, and not as interdependent condensations of Spirit in a unified field of consciousness, reinforces the idea that you are an isolated package of consciousness inside a bag of skin. As long as the conviction persists that you are a separate ego, and nothing but a separate ego, it will be impossible for you to see yourself as indivisibly and co-relationally connected with everything in creation, an indispensable, co-creative cog in Nature’s unfolding evolutionary process.¹

The ego may be recognized as a mental and social construct, and as long as you recognize it as such, it is useful and necessary for navigating a life-enhancing ride on your soul’s evolutionary journey. It is on this level that Krishna is teaching Arjuna about the importance of sense-control. Swami Shivananda’s metaphor of horses is not coincidental. Krishna is Arjuna’s charioteer, poised on the verge of combat. Krishna, the horses, and the chariot are inward and outward extensions of the great warrior.

Just as Arjuna put in many hours of training prior to his moment of truth between the armies, so it is that we need some sort of training, some sort of discipline, to unlearn unhelpful ways of perceiving picked up in childhood and later. It is also true that parents who do not buy into conventional societal norms and other forms of consensus reality have relative freedom to teach their children in such a way that “training” will not be required the way it is for those of us who need to unlearn decades of conditioning that were ingrained in us early and often and continue into the mainstream of adult life.

Arjuna is ripe for his challenge because of his combination of innate skills, practice/experience, and sense-awareness/control. Intimately working with his charioteer, Arjuna successfully blends his mind (a unique inflection of Krishna’s mind, or the universal mind) with the unified field in such a way that the two interact co-creatively, fashioning together a dance in which his mind/body operates at something approaching peak efficiency as an expression of the world’s and God’s goodness. It is no wonder that Arjuna, full of Krishna’s teaching and tuned for battle, then wreaks havoc through the enemy ranks.

Arjuna understands that he is not a separate package of awareness, and at the same time he knows the importance of giving this occasion his very best shot. That’s all anyone can ask for: made in the image and likeness of God, to be prepared to give it your best shot when called upon. There are some moments, which have greater significance than others during a lifetime. Yet, with practice, this state of being prepared to-give-it-your-best-shot-when-the-chips-are-down can be expanded to include every moment...now...now...now... by consciously internalizing this attitude, not necessarily with mental affirmations such as mantras, but as more of a feeling-tone, supporting the thinking mind while rooted in the deeper, more universal realms of consciousness. Abiding in this connective sense of presence, you are ready to give the next moment your best. Preparation is practice. It becomes a way of life, so the sages say.

I find it a useful practice to gaze at the following picture...



Are you looking at two people or a chalice? If you see two people, you’re perceiving them in the foreground against a white unobtrusive background. If you see the chalice, you’re perceiving it against a black unobtrusive background. Either way, you’re delineating foreground and background. The practice is to

see both at once. The blurring of the boundaries by seeing people and chalice at the same time makes it easier to see foreground and background elsewhere simultaneously, thus fostering a growing awareness of the mutually rooted nature of individual and universal consciousness.

There is a scene in the 1999 film *American Beauty* in which Ricky, a teenager, is showing his friend who lives next door his favorite video, shot with his camcorder. It's the dance of a plastic bag in the wind. Chances are that it isn't Ricky's first foray into videography. You get the impression that having his camcorder at the ready has become a habit for him. He is ready when the special moment arrives. Because his friend, Jane, is there, he has the opportunity to give voice to his creative self-expression, putting into words ideas that maybe he's never verbalized before:

"There was this electricity in the air. You can almost hear it. This bag was just dancing with me, like a little kid begging me to play with it. For fifteen minutes. I realized there was this entire life behind things, this incredibly benevolent force that wanted me to know there was no reason to be afraid. Never. Maybe it's a poor excuse, I know, but it helps me remember. I need to remember. Sometimes there's so much beauty in the world. I feel like I can't take it, like my heart is going to cave in." ²

"This entire life behind things" is the chalice when you only see the people; it's the people when you only see the chalice; and it's the red brick wall behind the dancing bag. As he watches the video with Jane, Ricky expresses his sense that life is fundamentally good and that he doesn't have to be afraid. As the fruit of his training, Ricky responds immediately to this opportunity to film a bag that is acting like a little kid, begging Ricky to play with it. With Jane at his side, without specifically referring to it, he gives voice to his awareness of the importance of the red brick wall behind the bag as a symbol of this entire life behind things. It is a threesome really: Ricky with the camcorder, the plastic bag, and the wall, mysteriously and miraculously made one by Ricky's ability to tune in.


Maybe there was little training involved. It might have been one of his first shoots. I have a friend whose father took him golfing as a boy. On the second time out, my friend made a hole-in-one. His father hooted and hollered, but my friend didn't see what the fuss was about. Wasn't the object to hit the ball in the hole? You never know about these things, but it could perhaps be said that for Ricky to make his epiphany something steady and long lasting, it would serve him well to work on recognizing "the entire life behind things" as a practice. Ultimately, "this entire life" is not really "behind" things. "Things" are this life, and "life" is these things.

We are all called to epiphanies of awakening. It is a universal gift by virtue of being human. Those who smugly view themselves as sufficient unto themselves, in control of life and ready to take it by the horns and mold it to their will, probably will resist this universal call of awakening. Life's creative power behind things is a free gift, but we have to tune in. A radio station offers free programming for miles around, but we have to adjust the tuner to enjoy it. We're all in the process, more or less, of tuning in to this lifeline of Love, hooking us up with something bigger.³

Notes:


1. Father Richard Rohr from a blogpost, 2.14.2018, cac.org: The strangely named Enlightenment of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and modern secularism deny the Great Chain of Being. When any one link is not honored and included, the whole cosmic vision collapses. Either we acknowledge the presence of God, the Great Spirit, the Higher Power, etc. in all things or we lose the basis for seeing Him/Her/It in anything, including ourselves.
2. John Astin (Too Intimate For Words): This Wholeness is breaking my heart into a million pieces. This perfect contradiction leaves behind linear thinking.
3. From the Wholistic Heartbeat vision statement on the website homepage:

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Leave My Heart At The Jailhouse Door

By Jesse Austin



"Get out of the car!"

I reluctantly turned my head and looked at my mom. We were in the car on the way to visit my dad in prison. She had pulled over onto the side of the narrow road. I began nervously fixing the green bow in my hair.

"My dad is not a dumb jerk," I muttered.

"Get out!"

Her tiny eyes blazing with alcohol and anger, my mom reached over, opened the door and then shoved me out of the car. I landed in the dirt on my butt and back, with my feet flying up over my chin.

I looked up through the open car door. My mother's sagging face was wet with angry tears. All morning she had been drinking and ranting about not wanting to visit my dad at the Lancaster Prison.

"You promised!" I had reminded her.

My hands and butt hurt where I had skidded in the dirt by the road. My mom flung my battered suitcase out of the car. Sitting, I ducked but the heavy bag banged against my shoulder. My mom was acting crazy again. I searched for hot words to hurl back at her.

"Don't argue." I heard my dead grandfather growl in my thoughts.

Grandpa Waters was right. My mom was in one of her black moods. I dropped my chin and pushed the bag off my legs.

I looked up when I heard the car door slam shut; then the car took off, the back wheels spinning and spitting dirt and little, sharp rocks into my face. My eyes snapped closed. I felt dizzy. My stomach was a hollow hole.

Part II

My name is Wilma Gotts, and I am eleven years old. I am smart for my age, and I have already jumped ahead two grades. I attend the Bobbi Humble Middle School. I am terribly tall and thin, and I run on the cross country team. I try to shower at school. My mom and I live in a little trailer and our hot water heater has a broken pressure valve. The kids at school call me stinky spider and other stuff. I try not to listen to them. I have one friend, Nora, but she only hangs out with me when we are not at school.

And, oh, sometimes I hear my dead grandfather talking. It's not spooky. Anyway, I think he is mostly trying to help me.

Grandpa Waters moved in with us when I was five. He coughed a lot, and died before I was six. But by then I was used to his low, gruff voice.

"Come on, kid, let's dig."

Out in the garden I would chatter away about Lola the Lion Girl, one of my imaginary friends. My grandfather would listen, smoke and cough. When my parents shouted at each other in the house, he would direct my attention to a rose and ask me to smell it for him.

"I can't smell flowers anymore," he would growl, "Only dead fish."

"Oh, grandpa," I would laugh. After sniffing the rose, I put my little hand in his big, spotted hand, and we would walk down to the pear tree.

When I opened my eyes I saw that our battered blue car was speeding away down the narrow highway. It got smaller and smaller, and when it came to the sharp turn the rear end swayed back and forth. Then it shot straight off the road. Even from a distance, I could hear the terrible crashing sound.

I jumped up and ran along the side of the road. I was wearing my tan pants, dad's old green and white high school jacket with the sleeves rolled up, and my faded running shoes. Behind me, in the weeds, was my suitcase. Inside was my one good dress and my purple sweater with the white trim.

Where the road curved I looked down and saw the back of our car. It had landed in the brush between two tall trees. I crawled down the steep slope, held my breath and looked in through the driver's window. My mother wasn't in the car! I glanced wildly around at the brush, boulders and mossy trees.

"Mom!" I yelled.

With my heart racing, I fought through the brush, searching the sloping ground in a large circle. I finally found my mom behind a thorn bush with tiny white flowers. She was on her back, moaning, but not moving.

"Mom!" I cried, sitting down next to her and lifting her head carefully onto my lap. "Mom...mom?"

She opened her eyes. I saw flecks of blood on her lips. Her face was gray like concrete. My mother had been beautiful once. Now she had deep, mean lines around her mouth and eyes.

"Go away," she whispered.

Silently crying, I gulped and squeeze her hand. My mother's eyelids slid closed, and I felt a shudder go through her body. Even in the loamy woods I got a whiff of her rose perfume. Watching, I realized my mother's chest wasn't moving under her orange blouse.

"Mom?"

My shoulders began to tremble. Waiting, I closed my eyes and tried to remember the good stuff. That was a trick I played when things got really bad.

My mom and dad used to sing together on the back porch. Later, I would climb up on the railing, close my eyes and jump down into my dad's arms. While I was in the air I would squeal—and that would make both my mom and dad laugh. I had been little then.

I was shivering and half-awake when I heard the sirens. I touched my mom's face. Her cheek was as cold as stone. Gently I placed her head in the grass and then I got to my feet. I put my hand on a mossy finger branch to steady myself. I started coughing like I was strangling! Cough, cough, cough ... it was like a gun going off. Suddenly, I felt real scared.

"Look at the trees." It was my grandfather's voice in my thoughts.

I looked around at the trees. Cough, cough ... Then I noticed the Maple. It was over by a tiny pool of water. I had



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an urge to grab one of its clean limbs and pull myself up into the sky. The coughing stopped.

I remembered that my mom had always liked camping, not that we went very often. Now she would be in the woods forever.

“Goodbye, mom,” I choked, looking at her stiff body on the ground. “It was my all fault. I’m sorry.”

Part III

My mother could paint, draw and make little figures out of clay. When I was a little girl she once made me a doll out of a toothpaste box. It had a ping-pong ball for a head. She cut a snip of fur off our cat Sissy and glued it on for black doll hair, then wrapped her yellow scarf around the box for a pretty dress. She would walk the doll back and forth on the table and make her talk, fall over and then miraculously fly.

“More, mommy, more!” I squealed.

Through the trees I could see the long, gray prison compound on the other side of the river. I wondered if I should go and tell dad about mom.

From the top of the slope I heard voices. I knew I didn’t want to end up in another foster home. After my dad went to prison, every so often my mom would push me out of the house and I would end up living in a drafty building with a husband and wife and two or three other unwanted kids. I had always liked being with my own people, even if my mom passed out sometimes and I had to clean up her vomit.

Crouching, I made my way downslope through the tangle of brush, trees and rotting logs. I scratched my ankles in the vines; several times my face was slapped by branches. I whimpered and kept stumbling through the thick vegetation. What for? My mom was dead. She had often told me she never wanted to be pregnant with me.

“Your father was a bum, a jerk,” she insisted when she had been drinking. “Giving birth to you was a mistake.”

I had a terrible time before I finally got down to the beach and the river. In one direction I saw a woman throwing a stick for her dog. So I went the other way, towards the bridge.

I was halfway across the long concrete and steel bridge when I remembered my suitcase. I reached up and touched my hair; my green bow was also gone, lost! I groaned, then halted and looked over the railing at the blue, rolling water. I wondered what it would be like to be a fish swimming deep in the river. Were they happy? I felt tired. I couldn’t go back for my suitcase. I would get it tomorrow. I would have

to find my dad in my old clothes.

My dad and I had always been each other’s favorite. But like my mother, my dad was a drinker. When he drank he did foolish things, so three years ago the courts put him in jail.

“You are my sweetie,” my dad would tell me when he was drinking his whisky. Unlike my mom, my dad was kind and lots of fun when he was drunk.

“Let’s us-s go to the park,” he would slur, “And see-e the ducks!”

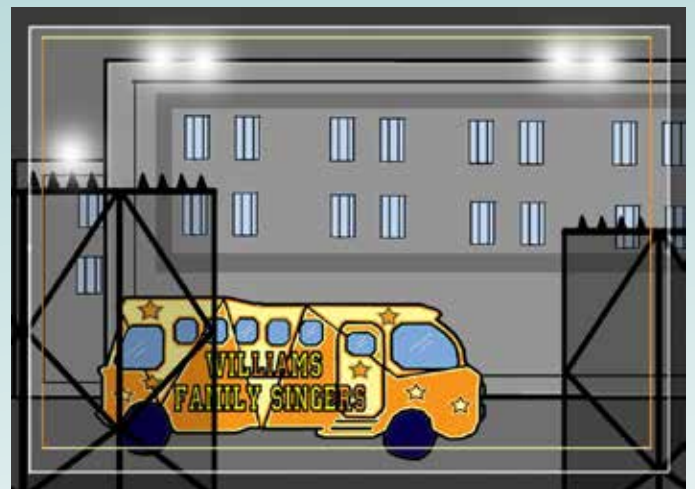
I would hold his hand, and help him stay on his feet. We would both be laughing. My dad was a big kid and he liked to have fun.

“You are the best thing in my world,” he would tell me.

I started walking again. It was almost dark when I got to the huge parking lot of the prison. I was shivering from the cold. My mom and I had visited my father here once before, when I was nine. But now it was late, and I was afraid to look around for the visitor’s entrance in the dark.

In the parking lot I tried several car doors until I found one that was unlocked. I crawled inside, curled up and shivered in my father’s jacket. It was a long, cold night. When just a bit of light cracked the horizon, I opened the door. I was freezing. I had to move around to get warm. I walked between the cars as fast as I could, around and around the vast parking lot, until I could see the tip of the sun coming up over the hills.

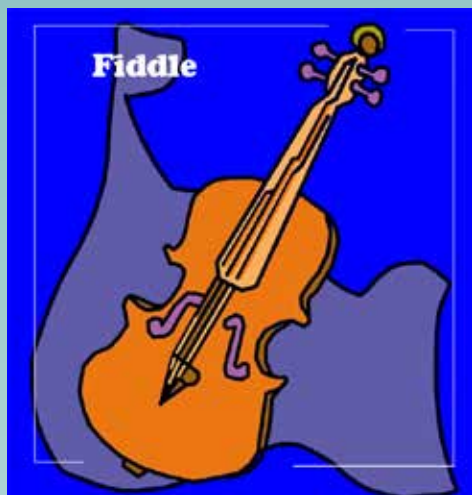
I sat down in a tiny patch of sunlight near the big prison sign by the parking lot entrance. I dozed in the early morning sunshine. A rumbling sound woke me. When I turned around



I saw a long orange and yellow bus swinging into the prison parking lot. The sign on it said: 'Williams Family Singers.'

Wow! A smile hit my face. The Williams Family was my father's favorite singing group. Their hit, 'Leave My Heart at The Jailhouse Door', was his favorite song.

What were they doing here? Were they going to sing to the convicts? Maybe my dad would get to hear them! I danced a happy step.



My stomach rumbled with hunger as I followed the bus to where it was parked alongside one wing of the prison. It halted by a high wire fence. People climbed off the bus, including some kids. Everyone was wearing bright orange and yellow outfits and carried a backpack or suitcase. One boy was eating an apple. I stood off at a little distance, watching. Suddenly a small purple bundle fell from one of the large wagons that was being used to transport the cases of musical instruments. It lay unnoticed on the sidewalk.

"Go get it!" My grandfather encouraged.

Startled, I rushed over and snatched the bundle up from the ground. Wrapped inside the purple blanket was a fiddle. The wood of the gleaming instrument was a dark orange color. I stood for a moment admiring its expensive beauty.

I shook my head; nothing like this would ever belong to me. I ran up the walkway to the huge, gray building. But I was too late. Everyone had already gone inside the prison. The large side door was closed. I tapped politely on the gray metal. A guard in a blue uniform flung it open and glared down at me.

"Hello," I squeaked. With shaking hands I lifted the little blanket. The neck of the fiddle stuck out and I almost hit the guard under his nose.

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“Oh, you are one of the singers,” he smiled, pulling his head back. “You had better hurry and catch up. The prison is a big place.” Then he pointed.

I hesitated, my legs trembling. Finally, I stepped inside, looked again at the guard’s large face, and ran up a long, gray sloping hallway of the Lancaster Prison. My heart was beating wildly in my chest. Maybe I really would get to see my father!

Part IV

“No, dad,” I said pouting. “I don’t want to walk to school by myself.”

“You are my big girl,” my dad answered. He was on his knees, looking me in the face. “Just go the same way we have been walking every morning.”

“But why do you have to go away? Don’t you like walking with me?” I was seven and a half; already I was in the fourth grade, and every morning my dad walked me to school.

“I am proud of you,” he would often tell me. “You are the smart one in the family.”

That was one of my memories of my dad before he was taken to prison. After that he wrote me letters. In one of his letters he said he got to play his guitar in the evenings.

“I always think about you when I’m singing,” he wrote to me. “Remember, study your school subjects. Someday I expect you to be president.”

I slowed down in the long prison hallway. Everything was gray and gloomy. Up ahead I could see the members of the singing family in their bright clothes. I saw all of them: the mother, two men and another woman, the three older girls and the two younger boys.

Walking, talking and laughing, they arrived at a high ceilinged room where they put their gear down on chairs and moved to a long table of food. I stood back along a bare wall. I was light-headed from hunger. But I didn’t dare let anyone notice me. When everyone was standing, talking and eating, I quietly slipped over and put the instrument in the purple blanket down on a chair.

The long room had a wooden floor, no windows on one gray wall, and high curtains on the opposite wall. I decided to slip into the curtains and become invisible. I passed a long mirror and saw my skinny arms and legs. I jumped, almost as if I’d seen an ugly ghost. No wonder the kids at my school didn’t like me. I stuck my big red tongue out at my reflection, then ducked behind the curtains.

Hidden, I could hear a low buzzing sound. I took a few steps in the darkness of the layered curtains and ahead I could see into a huge room with lots of seats. I guessed it was the prison theater. The seats were folding chairs. They were being filled up by men wearing gray shirts and gray pants. They must be the prisoners, I thought. They have come to see the show. The buzzing sound was the men talking to each other in low tones.

Then I saw my father! He was shuffling along in a slow moving line. He followed the other men, each of them sitting down in a seat in the front row. My father’s dark hair was cut very short. His long, handsome face was stiff. He wasn’t smiling.

My heart hurt. I wrapped my arms around my middle, squeezing myself. I wanted to run into my dad’s arms. I tried to choke back my silent sobs.

After a long while of waiting, the men began stomping their feet on the concrete floor. Their agitation scared me. I looked at my dad. His head was hanging, his forearms on his knees. He wasn’t stomping or moving at all. Was my dad the saddest man in the world?

Finally a little man in a brown suit marched to the middle of the stage. He stepped up to the center microphone. He talked about responsibility.

“Hearing the Williams Family Singers is a treat for each and every one of you,” his mean, high-pitched voice echoed in the large room. “We will not have any shouting or other incidents. If you get removed from this presentation, it will go on your record, and you will not be eligible for our next special event. Be good citizens. And now ... the Williams Family Singers!”

A hungry roar ripped loose from the throats of the convicts. Even my father had his chin up, and he was smiling. I decided he was the best looking man in the room.

V

Before I was born, my father played professional baseball for the Portland Beavers. They are triple A, that’s almost the big leagues. He played center field. In his best year he hit for a .309 average, that’s real good. My mom said he was a handsome devil. They met at the coffee shop across the street from where the team practiced. Mom held an important position as a fabrics representative. She gave up her job when she got pregnant with me. Dad quit baseball after I was born. He couldn’t make enough money playing center field to support all of us. My coming into the world changed a lot of things for my parents.

The Williams Family came out on stage looking like sunshine. Carrying their instruments they smiled brightly, then began to play and sing and hop around, like they did on TV. The three big girls stood close together out front on one side, singing harmony and smiling down at all the men. On the other side in the front were the two boys. They played their orange fiddles frantically fast, like the demons of hell were setting the beat. The boys didn't sing, but at certain times they jumped around a lot.

Dead center was the mom. Everybody loved her, including me and my dad. She was a big woman, with dark skin, and she didn't do anything but sing until you started to cry. Dancing and sometimes singing behind her were three more grownups, one woman and two men. It was a mixed family. Some black, some white and some a glowing brown.

They were so good, I watched transfixed, forgetting everything. Finally, between songs, the mom took out a huge orange handkerchief and swiped it across her forehead, grinning down at the watchful, forlorn inmates

"Now, before this last song before our break, I want to have a word with you men." Mom Williams talked with a deep, sing-song voice, like she knew all about trouble and sadness, yet she chose to be happy and was going to try like blazes to make everyone else happy too. "I ain't preaching to you all, I got a grandson of my own in lockup down in Georgia, and I know how you feel, you get lonely sometimes. Just remember, there is someone, somewhere that would do anything for you if we could. Maybe it's your mama or daddy or a lost brother, but we are thinking of you and wishing you could get out of this hell ... soon!"

The room erupted.

"You tell'em, mama!"

"Now," she said, her voice sadder than Moses, "We want to sing to you our song, "I left my heart at the jailhouse door."

The men cheered, some stomped their feet and shouted, breaking the rules.

The song was my dad's favorite. I looked at him again in the audience. He was sitting down below the main microphone. I was glad he could see everything.

When the family of singers sang "I left my heart at the jailhouse door", I could see tears streaming down my dad's face. My stomach twisted in pain. I stood hidden, sobbing to the music.

When the singers left for their break I went crazy, I couldn't



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wait anymore. I broke free of the curtains and ran to the center microphone where my dad could see me.

I could feel the hundreds of men staring at my thin arms and legs. Nervously I looked at my dad. Would he be mad at me for sneaking into the Lancaster Prison? Suddenly his face leaped alive, like he had been struck by lightning. Sadness and joy and tears happened all at once.

“Hi, dad,” I managed to say. I heard my voice echo all over the prison theater.

With his wet eyes bulging, my father got to his feet. Suddenly the enormous room of convicts erupted in a tremendous cheer. Everyone was looking at me and my dad, both of us frozen in place. The roar grew louder, and it scared me. I wanted my father.

“Jump!” my grandfather growled.

Without another thought, I left the microphone and raced towards the front edge of the stage. Running, I leaped, closing my eyes and loving my dad with all my heart.

I could feel myself go up in the air, and then I was falling. The sound of the men cheering abruptly stopped, as if they were worried. I was too terrified to open my eyes. In my glimpse before I had jumped, I had noticed that the seats were back from the stage much further than I had expected. The next stop for my face might be the prison floor.

Then I heard footsteps slapping the concrete, “I got you, Wilma!”



Part VI

My center fielder dad did catch me, and he spun me around in a circle until we were both laughing. He put me down and

I was still spinning. My dad’s smile was huge. Another ear splitting cheer went up from the room of convicts. Everyone needs family.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw guards in blue uniforms rushing towards us.

I heard Grandpa Waters growl, reminding me.

“Dad,” I said, “Mom died in a car crash yesterday.”

A streak of pain raced across my dad’s face.

He knelt down and held me.

“Oh, baby,” he cried. “Who is going to watch you now?”

Part VII

I held onto my tall dad until they tore us apart.

The men in the prison were shouting and stomping their feet. A big guard lifted me off the ground and, clutching me to his chest, started carrying me out of the room. I screamed. I saw my dad struggling with three guards to get free to rescue me. From behind, one of the guards clubbed my dad until he dropped to the floor.

“Dad!” I shrieked.

“Be brave,” my grandpa encouraged.

Part VIII

I wiggled against the broad chest of the guard. Jerking me tighter, he climbed the steps at the side of the stage. Was he returning me to the Williams family? I looked below and saw my dad on the floor wrestling with one of the guards. The large room was in an uproar. Shouting convicts were out of their chairs. The guards were yelling and waving their sticks. I wanted to close my eyes and cover my ears. How could my dear dad live in this madhouse?

I got an arm loose, reached up and savagely clawed the face of the big guard. One of my fingernails caught him in the eye, and he swore and flung me onto the floor of the stage. When my head hit the wood, I saw lights. A sad, angry wail rose from the throats of the hundreds of convicted felons.

“Play dead,” my grandfather instructed.

Part IX

“That big f___ing guard killed the girl!”

Several men rushed to the edge of the stage. My dad scrambled up and got to me first. With my eyes sealed shut, I hung like a rag doll in his arms. Holding me, his shoulders shaking uncontrollably, my dad let out a graveside howl of pain and misery.

Down below, the thrashing prisoners raved and howled back at him like hungry wolves.

Then the men went berserk. They wheeled around and attacked the guards. I heard screams, curses and pistol shots. The madness below was like a scary pinch. I wiggled and came back to life in my dad's arms.

"I know the way out!" I shouted in his ear.

My dad squeezed me so tight my ears popped; then he set my feet on the stage. I grabbed his hand and we ran through the curtain.

"This way!"

We raced down the long gray hallway.

Part X

At the side entrance the guard was lying face down. We looked through the open door. Outside the afternoon sky was dark and rain was falling. Up in the towers, the guards were shooting at the men dressed in prison gray as they raced towards the parking lot and freedom. Not far away from us, arrayed in their bright colors, the Williams family was scrambling onto their bus. Littered behind them on the wet walkway were some of their instruments and a backpack.

I tore off my dad's green and white jacket. He jerked his arms into it, covering his prison shirt, and we dashed out under the rain.

Part XI

Running down the walkway, my dad grabbed a yellow pack. I picked up an orange fiddle from a puddle. No one shot at us as we hurried to the bus. The motor of the vehicle roared to life. The door was already sealed closed. We pounded on the metal, but the bus rolled away in a tight circle, turning around. We stood under the raindrops and flying bullets, watching our wild hope swing around and glide past our toes. I could see the faces of the wide-eyed kids in the bus windows.

"Sing," my dead guide encouraged.

XII

My mom and dad were good singers. I was terrible, and shy about it. But, my goodness, my dad and I were very nearly doomed.

"Oh dear, dear one," I sang out in a nasally, twangy voice. "I left my hee-art ... at the jailhouse do-oor."

Then my dad's beautiful voice blended with mine; together we sang:

"Cause it ain't no use, having jailhouse dree-eams... When your letters say you don't lo-oove me no, no mo-ore!" Looking up at the windows, we sang to our rolling audience like real troopers.

Inside the bus the kids, and even the big girls, were pointing and crying. Finally the brakes squealed. My dad and I started running for the open door.

Laughing, my grandpa commented on my singing.

"You were flat."

XIII

The prison was on lockdown. Mom Williams pointed to the floor, and dad lay down as the bus traveled the short distance to the armed gate.

"We've got to get these kids out of here!" the Williams Family bus driver said through her open window. Outside the man in the blue uniform lifted his arm, and the powered gate rolled open.

Of course we couldn't stay on the bus for long. While the rig was rolling I ate a sandwich and then another. My dad was given a nifty shirt and pants. Driving, it wasn't far from where I left my suitcase in the weeds. They dropped us off



on the side of the road. Pulling away, the kids waved at us from the windows.

We crossed the narrow road. I could see the top of my suitcase where it had been abandoned in the tall nettles and dandelions. I also could see a beautiful woman smiling and waving.

“Mom!”

That spooked my dad. He grabbed my arm. “Where?” he whispered.

I was used to being able to hear my grandfather when no one else could. Now I had to get used to seeing my dead mom.

“What do you want?” I said out loud.

Tears rolled down the lovely ghost’s face. “Can you forgive me?”

“Maybe,” I hissed.

“What does she want?” my dad whispered.

“Nothing,” I said.

My mother started to fade.

“Mom, wait,” I said, rushing my words. “I forgive you!”

My dad put his hand on my shoulder. I started shaking, then flung myself against his ribs and sobbed.

My dad hauled my suitcase. I carried the orange fiddle one of the boys had given me. We got off the road and hid in the trees whenever a car roared past on its way to somewhere.

XIV

We slept deep in the woods. My dad built a tiny fire. We made two piles of leaves for our beds. During the night I woke with a quick gasp. Where was I? Then I saw the embers from our fire.

“Don’t worry, Wilma,” my dad said when he saw that I was awake.

Talking so fast he stumbled over his words, my dad told me his plan. He had money hidden somewhere, he would dig it up. Then he would get us passports.

“We will take a ship to New Zealand. Do you want to go to New Zealand, Wilma?”

“Dad,” I said. “The police already have the money,

remember?”

“You know, you’re right,” he said, laughing.

My dad was a storyteller. He liked to dream out loud, to formulate daring plans and invent stuff that could only happen on another planet.

My dad stopped with his oratory when he heard me crying.

He slid over and put an arm around me. He told me jokes about the guards, the food, and the one inmate who always turned the wrong way whenever the line formed for chow or the showers or to go outside for exercise.

After he got me laughing, my dad outlined his new far-fetched plan. This time we would be flying to a South American country. “People down there believe in ghosts, they will love you!” My dad clapped his big hand. It was settled.

Yawning, my dad covered himself in leaves. After a while he was snoring again.

I stared at the embers. Tears ran down my face and dripped off my chin. I waited for my grandpa to say something.

XVI

It wasn’t until the morning that I heard my grandpa clear his throat. Suddenly wide awake, I sat up shivering in my pile of leaves.

“They’re coming back,” my grandpa rumbled. I knew what he meant. I felt a thrill in my bones.

With his handsome head on my suitcase my dad was snoring like a freight train.

“Wake up, Dad,” I called, shaking his shoulder.

Startled, my dad sat up quickly. “What is it, are they coming, are the dogs after us?”

Stiff from the cold ground my dad jerked awkwardly to his feet, glancing around at the trees. Then, suddenly thoughtful, he put a protective hand on my shoulder.

“Listen, baby,” he said. “Maybe, I better go back...”

“No, come on,” I said, cutting him off.

Walking fast, I left my dad and practically ran in the direction on the road. After a minute, he caught up with me, carrying the suitcase.

Walking through the trees I didn't answer any of his questions. I jumped over mossy limbs that were on the ground and raced around gray rocks. With the old suitcase banging against his legs, my tall dad followed.

When we got to the road, Dad grabbed my arm.

"Listen," he said.

I heard it too, something big was chugging around the sharp turn far up the road.

"My god," my dad whispered, pointing, "It's the Williams Family bus."

When the orange and yellow bus halted next to us, I laughed. The big door flew open. Mama Williams stood at the top of the steps, frowning.

"You two had better come up in here," she said in her deep, soulful voice. "We have got a lot to talk about."

I remembered Mama Williams had said on-stage that some of her own were in prison down south.

"It is against nature and the laws of God to lock a creature away in a dark hole," she had complained into the microphone.

I pushed my dad towards the bus steps.

When the bus was moving, everyone crowded around kissing and hugging. Our escape from the gray prison the day before had been a moral adventure for us all.

"My dad can sing real good," I said, trying not to cry. "If you disguise him he could be part of the Williams Family Singers!"

Everyone on the bus glanced around at each other.

"Yes, we can use your fine singing father," Mama Williams laughed. "But child, whatever are we going to do with you?"

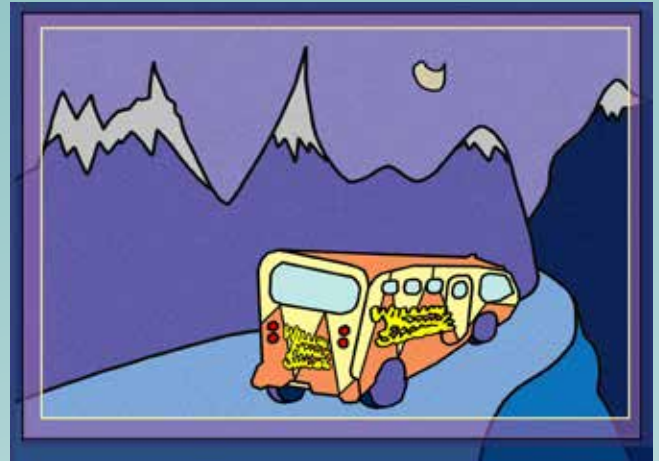
XVII

As the swanky bus was humming along the winding highway, plans were made, and jobs were assigned. They dug out an orange coyote mask for my dad. Then everyone looked at me. Proudly smiling, Dad announced that I was smart. It was decided I would tutor the boys. And on-stage I would play the part of a squawking, skinny crane, splendid

wings and all.

The bus rolled out of the forest, then up through the grassy hills and into the craggy mountains. The famous, soulful, wonderful Williams Family Singers had a weekend gig 1,200 miles to the west.

"Rejoice," my grandfather growled.



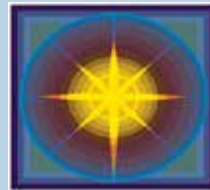
Psychic Medium Jesse Austin can be contacted by email or text: jesseyesse@gmail.com and 503.929.8128.

Jesse credits his wife, Rita, for the story's artwork

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Ongoing Events Isis Suite #48, Sunny Brae Centre in Arcata - 707-825-8300

Every Monday Evening

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Sign up for our email updates via text 707-825-8300 or email to wholisticheartbeat@gmail.com to receive updates about this event and other exciting things we have planned!

Every Friday

MEDITATION: Self-Realization Fellowship Meditation every Friday from 7:00-9:00 pm. We practice meditation techniques and chanting as taught by Paramahansa Yogananda. Please contact John at arcata.srf@earthlink.net.

Sunday, April 29th

MINI DAY OF HEALING AT ISIS! Come join us as Isis opens Her doors and offers free readings and energy healing from 11:00-3:00 at the Isis Osiris Healing Temple. Reiki, Psychic and Card Readings and more. Drop on by and see how your wholistic community can support you.

Donations welcome but not necessary. Healing Arts Practitioners who want to share and participate please contact Maya at 707-825-6831. Isis is located at 44 Sunny Brae Centre in Arcata. **Sign up for our email updates** via text to Maya or email to wholisticheartbeat@gmail.com to receive updates about this event and other exciting things we have planned!



Ongoing in the Community

In Ashland

SPIRITUAL MESSENGER FOR THE 7TH GOLDEN AGE. Humanity as a Whole is Transcending. My Mission is to Educate your Body, Mind, Soul with Honesty, Awareness, Re-Sponsibility - Re Creation! Awaken to True Self with Divine Light and Divine Intelligence. Om Mani Padme Hum! ♥ Contact Dana Biondo at safespace-spiritualcoaching.com or 541 499-4202.



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