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Wholistic Heartbeat

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

Wholistic Hewithent 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.

Submit online at wholisticheartbeat@gmail.com

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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Amy Day



ABOUT THE COVER

or as long as I can remember, I have had a passion for horses. I was born and raised in Eureka, and grew up drawing and painting... horses were my great escape. At the age of 10, I got my first horse, and it profoundly shaped and influenced my life. Long days riding in the Redwood forests blessed me with amazing adventures and a close friendship with God and nature that runs deep in my soul.

I will never forget the New Year's Day after my college years, that I wakened with a hangover and sold my horse for cash to a horse trader. A part of me died that day. I remember thinking, "this is what it's like when you grow up... you have to go to work to pay bills and your dreams die." The years that followed were by far some of the toughest years in my life.

After living in my own self-destructive prison for years, I got tired of who I had become. I knew if I did not do something, I would end up in the grave. I finally had the courage to face the pain in my life and take a close

look at the unhealthy patterns and choices I had been making. It was at that time, that God brought a horse back into my life that needed help as desperately as I did. We embarked on a journey of healing together, that powerfully changed my life.

I got set free!

Years later I discovered the Friesian horse, and I couldn't believe such a magical creature existed. They were like something out of a DaVinci painting, and I knew I wanted one in my life. I once heard someone say, "there's nothing like the heart of a stallion." Having grown up with the typical stallion stereotypes, that they are mean, aggressive and dangerous, I wondered if this was true? What started as a dream, and a single stallion, evolved into a bachelor herd of three, known as The Forest Boyz.

This little dream took on a life of it's own and has become so much bigger than I ever imagined. Meike, Menno & Saphire live free in the forests of the northern California coast.

Nothing brings me more joy than giving these three stallions the best life that I possibly can. It is a rare thing to see stallions living together free, in a natural setting. I love discovering who they are, and seeing their individual personalities emerge. I not

only discovered there is nothing like the heart of a stallion, I found out there is nothing like being their friend. I never could have imagined their relationships

with each other would be so deep and intimate. They inspire me every single day and through my art, I hope to offer a glimpse into our world.

I love being free... and I love extending that freedom to my animals. Dreams don't have to die. This shepherd girl is living the dream with three black stallions.



Laura Zugzda 🌼 ForestBoyz.com
Follow us on Facebook and Instagram @laurazugzda





"Love does not consist of gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction."

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

There is an art to taking up space.

shared by amy day

.....

....



From the Yogi's standpoint, we move forward out into the breach armed with Intention, deeply tethered to the Breath.

We move in shapes and symbols and myth. We reside inside the language of the Warrior. We take the stance of an Eagle, a Crow, a Dancer, the crescent of a not-quite-full Moon.

We build bridges and turn the wheel and dance right out upon the precipice of what is comfortable and peer beyond the Edge.

We witness the gorgeous transformation that takes place when "ordinary" bodies gather inside a space and step into the work of embodying something Deep, Rich, Mythic.

Inside this container, they move beyond the pedestrian and into the territory of heroes, minor

deities, phenomena, both natural and sublime. Inside that space, we witness ...

*The nurse take on the form of the goddess.

*The tired, worn-down mother take her rightful form as a warrior.

*The injured, heart-heavy seeker get strong and rooted as a tree.

We watch as we practice growing into the spaces we inhabit.

We try on shapes and names and postures to see how they fit.

To see what piece of us needs witnessing, celebrating, ACTIVATING so that we may live into this grand, new form.

....

So, too, the Artist understands what it is to inhabit space.

To take the deeply ordinary tools of eyes, hands, heart, voice, paint, clay, wood, string, rhythm, pulse, word—WHATEVER they carry in their humble form—and translate it into something Deep. Something of great resonance. Feeling. And worth.

The splash of color that transforms a simple dining room into an immaculate Feast for the eyes.

The magic combination of words, meaning and rhythm that translates ordinary discourse into a mouthpiece for the Divine.

The dancer who uses her body to alight something wordless and holy, ancient in our pulse and bones.

The singer whose voice melts and simultaneously quenches a wordless ache and longing in our heart.

• • • • • • • •

From both of these figures we learn: If you are going to take up space ...

... Do as the good camper does. Leave it better than when you first encountered it.

Don't be afraid to erect tiny altars, monuments, and BEAUTY in your wake.

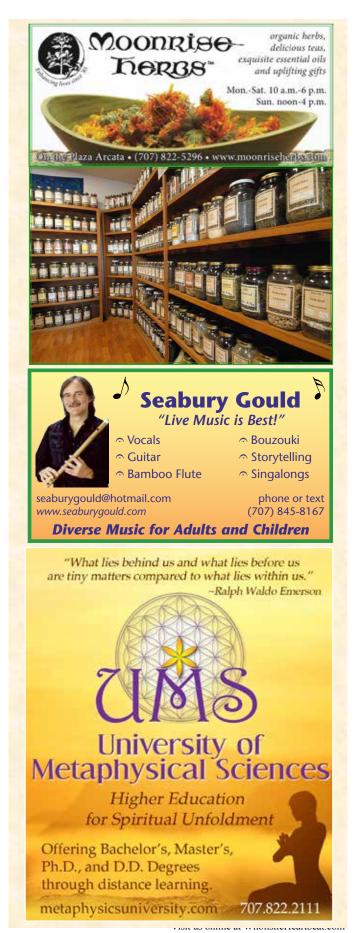
Enter the space because you know what for and WHY you came.



Amy Day is a longtime yogi, writer, herbalist, mama & lover of all things creative. She believes in crafting practices & communities which supports us inside this Life right now. In creating rituals and relationships that liberate, activate & sustain us. She works with groups and individuals that are hungry for transformation. The type that shows up not just on the cellular or soul level - but that ripples into the world beyond.

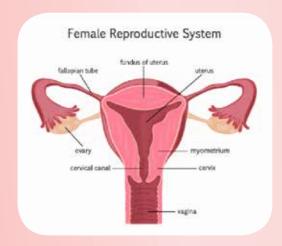
Through her work as a teacher, podcaster, healer, storyteller, et. al. she hopes to inspire us all to use the mighty tools we all possess - to craft the type of world we wish to inhabit.

One faltering & bless-ed step at a time. You can find out more about her, and the work she does over at TheWorkOfTheseHands.com



Calling all Teen Girls....

Cycle Wise: A Coming of Age Course for Girls Ages 10 - 13 is accepting students for fall. This course offers girls comprehensive menstrual cycle education as well as exploration of relationships, emotions, and self esteem from a feminist and body-positive perspective. Led by Caitlin McMurtry, Certified Fertility Awareness Educator. www.cycle-wise.com or call 707-616-4820



Understanding Teen Cycles

By Caitlin McMurtry

One day in 8th grade I lay immobilized on the couch with my knees drawn up to my chin. If I moved I feared I would throw up or pass out. A bout of cramps had struck, and I was holding on to that couch for dear life. A kind woman I knew walked by and expressed sympathy for my condition. "Don't worry, sweetie, that's just a sign that your body's functioning well," she told me.

As a teenager, her words gave me some comfort. I hoped it was proof, as she said, that my uterus was just doing its thing.

As an adult, I can only shake my head in frustration at her words. It was absolutely not a sign that my body was functioning well.

In my work as a Coming of Age Mentor and Fertility Awareness Educator, I hear all kinds of theories justifying the various signs and sensations of the menstrual cycle. It's hormones ... no, it's stress ... it's the full moon ... it's because I ate pizza, etc. Some are correct, and others couldn't be farther from the truth. like the words of the well-intentioned woman passing by me on the couch all those years ago.

Unfortunately, very few of us are given in-depth menstrual cycle education to understand how things work, and most importantly, to know what a healthy cycle looks like. When girls reach menarche, whatever patchy information their parents have gathered over the years gets passed on to them. Cycle issues like cramps, mood swings, or heavy bleeding are usually treated with painkillers, the Pill, or just grinning and bearing it.

I'd like to share three key aspects of menstrual cycle education that specifically pertain to adolescent and teen cycles. The following is a brief overview; I encourage you to research these ideas for yourself, or contact me to explore these topics in greater detail.

1. Irregular cycles are normal and expected for girls and teens.

There is no need to worry about "regulating" a girl's cycles. The brain-ovarian communication system that gives us cycles is incredibly complex and takes anywhere from 5-10 years to fully mature after menarche (a girl's first period) so that cycles eventually become regular (meaning the time between periods is approximately 24-36 days). It's important that girls are allowed to have irregular, wonky cycles as their bodies build the intricate hormonal feedback loop system. If your daughter has a period every 21 days or less, if she has not started menstruating by age 15, or if she goes more than 3 months between periods more than a few times per year, she should see a healthcare professional.

2. Heavy periods are normal, but difficult symptoms should not be ignored.

Because girls often go many weeks between periods, their uterine lining may build up until it is quite thick, causing heavy bleeding over several days. She may have some moderate cramping, feel tired, need to rest, or have days of spotting that precede or follow her period. If she complains of feeling (or if she appears) weak, fatigued, dizzy, nauseous, or faint, she may be losing too much blood. For immediate treatment, 200 mg of ibuprofen every 6 hours will reduce bleeding by about half; cayenne pepper tablets (also called capsicum) and chlorophyll can also reduce bleeding quickly. Long-term solutions include eating a nutrient-dense diet, reducing exposure to xenoestrogens such as plastics and beauty products, and encouraging more frequent ovulation by sleeping in total darkness and limiting screen time at night. In addition, cramps that make her immobile, nauseous, and weak are not normal. Sometimes nutrition is the cure: eliminating refined foods, supplementing with magnesium and zinc, and increasing omega-3 fatty acids are all great for preventing

cramps when taken throughout the month. Please do not ignore your daughter's severe menstrual pain, it could be a sign of a more serious condition, such as endometriosis.

3. Having a period is a fundamental part of teen health.

Despite rumors that we don't really need periods, menstruation is an important cornerstone of female health. When we menstruate, it's proof that we have ovulated. Ovulation is the main way that the body makes the powerful hormones estrogen and progesterone, which not only gives us fertility but protects us from cancer, builds strong bones, and influences and supports every other body system. You can imagine how important it is for girls to have access to these hormones. Long thought of crazy-making enemies, hormones do great work for us. For a growing girl, they increase her intelligence and make her more adept at her existing talents. They help her get good sleep, metabolize fats, protect her from diabetes, and much, much more. Some 33% of teens taking oral contraceptives do so for non-birth control issues, such as "regulating" cycles. However, the Pill shuts off her hormonal feedback loop, preventing the production of her own natural hormones as well as ovulation and menstruation. The "period" she gets at the end of the pill pack is simply a withdrawal bleed. Natural periods are proof that a girl's body is in good working order, making the powerful hormones that she needs for her reproductive and overall health.

The menstrual cycle is like an orchestra that requires many years of practice to play a beautiful symphony. Provide your daughter with solid nutrition and healthy lifestyle habits. Encourage her to stick with her wonky cycles for a few years as she learns how to do the hormonal dance. Doing this will help her build a strong reproductive health foundation to will carry her through young adulthood, her reproductive years, and all the way to menopause and beyond.

Caitlin McMurtry is a Certified Fertility Awareness Educator and Coming of Age Mentor. She loves to see her students' eyes light up when they learn how their bodies and cycles work. She offers group and private classes for learning Fertility Awareness (not the Rhythm Method!); for natural birth control, conception planning, and cycle understanding on a sliding scale, "Ask Me Anything" consults, workshops for teen cycle health, and a 6-week coming of age course for girls ages 10-12. Read more and get in touch at www.cycle-wise.com









FINDING MY GRANDFATHER

IN A SILVER DOLLAR:

SACRED PSYCHOMETRY

Jessica Bryan



"Bring something special with you next week," she said. "We are going to do an exercise in Sacred Psychometry."

The teacher of our mediumship class was referring to the metaphysical practice of holding an inanimate object and clairvoyantly "reading" or "divining" the energy in it, including the history of events or people associated with the object. This type of clairvoyance is based on the idea that the energy and feelings of people and the events they experienced are imprinted on objects once held by them. Even clothing, furniture, and buildings can absorb energies and thoughts from the people and animals who have been around them. Joseph R. Buchanan, an American physiologist, first used the term psychometry in 1842. He believed memories from the past are entombed in present physical reality.

Some people who are clairvoyant (or psychic) are able to experience visions and receive information from an object. Who held the object? Who treasured it? What did the object mean to the previous owner? Emotions seem to be the strongest vibrations to be experienced when reading an object or physical location. For example, when a clairvoyant medium senses, sees, or hears a spirit speak in a "haunted house," they are sensing imprinted energies from the people who previously lived in the house, especially if dramatic events occurred there.

* * *

The following week at mediumship class, the teacher passed a basket around and asked us to put our objects into it. Then she passed it around a second time with instructions to take something out of the basket and hold it while we meditated

I choose a lovely turquoise and gold earring. Going into meditation, I immediately had a vision of the previous owner of the earring. She was a tall, graceful woman with flowing yellow hair and bright blue eyes. She told me she had died from cancer at a young age, and that before she died she had given her treasured turquoise earrings to her sister. She said she missed her sister, but that her life on the other side was blissful.

One of the other students in the circle began to cry softly as I spoke about my vision. Then she said, "Yes, that's my sister. That's how she looked. She gave me her earrings before she died."

* * *

More recently, I had a personal experience of Sacred Psychometry. My friend Anne's brother had gone into assisted living and she needed to travel to Idaho to clean his house and dispose of his belongings. It seems he was something of a pack rat and the house and property were a huge mess. There were old cars and boats in the yard. All the walls inside the house were covered with pinned up photos of trains and vintage automobiles that had been torn from old calendars. There were glass jars filled with coins—mostly pennies—all over the house. Then one night while we were working in the living room, Anne discovered an entire cupboard with silver coins, flatware, and other items made of silver

I was sitting on the couch going through a box of silver dollars, when one dated 1922 jumped out at me. As I held it in my hand, the coin seemed to melt into my palm and I felt a rush of love and familiarity flow into me. It was like meeting an old friend and I could not let go of the silver dollar.



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Later I thought of my paternal grandfather, whom I met only once for less than a week when I was five years old and living in Chicago. The old man smelled of tobacco and his nails were curved around the tips of his fingers and he tapped them on the table, making rhythmic sounds. In his pocket he carried a silver dollar that was stained yellow, as were his fingers, from smoking a pipe. He often wore a brown and green cap that matched his tweedy jacket. I realized these clothes were part of our Scottish ancestry.

My grandfather was fascinating to the five-year-old child I was. He took the silver dollar out of his pocket and showed me how to spin it on the table like a children's toy top. These are the only memories of have of him, and they were almost completely faded—until I held that silver dollar in my hand at the house of Anne's brother in Idaho.

After I returned home, my feelings about the silver dollar did not fade, if anything, they got stronger. I was flooded with feelings about the grandfather I had known for such a short time and then lost. The relationship between him and his son, my father, had been broken and I never knew why.

Even now, weeks later, when I hold the silver coin in my hand it feels like my grandfather is in the room greeting me with love and affection and perhaps a bit of sadness because of his family's history.

I believe the silver dollar I discovered in Idaho—over seven hundred miles from my home in Oregon—is the same silver dollar my grandfather spun on our kitchen table in Chicago sixty-eight years ago! It might sound crazy, but the feeling is so strong I cannot deny my experience.

Later, someone looked up this particular silver dollar by date and told me it had been minted in Philadelphia, which is where my father and grandfather were born. How did it make its way from Philadelphia to Idaho to meet me there, even though I now live in Oregon?

Truly, there are many amazing possibilities here on planet Earth if we are open to receiving them!

* * *

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, and on the Internet: www.theflowofgrace.net and www.oregoneditor.com



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More classes being added all the time, contact Pablo for updates & info! Two Lovely Offerings From Ellen Dee Davidson

Before Our Eyes

After years of media debate about whether Climate Change is real, despite decades of warnings from the world's scientists, we now see the results of a warming climate right before our eyes. People's homes are burning. We're breathing smoke. There's no end in sight to the floods, fires, record breaking temperatures, droughts, crop loss, and super bugs. It's really, really scary.

Many of us feel betrayed. Our government had the information for decades. There was more time to reduce carbon emissions, create a green economy, and reforest, since trees absorb the carbon that speeds global warming. Instead, the government did nothing. And here we are,

watching brave firefighters risk their lives in infernos that grow bigger every year.

Heartbreaking.

Our grief can be so overwhelming that we want to ignore the grim reality and wish Climate Change would just go away. Meanwhile, fossil fuel extraction amps up with fracking and tar sands drilling. Logging trucks are everywhere this summer, hauling out big, old trees—at a time when, if our

species were behaving sanely, we'd be planting trees as fast as possible, as if our lives depend upon it, because they do.

We ask, "What can we do?"

Recently, I listened to a podcast from the Pachamama Alliance with Arkan Lushwala. Lushwala says people all over the world are asking him what they can do, but this is not the first question to ask. Lushwala says the first question we each must ask ourselves is, "What can I be?"

The urgency of our times requires action, but this action must come from our real talents and abilities. When we know who we can be, then we know what we can do. Sometimes we may need to slow down, pause, and really listen to ourselves and the Earth to find out what is ours to offer.

Meanwhile, we can make small changes in our lifestyles. It might not seem like much to use less plastic, grow wildflowers for honeybees, donate money to people planting trees, teach children about nature, or fly less frequently, but all these small choices do add up. Climate Change is such a huge problem that none of us can slow it down on our own, but every single one of us can be part of the solution. Together we have a chance.

When life is in balance we

have rhythm. We Way through our GDYS in a

dance our graceful HOW.

Our heartbeats synchronize

with the pulse of the universe

and we live in the breath of

connection. Most of us experience times when we know this organic joy, but how can we bring ourselves back when something throws us off the beat? How do we find our own unique rhythms and join them harmoniously to the greater whole?

Pause for a moment and feel your pulse. Take a breath. Relax into your living being. How do you feel now? Where are you in space? Are you sitting, standing, walking, or lying down? Observe yourself with the tenderness of a mother towards a newborn baby. What do you need? Is it time for a nap? Time to be fed? Time to laugh and play? Time to go somewhere?

Tune in. If you are at work, or busy with the demands of mothering, or called to be an activist, this process of tuning in may take place in small moments. Instead of immediately reacting, wait and sense into yourself. That way, the response will come from a more coherent, authentic you.

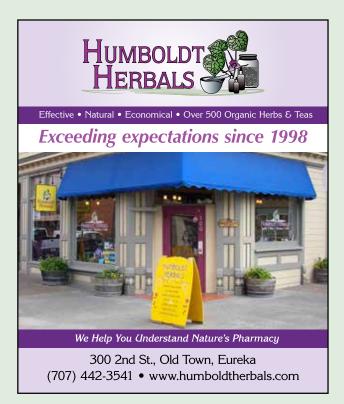
Most of us suffer from hurry sickness. The pace of modern life is fast. One of the best parts of home schooling my daughters for a couple years was that it allowed them to find their own natural rhythms; they woke up when they wanted to, ate when they were hungry, and enjoyed activities as the desire arose. Many of us have never had the opportunity to discover the natural cadences of our beings. But we all can. The knowing awareness and internal guidance is with us all the time, in our bodies.

Tree Sisters offers a teaching about the In Breath and the Out Breath. When we nurture ourselves with enough In Breath, allowing ourselves to rest, heal, spend time in nature, eat nourishing food, sleep, be with friends, meditate, do yoga and whatever fills us with energy, then there is an almost effortless arising of Out Breath activity and a desire to offer our gifts to the world. The In Breath tends to be more archetypically feminine in orientation, while the Out Breath leads to more doing in the world. The challenge for all of us living in a culture that puts more value on achievement, accomplishment, and archetypically male expression is that many of us become exhausted and burned out. Then we lose our balance and fall out of rhythm with the universal intelligence. We are cut off from vast sources of energy and become so very tired.

This deep burn out and being used up is reflected in how we have treated the natural world. It really isn't sustainable for us or life on Earth to continue at this frantic pace. So in all the sweet, small ways you can, take time to touch in with yourself and linger in the nourishing moments. Even if it is only five minutes here and there during the day, stopping and pausing to check in with yourself can be life changing.

Although finding your own wild rhythms might feel like a small and insignificant thing to do, given the magnitude of the issues facing us as a species during these pivotal times, it is not. As each one of us comes into greater harmony with ourselves, we add to the harmony of the whole, and this will be reflected in the world we interdependently co-create. There is so much power in simply taking care of ourselves. As Mary Reynolds says in *Dare to be Wild*, "We are nature and nature is us." As we heal ourselves, we heal our world.

*** For more information about Tree Sisters and the In Breath and Out Breath, check out www.treesisters.org.



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LONG SHADOWS



Heart's temple paints with light, finding courage in small things; a slap on the back, warmth pressed

> between honest hands. Each time pulse rises on fingertips of hope heartache breaks

the plane of our efforts. So many sleep and dream of waking to forgiveness in a sunrise while fate echoes

ancient and forgotten tragedies. Long shadows of our times. Mistrust hardens the veins of our cities where numbing silences

walk through hope's ashes.
Winter creeps on
heavy with wounds healing,
wounds weeping.
Feel the blaze of turbulent eyes,

the pungent aroma of fear.

Each wound trapped in the blood.

The ripening peach sheds

her fertility.

Long shadows of these times.

These times, when the eye recedes, when soul contracts, let us rise up from darkness and dream that our wounds may remind us

we need not be sad beggars for a springtime to yield this interminable winter thaw. Let us step from shadow to light and rise up to remember

in strength and tenderness, truth and taste, pure and insatiable, the waters we seek.

- Roy Rosenblatt



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Intuitive Courage

By Jesse Austin



Do you like live music? That is, can you sort out the music from the interior commotion of the people at a concert? After all, you are a psychic medium and sometimes music comes at you from the oddest directions.

Ordinarily, at most large, live concerts you end up listening to the inner struggles and joys of the folks in attendance. But you were in San Francisco for psychic business, and on a night off you pranced over to the Golden Gate Theater.

Friends of yours from LA were to be onstage playing international folk music. Globe Dreamers were a group of seven, playing and singing and lifting the hearts and hopes of the discouraged masses.

Outside the large archway you stood in a quiet place and pretended an ocean wave was washing over you, again and again. You pictured it vividly, the clear, crashing water washing you free and clear of the unwanted desires and despairs of others. Then, like a soccer player cut lose, you presented your ticket and weaved a path through the dizzy crowd in the lobby.

In your mind you had pictured your switchboard, all switches were off, save for one. That one switch was left open for purposes of safety and service; if your guides particularly needed to reach you, then there was a way.

And wouldn't you know it, when you stopped at the long, gleaming snack counter a grandmother popped into view and put her ghostly arm around a short, young woman who was chattering loudly with her two friends. You decided to quickly scoot away, maybe you didn't want a giant cookie after all. Abruptly, you heard the grandmother project her thoughts to you.

"Her diaphragm is leaking. Tell her to watch out, or she will have a baby."

Your mouth dropped open. This old woman with white hair and a lace collar had come back from the dead to warn her granddaughter, through you, that her sex life needed adjustment. You were a robust, middle aged man of nearly sixty, and had no intention of informing this fetching young woman anything to do with her vagina.

It was time to get out of Dodge, you turned to go when you heard a wailing screech. Now the plump grandmother was holding a decidedly upset ghost baby.

And the spirit baby projected his divine thoughts straight to you. "It is not my time to be born—it will only end in abortion and a lot of fuss—tell my mom to be more careful. My true, glorious birth is five years in the future."

You paid three dollars and eighty cents for the chocolate chip cookie the size of a pancake. Turning your shoulders slightly, you listened to the woman with the bobbed hair and the bold slash of red that made her lips rise to a 'V' under her nose.

"Jake is a jerk," she practically screamed to her friends in the hubbub of the lobby. There was more, but you couldn't make it out. Both the grandmother and baby were scolding you. You had a duty, you could hear them, their message was vital to several lives. Quietly, within, you felt the nudge from your departed wife. "Help them, honey," you heard Wanda whisper. "It is important."

"Sure, a stockbroker is a good job," the future mother was singing out in the din. "But William wouldn't know how to romance a potted plant. He is dull, dull, dull ..."

"Ah," you say, leaning around one of her theater companions. "I am a psychic medium and I have a message for you from your grandmother." When you intrude you always introduce yourself like that, might as well throw your cards on the table.

All three of them stop what they are doing, and look at you with interest. You have scored. The young crowd now-days

is tuned in and willing to hear from psychics, good ones that is. You describe the grandmother, mentioning the lace collar and the pearl.

It takes a moment for the three of them to realize the message is for Melissa, the one with the red lips.

"Just a minute," she says, dipping her pointed chin into her handbag. She pulls out her cell phone. "I want to record this."



Her friends beam at you and her. One of her friends is a tall dude in a suit that looks like a cowboy tux. The other is a picture perfect, quiet woman with coffee colored, beautiful unblemished skin.

You are pretty sure they are all going to revile you in the next few moments. The phone, now video recording is aimed squarely at your face.

"Your grandmother," you say, having to raise you voice a bit to be heard in the crowded lobby. "Your grandmother is standing next you with her arm around your shoulders. She has a huge smile, a pearl necklace and dainty fingers."

You watch the young woman suddenly tear up. The unexpected has happened, in her gut she feels her grandmother's love. In an instant, her hard-won adult persona has dropped away. You can feel her heart, all she wants in this moment is to be a child again and hold her dear grandmother's hand.

"She loves you, you know," you say carefully, "But she wants to tell you ..." you hesitate for the right words. "She tells me to tell you, that your diaphragm is not functioning properly."

The young woman suddenly squints at you in anger. You are obviously some sort of pervert. She throws her phone in her bag, and huffing, she turns away from you. Her two friends

lean towards her, now in the protective mode. You, the weird psychic intruder with nothing fun to say, are excused.

You turn, get three steps—not enjoying being viewed as an idiot and pervert—when the woman suddenly grabs your arm. Her face takes a different expression, she has remembered something. Her little group watches everything.

"It's weird," she admits in her high nasal twang. "I had a crazy dream last weekend that my kitchen countertop was full of babies, and they were all mine!"

The little throng around her laugh, you were useful after all. You walk away with a tiny glow, like someone who has just crossed a stream on a slippery log. "Never again," you say without conviction

The gong goes off and everyone races helter-skelter to their seats. You swing through the bathroom first and stand silently for a moment clearing your energy.

When you finally start down the aisle you feel the dark cloud right away. Two men in front of you are waiting for two woman wearing stylish jackets with big shoulders. The venue seats maybe 1,000 or 1,200, and the people are all talking, smiling, getting up and down and milling like cattle at a picnic. But that's not the vibe that's killing you. Whoa, something is very wrong.

Again you have the sensation of a low, dark cloud. It almost has a smell, as if it will bring death by suffocation. You absolutely have to get out of the building. But the stronger urge, impossibly, is to go towards the stage. More people are seated now, the crowd is quieting some. What is wrong with you?

You ticket is for the 13th row, seat 58 on the aisle. But you march on past your row, heading straight for the stage. Up on the stage the group is already sitting, smiling at each other, adjusting instruments and stands, waiting for the audience to get into place, waiting to begin their performance.

But in your imagination you see an almost comical picture, a packaged clearly marked – BOMB!

You don't question it, the sensations throughout your body are horrific. Something terrible is about to take place, and apparently you have been warned so that you can warn others. It is not always that way. Some events are meant to happen, and for some events there is a window of opportunity that might take the train in an entirely different direction.

On the stage is Bobbi, she plays the flute, the accordion and sings backup on some of the songs. You have known her thirty years, she is a dear friend. A few years ago she gave you a kitten after your wife died. Now, if you don't act, she will...be...blown up. Those words are spoken in your mind, slowly.

You stop yourself at the lip of the stage. The crowd has gone almost silent, Ernest the piccolo player and MC is speaking, introducing the group, the music and the whyto-for's.

You close your eyes, attempting to calm yourself, attempting to talk yourself out of a mounting sense of panic. Are you merely having a crowd induced panic attack? That's it, you think for a moment. The thing is not to make a fool of yourself, return straight away to your seat. But you don't. In your mind's eye you see a slim, bent over man with stringy hair creeping in front of a high, dark curtain. And quite clearly you are told: "He is the bomber."

Your throw all good sense to the wind, walk in a forced gait to the stage steps and ascend to the stage proper. At first no one notices you, but that doesn't last. You go up directly to your friend Bobbi, telling her and the group to instantly get off the stage. You don't have time to explain, so you lie.

"The police," and you point dramatically back towards the exit doors behind the audience. "The police said there is a bomb in the building."

Bobbi and the two men with horns next to her look at you with confusion

"Clear the stage at once," you say with great, unwavering authority. "The police have reported a credible bomb threat—leave the stage and go straight outside!"

Suddenly Ernest has got the message. He leaves the hot mic, and starts pointing, pushing and saying, "Leave your instruments, go, go, go!"

A sound like an ocean wave goes through the audience. Heads bob and shoulders jerk, but no one raises from their seats. You advance purposefully to the hot mic. En route you dream up a most outrageous lie, you do not want to panic the crowd.

"Group member Bobbi McCoy is having an acute appendicitis attack. She is to be operated on immediately backstage. Her life is in grave danger. You are asked to

quietly leave the building. Doctors think the commotion of folks even in the lobby could limit the hope for success of the operation." Your lie is a little far-fetched, but it has a majesty that likely will serve the moment. As a kid you were taunted both about being spooky and a bald faced liar. You were good at seeing stuff no one else could see, and, for whatever reason, you were uncanny at romancing all events, making up stuff to enhance the moment, that is, you lied a lot for the pure pleasure of invention. Seeing dead people was one of your gifts. Lying on demand was another.

At any rate, finally getting the message, a number of people leaped to their feet and began to file out; being lovers of the group and of Bobbi in particular.

"Hold onto your tickets," you say in your best official sounding voice, hoping to keep the crowd calm and orderly. You watch as multitudes pass out the exits.

A backstage official in a poke-a-dot shirt rushes up to you, dizzy with fear. He wants an explanation. You step away from the mic, and explain, lying adroitly yet again, that the police have ordered the building evacuated of all personnel—a bomb is about to go off.

He and others of the backstage crew leave. In a cosmic jiff, you have a sense that you are now very nearly alone in the domed building. Oh boy, what have you done? Are you sure you are interpreting your guides correctly. You are likely going to get yourself arrested, as well as ruining an evening of fine music for hundreds of deserving people. You head swivels back and forth searching the dim, gigantic space. Dismayed, you close your eyes and ask for help.

But you are too keyed up to see anything, or get any useful messages. Around you the building is silent. "I wish I was dead," you mutter. You can't lie, and you can't see, you are stuck.

"Honey," you whisper out loud, "Help me."

"Open your eyes, Charlie."

Your eyes spring open, your head swivels as you search the hall. Nothing. Then you get a sense of something with you up on the stage. Looking around, you spot a man wearing tattered clothes, a thin beard and pasty white skin. He is creeping in front of the purple curtain, just as you saw him earlier in your imagination flash.

"The lone bomber," you hear the words like a chorus in-

side your head. Without hesitation you move towards the thin, bent man, carried now by a wave of certainty.

"Friend," you softly say, after you have walked around the on stage instruments to his crouched side. "Your father is sorry."

The wretched man looks up at you, his eyes blank and hopeless. You notice the bulk under his tattered shirt—the bomb. Then your guides tell you the big joke, the homemade apparatus will not detonate. "Jesus, why tell me now?" You expostulate in your thoughts.

Out loud you say again what you hear, "Your dad wants you to know he loves you."

"What?" the old man says, straightening slightly to look up at you.

His fetid smell is repulsive. He blinks repeatedly trying to pull himself out of the ocean of his own despair. In your mind you see a picture of a big man shouting at a pudgy boy. Then the man rips a coin out of the boy's hand and throws it out the window of the moving car. The sadness of the boy and the man are enormous.

"Your father," you tell the old man with the stringy white hair and the ghost blue eyes, "Your father is terribly sorry he threw your birthday coin from your grandmother out on to the road."



"It was a silver dollar," the old man whispers.

Out of the corner of your eye you see blue uniforms. It is

the police, fanned out, slowing moving down the aisles towards the stage.

Quickly you wrap your arms around the frail old man. He smells like urine and funky street garbage. You wrinkle your nose, but spirit rushes through you and you squeeze his shoulders hard. "Joey," you announce in a husky voice. "Joey, can you forgive me?"

"Sure, dad," the old man answers, weeping and shaking in your arms.

"He has a bomb," you tell the two young officers that climb up on the stage. Frowning, they drop back several paces.

You loosen your grip on the man, then reach down the open neck of his filthy shirt and give a quick jerk on a wire. It comes loose in your hand. For a second you hear the bomb go off, but it is not real, it is not in the reality that you occupy. You show the yellow wire to the police.

"It's OK," you declare. "I have disarmed the bomb."

Later, at home in the shower the ghosts are all there thanking you: the grandmother of the woman with the leaky diaphragm, the unhappy father who tormented his son into being a mad bomber. And your lovely wife Wanda, naked and smiling, finally comes through, assuring you that you too would most certainly die one fine day—and then the fun would really begin.

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



Synchronicity & Alchemy

By Sabrina Ourania

In the wake of this late August's Pisces full moon, where meaningful coincidences and mystical occurrences abound, we may be trying to integrate these hard to explain experiences into our ever evolving view of reality. My first personal experience that I recall of what people define as "synchronicity" happened during my first Uranus square in my early 20s. This occurs for everyone around 21 years of age and correlates with a period of rebellion and liberation connected to experiences of lighting-like insight and awakening.

This period marked the first synchronistic occurrence in a long series of previously-would-be-identified "coincidences" in which the odds of their seemingly random existence was simply too great to fathom. These synchronicities and their dynamic recognition have affected me personally and profoundly in countless ways since.

On that particular day during my Uranus square, I'd been mindlessly surfing the Internet in boredom, and perusing crop circles as the current fascination of the hour. I came across a particular triangle shaped crop circle but with geometric rings at each point, known as the Barbury Castle Tetrahedron. Unwittingly fascinated with the symbol, I decided to draw it onto my left wrist, pointing towards my hand, not thinking much about why or to what purpose. Little did I know then, but this tetrahedron was also an important alchemical symbol from the 17th century.

Subsequently, in "unrelated news" at that time, the band Incubus was a minor obsession of mine. I'd listen to their music flying down the highway, windows down, screaming lyrics at the top of my ecstatic lungs, feeling deeply free.

Well, not an hour after placing that symbol on my wrist, while continuing my web surfing, I came across a site dedicated to the band members' tattoos. Clearly I was curious for a closer look at Brandon Boyd's tattoos. He was, after all, my favorite singer at that time. Now perhaps you've guessed it, what I never would have in the moment - but low and behold on his left wrist, in exactly the same position and relative proportion, sat my idol's tattoo, a replica of the one I had just drawn on myself.

I was stunned. My 20 year old self had no previous synchronistic spiritual framework within which to understand such an occurrence. I of course took it at face value, as a sign that Brandon Boyd and I were soulmates. Now looking back I realize this was more importantly an initiation into a participatory conversation with reality and the Universe and my budding awareness of Alchemy. Everything

happens for a reason, and it's up to us to recognize and understand the spiritual impetus behind such an event.

As I've come to know it, synchronicity is essentially an experience of two or more occurrences connected, not by cause and effect, but rather solely through their meaning. One of these events could be in your mind, maybe an image seen in a dream, or in my case, an alchemical symbol stumbled across inadvertently. This in connection to a second occurrence, observation, or experience in the "real world" that parallels or echos the original symbol and activates its meaning.

I know many of us have grown relatively familiar and welcoming of such moments of synchronistic recognition. But I find that I still benefit so much from regularly reflecting and intentionally opening to being aware of these synchronicities, both big and small, and cultivating a life that welcomes them.

The study of Astrology is predicated by a fundamental understanding of the universe as a synchronistic system. Further, it is the study and application of this understanding of certain conceptual correlations between the cosmos and our human psyches. As an astrologer, I have witnessed a multiplicity of these miraculous synchronicities as inherent expressions of a holographic universe. In this framework, the inner psyche and human experience reflects the outer circumstance. "As above, so below," as the ancient dictum states. All we need to do is develop a skill set in learning the language of symbols and Archetypes, such as the planets and their namesake Gods or Goddesses, and draw upon them to make meaningful connections.

This is essentially the spiritual practice of Alchemy. I am living Alchemy and so are you, according to my favorite psychologist, Carl Jung. He asserts that symbolic imagery, such as the transmutation of lead into gold, mirrors a parallel process occurring in the soul. The interactive world happening around us is a reflection of the inner processes of the psyche, and vice versa.

In the Goddess Alchemy series I'm teaching currently at the Wholistic Heartbeat on Wednesday nights, we've been cultivating our understanding and experience of synchronicities as they relate to classic Archetypes of the Goddess.

In our class on Hestia, goddess of the hearth, she who kept the home fires burning, we reflected on the energies of this deity as curator of the soul of Home. And reflected that it was she who was honored when the bride and groom would move into their new home together. We made our own prayers and ceremony for our own homes and families. Later that night, my partner Merlin spontaneously proposed to me in our home, and in culmination of finally feeling at home with a partner, I said "yes."

Moreover, that same weekend we'd already planned a housewarming gathering, and blessed our home with a community of friends, along with our engagement celebration. As we gathered during the full moon, we circled by the wood burning stove and I remembered Hestia and how her archetypal presence had been presiding over the entire week with the ongoing theme of home, the sacred flame of the HEARTh, and marriage.

I further noted that the week before, another synchronicity, as my very Athena-like friend upset me in, yes, a very Athena-like way just following our Athena class. For as much as we were exploring these Goddesses in class, they were visiting me through these many connections. I witnessed the truth of their presence in my life as they were being invoked!

So classic symbols (and even ones we recognize on our own) be it the philosopher's stone, Jupiter in Scorpio, the flower of life, the Goddess Hestia, or a visit by local wildlife, find expression in an occurrence that has subjective meaning and lessons for us. And in this recognition, points the way towards our current and/or ongoing evolution and growth—revealing to us internally and externally "the work" to be done.

We work in the care of our souls like this, by means of the things of the world, and these symbols work as the signs. As in Paulo Coelho's *The Alchemist*, each day potentially holds omens pointing us towards our deeper treasure, especially if we are intentionally calling this in.

Finally, my astrology friends and I dubbed this year #deepwerk2018 before it had even began. The planets foretold these potent days in a variety of ways. We assigned it this title to highlight the fact that this year specifically, with Jupiter moving through Scorpio, the alchemical fires have been turned exponentially up. I don't know if you've been feeling it, but I suspect that we all have. Anyone open and paying attention to the signs would have to. As we ourselves are transforming from the prima material of the universe into the living embodiment of our soul's gold, we will do well to pay mindful attention to the signs.

Sabrina Ourania is an Astrologer and Menstrual, Fertility, and Reproductive-Health Practitioner, Yoni Yoga Instructor, and Retreat Leader. She sees clients and teaches workshops locally and online.

Her current offerings are Goddess Alchemy: An Embodied Exploration of the Goddess Archetypes on Wednesday evenings at Wholistic Heartbeat in McKinleyville. You can find out more about her and the work she does at www.goddessalchemist.com or on instagram at @goddess alchemist

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Location: Wholistic Heartbeat 1660 Central Ave, Suite A McKinleyville Class Price: \$25/Drop-in \$180/Series

Sabrina Ourania, aka "The Goddess Alchemist" is a Menstrual, Fertility, and Reproductive-Health Coach and Astrologer, Yoni Yoga Instructor, Herbal Alchemist and Retreat Leader. She sees clients and teaches workshops locally at the Arcata Healing Arts Center and online. Her current offerings include Yoni Yoga 101 at the Community Yoga Center in Arcata on Tuesdays and Yoni Alchemy at Moonrise Herbs on Thursdays starting in August. You can find out more about her and what she does at

www.goddessalchemist.com

Playing in Dreamtime

by Juna Berry Madrone

Dreams span the divide between our waking moments and the roughly one third of our life that is spent submerged in another consciousness. Here we use the The Star Tarot by creatrix Cathy McClellan to elevate our awareness and open our heart centers through intentional dreaming.

Published a little over a year ago, but years in the making, this deck is a triumph in every sense. It is visually stunning. Its rich symbolism makes it easily accessible to beginning and experienced readers alike.

Sleepers Awake!: 16. The Tower

'Sudden Awakening'



The paradoxical appearance of 'Sudden Awakening' alerts us that our aim here is not dreaming as usual. We do not dream to forget, or to seek oblivion, or to rest. We are setting the intention to incubate a dream that has the power to awaken us into greater awareness and to bring healing to ourselves, our community, and our earth.

What physical preparations

can support the creation of our dream temple? In ancient Greece actual temples existed that were dedicated to healer gods who had the power to cure supplicants with sleep and sacred dreams. People might travel for hundreds of miles and participate in fasting and purification rituals.

In our own way, we can set the foundation for transformative dreaming. We may be aware of nearby sacred sites or powerful energy vortices that we can travel to. Our own sleeping space, though, can easily be transformed through a few ritual actions.

Ritual preparations can begin with our meal. Have a light meal. Avoid processed foods, fats, sugar and alcohol. Enjoy a cup of mugwort or chamomile tea. Let house mates or bed mates know that this is a special time for you so that they can support you. Do not get overstimulated by social media, movies, or arguments.

Clean the sleeping chamber of clutter. Remove or unplug computers and phones. Place a special cloth or cover on your bed. Prepare and wear fresh bed linens and bed clothes and tie a piece of yarn on our wrist.

Our sense of smell has the power to directly connected us to Spirit, so use fresh flowers or incense. Take a nice hot bath.

We are straddling two worlds here: the world of physicality and consciousness, and the dream world. These preparations support this bridging.

Finally, expect an actual awakening. Be prepared to record your dream—with a sound recorder, or journal—whatever works. Dreams can quickly fade from memory.

Relax. Feel no pressure. Approach this with a light and playful heart. If a dream does not come on first attempt, then try again another day.

Dreams are not made to put us to sleep, but to awaken us.

— Ed Viesturs, No Shortcuts to the Top: Climbing the World's 14 Highest Peaks

Beautiful Dreamers: Queen of Swords

'The Goddess of Air'

We invoke the attributes of the Norse Goddess Skadi of Norway whose dominion is the North Wind of Winter. Strive to dream as community and for community. As 'Mother of Ideas' she brings a freshening clarity to our dream play.

A powerful force and an agent of transformation, the Queen of Swords cuts to the chase bringing inner wisdom and keen communication.



As we search for the meaning and the healing in our dream work with others, we can fruitfully employ respect, honor, clarity and good listening skills.

Discipline and organization allow for productive dream sharing. We may be part of a dream group of long standing, we may wish to join an online dream group, or we may wish to enlist a few trusted friends or interested acquaintances to share our dreams with. After giving our full attention—

without interruption—to listening or reading about a friend's dream, we then employ the phrase 'In my dream of this dream ...' to offer feedback. This a respectful way to allow the dreamer to remain sovereign.

Another way of 'catching' the meaning in our dreams is our mental interaction with the various characters who appear in our dreamscapes. Different actions and responses in the same dream from different characters each portray some truth about ourselves.

Dreams about other people may give us clues as to the need for healing or how to facilitate that healing. When we have a prayerful and compassionate heart approach, we can receive important information for others through our dreams.

We don't heal in isolation, but in community.— S. Kelley Harrell, M. Div. Gift of the Dreamtime

In My Dream of This Dream: 3. Empress

'The Creation'

Here is an authority sourced in the heart of the mother. The Empress asks us to open our hearts to self understanding and the understanding of others. She connects us to a sovereignty that is sourced within.

By connecting to the Mother aspect of God/dess, we bring a new element into our dream play. Prayers to support the



dream process and prayers to process a 'big' or difficult dream can both bring great results. We are connecting with maternal love, tenderness and healing. Also the color indigo governs the dream world. While praying, envision a waterfall of indigo light pouring over our head.

The key to getting good results is the emotion that we put into our prayer. We are begging for the Divine Mother's mercy to enlighten us. An analogy is that it is the baby's cry that can stimulate a nursing mother to 'let down' her milk.

Disturbing dreams are best processed by finding three friends with whom to share the dream as soon as possible. These friends can listen supportively and then pray for our healing and give us a big hug.

I do believe we're all connected. I do believe in positive

energy. I do believe in the power of prayer. I do believe in putting good out into the world. And I believe in taking care of each other.

- Harvey Fierstein www.goodreads.com

I Have a Dream: Six of Cups

'Remembrance'

Playing in dream time can support the movement of our awakening hearts into compassion and emotional healing. Light is flooding on to our planet right now blatantly exposing shadow governments, sides in systems, communities, and our own souls. It is a challenge to respond to all of this with compassion and forgiveness.



When we surrender ourselves to our dreams with prayerful intentionality, we lay the foundation for direct or indirect healing to come to us. Intentional dreaming opens us up to an unfocused and uncontrolled meditation. Contemplation of our exposed inner world by sitting with our dreams may bring us signs and prophetic thoughts.

We can use the Tarot to open up the healing messages in our dreams. Make a list of key actions, themes, and characters in a big dream. Create sacred space and state an intention before shuffling and laying out a card for each item on the list. Live with these cards in their respective positions for about a week as we carry the energy of the dream around with us. Insight and healing can meet us in this space.

The wonders of life ... you and I are the light! Seek within ... there is no one to fight ... love is all ... we are one ... concentrate on bringing forth your sight ... breathe deep ... the universe is waiting for you divine ones.

— Sereda Aleta Dailey, The Oracle of Poetic Wisdom

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 play/work can support you through Dream Interpretation, Tarot, and spiritual psychotherapy. Call Juna at (541) 973-6030 and visit www.naturalmysticguide.com

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Last year three ghost cats that took up residence in my house, one after the other in succession. The first one was there for several months before I finally realized what was going on. There was a general unease about the place, as in what it feels like when a human earthbound spirit is present in the home. As one who has performed property clearings for many years I have encountered countless earthbound spirits but never really considered the spirits of the animal kingdom. My only experience in this vein was when my dog died and returned for the next two days to give me comfort before vanishing for good. In her case she was as tangible as any other corporal being.

This felt different. I performed thorough clearings off and on over several weeks but to no avail. The place still felt "off." Occasionally, I would see small red dots of light, like eyes, on the bed momentarily while walking past the bedroom. Sometimes I'd get a glimpse of a cat walking down the hall toward MY cats dinner bowl or even curled up sleeping beside me. These incidents were so momentary that they only barely measured in awareness. My own cat acted disturbed, as he could see what we couldn't and the ghost cat inhabited all his favorite places. Then one day while sitting on the bed I watched as footprints appeared on the blanket as an invisible cat walked along the bed, and came right to me. They stopped and I heard a loud thump as he jumped down to the floor. I thought to myself now there's something you don't see every day. I finally got it.

One ghost animal coming to live in my home was special enough but three was really something else. This gave me an opportunity to study this phenomenon over time and here is what I found. First of all, an animal spirit can become earthbound in much the same way as a human spirit in that a sudden, instant loss of life can result in the spirit not knowing the body is dead. It just keeps on going. As a dowser who works with helper spirits, I found that this particular cat was hit and killed by a car not far from where I live.

Animals behave in death as they did in life. During this time of inhabitation I would sometimes come home at night and see a transparent cat sitting by the front door waiting to be let in. He could walk through the door if he wanted, but still waited. Sometimes you can feel them brush by you as they rush in. You can hear them land solidly on the floor, meow loudly, purr and even do that "kneading" thing they do on your body. Also, at least with cats, their eyes don't reflect light like the living. Instead what you see are two small bright red dots of light, sort of like tiny lasers.

Human earthbound spirits need unhealthy negative energy to exist and are often coupled with ungrounded human emotion. That is primarily why one place is haunted and another is not. Negative energy radiated by geopathic stress is the primary culprit. Ungrounded human emotion is the stuff of battlefields, massacre sites, conflict, illness, suffering, etc. Earthbound animal spirits need none of this to survive. They are free to roam wherever they like. However, as a trapped spirit on this plane, I like to offer the spirit a transition to the other side.

A human spirit understands the concepts of an afterlife and can be communicated with in real time and transitioned directly, one on one if you will, or with the aid of other helping spirits. An animal isn't going to get it unless you are a very gifted person in that regard. What I do is tell the animal if you want to go home be here tomorrow morning and I will help you. The next morning I'll scan the house to see if the animal is present and if it is I perform a proper clearing on the whole house which transitions the spirit to its next destination as determined by the helping spirits I work with. Then I rebalance the energies in the house.

I was wondering why all these animal spirits came to me in the first place as it seemed so remarkably odd. I asked my helping spirits about this and was told my spirit animal brought them. A spirit animal, rather than an animal spirit, is a protecting spirit we all have, sometimes more than one. They may change as life goes on but mine has always been with me. I saw him once in ordinary reality and he was a sight to behold. I have been visiting a shaman recently and she verified much of what I have concluded. Apparently there were lessons I needed to learn and these cat spirits were in need of help so we helped each other.

Art Zipperer is the proprietor of Northwest Dowsing. For further reading please visit Northwestdowsing.com.





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Tarot Wise

Sept/Oct 2018

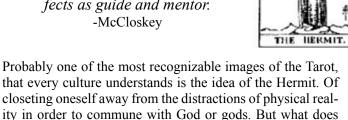
By Carolyn Ayres

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.

The Hermit ...

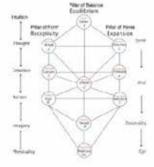
the authentic source of illumination is not a teacher outside of oneself rather it is the voice or light within which affects as guide and mentor. -McCloskey



it mean to truly plumb our depths? How deep do our depths

Called the *Magus of the Voice of Power*, The Hermit sees into the beginnings of evolution when the Word, that is the vibration that created our reality, came forth. Also known as the *Prophet of the Eternal*, for The Hermit sees into the future of the Self to the point where time no longer exists but becomes eternity. As a Prophet the Hermit is indeed made wise by inner knowing. But, The Hermit is not a teacher. That would be the Hierophant. Instead, the Hermit is seen as a Way Shower to the depths of the Soul. One who is aware of a higher Will and seeks to follow this Will rather than the will of the human self. The path of the Hermit is literally giving over to emptiness, that is, to the knowing that we are not what we think we are, that we are energy, and spirit.

Looking at the Tree of Life from my friend Heather Mendel www. sacredfemininekabbalah.com, the Hermit's path on the Tree of Life reaches far beyond our human consciousness into our Soul Consciousness. Follow the line from the Harmony of Tiferet, sphere of the Six, to the Compas-



sion of Chesed, sphere of the Four to see the Hermit's path. Tiferet is our first connection to Soul while Chesed connects us to the idea of the Divine Force of Soulful Love. So when ascending the Tree on this path, one steps into the upper Tree of Soul and Spirit, a very different landscape from the mental world of the lower Tree inhabited by our personality and ego physicality. But how does the Hermit card work in this dimension, in our daily lives, in a Tarot spread?

Geshe Rapton explains in the *Treasury of Dharma* that the path of the Hermit is the preparation to receive the teaching of emptiness, not meaning Nihilism or non existence, but emptiness as an awareness of the difference between how we believe things exist and how things actually exist. All objects do exist, but not as they appear to us as independent and self sufficient entities in a state which is dependent upon the consciousness that perceives them. Remember your physics lesson about the particles and waves? So the Hermit reminds us that we are energy and that we create our reality with our perception.

So, I would say the Hermit is like a "get out of jail free" card; drop in and realize infinite space. Isolate yourself so you may find your true multidimensional Self. Climb into that bubble bath, lock the door and create another reality. Get away from your small self and find your best company, your whole Self. At this time in humanity's short existence, we must find the time to reflect and deepen so that we may have the strength for what is coming. Our reality is changing rapidly and the sooner we realize that we are its creator, the better.

The Nines, as the last single integer in our numerical system, can be seen in the Tarot as a completion before the free wheeling 1 and 0 of the Tens. So the Hermit, as a Nine, in the Hierarchy of the Major Arcana, is completion on the highest level.

Jason Lotterhand calls the Hermit our cosmic, true Self, our inner, deep hidden Self that is always trying to illuminate us to the Truth. And we need to know our Truth before the next card, the Wheel of Fortune, of Destiny and Karma, the wheel of events, of time and consequences that carries us forward, willing or not. The only way to survive this Great Turning is to crawl to the center, to the hub of the Wheel and be Present in contemplation. The Hermit can teach us how to do this through meditation and practicing Presence. The "Now" of Eckart Tolle. The "Be Here Now" of Ram Dass's guru, Bhagavan Das. So when the Hermit appears in your tarot spread, it is time to practice Presence. Time to center into your Soul Self and listen to your sacred depths. Time to prepare for change. And whew, are we in big, big Change! The Hermit is that aspect of us that can survive this Great Turning, for the Hermit has no fear of losing it all. The Hermit knows that to gain enlightenment one must strip down to one's essence, don the gray robe of the initiate and allow one's self to be led out of the wilderness into the Light. Heady stuff, huh? But we need this Hermit consciousness before the Wheel seems to run us over. We need to ask: Am I going to continue with my head in the sand, continue to limit myself to this reality, to this one life, or am I going to open up to what I truly am? Infinite space.

Pamela Eakins says that if we wish to grow into wholeness, we must face the potential for loneliness (emptiness). That through separation, isolation, contemplation and meditation, we can begin to open inner doors into cosmic consciousness and discover we are never alone. We can explore the Abyss, that big expanse on the Tree of Life diagram between our higher mind at Tiferet and the ultimate Mind, Keter. The Abyss separates the seen world from the unseen, a realm of darkness we fear falling into. And why do we fear this seeming dark emptiness? Because we think we will lose our selves. And yes, we will lose our identity, our ego self. But isn't it time to expand our narrow view? What are we creating here in this reality with our limited ego self? Eakins also says that on the Path of the Hermit, we learn to relax into the realization that we are not separate from Cosmic Light but are the unfolding Cosmos itself, with the power to reflect upon and experience its own being ... that the Hermit advises us to "have no desire for recognition beyond being simply awake. Realize this and you will immersein all the love and light that has ever been. Immerse and become whole, become healed, become Love. This is the exalted state of knowing what it means to be human" Eakins.

So, take the Hermit's lantern within and bring yourself to Love. Take the risk of listening to your inner Wisdom rather than other's. Once we discover our wisdom within, the authentic Truth that we are Love, it becomes more difficult to betray ourselves with outside influences. The seeming isolation of the Hermit then becomes a shortcut to more Joy and Magic even in times of great distress.



Now it's Your Turn

Lantern of Insight Reading for the Hermit

Follow the directions for how to choose your cards like a Hermit.

Draw three cards for each set of questions in three rows of three. Lay out your foundation cards at the bottom and work your way up with three rows. Read one row at a time and avoid reading each card separately. Notice how they influence each other. Try reading each row as a sentence.

Three Foundation Cards - What is causing you to spin out and lose your center? What needs to be brought into the light of self-love so you may hear the voice within? The Hermit would say, this has nothing to do with outside influences.

You are the cause of your own struggle.

Draw three cards and lay them face down. Close your eyes, breathe. Relax your brain and allow yourself to transcend your usual "thinking." Then open your eyes, turn over the cards and allow the message of the cards to come to you. Write out what you "get" in visions, sentence fragments, or whatever.



Three Core Cards: - At your core, what does your Hermit within say to you about your strengths as you sit in the hub of your spinning wheel of seeming struggle, conflict or confusion?

Draw three cards and lay them face down. Close your eyes, breathe. Relax your brain and allow yourself to transcend your usual "thinking." Then open your eyes, turn over the cards and allow the message of the cards to come to you. Write out what you "get" in visions, sentence fragments, or whatever.

The Insight of Your Lantern: When you Listen to your depths of Hermit wisdom, when you shine the Lamp of Love and Compassion on yourself and the situation, what is revealed to you?

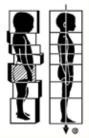
Draw three cards and lay them face down. Close your eyes, breathe. Relax your brain and allow yourself to transcend your usual "thinking." Then open your eyes, turn over the cards and allow the message of the cards to come to you. Write out what you "get" in visions, sentence fragments, or whatever.

Now look at the whole spread. Let go of the structure and just read the cards. What elements predominate? Which card is the Key to the whole reading? What does this card want to say to you? What is the essence, the message of the whole reading? Can you summarize in just a few sentences? Draw another card, if needed, to summarize.

As always, I am open to comments and questions as I am passionate about ongoing awakening for us all. So, if you have read this far, I encourage you to email me, Carolyn Ayres, 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.

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How to Attract Success Using the Law of Attraction

by Jolene Hayes



In order to attract success in your life you first have to understand that you must take on a certain mentality. Just a slight shift in mentality can change the energy of success you wish to experience. Whatever area of life you choose to be successful, whether it be in business, as a parent, a good relationship or success in your physical health, you can easily alter your mentality to the level of success you desire.

Here are some tips on how to make a shift in mentality that will help you attract more success in your life by using the Law of Attraction.

Oftentimes when people think of the Law of Attraction they are thinking about what they are going to get and what they are going to have, however, that kind of thinking is all external. Instead, make a simple change by asking yourself what do I want to be? Ask yourself what you want rather than what do you want to have. We tend to focus on our desires by looking for something outside of ourselves; for something to come to us. That's not how the Law of Attraction works. The Law of Attraction is about mirroring back what you are. So if you focus on what you want to be rather than what you want to get, it will allow you to step into your own power.

Let's say you are running a business; perhaps you are selling jewelry. If you focus on wanting to have more money, wanting to have more customers for the business, you are actually focusing on the external things you have to have. However, if you change your focus

towards what you want to be in this business you can shift the energy by saying, "I want to be a great jewelry sales person." Focus on being the best entrepreneur you can be. Tell yourself, I'm going to be a successful business person who does this in a really fun and cool way. Now you're beginning to focus on the question of how you can be what you want to be rather than looking for external validation. Then, ask yourself how you make yourself better, how you can hone your skills, and how you can project the essence of being what you really want to be.

If you're a parent, perhaps you want to create a better relationship with your kids. Perhaps you're looking to get your kids to show you they love you, or you're looking for hugs and adoration. Turn it around and focus internally and say to yourself, "I want to be a great mom." When you get up in the morning, think about honing your skills as a mother.

If you want to improve your overall physical health, focus on how you want to feel. Remember a time when you felt at your best and bring those feelings into your mind and body. If you are comparing yourself to others, you are focusing on something that is on the outside of you. Visualize yourself at optimal health. You could carry around a photo of yourself from a time when you felt at your best. Look at it every day and remember how it felt when that photo was taken. Before you know it, you will begin to experience better health and therefore, you will start to feel better about yourself.

When you start focusing internally on sharpening your skills in any area of life, your external world starts to match what's going on inside. You'll start to notice your kids are nicer to you, you get the smiles, you get the love and the hugs. As an entrepreneur you'll notice the customers start coming in because you're not out there chasing them. Project the energy that attracts the customers to you and though it may be quite challenging, if you want better health, focus on how you want to feel: do your best to take away your focus on how you currently feel.

No matter what accomplishments you want in life, if you've been focused on what you can have like where is the money, where is the fame, where is the external validation—bring it inside. Ask yourself what do I want to be and focus on being that to the best of your ability. I assure you, you'll see much more success using these techniques with the Law of Attraction.

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The Bhagavad Gita SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 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, Verses 62, 63

Thinking about sense-objects
Attaches you to sense-objects;
Grow attached and you become addicted;
When your addiction is thwarted it turns to anger;
Be angry and you confuse your mind;
Confuse your mind
and you forget the lessons of experience;
Forget experience and you lose discrimination;
Lose discrimination and your life is ruined.

Krishna Jaya:

There are Gita commentators who describe in a linear, logical and rational fashion the links leading from sense-attachment to a ruined life through the various steps mentioned by Krishna in these verses. But life is not so well ordered. It twists and turns this way and that, and not always logically, linearly or rationally. Life is paradoxical and it can never be understood with the thinking mind alone because it is the nature of the mind to function dualistically. Paradox, rather, demands an embrace of opposites in a larger unity. That is why paradoxical truths can best be expressed metaphorically. Herein lies the value of story. What follows is an allegorical gem by one of the great storytellers of the last century.

Osho (from The Book of Secrets):

Eno approached the master who asked him, "For what have you come here? There is no need to come to me." Eno thought he was not yet worthy of being accepted by the guru, but the master was seeing something else. He

was seeing Eno's growing aura and said, "Even if you don't come to me, enlightenment is on the horizon for you and sooner rather than later. You are already in the middle of the process so there is no need to come to me." Eno replied, "Do not reject me." The master did not want to hurt Eno so he accepted him and told him to go work in the kitchen. Then the master told Eno, "Do not come to me again. When the time is right, I will come to you." There were no scriptures assigned to Eno for study. No meditation method was given to him. He simply went to work in the kitchen. There were scholars and meditators constantly passing through the monastery but nobody paid any attention to Eno.

Presently the master announced that his time was near and he was ready to name his successor. He sent out this message to the residents of the monastery: "Those who think they're enlightened are requested to compose a quatrain. Put everything you've got into those four lines. If I approve the poem, I will choose the author as my successor."

There was a great scholar in the monastery. No one attempted to compose the poem because it was assumed the great scholar would win. He was a great knower of scriptures. He composed a verse that went like this:

Mind is like a mirror
Dust gathers
Clean the dust
Enlightenment

But the great scholar feared that the master would know the truth. The composer of the verse knew that he had expressed the gist of the scriptures in four lines but he also knew that's all it was. He had not experienced it for himself so he was afraid. Under the cover of darkness, one night he went to the master's hut and wrote the four lines on a wall of the hut without adding his signature. He thought to himself, "Leaving it unsigned means the master might say 'Okay this is right,' and he will know that I have written it. But what if he says, 'No! Who has written these lines?' In that case I will remain silent." He was covering his bases.

The verse became the talk of the monastery. Everyone knew who had written it. What beautiful lines they were! So concise and to the point! Some monks came into the kitchen, drinking tea and talking, extolling the virtues of the great scholar's brilliance. Eno was there and heard what had happened. The moment he heard the four lines he laughed out loud. Someone asked him, "Why are you laughing, you fool? You don't know anything." No one

had ever heard him laugh before. He was thought to be an idiot who couldn't even talk. Eno replied, "I can't write and I'm not enlightened either but these lines are wrong. I will think of four lines. Maybe someone will write them on the wall for me." Out of curiosity a crowd followed him to the master's hut and gathered around him. Eno said to a bystander, "Please write this," and he dictated four lines which went like this:

There is no mind No mirror either No dust too Enlightenment

The master came out of his hut and told Eno he was wrong. Eno, unruffled, touched the guru's feet and went back to the kitchen. In the night under the cover of darkness the master came to Eno and said, "You are right, of course, but I could not say it out there in front of those learned idiots. If I had named you my successor they would have killed you. It's time for you to leave. You are my successor but don't tell anyone. I saw this right away when you came. Your aura was growing. There was no need for meditation practice as you were already meditating. These years of silence in the kitchen have emptied your mind completely and the aura is now full. You have become a Full Moon. But you must be on your way or they will kill you."

Krishna Jaya:

This story highlights the difference between book knowledge and experiential knowledge. All the great wisdom traditions of the world have their scriptures (save certain indigenous traditions which rely on the Book of Nature) as aids for the realization of union with God. They can be aids but they can be hindrances as well, depending upon the degree of ego involvement and/or the cultural milieu in which they have been handed down. The dance between book knowledge and experiential knowledge transcends cultural flavoring. Eno's spiritual quest occurred in an Indian setting where the experience of union with God was the goal. In the Bible belt in our country the goal has been traditionally viewed through the lens of orthodox Christianity which allows for salvation exclusively through the agency of another, Jesus Christ.

The Gospel of Saint John makes mention of Jesus referring to himself as "the Son of God." (Ch. 10: 22-38.) Alan Watts, in one of his recorded talks (Jesus, His Religion, https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s42V8BGBvTk), pointed out that in Greek original the meaning is "a son of God," which was later changed by English translators to "the Son of God." The implications of such seemingly mi-

nor replacements of a preposition and a capital letter have reverberated down through the centuries, wreaking havoc in the understanding of both individuals and collectivities. When Jesus is given a status above and beyond the reach of other humans, an abyss is created that eliminates the possibility of a person realizing union with God within himself or herself. This abyss obscures the "good news" of the gospel message. Collectively, the danger arises when those who identify with this orthodox interpretation consider themselves, as a group, to be exceptional and superior to those with other views. When this exceptionalism becomes obsessive, violence erupts, sometimes on a huge scale as with the Crusades.

Alan Watts:

It is principally from white racist Christians that we have the threat of fascism in this country because they have a religion that is not the religion OF Jesus which is the realization of Divine Sonship in humanity but rather the religion ABOUT Jesus which pedestalizes him, claiming that only this man of all the sons of woman was divine and you'd better recognize it. And so it speaks of itself as utterly exclusive, convinced that it is the top religion. It claims uniqueness, not realizing that what it teaches would be far more credible if it were truly catholic [universal]. What would the real gospel look like, the real good news? It is not that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God but that he was a powerful son of God who had a colossal experience of cosmic consciousness, like Buddha, Lao-tse and so many others, all of whom walked the Earth to open your eyes to the fact that you are a powerful child of God, too, if you have eyes to see and ears to hear.

Krishna Jaya:

Contrary to mystical Christianity, orthodox Christianity has a blind spot where it fails to recognize the real good news. Osho's story, set in a culture which recognizes that we are all inherently sons and daughters of God, illustrates that understanding is not enough and that when, through ego inflation, the value placed on book knowledge becomes obsessive, violent consequences often ensue and lives can be ruined. Run for it, Eno!





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Our Thursday Evening (7:00-9:00pm) **WOMAN'S SUP-PORT AND EMPOWERMENT GROUP** currently has a few openings. If you think you might be interested in joining us, please contact Margaret Branch at margaret603@gmail.com. (\$5 donation)



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I am available to play too! Besides having the cards with me every day, you can find me demoing them at the scheduled events listed below.

- 1. Sign up for my newsletter at omenquestcards.com.
- 2. Join me on Kickstarter October 2nd at 1 pm.
- 3. After you receive your deck, carry it with you and get it out to play with as often as you can.

September 22nd - Marnie's 1036 H St Arcata by the North Country Fair 12 pm - 3 pm **September 29th** - Humboldt Arts & Culture Festival - Halverson Park, Eureka . 11 am - 5 pm

Here is something you can do.

an invitation from amy day

....

Build a fire.

Invite your people to the woods to congregate around that flame.

Spread a table with delicious things, lovingly procured by hand.

Pour the water.

Pour the wine.

Put on your favorite stretchy pants and, after you tenderly exhaust the body, and regain the finger upon the pulse of your own great heart, your skin, and feel the muscles and wise sinews move about inside it all...

Fill your plate.
And your cup.
And gather by the burning wood.

Then sit inside the question:

And What Does It Want to Reveal to Me?

(Ya know... What is the GOLD??????)

Take another deep breath and feel yourself supported by the circle around you.

The hands lightly but deftly clasping yours.

And by the earth, quite literally rising up to meet you.



Envision this Obstacle as a tiny stone or a great boulder, completely obstructing your way.
For now.
Cease to struggle.
Don't push.
Don't curse.
Don't thrust your tender body into its impenetrable form.
For now.

What Obstacle am I working with right now?

Holds hands. Breathe. Let the silence speak.

Then when the answer appears, insert yet another layer of inquiry:

Just sit & listen to it speak.

Lean into the stone.

Perhaps there inside its earthen, leaden form.... There is gold waiting to be revealed.

Om Gam Ganapataye Namaha

Ganesh is the figure typically invoked when we are attempting to move through the difficult.

Too often, though, he's seen as this mythic superhero figure who will come to miraculously blast away our every obstacle and challenge, and magically make the way clear.

May I invite you to sit
with the questions.
To not be hasty and race
toward an answer.
To stay playful, sweet and observant
inside whatever space you are in.

Sometimes.

But I have come to believe that invoking the energy of Ganesh can also be a call to Wisdom.
To self-learning and a new level of mastery (& humility) & strength, because at times, we are given challenges to grow us into our next iteration.

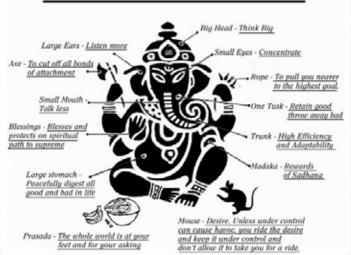
I bring in this info here as a way to help you look, from a soft & mythic lens, out upon the landscape of your own hurdles and challenges right now.

The difficult is part of the process.

The struggle does not mean it isn't working. The effort required to navigate this difficult portion of your world is DEEPLY VALUABLE. And you are doing f*cking GREAT.

(Sometimes we need hear it, ya' know?)

Ganesha Symbolism



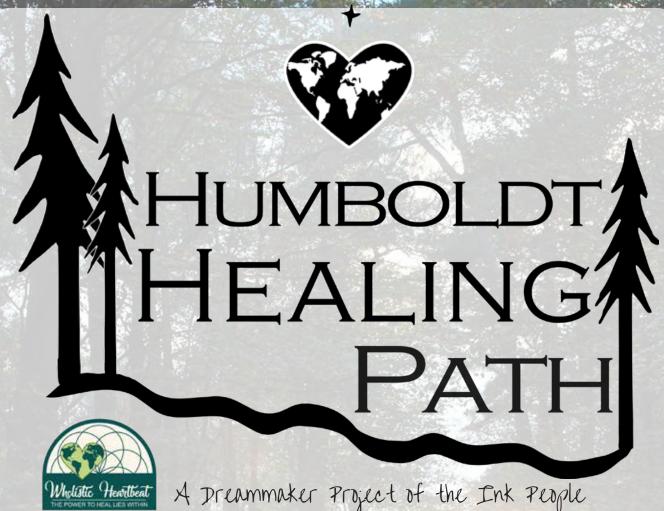
As always,

I come from a place of wanting to Deepen... to walk further into the Mystery... and to collectively, individually, and whole-fucking-heartedly! work toward releasing that which is no longer working - that which is un-just, un-worthy, un-useful or simply

TOO HEAVY to carry any more.

So that we are ready - hands open - heart woke - to step into the work to which we are called.

yours along the path, xo, ~a



Powered by Isis Heals and Wholistic Heartbeat

is a Community Healing Arts Nonprofit providing greater access to education, networking, and holistic healing services in Humboldt County.

Resources for practitioners and community members who are interested in both providing, and receiving, more preventative and alternative healthcare modalities. Creating and fostering a network of health and wellness by providing access to services based on need.

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