

# Wholistic Heartbeat

the power to heal lies within



*Sometimes the night wakes in  
the middle of me  
and I can do nothing  
but  
become the moon.*

— Nayyirah Waheed



# 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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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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## Table of Contents

### Page 03 ~ And Demeter Wept

*Michael Cooper*

### Page 06 ~ Forest Bathing in the Redwoods

*Ellen Dee Davidson*

### Page 08 ~ Liminal Space

*Juna Berry Madrone*

### Page 10 ~ Star Wars as a Mandala for ...

*Donald Hughes, LAc*

### Page 14 ~ Heart of Darkness

*Devon Love*

### Page 16 ~ Tarot Wise - The Chariot

*Carolyn Ayres*

### Page 18 ~The Bhagavad Gita

*Krishna Jaya*

### Page 20 ~ Space Needle - You Are Not God

*Jesse Austin*

### Page 30 ~ i:am

*Valerie Cleek "Butterfly Val"*

### Page 31 ~ Event Calendar



**ISIS HEALS**

~CREATING OPPORTUNITIES THAT NOURISH OUR WHOLENESS

*We welcome 2018 with courage as we embark together on this journey of awakening to our heart-centered creative power. We continue to grow stronger in our ability to mindfully and intentionally shape our lives and the world around us with the stable and sustainable fuel of solution-based creativity infused with loving kindness. May our respect for all life everywhere guide us. May all beings be safe, nourished and free. May we be held in the shape of compassion. -Namaste, Maya*

## And Demeter Wept

by Michael Cooper

*In dedication to the Earth Mother Who Turns the Seasons,  
my earthly mother Maya, and my sweet Persephone Zoe.  
All my love, Michael.*



This is a story about Demeter, the Greek Goddess of grain and abundance. Her daughter, Persephone, was taken by the Lord of the Underworld, Hades, to rule as his Queen over the lands of death. Here we see the aftermath of this transition.

*The brilliant sun poured warmth over the meadow, bathing the maiden amongst the blossoms in a golden honey glow. Orange poppies nodded their petaled heads in a light wind that gently rustled the grasses and flowers at the young woman's feet. The breeze lifted curls up around her face in a glowing halo lit by the shining eternal light of midsummer, the forever summer. Bird and insect songs wove themselves in that soft air with laughter from the twirling, dancing youth. She was vibrant, almost too colorful in that moment, with life crackling at her fingertips in sparks and flashes. The beauty of growing things was within her and around her, an incense. She perfumed the air with her dance, her bubbling joy a tangible force to those who saw.*

Little by little, the dream passed and consciousness came back to Demeter as she awoke. It took a few moments before the pain gathered again in her breast. For almost a fleeting second she dwelled in that happy memory of the child, a half moment of peace, before remembering the sorrow rooted in her heart, filling her body with lead while feeling indescribably empty all at once. As sleep left the Goddess and the waking world resumed, Grief crashed over her,

taking breath away in sobs. The same ache that greeted each morning. Persephone was gone, stolen, ash and bone, grave dirt and darkness. The daily realization of her daughter's passing to the underworld was a hole in her chest, a black space that swallowed all the light and life within Demeter. She sighed tearfully and turned over in the dirt where she lay, looking up into the icy dark of the cave where she dwelled, alone in her madness. She would light no fire to comfort herself, consecrate no hearth to nourish the body she inhabited. Hair unkempt fell in forgotten knots past her waist. Nails, ragged from clawing at her own skin, rent the body that betrayed her by bringing Life into the world only to have Death take it too early. She was lost in her grief, consumed by it, incapable of the thought or belief that life should go on.

And so it was that life in fact stopped. Without her benediction, the crops would not yield, the animals would not birth, the very sun would not shine. Salt and mildew covered the fallow earth outside the cavern wherein she dwelt. The Great Earth Mother they had called her. Demeter of the Grains they had prayed to her. Life Giver, Bread Maker, Ripener of Fruits, Radiant Vessel of Life, Blessed Womb of Creation, Divine Goddess of Growth and Fertility, Holy Lady of Sustenance and Healing. "Ha!" she cackled bitterly, a joyless croak into the dank black cave. "How about the Cold One," she whispered to nobody, "Goddess of Grief, Lady of Oblivion, Holy Mother of Sorrows, She Who Withholds Life". Tears overtook her tirade as she sank back to the ground, exhausted and defeated by her own pain. "Let them all weep as well," she promised to no one as sleep overtook her once more. Cold lifeless tempests blew outside her cave. The herbs and flowers of the fields had long ago withered in the curse of her grief. Trees began to crumble into dust. The wild creatures and domesticated beasts grew gaunt and brought forth no young. Humanity began to fade away as eternal winter consumed the world she had turned from.

High, high above the cavern where Demeter slept, a falcon turned in the icy, blasting winds. Hermes, the winged messenger of Olympus, spun and dove through the biting air as his animal form shivered in the bitter storm ravaging the land and choked on the foul airs that blocked the sun. His keen eyes pierced through grey fog as he searched high and low for the Goddess. Straining his divine wings, he pushed through the thickest of the inky tornado, circling closer to the very heart of darkness that had settled upon the earth. Into the eye of the storm he struggled, on towards where the grieving Mother would be found. At last, as he reached the strongest gyre that swept up from Demeter's cave and folded



slick wings against his feathered body, Hermes dove with lightning speed towards the cavern his sharp sight had finally found, here at the storm's center. A moment before crashing into hard stone, wings flared and halted the God's descent. Shedding the falcon form and alighting gently on earth in front of Demeter's abode, Hermes looked about at the product of the Goddess's wrath. The fertile meadows and deep woods were barren, bones and sulphur sat in piles near the entrance to her cave. Depression hung thick in the air like shrouds. Hopelessness like the sickly sweet smell of decay blotted out any memory of the life and joy that had danced there before. "Well this is a mess," he muttered, stepping daintily over the bone piles and holding his nose while skirting past the fumes from reeking sulphur. "Demeter!" he called down into the hole in the rock that the once proud Goddess now called home. "Great Earth Mother, Goddess of Grain, Life Giver," he shouted, "I summon you at the behest of Olympus. Show yourself."

"You can quit the racket and quit those titles while you're at it," Demeter's dry voice erupted from the darkness. "I am none of those things. Zeus with all the rest can sit on a spike for all I care." Slowly the Goddess Herself hobbled to the cave's entry. Hermes felt his heart break upon seeing her form: the painful sadness was written plainly across the divine face and body. Both had twisted and become ugly. "Such beauty succumbed to such sorrow," he thought as tears pricked his eyes. Biting the corner of his tongue to fight back shaky grief, he knew that no demands of heaven would bring the grieving Mother back. No mandates from Zeus or petitions by all the gods on Olympus would move her. Pain alone moved the Goddess now, like a marionette strung up in sadness and awkwardly animated by the loss of what she had loved. She was a pale image in comparison to the lust and glory of her former Holy being. Tragedy had changed the woman within and without. She turned her thin back to him and shuffled towards the cave's interior.

"Demeter, wait! Everything is dying, your sadness has stripped the earth bare. It has sucked the joy of life and threatens to undo the whole fabric of this great wide world. You can't let it all go," he begged, imploring to any mercy that might still dwell in the angry Mother's heart.

"And you, blind God who sees nothing, think I care?" she shrieked, whirling around and pouncing upon the messenger, her bleary red eyes piercing, ragged nails clutching at his throat, feeling the fragile fluttering pulse beneath godly skin. Sharp fangs, in place of teeth and stained red, sputtered in rage a hair's width from his face, breath like death threatening to overwhelm him. Suddenly she released the shaken God and shrank back into herself, small with the weight of sadness again. "Just leave me here in my misery," she pleaded. "Let me be alone."

Hermes knew he could not convince the Great Mother Who Now Chose Death any differently, he could not save her from

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the consuming pain. He knew that he could not lessen the sorrow nor ease her burden of grieving. And so he sat with the fallen Goddess instead. He let her weep herself to sleep in his lap. He laid cool soothing hands on her burning brow when fevered nightmares overtook her. He sang her the songs the wind had taught him, the winds that bring change and movement to the world. Mostly she would not speak to him, mostly she ignored him. Occasionally, though, he would catch her unaware and engage in a few moments of chit-chat. He'd tell her about the fungus on the cave wall that looked like a bear or a dragon or a pony and she'd deny it and call him a fool, stating that clearly the fungus looked like a sparrow or angelica blossoms or the crescent moon. After a long while had passed, during one occasion when he was describing a particularly interesting puddle of mud nearby, she interrupted suddenly pointing out a stalactite, stating that it looked just like a carrot. "Remember carrots?" she asked.



"Not really," he lied. "It's hard to recall anything but ice and snow and winter out there now. But I suppose they were nice. Quite honestly, though, it has been dead and dark for so long I doubt anyone remembers carrots."

"But I used to grow the very best carrots," she exclaimed. "How could they forget? And cabbages, wheat, melon, parsley, garlic ... I grew the best of all of it. Surely the people remember."

"Demeter, dear," Hermes whispered, feeling a breakthrough was close, "The earth has been barren and lifeless for so long, I don't think anyone can remember any of those things. The people have gotten used to everything being dark and dead. Nothing has grown for ages."

"Oh," she sighed, her gaze looking far off into the distance of her memories. "My Persephone could grow wonderful things as well. Her speciality was flowers."

Hermes froze; the grieving Goddess had been unwilling to speak her lost daughter's name the entire time he had dwelt there in the cave. Now he watched as the fond light of recollection and remembrance graced her eyes, making them

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shine a bit. “And what were those flowers like?” he asked carefully. “I can’t quite recall the look and feel of flowers, it’s been so very long.”

“You can’t remember flowers either?” she gasped in shock. “Why they came in all colors and smells and shapes. Delicate white apple blossoms, dry sturdy yellow yarrow, peonies in heaps of pink. My daughter would dance and sing and blossoms would just fall forth from her lips, spring up at her feet. It was beautiful.” While she spoke the kind words of remembrance, a few brilliant spears of sunlight broke through the black clouds outside, shining weakly on the soil at the cave’s entrance, activating long dormant seeds buried deep in the dirt beneath the muck Demeter’s storms had created. Bright green shoots shot up where no growth had broken through in a long time.

“How did these flowers smell?” Hermes gently questioned her.

“Ah, silly, you really don’t recall?” Demeter laughed as the air outside the cave warmed almost imperceptibly, causing the new seedling that had just appeared to quicken, winding upward to form the beginnings of the first tree that had grown since the Mother’s winter began. “Apple blossoms smell like angels wafting by on a warm evening, yarrow smells just like freshly ground cornmeal, peonies are spicy and sweet like cloves with honey.” The fledgling tree outside the cave put forth branch and root as she spoke the memories. “Carnations like nutmeg, marigolds like green grass and soap, orchids like sweet dust,” she rattled off floral scents. “My Persephone loved her roses the most. Roses smell like dew, love, and summer sun,” she described. All the while the young tree was growing as Demeter spoke. The scarlet, vase-like blossoms of the pomegranate tree surged forth from bare wood just as emerald leaves poked out on brown twigs. Blood red flowers began to swell at their bases, maturing before Hermes’ eyes. The new fruit ripened just as Demeter was finishing her story of the first rose Persephone ever encountered. “... and her big golden eyes lit up when she saw the flower and she reached her chubby tiny baby hands towards it ... .” Demeter chattered on.

“Look, dear Goddess, a tree!” Hermes interrupted, sensing the time was right.

Indeed the pomegranate that had begun its growth as Demeter recounted her fond memories of Persephone soon reached full maturity outside the cave. The Goddess looked upon its fruit and drew her breath in quickly. Outside had changed, the winter of her grief was melting and spring had begun as the Mother thought more and more of the love she bore for her daughter who was now deep in the land of the dead where Persephone had become Queen. The Goddess Demeter shook the dirt from her hair and strode forth out of her cavern to touch the green tree. She gently traced the

lines of bark. She tickled the ants and bees climbing into the pomegranate blossoms, encouraging them on their hard pollination work. Her hands that still bore scars of sorrow reached and plucked a ripe fruit from the tree, ragged nails digging into the red leathery skin to expose the jewels inside. The Goddess burst into tears as she saw the sunlight reflecting off the ruby droplets. She breathed in the aroma of wine and heat from the broken fruit. After marveling for some time, Dear Demeter finally chose three gleaming seeds and ate them. She chewed through the thin skin to let the tang of juice sparkle on her tongue and crunched the pits, swallowing it all.

Her Heart opened. She heard her daughter whisper in the warm gentle breeze that was sweeping across the lands laid out beyond the cave, bringing with it life and new spring growth. She saw her sweet Persephone’s face in the geese that flew overhead, returning to the now warmed earth. She smelled her little girl’s hair in the marshes and valleys and warm forests that sprang back green and abundant. She cried tears in the impossible combination of grief and joy and relief that can only come to the mother who has seen death but still chooses life. And those tears melted the last vestiges of winter. The shocked and awed Demeter watched as the winds and the waves, the grains, the geese, the flowers, all of life before her formed the face and body of the daughter she had known. Light returned to the grieved Mother and life galloped forth with ferocity, making up for its long dormancy in the winter of her sorrows. Hermes crowed with glee, laughing and soaring in his falcon form all the while, dancing on the joyous gusts that cleansed the planet.

And so it was that Demeter moved through grief to rebirth. Though the dark of her pain was devastating and would never be forgotten, life came forth anew from dead fields. Persephone, the Great Earth Goddess realized, was still all around her in flowers and spring and summer ripeness. Her daughter had moved into the soil, the blossoms, the roots and vines, wherein her mother could see her and be with her even in absence of the physical form. To honor the memory of grief, each year Demeter chose to let the earth grow dark and barren for those three months of winter, three months in memory of the three seeds that woke her from sorrow, seeds that softened her heart and let life come rushing back in. Just as it promises to do each and every springtime.



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# Forest Bathing in the Ancient Redwoods

Ellen Dee Davidson



Forest Bathing as a means to improve health has been studied in Japan since the 1980s. They call it “Shinrin-yoku,” a term which means “taking in the forest atmosphere.” Studies show that doing this is proven to lower blood pressure, reduce cortisol and other stress hormones, boost the immune system, and put us in a good mood. Although I did not know about the term ‘forest bathing’ or the studies, for the past seven years I have spent two-three whole days per week out in the old-growth redwoods. Doing this has completely changed my life, giving me a reliable source of well-being and joy. Meditating with the ancient trees has also opened me to the intelligence of the Earth.

Much of what I’ve been taught directly from the Earth while I’ve been alone with the trees is now emerging from various groups such as Tree Sisters, Unify Global Sister Circles, Net of Light, JoAnna Macy’s wise words, and the Bioneers. I realize this guidance has not been unique for me. It is the conscious intelligence of the universe reaching out to all of us, and the time is now.

I call the frequencies who connect with me Star Beings, Elementals, Tree Spirits, Ancestors, and Angels. Whatever I call them, it’s clear to me that Macy is right: we are in the midst of the Great Turning, and we have all sorts of help. I’ve found that by putting my energy in service to the restoration of our world, I am emotionally buffered from the political nightmare also playing out during these times. Instead, I’m able to focus on the healthy, sustainable world we do want.

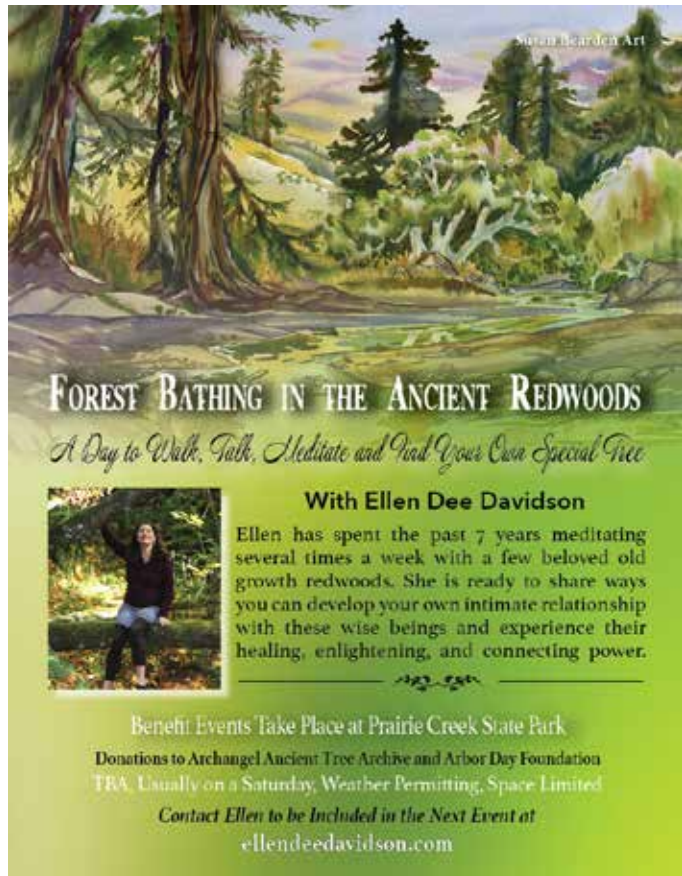
The Elementals are reaching out to us. They want to work consciously with the human realm to re-green our beautiful



planet. They are asking me to help people tune in. I have learned a few methods of opening up during my seven-year odyssey! I'm also directed to facilitate group intentions to reforest our world. Lynne McTaggart's new book, *The Power of Eight*, shows that when at least eight of us send out a collective intention, it has measurable effects—even increasing the light in the leaves on plants!

As it's so much easier to envision something while actually experiencing it, I want us to send out the vision of the green beauty and clean water of a healthy, unspoiled forest while we are deep in the heart of one. We can use group intentions to help more of these environments grow around the world. At the same time, I encourage everyone to take whatever actions resonate with them. Personally, I love helping nonprofits that plant trees, such as Archangel Ancient Tree Archive and Tree Sisters.

Although I'm an introvert (albeit a *talkative* one!), this is a call I cannot refuse. I'm offering free guided forest bathing days for small groups of no more than nine. Since it is winter, and days are short, cold, and rainy, the events will be catch as catch can. If you are interested, contact me through my web site, [www.ellendeedavidson.com](http://www.ellendeedavidson.com). Plan to hike three to five miles, bring a lunch and canteen, something to sit on, and layers of clothes. We will be meeting where old growth forests have been preserved, either an hour north or south of Arcata.



**FOREST BATHING IN THE ANCIENT REDWOODS**  
*A Day to Walk, Talk, Meditate and Find Your Own Special Tree*

**With Ellen Dee Davidson**

Ellen has spent the past 7 years meditating several times a week with a few beloved old growth redwoods. She is ready to share ways you can develop your own intimate relationship with these wise beings and experience their healing, enlightening, and connecting power.

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As his Holiness Pope Francis said in his TedTalk (2017):


“... Please allow me to say it loudly and clearly.

The more powerful you are, the more your actions will have an impact on people, the more responsible you are to act humbly. If you don't, your power will ruin you and it will ruin the other.”

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# Liminal Space

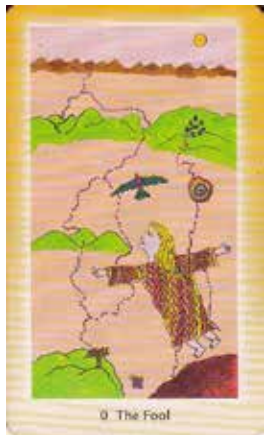
by Juna Berry Madrone

Our spiritual expansion can be accelerated by volunteering for the 'Liminal Space Exploration Program'. Transformation occurs when we abandon our comfort zone and enter liminal space. By actively pursuing growth, we have more control over how our life lessons come to us.

Liminal space is that threshold that separates the old "normal" from a genuine soul-directed new existence. When the cocoon metamorphoses into a butterfly, it undergoes a pupal dissolution stage, an internal melting down. This creates room for a new creature to be born.

Together let's explore how we can direct our own internal transformation according to the four worlds or ways of being. We shall be playing with four randomly drawn cards from the Shining Tribe deck by pre-eminent Tarot scholar Rachel Pollack. We are looking at self-directed soul discovery in the realms of Physicality, Relationships, Thought Patterns and Creativity/Spirituality.

## Physicality: '0 The Fool'



I leap from the cliff, believing that I can fly. My safety net has been tossed aside. I am unencumbered and free. The territory above which I hover is strange and uncharted. I know neither fear nor limitation.

This situation forces me to scramble spiritually in order to survive. I draw upon resources that I never knew I had. Imagination and creativity flourish.

If we find that we have become stagnant and uninspired regarding where we live, how we support ourselves, or how we feel about our bodies, we may wish to devise a way to shake things up big time.

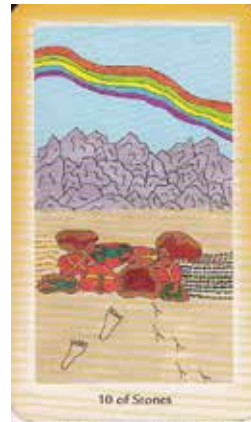
My own personal risk-taking has propelled me into a spiritual adventure of unexpected challenges and rewards. Several years ago I precipitously decided to sell my mortgage-free, beautifully renovated home with built-in rental income. Kissing my carefully engineered retirement plan goodbye was crazy from a financial perspective. Yet something was calling me to relocate half-way across the world to an

uncertain future in an alien culture. Things remain fairly insecure from a practical point of view. Yet I feel fully alive and relish each day.

*The familiar life horizon has been outgrown; the old concepts, ideals and emotional patterns no longer fit; the time for the passing of a threshold is at hand.*

— Joseph Campbell, *Hero With a Thousand Faces*

## Relationships: 'Ten of Stones'



This Ten of Stones puts a different twist on a card that traditionally represents a successful, comfortable retirement through wise investment. Here we are asked to take a portion of our wealth and invest it in sacred items, spiritual/religious totems, in order to create spiritual wealth.

How we spend our money demonstrates what our real priorities are in life. When we truly grasp that our success does not come from our own hard work, but from Source, we recognise how important it is to create a beautiful and holy atmosphere that draws in the presence of the Divine.

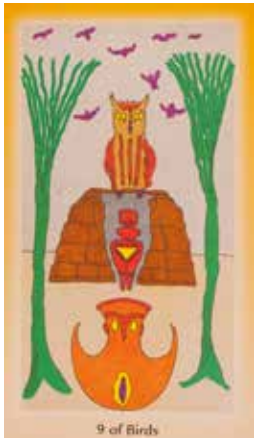
It takes a leap of faith to make a sizeable purchase to be used for devotional purposes when it can be argued that we have so many other pressing needs. How can acquisition of new priestess garb, a crystal singing bowl, or a beautiful fountain for our meditation space affect our relationships? Sacred art elevates the vibration of the space where we spend time together. God/Goddess adornment makes sacred our body temples, permeates our beings, allowing divine light to shine through and around us, infusing holiness into our important relationships

Regally clothing our bodies and beautifying our work and play spaces affirms our birthright as sons and daughters of the Divine. People are attracted and inspired by this light. We become more effective conduits for compassion and truth.

*From the sacred center of the world streams forth an irrepressible desire to overcome the silence between things. Art, the ever flowing fountain, reveals the secret of life through word and gesture, color and sound.*

— Hermann Hesse, *The Seasons of the Soul*

### Thought Patterns: ‘Nine of Birds’



Many of us may be surprised when our minds are hijacked by a repetitive cycling of thoughts about a lost person, relationship, job or opportunity in our life. Much time may have passed. We may have moved on past the stages of denial, anger, bargaining and depression. New people, interests and avocations engage us. How then can we achieve greater closure and peace of mind?

Rachel Pollack's Nine of Birds is an eerie, dark representation of the land of grief. We are being prompted to fully experience feelings of sorrow and loss so that we can safely navigate the territory of grief and come up on the other side, resilient and reborn. Devastating experiences never come at a good time. To survive we sometimes deny or bury our feelings just to be able to get through in the moment.

The power of personal ritual can help to confront and normalise these feelings. This intentional confrontation takes courage and pushes you out of your comfort zone. Identify what you wish to process. Begin with a simple act to delineate the opening of sacred space such as lighting a candle or a stick of incense. State your purpose i.e. 'I wish to heal my grief concerning my aborted athletic career.' Do a symbolic act such as burning photos or writing about the subject; or read a poem; or sing a song. End the ritual with an act that clearly marks completion, such as ringing a bell or clapping your hands. Doing this once may be sufficient, or you may find that repeating the ritual periodically for a period of time helps you to arrive at a place of mental peace.

*Grief can be the garden of compassion. If you keep your heart open through everything, your pain can become your greatest ally in your life's search for love and wisdom*

— Jalaluddin Mevlana Rumi

### Creativity/Spirituality: ‘Place of Birds’

Liminal space, in the geographic sense, is the border area where two distinctly different areas meet. Examples are shoreline, twilight, and the observation tower atop a skyscraper. Contrasts can be disorienting in these limbo zones. The lack of predictability frees the mind to move back and forth between states and areas, enhancing creativity and spiritual awareness.

Rachel Pollack, creatrix of the Shining Tribe deck, uses 'Vision' cards in place of the traditional court cards. Like court cards, these represent stages of development in the respective suits or elements. The 'Places' are mental constructs for self-discovery within the elements. Here the element of air celebrates the mind's ability to see forms and construct ideas.



Spacing out in nature, especially in border spaces, supports our ability to recognise and augment the inherent sacred properties of a place through our interaction with it. The bird's eye view of the Place of Birds is high and remote, affording us a large view of our situation. We are being encouraged to seek out and spend agendaless, unstructured time in actual liminal spaces.

*Creativity is a state of mind, a way of being, and it comes from a sacred place within.*

— Bonnie Kelso, *Vitalize Your Creative Life*

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<http://www.rachelpollack.com/index2.html>

*Juna Berry Madrone, Natural Mystic Guide, is a mystic and Hebrew 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](http://www.naturalmysticguide.com)*

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# Star Wars as a Mandala for Higher Functioning

By Donald Hughes, LAc.



As I write this, people are lining up in front of theaters to see the new Star Wars movie and I am excited that Laura Dern appears in it. What appeals to people about Star Wars? Why has it had such an effect on a generation? One reason may be that George Lucas intentionally followed the formula of the hero's journey, provided for him by Joseph Campbell.

The same archetypes appear in the old stories over and over. These archetypes speak to us on a deeper level than we know. They speak to us of the elixir of healing that we need in order to become a fully adult human.

The story of Star Wars is not just a story of a young man fighting a rebellion against an evil empire. It is a story about the individual's journey to know themselves and to develop as a human.

In the beginning of the story, we find Luke, a whiny boy who dreams about far off lands and shirks his work and complains all the time. This is the mundane world. Most of us go through life half asleep, carried about by unconscious desires and manipulated by circumstance.

The first step on the hero's journey is the call to action. In modernist thought, we call this nausea, that groaning feeling you get when you have to go to a drudgery job that

you hate. The mundane world perpetuates itself with the delusion that everything is fine and history doesn't happen. Ignored is the stasis of the cycle of childhood, school, job, marriage, children, retirement, death, repeat. Nausea, what existentialists call peak philosophical experience, is the realization that you hate your job enough to do something else.

But stepping out of the mundane world appears scary. That is why most people never do it. Luke resisted the call until his family was killed and he had nothing left. It is always bad luck in the stories to resist the call. We can ignore that which is bad in our lives and in the world, but it continues to pile up. One day it will become so big as to cause an avalanche, and we will be forced to leave the mundane world whether we like it or not. How much better to deal with the pile of garbage while it is still small.

In order to help us on our journey, there are guides like Obi Wan Kenobi and Yoda, people who have navigated the special world and can show us the ropes. These guides impart knowledge that is not immediately seeable. The special world is invisible to the mundane, until the hero answers the call. The true guide can provide a harmonious entry into the special world.



The special world is magical. There are allies and enemies there. We can take allies to be a metaphor for ourselves and our different faculties. Each of Luke's friends represents a different part of the brain, a different faculty of the mind/body/spirit. Most people become masters of only one faculty and leave the rest like unwatered plants to become dusty, dank and uncared for. To develop the complete soul, we must educate all the faculties. A true teacher knows to educate each faculty. Various mandalas exist to understand human personality. Star Wars provides us with such a mandala.

Chewbacca the Wookiee corresponds to the body. In Maslow, this is basic survival needs and safety. If one cannot achieve these needs, one cannot advance to incorporate other faculties. This is the reptilian brain which concerns itself with autonomic functions, basic movement, attention, senses, fear, anger, satiation.

Chebacca is strong and brave. These are the qualities to develop in the body mind. In order to become physically strong, we must exercise and have good nutrition. If we are not brave, we cannot stand up for ourselves and what is right.

The body mind must overcome not only fear but also greed and overuse of anger. This requires patience. Good ways to educate the body include yoga, martial arts, adventure sports like swimming and hiking, fasting from bodily desires, and meditation.

In the beginning of the movie, Leia is trapped in the Death Star, the antithesis of life, the place where our true selves are suppressed and where growth is destroyed. She is held prisoner by the dark father, Darth Vader. Leia represents the emotional self, the inner child and the wounds they bear.

This is the mammalian brain. It is responsible for love, loyalty and sorrow. The dark father represents that aspect of society that programs us against our true selves, the oppressive force. Freeing the emotions means freeing oneself from dogma and social conventions that prevent us from expressing our true emotional self.

Society demands that we keep up appearances whether we feel like it or not. We keep our true hearts locked away in a tower. Without the courage to truly express ourselves, we will be incapable of finding true love and friendship. The emotional mind deals with shame. We must give up shame if we are to become truly able to express our deep feelings, even to ourself.

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Ways to educate the emotional mind include learning to give people compliments, learning to listen without reactive judgment, avoiding gossip, learning to tell the truth, using I feel statements, nonviolent communication, and meditation. I know I said meditation before, but if there is a panacea, meditation is it. (I know you thought it was CBD oil, but nope, it's meditation.)

C-3PO represents the rational mind, the left hemisphere of the cerebral cortex. He is fluent in over 3000 languages yet is still a big nerd who annoys everyone. This is because he talks about his nervousness all the time. Often those who are overbalanced in the cerebral mind are nervous. Some people are so overbalanced in the cerebral mind that all they can talk about is computers or science theories and the like and can't even talk to normal people. The rational mind provides us a sense of order in the universe by creating stories to explain our experience. Sometimes these stories lose the ability to explain the world.

In Cloud City, C-3PO gets blown apart. This represents the ego and its concepts being smashed, creating an inability to explain the special world. The rational mind must be constantly learning and evolving in order to remain healthy. We can educate this mind by learning new languages, doing math, not speaking reflexively and reactively, not leaping to conclusions, learning logic and scientific reasoning (I recommend the works of Karl Popper and Bertrand Russell), meditation to quiet the mind, ordering your living space, or learning a new subject.

Han Solo represents the interaction of the individual with society and the social persona that creates. When we reach adolescence, we begin experimenting with social roles. People try on various personas as they hang around in different social circles and we engage with various romantic partners. As people settle into particular types of social connections, these personas gain momentum. A persona begins to serve as a signaling device for attracting certain types of people. Clothes, mannerisms, speech patterns, smells are all ways in which we gauge whether someone else is suitable company.

Han Solo begins the saga as a smuggler in a world of gangsters. Maybe he was hurt when he was younger, since he doesn't want to open up to people and so hides behind a mask of being tough and cool. Ultimately his gangster past catches up with him and he is frozen in carbonite. He comes out blind and like a baby, reborn, and ultimately finds real love and friendship, softens his tough exterior and gains a higher social status.




In order to examine this faculty, reflect on what sort of people you have in your life and how you attract them. Reflect on class and social status. Reflect on social roles. Imagine yourself in someone else's shoes, literally. Try dressing up in a different style. Reflect on why maybe this makes you uncomfortable. Take an acting class. Meditate to forget your social habits. Hang out with a different type of person than you normally do.

R2-D2 represents the inspiration that comes from the right hemisphere of the cerebral cortex. This faculty governs our appreciation of music, art, poetry, and divine inspiration. This is what leads us into the spiritual realm. It was R2-D2 who first delivered the message to Luke that his emotional self was locked away in the Death Star by Dark Father. Luke almost passed R2-D2 up and picked the broken robot, but fate stepped in for C-3PO. There is a lesson to be learned here: how to differentiate between true and false inspiration.

To develop this faculty, pay attention to meaningful coincidence (synchronicities). Meditate, in particular on the heart chakra. Listen to music. Appreciate art. Try some poetry. Express yourself and don't be afraid. You don't have to show anybody. Ask yourself repeatedly 'What is my highest purpose? Why am I here?' Do spiritual exercises. Every religion has them. Hardly anyone does them. If you are a Christian, try to love everyone and understand them. If you are a Muslim, try to see everything as God. If you are Jewish, strive to right wrongs to increase the balance of justice in the world. We all have a spiritual nature, but we need to uncover it, and many never take the journey


This is the elixir sought by the hero, the development of the human soul. Luke was able to defeat Darth Vader only with the help of his friends. But the true story did not happen a long time ago, nor is it in a galaxy far, far away. It is right here. It is your life. Developing the human soul is the path to actualization and ultimately to salvation. If you take the journey, who knows what you can do? You will become the hero. There are certainly a lot of problems that need solving. What are you waiting for?

*Donald Hughes is a licensed acupuncturist who earned his Master's Degree in Traditional Chinese Medicine from the Academy of Chinese Culture and Health Sciences in 2012. He has 20 years experience in the martial arts and energy work and 10 years as a body worker. Before that, he taught high school biology in Richmond, California. He can be reached at [Kamiyodojo.ca@gmail.com](mailto:Kamiyodojo.ca@gmail.com) or 510-923-0079. Visit his website at [Shiningdragonancientarts.com](http://Shiningdragonancientarts.com)*



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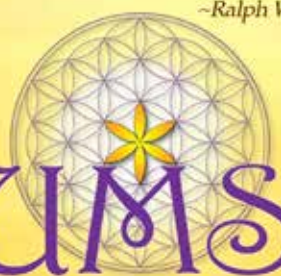
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-Ludwig van Beethoven

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 ~Ralph Waldo Emerson




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# *Heart of Darkness* *(The Dark Egg part 2)*

By Devon Love

I am writing this as the Solstice draws near, and the night seems to swallow up the day in inky star-filled blackness.

This Solstice I am reflecting deeply, more deeply than I ever have in the past. It seems this is true for so many as we contemplate the multitude of challenging realities coming into our awareness. California cities are going up in flames, the ice at the poles is quickly melting, the oceans are filled with plastic waste, intense winds and storms are ravaging tropical coasts, mass shootings are a regular thing, and our elected leaders seem to have a very narrow agenda that is leading us in a direction that does no one but a few any good at all.

On the surface this looks bad. It looks like our social structure is disintegrating, our precious planet slowly becoming inhospitable to life. What is happening here?

As I contemplate the waxing of the year, I feel the darkness as never before. It is heavy, thick, almost as if it has a life of its own. It is like a smooth, velvety blanket of blackness. It has its own texture and substance, and it wraps around me like a second skin.

When I think about this time of year in connection with what is happening in the world, it seems as if humanity is descending into darkness more than ever before. When I think of how this looks in my own life, I see more clearly my own unconsciousness, my own shadow, in an intricate, interconnected, unified field of the darkness inherent in human nature. It is not a lovely poetic analogy, but I cannot help but use the image of a long festering blackhead popping all the gunk coming to the surface. I cannot help but feel, as an intuitive and one who sees patterns and cycles and interweavings in everything, that a great cleansing is

happening within the consciousness of our species and of the earth from which our bodies come and from which we receive our life force.

We are part of the Great Mystery. We do not know how we came to be. We do not know what our purpose is. We do not know where we are going. But our brave and true hearts are awakening and our imaginations are blooming in the deep, rich, fertile soil of what we stand to lose.

I recently had a profound healing session in which I did some very intense work around my relationship with my father who has never been emotionally available. I was able to see as I went deep into my broken heart that where I thought he was withholding his love from me, the truth was in fact that it was me who was withholding my love from him. The bigger truth was that, because of this pattern, I was withholding my love from myself and from the whole world. I also saw in this healing how, as a woman, I was afraid to be in my power because I might be killed for it. Many women on a healing path can relate to this fear, as we know we are living a legacy of fear from all the violence done to women to keep us from being

powerful. What I saw then was that I was killing myself by not allowing my own life-force power to rise in my body and have full expression in the world.

What if what we think is light is not light at all? What if it is just a faint echo, a reflection of light? What if we need the darkness, deep and rich and fertile, in order to birth the real light in our consciousness and in our reality? What is it we see around us, in the news and on social media, but a reflection of our darkness, our savage untamed animal truth? What if the light that emerged within our consciousness to create civilization were only a faint smudge of light on the horizon, and we were able to create so much with that seed of dawn. What can we create if we crack wide open to bring the real light through? What if a greater sun is rising in our consciousness? They say it is always darkest before the dawn...

How are you withholding your love from the world? What walls have you built, and what do they protect you from? How does the world reflect your own darkness?



I saw in that healing that there is nothing to be afraid of. I saw that bringing the light through my being fully is more vital than life itself. So, what if what we call life is not life at all? What if it is but a shadow of life? What if it is only through our fearless, heart-forward power-fullness that we can bring a more potent, more vital, more true life into being?

I was in a class recently in which we were working with Shakti energy. Shakti energy is raw life-force power. It is the undiluted power of the universe when transmitted through our bodies. We activate it within our wombs as women, and it manifests as pure creative, procreative, life-awakening power. In that moment on the table, during the healing in which I saw there is nothing to fear, I felt the Shakti that is life. We think we are living, but there is always more. When we live in fear of anything, we are only killing our own life-force, our own creative potential. When we actively engage, heart-forward, with life, we crack it open to truer, more vibrant life. This is the new earth. It is not somewhere else. It is right here. The earth we see is an echo of it, and we need to shed our fear, our own shields and walls and stories, to birth the truer earth. We will rise the greater sun up from the horizon to shine more brightly than any light we have yet imagined. What I see when I look with my inner sight, is that there is always more. More life, more light, more creative

potential. We are birthing life with every full, fearless breath.

There is no monster worthy of life-killing fear. Fear is the monster, and it lives inside us. When the fires burn and the waters rise and the bullets fly and the children go hungry, there is the potential for breaking open to see into our own hearts and to be better, kinder, braver and more loving. We are cleansing. Darkness can only be found in our own shadow. Let's join our minds and hearts and rise that giant sun up into the sky, and, in fearlessly facing our own darkness, birth the light that has never been seen before.

*Devon Love, owner of OneHeart Intuitive Healing, is a spiritual mentor, intuitive healer and nurturing bodyworker practicing at Arcata Healing Arts Center, [arcatahealingartscenter.com](http://arcatahealingartscenter.com). She is currently focusing her work primarily on supporting women who are ready to learn to love their authentic and amazing selves and who want to expand their self-care skills. Though this is her main focus, everyone who is diving deep into their own healing journey is welcome! You can reach Devon at 707-825-1153, or on FB at [oneheartintuitive/facebook.com](https://www.facebook.com/oneheartintuitive).*

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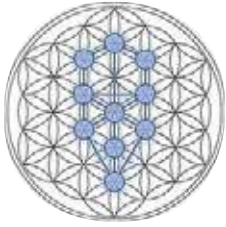


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# Tarot Wise

Jan/Feb 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 Universe is guided from within outwards. Every external action or motion, conscious or unconscious, is preceded by impulse, desire or will. - Leigh McCloskey*

## The Chariot

(Chariot image courtesy of Cathy McClelland, The Star deck)



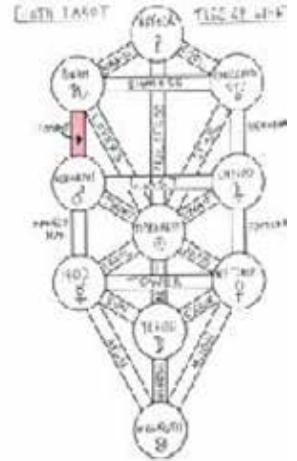
Ah, the perfect card to begin a new year. When we draw this card, it is because the pressure to be actively engaged has become so great that at last we are able to break through our fear to encounter our own Passion. Finally, our uncertainty about what is not known has lessened while our need to Become, to do what we came here to do, has strengthened.

I am sure many of you are aware that we all came to this planet to be here specifically at this time of the Great Turning, the Shift, the Cleansing. The Chariot is the final preparation before we take off to do what we came here to do, when we don the armor of the warrior of Light and descend into the thick of Change. This is the point where we meditate with deep intensity saying: "Please, Guide me on the Right path," while at the same time we have begun to realize that the Guidance we ask for is within.

The Charioteer, as the driver, can simply be seen as the Soul whose compass for the Right path lives in its Heart. The chariot can be seen as the Personality or Body which enables our Soul to take action on the physical plane. Notice that in most tarot decks, influenced by the Waite Smith or Thoth, the charioteer is not in control of the chariot. He/She has no hand on the reins but instead relies on a greater

consciousness to steer their course. The horses or sphinx can be seen as the elementals, the forces of duality, pulling the Soul into experience. Forged through the duality of the masculine and feminine, the Chariot is the Evolutionary Impulse about to take action as a personality.

The Qabalistic view of the the Chariot on the Tree of Life can be seen as the concept of the Merkaba from early Jewish mysticism. "Mer" meaning Light; "Ka" meaning Spirit and "Ba" meaning Body. The Chariot can be seen as the vehicle of Light which holds the soul as a Psychonaut on its journey into manifestation. Or, ascending, it is the vehicle which carries us to the "throne of god." Looking at the descending Path of the Chariot, we see that it travels from the gestation of all possibility at Binah to the challenges of manifesting all potential at Gevurah. This is intense initiation and we need to be warriors to withstand the trials that await us as we begin to live our lives as multidimensional beings.



Tree of Life courtesy of [wordpress@www.esotericmeanings.com](http://wordpress@www.esotericmeanings.com)

When you draw the Chariot in a reading, you are being compelled to step out on a path of transformation. This "transformation" can take many forms, from the banality of that trip from your bucket list to quitting your job to do what you always wanted but feared because of losing your "job benefits." The Chariot is not for the faint of heart which is

why the figure is wearing armor. The Chariot is living life to its fullest, knowing when to surrender and when to take control, at times forging ahead, at times stopping to listen to the deep forces within which drive you towards your own individuation.



*All growth is a leap in the dark, a spontaneous unpremeditated act without the benefit of experience. -Henry Miller*



## Your Turn



*Here we learn to fall in love  
with ourselves so that we  
may learn to fall in love with  
each other.*

So where are you in your  
current growth spurt? I  
created the following spread  
based on the image of the

Waite Smith Chariot. I use it all the time with my clients as  
a snapshot of where they are before we launch into more  
specific questions.

Lay out the cards as a picture of the Waite Smith Chariot.

**Card 1** - You in this moment creating this reading.

**Cards 2 and 3** - The Horses/Sphinxes, the dual Forces in  
your life right now. Place one to the right and one to the left  
of Card 1.

**Card 4** - Charioteer – What is the Desire of your Soul right  
now? Place between Cards 2 and 3, the opposing forces

**Card 5** - The vehicle of the Chariot - What is the Desire of  
your Ego mind at this point in time? Cross the Charioteer with  
this card. (That is, lay the card across card 4 horizontally)

**Card 6** - The Charioteer's Armor - What is your Strength of  
will that enables you to move forward at this time? Place this  
card on top of card 5.

You now have three cards in a pile: your Soul essence, your  
Ego mind, your Strength of will.

**Card 7** - Canopy of Stars - What is your magical protection  
at this time? Place this card at the top of the spread.

If you are following my column and want to know more  
about the Tarot and the Tree of Life, I will be giving two  
Free introductory workshops about my classes, January 9th  
at Moonrise Herbs and January 10th at Humboldt Herbals  
at 6:30PM. Please call them to reserve a spot. My classes  
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# The Bhagavad Gita

Januray/ February 2018



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comments from the  
masters (sometimes  
paraphrased), and  
personal introspections  
presented for your  
pondering and  
enjoyment.

By Krishna Jaya

## Chapter 2, Verse 59

The abstinent run from sense pleasures,  
Yet the affection for them, the *rasa*, continues.  
Even the *rasa* vanishes  
For those who realize the highest truth.

**Swami Satchidananda:** You may control the senses, but still the impressions from past desires remain in the mind. Sometimes when people fast, even though they are away from food, they still think about food, sometimes more than usual. The question really is how to get rid of these preoccupations. The answer is not by force, but by understanding the truth. Ask yourself as you eat your next meal: “Who is eating the food? Is it not the mind/body that longs for the food? Am I only my mind/body, or am I really something much bigger?” As long as you are still striving, be careful not to overconfidently fool yourself into thinking: “Now I’m completely in control!”

**Krishna Jaya:** I spent time with a yoga *satsang* (“in the company of truth”) in Florida. The guru taught in a large room where about a hundred of us gathered. We all had our own spot. Mine was slightly behind the guru’s couch at a 45-degree angle and about eight feet away against a wall. I loved my spot but noticed that the fellow who sat directly in front of the guru wasn’t coming to *darshan* (“the blessing of the guru”) regularly. His attendance became increasingly sporadic. Weeks went by without him showing up. Then, one night as we chanted in preparation for the guru’s appearance, I grabbed my cushion and plopped myself down in the empty space directly in front of the couch. The chanting continued without interruption. The fellow directly behind me became

agitated. Look at it from his point of view. For weeks he’d had an unobstructed second-row seat for the main event, and this...this interloper was threatening to spoil it. He bumped me. He hissed in my ear, “Krishna, you can’t sit there,” and so on. As he got more and more upset, I became more and more resolved to just sit there, like a rock, impervious to the lashing of the waves behind me. I was in control, and I knew it! Just after entertaining that dangerous thought, I felt a gentle tap on my shoulder from one of the guru’s assistants who said into my ear, “Ma has someone in mind for that spot (and it’s not you).” I immediately returned to my spot against the wall, none the worse for wear.

After *darshan*, the fellow who had been badgering me approached and had nothing but glowing praise for how I had handled myself, not for the way I had surrendered to the guru’s wishes, but for the way I had stood up to *him*. He said things like, “You did great. You were immovable. I threw everything I had at you. It was very impressive. Good show!” I laughed wholeheartedly. This wasn’t just a tasty dessert after a wholesome meal, but the main course. In the most visceral tones that only life experience can provide, my antagonist and I had been presented with the paradoxical truth that there is a fundamental fellowship, a seamless unity, underlying all the pairs of opposites. My friend and I were like two actors duking it out on stage, and then go out after the performance to have dinner together.

**Sri Aurobindo:** By abstention from food, the embodied soul removes from itself the physical contact with the objects of sense while retaining the pleasure of the sense in the object, the *rasa*, which includes both liking and disliking, for *rasa* has two sides. The embodied soul is to become capable of enduring the physical contact without suffering inwardly the sensual reaction.

**Krishna Jaya:** Let’s shift the analogy from food to weather. Imagine a pristinely beautiful spring day, bright sunshine, a gentle breeze, and 72 degrees. You’re feeling footloose and fancy-free. You want to hold on to that feeling, because it feels so good. Now imagine a summer day in Phoenix, no breeze, 110 degrees in the shade but there isn’t any, with nary a cloud in the sky. You can’t wait to get back into the air conditioning. In both cases, there is strong attachment. In the former you are clinging fast to the pleasant, sensual reaction to your experience. In the latter you have an aversion to the unpleasantness of the situation and want to get rid of it *tout de suite*. In both cases, it is your desire to hold on and your desire to flee from your experience that sows the seeds of suffering. Instead of holding on to what is pleasant for dear life or running away from what is unpleasant for dear life, another attitude is possible. Just like the weather, you realize that everything in life is constantly undergoing change from moment to moment, and peace can be realized by going with the flow without trying to control it, not trying to extend it.



From this perspective, the secret of contentment becomes the enjoyment of the pleasant moments (rather than enduring them stoically) without clinging. That's half of the secret. The other half is the knowledge that the unpleasant moments will naturally change into something less unpleasant if you just give them time. There's an old saying: all good things come to an end. Equally true is the lesser-used one: all bad things come to an end, too. This is not meant to imply that passive acceptance of all unpleasant conditions is necessarily optimal. If it's 1:00 in the afternoon on that day in Phoenix, you're probably not going to resignedly wait around until dark for things to cool off. You're likely going to get out of the heat one way or another. It's how you go about it that counts, depending on whether you are struggling against the current or flowing with it.

**John Astin** (*Searching for Rain in a Monsoon*): Each instant is completely fresh and completely new. I've never tasted this particular moment before. I delight in the impossibility of ever making any experience last. The river keeps on flowing, impossible to stop and not necessary to stop, impossible to control and not necessary to control. I just let the disappearing happen of its own accord, feeling a great release as each experience vanishes naturally into what's next. Notice that when experiences are unaltered and unrejected, they move naturally, without effort or struggle. This is the unstoppably dynamic nature of everything. Experience vanishes of its own accord, for its very nature is to not remain the same. Thoughts, feelings and sensations are forever undoing themselves, moment by timeless moment.

**Krishna Jaya:** The implication of this truth that pleasant and unpleasant thoughts, feelings and sensations unravel naturally allows us to respond to them more lightly and less compulsively. We relax our grip. A platitude like, "This, too, shall pass," turns into a dynamic and potent realization that transforms us from slaves to our transitory states of consciousness into masterful appreciators of them. When we catch a glimpse that fleeting moments of peace cannot be fully appreciated without their contrasting moments of upset, we tune in to the truth that while exoterically these two are very different, esoterically they are one. Explicitly they are different, but implicitly they are one, because they imply each other's existence. They go together like the opposite sides of a coin.

In my last piece I stated my conviction that Sri Aurobindo's teaching about getting rid of desire as the way to end suffering was based on his own experience. That belief was rooted in my faith in his authority as a Self-realized Yogi who had endured the onslaughts of desire, mastered them, and henceforth rested in a state of steady wisdom. Now, I wonder, as a human being, is it indeed possible to know uninterrupted peace without a dash of discord now and then?

Is liberation in the Yogic sense a complete absence of discord in life in which the two-sided mythical coin mysteriously gets transformed into some sort of mystical Mobius strip? **1** I am comforted by the wisdom of Rainer Maria Rilke (*Letters to a Young Poet*): Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and learn to love the questions themselves. Live the questions now. Perhaps you will then gradually live into the answers someday.

Note:

1. Alan Watts (*The Book: On the Taboo Against Knowing Who You Are*): At one extreme of its meaning, myth is falsehood or superstition. But at another, myth is a useful and fruitful image by which we make sense of life. Myth is the form in which I try to answer when children ask me those fundamental questions which come so readily to their minds, such as: "What does God look like?" I have found that they seem to be satisfied with a simple and very ancient story [part of which goes like this...] "Remember that God isn't shaped like a person. People have skins and there is always something outside our skins. If there weren't, we wouldn't know the difference between what is inside and outside our bodies. But God has no skin and no shape because there isn't any outside to him." With a sufficiently intelligent child, I illustrate this with a Möbius strip—a ring of paper tape twisted once in such a way that it has only one side and one edge.



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# Space Needle

## You Are Not God

By Jesse Austin



You live in sane comfort in Northern California. You pay your taxes. You have a garden. You are peaceful with your neighbors. And, you have a meaningful occupation that challenges and satisfies; you are a psychic medium therapist.

Thus, as a lightworker, you find yourself troubled by your country's violent ferocity at home and around the world.

But, you logically reason, you are not God. Your job is only to bear witness to events.

Or so it seems.

\*\*\*

"Well, it was a terrible dream," Wanda said.

You push away your bowl of oatmeal and look at your wife.

Tiny, spirited, Hispanic Wanda had been racing around the house getting ready for her demanding job, her beloved border collie, Key, shadowing her every step. Last night Wanda had a dark dream about your daughter and granddaughter.

"Bobbi and Leslie were screaming!" Wanda declared.

Your darling has your full attention. You watch as she grabbed up her bulging briefcase. Her laptop was already dangling from her small shoulder. Wanda was a do-gooder,

a criminal lawyer who assiduously defends the bottom rung of society.

Wanda, muttering that she was already late, looked back at you, frowning.

"Call Bobbi," your wife instructed, going out the door into the foggy coastal sunshine. "Arrange a visit."

"When?"

"July."

Black and white Key barked once, sighed and dropped down onto the cold floor.

\*\*\*

Later that morning your first client, a thin fellow in a dapper gray business suit, sat down and before you could even explain your typical procedures, blurted out that he felt guilty. You noted his British accent. He was on extended holiday, visiting a California friend.

"Ok," you said, "Let's take a look."

You closed your eyes and went into trance.

"I'm seeing a jolly, round fellow with a big smile."

"Yes," the man whispers, "It's me dad, we were very close."

Interpreting your guides, you explained that his father understood that the motorway had been jammed with traffic and that it had not been his son's fault he'd arrived at the hospital hours after his father had died.

"You are not to feel guilty, he is saying. Besides, he was in the car with you. Your favorite song kept playing on the radio."

"Yes, that's right," the Brit said. "It was Jimmy Jump-legs. It almost made me daft. I was stuck in the afternoon car mess and a silly song I had loved as a lad kept playing on the radio over and over."

"That was your dad saying goodbye."

You heard the dapper man choke in gratitude.

After the client left, in between appointments, you squeezed in a call to your daughter Bobbi and set up a time for a summer visit. Wanda's dream had given you a decided chill.

\*\*\*

Skinny little grandchild Leslie came flying across her living room.

"Pop-Pop!" She yelled, her huge eyes sparkling with



pleasure. "I thought you were never coming!"

Nearby, Wanda and Bobbi embraced. You picked up little Leslie and joined them for a family hug.

"You are mooshing me," Leslie laughed in your ear.

You and Wanda were in Seattle visiting your only child and only grandchild. Bobbi was a brave single mom, her husband, your son in law, Malcolm, had died from leukemia three years ago.

"Pop-Pop!" After dinner, Leslie directed you in her favorite game. "Let's play God."

"OK," you said, knowing the rules, "I am God. What do you want me to do first?"

Little Leslie stepped dangerously close to where you were seated. Even on the kitchen chair you were a fleshy giant next to her trim, tense form.

"Catch me!"

Ritualistically, you grabbed for one thin arm. Laughing, the child jumped with alacrity out of reach. Your job was to not quite catch her. Her job was to fill your soul with joy.

"Pop-Pop!" Leslie squealed when you nabbed one boney wrist. But somehow your grip was not tight enough, and the skinny sprite delightedly escaped once again.

"Pop-Pop!"

\*\*\*

Early the next morning you shake your wife's warm shoulder. The two of you take the chugging ferry across the Sound to one of the Islands just west of Seattle. In your youth you were a dashing college quarterback, and now, nearly seventy, you drag your left leg when you are tired. But this morning you feel great. You take in a breath full of tangy ocean air and smile down into Wanda's brown cat eyes.

Chuckling together during the ferry ride out, you abruptly hear a tremendous, thumping boom.

"Look!" Wanda savagely pulls on your arm.

But you are too late. By the time you look around at the Seattle skyline you witness merely a gigantic rolling cloud of black smoke. The tall, graceful landmark Space Needle has been blown out of existence!

"A small plane flew straight into the top," a man nearby says in nervous disbelief.

"Bobbi!" you cry.




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Your daughter Bobbi and little Leslie were scheduled to meet friends for a festive breakfast high up in the Space Needle restaurant before hooking up with you later in the afternoon.

“Maybe they were late!” Wanda pleads.

Before you can answer, Wanda jerks out her cell to check on Bobbi and Leslie.

Suddenly you feel an elephant size shock slam against the side of your head. Dearest Bobbie, with Leslie in her arms, stands near you by the railing of the serenely chugging ferry. Her smile is huge, and little Leslie, who is showing you her wings, is also braving a glorious smile.

“No,” you say, not meaning to be negative.

The two lovelies wrinkle in the salty air, and disappear.

“What?” Wanda begs, raking her fingers against your chest. “What did you see?”

\*\*\*

At Bobbi’s tidy, now empty home you waited in vain. The TV news about the heinous 4th of July terrorist attack went predictably ballistic. Early estimates put the Seattle Space Needle death toll at 518.

Again and again they showed the little silver and blue airplane puttering through the milky morning sky and slamming with a surreal boldness into the restaurant, exploding to smithereens the slowly spinning top of the Space Needle.

On the third afternoon you heard skinny little Leslie laughing from down the hallway, and you snapped awake. You had dozed off in the big rose colored chair in Bobbi’s living room. For a long, terrifying moment you felt a searing pain singing through your bones.

“Outside,” floated for an instant in your imagination.

Dizzy, you pulled on the chalk colored drapes and watched a police cruiser slide to a halt.

You quietly opened the front door and stepped onto Bobbi’s modest porch. You watched two uniformed officers, a man and woman, come up to the steps with their blue hats tucked under their arms.

The woman officer spoke, her oval, concerned face tipped up towards you. Her words came from a distance, as if you were watching a movie.

“There were no survivors.”

\*\*\*

You are not God. You want desperately to talk to your daughter and granddaughter, but they don’t come through. It had always been easier to read others than yourself. Your grief is like a hammer knocking away at the top of your head and sending shock after shock down the length of your body.



On automatic pilot, together you and Wanda, mostly lawyer Wanda, make all the necessary arrangements for Bobbi and the grandchild, including questions about the memorial, the mortgage, life insurance and the missing car. It takes a week to locate Bobbi’s Honda; it was found in a downtown parking lot covered in gray ash. Leslie’s two fluffy rabbits, one white and one black, you carry in your arms to the children across the street.

Five weeks after the Space Needle attack, the brothers who were accused of training the suicide terrorist to fly the small plane, had been captured. One brother, Assad, stood up at the court hearing, and with his face twisted in black rage, denounced the USA. The younger brother, tiny Faiz, just 15, tearfully declared that he had no knowledge and had not taken part.

Neither you nor Wanda attended any of the court proceedings, but back home in Northern California you followed it on the news. You and your wife speculated that young Faiz was likely innocent. Watching, conflicted and muttering, you often skipped dinner.

“It would have been better,” Wanda said late one night in bed. “if we had been in the restaurant with them.”

In the dark, you twisted and groaned.

If you were God, you thought...If you had any real power at all, you would have known what was coming...



“We should have all four of us been on the Fourth of July ferry.” you said to Wanda. “Remember, that had been our original plan.”

You listened to Wanda quietly sobbing.

You felt as if a heavy animal were holding you to the bed. Right in that moment you couldn’t reach out to gentle your wife. Feeling her grief, your grief was beyond your capacities. It was all so sad.

That morning you had done a reading for a woman whose adult son had committed suicide. Was there only pain in the world? During the reading her guides came close, and you interpreted what they were saying to the middle-aged mother.

“None of us are victims. We all choose the events of our lives. We are here to learn. All of our challenges come wrapped with the solutions. Nothing is impossible. Every grief, if allowed honored expression, will lead to understanding and transformation.”

You lay in the dark. Wanda was still asleep. You felt moody and restless. Later, in a fitful dream, you were a large, proud statue that depicted a deity. There was an earthquake, and you tumbled endlessly down into a deep pit.

In the next weeks, Wanda came hotly alive and leaped into action. Along with doing her demanding job, your wife poured her energies into starting a college grant program with the relatively modest money from the sale of Bobbi’s house, car and life insurance.

Finally, with much national self-righteous fanfare, Assad, the older brother, was hung in a Federal prison in the state of Washington for crimes against humanity. Alone in the house when you heard the brassy newscaster, you felt an unaccountable shame. Meanwhile, Assad’s sad-eyed brother, Faiz, was still alive pending appeal.

The following summer, week by week, you wretchedly watched Wanda fade. She was diagnosed by a doctor with a thin, irritating voice. Your darling had acute heart disease. Finally she quit working. Squeezing her small, cold hand, you sat by her bed in the hospital radiating light and healing all in vain. Tiny, fierce Wanda had her final heart attack two days before her 62nd birthday. Writhing in the bed and struggling for breath, she stared unseeing into your eyes. Without a last word, your loving wife left you.


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The border collie, smart Key, had always been Wanda's dog. Now Key followed you everywhere. If you sat down, even for a moment, black and white Key would slide his chin onto your knee and look at you with soulful, wise eyes.

Haplessly, you attempted to bravely accept your life as it had furiously unfolded.

On a fall afternoon, you sprinkled Wanda's ashes at her favorite camping spot on the winding Chonee River. Then, of necessity, you took time off from your practice as a psychic medium therapist. Dazed, you returned to the resort island across the Sound where your family had cavorted in happier times.

Angry, you slammed the cabin door, made soup and then didn't eat. Moaning, Key lay on the window seat where little Leslie had liked to stand looking out on rainy days.

On the island you were cut off from the news. It was just as well, as young Faiz had escaped, you were later to learn. Because of his youth, his lawyers had managed another appeal with the 5th District Court in Seattle. In the late afternoon transit from court to the downtown jail, Faiz had leaped and crashed through an upstairs courthouse window.

You were beyond current events. Being back at the family cabin had brought on terrific confusion. And your football knee was killing you. You tossed and found sleep impossible.

Finally you and faithful Key ventured outside for a walk. Under a giant yellow moon you limped along the trail that lead down to the ocean. From the sloping hillside you could see the bright skyline of Seattle across the water.

And then far below you saw it, a rowboat in the surf working its way through the rocks. Almost recklessly you lurched down to the edge of the hissing water.

The little wooden craft was no match for the white, crashing waves. It flipped over near a rock not thirty feet from you. Key jumped into the surf first, giving you courage. You waded into the terrifically cold, surging water; forcing yourself in up to your hips, when the dark body was thrown against your chest. You managed to drag the small man onto the sand.

Pulling, you rolled him over. You were not surprised; it was young Faiz, and he was breathing, just. You got him up and sitting, slapping his back harder and harder until he choked, coughed and then vomited seemingly gallons of green seawater.

Heroically limping, you hauled half-conscious Faiz up the steep slope to your cabin. Almost blind with leg pain, you dumped the skinny fellow in your bed. Throughout the night you nursed him with hot soup. Finally at noon the next day, he sat up in bed and thanked you in heavily accented English. Weary, you glared down at the young convicted terrorist. Faiz was gravely depleted, but he was alive!

Suddenly your mind jumped across the border of reason. Your lovelies were dead, and this foreign, odd-looking little man was in your bed and sentient? Every saint has a moment of hullabaloo. You rushed wildly back from the kitchen with a large butcher knife and set the tip against the brown, funny knob of young Faiz's Adam's apple. The urge to destroy was overwhelming. Your shoulders shook with dumb retribution. You would be God, you would mete out justice, if not to the guilty murderer, then to his brother, the only one you had at hand.

You were about to plunge the knife into the terrified youth and splash his bright red blood on the pillow and the sheets when Key bit you solidly on your ankle. Stung by the dog's treachery and his very real teeth, you dropped the knife and hopped in crazy circles by the bed.

Life-weary Faiz crawled from the blankets and made for the door. The border collie pulled him down screaming in the hallway. That brought you partially to your senses.

"Key," you called, "Key, for heaven's sake...sit!"

And the good dog sat. Funny Faiz, naked as a skinny



Boat in Surf



lizard, pitched himself around to a sitting position on the hall floor. He looked up at you with wide eyes, expecting to be punished. You hesitated. Dangerously tired, you looked down at the prim young man's nude innocence and abruptly exploded with insane laughter. What was so hilarious? Were you crazy? You tried to stop yourself. From a distance of miles and miles you could hear Key's joyous barking. Still roaring, you felt Faiz's soft hand on your elbow as he led you to your bed. You hardly remembered being tucked in or the sleep that slid around you like the sea tide.

How narrowly close you had come to being one of God's killers. You were, after all, an American, the killers par excellence of all known human existence. You America had killed the roaming Indians, brought in the dark peoples from Africa to work slavishly in the hot muggy fields, and lately had more than nine hundred concrete military bases around the globe protecting your vital interests as you picked clean the world's resources. America, you were God. With your massive bombs, drones, snipers, jets, war ships and armies, you delightedly and religiously fought wars without end.

Finally your head cleared. You rolled around in the bed and sat up, surprised to see a set of bright eyes staring at you. It was little Leslie, willing you to pay attention to her. Your dear grandchild! Her shining face flooded you with immense joy. In that moment you knew nothing could ever be wrong in existence.

"Wake up, Pop-Pop!" Leslie's little dead voice sang to you. "Please Pop-Pop, help Faiz return to his grandma in Iraq!" It took some doing, a lot of money and several trips to the dark places of Seattle, but you managed to gather the necessary papers for both ship and air tickets for Faiz to return, in a roundabout circuit, to Iraq. He had left when he was five years old during the turmoil when the US forces had brutally invaded his country and radicalized his older brother.

You put the heavily disguised young man on a ship. Three weeks later, you received a card in the mail. It simply said, "Yes, there is soup." Faiz had made it, he was back with his people, those still living.

In your home in the next months you saw a spate of clients, did a bit of writing, and survived the daily folly of living on earth. One fall afternoon in the garden you sat on the



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lawn chair near the bird fountain. Key had his noble chin on your knee. “You are not at peace,” you heard your dear Wanda say in your imagination. Tears flooded down your overjoyed face. You waited, but there was no more. Then, yes, you discovered Wanda was right -you were miserable.

Meditating, your guides outlined your path. You said no, no, no and found yourself still distraught and empty of meaning day after day. Finally you gathered your courage, left Key with the neighbors and traveled back yet again to Seattle.

Being the father and grandfather of two victims of the Space Needle tragedy brought considerable interest when, through Seattle lawyers, you arranged a press conference. It took place in the Duesenberry Building in the downtown district. Dressed in a long sleeved shirt and blue pants you nervously limped to the bank of microphones. Briefly you related pulling the convicted terrorist Faiz out of the surf below your vacation cabin on Tucker Island.

“After the horrific Space Needle attack, I ricochet between deep sorrow and blinding, vengeful anger,” you admitted. “Finally, following the urgings from members of my dear departed family, I arranged for Faiz to secretly leave the United States. It was only after he had left that I began to experience the freedom of forgiveness.”

Hands shot up.

Finally in the hubbub you heard:

“Hector Wannamaker, BAV News. Are you saying that the dead victims themselves, your own child and grandchild, encouraged you to help their murderer escape justice?”

“Yes.”

“Do you think you are God?” an unidentified voice bleated.

“Beli Smogt, CNX News. What about your duty as an American?”

“My responsibility,” you carefully answered, “is not to just one country but to all the countries of our world. The vile cycle of revenge has to end.”

You considered saying more, but then you pointed at a woman with brown, compassionate eyes.

“Honey Packer, New York Dimes. Do you feel vindicated, saving the life of young Faiz and then learning,

as it has lately been reported, that key aspects of the government’s case against him may have been fabricated?”

“When I put Faiz on the ship, I knew he was guilty.”

A dark buzz went through the room.

“My guides showed me images of the young man loading explosives onto the plane,” you explained. “When I confronted Faiz, he heartbrokenly admitted his part in the savage killings.”

“What do you mean your guides showed you images, are you insane?” a man with a rolling stomach shouted.

“You are using mumble-jumble to justify your act of treason!” It was a woman’s voice. Your guides whispered she was in dire health.

You located the woman in the crowd. She was wearing a pink coat and a white blouse.

“You need to rush to the hospital,” you stated into the bank of mics. “You are having an appendicitis attack.”

The woman was just thirty feet from you. She grimaced. “No, I’m not,” she insisted, her head hung at an odd angle. “It’s just a weird catch in my side.” Then, a moment later, she collapsed.

The large audience of media folks gasped.

\*\*\*

Outraged federal law enforcement officials cuffed you before the end of the press conference. Your trial brought you international attention. You were convicted and sentenced to life in prison.

There was much public speculation as to why you had belatedly (and unnecessarily) revealed your





involvement in the escape of the young terrorist. Your guides explained it to you as an opportunity for soul growth. You, by becoming a public example of active forgiveness, had placed yourself in the light of eternal justice.

You adjusted to life in the federal penitentiary in Washington State. There were many hardships. Being a political prisoner, you were cruelly isolated.

Finally one morning you woke and dropped your feet on the cold concrete floor of your silent cell. You had a visitor. You watched as black and white Key glided through the steel bars and dropped his chin on your knee. You stroked his head.

"Dear, faithful Key," you whispered through your stinging tears. Alas, Key was now also dead.

It developed that Key was a daily ghostly comfort to your old bones. The border collie shadowed your every restricted step. For the next many, many soul grinding months and years, you were never alone in your dim cell.

\*\*\*

Day after mind-numbing day you were not allowed conversation, books or devices. The massive federal pen was located on 40 acres of rocky ground near the city of Scabrock, Washington. Your portion of the compound was tiny, gray and hopeless. You slept a lot. You learned the art of the continual cat-nap. Finally, you began to make astral visits.

Hardly knowing how it happened, you found yourself floating randomly down a long concrete and steel hallway. As if guided, you slipped through the bars into cell 70-1B, tier 7. A big man came up off his bunk, his hands flashed to the fighting position. His eyes were wide with fear.

"What the hell?"

The other two men in the cramped cell also jumped to their feet. All three of the men could plainly see you, an intruder with a glowing halo around your shoulders and head.

"Your mother is happy. She is at peace," you found yourself saying.

The brute looked at you stunned, his shaved head dropped.

"They wouldn't let me go to my own mother's funeral," he mumbled with sad disbelief.

"Your mother...Martha," the name jumped onto your

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tongue. “She is saying she has a playing card for you, the queen of hearts.”

“Oh my God,” the convict whispered. “She always said she loved me more than the queen of hearts.”

“Your mother has news,” you said. “At your next hearing your sentence is going to be reduced. You will be out in less than a year.”

\*\*\*

Suddenly you are back in your bunk. You sit up, what happened? It all seemed so real. In the next few weeks you visit lost souls all over the prison. Word spreads. Finally, you are escorted to the Warden’s office by two guards. You are in shackles. Key stays close to your side, whining softly.

The warden is a fat man with an unhealthy, oily face.

“You leave your cell again and I will have you shot!”



### Guard Watch, Federal Pen

He rants and raves and says he will catch you yet. He doesn’t believe all this ghost stuff. One or more of his staff has to be allowing you to visit the other prisoners. Every last guard involved will be caught and harshly, savagely disciplined!

“It is your daughter’s kidney,” you tell the puffy warden. “Have the doctors test her again. She will be OK in a few weeks.”

The puffy man’s mouth falls open.

“My beautiful daughter, Viola has cancer,” he announces in a wounded voice. “They have been doing chemo, her hair

has fallen out. She is not improving. The doctors have given up hope.”

“After they remove the kidney on your daughter’s left side, she will recover,” you state. “Her path in this life includes adulthood, marriage and raising two children.”

Key leans her ghostly weight against your shackled leg. Before you leave his office, the warden fumbles a piece of chocolate into the palm of your hand.

You are taken away, clanging down the long, endless concrete halls enroute to your solitary compartment. All over the prison you are now known. Passing their sad cells the prisoners call out softly to you, “Reverend...Sir... Doctor...Jesus...”

\*\*\*

For you, these recent events beg the question...Are you God? After all, you are willy-nilly floating around a horrible federal institution offering tenderness, ringing insight and universal love. You realize, deep down, your secret wish is to surpass God, All That Is. Why else be alive? The earth is a kind of kindergarten, with lessons of justice, love and forgiveness to learn. But beyond the earth, beyond even the universe, via your guides and your imagination, you know there is more. There are empty places where other universes, other gestalts of consciousness can be created.

And at that thought, something in you howls with joy. You want to be a creator of universes. You want to be God. You want to learn all of your earth kindergarten lessons, then be free to travel beyond the stars and to create amazing ramifications with courageous, glorious abandon!

Just the wondrous aspiration to be God is itself magical. And, of course, the thought follows: if you are God, then is everyone God?

On a more practical level, you eventually realize it is important to forgive not just the terrorists, but your own savage country as well. In your mind you light a candle. You ask to be forgiven, and you forgive, over and over.

Later, in one of your experimental half-dreams, you learn you are going to be released. Magically, in a cat-nap, you and Key are lazily watching the news back in your living room in Northern California.

The government’s case against Faiz had been a fraud. Reporters from the Washington Piss had exposed the

chief prosecutor's deception. In absentia Faiz was eventually proclaimed legally innocent. Public sympathy swayed towards your release.

Finally, nearly two hard, grim years later, the Washington State governor, the honorable Mildred Molly Miles (yes, the one with the crystalline blue eyes) granted you a full pardon.

\*\*\*

After you were out and free, you were in some quarters of the country hailed as a hero. The principle of forgiveness that led to your imprisonment was lauded. Young people in pockets at home and around the globe vowed not to seek revenge on issues large or small. In the US, volunteers for military service fell dangerously low. The media was full of stories that the US would not be able to maintain its warmongering military bases worldwide. Russia, China and other countries were also having similar problems finding suitably senseless young people who were willing to maim and kill other young people.

The idea of peace, not revenge, was popping up independently all over the world.

Your government considered you a throbbing malcontent, dangerously attacking the world order of violence, mayhem and revenge. Consequently, you were routed from your Northern California home and made to stand before a fact-finding US congressional subcommittee of thirteen senators.

Walking into the senate chambers, now nearly 84, you lurched like a ship crossing high seas. Finally arriving, you lowered yourself onto the stiff, black chair.

"Do you swear to tell the truth as God is your witness?"

"OK," you said, straining a bit to hear.

Speaking first, the good senator from a bible state loudly lit into you about duty to God, country and all the rest.

"Do you not, sir," the senator intoned with righteously quivering jowls. "Do you not believe our country has the right to massive retaliation when provoked?"

"Thou shall not kill," you responded.

The senator glared down at you, waiting for a proper answer.

Something crossed your imagination.

"Senator," you said, "my guides tell me you had an argument with a teen girl. She told you this morning that she is pregnant with your child."

The senator rose from his chair, his jaded face livid with anger. A woman in the audience, the mother of the teen girl, pulled out a gun and fired at the senator. The room full of senators, journalists and spectators gave a horrified gasp. The bible state senator reached inside his jacket and whipped out a massive pistol and returned fire.

Because of the angle, the senator's stray bullet caught you in the neck and raced down your old but beloved body and mutilated beyond restoration your forever heart. You were instantly dead in your chair.

Jumping around and around you was delightfully barking Key. You found yourself in your favorite green swimming trunks, standing barefooted in the warm sand. Across the river you saw your wife Wanda and your daughter Bobbi and your granddaughter, skinny little Leslie. They were all hugely smiling and waving.

Key jumped into the clear water. You followed, swimming with strong strokes to your everlasting glory.

Reaching the far shore, it was little Leslie who told you the truth.

"Pop-Pop," she smirked. "You are not God!"

You gave chase, laughing among the stars.

\*\*\*

*Psychic Medium Jesse Austin can be contacted by email or text: [jesseyesse@gmail.com](mailto:jesseyesse@gmail.com) and 503.929.8128.*

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

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# i:am

By: Valerie Cleek "Butterfly Val"

I am a frequency  
Do you hear me  
I am a vision  
Do you see me  
Are you tuned in  
Are you aware  
Are you a.m.  
or are you f.m.  
Are you turned on  
or are you asleep at the wheel  
Are you listening  
Are you manifesting  
The life of your dreams  
The life you live  
The life you love  
love  
Love  
LOVE  
i:am tuned in  
i:am Love  
What are you?





## 2017 Event Calendar



Check out the Events Section at [WholisticHeartbeat.com](http://WholisticHeartbeat.com)

### Ongoing Events Isis

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

#### Every Tuesday Evening

**REIKI COMMUNITY-STYLE** is being offered at Isis #48. Everyone is welcome **from 6:30 - 9:00 p.m. No Appointments Necessary.** First Come, First Served. Suggested Donation \$5.00-\$20.00. Call/Text Per at 206-550-3263 or Ellie at 707-834-8671 for more info

#### Coming this January Week Night TBA

**SANSKRIT MANTRA STUDY GROUP.** Led by Andrew Christian. Featuring Ganesh and Gayatri mantras. In this study group we will learn about the origins, history, techniques and uses of sanskrit mantras in general. We also will study and practice recitation of the Gayatri and the Ganesh mantras in particular. The Ganesh mantra is used for removing obstacles to success and the Gayatri mantra is used to create calm and peace! Each group starts with a brief talk followed with an hour of group mantra recitation. By donation. Held at the Isis center time and date to be announce shortly. Call/Text Andrew for more info at 707-822- 2106, Jai MA!

#### 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](mailto:arcata.srf@earthlink.net).

### Sunday, January 28th

**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.

### Ongoing in the Community In Humboldt

#### 1st Tuesday

**EXPERIENCE A HU CHANT - ECKANKAR OF EUREKA/ARCATA: The Path of Spiritual Freedom.** HU Chant, 1st Tuesday of the month, 7 – 7:45 PM at Jefferson Community Center in Eureka. You're welcome to join us. Refreshments are served afterwards.

### In Ashland

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## ISIS HEALS

Link In — Power Up — Bring Us Your Love

