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August 2012 Newsletter

I have been at my current place of residence since the year of the Nisqually Quake, 2001. One of the few things constant since then is a young Lady. She does not live here, I think she is visiting. A few times a month she gets my attention when I hear her sing. She walks for hours, around and around the Mobile home park, her Walkman...maybe it is upgraded to an iPod... and sings along, at the top of her lungs, to whatever she is listening to. She is a large girl and comfortably dressed. She walks regardless of the never ending rainy days and in the heat of Summer.

She waves when she sees me... I think I talked to her for a few minutes some years back, the conversation escapes me.... all I know is she gives me comfort and puts a smile on my face. I can be sound asleep and her voice wakes me and I know it will be a good day.

We had a series of Thunderstorms, a rarity in Washington State. The power was off for a few hours, which gave me time to just sit and think for a while. I was thinking about what I was going to write in the newsletter this month and marveled at the power of Nature and how insignificant our lives really are in the big picture. We are visitors on this Planet, we do not behave very well then leave the place in a mess when we leave.

Almost every road in Thurston County is under construction and it is hard to get from point A to point B without detours or delays, which...by the way...change on a daily basis. I wanted to get to my Great Grand daughter's Birthday Party and selected a road I have never traveled on. As I maneuvered my way through the countryside I started to think about how we just get in the car, secure our seat belt, turn the key and drive. It is so automatic, we do not think about what all is involved in driving, the car is now part of us, or we are part of the car, whichever you prefer.

When I consciously thought about that I chuckled to myself...here we are in a time when it is normal for us to transport ourselves in these moving machines to a different location....we can travel thousand of miles on dry land without thinking. From the Pacific Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean, thinking nothing of it, and this brilliant existence which allows this is also the same existence with turns us into Stone-Age-Morons in no time flat. We navigate through life without little regard for anything other than ourselves. While driving the curvy road to the party, I also thought about the ticket I had been given the week before. Several friends do not have computers and get a hard copy of the newsletter via snail mail. Because of the construction, when leaving the Post Office, I turned left, the only way I could get to where I needed to go, and merged with the traffic. Out of nowhere three Motorcycle Cops appeared and pulled 3 of us, traveling in the middle, over. I was given a speeding ticket for driving 40 in a 35 mile zone. It also stated the actual speed clocked on Radar was 47. Price tag was \$113.

Later on that night I returned to the Scene of my crime because it just did not feel right, and discovered that it is impossible to get your car up to 47 MPH because of a traffic light. The "RUNWAY" is too short for the speed I was accused of. After talking to my insurance company, it was decided that I was going to pay the ticket on deferral...price tag \$145 (My last ticket was in 1967), rather than going to court and in the process upsetting the good Officers, who would then be sure to be on the look-out for me every time I leave my house. I am easy to spot, I drive a red Toyota displaying the Show and the UFO HOTLINE phone number on the sides of the car. I suppose my principal for right and wrong was sacrificed, in this case, as communicating with the Police has become rather scary for some of us, even for just a routine traffic stop.

Less than a week later the Aurora massacre took place. Several friend were thought to have been in the Theater and within 10 minutes of the announcement, some of us had established a virtual dragnet to locate the friends. We did locate them except for a young Lady, who is still in the hospital.

In the PREDICTIONS 2012, filmed in August 2011, we saw another candidate coming out of left field...RON PAUL...we saw the attempts to bust the Unions and the attempts to deny birth control to the woman around the Country. The prediction show had a part where I perceived a SWAN uttering a gurgling sound. I deliberately did not say anything about the fact that the last time I saw gurgling Swans 911 happened. I was looking for something very large to happen, Aurora could have been this event, since it managed to "shut down" politics for a day and the flags flew at half mast for a week around the country. I can already see the eventual controversy with the prosecution of this Manchurian Candidate.

It had been requested we not use the name of the shooter, so he would not be glorified. Let me piss you off and tell you a story. According to Egyptian ancient texts the Name of Nefertiti was removed... wiped out of the history books, never to be spoken again. The reason for doing so was because she allowed herself to become pregnant by a mortal, while married to Akhenaten, the Extraterrestrial King. When Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger refused to pardon Stanley Williams (of the Crips gang), his homeland of Austria declared him, Schwarzenegger, racist and removed his name from several buildings. The famed _statue_ of Joe Paterno was taken down from outside the _Penn State_ football stadium last Sunday.

We grieve for one group of people, yet hundreds are being gunned down in our streets each month, it has become "NORMAL". With permission let me share a couple of posts with you:

Cari M. Huston [14] shared No Hope For the Human Race [15]'s photo [16].

I SPOKE AT LENGTH WITH A RETIRED NAVY SEAL. WHAT HE SHARED WITH ME IS THAT ALL OF THE MEN (HIS WORDS) WHO ARE IN THESE SPECIALTY KILLING TEAMS/FORCES (THIS WOULD INCLUDE SNIPERS) ARE SOCIOPATHS. THEY HAVE A "MORAL CODE" THAT THEY DON'T BREAK, BUT THEY HAVE NO REMORSE OR CONSCIENCE ABOUT THE KILLING THAT THEY DO. A SNIPER IS LOOKING THROUGH A SCOPE AND SEEING THE OTHER PERSON'S EYES AS THEY BLOW THEM AWAY. TO PRAISE ANYONE FOR HAVING LOST THEIR ABILITY TO "FEEL" IS A DIRECT EXAMPLE OF WHAT WE HAVE BECOME AS A SOCIETY.... HALF THE PEOPLE ARE PRAISING JESUS AND PASSING THE AMMUNITION AND THINKING THAT "GOD" APPROVES OF THEIR BLOOD-THIRST. THERE IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THIS ENTIRE CONCEPT!

CNN ran a special on Veterans and how dramatized they are. I can attest from personal experience...each conflict or war since 1965 had family members in the military, and I have MANY friends which, instead of having been able to use an event as a historical learning experience, were

forced into repeats of the horrors of the killing fields, we have become so desensitized and used to it. There is no need to remove events and names to make it disappear.

Let's take it down a notch..... with permission another post from a verbal battlefield.

Folks, just a quick word here, my own trending topic, about something I've been witnessing of late. Anyone who reads the comments left under YouTube videos will know what I'm talking about. Some refer to it as trolling. That is an offense to trolls everywhere. I call them the "Hater Generation", and noticed many of them have migrated to Facebook, where they continue to spread pandemics of hate, general negativity and bad grammar. I mean, if you're going to slander an individual, movie or cause, at least make an attempt to use Spell Check. That way it'll appear that through the use of proper spelling and sentence structure your opinions may actually have some value, instead of appearing as though you're simply eight and hacking away at a Speak & Spell.

When I was eight I didn't have an iPad, smart phone or GPS capability. The only social media was called a playground and if you offended someone you were smacked in the face in real-time. There was none of this instant information from across the globe business in which you could dis-empower someone with glee from the safety of the virtual world in between shots of Pixy Stix. There was no Wikipedia. There was RESPECT. I have read so many horrendous things from these haters who apparently have absolutely nothing going for them (certainly no spelling bee prizes), that they feel the need to fill this void with the harassment of total strangers.

Whether it's their remarks concerning Christian Bale coming to visit the victims of a shooting, the President speaking at a memorial, a wildfire ravaging our forests, or even an innocent SpiritChasers video clip of a purported ghost – there they are, in full attendance, from one-word insults: "FAKE!" "FAIL" "(Insert Racial Slur)!" "MEH..."

To almost comprehensible sentences:

"U R F#@!ING GAY!!!"



And so on... You've seen them. You know them. Will nothing brighten up their day? I don't know where they come from, but it surprises and unsettles me that now on Facebook they are no longer able to post comments from the comfort of anonymity. What's worse, they seem to feel a sort of pride in their behavior, and if you click on their profile, you, too, will see with horror their dull eyes and smiling faces in their acquisition of cheap Photoshopping Apps., which they believe will ordain them with some cosmetic level of celebrity. But, one cannot Photoshop ignorance, kids. The same goes for bigotry, homophobia, etc. (Sorry)! No matter which lighting filter you've used and programmed your app to give yourself a flawlessly soft complexion while you're turning your head just so, a troll is a still troll. And trolls are UG-LEEEEE!

Yet how did this begin? Who or what created these illiterate little Gloomy Guses and Sour Sallys? Was it when South Park went into syndication? Are they staying up late enough to watch Robot Chicken on Adult Swim, taking notes by the glow of their Droid? Is it all the Family Guy, or any of the other offensively popular comedies

conditioning them to laugh at the disabled, desperate or just plain different? (And how did these television programs become such phenomenon in the first place, blending genuine hilarity with the utterly distasteful? It's still at the height of it's fad in an age when we were supposed to be piloting flying cars by now, living as more enlightened beings in utopian societies)!

So would it be Desensitization? (There's another D word, for anyone keeping score). And yet I grew up in daily fear of a nuclear holocaust, watched The Challenger explode on the news, witnessed some pretty horrific plane crashes, assassinations, avoided supposedly poisoned and razor-filled Halloween candy, escaped the satanic cults preying on role-playing gamers, lived through a planetary alignment that was supposed to kick-start the end of the world, and seen the handiwork of serial killers and the abductions of children. Frightening times, yes, but not desensitizing to such a degree that I would be propelled to fold messages of evil into those origami fortune-telling games and leave them on the desks of my classmates.

As you may have read, the website Rotten Tomatoes recently suspended their comment system altogether after a mountain of threats and hate speeches with a lengthy explanation entitled: "This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things". Just a month prior, the Erasure Information Service website was forced to permanently close their message boards because, once again, some people couldn't play nice. I myself simply can't wait for those "Virtual Reality Suits" which transmit sensation, so the next time a trolling trollup declares that the images captured by The SpiritChasers are no more than car exhaust I can power up my VR and slap the shit out of them.

It all really comes down to a bit of terrorism, albeit on a different scale. Like the old conspiracy regarding a certain filmmaker who was said to be releasing movies in order to drive people in other countries mad. No viewers of his popular films could ever possibly live up to such unrealistically high standards of happiness and perpetual joy compared to their own vacant, vapid lives. Same here.

Flood the comment systems of all social media far and wide with the crude, the crass, the inhuman, the illegible. Squeeze every last bit of hope and pride from your fellow men and women by bludgeoning any compliment or positive remark as viscerally as possible with an ungrammatical black hammer shaped in the tongues of demons. Is it entirely possible that many of these young trolls are expected to post such hatred by their "churches" (the Westboro Baptists?), by anti-American groups overseas (and within our country), the "People Of Walmart" (who would speak just as well as they can dress), or by some other shadowy organization crushing, clutching at the heart of our way of life and all we hold dear? What, without any provocation, would cause an "inter-nut" to inform someone they've never met that they suck?

Yesterday, in response to a video game I favored, an unidentified man wrote, "No. Just, no." Really? Are people still writing that? That comment went out with spray-tanning your children. And just like making your child look like an Oompa Loompa in a family portrait, trolling only serves to embarrass its facilitators, as embarrassments to humanity. Yes, haters, please show us how far down the evolutionary scale you'll continue to slither. Such creatures end up extinct, you know.

You're only giving away your hand, revealing a spread of ignorance, one that no one with any intelligence and dignity would care to deal. And, just as one of my bumper stickers proclaims: "KARMA: It's everywhere you're going to be," in moments of their own intense troll despair, when a simple word can be the straw that broke the camels back, they should not expect the vocalization of kindness, human decency and grace when all they left for others was negativity.

I don't know how this began, or how it will end, but the last time I dropped an f-bomb in my youth I was forced to suck on a bar of soap for half an hour by a mother who understood the power of words and the transformative agents of dignity and respect. When you're not working to heal a situation, you become the scar, host to a festering wound, a toxic language akin to a virus, communicable through the mouths of trolls, their generation of hate dissing, devolving, and moving toward extinction. Just food for thought, kids.

My name is Christopher Allen Brewer, and my motto is RESPECT (you gotta give it to get it back).

I made a comment to his page: Lilian Mustelier [17] My spelling is bad...but I love you....Thanks for writing this. I blocked the comments on my YOUTUBE, if they put as much energy into doing something positive, they could actually achieve something...Must be a miserable existence to waste your life on BS like that. The post started a flood of arguments and attack and I did what I should have done in the first place. Immobilized

my link and pushed the UN-FRIEND button.

Commercials about the future of energy, pay attention.... VOTE and elect people to represent you, which will reflect who YOU ARE!!! Let the history books show we were a loving, compassionate county, we cared. We grieved for 12 people as well as the thousands, which died from needless violence around the globe.

Let the history books show we cared about the old and the hungry, the children which became the people reading the history books and defined us.



The canoe journey of our tribal neighbors and friends came to it's finale today. The last boats have landed and come ashore in Olympia, Washington. We honor them for the courage and hardship to duplicate the ancient traditions and are grateful they allowed us to be a part of their celebrations of remembering who they are and honoring the planet Earth.

I am watching the parade of the Nations in London. I marvel at the beauty and diversity of the people of the Planet Earth.... If only we could stop the wars and enjoy the differences we display!

The Sun is setting, Robins and Bluejays chirping, frogs and crickets and there is my CONSTANT....my girl singing to her Walkman.... MY GIRL is walking point.

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