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## January 2016 Newsletter

**Credo Mutwa**, in the book Profiles of Healing by Bradford Keeney PH.D. is referred to as one of the worlds most revered healer, shaman, medicine man and leader of complementary medicine. Mutwa tells of the time when he suffered what he calls the "Shaman Sickness." A time in his life which brought him to the brink of death. A time in which he was able to experience a spiritual plateau, which in turn set the pace for his life work from that moment on.

I wrote this during a very hard time in my life, 2006, not only spiritually hard, but also on a 3-D plateau. As I was in the process of recovering from some pretty intense blows in my life I had a very vivid dream. I am not a dreamer, but this appeared so real and profound, it stayed with me till this day. I called it MR. EARL:

*As I am unable to go about my every day life I had several experiences which gave me tremendous clarity about my life and things in general.*

*I dreamed I was at a hospital. After a long wait a nurse came and gave me a shot in my shoulder blade, about even with my heart chakra. She told me not to leave, she was not done with me. I informed her I had to go to the bathroom.*

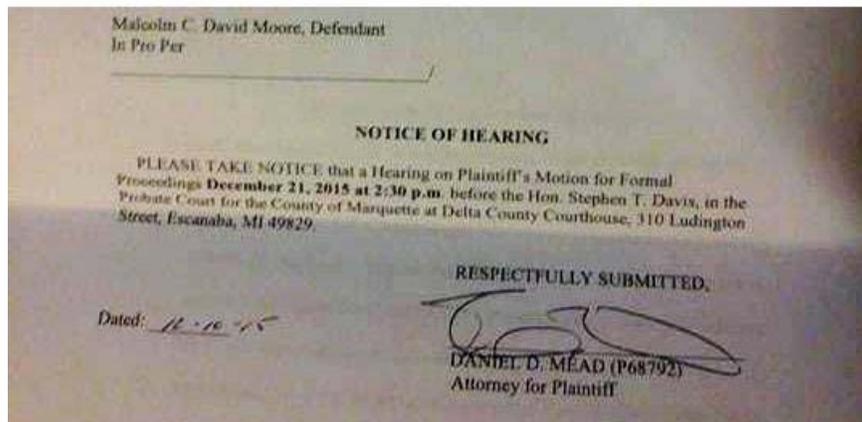
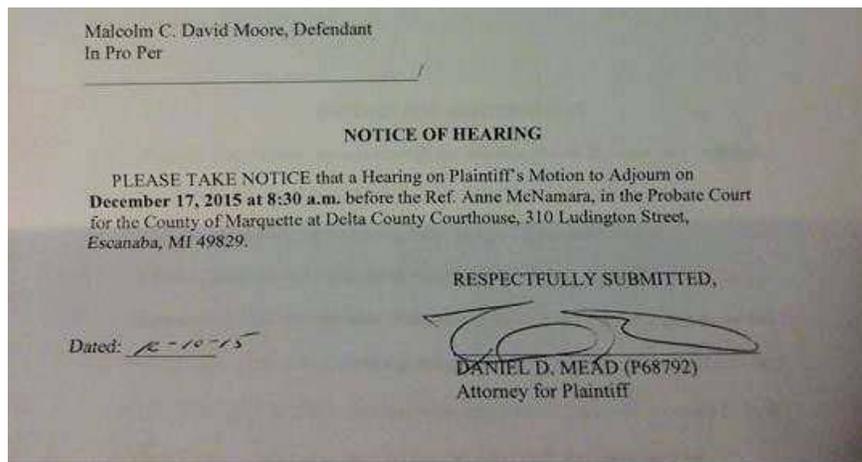
*While in the bathroom I realized I was now in a train. There was no door allowing me to return to the hospital. I stepped off the train and found it be in the middle of nowhere, besides I had looked myself out of the train. I started to walk. A boy, about 12-13 years old followed me. He was constantly picking up rocks, throwing them at me. After a while, I picked up a rock and threw it back at him, rendering him unconscious. He was light enough for me to pick him up and look for help.*

*In the distance were 2 cabin type houses. The one to the left had 2 front doors, the one to the right 1 door. I knocked on the one with the 2 doors, a young woman answered. I requested help with the still unconscious boy, she obliged. The man at the house said his name was MR. EARL. He wanted to know what I intended to do, I stated I wanted to go home. He showed me a long road and told me I would have to catch the trolley from there to get home. As I came out of the house I had to come down 4 steps, a platform, 4 steps, a platform and again 4 steps. As I reached the second platform Mr. EARL attacked me and raped me. I was very angry and yelled at him that I thought he had picked a hell of a time to assault me. Not only was I vulnerable, I was sick. He cried and said he represented all the men which had ever hurt me, so I could finally let go of the anger and guilt. I said." Whatever! For right now I forgive you, I want to get home!"*

*He took me by the hand and started to walk down the road with me. By now he was very tall, I was very little. After a while he said:"Look in your pocket." I reached in my pocket, there was a cell phone. He said: "You could have called for help at any time. But had you done that you would have missed all of your lessons". With that Mr. Earl faded and I woke myself up.*

My family suffered many blows in 2015 and like many others on the Planet we entertain the notion things will change with the ringing in of the New Year. This, of course does not happen, even though we know this we would still like to think this to be the case.

Once again, in early December, I was looking for the CELLPHONE Mr. Earl told me about. My grandson Malcolm had survived a very ugly divorce 5 month earlier and the family was starting to normalize a bit, if that is possible after having lost my granddaughter Vanya to suicide in April 2015. Malcolm obtained joint custody of his daughter and even though he lives in Michigan... the rest of the families are in Washington State and Georgia him and the little girl were able to come and spend time with us, her cousins and the extended family. During a regular visit with her Daddy, Mom decided she would like to interrupt the visit and take the baby to her sister's wedding. It would have entailed for my grandson to make 2 (TWO) additional 600-mile trips.... that is the distance of the parents residence. He was not willing to interrupt his plans with his daughter, rearrange his work schedule and cover the additional expenses, so the 2-year old would her aunts wedding. The mother became enraged and took Malcolm to court with several made up accusations. One being he used Coconut oil in her hair..... The girl is black, we use coconut oil in hair, one of the reasons lice seldom attack, they stay away from oiled scalps.



Unfair court proceedings with only 3 days to prepare a defense.

Instead of a lot of he-said-she-said I will just share what Malcolm posted after the hearing.

#### What makes a good father, great?

*That's a question I've asked myself numerous times since the birth of my daughter Skylar. I've strived to be the male role model in her life, and that's what she deserves. I've been in her life since day one and have tried hard to continue to be throughout a nasty, unfortunate divorce. I share a bond with Skylar that I wouldn't have even imagined to be possible just three years ago. She loves me. She lights up whenever I see her. We goof around. I search, "how to do little girl's hair" on YouTube. I practice, fail then start over. I paint her nails and toenails every other night. Whenever I sit down on the couch, she'll jump up on me to snuggle. I have tried to be the best single father I know in the last 14 months. I would do anything for this little girl.*

*And today, was easily the hardest day of my life. I drove the 5.5 hours to sit in a small-town courtroom. I heard the false accusations that my daughter does not love me, does not like me, does not trust me, does not want anything to do with me from people who have never seen the bond we share. And it hurt... to the deepest bone in my body.*

*To not have the time to defend myself thoroughly, call my witnesses, or show ANY evidence disproving these false accusations was just plain wrong.*

*I lost my joint custody of Skylar that I fought long and hard for. My parenting time went from 147 overnights with Skylar to a measly 36. When it comes to Family Law in Michigan, there is no such thing as "male privilege". If I had the chance, I would have asked the court, is this truly for the best interest of Skylar? Destroying a father-daughter bond is detrimental in the long run. I promised myself I would never do anything to damage the mother-daughter bond Skylar has with my ex wife.*

*Since I never got the chance today to prove the love, affection and other emotional ties Skylar and I share, I will just post this picture. They say a picture says a 1000 words, can you tell me what this one says?*



A loving father and a happy daughter.

A **Kangaroo Court** is a judicial tribunal or assembly that blatantly disregards recognized standards of law or justice, and often carries little or no official standing in the territory within which it resides. Merriam-Webster defines it as a "mock court in which the principles of law and justice are disregarded or perverted". [1] The term may also apply to a court held by a legitimate judicial authority who intentionally disregards the court's legal or ethical obligations.

A kangaroo court is often held to give the appearance of a fair and just trial, even though the verdict has in reality already been decided before the trial has begun.

[Slang of U.S. origin.] An unfair, biased, or hasty judicial proceeding that ends in a harsh punishment; an unauthorized trial conducted by individuals who have taken the law into their own hands, such as those put on by vigilantes or prison inmates; a proceeding and its leaders who are considered sham, corrupt, and without regard for the law.

<http://legal-dictionary.thefreedictionary.com/Kangaroo+Court>

Ostensibly the term comes from the notion of justice proceeding "by leaps", like a kangaroo. [Another possibility is that the phrase could refer to the pouch of a kangaroo, meaning the court is in someone's pocket.

When Children are used to maneuver courts it should be substantiated. When one parent attempts to label a 2-year old child with a disability in order to get a favorable ruling by the court or collect money it should be looked at by Child Protective Services.

Münchhausen syndrome is related to Münchhausen syndrome by proxy (MSbP/MSP), which refers to the abuse of another person, typically a child, in order to seek attention or sympathy for the abuser. It is an obsessive want to create symptoms for the victim in order to obtain repeated medication or even operations.

[http://www.huffingtonpost.com/glenn-d-braunstein-md/munchausens-syndrome-stra\\_b\\_806919.html](http://www.huffingtonpost.com/glenn-d-braunstein-md/munchausens-syndrome-stra_b_806919.html)

It is amazing and incomprehensible to what extend some parents go to settle a score...if you will... with their X- Partner to maneuver the outcome and more often than not, scar a child caught in the middle. Granted, there was a time we were unaware of the damage occurring to the other person, but in this day and age we are educated in such matters, especially since we have managed to have identified syndromes from A to Z.

I had attempted to gather more stories of similar context for the newsletter. I had a couple of phone calls in which the Father's stated they had just given up fighting since it was too hard financially and most of all, emotionally. The rest of the world keeps turning.

WEATHER was the number one conversation in December 2015.

The Election Fiasco gets wilder each day and we have 11 month to go.

We have gotten desensitized about the daily killings and it is the new normal.

Interest rates were increased having us believe it is a good thing.

I have a feeling 2016 is going to be a challenge. Everyone wants to be in charge and create a Stampeed trying to get to the front of the line. Remember that Cellphone Mr. EARL told you about, would be great to maneuver it into the Kangaroo pouch so it can ring in the Kingdom ruled by Münchhausen.

Love and Light  
Lilian

This is something else happening in MI. This is the Rachel Maddow show from 12.18, 2015.

<http://www.msnbc.com/rachel-maddow-show###full-episodes>

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