

Lilian's Newsletter - July 2007

It must have been in the 1990s, when a "CLEAR" craze hit. One attempted to develop many products in see-through-clear fashion. Food, drink, dish soap, actually a number of weird things which became almost non-recognisable. Well, there was green ketchup and green hot sauce, all deserving of a Mr. YUK sticker..... but..... at least green was visible! As I washed my hair with "ICE PANTEEN" today I felt a rush of "RETRO" enter my reality, instead of drying my hair with a dryer I just sat, thought about some things as my hair turned into what appeared to me as flying string beans.

As I am preparing to leave on my yearly road trip, lots of loose ends need tightening up. Oil-change for the car, tire and belt checks, last minute repairs to my famous 20-year-old glasses..... a trade mark..... a catsitter for Ms. E.T. my Diva Cat and lets not forget having my heart monitored for the second time in 2 weeks.

The guy changing the oil forgets to put the air filter back into place.

The belt checker does not close the hood properly.

The owner of the optical store suggests I stop in Las Vegas to buy a new frame for my glasses, something flamboyant, everything he features appears boring..... we can't have that!

Ms. E.T. is determined to act her part, a total Diva.

Hopefully this go around with the heart monitor works, the last one indicated I had NO heart beat at all!

Everywhere I went today conversations were odd, to say the least.

Several Ladies congregated in the waiting area at Les Schwab, waiting for their Mercedes Benz and Lexus to be serviced. They served us Pop Corn at tall round tables which reminded me of a bar, especially when we slid onto the bar stools surrounding the tables. No drinks and there was a sign NO SMOKING WITHIN 25 FEET OF THE BUILDING..... Two weeks into the Paris Hilton dilemma, we all had our own thoughts as to what her future should consist of. I thought she and our President had things in common for a brief period. Both must have felt totally alone and rejected for a minute. She, in jail and the President at the Summit surrounded by all of the world leaders. Neither one was being paid attention to. Then, for a brief moment, she was sent home to house arrest and planned a party.... he enjoyed the welcome of a Rock Star. Not so fast! She went back to jail and he came home, they were both unpopular again. In all fairness, I was glad that Paris brought the unfair casting of people in jail to the forefront. Some of us have fought for equal rights for some time, nothing ever changes, causes and opinions change with each administration, yet, it does remain the same.

My Little Toyota was ready, I bid the Ladies good-bye, got in my car, lit a cigarette and blew the smoke out of the open window, waving as I drove away.

The attendant at Jiffy Lube was arguing, with a coworker, I assume. It became apparent the subject was religion. Topic of discussion was the incident with the Pope and the recent attack on his life. Had I seen it? Of course I did! In fact it kept me up one night revisiting what I saw on TV. I figured the height of the leap the man made jumping over the security guard, the force of landing right behind the Pope should have startled the Pope. The struggle which followed created enough movement for anyone to notice. Yet, the Pope NEVER turned his head, not even instinctively, he kept waving, never missing a beat.

The word for July is Doppelganger.

According to Alternative Realities by Leonard George, Ph.D., it means: apparition of a living person.

According to Encyclopedia of the Psychic World by Theresa Cheung it means: exact copy of a living person. According to Follette by Glucksman it means: double self, second self and double walker.

Some scientific researchers believe a Doppelganger is a projection of consciousness that somehow take on a form resembling reality. This can happen involuntarily or it can be accomplished at will.

It was reported on CNN that in Japan some parents have the opportunity to acquire Robotic Children. It was said they looked very lifelike.

It was assumed Saddam Hussein had many doubles which were people that looked like him, much like an impersonator. What I saw on TV that day applied to neither. It looked mechanical.

The nurse attaching the heart monitor to my body appeared frustrated, she very aggressively sandpapered my skin with an alcohol pad. I complained about the unnecessary discomfort she inflicted on my already battered chest. She insisted it had to be clean in order for her to attach the wires to my bosom. I said: "HEY! If you don't back off, I will leave. I don't care if I have a heart beat or not!

After the man finish his examination of the belts on my car, he informed me I was all set and I had nothing to worry about. I asked him to define "NOTHING." He said: "You know... nothing." I felt like playing with him and proceeded to explain to him that there was no such thing as nothing. He was done for the evening so he took the bait I had thrown at him. "Explain" he said. Well, everything tangible turns into something else. If you bury it, the earth will absorb it, even if you burn it will turn into smoke, everything lasts till infinity. "I don't get it" he said. I must have confused him and caused him to forget how to close a hood properly.

A car hit a tree on a straight line, another jumped a divider on an equally straight line.

I struck up a conversation with a young man in front of AAA. We were waiting for some workers to remove some traffic cones from around the building. They had painted arrows on the street, somehow overlooking the fact they were pointing in all directions and prevented us from being able to drive back to the main street.

The Lad was friendly, I asked him if he was a local. He thought he was.... somewhat... I asked how he felt about politics, he did not know and did not care. I asked about his religious opinion, he did not know. I asked if he liked the world he lived it, he did not care.

I read that young people's brains have to reach a certain age before the frontal lobes fully develop. I wonder which is easier.... to be young again and neither know nor care... or to be my age and appear to worry about everything because I am seasoned, have foresight, been there done that Or allowed myself to buy into all the Bull I have heard, seen and/or experienced.

There are day people and night people. Over the years, while on the road, I ask people which one applies to them. What I found was that people born early in the morning prefer days and people born late or at night are more alert during those hours. It indicated to me that the time of your birth dictates your peak hours. A study was done in England recently in which they divided people in to two groups. A and B. The study showed that morning people... A Group... night people...B Group... were more productive in the workplace if said schedules were made available to them. AND, of course it was traced to their time of birth. Next time someone calls you a Night Owl, tell them: "Excuse me, I am a B person."

As I turned into the driveway a cat was chasing a little field mouse. I had trouble deciding which one of the two I should prevent from getting killed. If I save the mouse the cat will go hungry. If I stop the cat I have to fight with the owner. Lucky for me, the cat was frightened by my candy-apple-red car, it looked like the little mouse's little legs got taller, she ran to safety... for now.

What a day! I feel so retro, one thing is clear I am happy to be at the top of the food chain.... Or am I?

Love and Light
Lilian

The first crop circle appeared in June in Slovenia. It had a bird nest inside, it was in tact.
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I am on the road. Please check the daily travelog in the middle of the screen. I still need help, please contact the webmaster if you encounter a problem with our PayPal.

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