

JULY NEWSLETTER



MR. McKrekor here, in a hurry, so I won't be late for the report.

I am suppose to meet my Sweetheart, but it is so close to JULY 4th the American Independence Day and fireworks is already being shot off. It frightens her..... little scary Crow..... I guess I have to be patient and wait till she decides to take flight again and come my way. I am pretty sure about my role in her life and am confident she will seek me out after the hoopla stops in a few days. Yes, it will appear like an eternity for this bird, but I have learned to respect others space and show the proper respect to the “Bird Ladies”. I learned that from my human friend Lilian. Just recently she lost a friend of 30 years since she refused to overstep her prinzables of Neutrality in a dispute between her friend and a family member. It was painful, but she said it is important to stay true to ones self under any circumstance. Guess I test it out in my Bird Kingdom and I am almost sure it works here also. In my case it is a relationship issue and respecting my Ladies wishes.

Since I have this extra time on my claws I did not pay attention to the whereabouts of the Sun..... therefore the hurry..... if it gets dark I won't be able to see what my friend is doing. The lights in her house confuse me. Instead of having lights like a normal person she changes them often, mostly the colors of the bulbs according to her moods. She said it helps her to keep track of herself, I don't understand it as long as she does. She reasons with herself in as much as she thinks colors can change her mood and mental well being. Color Therapy she calls it, along with smells. Oh yeah the smells. She calls that Aroma Therapy. Imagine being able to smell what mood your partner is in

just by the aroma in the house.... Works for her, works for her.

The Tornado/Wind burst at her house, last month, practically destroyed the house straight across from her. It is under repair but oddly enough a Hawk Family has build their nest below a piece of a water gutter for the time being. Needless to say we BOTH watch it closely. Lilian, to keep track of the cat and I not to become a meal.

Ah, I made it! Lilian must have washed her hair and applied her new found treasure, a PLUMPER she calls it. She bought it off TV and the mailman brought it along with an envelope with several opened pieces of mail. The apology from the Post office stated that due to Graduation Time many pieces of mail resembling cards had been plundered looking for cash gifts for the Graduates. The Plumper works so well I can hardly see her wrinkles, after all she is just about 70 years old. The bottles says Amazon White Clay & Acacia collagen. It WORKS, the bald spot on her head gets smaller, or appears to get smaller each time she uses it. Don't tell her I told you she wears wigs on her shows. Imagine the money that saves and they are sure pretty. She says her hair without the Plumper looks straggly... what ever that means. Lilian makes up words at the drop of the hat or pronounces something the way she hears it. Speaking of language. The German language is so riddled with English and Computer terms you could actually watch their News on ARD/DE and understand most of what is said and get an Idea how the world feel really about us here in America.

Braxit goes forward full force.

Puerto Rico votes to become the 51st state.

Florida flooded.

Dennis Rodman visited North Korea.

London had a deadly Apartment fire due to faulty materials used.

Fires are ravishing 11 Western American States so early in the year.

Shootings continue and it is sad when we hold our breath to see what race or nationally the shooter was.

Former FBI Head Jim Comney testified and the dragnet of offender widened.

The White House press has been restricted to AUDIO only and politics are continuing to deteriorate.

Demonstrations continue across America, Evergreen Collage in Olympia's disturbances...riots.. made the intentional news and we are further apart from each other than ever.

Lilian's friend Karen is reading several chapters of her (Lilian) books to her each night. Karen is in Chicago and they Skype. What they have found it that this is very therapeutic. It relaxes Karen who suffers of OCD and Lilian gets to refresh her memory as to what she has been writing about over the past 20+ years. Did you know the Newsletters started in 1996? What I have learned in turn is that no matter what is happening NOW it has happened before. Not to THIS extent, never the less some of the stories sounds like they are taken from the Nightly News TODAY.
<https://psygeria.com/books-2/> for free download.

A bowl with fresh water...my birdbath fell over again thanks to a giant Labrador who thinks it is his water bowl.... Sun going down and a refreshing breeze. It was 102 degrees a couple of days ago, nice to relax at 70 for beast and men.

During my stay away from me period by my Sweetheart I have spend lots of time just sitting in the tree at Lilian's. Occasionally flying to her window seal and "spying" on her. What I noticed is, now that she no longer stays on the move, she spends much time communicating with people on the internet. She marvels at the young people around the world who are willing to share themselves with her. The friends from Northern Territory in Australia share their lives and connected with some of her Native American friends. Both groups post on her Facebook page. The plight of the Aboriginal Australians the friends at Standing Rock and their victory to have the pipeline declared ILLIGAL again.... wonder if it does any good since it leaked already and the young friends from around the world. Lilian is so proud of some of them, instead creating havoc they are making the world a better place.

She skypes with her great nephew in Europe at times, he is 17 and wants to know about the people in the stars.

The 20-year old friend from Switzerland wants to know about GMO's.

The 19-year old from Gambia inquires about the phone rates and wonders why some of the YouTube programs won't play in his country.

Just so many young people eager to learn, seems they get less attention than the ones creating problems. Every generation experiences this....Think back.

Saâda Berdjouhs is one of her Algerian friends. **Saâda** teaches English in BATNA. She also travels all over to attend conferences and works very hard to teach the young students how to make a difference. Here is one of her posts.



In my country, I think that youth have some free life to do what they want and make some changes in life but without breaking the rules. That does not mean that we have everything. We need more things to be on top, and there are problems but we work to solve them. Algerian young people are very ambitious. They are capable of organising and creating whatever they want when an opportunity is given to them. However they face too many problems, such as lack of means and information. As a result of this we need to take care of them, inform them and allocate them in organisations in order to improve their competences in different fields. Many problems, no work, and no possibility to go outside Algeria and meet people from different countries. Real social development is needed. The majority of young people in Algeria are suffering from poverty. Social problems like unemployment, drugs, illegal immigration, and stereotypes are rampant. The Euro-Med Youth Platform is a tool to combat this. Young people in my country are very motivated. The average age is between 20 and 30. Young people are

creative and sociable. Young people in Algeria are generally suffering because of many needs and problems on the social, economic and cultural levels. Unemployment, poverty, ignorance, health problems and especially the absence of information and orientation, make their life difficult, and as a result we see violence, vandalism, illegal immigration, insecurity, drug abuse, racism, xenophobia and so on. Young people in my country are faced with many problems. The education has a large responsibility in the disaster of young people in Algeria. The youngsters do not get good education and enough knowledge at school. This is caused by the lack of motivation in our schools, absence of cultural and sports activities, no technological means and all that can attract the kids to study. Most of them are excluded at schools without any qualifications. The few youth clubs that exist in our cities cannot satisfy the huge number of youths who come frequently to these houses. In a few words young people are not taken in charge at all. This situation caused many drunks and drug addicts in our society. Youth is so much marginalised. Young people cannot take any part in the decisions taken for them. In Algeria, youth represent the largest population in Algerian society and they are between 18 and 30 years old. Despite the efforts that government try to provide for them as job opportunities, facilities to start a small companies and also there are no tuition fees for education in all universities around Algeria. Youth still complain from different problems in their daily life such as bureaucracy, unemployment, expensive life, the housing crisis and the high cost of dowries. Male youth here consider themselves as they have less chance in life because of the several obstacles that they face. If you meet any young man in Algeria and you ask him about his current situation he says immediately: I have been graduated from University, and then I had to do my military service which took two years of my life. Once I finished it I went to look for a job, but I found no job vacancy because they have taken by girls since they are not concerned by passing the military service. I wanted to settle down and marry but I couldn't because I have no dependent house, I still live with my parents. I don't have a job because if you look for a job you need previous experience and the experience itself needs working in a specific period. Such a philosophy! Also, marry a girl requires you to have a house, but government helps you in getting a house only if you are married. Now, I am working in a simple job which is completely out of my field of study in order to get some money for my cigarettes and coffee with my friends till my day comes in this country. Others think about immigrating toward Europe to find better life and they don't care about facing unknown danger like death and marginalization overseas. When speaking about a typical Algerian young, he is talented, sociable, and try to not be influenced by different problems. Some of them created small groups of music like rap bands to transmit their concerns to others through rap songs with their own lyrics. Others are involved in sport clubs opened in different youth houses to practise football, swimming or combat sports. You also find many young prefers playing video games and spending long time challenging each other in their leisure time. It is very known that Algerians are very attached to their national elements like religion, language, geographical land. That does not mean they are racist, but also they pursue the current situation in other countries like

Syria, Egypt, Tunisia ... where Arab spring emerged three years ago through using different tools of social media such as TV, newspapers, and internet. May be you can notice this big love to Algeria during football matches of our national team, everybody hangs a flag in his flat to show the support and during the match you find the streets empty because everybody is busy by watching the match in the house in front of TV or in the streets and others prefer to be in the stadium even if the match is playing outside of Algeria. Recently, the culture of voluntary work among Algerian youth is widely spreaded, you find new emerged groups of volunteers who give importance to nature protection, helping the poor people and orphans and blood donation. They call themselves "People for Goodness" composed of students and workers, their main tasks are cleaning streets and neighborhoods, planting trees, also hold sensitized days about different issues. During religious events like Ramadane and Eids, they collect aid and money to buy food and clothes for poor families. For cold winters in suburbs where there are no gas and sometimes electricity, "People for Goodness" buy stoves and blankets and others needs in order to warm and light their houses. Volunteers do not work only at this level, also they start contributing positively in society through NGOs work by creating groups and associations in order to promote the mutual understanding and communication. They came from different backgrounds and gather themselves according to their common concerns and objectives. Their activities showed through events, conferences and workshops addressed to other youth." – Saada Berdjouh

Christopher Allen Brewer has been friends with Lilian for many years. They seem to have a special bond in a strange way, past life perhaps. June was **Gay Pride Month**. **There were festivities all around the world.... no not really. Only in the countries in which is was allowed.**

Here is what Christopher posted

Proud of yourself?

If I were to be put into a Nazi Concentration Camp 80 years ago, the triangular badge I would have been forced to wear would have been pink in color. As you know, the Jews wore a yellow one which was made into a 6-pointed star. These were badges of shame. I would have been considered a sexual deviant simply due to my attraction to my husband James. If I lived in Yemen, I would be stoned to death. Same thing in Mauritania and Saudi Arabia. In Iran I would be sentenced to death. Same thing for Nigeria, Qatar Afghanistan, Somalia and Sudan. I've also scratched Russia off my to-go list.

It may be pride month, but the world has little to be proud of when it comes to LGBT rights.

Were I living in America in the 50's and 60's, I would have been faced with an anti-gay legal system, which allowed others to openly discriminate on the basis of sexual orientation. Of course, I wouldn't have had it as bad as the abuse others of this period

suffered simply because they were black. Still, much violence was committed against gays and lesbians during this largely forgotten period where most attackers faced no legal consequences. Homosexual conversion therapy also began at this time, which included shock therapy and all manner of experimentation.

One evening, at the very end of the 60's, a police raid occurred at the Stonewall Inn in Manhattan. Clubs which were suspected of catering to gays and lesbians were routinely raided back then. They had no place to go. That night, however, they had had enough. They fought back. Officers quickly lost control of the situation as the crowd grew and held their own. Protests were staged in the days and nights that followed. Residents of Greenwich Village organized activist groups and concentrated efforts on establishing places for gays and lesbians to be open about their sexual orientation without fear of being arrested.

By the next year in Chicago, the first official pride parade marched to continue the resistance that began at Stonewall. Many saw this as their liberation day and began using the pink triangles to raise awareness of the intolerance, bigotry and religious persecution they faced.

Eight years later, and five years after I was born, an artist named Gilbert Baker created a rainbow flag to symbolize the diversity of the gay community. Thirteen years after that, when I came out during my senior year of high school in 1991, there were still only a smattering of movies and made-for-TV specials depicting our struggle. There was no Logo or Will & Grace. There was one gay bookstore I had to take a bus downtown to get to, and I was often harassed getting there or leaving from there.

When I came out, my mother assured me that I would receive help. She would thereafter hang up on any guys who called for me, instructing my sister to do the same. I would have to sneak out my window to meet my friend parked down the street. There was one all-ages club we could go to. And thanks to Amendment 2, if I ever met a potential husband, I wouldn't be allowed to legally marry him.

But by 2004, I met him. Two years later, we went ahead and married anyway. Finally, in 2014, the world caught up with us and by 2015 our union was legally recognized. There was still some resistance, some people still attempting to impose their religious views on us, convinced we had some gay agenda, but we continue to resist. My only agenda, our only agenda, were the same freedoms available to anyone else in our country.

When I was a kid, I thought that in a year like 2017, we would have flying cars and colonies on other planets for sure. My dad often had Star Trek playing in the background during this period and I would hear about "infinite diversity in infinite combinations". Surely by the millennium, acceptance of such diversity would be commonplace. I always had an attraction to men but was forced to keep it hidden. I never knew why I was the way I was, but I stayed a good little Christian boy, going to Sunday school, bible camp and youth groups, even bible studies to earn my own bible, even though this book

allegedly stated that my kind were an abomination in the eyes of the Lord.

The world did move forward, mostly technologically, but I still didn't get the hover cars and teleportation devices I thought I'd have. What's more, people were still squabbling about who was allowed to sleep with who. Some people moved forward. Some people moved backward. I've worn pink triangle and rainbow accessories. I have been to several parades and protests. Although I don't believe those symbols completely define me, I am grateful for the progression I have witnessed in our country.

Some people believe homosexuality is caused by some cord connecting the hemispheres of the brain. Some believe it's caused by a domineering mother and absent father. Some believe the mother passes it down to her child when the family has grown too large. Some who believe that we have reincarnated through several lifetimes as both male and female will sometimes reincarnate into bodies where we embrace both spirits. Every ancient culture has a word for homosexuality and for the most part they were valued just as much as anyone else. Homosexual behavior is found throughout nature. And yet "gay" is still used to describe something in a derogatory manner.

Regardless, I stopped caring about the cause a long time ago. Homosexuality is the least interesting thing about me. I could care less if a witch passed a wand over me in my sleep. I am someone who chooses to embrace mystery. And I stopped caring what others thought a long time ago, knowing that if I wanted to live a rich, authentic life, I had to live in a genuine manner. When my father was in Vietnam, he had a gay bunkmate. A gay soldier who fought for his country and died believing he would only ever hold value as a soldier. I don't think of myself as having less value than others. I don't consider myself a minority. I don't live a life of limitation. My father never cared. He wasn't indifferent, he just understood.

As my father was dying of cancer last year, my husband and I drove an hour and a half to see him every weekend. My husband worked a night shift and was supposed to be sleeping during the day, but always went without sleep so he could spend time with my father. He also called him "dad". There were many times when my dad did not want us to leave. He was always happy to see us, always expected us, always visited with us. Up until the end, he waited for us and interacted with us and saluted us when he could no longer speak. He loved us no matter what. He truly understood, "infinite diversity in infinite combinations".

So it's pride month. Every June, during the same period when the Stonewall Riots occurred. My husband and I never went out to clubs or bars. We were involved in the gay community as much as we could be when we first met. Now, during pride month, we just do our own thing. We might watch MILK or Longtime Companion or Priscilla or And The Band Played On. We might not give a damn if we're seen holding hands in public. I work out and James was a bodybuilder with a black belt when I met him. We can hold our own.

People complain about parades and trivialize rainbow symbols because they do not comprehend the blood, sweat and tears it took the gay community to get where it is. Those who complain forget that the freedoms they have, they always had, able to marry and display public affection without fear of harassment. It seems utterly ridiculous that James and I could still be hung or decapitated if caught displaying public affection in certain countries. It seems crazy that people we've never met, and some who we have, would think us an abomination.

For us, homosexuality was not a choice or something someone could seduce upon us. It's simply what and who we are. In our time we have seen the gruesome deaths of people like Matt Sheppard and Brandon Teena, people who weren't even displaying pink triangles or rainbow flags when they were killed. As such, we never trivialize those symbols, because a lot of people had to die so that they could come about. We see the marches and reflect on the photos we've seen from the Stonewall Riots. We didn't know these people, but they made us cry to see how they struggled and fought and died simply for the freedom to be able to love who they wanted.



This is a very special time in history and the next time you see a rainbow flag, pink triangle or pride parade going by, remember that you know someone involved in this march against oppression, someone who still has to fight. And be grateful for your freedoms.

Christopher Allen Brewer, June, 2017

Lilian was honored to have been allowed to air the ceremony of their wedding on her show in 2006.

On the second Sunday in June Lilian's alarms went off for quiet a while. She finally opened the door and greeted two men and a boy. They were friends from Ft. Defiance AZ. They came in and they said they came to check on her since it had been such a long

time since she had visited. They said they brought their new son to meet her and pointed to a Cradle Board which hangs on her book case. They told the boy it was the same cradle-board which carried his mother. They had send it home with Lilian when her Grandson Sirius was born 20 years earlier. Until that time it held 6 Generations if the Roanhorse Family. The excitement of her Navajo Visitors woke her up and she offered to fix food for the travelers. They said they were unable to stay because they had to be at work on Tuesday. They just wanted to come and check on her. They stayed 20 minutes, gave her a hug and left. This is the second time they did that only the time before they stayed 2 hours and had time for dinner.

According to Google map:

There are **1,056.30** miles from **Fort Defiance** to **Olympia** in northwest direction and **1,527.14** miles (2,457.69 kilometers) by car, following the I-40 route.

Fort Defiance and Olympia are **21 hours 34 mins** far apart, if you drive non-stop.

This is the fastest [route from Fort Defiance, AZ to Olympia, WA](#). The halfway point is Austin, NV.

Please note the **time difference** between Fort Defiance, AZ and Olympia, WA is **1 hour**.

Gas Cost according to Google calulation is \$ 101-197 ONE WAY!

Guess I have gossiped enough, time to take my nap and dream about my Sweetheart. The Humming Birds are sharing my water, they are bragging how well they are liked because of their pretty appearence and always welcome everywhere, This may be true. Case and point.

Several times a month Lilian goes to a local smoke-shop to buy her goods. She has done so for 5 years. The owner is pleasant and courious. The Lady on the other hand is ALWAYS rude with an superior attitude. In front of the place sit street musicians almost always and there is a sign on the door: NO PUBLIC BATHROOMS.

Each time Lilian encounters the lady she decides never to go there again, however with her meager budget she thinks about saving \$10 because the same product is so much cheaperat this establishment. Of course she forgets about it till the next time she goes there and gets the same treatment. The other day while on her way to film her show at TV Media she stopped in the little store. She was dressed for the show, wore makeup and one of those pretty wigs I was talking about. The lady was there and fell all over herself waiting on Lilian, even though she was the same person. The bill was \$10.84. She gave the lady a ten dollar bill and fumbled for her coin purse for the 84 cent. The Lady insisted, the 10 was fine and to keep the change. Lilian was startled, thanked the Lady and held her tongue. Those of you who know her know what she mumbled on her way out and that she DID.

Like they say: Love and Light

MR.McKrekor



Cross country trip to visit friends, including Canyon DeChelle

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HFRQntau69I&list=PLU7REmKUBGutJdRjechxyvJifluIIOkiy)

[v=HFRQntau69I&list=PLU7REmKUBGutJdRjechxyvJifluIIOkiy](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HFRQntau69I&list=PLU7REmKUBGutJdRjechxyvJifluIIOkiy)

Christopher Allen Brewer/The SpiritChasers

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=btU_FUvTRFE