

## June 2005

For the first time since 1992 I actually have a little "down time." Easier said than done! The book: Remembering your future, is done, the TV Station is down for two weeks due to conversion to a new system, my newest grandson made it into the world last week, the grass is almost cut and the house partially clean. What else could a person ask for other than maybe for the price of blueberries to remain the same. Two hours have passed, how enjoyable, now what am I going to do with myself?

I feel like a cross between an octopus and a Geoduck. An octopus with many arms and feelers, little suction cups that enable me to get a grip on things, fairly good size, clear vision so I can see what is going on around me!

The Geoduck part of me is strong, confident, knows it has shelter built right in as long as I don't stick my head out too long and step on it, that could get ugly!

I had some real challenges these past two weeks. Somehow I manage to get everything done. The book was completed, but at last check 32 pages had disappeared in cyberspace, I was in tears. Friends insisted I had no problem since I had a hard copy. I was frustrated because as I continued to explain All Hardcopies were lost, I only had a printed version, "they" ..... there was only "them" and me..... wanted to convince me I had no problem. Eventually I found out accidentally that a hard copy is not hard at all, in fact it is a limp piece of paper. I am looking for hard, only to find out it have limp, so I am grateful I got that straight and wonder what else there is that I am confused about.

Some of the visitors of the web site pointed out to me that the web site lacks the excitement it use to have. They want UFO landings and Crop Circles. Here is the problem: I can only tell you about UFO sightings when they occur, Crop Circle season has not arrived, I am not sure if any earthly creature can make them for us, so we have to wait, in the mean time there are the Links and Archives on the page that will take you to wonderful places.

Solar flares and earthquakes change every day, some of us have made a game out of trying to figure out where the next one will occur, just as you think you have it predicted there is one in Hotchkiss, Colorado almost on top of a 14,000-foot high mountain and another in Oklahoma, two of the most unlikely places on the planet. Instead of spending time at a Sports Bar we could actually take bets on earthquakes. That would be fun and properly illegal. SKIP THAT THOUGHT!

A Docudrama with 4 different endings could become another past time.

The story is taken from the daily news and from various sources to keep us informed.

Ending #1: We turn off the news and refuse to acknowledge what is going on in the world.

Ending #2: We buy into the drama and stay upset and in fear.

Ending #3: We go to our all knowing, inside space that is in charge of our ability to transport us into a different space, an in-between space or wherever we go to soothe ourselves.

Ending # 4: We can attempt to combine all of the above since that is how the movie ends on the screen. In which case we are not responsible for the outcome, are ready, prepared and not surprised when our friends try to cheat and blur out the ending, even after we asked them not to.

I aired a show called Dachau. My niece went to the concentration camp to film it for us and we shared the what is now a memorial and museum. The storyline was not about the camp per se, it was about the cruelty of men, liberation and how easy history could repeat, that is what it does, repeat. It was about the fact that no one should be in a position to have to be liberated and no one is there to come to ones aid. Four month after the show aired, a woman called to share with me

she had just watched Dr. Zhivago, an old movie. She stated that it was then she understood what I was trying to say. Sometimes we do not know how things unfold and what the outcome is.

While writing I rarely cooked, I grab what ever was available and closest to where I was standing. For 4 days that turned out to be a big bag of spinach I bought at Costco. About the 5th day I washed it, put it in the pot, added garlic, pepper and butter, just like always. Just as I was opening the door to the stove I heard this voice in my head say: " there is a snail in your spinach." I sat the pot back on the sink and examined the spinach..... there was the snail looking right at me.....

We have a new restaurant in town, it is an all-you-can-eat Chinese buffet. Some of the friends were excited that we no longer have to drive into the neighboring town for a buffet. Some friends said they did not like the food, they said it was different. Truth of the matter is the food in most all of our Chinese food restaurants have a Korean or Vietnamese flavor to it. When they first opened people were very judgmental toward citizens from those countries, so everything was called Chinese Food. Our restaurant IS, the food is Cantonese, only people forgot what that tastes like.

Imagine a string secured from one side of a room to the other. Imagine that is a timeline. Close your eyes and imagine to hear music. With music one can insert you to any place on the "String Time Line." Three notes is all it takes for me to transport you, your subconscious will recognize the song and before the Lyrics start it is possible for you to find yourself in the setting in which you first heard the song, danced to it and remember the person/persons you were with when you did. If by the time you hear the 3 notes you move your feet and start dancing you will momentarily forget that you are much older, your feet hurt and, WOW, your thought of recognition; you were in what ever time frame the music transported you to.

It makes you think about the good old days when people were ethical.

When your word was your bond.

When not everything had to be in writing, including your love life and one would not threaten to sue you on Judge Judy or Joe Brown just because there was a little disagreement.

It makes you think about little towns in Montana where there are no traffic lights because everyone knows how to conduct themselves and the neighbors duke things out.

It reminds you when there was freedom of speech, freedom of the press and not any amount of money could change the fact that you either liked or disliked a person.

Threats or money could not change your principles to the point that you could be so maneuvered that your thoughts were not your own.

I wrote you a No-News letter in which I asked for help to once more, probably for the last time, make that long trip across country to visit and share thoughts with the people of rural America so I can report what you say and bring back story otherwise overlooked.

I have a newsflash: The world is NOT hunky-dory.

I can be a Goeduck with the shell with me, buried in the sand waiting for the fisherman to dig me up, make fun of me because of my appearance.

I can be the octopus, keep my eyes open and latch on when needed and let go when needed.

Universe has functioned in a certain way billions of years. Ever so often things change on the planet Earth on which I live at the moment. Natural changes occur, political changes occur. Native Americans talk about different worlds that are layered. Empires come and go, only to be replaced with another peoples only to start the circle again.

More than 300 guests appeared on my show over a 6-year period. They came independently of one another, from all walks of life, some scientific geniuses, some of the most spiritual people on

the planet came, presidential candidates, mentally ill and yes, even ex-felons. Without them realizing it they all had a piece of the same puzzle.

Whether we are 3-dimensional or spiritual, we are all facing the same eventuality. We are experiencing what it is like to be human. We can find balance and be informed at the same time.

In my opinion we can be assertive and strive for survival at the same time.

We can combine spirituality with science and everyday living.

That is why the website is the way it is. To keep us informed, good bad, or ugly. To provoke thought, help us find solutions and to trust. If Universe can make me aware that there is a snail in my spinach, I look and there it is, I have all the confidence in the world that everything is in the natural order of things. We have the choice to play out our docudrama the way we want; we can choose to eat Chinese or Mexican for that matter. We can turn hard copies into stone tablets and quit confusing people as the texture of the writings.

I am not sure if I like doing nothing.....

Love and Light

Lilian

[Puget Sound Shorelines: Species - Geoduck](#)