

May Newsletter

April certainly lived up to it's name. Actually that is not all together true, since I was unable to find the word "paradox" anywhere. Guess I should reword this and say April lived up to it's expectations. It went from one extreme to the next with the speed of an '69 Camaro, from 0 mph to 80 mph in 5 seconds.

I had bragged about the early Spring in my home State of Washington while the rest of the land was buried in snow. Just to remind me how mean that was it got cold and wintery over night and turned the pretty pink blooms on the trees, lining the Boulevards, to a very strange looking brown.

As I reported in the January newsletter on Dec. 27th 2009, my oldest grandson was the victim of a armed home invasion. He was moderately injured physically. He was struck in the head with a shotgun and kicked in the lower torso, which made his kidneys rather vulnerable. He was very traumatized, barely escaping death.

<http://www.theolympian.com/topstories/story/1084629.html>

<http://www.king5.com/news/local/Ft-Lewis-Soldier-2-others-arrested-after-home-invasion-80226722.html>

The trial was supposed to start in March, it was postponed to April. As a family we had decided to attend the trial and support my grandson, which had a rather hard time testifying and having to relive the whole incident. Parallel with the trial my granddaughter was at the hospital having a very hard time giving birth to my first Great grand son, a rather stubborn young fella , which had decided to take 4 days to be born, his arrival came on Good Friday. Because of the overlapping events we took turns attending one or the other event.

In the mid 90's I attended the Freedom School Of Law in order to be able to do several interviews on legal issues for a series of shows produced that year. It gave me enough knowledge of legal terminology and understanding of trial procedures, which enabled me to teach classes on Jury Duty for FIGA (Fully Informed Jury Association). I skipped Voir Dire (Jury Selection) but sat in when the Judge instructed the Lawyers as how to proceed, what to admit into evidence and as to how he expected their conduct to appear.

During lunch I sat in my car and thought about how idiotic it was to set bail for a man having killed a dog at \$500,000 and armed robbers/kidnappers were only required to post \$45,000 and \$75,000. The soldier was in jail, he was unable to raise bail and the other two were walking the streets. Not knowing who I was one asked me for a cigarette and a light and chatted about an plastic owl on top of the roof on the courthouse, the other told about what a good example he was for children, since he worked for DSHS.

Being familiar with procedure, I paid close attention to the judge and his instructions to the jury. I thought it was unfair to the defendants to try all three at the same time, since their background and motives were so totally different, especially since one of the 4 charges was kidnap. The soldier had just returned from Iraq and still in combat mode, the other just a little street hoodlum wanting to fit in and then, there was the man from DSHS , a person with several priors, equally violent, which had been able to secure the absolutely most brilliant lawyer I have ever seen in action. The kidnap charge was explained as follows: When a person forces or moves another person to a different location...regardless of the distance, if only a few feet..... against their will, it is kidnap in the State of Washington. And there was robbery with a deadly weapon, robbery with the intend to kill and one more charge slightly changed in wording, it was armed robbery, never the less

Because of the instructions of the jury... they were repeated for the jury... 2 guilty verdicts were secured and the 3rd man with the ruthless lawyer ended with a mistrial. He will be retried with a different lawyer in a few months, till then he is out on bail.

A neighbor installed a fence and a rabbit was caught in between the spokes. Poor thing was hanging there dead. The front paws were off the ground and his hips were too broad to fit through the hole. I felt bad I had not heard his cries for help. A friend familiar with raising rabbits educated me to the fact that more likely he died of a heart attack when he realized he was not going to be able to free himself.

A friend had referred my name to an agency, which like, Habitat for Humanity, made repairs to people-in-need homes. Out of 34 applications I was selected to receive a new wheelchair ramp, my old one was life-threateningly bad and too narrow for me to get my Scooter around the corner to leave my house on the Amigo.

Needless to say I was excited and grateful beyond belief. I offered to film the one day event and share my miracle with the viewers.

15 people arrived on a Saturday morning and after detailed instructions dismantled the old ramp and build a new one. My backdoor was jammed for a while, the wet weather had swollen the wood, the front door was locked securely so I would not accidentally walk out into thin air. I filmed out of a little window in the door.

In the front yard stands a butterfly bush, as tall as a small tree. Due to my illness during the winter the only thing I managed to maintain was the upkeep on the butterfly bush. We had planted it in memory of my mother after I lost my house in the 2001 Nisqually Earthquake. My family is spread out over several countries, so my sister, my niece and nephew had decided to have butterfly bushes so in Unison we could share in phone conversations and just the only thing we had in common, regardless where in the world we lived. We call one another when the first bumble bees, hummingbirds or eventually the butterflies arrived and share stories about one another and times we had with my mother.

Some of the Volunteers had decided not only to build a wheelchair ramp, but to also make other repairs, plant a garden, stack some of my wood, caulk some windows and yes, CUT MY BUTTERFLY BUSH down to what is barely a nub. Because I was filming I missed the event and was unable to save the bush. I am so grateful for all the help and the wonderful gift of a new ramp and at the same time I am so traumatized that I am ill. I have written about my bout with MPD <http://www.highstrangeness.tv/articles/IHearHoofs.php> and I was in

serious trouble within myself.

I remember an episode of Extreme Home Makeover, where in order to honor a Navajo Soldier, which had died in Iraq the show had build a new house for the family along with a new Counseling Center on the Navajo Reservation. The Elders had explained how the wood needed to be blessed in ceremony and it was quite an ordeal to overcome the cultural differences in the decision making process. They must have worked it out somehow and the project was completed. HOWEVER, at the end when the family returned a room had been built in the house as a shrine for the Lady soldier. Her boots, Uniform and personal belongings adorned the wall. I remember thinking at that time how the people were going to handle that. In Navajo tradition, no one speaks of the deceased, no one EVER lives in their Hogan and all personal belongings of the dead person is discarded, mostly burned. The trauma seeing all these things in that room must have been overwhelming.

A friend belongs to a Clutter Club. The end result wanting to be achieved is to...through therapy... learn how to get rid of clutter and things not needed, yet accumulated. A few days ago I shared an event, which happened to me, with my friend from the Clutter Club.

I had stepped into my library and because of my present medical affliction felt myself getting ready to faint. I decided to slide...easily... to the floor to keep myself from breaking my bones. I laid between the book case and the trunk/table for a good 25 minutes before I was well enough to crawl back into the living room where the phone was located. I reported to the Clutter Club that all the belongings in the world had no value if what you need is not accessible... in this case the phone.

I also related that it is much easier for us to make our own decisions as to what we deem important, rather than someone else...without permission ... decides what is important or not.

When we " HELP" people it is utmost important to ask permission to make changes, especially when dealing with disabled, elderly or people with PTSD, now matter how well meaning we are... we can damage a person greatly.

A new Law was passed in Arizona. It is now mandatory for Law Enforcement to stop persons which appear to be illegal immigrants. It is assumed the illegals to be Mexican nationals. In the predictions for 2009 I said Native Americans would encounter major problems, than added ALL immigrants would be affected. 4 months in Psychic time is a direct hit, so I am assuming this is what I perceived. When one considers the make up of the residents of Arizona... Navajo, Zuni, Apache, just to name a few, many of which have to travel to Phoenix to receive medical care. I guess you get the picture.

On the back of the Resident Alien cards issued by Homeland Security it states: THIS CARD CAN BE REVOKED AT ANY TIME BY HOMELAND SECURITY.

I am a frequent visitor to Arizona and remember well driving almost all day without encountering another person. The Navajo Reservation alone is the size of Vermont. Navajo is a sovereign Nation. Suppose a person is stopped with a valid proof of citizenship or legal status. Suppose the ID is confiscated by an officer having a bad day. You will be jailed for some time, since you cannot prove your position. Put yourself in the place of the Officers being put into situations like this. Consider the ethnic makeup of the State of Arizona!

In the 70's where I now reside, we had similar problems. The town was not used to people of color. Many times cars were stopped, sometimes for speeding and/or legitimate reasons, only for the Officers to find out the students they stopped were holders of diplomatic visas and attended schools in the area. There was no recourse and more ofthen than not the Officers became frustrated. The way we worked around that was the locals bought personal licence plates, so the officers knew who we were. PLEASE NOTE: This was in the last century.

What does an illegal person look like? There are no illegal humans on the planet.... as far as we are being told.

When I sign the release form for the work being done on my property it stated: The general plan for the repairs and improvements have been explained to me and I give permission to ***** and its volunteers full authority to determine the extent and type of repairs and improvements to be performed EVEN IF they should fail to notify me of any changes from the original plan.

In a way this whole experience with the mutilated bush is more of a metaphor than we realize. When we voted to have changes made to our Country, we sign that contract. Change is hard and traumatic. My 8 year old bush the Lady culprit insisted..... would grow back. Do I believe her? Not at the moment, I am grieving the loss of a familiar friend. Given the fact is was the ONLY plant I had managed to keep flourishing, since I do not have a green thumb and can send a plant to it's demise by just looking at it. Will it grow better and taller? Not in my life time.

Our Country is like that at the moment. Just like the jury in the kidnap/robbery case could only rule according to the judges instructions, so it is with the recovery of our Country. At the same token many insist on their "BUSH", except that is not possible. We have to nurture and flourish that which is new. Teabags on hats and negativity, hatred and bias will only delay they process of healing. If we are not careful we will also be Rabbit with our butt stuck in the fence.

Love & Light

Lilian