

Lilian's November Newsletter

Ever wonder who names things and determines what to call things in a way in which it survives the ages?

Take a Bird Bath for instance, what is a bird bath? Could be a multitude of different objects, places or things. I want to talk about my Bird Bath. It is my home. It stands about 3 feet next to a Butterfly Bush.

It has just enough shade and warmth for me to flourish. I have a good view of the giant Pine tree, which somehow intertwines with a young Birch Tree. I can see the hammock hanging between them, the garden swing in front of it and the table and chairs just a little distance away, providing I get close to the edge and position myself just right.... and avoid my siblings, which are not really interested in things other than eating and swimming. I also have to be careful of the Bluejays, which actually stick their head in from time to time, not sure if they are wetting their beak and feathers, or are really trying to eat me. My fellow pollywogs have informed me that this birdbath was really not the smartest place for our mother to have deposited us. This might be so, but I like it.

In week 7 of my occupancy in my birdbath I attached myself to the little nob, what I think is a handle of some kind, and watched three women sit at the table, sipping lemonade and coffee and talking about the events of their human existence. The one in the blue dress was talking about the times she went to visit an inmate in a prison.

The prison was under the ground. What appeared to be a watchtower, or a building like structure resembling a watchtower was the only indication of anything even being a ways away from the little town in the desert. She related how hard, no terrifying it was to walk into this "Tower" like building, entering an elevator and continue down into the Earth, not knowing what was ahead. Under the ground is a whole community of people living, without any of the people on the surface of the Earth even giving it a second thought that we, in America, bury people under the ground. Criminals or not, that is just draconian, wrong. As if the trip downward is not bad enough for staff and visitors to have to repeat this day after day it is even worse and troubling, because now you know what is about to happen.

The woman with the multicolored blouse took a drag of her cigarette, leaned back a little and commented, she thought it was still better than having been buried alive like the Miners in Chile. The BLUEDRESS woman, agreed but thought that people never think about anyone living under ground, prisons are luxury compared to the miners, yet, in case of emergency, an earthquake or any other unlikely circumstance people are buried in the belly of the Earth.

The third woman, she had on a tank-top and curly hair fastened with a bow on top of her head added the following: She had stayed up all night in order to watch the rescue of the 33 miners in Chile. From the first time the rocket-looking basket with the first rescue worker disappeared when lowered into the shaft till he emerged in the cave-like looking safe room, was dramatic. The courage of the man to be willing to be lowered into the unknown like this. What must his thoughts have been.... For 26 hours the world was united in watching the rescue.\

The Multicolored Blouse woman brought up at good point. The President and First Lady of Chile stood there all the time this was taking place, The First Lady left for a while to take a nap, but returned shortly. An ongoing dispute between the president of Chile and President of Bolivia was put aside and everyone was the same. Trying to free their citizens. Not a fly over, a quick visit with wall to wall guards, just 2 men, wanting to share the grief or triumph of a people.

Tanktop woman thought she was very proud of mankind for having united like that.

Bluedress Lady explained how combined energy can dictate the mood of Earth inhabitants, in this case, excitement, compassion, pride and celebration. The fact that the world was united showed it could be done. Same holds true with anger, disappointment, anxiety and frustration, it can effect people in the opposite direction just as profound. There are people always dissatisfied. Fearful people, duplicate this by a million and again we have havoc in the planet.

Some people were glad to see all miners and their hero savior safely back on earth, due to the tireless effort of so many people trying to make this a successful experience and in a way it was sad it was over. It taught us so much and unfortunately it was time to get back to our normal, unorganized and stressful behavior.

It must have been about 9 weeks into my tadpole life in the birdbath when again there was a lot of commotion in my reality. A big tow truck came and took away the rolling house, some called it a RV. It was noisy. Not only that it created an empty space next to my house, when the wind whipped up, I was really in danger of falling over the edge of my dwelling, the wind created monstrous waves and some of my siblings actually fell over the edge, never to be seen again. Bluejays circled and made me think that my brothers and sisters had become Bird food.

A male of the human species opened the hood of a red car and disappeared under the hood for a bit, the woman with him was leaning against the car. She looked like a chicken with one of her legs drawn up against what I assumed was her belly. Had to strain a bit in order to overhear the conversation they carried on.

The male talked about how rules are harder to follow as unreasonable behavior was on the rise. A lack of caring about anything. True, we have the freedom to make our own decisions, we are entitled to it.

As our economical situation deteriorates, more and more people are being forced to make changes. The emotional toll it takes on people is as follows. People follow fear mongers and talk-show hosts, believing the end is near. It is that same thing, which keeps them from living.

The female, still standing on one leg interrupts his line of conversation.

Get a grip, why you want to worry all the time? Have a place to live? Have food to eat? Have wood for the winter, gas for your car for the week? Toilet-paper? There is more to life than always trying to outguess life. So many important things going on."

"Like what? "He wants to know. "They are making toilet-paper without a cardboard roll on the inside, that important enough for you?"

OK, did you hear that China sent out an expedition to locate Bigfoot. Contrary to some people, some know there are such ancient and mysterious creatures. Unfortunately people only believe what they can see....unless it is that political crap they are trying to feed us....like we don't know right from wrong.

<http://www.highstrangeness.tv/14518-scientists-to-look-for-chinas-bigfoot.html>

The country is being overrun by bedbugs, and you thought they died out with World War II

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bedbug>

Some people actually think there is truth to tales and myths, therefore they are finally searching for real Unicorns!

<http://www.highstrangeness.tv/14507-rumoured-unicorn-sighting-reported-in-don-valley.html>

The male shakes his head and points out the, what he sees as much greater issues, reminding her of the senseless killing of many by a police force, which has adjusted to the times we live in.

It is understandable how groups of our society become numb for different reasons.

Show rich and poor. What happened to the middle ground?

Multiply one distraught person, mental health issues by many and plain ignorance by others.

The female changes legs to stand on, agrees to a point, in fact she offers to refer him to a report on Indian Country TV, in which a recent case is discussed

http://www.livestream.com/indiancountrytv/video?clipId=pla_b0dcd8aa-5f59-4681-aa95-0b23644db994

Poor guy doesn't stand a chance, she continues with subjects of her liking.

She thinks it is about time that a story, which was first reported on A Visit with a Person of High Strangeness, in 2003, dealing with UFO's preventing the launch of nuclear weapons during the Bay of Pigs time was totally overlooked by people and it is high time someone else was reviving the subject. A news conference took place, carried by

CNN.http://www.disclose.tv/action/viewvideo/56166/Full_Press_Conference_UFOs_disabled_Nukes_27_09_10/

AND, they are ready to send the first Robonaut into space. Robonaut... a robot which helps astronauts with their chores.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Yadj3asTyc0>

Here comes a wind and I better get back into the water, my legs are not fully developed and I am a bit clumsy, don't want to be Bluejay food, I am getting there!

Well, I have been here 12 weeks now, I have my legs and am a frog, time to go, I will miss this place and all the going on's. The things I saw and heard here! It is said there is a shortage of feasible rental space anywhere close to here, guess I will just hop away and find a new place to live.

One last look at the butterfly-bush and the rest of the visitors, an occasional butterfly, bumblebees and wasps, not to forget the birds stopping by.

Finally a new place to live, a distance from the water, safe for the most part, must be some kind of old clay stove. It is open on the top and rain can enter. That will give me some water ever so often, especially when this heat is gone. There is debris in here, don't think anyone will use it for anything other than an ornament, in any event, I can blend in and escape in an emergency.

This chirping is getting pretty irritating, let me see what that is about.

"Hello, Ms. Cricket, how are you?"

"Just hanging out Mr. Frog, meeting the neighbors. See you found a nice place to live.

I sit on this little heap of dirt at times and just think, there is no-one to talk to, no-one has any stories."

"I'll talk to you, kind of quiet here compared to the last place I resided, everyday a new thing. Humans, mostly, a strange bunch, if you ask me."

Tell me about them, I stay out of their way, so tell me a story, Mr. Frog."

"Can you keep a secret? You nodding your head tells me you can, so I guess I will tell you the last big "EVENT" I overheard."

He was the neighbor right next to the old woman. A junkyard type person with a lot of stuff everyone always wanted him to clean up. He also was a VITAMIN freak, always trying to give everyone vitamins.

They talked sometimes in the yard. She knew every back road in the county and sometimes just got in the car and drove, taking pictures at random and she would run into him in the most unlikely places on the side of the road. Last year she again saw him on the side of the road. Thought he had car trouble, he saw her and drove off like crazy.

There were a lot of dead and ill animals in the neighborhood, he was always eager to come to their aid with some remedy he said he had.

He planted trees in the yard, last couple of years when he sprayed them with something, the woman had to go to the ER. She always told him he could kill her with that stuff.

Her cat died suddenly, she, the cat, never went outside and it was a mystery. An autopsy was way too expensive and the cat was buried, a real heartbreak for the old woman.

He blasted a radio at the most odd hours, disturbing the neighbors, except nobody ever complained, except the old woman. She also complained about what she thought was a sewer smell which was reoccurring. The septic tank people come and never found anything.

One year someone had gotten in the woodshed and contaminated all the firewood with weed killer, the wood was no longer usable and had to be destroyed.

Over a period of several years many strange things happened, insignificant by themselves and no-one put the pieces together.

The old woman had a medical procedure, she lost her smell and taste. She had tremors and lost her balance and the use of her limbs at times. Doctors did every imaginable test and continued to turn up nothing, except they thought it was poison.

She spent a lot of time at home, keeping herself busy doing little things in the back of the house, next to the trees.

The old woman fell deadly ill with Chemical Pneumonia a day before he was arrested for child rape in the first degree. It appears he sprayed her house on the way out, he knew they were coming for him. The tree is right next to the window, since she can't smell anything, could be he sprayed small amounts regularly.

He wrote a letter to a friend of his in care of the old woman's house. The girl asked her to read it to her, she lives a ways away. He asked her, the girl, to hide the pesticides and fertilizer for him. They called the police instead. Unfortunately the police was not interested and thought the old woman was just paranoid and afraid the rapist was going to come back and kill her.

It is possible he thought she knew what he was doing to the kids, he might have thought she was following him, always seeing him along side of the roads.

He is 75 and will not get out of jail, no need to press the issue with additional charges.

Her house is cleared as well as they could and she is getting better.

He has not been convicted for the rape and she is talking to an attorney as to what she can disclose publicly.

She thinks she can get better and her treatments will be changed. It still has not been identified what he sprayed. The animals are starting to look better, one could assume he also experimented on animals.

"Wow, what is wrong with humans? Someone should have known about the children. Someone should have figured out there was a problem. Someone should have questioned the loud sound of the radio, which drowned out noises. Someone should have been able to establish a pattern in the behavior of the person, that's what crickets would have done."

The signs were so spread out over many years, one clue never led to another. Only when reconstructing incidents over a period of time, verifying who remembers what, can you get a somewhat picture.

Some humans flourish when they are surrounded by drama and excitement. They thrive on it. And there are some which despise nosiness, mind their own business and abstain from gossip. Seldom you find a balance. You are the only one, besides me and the people involved, which knows the whole story.

Everything that has ever happened is a teaching tool for someone and we learned a lot. Everything is in Universal order, especially if we sign on for it. Some have always served as scouts and canaries.

And frogs.

"Think I need to get back and do something about my aching legs, been rubbing them together since late last night. Don't worry I wont tell your secret."

"I know" said Mr Frog to Ms Cricket, "I know.".... GULP!

Love and Light

Lilian

[Here are the predictions for 2011](#)

<http://blip.tv/file/4068547>