

October Newsletter

I remember a story I was told as a small child. Over a period of time I really wore it out. During the days I went Storytelling in the schools my grandchildren attended, I told it so many times that my kids said: "Please Mother do not tell the hyena story again!" But.... as always I did. Far be it for me not to tell it to you..... So here it is.

A hyena was walking down a road. As he looked towards the edge of the gully he noticed an antelope standing there and evaluating how best to cross the road in order to continue his journey through the bush. The Hyena thought..... AHA! FOOD!.....

As the hyena began his meal he noticed a groundhog on the opposite side of the road. The groundhog was also interested in crossing the road in order to be on his merry way. Again the hyena thought..... AHA! FOOD!.....

As the hyena started to devour the groundhog he became worried about the antelope, the thought that something could come along and steal his antelope concerned him. He ran across the road and checked on the antelope. While he was busy with that task he became concerned about the groundhog, again for the same reason.... just in case someone was plotting to steal his groundhog. And so he ran back and forward protecting his food. Eventually the hyena dropped in his track. The moral of the story is that he starved to death by being busy running back and forward because he was greedy.

What does that have to do with anything? I am not sure at the moment.

I was forced to relocate after the 6.8 Nisqually quake in 2001. I do not like to walk in grass, therefore I bought 12 stepping stones which would enable me to create an easy pass to the front door. As I was laying them...nicely spaced... I discovered there were 13 of them. After checking my receipt I was able to verify that I did buy 12 identical, round stones. I returned to the store to pay for the 13th stone and somehow ended up purchasing another 4. As I positioned them towards the parking area where I would walk the most, it occurred to me that they represented obstacles I needed to overcome. Upon examination of my theory I discovered I had already successfully overcome 14 major hurdles. I was right in my assumption that by having placed the extra stones there ahead of time the next 3 obstacles were rather easy to recognize and overcome.

On September 2nd 2005 I went to the Washeteria to clean the dirty clothes Claudia and I had accumulated on our cross-country trip. Late that night, as I was talking on the telephone, I had a flash of stepping stones. My front door had jammed and I was forced to use the back door. I looked and there they were! Six stepping stones. Three round, four square. They formed a path to my car except they were not perfectly spaced like the ones in the front. Furthermore, I had NO recollection of buying them, putting them into the van or placing them at the back door for that matter. I recalled the prophetic nature of the stones in the front.

Katrina was the first hurdle, Rita the second. It would be safe to assume we have four more major occurrences of some importance to overcome before year's end.

Since this is a newsletter, again, I refer you to Canary 6.8 and the predictions, so next week, when we film the predictions and get a peep at the future, we can pay heed and get a little better prepared for 2006.

I experienced some personal trauma, my coffee pot broke down. For a person that drinks coffee all day and half of the night that was a disaster. I started to throw away the pot and replace it with a new one right then and there. Something stopped me, I decided to take a closer look to see if I

could determine what was causing this MEGA problem. And there it was.... A very small particle of coffee had lodged in the filter system and prevented the flow of the whole operation. It was so small and could have easily been overlooked...there it was! I was excited to discover that the problem was so easy to fix. I brewed a new pot of steaming hot coffee, sat outside on my porch swing to think for a bit. I noticed my butterfly bush had turned colors and the blooms were history. I removed the old blooms to make room for new growth in the future. A thistle had lodged itself around the bush and hindered the growth. I removed it, sat back down on the porch swing and marveled at the fact that with removal of a coffee ground and a shrub my world was good again for the moment. Then I thought about my fellow men from the Golf Coast, the approaching winter; the unselfish actions of some, like Jarrod Gibson, which have already demonstrated to the rest of the planet we are OK and attempted to take care of our backyard.

I am a simple person, a peasant, but even I can see that as in the case of the hyena, greed will annihilate us as a people, if we allow it.
Let's share and LIVE on all levels.

I have my stepping stones.

My coffee pot.

My butterfly bush is free of obstructions, able to serve as a nurturing home for the many hummingbirds, honey bees and butterflies that find refuge on their migration.

Love and Light

Lilian