

Lilian's October 2009 Newsletter

Summer is trying to hang on in the Great Northwest. The leaves are turning into the most beautiful array of colors and ever so often a wind has started to blow, ever so softly, a couple of leaves off the trees. Autumn use to make me sad, it reminded me of dying. I heard a father telling his 2-year old son that summer was going to sleep to make room for new flowers for the spring. The friends in the Southern Hemisphere are beginning spring and I have finally excepted that the only constant in the Universe is CHANGE. Autumn is also a time for reflection and as I had finished the task of recapping 12 years of my TV Show, I decided to go for a drive and revisit some of the local sponsors that I had over the years. Most of them were no longer in business, strangers greeting me at the door.

THE GOOD GUYS were one of my major and longest benefactors, the doors long closed. A new store had opened in their place. A unique neighborhood grocery store: TRADER JOE'S.

<http://www.traderjoes.com/static/index.html>

There were pictures on the, now multi-colored wall, small set ups for vendor booth. It smelled like fresh brewed coffee and addressed every sense in your body. Smells, color, happy voices, isles and isles of "STUFF". Even the cat food smelled good. Almost everything was organic, for a moment I wondered about this new "world" I had stepped into.

According to Webster the word INSIGHT means: mental vision or decernment and perception.

According to Follette by Glucksman INSIGHT means: to look into, understanding and to use your senses.

The music was playing just at the right volume at TRADER JOE'S.

3 women were congregated next to the Bananas...19 cent a piece. They spoke and commented on the fair prize of the organic fruit. I told them that I eat anything, organic or not, since I am sure almost everything is imperfect due to the contamination of almost all food supplies. They looked at me a little puzzled and I explained that when we showed the documentary BAD SEED... the truth about our food:

<http://vids.myspace.com/index.cfm?fuseaction=vids.individual&VideoID=53930958>

at the film festivals, there was always a question and answer period after the viewing. There was always at least one Farmer there to explain that regardless how organic your soil is, the seeds arefor the most part... cross contaminated. The younger woman of the 3 said she had seen on the news that China was now using CHICKEN MANURE to make electricity. We thought that was commendable...smelly maybe ... but commendable. One more use to raise and kill chickens... how sad. The older woman thought it was a wise decision to go smelly GREEN.

I struck up a conversation with a tall man in front of the dairy case, he was looking for buttermilk. He, too, was looking for organic milk. He had trouble bending, he was rather tall, so I offered to get the buttermilk for him. He said he had been in Iraq 3 times, the 3rd tour had really damaged his right side. We looked for and located a couple of chairs and rested a bit. We talked about the purpose for war, the prize we pay for...in hindsight... NOTHING... and how criminal is was to send a soldier to a war zone 3 times. We talked about the difficulty of returning home, people assuming life for the soldier and his family can continue just as nothing had happened in-between, only to find out you have to return to the war zone and start your hell all over. I mentioned the female soldiers, which come to visit me and how damaged their psyche is, how fragile the people really are, even though they thought they were doing the right thing! and fight for the country. He looked at me with empty eyes and said: "YEAH."

A full isle of imported wines, how interesting. A mother is trying to prevent her small child from removing a wine bottle from the bottom shelf and bribes the child with the promise to watch a TV program about strange bedfellows. The news report/story is about animals which befriend each other and travel together, an orangutan and a dog, a hippopotamus and a turtle, a lion and a baby antelope. The child abandons the quest to move the wine bottle and asks: "WHY?" The mother precedes to explain that people could actually get along like that, if they were not...so picky... in their choice of people. She explained that all people are equal and can't seem to get along and even though the animals are different species, they can befriend one another, instead of the lion eating the baby antelope, he cares for it. The child is impressed.

The tempo of the music has changed and I noticed there are many more shoppers present than a few minutes ago. One of the men starts dancing, bumping a lady, she dances with him in the isle. Before long almost every consumer is dancing around one another, with each new beat shopping cards are rolled and used like one would use a broom to dance. People are laughing and helping one another. A boy throws a box of cereal to the woman, which was unable to reach it and just as the vendors throw fish in Seattle at the market, items are passed around, as needed.

A taste test ahead, a Lady with something on a stick is dancing along with it and hands out the treats. She locates a chair, dances toward the chair and sits down, in order to catch her breath. I do the same, this mode of shopping is exciting and tiring. She recognizes me from television and asks if I am there to film a show. No, I am not, just looking around.

She wants to know if I saw Michael Moore and Keith Olbermann discussing Michael Moore's new film: Capitalism...a Love Story. I had. We were both impressed to hear the men talk about how as long as they make money for the stations they serve a purpose and are allowed to stay on the air, even though they both have strong opinions. They both agreed to go fishing the moment people would listen to them and "put them out of business". The Lady thought I must be making someone money with my outlook on life. I told her the reason I had stopped at the store to reminisce about my old sponsor and how hard it was for me to produce shows with zero budget. She laughed and suggested I go fishing, in fact they also sell bait.

http://www.huffingtonpost.com/2009/09/24/michael-moore-keith-olbermann_299366.html

On the wall hang a variety of bags. Cooling bags, shopping bags, wine bottle container bags. They all have the logo on them and I am unable to make a decision which one of the bags I need, if any. A friend sees me and gestures to go outside with her to have a smoke. A great idea, since this is such an unusual shopping experience. The 25-foot-away-from-the-building-while-smoking-rule has not been obeyed by anyone since after a week it went into effect and people got hurt standing in the middle of the street. Benches and ashtrays reappeared and we sit on a concrete bench, enjoying the sunshine and a smoke.

We swap stories and arrive at the subject of the predictions for 2010. They are finished and will air in a few weeks. It was quite an experience this year. The Lady that assisted with the predictions did not have her cards. I broke the seal on a new deck and gave it to her. The prediction show went well, one of the reasons we have to disconnect from the information is, that we are taping 3 months in advance. The Lady pointed out to me that she had read with a defective deck, it had several cards missing and several of the same. After further examination we determined she was right. I was excited when I realized Universe had maneuvered our predictions to such an extent that I am absolutely sure they are ever so accurate. Now we wait and see. They, the predictions, will be posted on the web site early in October.

Cigarettes taste terrible these days. Suppose we all quit smoking... Who will pay the bills?

Society's Child played at one of the Casinos. A young woman with a walker danced with an older man. You could see the pride in the man's face as the young woman maneuvered her walker with the

rhythm. Her left arm was in a cast and no matter how hard she struggled, she enjoyed several dances with the older man.

I ran into them in the hallway. Turned out the young woman was recovering from a very complicated head injury, her Mother told me. The man was her father and he was so pleased with his little girl to show determination, confidence and endurance. She made her circumstances work for her, not against her. She gave us the biggest smile when we gave her a standing ovation.

It was a beautiful day at Tumwater Falls. 2 girls in evening gowns accompanied by a young man in a tux, armed with a camera, just taking pictures. I ask what the celebration was. The girl in the pretty green gown said it was her prom. She was unable to go to her prom with the rest of the students, so she was celebrating her prom that day.

My friend buys us a cup of organic coffee and we smoke another cigarette...generic rather than organic.

The shoppers are still dancing as they push their carts, I am looking for canned black cherries. Not it stock a very friendly store clerk calls out to me, as she twirls by with an arm full of dishtowels. Maybe next time, I buy white asparagus from Peru instead.

The bill is less than I expected, the checker wishes me a great day and offers to help with take out.

I belong to social sites. Lately I have gotten chain letter type embedded comments from some of the "friends." I explain that I have neither the time nor the desire to forward anything and to please refrain from posting it. The process is repeated. It happens a 3rd time and I take my cursor, click on the X on the left side of their face and they are deleted, never to enter my reality again. It teaches me to make decisions as to the friends and associates I am allowing to enter my reality and space. There are neither confrontations nor opposition involved, it feels good to be in total charge of my environment.

If we can trust a "defective" deck of cards to help us to deceive 2010, a young woman with a head injury can dance and put a smile on her father's face, a girl celebrate her prom at the waterfalls in late September and TRADER JOE'S make shopping a wonderful afternoon out doing our shopping....TRADER JOE's takes coupons! There is nothing to complain about.
TAKE NOTE: Life is good!

Love and Light
Lilian

P.S. enjoy the Mt. St Helens show

[Memories 2009](#)

[<< Back](#)