

## September Newsletter

A beautiful summer day, in fact it might be one of the last ones for the year. I want to take in all of the beauty of the moment. Many FOR RENT signs, the famous Olympia Brewery is still dormant, windows broken, an eerie still about the place as I look at it in passing. Fruit and lemonade stands on the side of the road, somewhat unusual, I had not seen any of them prior, except for the day of the parade a few weeks earlier. It is a little hazy due to the many forest fires in the mountains, even so, one can see Puget Sound from a distance, water, mountains and sky all appear to have the same shade of gray. The first signs: SAND IN THE CITY. Artists come from all over and line the street by the docks with the most elaborate sandcastles/sculptures one can imagine. Fairytales, science, current issue subjects, somehow they have appeared in form of sand sculptures. I have come here to film them in order to have the belly dancers I filmed last week dance in the sandcastles in the closing shot for the end of the year show. NBC is here filming a clip for the Evening News, we chat for a moment and marvel at the details of the creations we are filming. A beautiful day, so I sit by the waterfront to enjoy the last heat of the year and admire the Marina with all of the many boats, which have somehow congregated here instead of the open water.

The breeze off the water caresses my face, in my mind I see a young woman I knew in the mid-70's. Her name is September, she was the bartender at the Fireside Inn. I used to stop in at her bar, before the kids came home from school. I'd sit at the bar with a cognac while she was preparing for the crowd to come for the evening. I'd light the fireplace for her, actually it was a pit-type structure where people sat around and socialized, a rather relaxing set up.

September and I sorted out rumors and speculated on the behavior of men and the rest of human kind. Strange to think about September, what would we have talked about this fine afternoon?

It has been 2 years since DR. John Mack left us. This week we are re-airing his memorial/tribute show to remind people of his greatness and honor; thank him for the work he did, by doing so left priceless information and research for us for future use. He would have appreciated a couple of experiences my granddaughter and I had over a 2-week period.

On our way home one Saturday night, just as we approached the last half-mile before turning onto our street, what appeared to be a flying car came out of nowhere. It was the size of a Hummer, the length of a Van, it made no sound. We did not see it approach, nor was it visible in the rearview mirror, even though it had bright lights at least half way around rather than headlights. No time to react since it all happened so suddenly and the experience was over in about 10 seconds.

On August 15th we decided to go to the store about 10 PM. While getting in the car we noticed what appeared to be an airplane spinning in a circular motion while it kept flying in a straight line. We commented on it. As we reached the outskirts of the Airport less than a half of mile away, there was a fog and a flash about roughly 400 feet wide. It was like Steven Spielberg's scene from the TV Series TAKEN. As we cried out in surprise a man appeared in front of the car, I barely avoided hitting him. As we continued on our journey we took notice of our surroundings, still trying to sort out what had just happened. The Airport was in total darkness, no approaching airplanes, just an eerie quiet. On our way back, about 40 minutes later, we saw the same man. He gave all the appearance of a homeless person by dress and unhurried demeanor. He was walking along the fence of a Car Lot, which has 2 Rottweiler serving as guard dogs. If one has to stop at the traffic light in front of the place, the dogs will try to bite your car, in this case the dogs did NOT react to the man walking next to their domain.

A couple of days later I had to seek medical help because the 40+ staples in my lower abdomen were on the move causing me great pain. At the time I thought this may have been caused by a fluctuation in the magnetic field of the Earth OR the events themselves. I cried out in pain at the local post office only to learn there were 2 women with similar problems. One had staple problems 8 years after a cesarean, the other, staples separating after heart surgery to the point they were coming out of her skin and had to be filed down on occasions. The question becomes if there is in FACT a change in the magnetic field to affect surgical sutures? Is it just sloppy work by surgeons? OR is it that when these clamps were used no one knew how they affect us, if at all, long term. It would be interesting to know just how many of us have this most unpleasant affliction to date.

CAESE FIRE means to stop shooting.  
Give up arms means SURRENDER.

A viewer called telling me about the investigation lounded against STATE FARM in reference to handling claims after Katrina. It was suggested for me to join the Class Action Lawsuit, that will no doubt follow. In my case it was the Nisqually Quake of 2001, which set me an odds with State Farm. The article CANARY 6.8 below this newsletter tells the tale of my experience as what I called being an Insurance Baby. Apropos Insurance..... The CROPPER was vandalized sometimes during the winter. Someone managed to get into it and opened the windows. As a result there was massive water damage. I filed a claim and was notified there was no coverage on said vehicle.... a 77 Dodge Motor Home. Instead coverage is on a 85 Dodge Motor home with a totally different Vin Number..... I do not have an 85 RV. The Cropper is the RV glorified in the book AND THE MORAL OF THE STORY IS.... which is free for download to the right of the web page. A picture of the CROPPER is on the back page of the cover for those of you wishing to see it. It took me 3 whole weeks to paint the Crop Circles on the siding in 1997, the time of which I did insure it.

The word IDIOTCIES has one definition according to Webster.

Foolish or mentally retarded.

I thought this to be an incorrect, in fact offensive description. In a German-English dictionary by Paul Glucksman/Follette Publishing it defines Idiocias as UTTERLY RIDICULOUS.

I was asked what I thought we should get of our time/life on earth. I thought the most important was to ENJOY the time allowed us. When going out for dinner, enjoy the arrangement of the food, the many wonderful, sometimes strange sensations send to your taste buds, smells and gratification it can present. Most of us know that ALMOST ALL FOOD is contaminated, being unable or unwilling to change that, it makes little sense to count calories, vitamins, pro's and con's of items sitting before you on your plate, especially if you paid an arm and a leg for it.

Many object to lack of privacy and freedom of choice. Oddly enough some of the people objecting the loudest impose restrictions on the people around them and in their work environment. Choices in ones private life should not affect the ability to seek or keep employment. I watched a piece on Discovery channel dealing with the evolution of Humans. It was interesting to note that ALWAYS men observed and adjusted themselves to Nature or the natural circumstances by which they were surrounded. Drought, wind, flood, lack of food supply. They heeded these circumstances, so what if it meant moving 30 miles east/west! It is modern Human, which is totally not flexible and totally arrogant to think the world now evolves around him/her. Bet PLUTO was in shock to learn that in a blink of an eye one's statures changes.

Just as we thought we had conquered social/ racial and ethnic dilemmas in the 60's.... we find ourselves in the same situation at this time. We have managed to undo the blood, sweat and tears of many and caused even larger rifts amongst ourselves. We are taught to hate others without question.

Mosquito is a devise created to irritate the hearing of teenagers, in order for them to disburse. It allows them to spend money at the malls, yet it insures a hasty departure. It was pointed out that kids have managed to use the frequency of Mosquito, created a ring tone for the phone, only to be heard by people in their age group. Good for YOU!...EXCEPT.... What about us, the few who are able to hear beyond, targeted frequency? It would stand to reason it affects many, young and old alike. Targeted sound whether high or low causes some PAIN, ILLNESS and changes in EMOTIONS. Who is to say we are not responsible for creating many situations by this behavior of manipulating others only to find we create what some classify as criminals.

We have a great new store, which sells fun clothes, colorful, reasonable and, repeat, fun. We bought school clothes. The Lady at the checkout was unemotional almost mechanical, it appeared she also suffered from some noise pollution.

Some of the clothes did not fit the children, so my granddaughter and I went back to exchange them. We were careful as NOT to stop at said LADIES Workstation. Somehow we were re-routed and ended up there again. We engaged her in a conversation, she SMILED, became a person and one can assume changed many experiences for her customers for the rest of the day. Or...Maybe...she needed to be acknowledged and become a person to the rest of the world.

A wind is coming up, sat here for awhile amongst the crowd of the festival, so in thought having this renewed visit with September. Maybe she heard me, strange how she crossed my mind after all those years.

The sandcastles are too far from the beach so they are safe from the waves.  
Idiotcies.... Pluto is no longer a planet..... just as I think the castles are safe, here comes the wind and carries them away.

Love and Light  
Lilian

PS. Nomination for Human of the Year award now considered.  
If you would like to sponsor some of the work we do, your help will be appreciated.