

January 2017 Newsletter



I am **Mr. McKrekor**, the offspring of **KAR**, an early childhood friend of Lilian's granddaughter Ebony. KAR talked to Ebony starting during an early age, Ebony in turn, was always able to tell her Grandmother what it was KAR wanted to relate. When I decided to hatch on Planet Earth I wanted to stay close to the family my ancestor KAR spend most of his time with. So here I am, like KAR, observing, reporting and interacting with Ebony's Grandmother Lilian.

In some cultures, we Crows, along with our 40-kin species, are considered messengers. We have the gift of communication amongst ourselves and with people if they are willing to pay attention and listen. I would have preferred to be a Magpie, because in my opinion they are prettier, but it was not meant to be. It is said I am the spitting image of KAR.

I have parked myself on Lilian's porch at the moment so I can see what she is doing and if lucky can hear what she says when sharing her news.

Today she got in her car, fully loaded with dirty laundry and left. Heard her say she never takes dirty laundry in the new year...Gregoria Calendar I assume... Anyway, she thought her washing machine was too small and she wanted to go and be around 2-Leggings. People, I again assume. So off she

went. Not sure if she was aware I followed her, a bit early in our relationship for her to pay attention to me. BUT she will, she will.

Landed at the Laundry, I guess Lilian had not been here in a while since she commented how clean the place looked and new machines were installed. It was quiet in the place, present were what appeared to be a homeless man and a woman. How times have changed, usually on the last day of the year everyone is doing laundry, people talk to each other, eager to share resolutions and brag about the presents they got for Christmas. Not so today. Everyone was glued to their electronic devices.

Lilian being Lilian she broke the silence and just started talking. As always people answered. Don't know how but she always manages to draw people into her world and just talk to her. Needless to say, people using the Laundromat are not in the 1% of the income level and share some of the same concerns. They were concerned about the upcoming Administration and discussing future possibility of retaliation from Russia. President Obama tightened sanctions and expelled 35 Russians from the US, in order to prove that we were NOT pleased with that countries interference in OUR elections. Outcome was not changed for us but Lilian commented she doubt it make any difference at this point, the new administration is pretty much in place. She explained what she had “seen” in the Predictions for 2017.

The man asked for some of the sandwich the Lady had, she shared and he was worried about his Social Security benefits. They both thought December 2016 was a turbulent month and had reason to be afraid for our future. I tried staying out of sight, was worried they would spot me and ask Lilian why she had a Crow with her, well she did not know either. Kind of fun that hide and seek.

The dryer quit and I thought it only took a short time for all the laundry to be done. Lilian's daughter saw her car parked in the little strip mall where the launderette was located and helped fold the clothes. Off we were again to the next adventure.

I flew ahead this time and stopped to consume some worms that had come to

the surface in preparation for the upcoming ice-storm...the whole country is in a dangerous cold spell, they say it is the worse winter since 2008. When I returned to Lilian's porch and peeped through the window she was on the phone. I nibbled on a peanut I had in my beak for quite a while by then and ease dropped. I was unable to make out the voice on the other end but it must have been a person, female I am guessing, about Lilian's age since they talked about how things use to be. How their generation thinks RAP is terrible, yet what is now being implied was actually OPENLY sang about when the Baby Boomers were young. I can't relate, in fact I don't even think KAR was around than...how time flies and repeats.

This day went by fast, glad to be able to stick my head in my feathers and nod for the night....no...wait I may be missing something... yup and here it is. An E-mail from Virginia about an earlier conversation about feeling out of sorts, not knowing what to do, uncertainties about the new year and all new people at the helm.

Burrowing In

I was in a local store the first week in December and was enthralled with a soft, supple, luxurious throw. I purchased it for Roger the Tall for Christmas. As I am writing this, he is burrowed in that throw, snuggling with the Calico Queen Mabon. Though he is sleeping (I know this because of the soft snores), his body is resting, recharging, and replenishing.

Burrow: noun

1. a hole or tunnel in the ground made by a rabbit, fox, or similar animal for habitation and refuge.
2. a place of retreat; shelter or refuge.

2016 has been/was a tumultuous year. Not just in the United States but across the Earth. Major changes have occurred politically and there have been no small number of natural and manufactured disasters. Economies and lifestyles people thought were secure and impenetrable have been upended and rearranged almost beyond recognition. For many, reality has been rearranged. I was speaking with a dear friend this week and she asked me, "What do you see 2017 being?" What followed was a discussion that lasted close to an hour, wherein we spoke of the overall mood of humankind

considering recent events – not just locally or nationally, but globally. I shared with her that I see the year 2017 as being a time of more individual introspection, of drawing closer metaphorically – spiritually – physically – to our own core selves and values.

A time of burrowing in, to better withstand and not just survive but thrive in the months ahead.

A time to strengthen our beliefs.

A time to better define and replenish the bonds of our tribes.

Burrowing in is not to imply hiding, burying one's head in the sand so to speak. For me, this burrowing in speaks of solidifying and strengthening myself to ride the peaks and valleys of events over which I have no actual control. Reestablishing relationships I have let fall to the wayside, and finally letting go of some people and things that I know are to my detriment. Shoring up my network. Keeping connected to my support system. Maintaining a more consistent sharing of energy and positivity. Keeping grounded by limiting the drains on my time and energy that lull me into a stupor of passivity.

May your tribe be cohesive, may your spirit be replenished, may your refuge be secure.

More

Kind

Grace

~Ellen Apple 12/26/2016

Millennials have a chance to see a Generation leave. It is said they are selfish and uncaring... to no fault of their own, rather to the way they were raised... I am a CROW, it is natural to throw the young out of the nest just as soon as they can fly and fetch for themselves. Humans on the other hand OH

OH, UFOSIGHTING IN GUATAMALIA, I hope Lilian will talk about THAT when the reports come in. Oh well she just said she has to wait till February Newsletter..... to get back to my story.... Humans on the other hand shelter their young till they are almost middle age it seems. Maybe that is why they not notice that there is a need to start looking at their Elders a bit different. To help when needed, old humans are not able to maneuver like they did when young. The way they could tell is by looking at the slowly wrinkling faces, the bend over and slow walks of their parents and everyone in their community instead of having their faces stuck to their I-Pads and telephones.

There was shock when so many known I-CONS died in 2016. Even the young ones were familiar with them but that generation has come to the end of their lives, a natural occurrence that happens. Be good to them while they are still amongst you. One day your generation has reached the end of your cycle.

David Bowie, Doris Roberts, Chyna, Prince, Kimbo Slice, Gwen Ifill and Leonard Cohen are only some of the [notable figures who died this year](#).

Notable figures who died in 2016. It is not what some call an epidemic. It is in divine order. Baby boomers are leaving. In December alone, John Glenn, Alan Thicke, Zsa Zsa Gabor, George Michael, Ricky Slice and Carrie Fisher have died. Her Mother Debbie Reynolds followed her a day later <https://deathlist.net/>

On the 2nd day of December Lilian was just sitting in her chair, from which she rules her world. She looked out of the window across from where she was sitting and saw a man clinging to the roof of the Apartments across the street. Without thinking about her physical limitations, she jumped up, instinctively and ran across the street to save the man, call 911 or who knows what she thought she could do. In any event by the time she realized it was NOT a man but a straw-filled Santa hanging from the gutter she had twisted her back rather badly. I yelled at her or crowed at her, she did not pay attention in the middle of her adrenaline rush.... can only yell so loud.

Lilian makes healing stones.



They are Obsidian from a place in Vietnam they call the place In-between the Universe. They say the people, when sick, put themselves in suspension until well and some get to be 120 years old. There the mountain tribe harvests, polishes and paints the rocks. Lilian uses the stones for healing, she programs them somehow... even she does not know how it works... for the person who need a certain energy for healing and gifts them to the person in need. So it was today. She went to the Post Office to mail a stone to Chicago, the Windy City. It was so cold in Tumwater and when she opened the door to the Post Office a Lady came towards her to hold the door open for her. It was so cold, they looked at each other and growled!

Love and Light
Mr McKrekor



Edited

by

Roberta

Apple

Live feed Eagles

<http://explore.org/live-cams/player/decorah-eagles-north-nest>