

Nov./Dec., 2003

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Yesterday I had a dream about dying, about laying to rest and then flying
How the moment at hand is the only thing we really own.
And I lay in my bed and I wonder, after all has been said and is done for
Why is it thus we are here and so soon we are gone?

Is this life just a path to the place that we all come from?
Does the heart know the way and if not can it ever be found
In a smile or a tear or a prayer or a sigh or a song?

And if so, then I sing for my father, and in truth you would know I would rather
He were here by my side, we could fly on the wings of a dream
To a place where the spirit could find us, and joy and surrender would bind us
We are one anyway, anyway we are more than we seem.

There are those who will lead us, protect us each step of the way
From beginning to end, for each moment forever, each day
Such a gift has been given, it can never be taken away....

Though the body in passing must leave us, there is one who remains to receive us
There are those in this life who are friends from our heavenly home
So I listen to the voices inside me for I know they are there just to guide me
And my faith will proclaim it is so, we are never alone!

From the life to the light, from the dark of the night to the dawn
He is so in my heart, he is here, he could never be gone
Though the singer is silent there still is the truth of the song....

John Denver

[illegible]

I used to worry about sharing some things because...what if I was making it up and/or it was all wrong or something? But this past year I have been shown that the more I have the faith to share...the more information comes through, the more experiences I have, and the people around me have and are open to them. The more that is allowed to pour through the vessel, the more the vessel opens up!

"When we talk about making conscious choices, then I want you all to really underline for yourself it doesn't have only to do with the...way we cast our vote, the way we spend our money, the things we teach our children, the things that we put forward in our own lives. It can have to do with much more subtle levels of being, and that you can in fact be who you are. That not only is OK, it is what is most desired. And in that is the greatest opportunity that you will have to make a difference-that's the only difference you can make. There's nobody else but you that can make that difference." (I also put some further comments he makes as a quote by the "Choices in Action" section.)

"So it occurred to me sometime this weekend, this past weekend, as I was really in as deep and dark a place as I think I've ever been, when I've been told, and when I can feel that all kinds of really wonderful things are starting to happen in my life-that I've taken a wonderful step in my life, for myself. That wonderful things are happening showing up out there in my business, they haven't come to fruition yet, but I can see all of this stuff happening and yet here I am....And it occurred to me that God was saying, 'John, wonderful things gonna happen for you, Boy, but first...!' So I wanted to share that with you in case the same thing was going on in your life you can add a little levity to the situation..." This IS exactly what was going on with me and so many others this past summer; it was a very "Magumba" summer, but hopefully, now, the wonderful stuff can show up--in my business, and in everyone else's life, as well, who's had it so rough lately. Therefore it is my prayer that a new and promising energy of Grace is bestowed upon us all.

Eileen...and with a blessing from JOHN

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Michael Still

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There is one simple action that can help each of you find your balance more than any other: reuniting with your original spiritual family. When you first came in, to play the game in your first incarnation, you came with family and those you trusted implicitly. Time and again you incarnated with these souls, and they became your family and soul

group. Over periods of time and many incarnations, you completed karma with your soul group and drifted into other groups, forming new soul groups. Now that Earth is reaching ascension status, it is most helpful to reunite with your original spiritual family. You will find them whenever you place yourself around others of like mind. These are the special people that you recognize the moment you connect with them. Find them, connect with them, and let them into your heart, and your adjustments will be much easier. Help them, and allow them to help you.

A Soldier Died Today

He was getting old and paunchy and his hair was falling fast
And he sat around the Legion telling stories of the past.
Of a war he had fought in and the deeds that he had done,
In his exploits with his buddies: they were heroes, every one.

And though sometimes to his neighbors, his tales became a joke,
All his Legion buddies listened, for they knew whereof he spoke.
But we'll hear his tales no longer, for old Bill has passed away
And the world's a littler poorer, for a soldier died today.

He will not be mourned by many, just his children and his wife,
For he lived an ordinary and quite uneventful life.
Held a job and raised a family, quietly going his own way,
And the world won't note his passing, though a soldier died today.

When politicians leave this earth, their bodies lie in state,
While thousands note their passing and proclaim that they were great.
Papers tell their whole life stories from the times that they were young.
But the passing of a soldier goes unnoticed and unsung.

Is the greatest contribution to the welfare of our land,
A guy who breaks his promises and cons his fellow man?
Or the ordinary fellow who, in times of war and strife,
Goes off to serve his Country and offers up his life?

A politician's stipend and the style in which he lives,
Are sometimes disproportionate to the service that he gives.
While the ordinary soldier, who offered up his all,
Is paid off with a medal and, perhaps, a pension small.

It's so easy to forget them, for it was so long ago,
That the Bills and Andys went to battle, but we know
It was not the politician, with their compromise and ploys,
Who won for us the freedom that our Country now enjoys.

Should you find yourself in danger with your enemies at hand,
Would you want a politician with his ever-shifting stand?
Or would you prefer a soldier who has sworn to defend
His home, his kin and Country and would fight until the end?

He is just a common soldier and his ranks are growing thin,
But his presence should remind us we may need his kind again.
For when Countries are in conflict, then we find the soldier's part
Is to clean up all the troubles that the politicians start.

If we cannot do him honor while he's here to hear the praise,
Then at least let's give homage at the ending of his days.
Perhaps just a simple headline in a paper that would say,
"OUR COUNTRY IS IN MOURNINGFOR A SOLDIER DIED TODAY."

The Little Lighthouse by Mark Robinson (via Sylvia)

So long ago on winter nights when Christmas would draw near
I'd hear the Christmas carols sung by voices young and clear,

and in that warm and loving home my sister sat with me
and watched the little lighthouse over by the Christmas tree.

We'd wait until our dad came home, anticipation growing,
our innocence so plain to see, our spirits overflowing;
for each night before Santa came, the lighthouse would provide
a tiny gift for each of us from somewhere deep inside.

Well that was then and this is now and many years have flown,
I've been a fool, a dreamer, but my life has been my own;
I've held on to the magic I was given as a child;
that home remains so dear to me although my heart is wild.

Now in these days of high-tech whiz the pace of life is fast
though children have so many thing their patience doesn't last;
some long for killing games that shower violence on their screens.
I wonder id they'll ever know what peace can truly mean?

I guess I have been lucky for a singer came to me,
and patiently I listened as he sang that I might see
the joy of truth and happiness, of peace and loving ways,
he gave me inspiration that will last me all my days.

Now heaven has a bright new star, a light up in the sky,
in truth my faith is shaken, I will always wonder why
he stayed for oh, so short a time and left so suddenly,
just like that little lighthouse that still means so much to me.

Now in this darkest hour I feel that I must sing the songs,
for though the voice is silent now the message can't be wrong,
to share, to give, to love, to live, to always play a part;
and to keep that little lighthouse burning brightly in my heart.

A Policy of Kindness - His Holiness The Dalai Lama, October 21, 2003

We can never obtain peace in the world if we neglect the inner world and don't make peace with ourselves. World
peace must develop out of inner peace. Without inner peace it is impossible to achieve world peace, external peace.
Weapons themselves do not act. They have not come out of the blue. Man has made them. But even given those
weapons, those terrible weapons, they cannot act by themselves. As long as they are left alone in storage they cannot
do any harm. A human being must use them. Someone must push the button. Satan, the evil powers, cannot push that
button. Human beings must do it.

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**"You can tell the measure of a man by the depths of his convictions, the breadth of his interests and the height of  
his ideals."**

Inscription over the stage at the Maryland Hall for the Creative Arts in Annapolis

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IN JOHN'S MEMORY

A Letter from the Producers of the John Denver Tribute Concerts Oct. 24, 2003:

"Can you believe that John Denver has been gone for six years? Where does time fly? This whole idea of a musical
tribute to John started at Annie Denver's house in the fall of 1997. Since that time, there has been an endless caravan
of musicians, songwriters, entertainment luminaries, family and friends involved. Each has come to pay their respects
to him in their own special way.

Our journey this year began two weeks ago in Aspen, CO for the benefit of Challenge Aspen. We felt the presence of
John's spirit and warmth of his music each night we entertained there with the wonderful works he produced in his
short lifetime. Last week, we brought the show to Wilmington, NC for the Yahweh Center Children's Village (YCCV).
Tonight our journey concludes here in Annapolis, MD for the 3rd Annual "Music From the Mountains A Tribute to
John Denver" Concert. This event benefits a most worthwhile cause, Maryland Therapeutic Riding (MTR), a
dedicated group doing remarkable things for those less fortunate through equestrian therapy.
Over the years, we have had the pleasure of having old friends join us at various times, including Vince Gill and Amy
Grant, Dick Kniss, Alan Deremo, Tom Crum, Steve Weisberg, Jim Connor, Hal Thau, the Starland Vocal Band, Tracy

Byrd, Milt Okum , Danny Wheetman, Jan Garrett and Joe Henry. This evening's cast consists of Mollie Weaver, John Sommers, Mack Bailey, Mike Munford, Ira Gitlin, Jon Glik, Chris Nole, and Bill Danoff. They have made the trek here to Annapolis to pay tribute to John and share their talents with this wonderful enthusiastic crowd.

We had a simple goal when we started, to keep John's music alive and 'do a little good along the way.' We feel that we are succeeding. Enjoy the show!"

Sincerely,

Kenn Roberts and Kris O'Connor

HONORING MARDY MURIE (For whom John wrote "A Song for All Lovers")

Conservationist Murie dies in Moose - By Rebecca Huntington, Jackson Hole News & Guide - October 21, 2003

An early pioneer in preserving wild places and of late, the grandmother of conservation, Mardy Murie died Sunday at her home on the Murie Ranch in Moose, Grand Teton National Park. She was 101.

Friends and acquaintances expressed both sorrow and joy at her departure. "There's a void in the universe right now," said Bert Raynes, a friend and fellow Jackson Hole conservationist.

Her death was not entirely unexpected and for some, a release from ailing health.

"For me, I have to say that I just felt so happy for Mardy," said Nancy Shea, director of the Murie Center. "When I got out to the ranch, it was kind of an ecstatic feeling that Mardy's spirit was free, and Olaus' spirit was present." Mardy's husband, Olaus, died 40 years ago today, Oct. 21.

Mardy and Olaus and Mardy's sister, Louise, and her husband, Olaus' brother Adolph, together bought the ranch two miles west of Moose on the south fork of the Snake River in 1945. The ranch soon became the headquarters for the Wilderness Society, of which Olaus was president.

The Muries inspired multiple generations of young biologists and conservationists, who passed through the ranch, Raynes said. A few U.S. presidents visited as well.

Even as her health declined, Murie continued to inspire new generations, Raynes said. Aspiring biologists and conservationists continued to come to the ranch to meet her even though lately she could not communicate with them on most days, he said. "Kids still came just to see Mardy ... just to say that they had seen her," Raynes said, "and they'd go out with stars in their eyes."

For Bonnie Kreps, who documented Murie's life in the film, "Arctic Dance: The Mardy Murie Story," what made Murie so inspiring was how she lived her life. That was "with a vision and devotion and commitment to a large and worthy purpose," Kreps said. Friends and admirers describe that purpose as a desire to preserve wild places and to impart a respect for nature.

Murie was born Margaret Elizabeth Thomas in Seattle on Aug. 18, 1902. Mardy was her nickname. She grew up in the frontier town of Fairbanks, Alaska, where she developed a passion for the wild country beyond her home. Shortly after becoming the first woman to graduate from the University of Alaska, she met Olaus Murie. At the time, he was a young biologist, studying caribou for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, then called the Biological Survey. Mardy and Olaus married in 1924 in a small church in a remote Alaskan village. The couple celebrated their honeymoon on a 550-mile journey into the Arctic wilderness via boat and dogsled.

Mardy recalled the trip in *Two in the Far North*. "Through every mile of the Koyukuk, Olaus was opening my mind and heart to the little-known, teeming, rich life going on in the trees and stream, in the mossy tundra, and in the grassy sloughs."

Mardy passed on similar lessons to those who visited her ranch, according to friends.

For the next two decades, Mardy and Olaus, often with their children, Martin, Joanne and Donald, made many trips into the wilderness of Alaska and the mountains around Jackson Hole. The Muries came to Jackson so Olaus could study the biology of North American elk for the Fish and Wildlife Service.

They built a house in Jackson. Mardy became active in the community, serving on the school board and campaigning for education and the library. In 1944, Olaus retired from the service to serve as director and later president of the Wilderness Society. In 1946, they joined Louise and Adolph at the Murie Ranch, which quickly became the center of the American conservation movement.

In 1956, Mardy and Olaus traveled with three young field biologists to the upper Sheenjek River on the south slope of the Brooks Range. The summer-long adventure turned into a campaign to protect the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, which was designated in 1960. Congress is now considering opening the refuge to oil and gas drilling, a prospect Murie repeatedly opposed.

The Muries also campaigned hard for the Wilderness Act, which was signed in 1964 not long after Olaus' death. Mardy was at President Lyndon B. Johnson's side when he signed the bill.

Mardy Murie worked for short periods for the Izaak Walton League, the Sierra Club and the Wilderness Society. At the ranch in Moose, she offered support and inspiration for new generations carrying on conservation campaigns. Murie won many awards for her wilderness advocacy work, including the Presidential Medal of Freedom from President Clinton in 1998.

The Murie ranch was designated a National Historic District for its conservation history, and the Murie Center was created in 1997 to carry on the Muries' work.

Obituary - Margaret "Mardy" Thomas Murie: August 18, 1902 - October 19, 2003

Moose, WY. (October 19, 2003) Having lived a life full of adventure and accomplishment, Mardy Murie died today, peacefully, in her cabin on the Murie Ranch in Moose, Wyoming. She had a passion for wild places expressed eloquently in her writing, her speeches and her testimony at hearings. Her steely resolve to protect wilderness belied her warm and welcoming personality and drew an unending stream of visitors to her home: conservationists, scientists, school children and anyone else who wanted to come to talk, to discuss strategies, to learn.

"Mardy Murie is certainly a mentor of mine. She is a woman who has exhibited through her marriage, her children, her writing, and her activism that a whole life is possible. Her commitment to relationships, both personal and wild, has fed, fueled, and inspired an entire conservation movement. She is our spiritual grandmother."

Terry Tempest Williams

Margaret Elizabeth Thomas was born in Seattle in 1902, but she grew up in the frontier town of Fairbanks, Alaska. She learned early how to deal with harsh winters and rough living, and she developed a love for the wild country beyond her home. Shortly after becoming the first woman to graduate from the University of Alaska, she met a young biologist, Olaus Murie, who was studying the caribou for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, then known as the Biological Survey. They fell in love and were married in 1924 in a small church in a remote Alaskan village, and shortly thereafter, they embarked on a 550-mile honeymoon journey into the Arctic wilderness by boat and dogsled.

From Olaus, Mardy gained a deeper understanding of the natural world, and she immersed herself in it. "Through every mile of the Koyukuk, Olaus was opening my mind and heart to the little-known, teeming, rich life going on in the trees and stream, in the mossy tundra, and in the grassy sloughs" (Two in the Far North). After that experience, the two of them agreed that theirs was a true partnership, and that Mardy would be at Olaus's side wherever his explorations took them.

For the next two decades Mardy and Olaus, often with their children, Martin, Joanne and Donald, made many trips into the wilderness of Alaska and the mountains surrounding Jackson Hole, Wyoming, where Olaus had been sent to study the biology of North American elk. They built a house in the town of Jackson where Mardy became actively involved in the community. She served on the school board and campaigned to support education and the local library. She and Olaus loved to dance, and they helped organize dances for teenagers. During World War II Mardy did volunteer work, grew a victory garden and managed a dude ranch, while Olaus served as superintendent of the hospital and studied the "coyote problem" in Yellowstone.

In 1944, Olaus retired from the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service to serve as Director, later President, of The Wilderness Society. He and Mardy moved to a new home, formerly a dude ranch in Moose, Wyoming. They bought the ranch in partnership with Mardy's sister, Louise, and her husband, Olaus's brother Adolph, a National Park Service biologist. The Murie Ranch would become a center of the American conservation movement. In the book *Wapiti Wilderness* Mardy describes the guests who journeyed to the ranch: "Every conservationist or friend of a conservationist, every biologist or friend of a biologist who happens to be traveling through Jackson Hole will naturally come to call. We had the pleasure of entertaining scientists and students from Norway, Sweden, Finland, India, Kenya, France, England, New Zealand, Denmark, South Africa, Canada, and members of the United Nations Secretariat."

In 1956, Mardy embarked on a trip that would mark the beginning of an important transition in her life. Along with Olaus and young field biologists George Schaller, Brina Kessel, and Bob Krear, she traveled to the upper Sheenjek River on the south slope of the Brooks Range. It was this summer-long adventure that began the campaign to protect the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Mardy chronicles the trip in the later chapters of *Two in the Far North*, a book that has inspired countless people to travel to the Arctic and to fight for its protection. The designation of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge in 1960 was a major victory and a fitting high point in Olaus's and Mardy's lifelong partnership dedicated to the protection of wild places.

A second major victory was in the offing, the Wilderness Act. Howard Zahniser, Director of The Wilderness Society in Washington, Olaus and Mardy in Moose, and many others campaigned long and hard to get the bill through Congress. But when it was signed in 1964 neither Howard Zahniser, nor Olaus Murie, was still alive. When President Johnson signed the bill, it was Mardy Murie and Alice Zahniser who stood at his side.

Mardy worked for short periods of time for the Izaak Walton League, the Sierra Club and The Wilderness Society, but she always returned to the home she loved, describing how, "the house just put its arms around me." From that house in the woods in Moose, Wyoming, Mardy began to shine, writing letters and articles, traveling to hearings, making speeches. She returned to Alaska to survey potential wilderness areas for the National Park Service and worked on the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act that was signed by President Carter in 1980. Her tireless efforts as a conservation advocate preserved some of the most important wilderness areas left on the planet.

Mardy received a great many awards and honors, including the Audubon Medal in 1980, the John Muir Award in 1983, and the Robert Marshall Conservation Award in 1986. She was made an Honorary Park Ranger by the National Park Service and received an honorary Doctor of Humane Letters from the University of Alaska. In 1998 President Clinton awarded her the Presidential Medal of Freedom. Nearing her 100th birthday in 2002, Mardy was honored with the J.N. Ding Darling Conservationist of the Year Award, the National Wildlife Federation's highest honor.

"We owe much to the life's work of Mardy Murie, a pioneer of the environmental movement, who, with her husband Olaus, helped set the course of American conservation more than seventy years ago. Her passionate support for and compelling testimony on behalf of the Alaska Lands Act helped to ensure the legislation's passage and the protection of some of our most pristine lands; for her steadfast and inspiring efforts to safeguard America's wilderness for future generations, we honor Mardy Murie."

President William J. Clinton at the Presidential Medal of Freedom ceremony, 1998

But, for Mardy, her greatest rewards were the letters and phone calls; the personal visits from the people who had found inspiration, comfort and purpose in her work. Afternoon tea with cookies was a feature of Mardy's life, and she was most often sharing with family, friends and strangers. For the three decades after Olaus's death, the Murie Ranch continued to be a place of pilgrimage for conservationists, and the impact of Mardy's direct, personal approach can be measured in the astonishing number of people who recall time spent with her as a life-changing experience. Mardy, in her warm welcoming way, was quietly recruiting an army of conservationists, many of whom are now actively involved in wilderness preservation.

Mardy Murie, senior woman of the wilderness movement, has helped generations of men and women understand and then articulate their devotion to the work of preserving wild landscapes. She has a grandmother's poise, a lover's fire, a spouse's allegiance, a curandera's wariness about Congressional platitudes. When she is gone, the land will break down in tears.

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**"Gratitude is a memory of the heart."**

John Denver (There is cause to believe that he was quoting someone else, however.)

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IN JOHN'S WORDS

John's Thoughts on the Wildlife Concert (Feb., 1995)

"We wanted to call this the Wildlife Concert, most specifically out of our relationship with The Wildlife Conservation Society and their support of this project. And, to really underline more than I think the body of music does, to raise people's consciousness and awareness of wildlife, of wilderness, and how much it has to do with our lives; how much a part of our lives it is.

"Although I've been aware of the Wildlife Conservation Society for a long, long time, I'm not sure that a lot of other people are so aware. I think they're doing more hands-on work than anybody else in the whole environmental or conservation movement.

"We invited our fan clubs from all over the world. We had people from Europe, from Germany, from Holland, from Texas. They were all outside singing "Country Roads" I heard at one point, but it was very, very cold out there, and they were waiting to come in, and started singing this song. I can't tell you what that means to me to know that people all over the world know my songs.

"My greatest inspiration has always been the out of doors. The out of doors was my first and truest best friend. It was the desert in Arizona when I was in grade school, And, later on it was the woods around Montgomery, Alabama. Later on it was the plains or the wheat fields when I worked on wheat harvest. It was the forest and the lumber camp that I worked in when I was in college. Nature has always been my best friend. And, my songs are full of images from nature.

"It's a real diverse collection of music. It doesn't all fit the theme, but hopefully it opens the door, or the ear, in a way that people will connect with that we're here about. It's not so much what we're saying in each of these songs, it's what we're here for. And, hopefully that comes through in all of the music.

"I'm really grateful to all of the people who've been a part of making this happen. It's an opportunity that's come forward in a very strong way that I haven't had for a large number of years. And, it's been great frustration in my life, and I really am grateful and glad that I had the opportunity to do a show like this.

"And, I hope that it gives me the opportunity to do a lot more music for people. To keep singing, to keep doing the work that I have the opportunity to be a part of for the environment, for the Wildlife Conservation Society, and other

environmental organizations. And, it feels like a wonderful new beginning, and I'm very, very excited about that."

Comments from John's 1995 Windstar Symposium speech

"When we were up on the mountain for our brunch, Jay talked about the glorious day that we had and said we didn't choose that. And the chance that I had for a few remarks, I disagreed with him. I believe that we did choose this day, that we in fact together and with a whole lot of people who aren't here obviously, and who may not even know that we're here, we did create this day. And I would propose to you that by our choice, by our simple, willful choice, that were it not as bright as it is out there, that it could still be that bright in here, in each of our hearts if we were to choose to make it so. And certainly we have a lot of help--a lot of support in that area today with the day we have been given."

Later, he poses a very interesting vantage point from which to view anger: "So, a part of what that has taught me this weekend is about acting and reacting. And one of the lessons I've learned over this past year...is I've learned I've spent most of my life playing a victim. I know when I'm doing that because I really don't like myself very much and I really find that I'm pretty upset, generally angry at somebody and it shows in every way that you can imagine. I believe that it comes from playing a victim--from reacting. So one of the choices that I have made--a conscious choice...not an educated choice which assumes a certain kind of response, I think...but a very conscious and willful action on how I want to be in the world--I no longer want to be a victim. I will no longer be a victim."

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**"We are no longer inheriting the Earth from our parents; we are stealing it from our children."**

David Brower

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READERS' EXPERIENCES

Mary B's Posts from the RMH Board

Here's the dream which I had at 17... I grew up rather poor in a small country town in Kentucky. I always loved learning, though and the thing I wanted most to learn about was my own mind! My g-mother had this "gift"? of seeing and hearing spirits. She had many experiences with those whom she had known when they were "here" and some whom she had not known. After my mother's passing; she & my g-father raised me; so, I grew up hearing the stories of such things and accepting them as just a part of our living. My g-mother was a good Christian woman who certainly didn't fool around with any sort of witchcraft or magic and really didn't encourage the "gift" in any way. She had 12 children to raise--no time for playing games! It just happened, from time to time and she didn't think much about it. But, as I was growing up; I DID think about it! I wanted to know how and why it happened! I learned, early on, not to talk about it with most people! So, I kept all of it myself and just wondered about it. I didn't have visitations or dreams ALL the time--just once in a while.

Anyway, in our town there lived an older lady--a friend of the family who was rather well-off{for that day & time: the 50s&60s}. Her name was Minnie and she LOTS of books!!! I LOVED her books! I would visit her, often; just to look at & read her books! She passed when I was 11 or 12 years old. I wondered, then, what would happen to her books. I sure would have loved to have had them; but she did have children and grand-children of her own and I assumed that they got the books. I remember thinking that I hoped they would treasure them and keep them. I don't know, to this day, if they did.

When I was 17, then; I had a dream about Minnie's books. My dreams always center around books. In the "Minnie's Books" dream{ I keep dream notebooks and title each of my dreams--always have}I saw this small building in the center of my hometown. It was made of rough lumber and wasn't painted or decorated in any way. It was rather long and narrow, with no windows and only one door. The door had a padlock on the outside which hung from one of those old-time latches which has a u-shaped metal bracket which slips through a flat, straight bar. The padlocked was locked and no-one had a key to it. No-one knew what was in the building or who it belonged to. No-one seemed to even WANT to know. But, I wanted to know! I was going all over town, asking about it. I aggravated everyone so much that, finally, some other people became curious, too. So, several people{including me}went to the building, intending to open that door! The men all had big hammers and picks and they took turns trying to get the door open, all to no avail. This went on for a long time and I was afraid they would all give up.

All at once, this young man whom no-one knew or had ever seen before; stepped up and said "I can do it!" I never saw the young man's face and didn't try to--I was only interested in seeing that door opened! He did have longer, blonde hair and was just soooo sure that He could do what no-one else seemed able to do! Finally, he DID break the lock and the door literally BURST open; as if it had been straining to do that very thing! Minnie's books were in there and they all came spilling out all over the ground. Everyone else was so disappointed--they kept saying "I thought we would find a treasure!" I was thrilled, though and kept trying to make them all see that we HAD found a treasure--that books are treasures! I awoke, then; again, without knowing what happened to Minnie's books!

I knew, as soon as I woke up, that it was a message; but didn't have the slightest idea what message! I hadn't thought of Minnie or her books for a long time before that. However, I was a busy teen-ager and didn't spend much time pondering it. But, as the years passed; that dream would come back to me quite often; without my even trying to think about it. I never forgot the smallest detail. Every time it would come back, I seemed to be transported back to that time and place and would feel the same sense of urgency which I had felt when I had awakened from it. I would see everything, feel everything, sense everything, just as I had back then. Never a clue as to the meaning, though. Until a few weeks after John's passing. I had settled down somewhat and was feeling better. I was lying on my couch, one morning, very early ;listening to John's music. All at once, that dream came RUSHING back into my mind and, right behind it, came the meaning!!! I realized that the young man WAS John{I had never connected John with the dream, all those years after finding him & his music.}

The meaning, as it "came" to me is this: The building represents my mind, the books {obviously}represent stored knowledge; so, the knowledge is stored in my mind. But, no one could open my mind to this important knowledge until John came along to break through that barrier. I was absolutely amazed, when I learned the meaning and I knew that John had even given me THAT meaning! Of course, he did open my mind to important knowledge which no-one else could give me, since the first time I heard him sing; but, he continues to do so, even now. Thanks, John--I'm still listening!

Love, Mary

I was very young when Mom passed--eight years. But I learned shortly afterward that she was not "gone". I have always had significant dreams, quite often; but not on any regular basis, until July of '97. I began to have regular dreams of John every ten nights. The dreams were just nice messages showing me that I was going to have an on-going friendship with him. I was so surprised when the first dream came because I had never dreamed of him before{or so I thought--that's another story!}.

The first dream {on July 3,1997} was about a "Little Boy John" whom I was "caring for". That one symbolized his vulnerability, of course. The second one was about my attending a Meeting of recording executives{with HIM present}and defending his music; at which time he looked at me and asked, "WHERE did YOU come from?" You see, I have been a JD fan for 30+ years; but have never been a member of his fan club{until I got my computer}and was never fortunate enough to meet him or even be at a concert. I am one of those MANY fans which he knew nothing about--one of the people whose life has been touched by John and his music and didn't have the chance to show him that. I always wanted to show him that! That dream symbolized the fact that I would have the chance to do that! The third dream was about a "Growing Letter" which I received from John. When I first opened it{in the dream},it was only one small paragraph. However, every time I opened it to read it to another person{I wouldn't let anyone else TOUCH it...LOL!~so I would read it TO them!}it would have "grown" more; until it became two whole pages on front and back, in John's own handwriting. This dream I was SURE symbolized the idea that I was going to have an opportunity to write with him. I write songs & poems and, of course, writing something with John would have been wonderful!!! These dreams came in July.

Then, on Sept.12th{exactly one month before his passing};I had my "Train Dream", in which John and I were being run over by a train while we were both trying to get to the other side of a huge mountain. I know that, in dreams, any form of transportation symbolizes the dreamer's spiritual development; so, I KNEW that MY spiritual development was about to speed up dramatically! I was all for THAT!I thought! Anyway, on Sunday,Oct.12th;I was in one of my "John" moods; where I hole up here and "listen" to John all day. I didn't even hear about his passing until the next morning and that was SUCH a hard thing to take! So, I went into such a deep depression that I actually became ashamed of myself! I had not grieved for family members like that! I couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, couldn't stop crying. My family was afraid that I was planning on joining him! I wasn't--I had no such thoughts at any time. I just couldn't get over his passing!

So, on Nov.1st; at 3:00AM; I awoke to find him standing beside my bed; smiling down at me. He looked so peaceful and happy! At first, I thought "This is another dream". Then, I thought "No, when you are dreaming, you don't KNOW that it's a dream, until you wake up so, this is REAL!"I turned my face away from him to look at the clock{that's how I knew what time it was}and thought that when I turned back, he would be gone. Not so--thankfully! When I turned back, he was still there--still standing in the same position and still just smiling. I wasn't afraid; but I was thinking "Is he going to speak? CAN he speak? Should I speak?" All these thoughts were going through my mind as I looked at him. He didn't speak, so I didn't either. After a few moments he reached out his hand{with fingers touching his thumb, as if he was holding something out to me}. I reached out MY hand{palm up}and he "gave" me something. I FELT his hand touch mine! But, there was nothing tangible in my hand. Then, he smiled down at me for a few more minutes and turned & walked off. He didn't walk THROUGH the wall and he didn't walk out through the door--he just walked off into the distance like watching someone in a movie leave. I sat up in bed as soon as he turned to go and watched him until he faded into the distance. I looked at the clock again, then and it was 3:15. This had taken 15 minutes! I was soooooo amazed! I knew that God had sent him to me to let me know that he was alright and to let

HIM know that there were people, like me, who had loved him and supported him through all those years! BUT I didn't know what it was he had "given" me! I knew that it symbolized something very special and important. A few people had been aware of this whole process, from the first dream and they all said "He has given you his muse!" I thought this possible; because when I first heard about his passing, I had been so concerned that I would never get to hear what he has to say again. No, that was not my first concern! My first concern was simply that HE had been taken! I was just soooo angry about that! Then, I was concerned about his family-especially Jesse--having to get along without him. THEN, I was concerned about how his passing was going to effect ME. Anyway, I have, since then, found out that he was "giving" me the knowledge that he is still around and that I will, indeed, still "hear" what he has to say about many things! And, I DO!!! That was the first of many visits. THAT'S the on-going friendship my third dream was depicting! Thanks, John--as always, I'm still listening!

Love, Mary

Some Aspen stories By Margit Voell

There is so much work waiting to be done since I'm back from Colorado and Canada, that I didn't get to write an extended version of some of the things that happened in Aspen. I still want to share some of the experiences and special moments, though:

** We went hiking in the Ashcroft area and found ourselves a nice spot to sit and stay awhile. Eileen sang & played some songs on her guitar and right during THE WINGS THAT FLY US HOME, a butterfly appeared and settled down on her ankle - staying there for about 20-25 minutes!!! It really seemed to enjoy the songs! Even though Eileen bent over a few times, going through her sheet music, the butterfly kept sitting on her ankle not moving an inch. It was amazing to watch this! Then, as she started with CATCH ANOTHER BUTTERFLY, it took off--just to be back before the song ended, this time landing on my right hand & right on my wedding ring! After a few minutes, it moved across my fingers and I slowly turned my hand until it sat in my palm and it also allowed me to put my hand closer to my face. Our little friend stayed on my hand for at least 20 min. as well! I surely won't forget this experience - I feel it was a gift.

** On Saturday (11th) we decided to try and take the road leading to the hiking trail to Williams Lake. We knew we wouldn't get very far without a 4-wheel-drive, but we could explore the area. We asked for directions at the front desk of the Lift One, and we thought we were on the right road until we came to a sign that said Dead End. So we turned around, and to make a long story short, we kept searching for some time, and at one point John had to 'put in his two cents' - through a song. I had put in the CD 'JD', and just as we were wondering if we'd ever find that road, John got into the chorus of 'Joseph and Joe': "Where do you go, if you got no way to get there? Where do you go? How do you know, if you never ever been there, how do you know? Tell me, how do you know?" LOL! Thanks John, I bet you got a kick out of this!

We did have a nice afternoon, after all. Taking a right turn at Windstar and driving for awhile, we stopped by a river. Eileen had brought her guitar again, and after she played a few songs, I suddenly felt John's energy, and a moment later I SAW him sitting across from us on the other side of the river. (I guess I should mention here that I'm familiar with clairvoyance, and what P. Mathews describes in his book 'Never Say Goodbye': "I'm not necessarily seeing them with my physical eyes, but with my mind's eye.", or third eye- goes for me as well.) I rarely see him in human form so clearly, though, as it happened on that day. He looked like he did in '96/'97, wearing jeans and a jeans shirt with long sleeves rolled back. He had on boots and a cowboy hat which he took off later. He had a guitar with him. Waving to us, he got up and walked over to where we were and -standing behind Eileen- he started playing along with her! It was so fascinating to listen to Eileen AND at the same time hearing John (mostly just his guitar, but he joined Eileen in singing a couple of the songs, too) with my inner ears, that I let them do several songs before I told her what John was doing & that I could see him. He stayed until we had to leave, and walked back to the car with us. It was the only time, while being in Aspen, that he appeared to me like that, but I did hear him & felt his presence every day. I did see him -his light body- on stage during the John Adams concert, esp. during the second part. All in all, it was a magical week, and the magic continues ever since!

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**"There are two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle."**

Albert Einstein

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EARTH RHYTHMS

The Nez Perce - Deward E. Walker, Jr. and Peter N. Jones (From Spiritalk Gathering, 10/7/03)

Seasonal Round, Subsistence, and Religion

During the long winter months Nez Perce elders recounted myths and stories which were inhabited by a cast of

characters that included animals, plants, rocks, rivers, celestial bodies, and other figures who behaved like humans in a pre-cultural era before humans were created. The Nez Perce believe that although the animals became mute after humans arrived, they could still reveal their full power to humans in visions and dreams. These characters share much in common with the tutelary spirits that Nez Perce individuals traditionally acquired during vision quests. Shortly before, and for some time after adolescence, Nez Perce youths were sent out to seek visions from tutelary spirits. If successful, this major event in the maturation of both boys and girls meant that they would be successful adults in Nez Perce society. The root of an individual's capacity to thrive in any arena was the particular kind of supernatural power either inherited from ancestors or obtained during the vision quest. Shamans played a major role in assisting an individual in acquiring their power during the vision quest. The quest for supernatural power dominated much of aboriginal Nez Perce ritual activity, especially in the winter tutelary spirit dance. Shamans not only maintained the series of seasonal, religious ceremonies among aboriginal Nez Perce society, but they also had other duties including curing and healing illnesses, prophesizing the outcome of war parties and other serious ventures, dealing with weather control, and facilitating large hunting parties.

Please Support - Going to the Sun Institute

A Site to Consider – Owl Star

"In 1851 Seattle, chief of the Suquamish and other Indian tribes around Washington's Puget Sound, delivered what is considered to be one of the most beautiful and profound environmental statements ever made. The city of Seattle is named for the chief, whose speech was in response to a proposed treaty under which the Indians were persuaded to sell two million acres of land for \$150,000."

Buckminster Fuller in *Critical Path*

Chief Seattle's Thoughts:

How can you buy or sell the sky, the warmth of the land? The idea is strange to us. If we do not own the freshness of the air and the sparkle of the water, how can you buy them? Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man.

The white man's dead forget the country of their birth when they go to walk among the stars. Our dead never forget this beautiful earth, for it is the mother of the red man. We are part of the earth and it is part of us. The perfumed flowers are our sisters; the deer, the horse, the great eagle, these are our brothers. The rocky crests, the juices in the meadows, the body heat of the pony, and man --- all belong to the same family.

So, when the Great Chief in Washington sends word that he wishes to buy our land, he asks much of us. The Great Chief sends word he will reserve us a place so that we can live comfortably to ourselves. He will be our father and we will be his children.

So, we will consider your offer to buy our land. But it will not be easy. For this land is sacred to us. This shining water that moves in the streams and rivers is not just water but the blood of our ancestors. If we sell you the land, you must remember that it is sacred, and you must teach your children that it is sacred and that each ghostly reflection in the clear water of the lakes tells of events and memories in the life of my people. The water's murmur is the voice of my father's father.

The rivers are our brothers, they quench our thirst. The rivers carry our canoes, and feed our children. If we sell you our land, you must remember, and teach your children, that the rivers are our brothers and yours, and you must henceforth give the rivers the kindness you would give any brother.

We know that the white man does not understand our ways. One portion of land is the same to him as the next, for he is a stranger who comes in the night and takes from the land whatever he needs. The earth is not his brother, but his enemy, and when he has conquered it, he moves on. He leaves his father's grave behind, and he does not care. He kidnaps the earth from his children, and he does not care. His father's grave, and his children's birthright are forgotten. He treats his mother, the earth, and his brother, the sky, as things to be bought, plundered, sold like sheep or bright beads. His appetite will devour the earth and leave behind only a desert.

I do not know. Our ways are different than your ways. The sight of your cities pains the eyes of the red man. There is no quiet place in the white man's cities. No place to hear the unfurling of leaves in spring or the rustle of the insect's wings. The clatter only seems to insult the ears. And what is there to life if a man cannot hear the lonely cry of the whippoorwill or the arguments of the frogs around the pond at night? I am a red man and do not understand. The Indian prefers the soft sound of the wind darting over the face of a pond and the smell of the wind itself, cleaned by a midday rain, or scented with pinion pine.

The air is precious to the red man for all things share the same breath, the beast, the tree, the man, they all share the same breath. The white man does not seem to notice the air he breathes. Like a man dying for many days he is numb to the stench. But if we sell you our land, you must remember that the air is precious to us, that the air shares its spirit with all the life it supports.

The wind that gave our grandfather his first breath also receives his last sigh. And if we sell you our land, you must keep it apart and sacred as a place where even the white man can go to taste the wind that is sweetened by the meadow's flowers.

So we will consider your offer to buy our land. If we decide to accept, I will make one condition - the white man must treat the beasts of this land as his brothers.

I am a savage and do not understand any other way. I have seen a thousand rotting buffaloes on the prairie, left by the white man who shot them from a passing train. I am a savage and do not understand how the smoking iron horse can be made more important than the buffalo that we kill only to stay alive.

What is man without the beasts? If all the beasts were gone, man would die from a great loneliness of the spirit. For whatever happens to the beasts, soon happens to man. *All things are connected.*

You must teach your children that the ground beneath their feet is the ashes of our grandfathers. So that they will respect the land, tell your children that the earth is rich with the lives of our kin. Teach your children that we have taught our children that the earth is our mother. Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of earth. If men spit upon the ground, they spit upon themselves.

This we know; the earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know. All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. *All things are connected.*

Even the white man, whose God walks and talks with him as friend to friend, cannot be exempt from the common destiny. We may be brothers after all. We shall see. One thing we know which the white man may one day discover; our God is the same God.

You may think now that you own Him as you wish to own our land; but you cannot. He is the God of man, and His compassion is equal for the red man and the white. The earth is precious to Him, and to harm the earth is to heap contempt on its creator. The whites too shall pass; perhaps sooner than all other tribes. Contaminate your bed and you will one night suffocate in your own waste.

But in your perishing you will shine brightly fired by the strength of the God who brought you to this land and for some special purpose gave you dominion over this land and over the red man.

That destiny is a mystery to us, for we do not understand when the buffalo are all slaughtered, the wild horses are tamed, the secret corners of the forest heavy with the scent of many men and the view of the ripe hills blotted by talking wires.

Where is the thicket? Gone. Where is the eagle? Gone. The end of living and the beginning of survival.

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**"Let us ever become who we most want to be. As we begin to be who we truly are, the world will be a better place."**

John Denver

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HEAVENLY CONNECTIONS

The Power of Prayer - A little prayer can go a long way to help a patient. By Michael Steinberg

When people get sick, they pray. When your child has a high fever, you say, "Oh, God, please let her be well." When you have a scare, like an elevated PSA (prostate screening test), or a breast lump, your hands automatically go together in prayer. When a friend is in an accident, you immediately pray for his recovery. Even people who don't actively participate in organized religion ask for divine help when there is trouble.

So what is this all about? Is it just ancient ritual? Can a characterized God sit on a cloud and answer each of our individual prayers? Do "faith healers" in tents or on TV really cure anyone?

When I went to medical school in the 1960s, we were taught that as physicians and scientists discussion about the religious lives, or spirituality, of our patients was not within the realm of scientific medicine. In fact, we were explicitly instructed not to discuss it.

Now there are physicians who pray with their patients and courses on the roles of religious devotion and prayer in healing are being taught in about 50 U.S. medical schools.

Growing Body of Evidence

Why the change in attitude among some medical professionals? For a scientist, only facts count and there is a growing body of evidence that prayer helps patients.

In a now famous study published in 1988, cardiologist Randolph Byrd showed with a double-blind study the powerful force of prayer in healing. At San Francisco General Hospital, 393 patients admitted to the coronary care unit over a 10-month period were randomly assigned by computer to one of two groups. One group received daily prayers by volunteers at home from all over the country. The other group did not. The doctors, nurses and patients did not know which patients were in which group.

Each prayed-for patient had between five and seven prayers assigned. The prayers were told the patient's name and clinical problem but were not instructed how to pray.

Remarkable results

The results were remarkable. The prayed-for patients differed from the others in these areas:

- * They were five times less likely to need antibiotics;
- * They were three times less likely to develop pulmonary edema (a condition in which poor heart function results in the lungs filling with fluid);
- * No prayed-for patient required endotracheal intubation (placement of a breathing tube in the throat) while 12 in the other group did;
- * Patients in the prayed-for group needed less pain killers and required a shorter length of hospital stay than those who were not prayed for.

Ongoing experiment

There also is an on-going experiment dealing with prayer that is headed by Dr. Herbert Benson, of the Mind/Body Medical Institute at Boston's New England Deaconess Hospital. Benson, best known for the relaxation response, has studied for years the effects of meditation on a body when it relaxes. Now he is studying prayer's effects on distant individuals. About 1,200 patients are being split into three different Boston hospitals:

- * One-third of the patients are to receive prayer from Carmelite nuns (located in Towson, MD) and other religious groups. The patients are unaware of the prayers of others.
- * One-third will receive prayer and know they are the subjects of prayer.
- * And the final third are not to be prayed for.

Almost as telling as the as-yet-completed study's results is the fact that prayer itself is being investigated by respected, well-known scientists in, of all places, Boston-based medical institutions, premier research institutions routinely considered some of the best in the country.

Stressed Organisms

Similar studies have replicated other equally amazing - or not so amazing if you're religious - results. Studies have been done on other living organisms and still there are the same effects from prayer.

The Spindrift Organization funded research in which plant seeds were placed in a container with vermiculite (a type of sterile potting material). The container was placed in water and a barrier was placed to separate the container into side A and side B. Prayers were said daily for side A but none were offered for side B. The results: twice as many seeds sprouted on side A. This was repeated multiple times with varying seed types and conditions.

In another study, the seeds were stressed by emersion in salt, water. In this case, the growth of the prayed-for side increased sharply. It appears from these studies that the outcomes of prayer for stressed organisms (sick people) are even more significant than for the unstressed.

Non-local events

The evidence clearly shows that prayer has healing powers. But how?

Dr. Larry Dossey, in his book, "Reinventing Medicine," makes the case for what he calls non-local events having local consequences.

We have been taught that our mind is confined to our brain and that all forms of communication must be mediated by our physical senses. Dossey argues that our minds - not our brains, but our minds - are not localized and confined to our heads but are part of a greater consciousness which is not subjected to the restraints of physical laws, meaning not bound by time or space.

So a prayer from a Carmelite nun in Towson or a Buddhist monk in Tibet "travels" into this collective, non-local mind and is sent to the receiver, who experiences a localized effect.

Dossey uses an analogy to help us better understand. Say a battery-powered television were dropped into a remote jungle. The natives - who have no idea of what a television is - would think that the images on the screen originate inside the box. Try explaining to them the concept of invisible electromagnetic signals created in a distant part of the earth being bounced off communication satellites orbiting in space and being received by their television set.

Think you've got an idea of what Dossey means? Then try this. If these prayers and their effects are not dependent upon time or space, then could a doctor (or others) treat a condition by praying for a patient as if he didn't have the disease yet, imploring the sickness to not enter the body?

Non-local Energy

It is a little easier for us to comprehend the direct one-on-one healing power of a practitioner's words or guided visualization or therapeutic touch. But in Byrd's study, the prayers were recited in remote locations from the patients. This breaks with our normal understanding of energy transfer.

The three forms of physical energy we are familiar with - gravitational, electromagnetic, and nuclear - get weaker as the distance between the source and the receiver increased. In Byrd's study, prayers in Philadelphia, Miami and San Francisco had the same effect on patients. This "non-local" energy travels with laws unknown to our modern physics. Could this indicate that there is a bit of the divine in each of us? And are the Buddhists right, that all is one and one is all?

And if prayer to heal works, then is prayer for something bad to happen to someone also effective? Again we can turn to Dr. Larry Dossey, whose pioneering book "Healing Words," was a bestseller. Dossey, who also penned, "Be Careful What You Pray For," says yes. And he notes that five percent of Americans admit to praying for some misfortune to befall another.

Continue to pray

This knowledge that prayer can help heal brings us to still another philosophical precipice. If all human prayers for healing were answered, almost no one would die and our planet would rapidly become so over- populated that it would be unfit for human life.

So when should we pray, what should we pray for and what should we expect? Each of us must explore these questions and come to our own conclusions. My own approach is non-directional, to ask the Universal Intelligence to create the appropriate outcome for the situation, the classic "Thy will be done."

One thing is certain, I will continue to pray for my friends and family.

Michael Steinberg, M.D., has had careers as a pediatrician, health center administrator and health care consultant. He is a faculty of Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia and the founder and CEO of the Baltimore-based Complementary Care Company, a credentialed regional network of holistic practitioners. He may be reached at 410-254-2134.

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The following quote is from an interview with Dr. Elisabeth Kübler-Ross by John Harricharan that appeared in *Body, Mind & Spirit* magazine in the September/October, 1989 issue:

Interviewer: "Can we communicate with loved ones who have gone on?"

EKR: "Yes, if you are ready and if you are at a high enough spiritual level. It can be done through dreams and also through other methods. I always tell bereaved parents, after they have given up their heaviness and resentment, to say, 'I really need to see you in my dreams. I need to know that you're okay.' If there is a lot of sadness and anger, the one who has gone on cannot come through. But if the conditions are right and there is enough faith, the contact will occur."

Judy and I believe the key word is "ask." Ask God, Jesus, Mary, your Higher Power, the universe, your deceased loved one - whomever or whatever you believe in - to have him or her come to visit you when you are sleeping. Ask sincerely, from your heart, in a quiet prayer.

When you're in bed, just as you're falling asleep, visualize or imagine your deceased family member or friend. See him or her as healed and whole. See or imagine his or her face, smiling and filled with love for you. Say, "I love you!" and put a smile on your face. Then ask that loved one to come to you, to visit you, while you are sleeping.

After-Death Communication experiences (ADCs) during sleep are much more vivid, intense, colorful, and real than ordinary dreams. They are very common. Both one-way and two-way communications, by telepathy, are typical. You usually feel your deceased loved one is with you in person that you're having an actual visit together. You may even hug and kiss each other! These experiences are not jumbled, filled with symbols, or fragmented as dreams are.

Sleep-state ADCs are similar to those that occur when you are wide awake. However, your loved one who has died can come to you more easily when you are relaxed, open, and receptive while you are in a meditative state or asleep. According to our research, the purpose of these visits by deceased loved ones is to offer *comfort, reassurance, and hope* to their family members and friends. They want you to know they are still alive, that they are *healed and whole*, that they are happy in their new life, and that you'll have reunion with them when it's your time to leave this physical life on Earth. In fact, they'll be there to greet you when you make your own transition!

Your deceased loved ones are being loved and cared for by spiritual guardians and teachers. They will be learning and growing in heaven, and they want you to go on with your life and do the same here. Remember, the purpose of physical life is to learn how to love everyone unconditionally, including yourself. And to serve all other people with loving kindness.

You may also ask that a "sign" to be given to you when you are awake, to let you know that your deceased loved one still exists. Ask whoever or whatever you believe in. If you are patient, and if you are observant, you will receive one or more signs. The most common ones are butterflies and rainbows. Others include birds, animals, flowers, and a large variety of inanimate objects such as finding a series of coins or whatever item you associate with your deceased relative or friend.

You can learn how to meditate, as this will increase your sensitivity and awareness. Many bereaved people are contacted by their deceased loved ones during meditation you may see him or her in your mind's eye and even have a two-way conversation! Meditation will teach you how to relax, and soften any fear and anger you may have. It will also reduce your stress and depression, improve your ability to eat and sleep, and facilitate your healing process. It's a wonderful way to nurture yourself, especially when you are grieving.

Dream researchers have learned that we dream every ninety minutes, all night long. So there is plenty of material to record. Yet many bereaved people state they cannot recall their ordinary dreams. So we suggest the following: Keep a note pad and pen next to your bed. As soon as you awaken, immediately write down anything you remember about your last dream, even if it's only a couple of sentences or a few words. The more you train your mind to do this, the more you will recall, and the more information you'll be able to write down. In a little while, you'll be surprised how much you remember!

Here's an even easier way. Keep a little portable cassette player next to your bed they cost \$15-\$25. Buy an inexpensive external microphone for it, one that has an "on-off switch." These cost about \$10-\$15 at stores like Radio Shack. Set the cassette player in the "record" position, but place the slide switch on the microphone in the "off" position. When you awaken from a dream, hold the microphone, slide the switch to the "on" position, and start recording whatever impressions you have about your last dream. Keep your eyes closed, don't turn on the light, and, if you're married, talk softly so you don't wake up your husband or wife. Again, you'll be surprised how many details you'll be able to recall from your last dream.

Another use for a portable cassette player is that it can be a "substitute friend" if there is no one else available to share your feelings with at a particular time when it's 3:00 a.m. and you really need to express your emotions. Just talk into the microphone it's like talking on a telephone and say *anything* and *everything* you are feeling even things you may be ashamed to say to another person. You can speak all your feelings and thoughts onto a tape and the tape will be a perfect listener, one who offers no criticism, no judgments, no advice, etc. In fact, you can cry, scream, swear, and say anything you want, without anyone knowing about it. Then you can play the tape back later if you wish, or you can erase it, or you can tape over it again and again in the future. It's an easy, inexpensive, and effective way to release your worst pain and deepest grief in privacy and safety. And if you listen to yourself as you talk, you may even gain some insights about what's really going on with you and perhaps understand things in a different way than before. This technique is not meant to be a replacement for sharing your feelings with a warm, compassionate, loving human being. Unfortunately, a cassette player cannot hold you, cry with you, or give you that big warm loving hug you really need. That's what compassionate family members, friends, and bereavement support groups are for.

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It is a great turning point in our spiritual lives when we go from an intellectual appreciation of a path to the heartfelt confidence that says, "Yes, it is possible to awaken. I can, too." A tremendous joy accompanies this confidence. When

we place our hearts upon the practice, the teachings come alive. That turning point, which transforms an abstract concept of a spiritual path into our own personal path, is faith.

Sharon Salzberg, The Buddhist Review, Vol. VI, No. 3

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FROM HE WHO SEES THE EAGLE

Editor's Note: One night soon after I returned from Colorado I asked John, "What is Heaven like?" We had talked about this before, but since my recent experiences in Aspen, I felt like he might have something more to say about it. Then he helped me summarize some of the other things he has spoken to me about since I returned and about some of the work we will be doing together, such as our "Love Is Forever" workshops (more about that soon to follow!).

Heaven is a GIVING place. Your heaven is comprised of [the experience of the energy of] all the things you gave to others while you were on Earth. If you want to experience something in heaven, give what you wish to experience to others now. Why do you think Native Americans have a principle that if someone likes something you have you should give it to them?

Also, you need to understand something. Death is a GIFT. It is what humanity chose as the way to eventually create HEAVEN ON EARTH. It's like this: When someone crosses back over, in order to stay connected to that person the people left behind have to raise their vibration, begin leading very spiritual lives. That desire and the actions stemming from it are what raise the vibration of the planet and liberate you from the negative confines of the third dimension!

So you should definitely be open to communication. It's not craziness! We don't become God over here (not yet anyway! [laughs]), so it's okay to pray to God and talk to us, too. It's as normal as talking to someone on the Earth plane, and becomes as natural once you get used to it.

There are other added benefits, I might add, as there is an unlimited amount of love and healing energy available when you are open to tapping into the resources of the other side of the veil. Once you have experienced it for yourself you know what I mean and you can spread it to others. A few already have, but let me tell you-most of you have no clue as to the magnitude of what I am implying here. When I say UNLIMITED LOVE, that's what I mean... knowing what you have and what's available to you, and then the deep spiritual satisfaction of needing nothing else other than what you already have. As time goes on many more of you will come to understand what I'm talking about. It really is ALL THIS JOY. And all the sorrow and sadness can just DISAPPEAR.

It is time to lift the veil, folks. Maybe only one fold at a time, but it will happen! It has already started. And the illusion of death will be shattered for humanity once and for all. You can start right away! Talk to us over here. Rebuild your relationships with your loved ones who have crossed over. Invite us to your tables. You can even set us a place...we can enjoy the essence of what you share with us! Play the music you enjoyed together. Visit the places you went together. All these things--they create bridges of light that really do make the higher dimensions more available and evident. Eating whole foods, exercising, meditating, doing yoga-this type of spiritual preparedness raises your vibration as well and makes for clearer communication.

You do need to understand that it will take some time and practice, but don't give up, cuz we're listening and watching, and waiting to know you again. Remember: LOVE IS FOREVER.
Peace always!

John

A few days after compiling the above statement (while looking for something totally un-related), I found the website for the Study of the Continuation of Consciousness at: <http://www.mindstudies.com/> which states something quite similar to John's words...especially the following:

"Understanding the eternal nature of consciousness and spiritual unity among all people can redirect individuals and humankind as a species to look upward into the light, away from the darkness that is the legacy of the physical realm. Once this understanding of our greater reality draws people to gaze on that light, they will never be able to turn away from it back to the darkness from which they emerged. They will be changed as individuals, and, one person at a time, we will be changed as a species.

"Picture this: With our emerging understanding of the greater reality, consciousness, and induced after-death communications, we will be able to help people understand their nature, that of others who are One with them, the living Universe, and the Higher Power. And that different perspective will naturally manifest itself in increasing compassion, love, peace, and bliss in all of humankind.

"Executives from several large companies attend a retreat where they have induced ADC experiences. They come to realize that they are One with each other, all other people, the environment, and their customers. They talk openly about the messages they received from their loved ones who communicated with them. Then they talk about

business, employees, customers, and families with their new understanding of the greater reality and Unity of consciousness. They go back to their companies changed men and women, who run their companies differently.

"Hardened criminals in prison have regular visits with a spiritual counselor who induces ADC's with loved ones and even people they harmed or killed. The counselor talks with them about the messages they receive and their places in Eternity. The prisoners have group sessions in which they compare what has happened to them, their new view of life and humankind, and what they want to do to live their lives differently. The fact that it is a closed environment increases the likelihood that the inside of a prison will become a place full of compassion, trust, love, peace, and bliss.

"Gang leaders come together for a week-long retreat in which they meet one-on-one with a counselor for hours, then undergo induced ADC's. They hear the teachings from deceased gang members who have been killed in violence, talking about their lives and the lives of the gang members still alive. They come together for group sessions in which they share what they're learning and how they might be able to make their lives and their neighborhoods places of compassion, love, and peace.

"Individuals in churches have the induced ADC experience where they communicate with loved ones and learn about life and love during the experience. They form groups and meet regularly to share their experiences and talk about their lives and making others' lives more fulfilled and blissful. The groups from different churches meet regularly to talk about their Unity and the community-Christians, Jews, Buddhists, Muslims, all faiths together. And finally an entire community is made up of people who see clearly the eternal nature of man, our center in the Divine, and our Unity. The community becomes dominated by love, compassion, and peace.

"In this community of people who know the reality of the nonphysical realm, interactions among people become civil and each person's word has meaning. People lose the need to deceive because they are no longer trapped in the churn of trying to win over others. The physical realm becomes much less important, and honesty becomes commonplace; dishonesty becomes shocking and unusual.

"And all of these communities of people whose perceptions of themselves, others, and the Universe have shifted will form a compassionate, loving, peaceful nation; that with other nations will form a compassionate, loving, peaceful world; that with future generations will form a compassionate, loving, peaceful humankind.

"Picture that. Impossible? Not at all. It will happen because with induced ADC's and our understanding of the Unity of consciousness, we can demonstrate to people their places in Eternity in ways that will change them forever. We have the tools now; we just have to use them. And that could be the beginning of a new humankind." Blew my mind! I called and spoke to Dr. Craig Hogan, who was kind enough to take time out of his busy schedule to speak with me. I can tell his work is something John approves of and is very excited about! They're clinical approach to ADC's is also quite intriguing...Check it out at <http://www.induced-adc.com/>.

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**"It might change your life. Part of what it might do is to teach you not to hesitate when you know what is right. Dancing on the thorns of indecision across the plains of hesitation where many stop and wait and in waiting, die. But to be bold, to stand up and be counted. It's who we are and it's about time-CHOICES IN ACTION. Thank you very much, folks. Thanks for being here."**

John Denver, 1995 Windstar Symposium comments on David Brower's *Let the Mountains Talk*

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CHOICES IN ACTION/EVENTS/FOR SALE

Transforming the Mind, Healing the World by Joseph Goldstein

Speech is a powerful force. But how much attention do we pay to our speech?...Do we actually bring some wisdom and sensitivity to our speaking? What is behind our speech, what motivates it? Does something really have to be said? When I was first getting into the practice of thinking and learning about speech, I conducted an experiment. For several months I decided not to speak about any third person; I would not speak to somebody about somebody else. No gossip. Ninety percent of my speech was eliminated. Before I did that, I had no idea that I had spent so much time and energy engaged in that kind of talking. It is not that my speech had been particularly malicious, but for the most part it had been useless. I found it tremendously interesting to watch the impact this experiment had on my mind. As I stopped speaking in this way, I found that one way or another a lot of my speech had been a judgment about somebody else. By stopping such speech for a while, my mind became less judgmental, not only of others, but also of myself, and it was a great relief.

From Good Works On Earth

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Would you purchase a vehicle that travels 700 miles to the gallon of fuel, and the fuel cost \$1.50 per gallon, safely made in a small machine in your garage, your business, or any location?

The vehicles exist, they are in production. We introduce you to a new name word already up and running : ANUVU. The word is a name for a new type of vehicle, the Anuvu. We have created these links below, and we share them on various pages of Good Works On Earth to let folks know about Rex Hodges and his merry serious crew and what they have wrought with a new view in engineering solutions named, Anuvu.

We do not know these folks, personally. We do share this link to their site to share with you one alternative that seems destined to be a leader of our healing our environmental nightmare called the internal combustion engine. We invite you to visit this site, and if you wish, read the articles below ... then you will know about the Anuvu before you hear about it in the media. And I would think we should be hearing about this in the media throughout America. This is good news.

Anuvu on Transport : <http://www.anuvu.com/>  
A great article on the Anuvu: <http://www.ecoworld.com/Home/articles2.cfm?TID=255>  
Another article on the Anuvu technology: <http://www.solarroofs.com/fuelcell/>  
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#### Spiritual Healing

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Suzanne Day is a spiritual Shamanic healer who lives in Arkansas but will travel anywhere she is invited to do workshops, healing sessions, etc. I believe she can also do distance healing. She can be reached at (870) 363-4763, P.O. Box 100, Fox, AR 72051, or by e-mail at [SuzanneDay@mvtel.net](mailto:SuzanneDay@mvtel.net) .  
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#### Making a Difference!

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<http://www.allgodscreatures.net/>  
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Space Weather News for Nov. 12, 2003 - <http://spaceweather.com>  
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This year's Leonid meteor shower is unusual. It's a double shower, and the first peak is due this week. Sky watchers around the Pacific Ocean could see dozens of meteors per hour on Nov. 13th and 14th. Favored sites include Alaska, Hawaii, and Japan. Visit [spaceweather.com](http://spaceweather.com) for more information.  
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Whole Health Expo - [www.wholehealthexpo.com](http://www.wholehealthexpo.com)  
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Boston, MA - November 15-16th  
Bayside Executive Conference Center (Adjacent to the Bayside Expo Center)  
200 Mount Vernon Street, Boston, MA 02125  
(Conference Center entrance at the South Parking Lot)  
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World Premiere of "Indigo" from letter by Neale Donald Walsch  
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Spiritual movie INDIGO has been invited to have its World Premiere at the prestigious Santa Fe Film Festival in beautiful Santa Fe, New Mexico on December 5 and 6....and the events of the weekend are open to the public!

Stephen, James, and I, along with several members of the cast and crew, will all be attending. The screenings will be held at Garson Studios on the campus of The College of Santa Fe at 7:15 p.m. on December 5 and at 10:45 a.m. on December 6. There will be a Q&A session after each screening.

Following the premiere screening on December 5 will be a reception for INDIGO at El Meson Restaurant, 213 Washington Ave, Santa Fe, New Mexico. The reception will be from 9-11 PM. It is open to the public, with free hors d'oeuvres and a cash bar.

The Box Office will open on November 15. For tickets, please call 505-989-1495. Tickets are \$9 each. To purchase Festival passes, please call 505-989-1408 after November 15. To purchase Festival passes-not individual tickets-you can call 505-988-5225 before November 15. Pass information and Festival information is available at the Festival Website: <http://www.santafefilmfestival.com>  
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5th Annual John Adams & Randy Utterback  
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At The Red Ram (6th Street, Georgetown Colorado) on Saturday, November 29, 2003, 7:00pm A *TREE LIGHTING CELEBRATION* - Free Admission!

[www.johnadams-music.com](http://www.johnadams-music.com)  
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Join SYLVIA BROWNE and JOHN EDWARD Live in Hawaii!  
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Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime event! Internationally acclaimed psychic medium JOHN EDWARD and world-renowned psychic SYLVIA BROWNE will be together for the FIRST TIME in Hawaii during a LIVE Conference on Sunday, February 22, 2004 at the Hawaii Convention Center in Honolulu. This day-long event will feature individual

lectures by both John and Sylvia as well as LIVE AUDIENCE readings. You May Even Be Chosen for a LIVE AUDIENCE READING!

John Edward, bestselling author of *After Life*, *One Last Time*, and *Crossing Over*, and perhaps best known for his syndicated television show, *Crossing Over with John Edward*, will talk about connecting to deceased loved ones, and also discusses his latest book *After Life: Answers from the Other Side*.

See bestselling author Sylvia Browne, and witness her incredible psychic powers LIVE as she discusses her latest books, *Mother God: The Feminine Principle to Our Creator*, and *Visits from the Afterlife: The Truth about Hauntings, Spirits, and Reunions with Lost Loved Ones*.

Tickets on Sale Now - as low as \$40! To reserve your seat online: [www.hayhouse.com/events.php](http://www.hayhouse.com/events.php) or call 800-654-5126 for more information.

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From The Karma News:

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Victor Zammit & The Case for the Afterlife" <http://www.victorzammit.com/>

"A Lawyer Presents the Case for the Afterlife: Irrefutable Objective Evidence" by Victor Zammit is a FREE downloadable eBook. Once you read it, you may never look at life in the same way again....

"Victor Zammit, B.A.(Psych), Grad. Dip. Ed., M.A.(Legal Hist.), LL.B, PhD, lawyer, Euro-Australian, is a retired Solicitor of the High Court of Australia." He "was initially suspicious of the New Age Movement for its blatant commercial exploitation of people's basic instinctual tendency for spiritual development. However he did have a number of psychic/spiritual experiences which set him questioning, reading, and researching" into evidences of the Afterlife.

"Adopting a scientific criterion, Victor was able to select that information which could withstand and pass the many rigid tests of objectivity." His book, "A Lawyer Presents the Case for the Afterlife: Irrefutable Objective Evidence", has been accessed by more than 1.5 million people from 65 countries over the last 5 years."

In this book, Victor Zammit presents "twenty three different areas of evidence showing that the existence of the afterlife can be proved 'absolutely'". The evidence presented in this book "would be accepted by the highest court in ANY civilized country" not just in the highest courts of the United States, the United Kingdom, and Australia.

"The 'scientific' evidence for the afterlife is irrefutable--has never been shown it is wrong. The evidence mentioned and found in "A Lawyer Presents the Case for the Afterlife" has been sent to experts around the world to ask them what they find wrong with it - it has been sent to theologians, to scientists, to materialists and hard-core skeptics." "Seven years later, no scientist - no biologist, no physicist, no skeptical empiricist, no materialist, no one has been able to rebut the evidence for the existence of the afterlife."

Best of all, Victor Zammit puts his money where his mouth is. His sponsors "are offering the sum of \$1,000,000 for anyone in the world who could demonstrate the evidence for the afterlife as found in his research on the Net is not correct". This offer has been on the table for 4 years with no takers... the burden is now on the skeptics!

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Greetings from the Rocky Mountains of Colorado!

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Silver Wave Records is very excited to announce the release of Joanne Shenandoah's new CD, *Covenant*. This songs on this progressive recording are like prayers for the dance floor of your heart! The music honors the Covenant between humankind and the earth with riveting sounds that masterfully weave original compositions and powerful messages from the ancient Iroquois prophecy. Joanne Shenandoah's enchanting voice is backed with percussive grooves, vivid string arrangements and tribal sounds in a modern style ranging from dance to trance.

*Covenant* (available on CD only) can be purchased at retail stores everywhere. Or, you can buy the CD online at Amazon.com now: <http://www.amazon.com>

"Our music is healing, eternal and earth conscious. Our songs celebrate our survival and have a deep spiritual essence which will resonate around a world which needs Native music."

Joanne Shenandoah

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SPIRIT Post cards for Sale

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We plan to offer the postcards via the Windstar website, but have not as yet added them to the products pages.

John Denver