



[illegible]

Hello again!

I hope you all are well.

I can't believe that we have been living without John's physical presence on this planet for almost two years now. It just seems like forever to me sometimes. I am very enthusiastic about all the things that we are doing in John's name, honor, and memory-and yet sometimes I just long for the opportunity to hear his sweet voice once again, to know that he is still here fighting for his causes and pursuing his dreams. I do miss him moreso at this time of year-his favorite time of the year, although I continue to feel his presence almost daily. (I say "almost" because there are periods when I do not feel him close, but I know that he is very busy and always hears my thoughts anyway, at least.) He has helped me to grow so much stronger and self-assured than I ever was; it is amazing to me. So each time he "goes away," it hurts a little less. And I know that one day he will go away and not return, and then we who are still here will have to wait until we touch eternity ourselves to feel and see him again. But even when that happens, our thoughts will still keep us all connected to him, and to each other. And by that time, our understanding will have grown as well, and that will also help to lessen the intensity of the sorrowful aspect of all this (I say with the greatest of hope)! That is what the Medicine Wheel was all about that we did in Aspen last year at this time. It was meant to serve as a catalyst, not only for our own healing, but to open up a door and, as Kenneth Meadows states in his book *Earth Medicine*, provide "a means of bringing all ancient traditions into harmony and unity for the benefit of humanity."

So as I prepare for my (is this to be annual?) trip to Aspen, I am reminded again just how precious life really is. I have been shown this by many of those who have passed on to that other dimension, as well as by all my new and old family and friends that are still here and that brighten up my life every day. That includes all of you, you know! I also apologize to those of you who also receive "It's A Possibility," the newsletter of the Pennsylvania Friends of John Denver, as there are some things in here that I also submitted for that fall issue, as well. I just thought they were worthwhile enough for some to read twice rather than for some to not have the chance to read them at all. I hope you agree!

Well, since this issue is rather long, I will end the preliminaries now, so you can get to reading!

Peace, love, and light always,  
Eileen/Hummingbird

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## "In the Quickening Light"

"No longer the struggle. No longer the night. Ever becoming. In the quickening light.  
To see in the darkness. To listen within. To answer in kindness. To ever begin.  
To ever be gentle. To always be strong. To walk in the wonder. To live in the song"

These lyrics are from a song I've just written. It's "A Song For Two Lovers." About relationships, the song was inspired by the true story of a man and a woman who shared a lifetime of love and commitment to each other. After the man's death, the woman continued to work tirelessly on behalf of the dreams they shared. One of those dreams was to help protect Alaska's wilderness. She did, and that legacy is alive today in the results of the passage of the Alaska Wilderness Act. The man was Olaus Murie, the woman Margaret Murie. I am honored to be able to tell you about them in the 93rd year of Margaret's life.

While I yearn personally to experience this kind of love between a man and a woman, such a capacity for love offers important lessons of many kinds. It speaks of how we treat one another. The power of love has to do with respect and kindness, generosity and joy. It quickens our capacity to act

with love beyond ourselves. It teaches us to believe in our dreams because they will come true, even as we remember never to take them for granted. Such a love grounds us in ways that enable us to take actions to benefit others. I admire the kind of spirit and conviction that begins with such love. It transforms promise into principle, curiosity into commitment. It works in ways that make the world a better place. Such love is all the more special to me in this case because the actions the Muries took were focused on protecting some of Earth's most precious wild places. Wild places nourish the heart, inspire the soul, and keep the songs of all life alive.

This year's Choices for the Future Symposium lives up to the spirit of this new song. Our theme is "Choices in Action." The Muries lived their choices. Their love for each other showed in the actions they took throughout their lives. They put their choices to work. That is what I most hope for from Windstar-that people will be inspired to put their choices to work in ways that make the world a better place.

I think there is a deep connection between how people feel about themselves and how they treat one another. It seems so simple, and yet we so often behave as if there were no connection. How I see myself is manifested in how I treat you. This extends to my relationships with all people and with the environment. When I see the Muries dancing in the moonlight on the Alaskan tundra under the glow of stars brightly shining, I know they are holding each other with grace and care. Their two hearts are beating as one. I think that if we could, each day, each one of us, imagine our hearts to be beating as one, in rhythm with all that lives, we would bring peace to life throughout the world.

I know these are romantic notions. Romance is filled with possibility. Romance has within it the capacity to see the world anew. Each moment is filled with wonder, with anticipation, with a desire to be so good that the other will love us deeply. We hold each other in holy regard when our hearts are touched by romance. There's new thinking in this kind of experience. It strikes me that the world today is in desperate need of new thinking-so, I'd like to take a stand for romance. The world certainly needs more of it. We don't know how to cope with all the changes that surround us. Life on Earth brings us closer to one another each day. There has never been a time on Earth like we see today. What we need are more ways to experience our interconnectedness-it is a precursor to deep love. Romance brings us a sweet openness to new experience. Romance deepened into true love is the way to sustain goodness over time.

So in this quickening light, with the dawn of each new day, let us look for love. Let us believe in romance. Let us treat one another in ways that most honestly reflect how we, in the deepest laces within our souls, want to be treated ourselves. Let us extend those actions to all with whom we come in contact. Let us extend that to all of those from whom we feel most distant. Let us no longer struggle. 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.

(There is an article about Marty Murie in the Sept. issue of "Outside" Magazine.)

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## LETTERS

Dear Friend,

I wanted to tell you how much I have enjoyed the newsletters I have received so far. I was reading the last one today and two pieces really touched me. The first was the experience of the lady seeing John and having him communicate to her that he knows we appreciate him. My experience is not that profound, but after he died for a few days, I seemed to have all these flashbacks of things I had done, concerts, songs, things he had said or sung that helped me through trials and the thought came to me that maybe he was receiving these thoughts from us to assure him that his life was of meaning. Then I heard Annie say something like how John didn't really know how much good he had done, how much people had received from him, that he would be thrilled by all the people who remembered him and all the things that were said about him, etc. My personal thought is that a person after they die are

judged by their own deeds, and since he didn't know all the good he did for us, for people, he had to know that somehow. It goes along with the fact that the lady in the story didn't have to say anything to John, that he knew. So it thrilled me. I feel that lady had a true experience, be it a dream or whatever, because what I have been taught about spirits is that we are not allowed to touch them. If they offer to touch us, they are untrue spirits and you don't feel anything. But a good spirit will not deceive you. And the spirit world is here, so they can see and feel what we are feeling, if they are meant to do it. Gets deep, doesn't it. We are so close to them.

The other thing that really touched me was the piece about The Gift You Are. It has been a thing of mine to share this song with anyone I feel needs it and would receive it with the right spirit. I have made some new friends since John died and have shared that song with them. It is written for all of us. He told us that at a concert in 1990. I. That song and I Want to Live are very special songs to me.

Thank you again for the work you are doing. It gives us a place to share these spiritual experiences with others who also believe.

Love and Peace,  
Virginia  
The gift of you...

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Hi, Eileen!

Have you recuperated from our hot weekend in Columbus? I have - seems like it was ages ago already. I heard Healing Time for the first time that weekend and loved it

Allison (my friend) has been doing a lot of work with John as she travels the West. In response to my telling her about your newsletter, she wrote: "I'm VERY interested in Eileen's networking of people JD's connecting with from the other side. Is the web site up? Please keep me posted on that.

Sometimes I think I'm nuts, but he's around all the time now. It would be good to talk with others who are also connecting this way."

Hope to hear from you soon!

Love & light,  
mev

"And reach for the heavens and hope for the future,  
And all that we can be, not just what we are."

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## STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS

### LIVING FROM THE HEART By Patti Pitcher

As much as I love summer, a part of me is always ready when it ends. In early summer when the sun sends its powerful rays to earth, my whole body responds by loosening up. My natural enthusiasm for life bubbles over and I can't seem to hold to the form of my life. Rules that bind me the rest of the year lose their meaning. I can't seem to go to bed on time or cook a decent meal. My commitment to housework evaporates and I have trouble finishing projects. Late nights spent visiting with friends and relatives, picnics at the beach and gorging on ice cold popsicles in the middle of a sweltering summer afternoon are all wonderful; but somehow, in the midst of all this fun, I lose the structure of my days. I am so busy doing things, I neglect my need for contemplation; and, in doing so, I lose touch with myself.

How do I choose to make my life MY LIFE? How can I muster the courage to live a life from my heart? What if what my soul is asking for is radically different from the culture in which I live? How do I reconcile these differences? Each fall as I draw my energies in and organize my days, I have a new opportunity to act from my heart, to have the courage to claim my own life. Ancient peoples know to celebrate courage in the autumn. They know to harness their courage as they faced the coming of winter. They feasted and celebrated the harvest, hoping that no one need hunger in the coming darkness. They knew that the darkness was a time that both nourished and tested the soul's endurance. Each fall, as I question deeply within, wondering how best to restructure my life I, too,

lose my summer growth and ready myself to weather the long dark times ahead. Using the earth's process as a metaphor for my own life helps to ground me. It gives me a context in which I may understand my inner life. This process helps me face my life with courage. It helps me learn the balance between what I can choose in my life and what I must learn to accept as part of what life gives me, finding my place in the chaos that is life.

Once I was at a harvest celebration with friends. We were eating and being merry, making bread and ice cream, eating foods from the harvest of our gardens. The children were joyously parading around the yard playing with sprigs of wheat that some of us had grown in our small yards. Before we began our meal, my dear friend Sally gathered us all in a circle to ceremoniously break bread together. She broke off a small piece of bread and put it into each of our mouths, saying, "May you never hunger."

For days I was haunted by her words. I have never known real hunger, nor have my children. What a blessing that we take so lightly in this world filled with consumption. I began to wonder what it would be like to feel real hunger, to not be able to feed my children. A deep feeling of compassion arose from my soul. As I was feeling this, I know that though I have never gone hungry in a physical sense, I so hunger. I hunger for community, hunger for a world where children are safe and they are loved, where it is a joyful thing to grow old and become the respected elder of my community. This simple statement of never hungering made me realize that I must choose in little ways each and every day to create a life for myself where I am not hungry. I must choose to make my life full of soul.

Somewhere inside of me, I know I hear the call of courage as I look toward the coming winter. I may not need worry about staying warm or having enough food for the winter, but I do need worry that I have enough "soul" reserve to weather the storms life sends my way. And so, as the fall draws toward the winter, like Sally, my wish for you is that you may never hunger.

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JOHN DENVER-ASTRO-TRAVELER By Hinton Harrison, II  
(This poem first appeared in the Aspen Times, October, 1998)

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A solo angel on a star borne vision quest  
Flying on the wings of light  
"Far out" above the Earth  
Beyond pain and fear  
To merge with the celestial oneness  
Cradled in the arms of his creator  
In unconditional tender love and compassion  
I see him traveling through the Milkyway  
Every star is a smiling face  
Of an ancient spirit who has  
Blessed us with their presence  
On this place we call Earth  
John is approaching Orion's Belt  
There is a bright star on a door  
It opens and John enters a room  
There is a large chair facing  
A window with smoke rising  
Past a view of the Earth  
At that moment the chair turns  
John says "Oh my God"  
It is Mr. George Burns  
Smoking a cigar. Mr. Burns says  
"Welcome home, John"  
They embrace for a moment  
Then John turns and there  
Out of the light Mr. Jim Henson

Appears handing John a spark of light  
They embrace and John continues  
Walking along a green fairway  
To the summit of his star being  
Placing a spark on the pinnacle  
He looks to the four directions  
It's a John Denver day  
Swinging his magic golf club  
Sending you a gift of love  
A message from Heaven  
There is a way to peace  
The heart way.

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Hi Peggy,

Please send this to Lorraine, it just came to me as I was sitting here chatting with Margit...I feel like these are John's words...And I definitely do believe that he was there to receive her when she arrived on the other side.

PEACE,  
Eileen

FOR JESSICA

I am here little one, I am here  
Tell your mama it's ok.  
Oh, I know she can't hear you through the tears right now,  
But believe me that she will, one day.

Our lives are taking the courses they must follow  
To bring us around full circle to our truths.  
When we realize that love is the answer to every question,  
Then we'll begin to see the proofs.

The signs don't always present themselves as we would have them  
They don't always read as the language that we speak  
But they are ever always available for the asking  
And they will bring us the comfort that we seek.

From my heart to yours, from yours to mine,  
And from all of ours beating as one,  
Spirits traveling together on our journey to wholeness  
Where we will embrace the light of a thousand suns  
7/31/99

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Hi Peggy,

My name is Margit and I live in Germany. My dear friend Eileen told me about the accident Lorraine was involved in and that she lost her daughter Jessica...I'm so sorry, my heart goes out to the family.

From time to time I sit down and write poems. Today, while chatting with Eileen - the following words came to mind...(I am sure that life is infinite, it goes on after we leave this earth...just in a different form. I think Eileen is right, I too believe that John was there when Jessica crossed over and I also feel that she is safe at home - our true home.)

Well, here is the poem...if you think you can pass it on to Lorraine, feel free to do so. Thank you.

PEACE from heart to heart,  
Margit

In Loving Memory of Jessica: FROM A LITTLE HEART...WITH LOVE

Although the time has come for us to part  
It's only temporary  
It's only in this world of yours, never in my heart.

You know that I loved to laugh and play  
Being there with you  
Now I wish you could hear me laugh, hear me say:

This land here is so beautiful, and not really far away  
Do you know that I picked you a flower the other day?  
Yes, I can see you, hear you not just when you pray.

So before you go to sleep at night  
Close your eyes, make a wish  
Mammi, I will be right at your side!

Oh, and don't worry - I am not alone  
John was singing a song while we went home.  
We sing a lot here, you must know - playing in the sun.

I can see that you are sad because I had to go  
But one day you will think of me and smile  
And see me smile, too - we've been together all the while!

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This poem was also submitted by Eaglespirit:

What a different world we would see if  
each of us could recognize that it is our  
thoughts that create our reality.  
When we have angry thoughts,  
we see an angry world.  
When we have loving thoughts,  
we see a loving world.  
It is our belief system that determines what we see.

What we see is based on what we believe and what we expect.  
As we take responsibility for what we perceive,  
the world we see will immediately reflect the change.  
-Jerry Jampolsky & Diane Cirincione

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### **READERS' EXPERIENCES**

Submitted by Margit Voell

Hi Eileen, Hi Pam,

Hope you don't mind that I send this to both of you ...but I was thinking about what happened since Friday: John's (unexpected) visit, then you, Pam, and I got online at the same time...and yesterday (Saturday) we "met" on ICQ, as you know, Eileen - and as you also know, friends: We DIDN'T have a date!!...

That's why I want to share this with you, as there's probably a reason behind our" meetings"...

I want to thank John for his visit and for answering my question. It was a special moment; I could feel and hear John so clearly - even saw him for a few minutes. But this also shows me that I still have to learn to trust without seeing him in the well-known physical form.  
Still a long way to go I suppose...

However, I asked, using telepathy, and he answered, using telepathy...and it worked!! I mean, it's easy for John, but I think I did pretty well! We have so many abilities, we just forgot how to use them...

Here are some of my questions, and John's explanations. I have to tell this in my own words though (most of it), as I didn't write during the visit to keep our dialogue "flowing". I still don't know how to "step back", so that he can dictate...

I asked why we never met in person while he was incarnated here, and if we know each other from another place/life. John replied that we do know each other for a looong time, and that we did not necessarily had to meet face to face during our time on Earth. We both were changing plans several times. Had he stayed longer, we probably would have met last year...Then he added that his decision to end this incarnation was best for him and the work he wanted to do.

I asked why he didn't decide to do the tour with Neale, AWAKENING OF HUMANITY, and leaving after that. John said that he was very fond of this project, that it never left his heart -his "words"- and that he IS DOING IT right now, working on it, giving it to us, to anyone who can hear it -again his "words"-...He said that he gave speeches before and that it was time to do it a little differently, always wanting and hoping the best for humanity and our planet.

**"IT'S THE TIME FOR LOVE AND PEACE TO ENTER YOUR LIVES, AND BRING THE MUCH NEEDED CHANGE, SO THAT THE HUMAN RACE WILL SURVIVE AND THEN GO ON FROM THERE TO REALLY LIVE LIFE FULLY AND CONSCIOUSLY WITH AN OPEN HEART FOR EVERY MAN, CREATURE, ROCK, PLANT, MINERAL, EVERY LIVING BREATHING THING. CREATE THE GLOBE OF UNITY."**

I asked why his song THE WINGS THAT FLY US home, means so much to me. No matter how often I listen to it, it touches me beyond words. John said that this song existed long before it was put into words and melody for people to hear. It is deeply spiritual and reminds me and others of what was, is and will be - a eternal circle of life. Always changing form but never losing its purpose; its love, joy, harmony and the truth of BEING ONE -his "words"-. (Then he said jokingly that he can't understand that I don't remember that I was singing/humming this song constantly when I was home in the spirit world...)

I think these are the most important questions/answers, enough food for thought :-) Towards the end of his visit, I suddenly got very tired and almost fell asleep (I was sitting in the chair in our living room)...embarrassing...I asked John if this had to do with the energy/vibration in the room, since I didn't feel that way before...John said no, not in this case. It was simply that my self wanted to leave the physical body, but my human mind thought that this was only possible during sleep...Oh well...

When it was time to say goodbye, John said: GO IN PEACE.  
So, I say WALK IN PEACE, my dear friends/sisters/brothers

Love,  
Margit

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## **EARTH RHYTHMS**

"Wolf"

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The Wolf is the pathfinder, the forerunner of new ideas who returns to the clan to teach and share medicine. Wolf has an enormous sense of family within the pack, as well as a strong individualistic urge. These qualities make Wolf very much like the human race. The senses of Wolf are very keen, and the moon is its power ally. The moon is the symbol for psychic energy, or the unconscious that holds the secrets of knowledge and wisdom. If you have Wolf medicine, you may be able to share your personal medicine with others. Your intuitive side may also have an answer or teaching for your personal use at this time. Look for teachings no matter where you are. Wolf would not come to you unless you requested the appearance of the tribe's greatest teacher. (The above was extracted from the Animal Spirit Guides website.)

The wolf is your birth totem if you were born between February 19 and March 20-known as the Time of the Blustery Winds. The wolf was a highly regarded animal among the ancient tribes of northern Europe, and was a totem animal among the ancient Celts. To the native Americans wolf was a teacher and a guide to sacred things.

Our JD sister, Yellowstone Wolf, has a wonderful website which is also full of links to other wolf websites. (Especially noteworthy is "Lady In Black's Animal Spirits" and "Animal Spirit Guides." ) Check it out at <<http://www.geocities.com/RainForest/Andes/6633/index.html>>  
There is also a Medicine Wheel Yahoo club that discusses various animal totems. That link is <<http://clubs.yahoo.com/clubs/americanindianmedicinewheel>>

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## ANGEL CONNECTIONS

(Reprinted from AngelScribe News)

The next miracle true story has its roots in Gig Harbor. I have tried to locate the author to no avail. The story teaches:  
How to become a miracle magnet  
How to become an earth angel.

- 1) Pray and Ask
- 2) Show up and do what God asks
- 3) Give thanks for becoming an earth Angel

You are about to read one of the most powerful stories ever presented on this newsletter.

### MOVING MOUNTAINS

Author Unknown....but greatly appreciated

Whatever is true  
whatever is noble  
whatever is right  
whatever is pure  
whatever is lovely  
whatever is admirable -  
if anything is excellent or praiseworthy -  
think about such things.

Doug Coe, who is a remarkable man of faith, told this story about his friend Bob Hunter.

One day when Bob was searching to understand his own faith and what it all meant he asked Doug, "Doug, do you really believe what the Bible says about moving mountains when we pray?" Doug thought about it and answered, "Sure."

Bob was rather incredulous and asked him, "Do you mean to say that you believe that if I prayed for a mountain to move, that it would move?"

Doug thought for awhile and said, "Let me put it this way. I not only believe it, but I will make you a bet. A \$500 bet. Bob, what do you know about Africa?"

"Nothing."

"What do you think about when you think of Africa?"

"I think about monkeys swinging from trees."

"Then here's the bet. I want you to pray for 45 days, 'God help Africa.' You can't miss a single day. And that's all you have to pray: 'God help Africa.' At the end of 45 days, you be the judge on whether any mountains have moved. If you think a mountain has moved, you pay me \$500. If you don't think a mountain has moved, you just tell me, and I'll pay you \$500, no questions asked."

Bob, being an astute businessman, rather liked the odds. He accepted the bet. And he began to pray daily, "God help Africa."

A few days later, Bob was at a dinner and sat next to an elderly lady. In the course of the conversation, he found out she lived in Uganda, and ran an orphanage there. Bob asked her a number of questions about Uganda and Africa. After a while, she asked him why he was so interested in Africa.

Bob responded, with some embarrassment, "You'll never believe this, but I made a bet with a good friend," and proceeded to tell her about his bet with Doug Coe. By the end of the evening, she invited him to return to Uganda with her in a few days to visit the orphanage.

Bob accepted the invitation. When he visited the orphanage in Uganda, his heart was touched by the orphans.

After coming back to the U.S. he got a few friends together and bought a load of toys and clothes, and sent them to Uganda.

The following week, he got a phone call from the woman at the orphanage. "Mr. Hunter, the children are so grateful for what you did, they would love if you could come again so they can make a special presentation to you to show you their appreciation. Can you come?" Bob accepted the invitation, and was off to Uganda again.

After a heartwarming ceremony at the orphanage, there was a phone call for Bob. It was the President of Uganda! The President had heard about the gifts to the orphans and called to thank Bob personally on behalf of his country. The President of Uganda also invited Bob to visit him that afternoon.

When Bob arrived the President was in the middle of rushing out of his office. He apologized as he had appointments, and invited Bob to come along, so they could get acquainted in the car. Bob accepted.

Along the way, at one of the stops, Bob looked out the window to see what appeared to be a stockyard; only this was a stockyard not filled with cattle, but with men. Bob asked the President what he was seeing.

The President responded that it was political prison, and those men were his political enemies. The conversation went something like this: "But Mr. President, that's not right to have men living in such horrible conditions. You must let them go."

"But those are my political enemies; men who have tried to subvert my authority. I cannot let them go. That would be foolish."

"You have to let them go; it's not right that human beings would have to live in those conditions." The conversation did not last long, and shortly thereafter Bob was back in the U.S.

About a week after getting back, he received a phone call. This time it was from the State Department, asking him to come to a meeting with the Under secretary of State for African Affairs. Rather puzzled over the purpose of such a meeting, he nevertheless went to the appointment.

At the meeting, the Under secretary of State for African Affairs and Bob had a conversation along these lines: "Mr. Hunter, on behalf of the Government of the United States, I want to thank you for what you have done in Uganda."

"What? The US. Government is thanking me for sending some toys to some orphans in Uganda?"

"No, Mr. Hunter. It is about political prisoners."

"What about political prisoners?"

"The President of Uganda recently released the political prisoners, which is something our government has been trying to get him to do for years, without success. He told us after taking this

action that he was doing it because of what you said to him." Needless to say, Bob Hunter was flabbergasted. But the story doesn't end there.

After the State Department meeting, the President of Uganda phoned Bob and asked him to return to Uganda to help him form a new Cabinet for his country.

"But Mr. President, I don't know anything about your country or the people who best serve in your government. I'm just an American businessman. How can I possibly help you choose a cabinet?"

Bob went. And did what he could to help the President select his new ministers. A close friendship has developed between Bob Hunter, American Business man and the President of Uganda. The President even stays in Bob's home in the DC area when he visits the U.S.

And you can guess, after those 45 days of praying "God help Africa," Bob Hunter sent Doug Coe a check for \$500.

That night in Gig Harbor, Doug Coe told us that he told his story later to a group of around twenty very successful business executives, all members of Young President Organization, an international association of business people who have become the chief executives or owners of companies above a certain size by age 40.

After he told his story at this YPO lunch, 13 of them came up to him and asked him if he would take on the bet with them.

Swallowing hard, after doing some quick math, he accepted the bet. He laid out the ground rules for them, that they had to pray every day for 45 days. They did not have to tell him what they were praying for, and at the end of the 45 days, it would be entirely up to them to decide whether a mountain had moved as a result of their prayers. After those 45 days, Doug received 12 checks for \$500 each. A while later, he received the 13th check, accompanied by a letter that went something like this: "Doug, my mountain didn't move. But the discipline of praying every day for 45 days has changed my life, and so I feel I owe you this \$500."

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And an afterthought: The 45th day from the day I got this e-mail turns out to be OCTOBER 12!

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## SONG DISCUSSION

"Healing Time on Earth" (music and words by John Denver)

As some of you know, I recently completed my Reiki Level 1 (a Japanese healing technique- John mentions having a Reiki treatment in his autobiography). It was kind of a sudden and unexpected opportunity for me, and one that I hesitated to accept right away, for various reasons. So I had mixed feelings as I turned down one of the country roads that led to Kate's, my Reiki Master's, home.

One of the many signs that I have received since John crossed over is seeing a red-tailed hawk (or hawks) right after I have spoken to him, or when I ask for a sign about something. I saw quite a few in 1998, but not nearly as many this year. And the ONLY time I have seen any this year has been when asking for a sign.

So as I'm driving along I said, "Hey John, you wouldn't want to send me a red-tailed hawk right about now, just to let me know that I am on the right path, would you?" But as I looked up, the sky was empty. A few moments later I said despondently, "Well, I guess I'm not going to see one, am I?"

His reply came immediately, "Now, you have to have patience!"

I said, "I know.... OK, God, please give me patience-but I want it now!"

A few moments after that, I rounded a bend in the road, and there was a red-tailed hawk right up to my left, coming out from behind a tree!

Needless to say, I was ecstatic. "Thank you John!" I yelled. "Oh, thank you!"

About 15 minutes later I saw another one flying across a field along with two other black birds. Then, moments after that, guess what else I saw? A rainbow! It wasn't a full arch, but the sky was dry and the few scattered clouds were wispy white-and it was bright! Wow! I knew then, for sure, that I was doing the right thing.

I had a self-made compilation tape playing, and as I neared Kate's house, "Healing Time on Earth" began to play. Then, as I pulled into her driveway, right before I turned my engine off, the last lines John sang were "In this healing time, walk with me again..."

Do you think I felt ready for this next step in my spiritual journey?

When we were finished the second night, I gave Kate a picture of John, which I'd found a beautiful silver and gold frame for. It was one I'd gotten from Cathie Marx last year in Aspen-the one called the Angel Star picture, that shows John in the prayer pose while doing the "Our Father" in Indian sign language. Kate's home is filled with angels, crystals, and other neat spiritual treasures, so I thought this picture of John would be very appropriate. She has a picture of stars very similar to the light in this picture, which she pointed out to me was named Angel Star!

I explained to her that a few months after John died, I was sitting at my computer one night, and suddenly he started to say the "Our Father" to me. I thought it was just because of my spiritual connection to him, and because I'd been praying for him. But then about six months later, while watching a video of one of his concerts at Cathy Nole's house, I saw him do the "Our Father" in Indian sign language for the first time.

I never knew he had done this! I thought, "Well, no wonder that was the prayer he chose to say to me!"

John was there with me at Kate's that night. I have felt his presence quite strongly lately. People at work (and even at a totally non-JD friend's party last month!) who don't even have a connection to him, have felt him in the room. When his name comes up in conversation, people say they get goose-bumps. And I don't even have to say anything profound about him, either!

Oh, and here's one more thing. My Reiki Master said there is a 21-day purification process after you receive Reiki Level 1. Well, since my last day of Level 1 was September 20, my 21-day purification process would begin on the 21st. 21 days from the 21st is OCTOBER 12. (That's two things so far that are synchronized with that date!)

I know now that the spiritual energy that I have been receiving from John since he crossed over IS Reiki-so loving, and healing, and powerful! I realized that when I had my first Reiki treatment in August.

I believe that John will work with me as I do my healing work. I plan to use his music as well as the Reiki music in my practice. And this may just be the very first song they hear when we start.

"Let the mountains talk,  
let the rivers run,  
there is wisdom here,  
there's so much to learn,  
there is much to know,  
much to understand,  
in this healing time  
all across the land.

You have heard my songs  
for so many years,  
you have laughed with me,  
washed away my tears  
You have shared my joy,  
you have felt my pain,  
In this healing time,  
walk with me again.

In these darker days  
on this narrow line  
Help me find my way,  
help me see the signs  
I am not afraid,  
I am not alone,

You have taught me well,  
You have brought me home.

Let the mountains speak,  
let the rivers run  
As the world awakes  
to the rising sun  
In each brand new day,  
In our own rebirth  
In this healing time  
on our Mother Earth.

Let the mountains talk,  
let the rivers run  
There is wisdom here,  
there's so much to learn  
In this brand new day,  
in our own rebirth  
In this healing time  
for our Mother Earth

In this brand new day,  
in our own rebirth  
In this healing time  
here on Mother Earth.  
John Denver

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## MEDITATIONS

This was written last year by Cath Meadows for those who would be making the pilgrimage to Aspen. I thought that was very generous of her, as she didn't even go herself!

### RE-MEMBERING TO REMEMBER JOHN DENVER

Soon, many will travel miles and hands will reach across the waters, hills, deserts, and plains, to remember and remember John. I will be there in spirit, I will be here, working on his Vision Alive, and your participation in it, in Whispering Reflections.

I have asked my friends that will head to Aspen, to do me a favor. I ask the same of you. This is how I want to salute a giant of a man, called John:

Take an Aspen leaf and concentrate on it. Notice the structure and every little vein and how all the tiny vessels reach out, in every direction, from the main stream. Do you see interconnection and interdependence? Notice the softness, the hues, and the un-mistakable Heart-shape of this precious leaf. Observe the flexibility of the trunk of her mother tree. Think of the storms she has endured/danced. Think of her roots, her stability and underground nourishment. Think of her arms reaching to sun and heaven. Think of the circle/cycle of life.

Take a deep breath and be thankful for clean crisp mountain air, feel its cool fill your lungs, enter your blood and cherry your cheeks. Look above and hold in your heart the purest and deepest of "clean sky" blue. Look to the water, love her trickling ways and ponder stillness, reflection, and ripple effect. Think about the depth, wonder, and richness of life below her giggling surface. Look to the land and understand the value of walking on uneven ground. Here the whistle in the weeds. Listen to the birds and the breeze, they have stories to tell. They have their symphony/notes to play, their songs to sing. Feel and smell the richness of the soil between your fingers, sense the history of

those who tilled and toiled. Taste the soft rain upon your lips and smell the fresh fragrance she brings. Listen to it fall, it's music, it's pure, it's magic. Absorb the earthgreen of grass and forest, the red of towering and magnificent rock, and the amber streams of honey pouring through stained glass chapel windows each dawn. Can you hear a distant bell? Notice the beautiful form and free of the horse, the lift of the magpie and inviting warmth of old barn board fences and long standing teepees. Watch the clouds, catch their magic and spirit, her eagles and angels are yours for the asking. Look to the stars and embrace their magic/wonder, like the sparkle in your eyes.

Take your bodymindspirit/attention back to this little leaf in hand, warmed by the sun, then sail away to the "far out" expanses of the universe. That leaf is a part of the whole, a microcosm of the macrocosm. So are "You and Me." No accidents, no coincidences, everything has significance and we are one with all that is. So, look to the mountain again and seek the one within.

\*\*\*Re-member and Remember a spirit who drew your attention here, to Simple Things, Everything. Remember that you have learned to love and respect these treasures. So with heartfelt gratitude and a peace-full heart, look again to the heavens and back to the leaf and Thank our "Wilderness Troubadour," "Scout and Trail Guide," Poet, Articulate Teacher, Father, Son, Brother, Friend and Lover, Voice for those lacking one, Singer, Actor, Astronomer, Songwriter, Balladeer, Philanthropist, Humanitarian, Environmentalist, Storyteller, Intellect, Musician, Fisherman, Diver, Explorer, Advocate for Wild Creatures and Places, Student and Sage (with his own Mentors), who Taught the World how to Hum and Harmonize, who Stood Up and Yodeled, Co-Creator, a Courageous and Authentic Truth-teller, Teamplayer, Mentor, Leader, Star dancer/gazer, Film Maker, Producer, Humorist, Man and Compassionate Man, a Simple/Complicated Man. A Verb, Miracle and Gift, a Messenger called John Denver. He came into our lives with impact, and left the same way. What a life!

Find a favorite branch, rest and Dream awhile! Wish on the diamonds of waters and skies. Dreams do come true. Be a mountain-stand up, be a tree-root and grow, be a river-flow, be sunny and warm, nourish like soil, freshen like breeze, play and sing as wind, shine as moon and star, reach and add your color to the rainbow.

Find your note, PLAY IT.

Find your vision, for you too are the Eagle. SOAR, like the Eagle who earned his wings.

For a final thank you, CHOOSE TO LIVE IN THE SONG.

Serenity to you and yours,

Cath

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If you're not going to Aspen, you can still do this meditation with any leaf. And if you would like me to send you a pressed Aspen leaf, just send me a SASE (e-mail me at <luckyl@cyberia.com> for my address if you don't have it), and as long as I receive your request by Oct. 7, I'll be happy to do that! If you are going to Aspen, and you'd like to participate in a little meditation ceremony there (time and location to be decided), let me know you're interested, and I'll be in touch with further details.

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## "CHOICES IN ACTION"

This is where I would like to highlight various projects, events, etc. that mirror just what John was talking about here, when he referred to making conscious choices: How we should look for our passion--what in our lives is meaningful to us-- when going about trying to figure out where to start in affecting positive change.

The John Denver Summer Celebration in Ohio this past July was just such an example of this, in my opinion. It was held at Camp Mary Orton outside of Columbus, Ohio, the weekend of July 23-25. I drove there with Susan Moyer (Wolfpup). We left Pennsylvania Thursday morning and arrived at our motel down the street from the camp about 5:30 that afternoon. Our other roommates, Diana Taylor (Yellowstone Wolf) and Mary Ellen Padget (Country Roads) joined us soon afterwards. We unpacked,

and exchanged hugs and gifts we had brought for each other. Wolf had brought us each 11X14 pictures of John, taken at the Higher Ground Symposium in Chicago in 1989. She brought a HUGE poster-sized picture of John's "prayer pose" taken by Virginia Allen that she put up on the mantle in the lodge, where it remained as an inspiration to us all for most of the weekend.

After this we went to the camp to see the tree that had been planted there for John at last summer's celebration. There is also a plaque underneath it which reads, "Though the singer is silent, there still is the truth of the song. John Denver." The four of us took pictures around the tree, then since there was another group using the camp until our event started on Friday, we left for dinner.

Following a delicious meal and some hilarious moments with Wolf's camera (for example, it wasn't working until I posed with my tongue sticking out!), we returned to our hotel room. Then Wolf, Pup and I ventured back out to the camp for some late night stargazing, then back to the motel to hang out for a bit and, finally, to sleep.

Wolf and Pup left real early for the camp on Friday morning as they had to set up the tables for the silent auction, which was to benefit the National Wildlife Federation's efforts to keep the wolves in Yellowstone Park. I followed soon behind them to lend my support (and squirt bottle, as all this was going on in the middle of that heatwave with no air conditioning)! I soon met Carol Smith (Meow) who I'd only known through the Internet, and her friends Beth and Mo (JD's Outlaws!), and then Squirrel, and some of the hosts of the event--Sandy and Sky--and it just went on and on as people arrived! I felt like I was meeting new family members, greeting old ones; a wonderful feeling of familiarity filled the air.

Then Wolf, Pup, and I skipped out for a little bit to pick up some last minute items for the auction, and to make some copies of our newsletter to give out (but I didn't make nearly enough)!

Soon it was time for the welcome and opening ceremonies. There was the blessing of the four directions by Sandy and the others, and with one person who traveled from each of those directions to get there. Val Cooper then performed her song about the JD Family, "Connecting Hearts." These were very uplifting and peaceful experiences to start off our weekend.

The first speaker after that was Sandy's friend Chris Reynolds, a singer-song writer who is also a teacher, and working to restore the connection between Spirit and the Earth. He performed for us and did a little presentation on Creativity. After that was lunch, and then the first Breakouts. I went to a discussion on Windstar to learn a little bit more about what is happening with the Land Conservancy, and Rocky Mountain Institute's role in it as well. So far, no one has replaced John's position on the Board.

After dinner was a speaker, Steve Newman, **WORLDWALKER**. From 1983 to 1987 he literally walked around the world, visiting 21 nations on five continents. He found that the world was mostly filled with loving, caring, and kind people. And that most of the world is in deep poverty. He shared some of his slides, including some set to the song, "It's About Time." When Steve's session was over, we all ventured outside to the music tent where we were treated to some Native American stories by Rainbow Eagle, an Okla-Choctaw elder. Then, as thunder rumbled in the distance, singers Mark Cormican and Tim Dabbs began to entertain us with John's beautiful songs. The singing and the thunder were BOTH music to our ears, as it was still about 100 degrees in the shade! They could not continue to play outside because of the lightning however, so we all moved back inside. Good thing, too, because it started pouring soon after! The concert was great, and I was having such a good time I missed the Earth Circle, so unfortunately I cannot report on that.

First thing on Saturday morning was Tai Chi exercises, then a group picture. Afterwards, Rainbow Eagle spoke again, this time on the Ancient American Indian Peace Shield teachings--information that has been hidden and withheld from the rest of the world until now. He has written a book about these teachings, is working on a second one, and also has a video. (And a website as well:

<http://www.rainboweagle.com/> ) He continued his presentation as one of the Breakout Sessions, and sang his own rendition of "Last Night I Had the Strangest Dream." Interestingly, he has done presentations at Indian Steps Museum, right here in Pennsylvania, and I discussed with him the possibility of putting something together there with the Friends of John Denver!

That afternoon, Lou Gold spoke on his Siskiyou Project and "Lessons from the Ancient Forests." He told a story of how the airlines wouldn't allow him to bring his "walking stick" on the plane, but when he made a beautiful case for it, and described it as a "Sacred Ceremonial Stick," they bent over backwards to not only let him bring it on board, but to take extra special care of it for him! I couldn't stand the heat anymore at this point (you'd have thought the rain the night before would have cooled things off, but it didn't), so I went for a swim in the pool. Then it was time for Chris Westfall to perform. Those of you who have heard him sing in Doylestown and Aspen know what I'm talking about when I say that he has captured the essence of John's music and spirit. He truly sings right from the heart! Before dinner I happened to be out on the lawn when Rainbow Eagle began to lead the young people in some chanting and dancing. I felt fortunate to be able to join them--it was very empowering! After a delicious catered dinner, we listened to Tom Burns from the nearby Perkins Observatory. He is a professor of English as well, and gives a very lively and educational presentation on astronomy and discovering our place in the universe.

Then it was time to close the bidding on the silent auction. There were so many wonderful JD-related items to bid on. Wolf was elated to find out that we'd raised over \$500 for the NWF!

Finally it was time for Ellen Stapenhorst to perform. I'd heard about her from last year's Ohio Celebration and in Aspen, but had never had the opportunity to see her in person. I was introduced to her earlier by Wolf, when she arrived. She is a beautiful, witty person and a very talented musician. She has two CDs out and a new single called "All of My Skies," a song her brother Steve wrote about John. I highly recommend them all!

Following Ellen's act was open-mike time. A gentleman named Brad Snapp (a JD fan, of course!) was MC. He did a super rendition of "Me and My Uncle." Some of the young people did some Kareoke, and there were other musical performers as well. It went on til quite late, and again, I missed something--this time it was the Sweat Lodge Ceremony!

Sunday morning began with Tai Chi again and then a Peace Service. A minister from a nearby church gave a wonderful sermon about John and his music, then Pat Stalinski moved us with his operatic versions of "Amazing Grace," "Perhaps Love," "All This Joy," and "The Gift You Are." His emotional, tenor voice had us all in tears, holding on to each other with appreciation, as well as shared sorrow over the loss of our dear John.

Next on the agenda was Ellen Stapenhorst again, giving an Aikido and centering demonstration with Diane Novak. Ellen is a blackbelt in Aikido, and has been Tom Crum's right-hand woman for several years. This is something I would really love to learn more about!

Well, there was one more Breakout session left, and I chose to attend Lou Gold's "Now is the Time." He is very committed to helping people make those conscious choices that John always spoke about, and getting us to think long-term about how everyday decisions we make, such as about the foods we eat, the gas-powered tools we use, etc. affect the earth and the human race.

Now we'd reached the end of our wonderful weekend of family togetherness and it was time for the closing circle and ceremony. We all gathered around John's tree, and Val Cooper sang another song--this one she had written about John. At the beginning of the weekend, with our registration packets, we had all received an index card with a ribbon attached to it. Sandy had told us to write on it what we planned to do to continue John Denver's vision of a better world, and to tie it to John's tree. Now people went up, one by one, and read what they had written, then removed their card to keep as a reminder! After this, Lou Gold held up a colorful canvas that had been created by the children (and some adults, too!) using melted crayons. He explained that what he saw in the picture were both



beauty and chaos, and challenged each of us to come sign our names on the back of it committing ourselves to turning the chaos in our own lives to beauty over the next year.

Finally came the blessing of the four directions to officially close out the weekend's activities. This time children were invited to participate, as if to signify the passing of the wisdom to the next generation. It was both a beautiful time, and a sad time, as we exchanged "Until next time" hugs and left for home. I brought back with me many wonderful memories, new and renewed friendships, and a sense of true belonging. Thank you, John Denver, for bringing us all together--while you lived, and now in spirit.

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This is the end. Until we meet again, peace, my friends!  
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