Metaphysics (from Greek: (meta) = "after", (phúsis) = "nature") is the branch of philosophy concerned with explaining the nature of the world. It is the study of being or reality.





Volume IX Issue 1 Winter 2014 Priceless

2014 EVENTS

Twenty sixth in a continuing series by Sue-Ryn

LIVERPOOL, NY

February 15th & 16th Holiday Inn, Liverpool **pg #16**

HAMBURG, NY

March 1st & 2nd Micael's Banquet Hall

PULASKI, NY

Sunday, April 6 • 12 - 6 Women's Health Works 3848 Ste. Rt. 13, Pulaski, NY

CANASTOTA, NY

April 5th & 6th Greystone Castle

CHERRY VALLEY, NY

April 12th

WATERTOWN, NY

April 12th & 13th Black River Valley Club **pg #11**

SYRACUSE NY

April 13th NYS Fairgrounds Natur-Tyme Health Fair pg #39

SYRACUSE, NY

April 26th & 27th Shoppingtown **pg #1**4

MASSENA, NY

April 26th & 27th St. Lawrence Centre Mall pg #11

CLAYTON, NY

May 3rd & 4th Clayton Opera House

LITTLE FALLS BEARDSLEE CASTLE

May 18th pg #15

SYRACUSE, NY
Metphysical Times Psychic Fair
July 12 & 13 OCC Campus

VERNON, NY

September 13th & 14th Scaracon Psychic Fair

WATERTOWN NY

September 27th & 28th Ramada Inn pg #11

CORTLAND, NY

October 11th & 12th

CANTON, NY

Nov. 7th, 8th & 9th pg #11

WEBSTER, NY

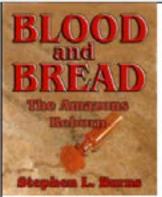
New Moon Psychic Fair
October 18th & 19th



Going Global

(See page # 4 for the **Metaphysical Times** new plans plus a contest!)





Over 2000 years ago the last Amazon priestess died protecting the secret that made her kind such legendary warriors.

Now an archaeologist has found her grave, and in it traces of the secret that let the Goddesses fully live in the Amazons.

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Blood and Bread, the new thriller by Stephen L. Burns is available in Kindle edition at Amazon.com for \$2.99

TIMES

Metaphysical Times Publishing Volume IX • Winter 2014 PUBLISHER

Georgia E. Cuningham

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Rambling Along the Metaphysical Path

By Georgia E. Cuningham

Publisher, Metaphysical Times

"Self-Fulfilling Prophesies"

or "Be careful out there, the future really is in our hands"

Well, I suppose I should write a rambling column about "Self-Fulfilling Prophesies," since we put it in FaceBook that there was an article by me called "Self-Fulfilling Prophesies."

Is that a "Self-Fulfilling Prophesy"?

I'm not sure, it could be just "Putting a cart before a horse."

I think I will go to wikipedia and check out just what the definition of "Self-Fulfilling Prophesy" is.

Wikipedia is always right (this is a satirical statement).

Is that a "Self-Fulfilling Prophesy"?

Alright now hum some hold music, something not too annoying and just your personal favorite. Hum - hum - hum - hum.

"A self-fulfilling prophecy is a prediction that directly or indirectly causes itself to become true, by the very terms of the prophecy itself, due to positive feedback between belief and behavior. Although examples of such prophecies can be found in literature as far back as ancient Greece and ancient India, it is 20th-century sociologist Robert K. Merton who is credited with coining the expression "self-fulfilling prophecy" and formalizing its structure and consequences. In his book Social Theory and Social Structure, Merton defines self-fulfilling prophecy in the following terms: e.g. when Roxanna falsely believes her marriage will fail, her fears of such failure actually cause the marriage to fail."

That's what they say in wikipedia.

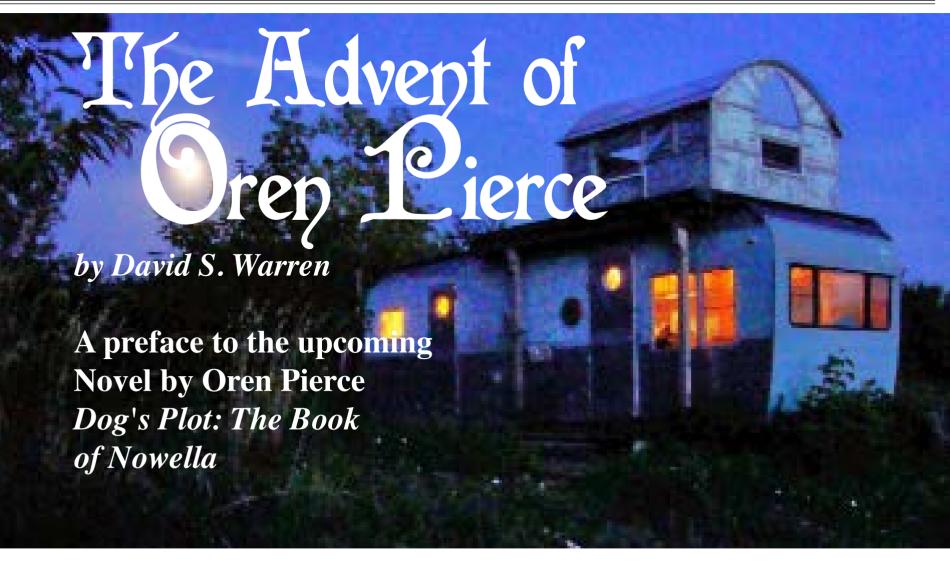
In the metaphysical business however, it can be a little more frightening than that. Fortune Tellers, Voo-Doo practitioners, psychics of all sorts, whether they believe in their prophesy or not can bring a client to believe in a prophesy so fiercely that "it happens."

Good news or bad news. It will happen. The client "looks" for the cure, feels better, feels worse, the curse, the romance, the breakdown of their romance. It can be the metaphysical "placebo."

They say a placebo works 30% of the time.

Whether the client, customer, patient believes it or not. The placebo works.

Be careful what you predict.



One morning a few years before I had ever heard of Oren Pierce, I went out on the deck to check on the weather, and I saw a man standing in the yard, his back to me: olive-drab cargoshirt, black pants over tall-heel boots, thumb down his collar while his fingers flipped the shingles of his hair; he was looking at the old travel trailer office/guest quarters as if he was planning to make some changes.

"EXCUSE ME!" I said;
"CAN I HELLPew?"

The Stranger's head turned toward me ... followed more slowly by the rest of his body.

A third-day stubble bristled maroon-red on his jaws, contradicting his black shag of hair. "Oren Pierce," he said. But I hadn't really asked his name, and what he said sounded to me like "Warren Curse", or maybe "Warren Purse". He has a tenor voice which can create its own interference, ringing in ones ears.

"I am in search of the person you know as William Bonaparte Warren," he said; and paused, seeming to look at a teleprompter above and behind left shoulder.

"I have read his book and I believe him to be my Brother."

My mouth may have fallen open when he said that.

That is because, as I have assured my readers: William is a FICTIONAL character, mostly an outgrowth of my insecurities and shortcomings, I supppose: a troll from my personal depths who doesn't otherwise exist and doesn't even resemble anyone outside of my head.

The fact is that although I write about William and myself in our boyhood days, I did not have an imaginary brother then. I invented him later as a tool for putting across tall tales.

Of course William has become more fleshed-out as time has passed, and I suppose he will object to my characterization of him as a "tool"; to say nothing about my insistence that he is imaginary.

William says that I and my whole family are just in denial about him.

Continued on page #33



Going Global

Since you are reading this on-line, you obviously know that the *Metaphysical Times* lives digitally, as well as in print, but we will be expanding and improving the *Metaphysical Times* on-line version by including more and longer articles, with no practical limit on illustrations and with links to a world of related content. Past issues of the Metaphysical Times will be archived and available in an easily readable Flip-Book version. Advertising costs in the on-line edition of the *Metaphysical Times* will be dramatically reduced to those who advertise in our on-line edition.

Along with this on-line expansion, we will produce our print on-paper edition in fewer, and larger issues: the next appearing this summer in advance of the *Metaphysical Times Psychic Fair*, which happens at the Onondaga Community College, at the same dates and campus as the *Syracuse Gem and Mineral Show*. The print edition will include all the important information about people who are teaching classes, giving readings, or selling things that you know you want (stones, pendulums, books, cards, even a caldron if that's what you need).

And if you don't want to buy anything ... with this issue of Metaphysical Times, you can try winning something:

Read Hillwoman's article all the way through. There at the end you will find a question. It won't be a terribly difficult question, but you have to answer it to win. Don't be a looser. email the correct answer to gc@Metaphysicaltimes.com. (preferably with the subject line: Contest).

The winner will be picked at random from the several other correct answers which we will received among the hundreds of thousands of entries.

You really should win.

What will you win? A Surprise! Even WE don't know. No one really can tell the future. You will have to take charge of it.

We will be announcing new editions of the *Metaphysical times*, and important updates to our on-line postings, in emails, on FaceBook, and in newsletters that we will send to all the places where you have found the Metaphysical Times over the last eight years.

With our new, on-line emphasis, we will updating and adding information and news more often, and we will be available to more people ... in fact to the whole world, and to any intergalactic aliens who are paying attention.

Advertising in the *Metaphysical Times* will be less expensive and available to more people than ever.

But you were here first. Let's go then.

Great Time for Gardening continued from page #1

This is the time of year arm chair gardening becomes an obsession. Lists are made and remade, maps are drawn and 'crop rotations" are considered and written down. Even the annual chicken manure piling gets figured into the plan. It's great for burning out weeds, reclaiming under utilized areas, and renewing beds depleted by heavy feeders. I grew almost two dozen humongous "Rouge d'Etampes" pumpkins on top of the "manure kill site" on season, while doing in some invasive Jerusalem artichokes, mugwort, and horse radish who were vying for take over at ground level. I poked a few holes in the top layer, added some potting soil and seeds, covered with a little mulch and stood back.

Seed catalogs have started showing up in late November the last few seasons and I have resisted the urge to buy everyone gifts of seeds. I did buy some 2013 seeds that were on sale at the feed store, thinking 'winter windowsill garden", but just one packet remains due to gift giving. The counter guy said he thought it might discourage spring sales if they were half price, but I assured him seeds are like books, yarn or fabric; those of us who are addicted will buy them anytime, anywhere! Judging by the seeds that came in with gifts, I am not the only one.

Because we have ordered a lot of seeds, shrubs, plants, and trees from mail order companies over the years, we receive many catalogs. We have favorites we order from annually, but there are also a few new ones, or a few we finally get around to investigating. You can learn a lot from reading seed catalogs and some even provide recipes. You can also get into a lot of trouble. We do some internet searching for native plants and heirloom varieties, but having a basket full of catalogs meets most of our needs. And then there are the saved seeds and the friends who also save seeds.

I've almost run out of room for trees, though I am starting to think about "under story" for certain prime locations. My favorite stand of witch hazel got decimated by a park road project last year, so I need to plant some! There will have to be some serious reshaping on the willows that got beaten by the last round of ice. They've been shading some beds the last two seasons and I'm hoping the clumps that came down didn't destroy the elder shrubs that were taking hold under their spread. The deer have been munching all of the buds off the poplar branches that came down along the front yard. Those trees will need some reshaping too.

Our attempts to get berry bushes established have been mixed. Some of that is due to soil, some to wind, and some to seasonal changes. The currants seem to jump right into production, so there will be more of them to plant this year. I'll try "layering" a few branches, and get a few more different varieties going to help my jelly making habit. I am anxious to see how last years plantings come through the winter. Some were native species purchased from a small nursery further north. I placed wraps around many of them due to the return of rabbits to the area. I'm hoping to divide the out of control hops vines, not to conquer, but to share with a friend who's got more land for them to take over. The variety can be traced back to the "self sufficient farm" that existed where the Wellesley Island State Park now sprawls and is adapted to our climate. It could be an old variety brought over with the original northern European caretaker who ran that farm.

Usually I don't start too many plants inside, because my windows are already filled with plants. This year the crowd includes a half dozen visiting house plants from a friend who's gone for the worst winter. I've got a couple of pots of soil stashed in the garage and I'm planning to sow some Garlic Chives and possibly some mixed salad greens that came with a gift – both can handle low light and a little coolness. Last year at our annual spring "Garden Day" at the library we let kids of all ages plant "egg carton herb gardens" and I may try one

myself just to see some green.

To make and "egg carton garden", cut the top off of a plastic foam egg carton along the folded edge and it will become the bottom tray. Next drainage holes are poked into the bottom of each egg compartment with a tooth pick. Fill the egg compartments with potting soil and mist lightly with a water spray bottle. Next, make small indentations for seeds with the tip of a pencil or a toothpick. Plant a seed or three in each compartment. Sprinkle a light layer of soil over the seeds and mist with water again. Place a recycled bag or piece of plastic wrap over the top of the planter. You can set the planter on a sunny windowsill, or put it on top of your refrigerator for a little gentle 'bottom heat". It's a good idea to make a "map" of your planter listing what's in each pocket. It's also a good idea to have some larger pots and soil for transplanting in a few weeks.

This really is great weather for gardening.

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What time of year is Sue-Ryn referring to in her article as being a "Great Time for Gardening"?

email your answer to:
gc@metaphysicaltimes.com
(subject line - Contest)
to win a prize.

Winner(s) will be selected at rndom from all correct answers.

Incident at Walesville

By Bob Canino

The morning of July 2, 1954 dawned upon the small village of Walesville, New York just as any other early summer morning had that year. Bright sun, shining through clear blue skies and touched with early summer humidity, the day promised to be a hot one. The small village, eleven miles to the southwest of Utica woke up to its normal mix of usual chores and daily commutes never realizing that it would make the front page of the The New York Times the next day, as well as be featured in various headlines around the world. Although no one that morning knew it, disaster would strike; but not in a way that any of the residents would, or could, imagine.

At Griffith Air Force base in nearby Rome, Lt. William Adkins strode out to his F-94C Starfire jet with the midmorning heat and humidity reminding him of his native Virginia. Already aboard was his radarman and co-pilot, Lt. Henry Coudon. The two were to go up on a routine training mission that would take them in a wide swath over the Mohawk Valley region and then, circling back, end up again at Griffith. As the jet took off and climbed to cruising altitude, both men marveled at the spectacular, summer scenery of the Southern Adirondack region passing beneath them. Around fifteen minutes into the flight, Lt.



Adkins received a request from Ground Control to change his mission status from "training" to "live intercept" and proceed to investigate an unknown aircraft at 10,000 feet. Since whatever it was flying in a restricted airspace (a 75 mile radius of Griffith) and had yet to identify itself, it was imperative that Adkins and Coudon check it out. They changed headings and proceeded to sight the unknown aircraft at a point about 75 miles east of Griffith, right at the edge of the restricted fly zone. Easily identifying it as a C-47, (having made a positive ID through numbers on the tail) Adkins and Coudon turned back west and headed home. But almost immediately upon turning to return, the C-94C received another

request from Griffith Tower; they were now needed to check a second "unidentified" (0bject) that was flying at a low altitude very close to the airfield itself. Adkins moved the plane close to full throttle and the C-94C sped back towards the base while at the same time moving to a lower altitude. What happened next is told succinctly in the official Air Force report on the incident:

"As the pilot started a descent, he noted that the cockpit temperature increased abruptly. The increase in temperature caused the pilot to scan the instruments. The fire warning light was on and the pilot informed the radar observer of this fact. The fire warning light remained on after the throttle was placed in "IDLE" so

that the engine was shut down and both crew members ejected successfully."

Even though both airmen ejected successfully, the story on the ground in Walesville was a far different one. The plane itself crashed into the house of Betty Monroe who was killed instantly. A wing of the plane sheared off and smashed into

the car of Stanley Phillips and his wife Florence who were returning from work in Rome at the time. Bursting into flames, the car spun off the road and crashed into the house of 79 year old Mary Peck. She quickly fled to safety as her house burned, but both Mr. & Mrs. Phillips and their eleven year old son, Gary, were killed in the crash.

As both Fire Emergency and Air Force Rescue teams arrived, the town recoiled in horror and confusion as to what had happened. One of Betty Monroe's children, Jerry Lou, was struck by debris from the shattered plane and rushed to the hospital in Utica. Her older brother, Ken, said he was playing in the front yard when "all of a sudden there was smoke and fire and I heard my mother scream." He led his two younger siblings, Buddy, 6, and Nora May, 3, to the front of the nearby Walesville General Store and were not injured. Orson Buck, whose daughter operated the store, said he was horrified as he watched the plane strike the Monroe house and Betty Monroe fall, buried

Hypnosis and Beyond

Peter Fortunato

Master of Fine Arts
(University of
North Carolina, Greensboro)
Certified Hypnotherapist
(New England Institute for
Neurolinguistic Programing)



Hypnosis works – that's what I said to a woman the other day, somebody I knew, somebody who had told me she wanted to stop smoking, but. . .

She wondered if I could make her stop. I've been helping people make all sorts of changes in their lives with my hypnotherapy practice for 20 years. I've helped them prepare for major surgery and I've helped them decide to get divorced. I've helped them to have their babies without fear and I've guided people back into their past lives. But I've never made anybody do anything.

My friend and I were standing outside on a windy January day right after New Year. It was warm for Ithaca, with clouds roiling overhead, people smiling as they walked down the sidewalks at lunchtime. The brightly painted panels that surround the excavated Commons were shining under partial sun. I knew she had to get back to her job and that we didn't have much time to talk about this. Anyway, no matter how much explaining I do about hypnosis, it's not the same as actually experiencing it.

Is it like faith healing, she asked uneasily, only you surrender to the hypnotist's power? Do you have your will taken over?

That's a typical sort of question, and it's understandable: few people really want to be told what to do, or to have their minds programed by somebody else.

I said, It's more about decision-making and being integrated at both a conscious and unconscious level with your wish to change. *Change*. That's what I help people do.

She paused for a moment, looked up at the clouds tumbling one over another in the winter sky. I knew there were still a lot of questions she wanted to ask. She smiled and pointed out a tall tufa of cloud, its stately procession west of us on the wind. The sun lit it up for a moment, but then suddenly it was all shadow, a gray heap of smoke.

Why do I need you to help me change? she said. You might turn me into somebody -- or some thing -- I don't want to be!

She was laughing when she said that and pulled a little nervously at the brown ringlets that framed her face under a smart knit hat. I could imagine her puffing on a cigarette, believing she was fashionable – until, of course, like any smoker fed up with the cost of the addiction she felt disgusted with herself.

I understand the hesitation people can feel about being hypnotized. There's so much misinformation and partial information out there, so many two-minute clips on the Internet that don't really let you in on what is actually happening, even as you listen to testimonials or gape at seemingly remarkable performances by people under hypnosis, apparently at the command of a hypnotist. There's a lot I could have told her about stage hypnosis – after all, my father was a stage magician and I myself am a performer – but not now, not here. What I wanted this young woman to understand is that when you work with me, it's a cooperative activity. And hypnosis always entails some element of the client's *self-hypnosis*.

I teach people how to go into hypnotic trance, I said. Trance states, altered states of consciousness occur naturally in human beings. We go in and out of trances constantly, but usually without realizing it. Daydreaming or getting lost on the Internet are two common examples. My work as a hypnotherapist is to craft an experience of trance so that my clients can access their own inner resources to achieve the outcomes they want. Look, I said, if you can trust yourself, and if you trust me, if you have an interest in yourself and an interest in learning more about your own mind, I can help you.

What if I don't want to quit smoking?

It's your life. What do you want to do with it?

What if what I really want is to find out why I started smoking – no, that's not it – actually, I think my problem is why do I keep making the same mistakes over and over. Why do I get stuck with . . . why the hell can't I just free myself, just get free of the past? And I'm tired of talking about this, you know? I've done therapy for years. . .

Her eyes moved away from me. There were tears at their rims that weren't simply the effect of the wind. She pointed to the clouds again: *That one looks like a camel, its legs buckling under it,* she said.

continued from page #7

My clients' beliefs about themselves and about the nature of their problems are some of the first things I help them explore. I know how to do talk therapy, but I'm more interested in what Dr. Milton Erickson, a master of hypnosis, called brief therapy or outcome oriented therapy. You don't need to understand everything at a conscious level if you know what sort of outcome you want. Once your unconscious mind is congruent with your decision to change, its power is accessible to you. On the other hand, if for example you want to explore the idea that a problem in your present life might have originated in your childhood or even in a past life, we can work with that. I help my clients to identify their beliefs about themselves, and especially the beliefs that limit them. This is related to why people might say they want something new in their lives, but are unable to manifest a change. My work is to help them cast off their "mind-forged manacles," as the poet William Blake called such self imposed limitations.

So you hypnotize me and take away my problems? She was looking at her wristwatch now. I saw her left hand reach down to her coat pocket and pat it. Her cigarettes were there, and I sensed that she wanted to have one before getting back to her job. Her eyes darted to a corner beyond the Commons – it's not always easy to find a place to smoke these days, even outdoors.

I already told you. I can't make anybody do anything. But I believe *you* can be in charge of your own life. I'll go with you as far as you want to go. Beyond hypnosis, even.

What's that - the **beyond** stuff?

Well, how big is your universe?

My God! I thought this was about my cigarette addiction and my boyfriend! She was laughing again. Unconsciously, she slid her hand into her coat pocket, tapped the packet.

Exactly, I said. Hypnosis can at the very least help you to relax and gain some perspective. You could have clarity at a deeper level about how it all fits together and what you want to do with the package. Like I said, it's not about *me* making *you* do anything. But, hey, wouldn't it be nice to sit in a comfortable chair, put your feet up, close your eyes and learn to feel more confident about yourself? If your world includes a spiritual dimension, then that's also going to be part of the experience. It's not my version of reality, but yours that's most important in what we do.

You're not peddling anything?

Well, I do charge for my services.

I mean you're not laying your views on me -- all the Buddhism and shamanism and Reiki?

Not if you're not interested. I'm not in the conversion business. You could say I provide transportation to the destination of your choice. I might point out some interesting things along the way.

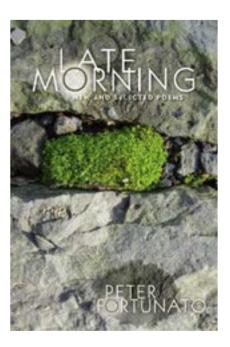
Okay, okay. But how many sessions to quit smoking?

I don't make guarantees. If you were really ready to quit you would, and then you wouldn't need me at all. Honestly. But for any major life change, I ask my clients to commit to at least four consecutive sessions. I'll help you get on a new track. You'll know after our first meeting whether or not you want to continue with me.

A few snow flurries were falling now. She glanced once more at her watch.

Don't keep putting it off, I said. Call me and make an appointment. Hey, I've got to get going too, I said. Do you see that cloud that looks like a horse with its mane and tail flying?

Peter Fortunato is a Certified Hypnotherapist, among other things. He can be reached in Ithaca at 607 273 6637. His public Facebook page is <facebook.com/peterfortunatopoet>



Peter Fortunato's
recent book of poetry,

Late Morning: New
and Selected Poems
is available at http://www.
amazon.com/Late-MorningNew-Selected-Poems/
dp/1600478395/ref=la_B001KIX
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63594&sr=1-1



Just The Facts Part VII



By Don Brennan

For many westerners, the key figure in Reiki, after Mikao Usui, is Mrs. Hawayo Takata, the American woman who introduced Reiki to the rest of the world. Of course, without her teacher, Dr. Chjiro Hayashi, she never would have had an experience of Reiki and never would have pursued learning it. So together, Usui, Hayashi and Takata form the lineage connecting most westerners with Reiki. Some Reiki practitioners display in their healing rooms photos of all three individuals, as a way to express respect and gratitude for what they have contributed to the world.

Mrs. Takata's parents were native Japanese who moved to Hawaii where they lived in a small village, among Japanese and native Hawaiians. Hawayo Takata was born in Hawaii, in 1900. Her parents gave her the name Hawayo in honor of their new homeland, Hawaii. We need to be clear that she was brought up as an American and was somewhat removed from Japanese cultural influences. She had difficulty reading and writing Japanese kanji, even at a pre-school level. Her western perspective of Japanese culture and history certainly played a role in shaping the stories she made up

about Reiki

She was born in Kauai, Hawaii on December 24, 1900. At age 12 she became an assistant teacher with first grade students. Eventually, she was invited to work in the household of a wealthy sugar cane plantation owner. There she met and married Saichi Takata, the plantation's bookkeeper. They had 2 daughters before he died in 1930.

By 1935, she was suffering from a variety of health problems. She went to Tokyo for a number of reasons and planned to undergo surgery for a tumor, gallstones and other health problems. While on the operating table, she heard a voice telling her that surgery was unnecessary. She inquired about other options and was eventually guided to Dr. Hayashi's drugless treatment clinic. And thus began her journey with Reiki.

After her first treatment, Mrs. Takata was amazed at the sensations of heat and vibration coming from the practitioners' hands. At the treatment the next day, she checked above and below the hospital bed for electrical wires. And then she checked the sleeves of the practitioners, still not seeing an explanation for the sensations. The basic concepts of Reiki were explained to her and after 3 weeks of daily treatments, she began to feel better. She continued to receive daily treatments for a total of 6 months until she was completely recovered from her health problems.

She then asked if she could learn how to practice Reiki and was told that Reiki was not to be taught to foreigners. Eventually, Dr. Hayashi relented and accepted her as a student. She moved in with the Hayashi family and, for the next year, she studied and practiced Reiki. According to Tadao Yamaguchi, she paid for her training by cooking and cleaning. Like the other students, she continued her training as a practitioner in Hayashi's clinic in the mornings and went out on house calls in the afternoon.

In 1937, she returned to Kauai, Hawaii. A few weeks later, Dr. Hayashi and his daughter came to help her build her Reiki practice and to give free lectures and treat-

ments to help spread the word about Reiki. They stayed for 6 months while he also trained her in the lessons for the master/teacher level. On February 21, 1938, she received her master/teacher diploma from Dr. Hayashi, which they had documented by a notary public.

Mrs. Takata moved to Hilo, Hawaii in 1939, where she bought a home that would accommodate treatment rooms and living space for her family. Her practice was quite successful and she became very well known.

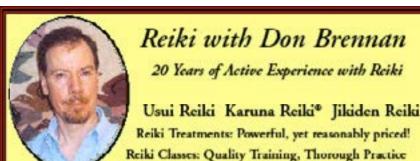
Mrs. Takata continued the traditional Reiki healing methods of Hayashi in her practice, but also made some changes. She made even more changes in her teaching of Reiki. In her diary she mentioned these techniques and others that she learned from Hayashi, but felt they were too complicated to teach to westerners. She taught some techniques to some of her master students, but not to all.

She was the one who came up with the familiar hand positions in western Reiki. She called it her foundation treatment. This was sort of a two-edged sword for the practice of Reiki. On one hand, it was an uncomplicated routine that westerners could easily follow. Energy awareness and intuitive guidance would come, as long as students continued to do Reiki.

On the other hand, western Reiki students became reliant on a routine that spread Reiki throughout the body rather than concentrating the Reiki energy in the areas of greatest concern. But along with teaching the foundation treatment, Mrs. Takata did tell her students to search for the cause of the issue by sensing energy with the hands and applying additional Reiki in these areas. Another method was Reiii-ho to tune into the areas requiring treatment. According to Fran Brown, one of her 22 master students, she said, "If you treat only the afflicted area of the body, you may alleviate symptoms temporarily, but permanent healing will not take place unless you treat the cause."

In addition to sensing energy and applying Reiki where it was most needed, she advocated frequent Reiki treatments, often over a lengthy period of time, until recovery was achieved. This was how Dr. Hayashi had successful healings at his clinic. And this is how Mrs. Takata had her recovery with Reiki. In her own practice, she treated people for as long as two hours on a daily basis, sometimes for months. Somehow, the emphasis on finding the cause and applying daily Reiki treatments disappeared from the teachings of later western Reiki teachers, but fortunately, it's slowly coming back.

Next issue: Stories and Myths of Reiki © 2013 Donald Brennan lifecenterforwellbeing.com



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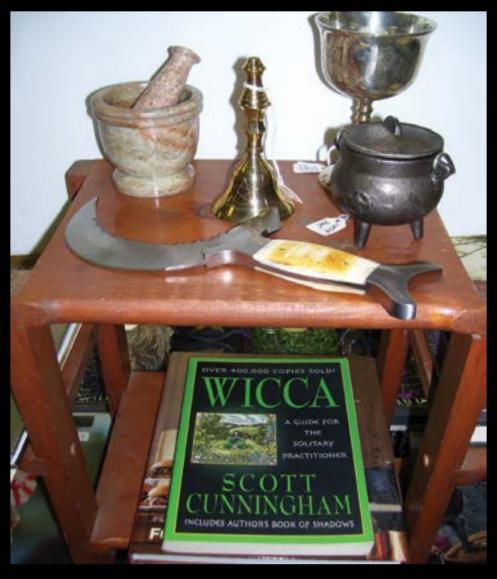
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Walesville continued from page #6

under the rubble. Another resident, Alvin Sancher said "the falling plane sounded like a rocket or siren." When the Air Force Rescue and Armament Squads showed up from Griffith Field, they quickly cordoned off the crash site and started an immediate search for the 48 armed, high power rockets that the plane had carried, eventually recovering 46 of them. Lts. Adkins and Coudon were found nearby, entangled in their ejection parachutes. They were hustled off and subsequently sheltered from the news media and were even denied a request to visit survivors of the families who had lost members in the crash, a denial that was given without any reason by the

Air Force. Subsequently, both Adkins and Coudon were given chances to talk about the chase and the crash, but both maintained "military silence" about the whole incident, neither one ever talking about it in public.

But now, more than a half century after the incident the major question remains: just what was the second "unidentified'; that Adkins and Coudon were dispatched to intercept? And just why was the temperature inside the cockpit rising at a staggering rate as the C-94 closed in on the target? Investigators over the years have tried to pierce the veil of secrecy that surrounds the case with one of the first hypothesis put forward by legendary UFO investigator Maj. Donald Keyhoe

in the mid Fifties. Convinced as he was of an Air Force cover up, Kevhoe (himself a pilot in World War II) had researched other UFO " hot pursuit" cases and felt that the odd circumstances in the cockpit of the C-94 – high radiation levels, mysterious suffocating heat and electrical instrument interference might be the result of some kind of gravity control propulsion devices onboard the UFO. Along with the Walesville incident he pointed to more than a few instances around the world where pilots had experienced the same effects as they mounted airborne pursuits of UFOs. It's interesting to note that the incident itself is still carried in a Air Force HQ Top Secret File, which investigator Jan Aldrich managed to get access to. As

he tells it.

"It is obvious to me at least...that the report itself is obfuscated. The report says that the aircraft was on a training mission when it was diverted to an active Air Defense mission, however, THERE ARE NO DOCUMENTS TO INDICATE WHAT THE ACTIVE MISSION WAS. Also, the narration portion of the report said that the crew ejected when the fire warning light came on, it said that no heat or smoke was felt or detected. In other cases, pilots try to make sure that the aircraft will clear populated areas before they eject. This portion of the narrative seems strange, the pilot was not faulted and the report said he followed proper procedures, but that the warning light was defective (!)" continued on page #21



Winter 2014 • Page 15



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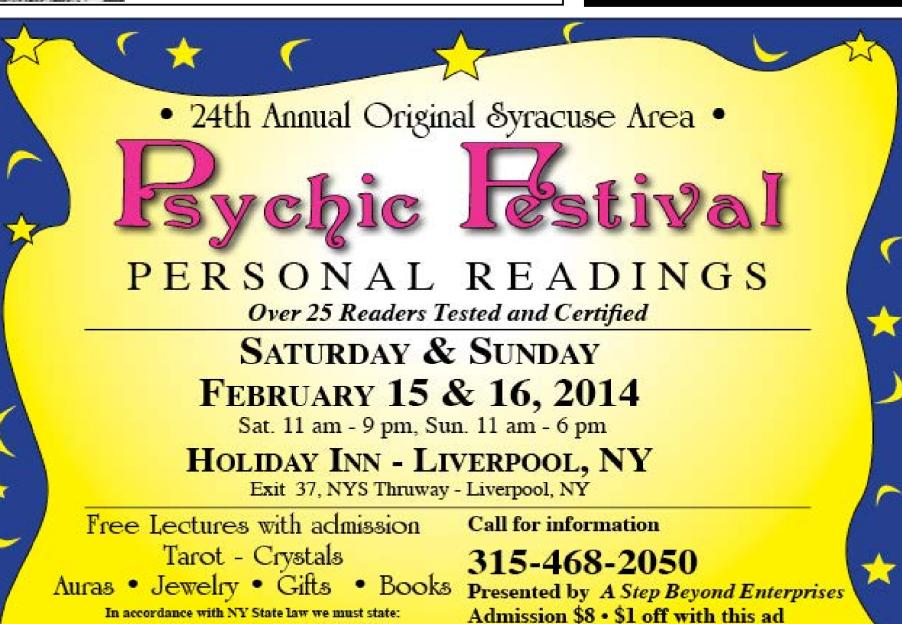
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Accepting the Obviousa true story.

By Kris Faso -

I had been outside recently around my fire during the warm days in the second week of January. As usual I was accompanied by my drum strapped over my shoulder. It seems every fire I build is for creating a sacred space. I play my drum and sing my songs. I have been, in part of a larger practice, offering gratitude this way for the last twenty four years. Over that time my drum itself has become my hoop... a reflection of my spirit. expressed in the decoration and dressed with my medicine.

They are the fetish objects acquired along the way. Those are the items that render my internalizing and

familiarization of the spirit. We all acquire certain items that are special to us throughout our lives. Some people have them as keepsakes packed away in a box on the dresser or in a draw somewhere. Others have them as pieces in the collage of their life in some other way. Some folks carry them in pouches upon their body. They are the totems that mark the plateaus along our journey.

I wear my Medicine. I tie it to my body. The drum is an extension of my body. As I drum, I can hear the voices of all the objects. They are the song coming from the body of my life. Together with my voice, the drum now my anchor, these items become my ally, their sounds guide me into the journey... an interactive meditation, where the ecstatic dance aids in the transition of layers from the self to the spirit.

With the various forms of meditation I have practiced over the

vears, whether lying quietly and breathing deep or open eved looking at a candle flame, which by the way is an excellent way of breaking through the eve brain condition, referring to the idea that we have two functions of the eyes... one to look and one to see. Where for the most part, we only learn how to look, but to engage in the rapturous act of dance, drum and song, I have come to know one form of accessing a Shamans way to the Spirit World.

On one of these warm days in January, as I danced and sang. I set a portable recorder on the stone next to a place of rest I usually come to. I began in the usual mannner of honoring the Four Winds, the Father Sky, the Mother and Grandmother Earth. My honoring songs include the four elements, planets and stars. I acknowledged my relation to the Thunder Beings and the clouds, the mountains, stones, streams and oceans. We are related to the lakes and all the creatures of these bodies. I acknowledged the trees and the plants, both above the ground

and their parts below. From

them our sustenance and medicines come. I

honored the brothers and sisters of the air and land, the creatures that crawl and live within Grandmother our Earth. I honor the insects. knowina they play a sacred role in the chain of life. I sang honoring songs

to my ancestors and gave thanks

last for my life, knowing the importance both spiritually and physically of these other relations first, that I am with the esteem of being alive.

Once I had finished with these honoring songs. I sang very specific songs to the Spirit. Power songs as they are referred... These are songs that have been gifted over the years to the seeker willing to indulge him or herself in the exacting measures of the practice. Whether received from the plant, mineral or spirit

continued frm page #17

world, these songs come directly from the source of which one seeks them.

I had a very specific question in mind regarding a coin that I had misplaced years ago. A special coin passed down to me from my mother's side of the family that was attained in the 1920's. A Pilgrim Half Dollar commemorating the Tercentenary Celebration of the Pilgrims to America. The coin is dated 1620-1920. I offered my body, mind and heart to receive the blessing of the message.

What seemed like only moments later, I woke upon the ground? My drum lay across my chest and the fire had diminished to coals. My memory was vague, yet I seemed to recall the caress of a woman's voice upon my ear. My heart rate had slowed tremendously. For a moment I could hear the sloshing of my blood in tune with my heart beating. Without moving, I could also hear that my recorder stopped. As the thought of moving entered my mind, my attention suddenly shifted to the peripheral of my view. I was certain, in that split second; I saw a figure with wings disappear from my sight. I quickly sat up. My fist was clenched and had been aching. As I opened my hand where my beater had been now sat the Pilgrim Half Dollar coin!

I must say; I was not immediately shocked. In fact, I imagine the smile that came across my face would have looked somewhat mischievous. I felt as though I had conquered something I don't fully understand. And yet I am secure in knowing my comprehension is not as necessary as my belief. You see the first and only other time a similar manifestation occurred, I was fortunate enough to have two things... a witness and a benefactor in my life who has experienced the same type of occurrence. I recall his words about the power of intent. He graciously recommended I should not try to figure it out, but rather accept the obvious.

Twice now in my life of 54 years, I have had the experience of a physical object appear when I needed it. Although I cannot explain the physics of the occurrence, I am certain that our everyday reality is the illusion we face.

With that, I leave you to ponder. Until we read and write again...



Hi Kris.

In a previous reading you told me that I would want to go to New Zealand between the snowfall and feb 2014. You also mentioned the name Simone. That spirit was saying that name was important. I haven't told you, but I had just come back from New Zealand 2 wks. before our reading. During my time

there I met a new friend. You blew me away when you stated her name-it is Simone!!! I just thought you deserve to know that like clockwork as this snowstorm rolled in, I heard from her recently. She is severely depressed and I had to notify help for her and now I am going to go there. I just thought you should know how amazingly accurate you are.

Christine.

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Kris

I came to you at a psychic fair in Rochester, NY on March 6, 2010. You mentioned my father Ed, who had passed 8 years earlier and he was there with us. I never mentioned my father or the fact he passed. I asked about a future relationship. You said 3-7 years and it would have something to do with the South Pacific.

I recently met a man, (3 years later). It feels like we have known each other for years. I asked where he got his name from. He said it was given to him after an orphan boy his dad met in WWII in the South Pacific.

You are amazing! Thanks, K. from Rochester

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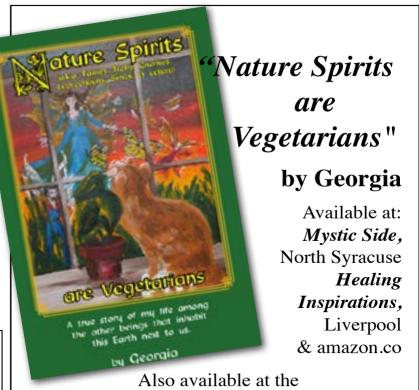
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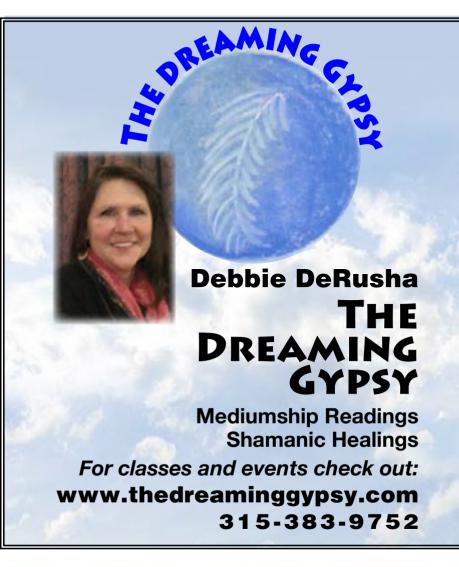
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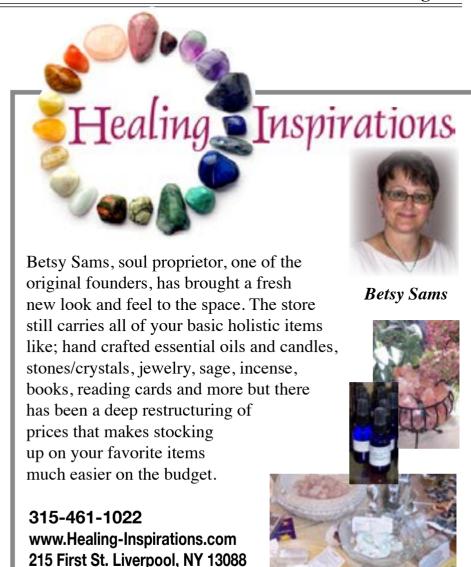


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Walesville continued from page #14

But, as investigator Fran Ridge has explained. "something is very wrong with this story." Ridge says that "if the warning light was all that was on, and there was no blaze, the pilot would have probably ridden the aircraft to a safer crash point, with or without the radar observer/copilot." But, even newspaper reports of the day say that there was a blaze in the cockpit. A other contradiction in the case comes from the fact that a spokesman for the Air Force White Plains Filter Center said that the center had received no reports of strange flying objects from any of its Ground Observer Corps. And all Corps skywatchers were directed to immediately report any strange or unidentifiable objects to the Center at once. So if there was no report or alert from the White Plains Center regarding an unidentified that day, just WHO ordered the C-94 to intercept and on what grounds? The "official" Air Force incident report is mum on this issue and no further testimony from anyone on the ground or who was involved was allowed or even appeared as any kind of amendment to the report. Adding to the mystery is the fact that something strange was seen by numerous people on the ground over

the same eastern Mohawk Valley region the day and night before and even earlier that morning.

Whatever it was, it prompted over 1,000 calls to the switchboard of the Utica newspaper a little before noon. A preliminary identification by the military was that it was a weather balloon descending rapidly from approximately 20,000 feet. However both Griffith Field in Rome and Hancock Field in Syracuse denied having sent any balloons aloft either the day before or the day of the incident. And a number of callers to the newspaper described the object that was seen as "walnut-like and shiny". Others described it as a "flying golf ball." One caller was so astounded at what he saw that he told the operator at the switchboard, "I don't believe in flying saucers, but if there are any, this [thing] is one of them!!"

But perhaps the final twist to the Walesville Incident came seven years ago when a investigator from the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) was giving a talk at a local gathering in Utica, NY. As he finished his talk and was getting ready to leave he was approached by a woman who had been sitting in the audience. She then asked him if he had ever heard of the "Air Force iet" that had crashed close to Utica over 50 years ago. The man looked at her with surprise as he had not even mentioned the Walesville Incident that night in his presentation. He told her that yes, he had heard of it. To which she replied, "Well, when the pilot ejected he landed on my father's land, he was a farmer near there." Astounded, the investigator replied, "That's amazing! Did he ever get to talk to the pilot, or did the Air Force get to him first?" "Oh no," she replied, "my father got to him first off, he was the first person to see him come down and ran to him on the spot. And you know what he said to my father?" "What?" the investigator asked. "Well," the woman said, " he told my Dad that the reason why he crashed... was because he was chasing a flying saucer."

Editor's note: Bob Canino was the investigator at the MUFON talk in Utica, described above. Bob Canino followed through with the woman to validate that she was the daughter of the farmer who found the pilot. He also spoke to her mother who confirmed her husband's statement.



Lenticular clouds

are popular with UFO believers because they often look like flying saucers. The lens-shaped clouds form at high altitude and are usually formed when moist air passes over a mountain range and is heated adiabatically (that is, without any transference of heat energy) as it descends. The cloud pattern depends upon the wind speed and the shape of the mountains. A constant wind may produce clouds which are stable and remain virtually stationary in the sky for long periods.

photos courtesy: Wikipedia and National Geographic





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Happiness comes from within

Dear Dennis.

I've left my husband and we've been trying to maintain an amicable relationship. We've also been trying to do things together with our grown children, as a family.

However, every time we get together, and I am friendly, my ex-husband misinterprets this, by making advances and trying to reconcile our relationship. I do not want to have a relationship with him! How can I make this clear to him without hurting his feelings?

Thanks for any suggestions. Dee

Dear Dee

You can make your feelings clear to him by making your choice to feel good, to <u>you!</u> Honor your feelings, without guilt, without dragging him – or anyone else – into the equation! But try to do this without any negative feelings or "attitude" on your part. Because that would just "sign you up" for more – "here I go again!" Your behavior has never caused anyone to think! We all have the free will to choose our own thoughts.

There are no "victims" in a Universe based on "like attracts like!" We may have compassion for what others have attracted by their choice of thoughts, but it needs to be compassion with detachment. Because we all would benefit as we overcome an irresponsible judge-and-blame approach to life and learn to accept guilt and responsibility for what our thoughts have attracted to us. As we learn to think and feel on purpose, we will no longer choose to worry about the past – or the future.

By choosing good-feeling thoughts in the Now (the only "Place" we ever create and expand from!) we can be sure that our "tomorrow Nows" will evoke more things to feel good about! Our Power in Life comes from this knowledge of the "Law of Attraction!" With it, we can learn to dwell more on what we want, and less on the lack of it. The Universe will respond to either choice of thought!

This "as ye sow..." Universal Law does not make exceptions! Imagine how chaotic Life would become if there were exceptions! People would not learn to take responsibility for how they're getting what seems to be "happening" to them! The Dalai Lama speaks of compassion, tolerance and love. However, if you're going to "tolerate" being in a relationship that doesn't feel good to you, then you – like billions of people – may not have yet learned that the purpose of Life is to "become like a little child. More specifically, Life brings us the opportunity to care about, and pay attention to, how we feel. We're here to learn how to Joy our way to Joy!

Teachers of Teachers in non-physical ("Abraham") have stated that the way we can come into our Natural state – that "heaven within" – is by learning to "follow the trail of thoughts that feel increasingly better." They've said that "the secret of life is appreciation." I believe that that can be our "prayer without ceasing!" Appreciation, Joy, Unconditional Love, God – their all related! When we are appreciating our Oneness and the good in Life, we are seeing through the "eyes" of our Source Energy. In such feeling, "second coming," holy Moments we are playing our role as unique Perspectives of the One. Neale Donald Walsch ("Conversations with God") wrote: "The feeling of love is your experience of God." Unconditional Love is our highest state of grace and it can arise from unity Consciousness!

When we choose to "tolerate" so that others won't suffer, we don't understand that this "suffering" is actually a contrast set up in order for us to desire better. Without contrast our ever-creating Self anew would come to a halt. "Heaven" would be over!. We're in heaven's leading edge Now! And the "Engines" for our expansion are these developmental tensions in this yin-and-yang Universe. Albert Camus said: "I shall tell you a great secret, my friend; Do not wait for the last judgment – it takes place every day."

Dee, your right choice in this – or any Life situation – is to listen to your Inner Being's guidance. This comes – to all of us – through our Intuition. It's very simple when we care about how we feel. It comes forth as: "Good feels good, and bad feels bad!" The proactive "shortcut" that our Source/Love wants for us, is to simply move through our days by noticing how GoOD things are. As we practice Appreciation, we Align with our Source Energy and the better it gets, the better it gets! In Oneness, Dennis

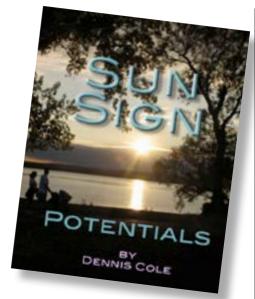
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SUN SIGN POTENTIALS

A Guide to Understanding Self and Others

PISCES

by Dennis Cole



Greetings!

We continue in our series on the "seed potentials" of Life experiences for each of the 12 Signs of the zodiac. Pisces is featured in this Issue. We will look at some excerpts from my book, "Sun Sign Potentials – A Guide to Understanding Self and Others."

Our focus will be on Pisces relationship to the 3 other Signs which form a cross of 90 and 180 degrees to Pisces. Using these we can somewhat describe the "WHAT, WHERETO, HOW and WHY?" of Pisces' Life. To learn more about this Solar Astrology approach to interpretation, in which the hour of birth is not necessary, you may refer to the summer 2012 Issue, pg. 25, of the Metaphysical Times, or go to aquariusservices.com and click on "articles".



This 1st Solar House Solar House cusp relates to the "WHAT" of your current Life's intended Focus

Your Sun Sign, Pisces, is said to be of a flexible water quality. This means that your tendency is to be adaptable and emotional. You also possess some of the qualities of your watery "cousins" in the Zodiac. These include Cancer and Scorpio. Your sometimes emergent and Cancer qualities can include: Domesticity and protectiveness (protective of self and those whom you consider to be "family"). Your other Cancer Sign traits can include sensitivity and tenacity. You do have a tendency, sometimes, to hang on to emotional attachments - especially when love may be involved. Some of your Scorpio qualities can include: Secretiveness, resourcefulness and the ability to investigate mysteries (especially if they're related to the past) and to solve puzzles. Like Scorpio, you, also have the capacity to turn your life around and regenerate yourself.

You also possess the flexibility and adaptability of the signs Gemini, Virgo, and Sagittarius. These Signs – their "script"- play a role in the "Whereto", "How" and "Why" of your Pisces Life focus. And this may sometimes call for some developmental tensions or constructive crises experiences. So you can begin to see that you are not just of the Pisces energy! In fact, each Sun Sign has at least some of the qualities of the other eleven signs! And these qualities vary somewhat with age. Your idealism, imagination, inspiration and psychic energies come from the influence of Neptune your ruling planet. You are probably very compassionate and you feel things deeply. You have psychic abilities but you need to protect yourself at times, from being to open and taking on too much of others' problems or negativity.



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continued from page #4

You also need to keep yourself from getting too carried away with emotionalism, fear and confusion. Often you, in some way, may find yourself caught up in the past. You are capable of your own undoing. This can take many forms, some of which we've just discussed. Sometimes your self-undoing may come through tendencies to want to give up ("...what's the use of trying!"). This can also take the form of escapism, such as crying, drinking, drugs or medicines, looking for sympathy through self-created illnesses or problems. Overindulgence in food would be another example. When you are not getting what you crave in life you might tend to try to compensate for this lack by escaping into excessive food or drink.

So you see, you can create your own "prison" - or "hospital!"

On the other hand, you have the potentials to turn your life around, and using these same energies, in a positive way, help to "nurse" or get others on their feet. By losing self, in compassionate service to others, you can find your real Self.

This is how your creativity comes out; through helping others whom you may view as limited or confined in some way. In fact, surely you've noticed, you have sometimes attracted an opportunity to give or to selflessly help others in need!

You are a dreamer and an idealist. And you do need to escape from reality at times. The ocean, beaches and other areas of water may appeal to you for such retreats from "reality." In fact, the water can have a deeply revitalizing effect on you. Sleep, naps, and, especially meditation can prove to be very helpful to you. Sometimes just doing something half-consciously (your normal state of mind!) can act as a form of meditation or escape. This can include anything from a mini nap to painting, or listening to music - or playing music. Your dreams, often tend to impel you to take action. You have a special capacity to feel what's gong on around you. You know that life is not always what it appears to be on the surface. You have the potential to work with the abstract, with dreams and the inner worlds. Through these areas, and this sensitivity to the subtleties of life, you are enabled to bring out your creativity and find fulfillment and personal growth.

You probably are good at one or more of the arts: Dance, painting, music, poetry - certainly a strong interest in one or more of these areas! Perhaps this is because of your gift creative visualization! Of course there can be a positive and negative side for each thing. And the negative potentials of creative visualization can take the form of: Unrealistic fantasizing or daydreaming, confusion, escapism, lying, and so on.

Try not to give into your fears. It helps as you develop the spiritual side of your nature - which is strong - and learn what faith really means.

Many of your apparent limitations are disguised opportunities for growth. As you have the courage to get into new beginnings, creatively and in service to others, these so-called "limitations" will fall away. You are endowed with sympathy and a natural inclination to aid people who are in distress or in need.

Many of your new beginnings seem to come out of some sort of endings. Sometimes your new beginnings are connected to the past. By holding an ideal or dream for some time you are likely to eventually see it lead to a new beginning.

You can benefit in new areas by being aware of your past experiences and mistakes.

Within your lifetime you may fall in love with someone from out of your past. And you certainly can dwell in the past when it comes to love!

Children, love and creative self-expression are areas in which you have high ideals. Of course, these can also be areas for confusion, limitations, and self-undoing. Some of your children may have been with your in a past life.

You have a better potential, than those born under other Signs, to find perfect fulfillment in life through self-surrender and loss of self in creative service to others.

Wirgo 7th House Cusp Influence This 7th Solar House information relates to the "WHERETO" of your current intended Life's Focus

You are a sensitive dreamer - an idealist with an active imagination. Perhaps that is why you attract a more down-to-Earth partner! - to help you to become more practical and discriminating through the partner's influence. Although somewhat caught up in details, or being critical at times, your partner is capable of hard work and can be very helpful. In fact your partner may prove to be very helpful in complimenting your energies. A partner may help you to become more responsible and organized, and help you with some of practical areas of your life. On the other hand, your influence on

your mate can help them to let go of caution and petty details at times, as they join you in your periodic world of fantasies.

You could meet your partner through a training situation or your work. In some way you might be able to work with a partner or spouse. You grow through your relationships.

Your work could bring you in contact with the public sooner or later. This could be through some form of service and it might involve training, health, repairs, or improvement in some way.

Often in your work or close relationships with others, you seem to have to be involved in adjustments. Criticism and details may be involved at times. The spirit with which you face these periodic crises can lead to growth and harmony - especially as you become willing to work and grow together with others. Whether your partner sees you as "married" to your work - or not - you are still likely to experience considerable activity or discussions with partner relating to work.

MGemini 4th House Cusp Influence This Solar 4th House Information relates to the "HOW" of your current intended Life's Focus

As you grow older you tend to be more youthful, more childlike, and more interested in freedom and change. There will also likely be more interests in expressing yourself, meeting people, exchanging ideas, taking short trips, writing or putting your mind or hands to use more.

In time, you will probably become more involved with blood relatives and neighbors; and these people may be found more often around your home. You can experience may changes relating to home and family. There is often a lot of activity relating to family, or around your home.

You tend to think a lot about home, family, and where you are heading in life. There is considerable thought or activity concerning the need to be stable or to have a secure "base of operation."

Often you seem to be caught up in the past in some way, including with people you've known.

Your Mother can be intelligent, youthful, and a curious individual. She can be objective, detached, inventive, and independent. Yet she cares about people and

friends - and goals. You can communicate with - or think about - your mother quite a bit.

There may be quite a bit of reading material around your home. Speaking of home, you're likely to experience a number of changes in the area of home or family. There is also something dualistic about your home. This may mean: two homes, a home and an office, a home and a mobile home, a home shared with a sibling, starting a home all over again someday, a duplex, a vehicle that can be your "second home"... and so on.

♣ Sagittarius 10th House Cusp Influence

This Solar House influence relates to the "WHY" of your current intended Life's Focus

You could find a great deal of fulfillment in life through pursuits which allow you the freedom to express your philosophy or what you've worked hard to learn. And you do need respect for this. It is natural for others to, in some way, "applaud" you for what you can

In your pursuit of fulfillment there are several potential areas for opportunity, for example: Music, art, dance, writing, teaching, travel, medicine, law, religion, drama, philosophy or psychology. Certainly there can be more than an average interest in one or more of these areas at some point in your life!

You learn much about life through your career or other social accomplishments for fulfillment. In these pursuits, travel, distant communications or education can be involved.

You probably would enjoy a vacation with distant travel as a reward for your work or other responsibilities. On the other hand, there may be times when you seem to feel that you have too much work - or, you may get overextended in your social pursuits and ambitions. Then you may wish that you could move onto "greener pastures." And it is

likely that you will, at some point in time, find yourself relocating due to new ambitions and aims. These moves, however, can sometimes simply be a way for you to learn that you have to work hard, no matter where you find yourself, in order to find freedom and fulfillment. So you may find yourself eventually returning to places where you had been before.

Yes, it is beneficial for you to be optimistic about what you would like to accomplish! In fact, if you can't "feel" what you want, in your consciousness, you're not likely to attain it - at least not for long! Besides optimism, however, you also need to be realistic because you sometimes think you can do more than you really are capable of doing. Remember, you can also benefit very much through generosity and giving! In your career, or other social involvements, you can be very generous and helpful, as you tend to apply spiritual principles,- as well as creativity in your life.

Others see you as being: Creative, jovial, truthful, religious, optimistic and philosophical.

This article was excerpted from Dennis' forthcoming book: "Sun Sign Potentials"

Some Highlights in the Year Ahead for *Pisces*

By Dennis Cole

These highlights will cover some of your potentials from this birthday period to your birthday in 2015.

Our focus will be on some of the key cycles through the "WHAT", "WHERE-TO", "HOW" & "WHY" areas of growth in your birth mandala or horoscope. These areas were covered in this Issue's article on "Sun Sign Potentials" for Pisces. By factoring in some of those natal "seed potential" highlights, with these brief cyclic forecasts, you may be able to intuitively add more detail concerning your natural potential experiences for growth in your year ahead.

Your "WHAT" phase of these four cycles 0f growth, begins around your birthday period each year. At such times it generally involves personal new beginnings. You may also experience a renewal of your energy, which can help you to pursue your dreams and deal with the past with a more confident outlook. This year, the Pisces new moon on Saturday, March 1st, nudges you into a two week cycle in which you may begin to feel spiritually self-mobilized and willing to move forward. For some, this may involve such areas as: Home, property, family, or motherhood. It also holds the potential for "Individuation" or a realization that "heaven is within."

The "WHERETO" of your life focus generally comes on stronger, each year, after the end of August and into late September. This year's Pisces full moon of September 9th may find you more emotionally charged about uniting with others. This uniting can involve family, children, or building in romance. This leads to the last week of September and a new awareness about the love, harmony and balance that can come to you as you put the "Inner Marriage" first.

Your Gemini solar 4th house, "HOW", cycle of your life focus, becomes more active each spring, especially after late May and through June. The weekend of June 27 may find you to be at an emotional turning point. One in which you may feel an instinctual willingness to dedicate yourself in support of new life. That could involve property, home or family, but it could also involve children and love.

Finally, Pisces, the "WHY" sector of your Life plan comes on more each year around late November and through December. This year, your ambitions for career or social fulfillment become heightened around, and after, the new moon of December 22nd. Just consider that power and leadership call for new responsibilities, and "walking your talk" with the "Golden Rule."

AIR AND ANGELS. by John Donne

TWICE or thrice had I loved thee,
Before I knew thy face or name;
So in a voice, so in a shapeless flame
Angels affect us oft, and worshipp'd be.
Still when, to where thou wert, I came,
Some lovely glorious nothing did I see.
But since my soul, whose child love is,
Takes limbs of flesh, and else could nothing do,
More subtle than the parent is
Love must not be, but take a body too;
And therefore what thou wert, and who,
I bid Love ask, and now
That it assume thy body, I allow,
And fix itself in thy lip, eye, and brow.

Whilst thus to ballast love I thought,
And so more steadily to have gone,
With wares which would sink admiration,
I saw I had love's pinnace overfraught;
Thy every hair for love to work upon
Is much too much; some fitter must be sought;
For, nor in nothing, nor in things
Extreme, and scattering bright, can love inhere;
Then as an angel face and wings
Of air, not pure as it, yet pure doth wear,
So thy love may be my love's sphere;
Just such disparity
As is 'twixt air's and angels' purity,
'Twixt women's love, and men's, will ever be.

Source:

Donne, John. Poems of John Donne. vol I. E. K. Chambers, ed. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1896. 21-22.



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Connect to Your Resonance and Find Harmony

by Dave Bennett

Don't allow life's adversity to spiral into greater and greater circles of suffering. Instead infuse Love into every situation and ask your higher guidance for harmony. Listen to the guidance and feel the flow that surrounds us. It's like hearing music that rhythmically flows around and through us. Move into the flow and watch as adversity is washed away with loving harmony.

The more we connect with our resonant harmony the more we are in touch with our True Nature. This, after all, is our natural state of Being, not some supernatural accomplishment. Deep within us we feel the connection to oneness, we only have to allow that love to be present. Acknowledge the love; bring it into all aspects of life like, work, play, study, and reflection. Soon we see harmony and abundance are growing in both inner and outer worlds.

Sometimes we find ourselves feeling unfulfilled. During those times look again to your connection with your True Nature. Within your Being is the link to the greater consciousness of Oneness and a way to



identify that missing something. It is very much like opening one door after another, each time remembering a little more of our purpose and solutions. Always be patient and allow the resonance of your Being to guide, direct and heal.

Once we begin to live in balance with our True Nature we each create our own realities and manifest in our lives what is needed to be whole and complete. The inner life is the greater reality... our guidance provides for making life in this world more precious and productive. Don't retreat from activity in the world; embrace the ongoing effort of making this moment and our future the best it can be filled with love and harmony. Be the center of your "Being," radiating your good works outward into the world.

David Bennett
Energetic Healer
Transformation
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DharmaTalks.com



Herbal Recipes is filled with recipes for culinary blends, tea formulas and bath herbs, including such historic favorites such as Stew Brew, Broth Blend, Green Salad Herbs and Herb Woman's Favorite, and filled with illustrations by NNY artist Paula Towne. A local effort, it has been published by Metaphysical Times Publishing, and edited by Georgia Cuningham.

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WATERLOO PSYCHIC FAIR

March 29-30, 2014...Sat. & Sun. 10-7 Holiday Inn, Waterloo, NY

WATERTOWN PSYCHIC FAIR

April 12-13, 2014...Sat. 11-8, Sun. 11-6 Black River Valley Club, 131 Washington St 315-788-2300, Watertown, NY 13601

MASSENA PSYCHIC FAIR

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METAPHYSICAL TIMES PSYCHIC FAIR

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UTICA PSYCHIC FAIR

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November 7-9, 2014 Fri. 4-8, Sat. 10:30-8, Sun. 10:30-6 Best Western, 90 Main St, Canton, NY ©2014

2014 - The Year of the Chariot or May the Force be With You

By Cindy Griffith-Bennett

This is bound to be an active year. In what way you are active depends on what you focus on. Why do I say that? It is a Chariot year and The Chariot's strength is focus.

The tarot card The Chariot means (but is not limited to):

- Taking care of Family
- Travel: Cars, Trains, Transportation
- Getting things done
- Going to War
- Realizing you are more than your body
- Controlling the senses
- Running around like a chicken with its head cut off

Now you can focus your activity on practical matters like taking care of family, getting your list done, getting a new car, or traveling. You can focus on spiritual things by realizing you are more than your body and therefor take action about addictions, weight loss, and putting life's issues in perspective. You can decide that a particular issue is worth "going to war" over. Be careful, this year you may get overly zealous and end up fighting a cause that takes more energy than it is worth. Another thing that could happen in a Chariot Year is that you totally loose your focus and end up the proverbial chicken.

It is your choice depending on what you choose to focus or not focus on. A big lesson of the Chariot is that you are more than your body; you are a soul in motion! The picture on the card is of a man whose body morphs into the chariot. There are two sphinxes that drive the chariot; they represent your bodily senses. There is a canopy over the driver's head that represents that his higher self di-



recting the driver. Every time you get ready to take action, check in and ask if it is your body or your higher self that is directing you. Make sure your actions and your focus reflect your soul's energy. Yes, it is important to take care of the physical stuff, but this is a wonderful year to

deal with the spiritual as well. In doing either, it is important to be aware of the ramification of allowing your action and focus to be distracted or misdirected.

Energy flows to where your attention goes! So this year, more than others, it will very quickly become apparent if you are sending your energy off to places it should not be. Obsessing (incessant focus) on something in the past, on the present, or upon someone else is going to drain you even quicker this year. Yet if you put your focus on what you want to work on, in the present moment, you will be amazed at how much energy you have to work with. Remember energy flows to where your attention goes.

Combine action with attention and you will double your results. So if you have a project or life change that you want to get going, 2014 is a great year to accomplish it! Remember, align your action and focus to what ever you want to accomplish and your energy and the Chariot will be there to assist you! May the Focus be with you!

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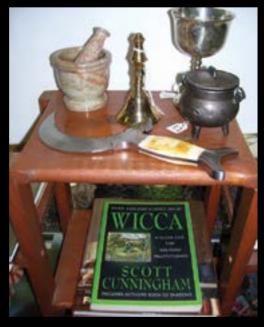


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continued from page #3

Well, sometimes he makes a good case for that; We all learned to make a good case for anything at my father's dinner table, even William who was more often under than at the table; and I do have to admire his adaptability and his physical gifts, as well as the skills which are a result of many years struggle to overcome his several outstanding limitations: particularly his extremely short legs, a not so lovely, pinched-looking face and large forehead which all ...especially when he isn't wearing the two foot sheet-rock stilts under his pants incline people to take him for sick child, an elf, or an alien. He hates that.

William is O.K. Even sometimes generous. He saved me some misery when he helped save my chicken flock from itself; so besides admiring him, I should be grateful to him.

But even during periods in our lives when he has been living near by, William and I have never been real close, and less so since he moved on from here.

The last time I heard from him, was in a Facebook message, according to which he was out in California, wrangling Chickens for period movies.

Of course I didn't say all THAT to Oren Pierce right then.

William is only my IMAGINARY brother! is all I said.

Oren Pierce rolled his eyes over my head, saying that HE himself was NOT William's IMAGINARY brother. He's William's REAL brother! His tenor voice squeaking on the emphasis.

Then he knocked his head with his knuckles, and his eyes widened with enlightenment as he proved his existence.

Stunned by his strange rap, and knucklehead that I was in that moment, I didn't just ignore his absurd logic but answered without thinking; that ANYWAY, William has been gone for a good while now; that I don't know where he's gone, haven't heard from him since he left, and don't expect him back here anytime soon.

Pierce took one step forward, as if through the hole in my argument.

He said he himself WAS expecting William.

Then, before I could ask what reason he had to expect William, and as his gaze dropped from the space over my left shoulder, to the shoulder itself, he added, "We called him Skippy...... He was so short we didn't expect him to live, so it wasn't a name like Delmore or David, and we had mostly used up the boy names we knew......"

Having gone way off script, Oren Pierce paused and straightened up some. His maroon jaw bristles rippled. He took a few more steps forward, pulled a small, black card from his pocket, and flipped it at me across the distance.

The card tipped up and slowed at the height of its trajectory, alighting exactly where he must have known that my raised hand would be cupped and ready in self-defense. Suddenly I held it.

"Please give me a call if our brother shows up, or I will be stopping by. Thank you. Goodbye."

All of which he said as if he were sending a voice mail message.

Pierce pivoted and set off walking, then striding into the orchard, his gait irregular due to the high boot heels hitting or missing hummocks and ruts.

As soon as Pierce was ten or twenty yards away, a grey-black dog stood up out of the tall

grass behind the salad garden. Long-haired, with standing ears and lighter grey spectacle patches around its eyes, the dog watched as Oren Pierce disappeared into the orchard, then it trotted off at a angle to the man's route.

Getting Familiar



When Pierce was gone, I looked, still surprised, at the card he had so deftly thrown to my hand: red letters on black, heavily laminated credit card stock.

Oren Pierce B.A., B.S., M.S.G.
Osteoempathetic Healer, Stylist, Oracle
Consultations, Investigations, Badminton
Cell 315- XXX- XXXX

The X's in the phone number are printed with the card, and he had red-penciled numbers over the x's. I pulled the card out to read and puzzle over so many times that the pencil was about worn off the plastic when I went to check my box at the Post Office one day several weeks later, and the dog I had seen the day Pierce had appeared in my back yard, was sitting outside by the bicycle rack, no leash, and no collar showing, though there may be a collar and tags under all that ruff. Inside, the man himself stood at the sorting desk, bent over his mail: the same maroon-red three-day beard, and oynx-black hair,

layered in shingles as regular as three-tab asphalt roofing. I don't know how he does it, but he always has that third-day stubble, and that neat roof of hair. His face was so close to his mail that he didn't seem to notice me, but on my way to the door, Pierce caught my eye.

"No William", I told him; but he had not actually asked.

"Nice Chapeau" he said, speaking Frenchly to my noir, Gortex, rain-hat.

Oren himself never seems to wear a hat, although there could be anything under that thick shingling of hair..

I saw him there at the P.O. so often in the following months, that it seemed as if he must have been answering his mail or writing a book at the sorting desk.

Occasionally we talked mostly about my hat of the day or the weather, his tenor ringing in the P. O. lobby and making up in volume, what it lacks in depth.

No William I would tell him without being asked.

One burger-night at the Fargo bar and grill across from the Post Office, I recognized that stark black business card embedded in the dart board. I brought it to the bartender on my way back to the table, and asked did she know about it. Melody, is her name I think, though maybe it Melony.

She said thanks, but she would put it back later ... because of the story about it.

Oren Pierce had come in a little before happy-hour one day, ordered a lemon and soda, and said he had stopped in particularly because he grew up not far from a place called The Fargo Inn. I myself know about The Fargo Inn because it is only a few miles across the Indian River plains from the village of Natural Bridge, where I came from. It has been around through many owners, and my own grandmother and grandfather met at a dance there. That Fargo is on the border of

the Fort Drum Military Reservation. After the Fort Drum expansion, his mother worked there, part time.

" She was a Fort Drum whore", was exactly what he had told, using that very word. He told Melony, that's not something he would make up to brag about.

He showed her his plastic calling card, and then, he showed her and a few others who had by then appeared, just how hard he could throw the thing, embedding it right where I myself had found it.

He had been back a few times when Melody was there. Always the lemon and soda, never anything to eat, usually he is asked to throw a card, so he extracts the old, if someone has not stolen it, and he throws in the new. I don't know that it has gotten him much business, other than requests to throw cards

He has no vehicle, and walks everywhere

to get some apricots, and Oren Pierce was at the fruit stand talking to Joe Long.

Oren nodded to me but went on telling Joe about the home he mostly grew up in: a Homosote and tarpaper shack not even as big as the chicken house out back of it; and there were so many kids that when each one got to be eight or ten years old, he or she moved to the chicken house. No stove there, but the chickens kept it from freezing, and the kids slept in a pile under one blanket.

"We didn't know how uncomfortable we were. And we didn't know about apricots!" He took his apricots and turned, nodding to me again and actually smiling ... albeit somewhat yellowly.

"HI THERE" he said, on a high note that rang in my head as in the P.O. lobby.

"No William" I told him.

I even saw him at the Wilcox General Store in Ledyard, which is five or six miles from



usually with his dog, but often his dog will be on the other side of the road, as if she were stalking him. Once I slowed down and offered him a ride, but he waved me off.

One day I walked a quarter mile up the road

here. He was buying semi-expired bananas at a reduced price. This time, I didn't say anything about William, but as he left the counter, Pierce seemed to inquire quickly into my eyes, making a little noise like a laugh in

his throat.

I don't know which way he went from Ledyard. Not down the road I drove home.

He seemed to be everywhere around me, but it was a long while before I learned where he was living.

My neighbor Eddy Maasson, who has an awful lot of double consonants in his name, owned the Fargo before he sold it and retired twenty or thirty years ago. Now he walks up and down the road in fair weather, keeps track of the neighborhood by talking to everybody, and might have been a little dissapointed that he did not appear in my last book.

Eddie doesn't go down to the Fargo much anymore, but, like most everybody around here, he has seen Pierce at the post office and has encounterd him a number of times during his own walks up and down Route 90. Eddie and Oren are often enough talking together in front of the or in the P.O. when I go for mail. It was Eddie who told me Pierce is living less than a mile down through the woods from Dog's Plot, in a concrete silo that I have often enough seen through the woods as I walked down a gorge ridge, but had thought was abandoned.

He says someone almost finished converting it to comfortable living quarters when an electrical fire turned the silo into a chimney. No further improvements were made at that point, and no one lived in the place for twenty years, until Oren came around.

According to Eddie, Oren calls the old Silo "Cayuga Tower" because it's very near the lake, but I know the barnyard is so over-grown with Buckthorn, Juniper, and Cottonwood that he couldn't see the lake for the trees; he couldn't even see the sky, from Cayuga Tower.

Wiring runs in and out of the windows, and twists up the outside of the silo, along with wrist-thick Virginia Creeper and Poison Ivy.

A depression in the yard with cattails growing at the bottom may be a failed dugpond or a sump hole.

Oren had told Eddie all about his origins on the Pine Planes up north. He told him about William/Skippy too.

He told Ed that when the baby was born and his mother saw his undeveloped legs, she waved the it away, saying it was not a baby of hers, saying it was nobody.

The chicken house sisters called him Nobody and rocked him serially. Oren was the only boy among them at the time, unless you count Nobody. Boys tended to wander away early.

The sisters pierced eggs for Nobody to suck, then put him to sleep under a broody hen.

When it seemed Nobody was going to survive to be somebody, they called him Fourteen for a while, because they figured he was the fourteenth child, counting the ones that had died or wandered off. But he was such a lively little thing that they began calling him Skippy.

And he had Skipped off the same year the boy appeared there in our family's back yard garden, a boy with the same bodily disproportions and cranial distortions that make him look like an old man standing in a hole.

Oren told Ed all this in one conversation during which Ed could scarcely get a word in, which is a rare thing. And Oren told Eddie that he was expecting William.

"Expecting your imaginary bother," Eddie observed, "That Oren guy's a bit of a fruit cake, isn't he?"

Maybe, but Oren has even more ingredients than listed on his fruit-cake of a business card, and he is everywhere. One evening in May, my partner, our assistant, and I were up at the Pumpkin Hill Bistro, sitting out on the patio, having a sort of business lunch. Actually we had come for the tomato basil soup. When, nobody by Oren Pierce again came walking up the path past the vineyard, and sat right down at our table.

It was as if we had been waiting for him

so we could order, which was convenient, because the waitress came right up.

Oren would like to try basil tomato soup too. And a slice of lemon in sparkling water.

I introduced him around and asked him how was life in Cayuga Tower, and he said the cell phone reception wasn't too good there because of the trees or maybe the cement walls, so when I call, I should just leave him a voice message. After all, he had grown up in a house with no phone at all ... and no outhouse even, just a shit-hole in the mudroom floor, with a box over it to sit on and to keep kids from falling in.

Oren talked without interruption, except that he took a spoon of soup after most every sentence, even while talking about shit holes.

Until he was three his family had a real house on the pine planes, small but with two stories, an outhouse, AND a smoke house. His father had worked smelting iron near village of Lewisberg on the pine plains between Natural Bridge and Black River, until the government took over that and several other mining villages as the Pine Camp military reservation expanded into Fort Drum for the World War The family had moved not much farther than the edge of he reservation and, failing to get a job at the paper mill, his father went West looking for work took most of the government buy-out money with him, and he has not been heard from in the fifty or sixty years since.

That said, Oren stood up from the table, explaining that he had an appointment for a Badminton session so he had to leave before desert.

But before he walked off, he Oren pulled a pad from his pocket and put it on the table, asking us to take a look at it sometime.

Which of course we did as soon as he was gone.

On each page, written in italics with a broadnibbed pen was an aphorisim, a homily, or whatever you want to call it, like: "Use Logic to eliminate confusion and prejudice, in order to arrive at reasonable conclusions." That one struck me as particularly ironic, given Oren's peculiar twists of logic.

Besides the trades listed on his business card, Oren Pierce combs the beach and makes jewlery from stones rolled in the waves so long they are vaguely fish shaped, and suitable for making the ear- rings, pendants, and windpchimes that he sells at the Aurora Art and Design Center.

When I went to stock our shelf there with more books, the dog Lucy, Lulu, or Loosefur, as Oren variously calls her, was sitting outside next to the large welded statue of a lizard.

Inside, Pierce was showing Jacci his newest stone pendants. I told him there was no sign of William or Skippy and Oren said he figured as much, but said that if I ever needed someone to look after the chickens, cats, and dogs for while he was practically raised in a chicken house.

After he left, Jacci said Oren had offered himself at the Meeshe spa downstrairs to do his unique Osteoempethatic therapy. Osteoempathology, as he has since explained to me, is a nano-electro-static, non-contact method of adjusting skeletal allignment and enlivening balance points, where the healthy body maintains a magnetic field much like a gyroscope, all of which he does without the actual laying on of hands. Actual touching anyone would require a license, for which he would certification in massage or medicine. But Meeshee turned him down.

Then one day Oren returned here to Dog's Plot, this time down the driveway instead of out of the orchard, wanting to renew his chicken-sitting offer; also to hand me some fresh adages, and wise sayings.

We sat on the deck and I gave him water and plastic, squeeze-lemon concentrate, because I keep only real water and had no actual lemon, but he accepted it with a happy squeak, as if he had seen me put a couple of jiggers of vodka in it, then he sat down and told me all about his idea for a young adult book about a special being named Nowella whose mother was a Black Bear, and whose father was a White Man. It was a very long and complicated metaphysical narrative involving many a crisis of identity and the basic mysteries of individual existence.

I asked him about his business card professions, like Badminton? Is that how you spell it? I thought it was badmitten. anyway?

He said he used Badminton as what he called a wordless, diagnostic conversation with his clients. As for his unique practice of Osteoempathy, to which the Badminton is often a prelude, he proudly confessed that it was his own invention, including the scientific language. It is essentially a placebo, and

placebos are on the average thirty percent effective. That is better than most drugs!

I guess I get it, and anyway I really couldn't argue with him.

He had become extremely animated, so his voice was at a rather higher pitch, as if he were trying to prevail over the sound-cloud in a crowded bar.

I have since noticed that Oren seems to get drunk on just lemon and soda most EVERY time I give him any amount of it and a little of my time.

He left me with another batch of adages and oracles, some with a bit more of an edge than the earlier ones. "There are two opposite answers to every question. Both are wrong."

Not long after that first intoxicated oversharing, Oren returned with a sheaf of not-half-bad Nowella stories, and some of them were later published by Georgia Cuningham in the Metaphysical Times, with more under contract.

Very soon after the Pumpkin Hill Bistro encounter we walked in to the little Cayuga Bank to make a withdrawal, and found Oren ahead of us filling a deposit slips at the one desk there for that. As he yielded the desk he handed me another few sheets of aphorisms in monumental italics,

These were generally an improvement over his earlier aphorisms. I particularly liked, "Revise your thoughts according to your feelings, as well as your feelings according to your thoughts, until they settle their differences." Or "Your best protection, is to watch where you are going." Cute.

Georgia Cuningham eventually colluded with Oren to design and produce a deck of Oracle cards, each with one of his oracular sayings, coupled with newly-alleged metaphysical properties of various minerals and conglomerate stones, each card picturing a skull carved



out of that material. He apparently had this in mind all along. He provided the list of minerals and their metaphysical properties; and he himself has a plum-sized, carved onyx skull that he uses in his Osteoempthay practice.



Oren stopped by often enough during the card design period that he has grown almost familiar, not that I quite understand him.

As it was I finally took him up on the offer to look after the place when we are away up North, or out on book tour.

It's cold comfort there in his Cayuga tower; so when we go away Oren happily comes up here to look after Dog's Plot, staying in the back-yard trailer with the sky-viewing cupola, and the comfy bed that converts to a bath tub. He says he writes well there. Whether at the fold down table, in the cupola, or the bathtub, I can't say.

While encamped in the trailer here, Oren wrote more Nowella stories, this time locating Nowella among the trunk full of

abandoned stuffed animals I myself brought here to Dog's Plot from Edgewood Place: and which I showed him at some point. I often leave it open so the animals can breathe a little. According to Oren, the steamer trunk animals lived in house on a hill with diamond shaped windows and chickens and cats and every thing just like ours at Dog's Plot, and that much is true, but in the stories, WE do not seem to exist, which is a little weird, if you are us.

The Nowella stories are not bad, by which I mean they are good, but they are not the children's tales you might expect. What are they? Is there an Earth Science Fiction shelf? A school of inter species relaltionships? I don't know where to shelve the book of Nowella, but the Metaphysical times is planning the Book of Nowella.

So I am alright with that, and I am used to having Oren around here, difficult as it is to contact him when I am actually trying, what with bad cell phone reception in the tower, and his not being there when I drop off notes ... he always gets the message and appears just before we leave.

A few days after we had come back from a recent Tall Animal Review tour (and he had moved back into his tower) I walked by the deck door on the way to the john late one night, and I noticed a faint light glowing through the cupola of the trailer.

In the morning, when I went out to feed the chickens, I saw, a woman in front of the trailer, wearing little except a pyramid of red hair, someone's boxer shorts, and a whole lot of freckles. It was definitely William's old girlfriend Gee, but looking much older, than when I had last seen her, or maybe she just looked older naked. She was pouring dirty water out of a dish pan into the milkweed stand.

"Excuse my wrinkled old body she said, reading my mind, "but the pipes seemed to be clogged. I don't know what all he put down there."

Well excuse me, but what was SHE doing here?

She told me she was waiting for William. Well maybe she WAS waiting for William; and anyway, I had learned already not to cross wires with Gee's passionate intensity. Tell her she is crazy and you will provoke a storm of curses that could drive a ship, a blast of curses such that if a Sailor could deliver such curses, he would be hung for a witch, which has never happend because no sailor could curse like Gee. She could drive off a gang of rapists, he Devil and God too, with those curses And she would clean up the trailer pretty well too, that being one of her proud trades, though I had to clear the clotted drain. It was just a ratty glob of her own hair. I suppose there is a lot of grey ot the red as it grows now, but there is so much of it still and she dyes it with Sumach berries. She is an herbalist, when there's a market for

When she and William lived here before, I had to tell her to stop picking the Joe Pye weed in the orchard, because I kind of like seeing it, and we don't have that much.

William, of course, did not appear, but just few days after my discovery of Gee living in the trailer, I saw Oren Pierce's dog slinking through the orchard.

"Nowella and Uncle Threadbear"

Stories by Oren Pierce

are available on the

Metaphysical Times

digital archive:

Summer and Fall 2013

More stories will appear in future editions of this publication.

Mnetha's stuff

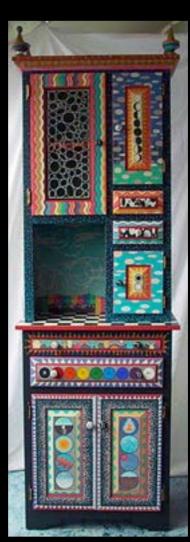








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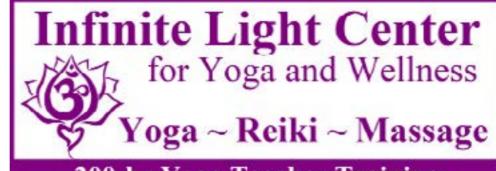




The American Lynx Creations Presents a tinytowntimes.com tribute to David Warren's "Book of William." May all who see this read Mr. Warren's enchanting work and live long and prosper.

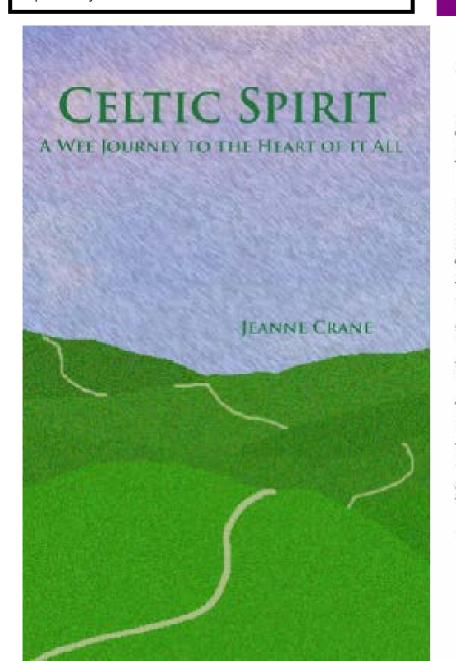


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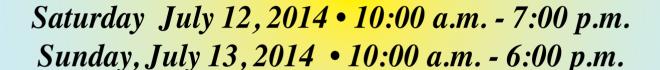


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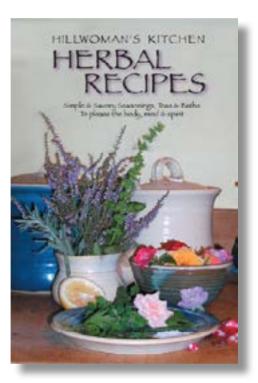
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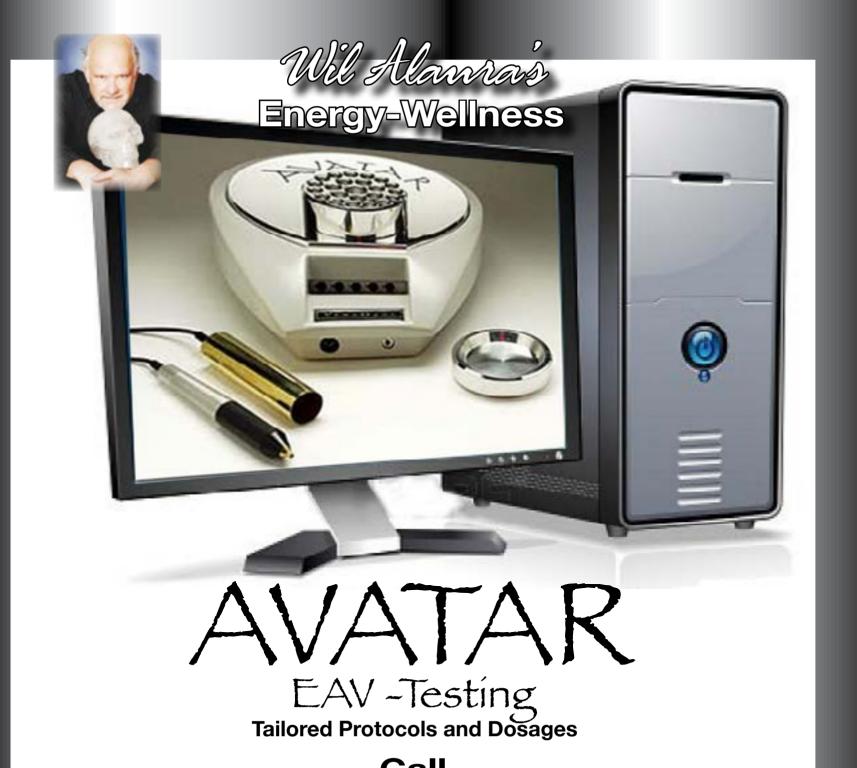
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