

# ***Enchanted Forest***

**Magazine**

**April 2010**



***A Place of Love and Support***

***~~Believe in Yourself – And Make It Happen~~***

***<http://enchantedforrest.ning.com>***

# The Enchanted Forest Team

*~~Believe in Yourself – And Make It Happen~~*

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Just like with any online service, you should exercise common sense when using this site. Below we've outlined some simple guidelines to keep in mind:

\* Create strong passwords and keep them secure, which means you should never share your password with anyone!

\* Adjust your privacy settings so they match your level of comfort and remember to review them often.

\* Be cautious about posting and sharing personal information, especially information that could be used to identify you or locate you online, such as your address or telephone number.

\* Report members and content that violate our Terms of Service to the Admin, Shadow, Celtic Coyote or Breeze

\* Block anyone who sends you unwanted or inappropriate communications and report it to the Network Creator or directly to us.

\* Don't post anything that would embarrass you later. Think twice about posting a photo or other information you wouldn't want your parents, potential employers, college or boss to see.

IF YOU ARE IN ANY DOUBT SEND A MEMBER OF THE ADMIN A MESSAGE AND SEEK FURTHER ASSISTANCE - WE'RE HERE TO PROTECT AND ASSIST OUR MEMBERS AND TO KEEP THIS A PEACEFUL HAPPY SAFE PLACE FOR ALL

## **CHAT REMINDER**

*Do not give out personnel information to other members ie email address, contact details or names. Any contact with members should be kept on site where the team keep it a safe environment.*

# ENCHANTED RADIO



ENCHANTED RADIO  
ENCHANTED BYBIO  
ENCHANTING THE AIR WAVES

DJ GOTHIC MISSTRESS -  
OWNER

DJ CELTIC  
COYOTE  
OWNER

<http://enchanted.serverroom.us:6586>

## **ENCHANTED LIVE RADIO -- MAKE YOUR REQUESTS**

We are pleased to announce the addition of a New Live Radio Station for the Enchanted Forest. Currently there are Four DJ's,(Owners) DJ Celtic Coyote ,DJ Gothic Misstress and Radio DJs DJ Soaring Eagle and DJ Fates Fury.

TO TUNE IN PLEASE CLICK <http://www.serverroom.us/radio/258832> choose your player icon and click it please note this is supported by Winamp - if you have not got winamp on your pc this can be downloaded free - if you have any difficulties please message either of the DJs above or goto the The Enchanted Forests chat page - where someone can help you.

**TO ASK FOR YOUR TUNES EITHER EMAIL THE DJS OR COME TO THE FOREST CHATROOM WHERE THE DJS WILL BE HAPPY TO PLAY YOUR REQUESTS !!!**

# **NEW REIKI TEACHER AT THE ENCHANTED FOREST**

***Chalera Proeber***

***CLASSES START 31 MARCH 2010***

## **Introduction to Chalera Proeber aka Lady Hawk**

Namaste, my name is Lady Hawk

I have been a Reiki Practitioner for 4 years, a Master Teacher for 2 1/2 and have personally taught Reiki for two years. I participate in Reiki shares twice a month, sometimes more. I incorporate not only Reiki but Prauna into my sessions. I began learning from my husband who has been a Master Teacher since 1990. However, I went on to learn from who I received my Master Teacher Certificate from simply because we had thought learning two different methods would be beneficial. Not to mention more honored then receiving one from your husband. lol

I have learned not only to incorporate both of their methods into my technique but have added a few which I believe have come from Spirit Guides. I use hands on (Healing Touch) as well as the non touch method of Reiki.

My most highest achievement was when my Master Teacher (who holds Reiki shares once a month) honored me by allowing myself to answer her Reiki 1 students questions. She then asked if she could incorporate some of my methods into her classes, having experienced the benefit of them herself.

Hopefully while your normal instructor is out I will be able to aid you in achieving an understanding of what Reiki is and how to allow yourself to be a perfect channel for the healing.

Bright Blessings and Good Journeys to you  
Lady Hawk

**Times of classes are as follows:**

**USA**

**Central - 6 pm**

**Eastern - 7 pm**

**Western - 4 pm**

**Australia (Melbourne) - 11 am (thursday)**

**UK - Midnight**



# Manifesting

*By Spellcaster*

Here are the rules for getting what you want:

1. Make very sure of the qualities you want and cut them back to their essence. If you want a car say a car. But if you want a white car, say a white car. If you want a new man, but think you really don't mind if it's a man at all but just want to feel appreciated and loved, then say that you want to feel appreciated and loved. Make a list of these qualities and refine it over days or weeks.
2. Feel your desire for this deeply but at the same time joyfully, as though you were a little kid playing a game.
3. Ask your Angels (or if you prefer, ask your "subconscious") to take care of the details and give it over to them to take care of for you. This can be the hardest part because we like to worry about it and think about it often - yet, it is important. Our thoughts create our reality so if we are always thinking "I want to have this" we will continue to create the "want" of it and not the object we desire. So it is best to forget all about it and get on with our lives as though we will not get it. This is not about not "desiring" something any more, just not "actively desiring" it - thinking about it. As soon as we let it go, our energies open to allow what we want to come to us.
4. Pay attention in the time to come, to odd or unusual impulses. Follow them if possible. They are your Angels nudging you.

This is a true story about how I got a car that I needed. I asked for a VW diesel, used, but in excellent shape, one that would last me many years, costing me no more than I had in a certain bank account and, to make it even more specific, I wanted it in 4 weeks. It took 6 weeks and my Angels had to break my husband's car, but the repairs on his car brought me into the place where mine was waiting for me. An impulse to speak to the salesman came up and I followed the impulse. Sure enough - I got exactly what I asked for. Even more, between the cost of it and the repairs to my husband's car, it cost me all but \$100 in the bank account I had specified.

It works..



# Lessons From A Fitch

*By Deb*

This morning while in my bathroom, attempting to comb down my well-slept upon hair, I heard a strange fluttery sound. I thought at first it was my husband, choosing his shirt from our tiny closet on the other side of the wall. This idea was negated when he walked past the bathroom and the sound continued.

I looked out the bathroom window to see what the commotion was. We have a large group of finches who spend the majority of their morning in our maple tree out in the back yard, and their cacaphony seemed louder than ever.

Imagine my surprise when I found one of the finches, apparently stuck to the window screen. The fluttery sound was the little guy attempting to fly away, with his feet firmly clamped around the mesh of the screen. Every few seconds, a couple of his flock-mates would come swooping near him, chirping and fluttering around him in encouragement, but the small bird didn't budge.

Cooing words of encouragement to him, I gently touched his claws on my side of the screen, trying to determine where he was stuck. He responded by hopping along sideways. Hmm, I thought. He obviously isn't stuck. By this time my daughter and husband had come into the bathroom to see what was going on. The finch hopped on the screen again, up a little higher but still apparently unable to fly away. He'd flutter his wings, but held tight to the screen. His friends continued their periodic swoop-and-chirp campaign, attempting to help him let go of the screen, but to no avail.

Birds are hard creatures to read. They have no facial expression to show how they feel, and I am completely unfamiliar with avian body language. However, I felt that this little guy was really and truly scared. After all, he could let go the screen, but he just didn't. Even with the encouragement of his flock, he still held on there for dear life.

I put on some gloves and went outside to the back yard, leaving my family in the bathroom. I approached the little guy gently, touching his back in what I hoped was a soothing motion, all the while sending him a gentle swoosh of Reiki energy, to help him with his innate fear of all things human. Gently I wrapped my hand around his soft and tiny body and lifted him from the screen. In a flurry of feathers, he was away from me, chirping to his friends who had settled in my neighbor's yard when they'd heard me come outside.

Just like that he was free. He could fly, his feet were not stuck in the screen. There was no physical reason that he couldn't have let go the screen. Even with the encouragement of his peers, the little bird was scared to let go. Being perched vertically on the screen, I can only surmise that he was frightened to let go because of the strange angle and perhaps a fear of falling.

Drinking my coffee later on, and listening to the cacophony that is finches in the morning, I realized that we all need a little help and encouragement now and then. It's so easy to hold on, to stay with what feels secure and familiar—even if it is slightly scary—because the unknown is always scarier than the known. We need to listen to our flockmates, take the plunge and find out that scared or not, we can soar after all.

# Reusing Candle Stubs

*By Deb*

Here is a idea for you to try if you want to reuse your candle stubs you have left. This is easy to do even tho it seems like a lot of instruction.

## Tools needed:

Tin can  
knife  
scissors  
cookie baking sheet  
wick (available at craft stores)  
aluminum foil  
craft stick (ice cream stick)

## Ingredients needed:

wax candle stubs of any color and size or fragrance.  
Sand  
sea salt

If you are making the candle to use outside you may add small pine cones, herbs, cedar berries, pine needles, juniper berries and essential oil. Almost anything small can be added to the candle.

If you are making the candle to use indoors I would only add some essential oil if needed.

Remove all old wicks and metal from the candle stubs. Most retail candles have a metal candle holder in the bottom. (hint: you can reuse this for your wick if you remove it carefully from the old candle stub)

Chop your wax stubs into small pieces and chunks mixing all colors. When it's finished that's the fun part. You will get some beautiful colors.

Mix your sand and sea salt together. Use about 2 handfuls of each but only use what you need according to the size of your mold. Save the leftover sand/salt mixture for future candle making use. The sand is used for weight in the candle and the salt is for cleansing and protective power.

Pour enough sand/salt mixture into the bottom of the tin to cover and deep enough to secure your wick in the middle. I use a small spoon and spoon it in. I have cheated and glued or tied a small pebble on the bottom of my wick to help hold it in the bottom.

Insert your wick in the center. Make sure you cut your wick long enough to lay over the side just a little, of your tin. We'll trim it later.

Hold your wick and pour enough sand to make sure it's secure.

I then take a stick long enough to lay all the way across my tin and drape the wick over it straight and centered. You will only need to do this if your tin or glass jar is large. Usually you can hold the wick between your fingers on a small round tin.

Add the rest of your wax chunks and any other ingredients except for your essential oil.

Fill to  $\frac{3}{4}$  from the top. I like to leave a little room for expansion plus it's safer when you move the candle later after the wax has melted from the oven.

Remove your stick holding your wick (if you used one) and drape your wick over the side of your tin.

Add any essential oil a few drops at a time. If you are using more than one essential oil I suggest you might mix the essential oils together and check the smell to make sure you have the fragrance you are looking for and then pour the mixed oils over your ingredients.

Cover your tin with aluminum foil and crimp the foil down around the top.

Place your tin on the cookie sheet and place in your oven at 420 degrees Fahrenheit for 2-3 hours until the wax has melted. If making small candles I usually check to see if the wax has melted after 1 1/2 hours. You can make several candles at once.

Remove from the oven (BE CAREFUL IT WILL BE HOT AND LIQUID) and carefully remove the aluminum foil (AGAIN BE CAREFUL OF STEAM BURNS).

Make sure your wick is still centered until the wax hardens. If it has fallen down inside, don't stress, just get a toothpick or fork and fish it out. Do it gently so you don't pull the wick from the bottom of the mold. Center it again and lay over the side of the tin. Then laugh. You make enough of these, it's gonna happen. If you pull the wick out of the hot wax. Laugh again and then just stick it down as far as it will go into the melted wax and center it and drape it over the side. I speak from experience.

Allow to cool overnight.

After your candle has hardened trim your wick.

You can use anything as a mold that has no leaks and will withstand the oven. I reuse the small candy tins and used up candle tins. You can fill the tin with water and check for leaks to be sure. You can use larger tins with more than one wick if you have the spare candle stubs. I would suggest you start with the small tins or mason jars until you get familiar handling the hot wax.

Mason canning jars make great candle holders but I don't reuse thin glass such as mayonnaise jars. I'm afraid they will crack in the heat. Be sure and not bump the hot jars together as sometimes this will cause a crack. Medium sized baby food jars also work well.

Any candle stub color will work and any candle fragrance will work. The only rule of thumb I keep in mind if the candle stub has a strong spicy fragrance such as patchouli it is a powerful fragrance and a little goes a long way.

While you are baking the candle, it fills your home with fragrance.

You can reuse the container and sand over and over as long as the container has no leaks and will withstand the oven. I would however add new salt each time because this removes any negativity from the used candle stubs. Any signs of brittle tins needs to be discarded or chipped or cracked glass.

Not a craft project recommended for the wee ones.

**Never leave a candle burning unattended inside or out.**

*Have Fun !!!!!*





# WEEKLY TAROT CLASSES



We at the Enchanted Forest are delighted to have Dominique every Saturday give her Tarot Lesson Group. This session is for all levels and offers a great insight into the skill of Tarot reading.

This group is held in the Tarot Group each week - the lessons are held in live time in a chat box - Dominique is available to answer any questions - we are truly blessed to have her input in the Forest. Should you wish any further information please contact Dominique, Shadow or Breeze.

## Times of Lesson for each country

### USA

Central - 6 pm - 10 pm

Eastern - 7 pm - 11 pm

Western - 4 pm - 8 pm

Mountain Time - 5 pm - 9 pm

Australia (Melbourne) - 11 am (Saturday) - 3 pm

UK - Midnight - 4 am

# MoonDancers Curiosities

Please contact us at [r.haynes@moondancerscuriosities.com](mailto:r.haynes@moondancerscuriosities.com) or

(570) 447-0487 Please leave a message



This is a picture of the first candle carved for a customer.

Candles can be carved to your picture or can be painted.

All our pillar candles are poured and carved. This candle is 3" around and approximately 9" high. Candles can be poured to different sizes .

The basic pour cost is \$5.99 USD\*

The cost of carving is additional, please ask for an estimate of what you would like to have carved on it. All artwork is subject to your approval before carving.

Votive candles can also be poured in single colours or multiple colours , also with scent for each layer of colour or single scent for the entire candle.

Votive candles are \$1.25 USD\*



All candles are hand-dipped/ poured. Candles can be

dipped to be 4", 6" or 8" taper candles .

4" Tapers are \$ .50 US D\*

6" Tapers are \$1.00 USD\*

8" Tapers are \$1.50 USD\*

Larger candles will be priced according to size

Our current scents include (with new scents being created by our family as we create new candles):

Beltane  
Mulberry

Cinnamon  
Rose

Jasmine  
Unscented

Lavender  
Ocean

Coconut  
Mint

\*Shipping is additional based on weight of order.

# Wands

*By Lil Wren*



*The Enchanted Forest, has allowed me to sell my wands ,in the safe keeping of the forest realm. To keep harmony of good will and honest terms,I myself will only be selling my wands on line,,and sending to those who wish to purchase from me.*

*I do not have a public shop, I work and create out of my home.*

*If you are interested and wish further details on my wands contact me on site*

*<http://enchantedforrest.ning.com/profile/EinNOR>*



# Wicca And Shamanism

*By One Crow*

**SHAMANISM** has been defined as the first religion. It existed prior to the earliest civilizations, before our ancestors took the first steps down the long journey to the present. Prior to this time, the shamans were the medicine people, the power wielders, male and female. They wrought magic and spoke to the spirits of nature.

The shamans were the first humans with knowledge. They created, discovered, nurtured, and used it. Knowledge is power; women and men who possessed it in those far-flung days were shamans.

How did shamans capture or discover this power? Through ecstasy---alternate states of consciousness in which they communed with the forces of the universe. Early shamans first attained this state through the use of such "tools" as fasts, thirsts, self infliction of pain, ingestion of hallucinogenic substances, concentration, and so on. Once mastered these techniques allowed them to gain awareness of other, nonphysical worlds. Through such "awareness shifts," all magical knowledge was obtained. Conference with spirits and deities, plants and animals opened up new vistas of learning among their own people, the shamans often shared some of this knowledge, but reserved the rest for personal use. Shamanic lore wasn't for public consumption.

Later, shamans advanced in the use of tools to facilitate these awareness shifts, marking the advent of magical ritual. Shamans around the world still use tools such as drums, rattles, reflective objects, music, chants, and dance. Indeed, the most effective shamanic rites are those that utilize both natural and artificial tools--a sighing wind, roaring ocean, flickering firelight, steady drumbeat, hiss of rattle. These, combined with darkness and chants, eventually overwhelm the senses, forcing a shifting from awareness of the physical world to the vaster realm of energies. Such are awareness of the physical world to the vaster realm of energies. Such are shamanic rites that exist to this day.

From these primitive beginnings arose all magic and religion, including Wicca. Despite current controversy as to the "antiquity" of Wicca, it is spiritually descended from such rites. Though refined and changed for our world, Wicca still touches our souls and causes ecstasy--awareness shifts--uniting us with deity. Many of the techniques of Wicca are shamanic in origin.

Wicca, therefore, can be described as a shamanic religion. As with shamanism, only a select few feel compelled to enter its circle of light.

Today, Wicca has dropped the ordeals of pain and the use of hallucinogens in favor of chanting, meditation, concentration, visualization, music, dance, invocation, and ritual drama. With these spiritual tools, the Wicca achieve a state of ritual consciousness similar to those attained by the most brutal shamanic ordeals. I deliberately used the term "alternate states of consciousness." Such changed consciousness states aren't unnatural, but are a deviation from the 'normal' waking consciousness. Wicca teaches that nature includes a broad spectrum of mental and spiritual states of which most of us are ignorant. Effective Wiccan ritual enables us to slip into such states, allowing communication and communion with the Goddess and God. Unlike some religions, Wicca doesn't view deity as distant. "The Goddess and God are both within ourselves and manifest in all nature." That is the universality: **THERE IS NOTHING THAT ISN'T OF THE GODS.**

A study of shamanism reveals much of the heart of magical and religious experience in general, and Wicca in particular. With ritual as a means to enter ritual consciousness, the Shaman or Wiccan constantly expands his or her knowledge, and knowledge is power. Wicca helps its practitioners to understand the universe and our place within it.

At present, Wicca is a religion with many variations. Because it is such a personally structured system, I can only state generalities about its creed and form here, filtered through my experience and knowledge, to create a picture of the nature of Wicca.

Wicca, in common with many other religions, recognizes deity as dual. It reveres both the Goddess and the God. They are equal, warm, and loving, not distant or resident in "heaven," but omnipresent throughout the universe.

Wicca also teaches that the physical world is one of many realities. The physical is not the absolute highest expression, nor is the spiritual "purer" than the base. The only difference between the physical and the spiritual is that the former is denser.

As in eastern religions, Wicca also embraces the doctrine of reincarnation, that much-misunderstood subject. Unlike some eastern philosophies, however, Wicca doesn't teach that upon physical death our souls will reincarnate in anything other than a human body. Also few of the Wiccas believe we began our existence as rocks, trees, snails, or birds before we evolved to the point where we could incarnate as human beings. Though these creatures and substances do possess a type of soul, it's not the sort we humans have.

Reincarnation is accepted as fact by many millions in the east and west. It answers many questions: what happens after death? Why are we sometimes strangely attracted to places or people who we've never before seen?

Surely, reincarnation can't answer all these questions, but it is there for those who wish to study it. This isn't something that should be believed. Through contemplation, meditation, and self-analysis, many come to the point where they accept reincarnation as fact.

The Wiccan ideal of mortality is simple: "DO WHAT YOU WANT, AS LONG AS YOU HARM NONE!" This rule contains another unwritten condition: "DO NOTHING THAT WILL HARM YOURSELF!" Thus, if you as a Wiccan abuse your body, deny it the necessities of life, or otherwise harm yourself, you're in violation of this principle. This is more than survival. It also ensures that you'll be in good condition to take on the tasks of preserving and bettering our world, for concern and love of our planet play major roles in Wicca.

Wicca is a religion that utilizes magic. This is one of its most appealing and unique features. Religious magic? This isn't as strange as it might seem. Catholic priests use "magic" to transform a piece of bread into the body of a long-deceased "savior," Jesus. Prayer--a common tool in many religions, is simply a form of concentration and communication with deity. If the concentration is extended, energies are sent out with the thoughts that may in time make the prayer come true. Prayer is a form of religious magic.

Magic is the practice of moving natural (though little-understood) energies to effect needed change. In Wicca, magic is used as a tool to sanctify ritual areas, and to improve ourselves and the world in which we live.

Many people confuse Wicca and magic as if the two words were interchangeable. Wicca is a religion that embraces magic. If you seek only to practice magic, Wicca probably isn't the answer for you.

Another fundamental point: "Magic isn't a means of forcing nature to do your will." This is a completely erroneous idea, fostered by the belief that magic is somehow supernatural, as if anything that exists can be outside of nature. MAGIC is natural. It is a harmonious movement of energies to create needed change. If you wish to practice magic, all thoughts of it being paranormal or supernatural must be FORGOTTEN!

Most Wiccans don't believe in predestination. Although we honor and revere the Goddess and God, we know that we're free souls with full control and responsibility of our lives. We can't point at ani mage of an evil god, such as Satan, and blame it for our faults and weaknesses. We can't blame fate. Every second of each day we're creating our futures, shaping the courses of our lives. Once a Wiccan takes full responsibility for all that she or he has done (in this life and past ones) and determines that future actions will be in accord with higher ideals and goals, magic will blossom and life will be a joy.

That perhaps is at the core of Wicca--it is a joyous union with nature. The earth is a manifestation of divine energy. Wicca's temples are flower-splased meadows, forest, beaches, and deserts. When a Wiccan is outdoors, she or he is actually surrounded by sanctity, much as is a Christian when entering a church or cathedral.

Additionally, all nature is constantly singing to us, revealing her secrets. Wiccans listen to the earth. They don't shut out the lessons that she is so desperately trying to teach us. When we lose touch with our blessed planed, we lose touch with deity.

These are some of the basic principles of Wicca. They are the true Wicca; the rituals and myths are secondary to these ideals and serve to celebrate them.

Don't shut out the physical world in favor of the spiritual or magical realms, for only through nature can we experience these realities. "WE ARE HERE ON THE EARTH FOR A REASON!" Do, however, use ritual to expand your awareness so that you are truly at one with all creation. The way is open. The ancient Goddess and God await within and around you. May they bless you with wisdom and power.

-OneCrow-

from: WICCA by: Scott Cunningham



# Holy Guardian Angel

*By OnyxRaven*

The Holy Guardian Angel is representative of one's truest divine nature. This is the higher self of some Wiccan traditions, and Jungian psychology. It is the Genius of the Golden Dawn, the Atman of Hinduism, the Augoeides of Iamblichus, , and the Daemon of the Gnostics.

Early in his life, Crowley said that this was a part of yourself as is suggested in the first paragraph. But when he is in his seventies he takes a diametrically opposed view. In "Magic Without Tears" he states:

*Now, on the other hand, there is an entirely different type of angel; and here we must be especially careful to remember that we include gods and devils, for there are such beings who are not by any means dependent on one particular element for their existence. They are microcosms in exactly the same sense as men and women are. They are individuals who have picked up the elements of their composition as possibility and convenience dictates, exactly as we do ourselves... I believe that the Holy Guardian Angel is a Being of this order.*

The idea of the Holy Guardian Angel is intrinsically tied up with the idea of True Will. Crowley comments on this in several of his works. But summarized it is the will as it is in direct link with the universe and the way things are meant to be. This is what is meant by "Do what thou Wilt shall be the whole of the Law". If you are following your divine will, True Will, you will not be able to do anything wrong. You will be doing exactly as you should be doing.

This is also referenced by the Vision of the Machinery of the Universe. This is the vision of the Qabalistic Sepheroth Yesod. When one attains mastery of this sphere one knows that everything is exactly as it should be. And nothing is wrong. This doesn't mean there is no suffering or vice. It simply means that the universe plays itself out just as it should.

The Knowledge and Conversation with the Holy Guardian Angel (KCHGA) is the way to find your True Will. Although there are several methods in the different schools and lodges, there is no one way to do it.

*It is impossible to lay down precise rules by which a man may attain to the knowledge and conversation of His Holy Guardian Angel; for that is the particular secret of each one of us; as secret not to be told or even divined by any other, whatever his grade. It is the Holy of Holies, whereof each man is his own High Priest, and none knoweth the Name of his brother's God, or the Rite that invokes Him. (Book 4, "One Star in Sight")*

The preoccupation with the needs of the other parts of the individual stands in the way to the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel. Crowley stated in Liber Samekh the following concerning this process:

*The Adept will be free to concentrate his deepest self, that part of him which unconsciously orders his true Will, upon the realization of his Holy Guardian Angel. The absence of his bodily, mental and astral consciousness is indeed cardinal to success, for it is their usurpation of his attention which has made him deaf to his Soul, and his preoccupation with their affairs that has prevented him from perceiving that Soul.*

Since there is as many ways to achieve the Knowledge and Conversation of the Holy Guardian Angel as there are magicians, I will talk about some of thing that may be common to most.

Since the Holy Guardian Angel is said to be our higher self, we must realize that this part of ourselves is divine. We invoke it just as we would any other god or goddess. We must still the mind and heart in order to listen to the soul. If there is anything that can deter you in your search and invocation it will.

You must have the ability to still the mind and invoke the god or goddess with no hesitation. You should do this often and regularly. Do not think that it will come easy, because it will not. You are connecting with God.

The base for the word religion is to relink. This operation is a relinking of sorts to the deity within each of us. It has long been said that each of us are gods and goddesses in the Craft. Take for example the Church of All World greeting "Thou art God". This is an acknowledgement of the Holy Guardian Angel. It is the acknowledgement of the divine within each of us.

Crowley sums up the operation of Abramelin the Mage in his book [Equinox of the Gods](#) as such:

*The aspirant must have a house secure from observation and interference. In this house there must be an oratory with a window to the East, and a door to the North opening upon a terrace, at the end of which must be a lodge. He must have a Robe, Crown, Wand, Altar, Incense, Anointing Oil, and a Silver Lamén. The terrace and lodge must be strewn with fine sand. He withdraws himself gradually from human intercourse to devote himself more and more to prayer for the space of four months. He must then occupy two months in almost continuous prayer, speaking as little as possible to anybody. At the end of this period he invokes a being described as the Holy Guardian Angel, who appears to him (or to a child employed by him), and who will write in dew upon the Lamén, which is placed upon the Altar. The Oratory is filled with Divine Perfume not of the aspirant's kindling.*

This seems like a lot of work, and it is. But the basis for the ritual is seen here. You must be able to remove yourself from the world a great deal. The more you are in contact with the world the harder the operation will be. This is to bring yourself away from material concerns and this makes opening up the channels easier.

There is really no need for all the trappings such as the tools and the lodge and so forth. Abramelin was very wealthy and could have these things if he wanted them. While it is advisable for you to be in no dire need of money, you should be well supported nonetheless. This is simply a way to remove yourself from worries.

The key to a successful invocation is simply to invoke often and earnestly. It will take some time for you to do this. But the rewards are very worth it.



# What Happens When You Lose "The One"

*By Dark Dragon*



It is said that everyone has some one in this big world of ours that is made for them, a person to spend the rest of your life with, "THE ONE". But what happens when you finally meet the one and know it, but end up losing that person then what are you suppose to do?

Are you to stay isolated for the rest of your life and not have any real relationship ever again, or do you go out and try again and see if you can beat the odds. Well I don't have the answer, but I'll will tell you about Jessica. I really do believe that Jessica was my one I had met her about 13 years ago and we got along great, we only dated for about a couple of months but they were the best couple of months of my life. We had it all, no arguing, same type of humor, great compatibility, same kind of interests in music and movies not to mention the connection we had. I remember it all like it was yesterday, those dark brown eyes, that long brown hair. In the end I lost her, I don't if it was something I did or if it was the powers that be, all I know is that for the past 13 years I think of her all the time and I really doubt that I will be able to feel for any other woman what I felt and still feel to this day for Jessica.

# The Fruity Zodiac

By Silver Fox

**January** – The Apple. Inside you're a sweet and juicy person. When your outer layer of skin is pulled away the subtle kindness drips everywhere. You can be red, green or yellow depending on your mood. Hard times can leave you dried out and change your white insides to brown.

**February**- The Strawberry. Red outside and inside. As a young person you're bitter and green but grow into something totally sweet and delicious. You have pride and grace like any royal person. Instead of a crown of gold, you have a crown of little green leaves.

**March**- The Kiwi. Being green you tend to get jealous and somewhat greedy. You can be sweet or sour depending on how people treat you. On the outside you are all brown which hides who you are inside.

**April**- The Orange. On the outside you keep a tough exterior. However you make friends when people can get their fingers under your skin. You're orange inside and outside and it makes you full of joy and sunshine. You're also a slightly complicated person on the inside. Several aspects of your personality fill up your insides. They are combined and yet still able to be separated.

**May**- The Banana. Being yellow you're a warm and sunny kind of person. Your peel protects you only for so long from life's hardships. You will age slowly but it will show most physically. You're a big softie on the inside and turn to mush quickly if confronted or bullied. You're a bit of a coward too.

**June**-The Cherry. You're small and sweet. Red like so many other fruits yet you still stand out as an individual. Your long stem will help guide you along life. Also the longer your stem, the longer your life is.

**July**-The Star Fruit. Shaped like a star, you will be glowing when you're happy. You also tend to be patriotic year around. You're a uniquely shaped person and tend to fascinate new acquaintances. Your outsides show who you are in the inside. A star.

**August**- The Peach. You're completely all sweet inside. You are fuzzy on the outside, making you nice to hold and cuddle with. Some people even think you resemble a heart shape. If you are a heart shaped person, it's because you have a lot of sweetness and love in you.

**September**- The Dragon Fruit. Colorful and unique. You're also a mystery when people look at you. Inside your black and white, a full range of good and bad. With your uniqueness, it's hard for other people to figure you out and you may be misunderstood.

**October**-The Pear. A very thin skinned person. The skin only covers your insides but just barely. You are a rather quiet and lightly flavored to everyone. At times you can be narrow minded and other times you think most worldly.

**November**-The Grape. You are somewhat a timid fruit. At times you can be easily squashed by family, job and other pressures of life. When you are smashed down by life's downsides, your gooey insides show and the juices run like tear drops. If you have a seed inside you, it's the physical embodiment of hard feelings you have locked deep inside.

**December**-The Plum. Mysterious and even a magical fruit. Your purple threw and threw. However people trying to interact with you need to wait until you're ripe and ready. Those who don't wait patiently will get your bitter side. You have a well rounded personality.

*To determine the ripest time of your life, take the last number of the year you were born and find the matching number below.*

**0, 1, 2** – Raw fruit. Your best time of life is as a pure child. Nothing else added. Just a whole uncooked fruit. Ripest time is birth to 18.

**3, 4, 5**- Fruit Juice. The outsides need to be removed and your inside made into a drinkable beverage. The best time for you is the ages 18 to 30. These time is when people start looking for what is inside you and not outside.

**6, 7**- Fruit Pie. You need extra things to bring out the best in you. Life has cooked you threw until your soft and rather mushy. Once the process is complete, you're still enjoyable and loved by many people. Ripest time is 31 to 50.

**8, 9** – Jams and Jelly. You are needed to be part of something to feel complete. Surrounded by family makes you feel safe and part of something. All of life's sweet as sugarness has turned you into a blob of jam or jelly. Bread and peanut butter compliments your personality perfectly. Ripest time of life is 50 till death.

# Ostara's Day

*By Donald Meinshausen*

Ostara is the name of an ancient northern Goddess and a Spring holiday. Here we get rabbit in our desires. However she was not seen as the progenitor of the current fluffy bunny tradition. To those that claim that She is I am willing to split hares. Colored eggs were to dye for, as they were a symbol of fertility for those who could get the yolk. Maybe this is the reason that the eggs were always hidden. With so many eggs one dozen ask. No shell game here.

There was the Old Norse custom of making new clothes and shoes during the cold winter months. Then there was the showing them during the Spring, as was the fashion. The only shoes you could associate with Good Friday and Easter were cross-training shoes. I won't even talk about cross-dressing.

Easter Parade, the only popular song connected with this holiday shows how this holiday has so degenerated into a materialistic farce that not even a drag queen would participate in it. Since gay men determine fashion for straight women. I as a straight man allow butch lesbians to determine my wardrobe.

I have decided to throw my hat in the ring and tailor some alterations to this popular song to restore the holiday and its song to its original fit. Here less is more. Here I use the fertility of my imagination, which has become a horniness of not plenty. This is making me an Easter basket case with an egg-sistential dilemma.





Take off your  
Ostara Bonnet  
And put your  
clothes upon it  
And I'll make you  
the happiest Lady  
On Ostara's Day



I'll roll you in  
the clover  
And when it's  
finally over  
We'll be the  
happiest couple  
On Ostara's Day

I'll be having you  
On the Avenue  
The photographers  
will snap us  
And we'll make a  
fortune off the video

Oh I could write a  
sonnet  
If you'd say yes,  
doggone it  
And make me the  
happiest fella  
On Ostara's Day



# Incarnations

*By Spellcaster*

Have you ever wondered how many incarnations make up a complete set of human experience here on earth? To many, the answer comes as quite a shock.

The older you get in this life, the closer you come to gaining mastery over the main lessons of this particular life. These are lessons that you planned at a soul level before you were born. When you look back on your life, it sometimes seems that it all went by in a flash.

It seems like just yesterday that you were still young enough to feel like you knew a lot about life. Now you're older, and you've learned much more since, it become obvious that there's a whole lot more to human life than anyone can learn or experience in one short incarnation.

I used to look forward to visiting a past life regressionist every Tuesday afternoon. Once a week for several months, I'd be guided into a deep, altered state and recall scenes from whichever past life my soul consciousness wanted me to discover next.

Eventually, after many weeks, the novelty wore off, but I was always amazed at the wide variety of experiences that I've been through to build a good understanding of the experience of being a physical human on Planet Earth.

Gaining a wide-ranging experience of all the varieties of human living with its triumphs and failures takes a lot more than one life. Typically, a complete tour of human experience on earth takes 288 incarnations.

That's a shocker, isn't it?

Here we are, living in a culture which, for the most part, believes that this one life is all there is. Meanwhile, the real situation is that we've been around the wheel of reincarnation more times than we care to remember.

Here's why there are as many as 288 lives in a complete set of human experience. There are twelve astrological signs and twelve stages of reincarnatory life experience. These stages of experience range all the way from 'Inexperienced Human' to 'Mastery of the Human Experience.' So far, that amount of variety requires 12 times 12, or 144, lives.

Then, there is the need to experience both the yin and yang versions of everything, which is typically achieved by making the choice to be either male or female for each incarnation. When you multiply 144 times 2, it equals 288.

Sooner or later, the young and inexperienced soul becomes, in human terms, an 'old soul.' Then, they start tying up the loose ends in their own history of experiences in preparation for graduation into the next stage of experience in the long and fascinating journey back to the ultimate source from which we all came.

# How Good Is Your Wheat?

*By Onyx Raven*

On a small island lived a population of people. This island was isolated from all others in the world. There were no means of communication with the outside world. There were also no means of transportation except by hand: no beasts of burden and no pedal power.

Although this was a primitive existence, everything was provided for the people on this island. All of their necessities were provided. They didn't lack for food and water and never needed health care. They had no worries. The only thing they had to do was grow wheat. Everyone had to grow their own wheat and no one could help another grow their wheat.

At the end of the season they had to harvest their own wheat and take their wheat to the top of the only mountain on the island. At the top of the mountain stood the only mill. Everyone had to take their own wheat and no one could help another with their wheat. And everyone must take their wheat to the mill.

There were three paths up this mountain. There was a gently sloping path. The weakest and the most infirm on the island could traverse this road. It was gentle and easy to climb carrying the wheat.

There was a second path that they could climb. The majority of the people on the island could climb this road. It was steeper than the first road but not so much that it was a burden to most people.

There was a third path up the hill. It was steep and treacherous. It was fraught with dangers. It went straight up the mountain. Only the hardest and most brave could would even attempt this dangerous climb.

The mill was run by a blind miller. His only task was to take in the wheat and mill it. He sat there day in and day out waiting for the people of the island to bring their wheat to him.

When a person arrived at the miller with their wheat, the miller always asked one question. It was always the same question. He did not care which road someone took to get the wheat to the mill. He simply asked, "How good is your wheat?"

It occurred to me years ago, after studying many world religions, that the fundamental problem with most religious intolerance is our ignorance that they were all saying the same thing but from different perspectives. Yes, there are cultural differences and ethnic differences and all that stuff. But fundamentally they are all saying the same thing. Most talk of a higher power than ourselves. Most talk of the importance of that power in our lives. All talk of how we are better off living a life that is just and kind and moral.

The differences come when we start talking about whether there are a god or a goddess, or both a god and a goddess, or many of each. We argue that it may be our own higher selves linked to a cosmic soul. We argue whether mankind is essentially evil or not. Whether we need salvation and where it can be obtained. There are myriad differing themes.

Wouldn't it be nice if the world would stop fighting over which one was right and understand that they all can be right? It is only our perspective on the divine that differs. Like seeing a different facet of a beautiful gem, we each see the same gem, but it presents itself differently based on the angle from which we see it.

If you are drawn to a Jewish synagogue and that works for you—if it makes you whole and happy spiritually— then that is where you need to be. It may not be the place for me or someone else. But it is the place for you.

If you are happiest rejoicing in your salvation by Jesus, again, if it makes you whole and complete spiritually then that is where you need to be. It is right for you.

If your place is in a Pagan circle, with the same qualifications, then you have found your spiritual home. Rejoice in the blessed happiness it brings.

If your path leads you to any other of the many paths, and you are happy within that path, then, again, rejoice that you have found your spiritual home.

You may be happy in finding your own way, striking out alone in your quest for spiritual fulfillment and happiness—the spiritual lone wolf, so to speak, bold in your eclectic view of spirituality. Then you are home in that path.

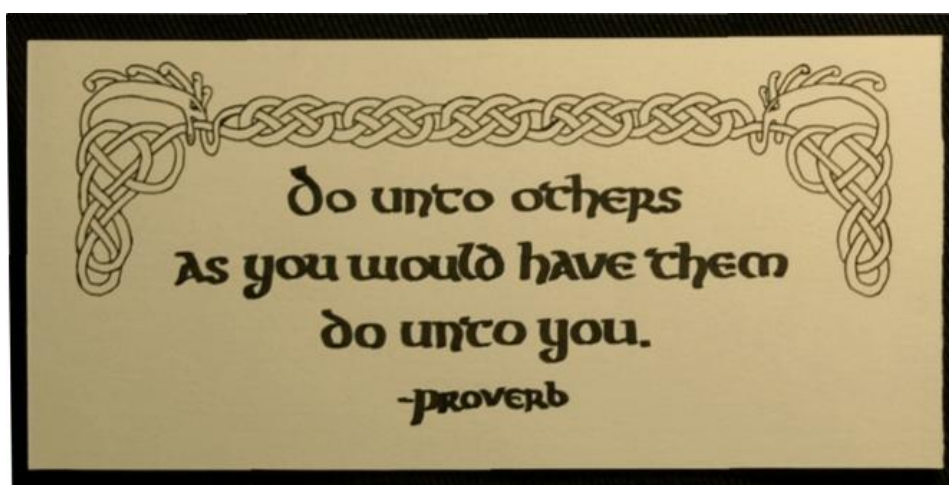
And if you still seeking a home, don't give up the search. Everyone must choose a path, or the wheat may be no good. It may have soured with apathy. There is a home for you. There is a home for everyone.

Another point I would like to make about this story is that it doesn't matter which path you take . . . so it follows that it doesn't matter which path another takes. If they choose another path than you, it does not make them wrong. Live and let live.

The Wiccan Rede says "If it harm none, do as thou wilt." I agree with this. The only intolerance that I harbor is for those who seek to convert me to their way of thinking, or get me to take the path they have chosen for themselves.

I know that they believe what they are saying, and for them their path is right, and that is good for them. But I may choose an easier path or a more difficult path. I may even choose to switch paths several times. But they need to learn to allow others their own point of view. They need to learn to rejoice in the brotherhood of mankind. We all share in the wish to be happy and fulfilled. We are going to choose that path that works best for us.

The Golden Rule says, "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." I believe that too. I do not wish to be converted. I am happy in my choice of faith, my choice of roads. It works wonderfully for me. I am making it up the mountain just fine, making sure my wheat does not sour. So I do not seek to convert others from their path. This is a good way to live. And I will always preach that.





# The Butterfly

*By Onyx Raven*

There was once a student of a great master. The master lived on a great estate far from civilization. The student loved nature and would often take long walks on the forested grounds of his master's estate. Taking time to enjoy all the flora and fauna that the estate had to offer.

One day during his walk, he came upon a chrysalis. This chrysalis was shaking and cracking. There was a tiny butterfly inside struggling to get free to begin its new life.

The student watched in awe as the little butterfly struggled and struggled against the cocoon. It would struggle to break free until it was too tired to carry on. After a bit of a rest it would continue its struggle against its cocoon. This went on for a long time as the student watched with amazement and awe.

After what seems like an eternity the student could not take it anymore. He reached up and opened the cocoon for the butterfly. The butterfly popped out and opened its wings. It stretched out its wings and tried to fly. But it fell to ground and could not fly.

The student was very upset and started to cry in grief for the butterfly. He ran all the way back to his master's house in great grief. He could not understand the tragedy he had just seen.

When he finally arrived at the house of his master he looked and found his master playing a lute in his study. Still crying he waited for the master to look up from his music.

With great tears in his eyes, he told the master of the butterfly's struggle to free itself from the chrysalis. He told him how heartbreaking it was to watch the little creature struggle to exhaustion and then rest. He told the master of the butterfly's renewed commitment to break free. He told him of his grief and distress at watching this happen.

He told his master, who was listening intently about his feelings that he could not take any longer. He told him of his eventual opening of the chrysalis to help the butterfly. He told him in tears of how the butterfly could not fly. He told his master he could not imagine why the butterfly could not fly and how distraught he was at seeing the butterfly's failure.

The master smiled. He told the young brokenhearted student that he had made a great mistake. He said that the struggle was necessary for the butterfly. He explained that the butterfly needed to struggle and fight against the walls of the chrysalis. He gently explained how by breaking open the chrysalis and helping the butterfly to be free he only deprived the young creature from the needed chance to strengthen its wings so it could fly.

Sometimes we are faced with much the same heartbreaking problem in our lives. We witness a person struggling against a problem that seems so overwhelming that we want to reach out and fix it for them. We want to relieve them of the burden so they can be free.

What we don't realize is that this struggle is necessary for them to gain the strength to fly on their own. If we fix the problem for them we deny them the needed chance to strengthen their own wings.

I am not saying that we should turn a blind eye to others' struggles. But what I am saying is that we should carefully consider any help we give. Do not fix the problem for them. There is a reason they are facing this issue in their life.

Before we are born we decide what issues we will deal with during our lifetime. We choose these situations for us to learn from them. It is part of the evolution and learning of the soul as it seeks to reunite with our source, by whatever name we call it.

There is a big difference between helping others and fixing their problems for them. Offer them help where needed. That is an important part of life as well. But do not fix their problems for them.

This could lead to them not strengthening their wings and learning the lessons they set up for themselves before this life. This precept is very important.

It is also important to put this idea to use within your own life. When faced with a struggle don't give up. Remember you chose this for your life long before you were here.

There is a reason for each and every event that happens in our life. We set down our path before incarnating here. We decide the circumstances and events of our life in order for our souls to mature.

Each lifetime presents us with new challenges that we must overcome during our incarnation. And it is best for us if we overcome the struggle and learn from it on a soul level.

Here are a few struggles we may face:

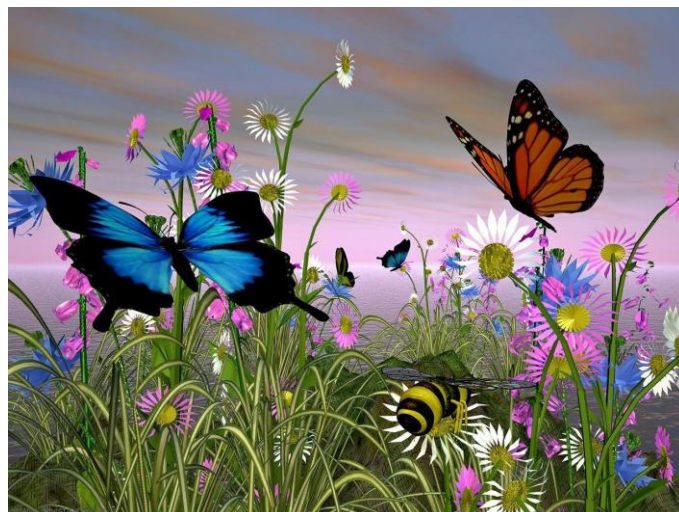
We shouldn't kill not because we fear the repercussions of doing so. Jail and execution are deterrents for the less evolved soul. But we are much more mature when we don't kill because it is not in our being to take another life.

Good Samaritans who do good deeds for the testimonials are not doing them for the right reasons. We should do good things because it is simply the right thing to do. We should not seek praise for them on any level.

There are many more struggles to learn that we may encounter. Each one of us is in a different place in our evolution of soul. Be aware of this and lend a hand if possible but do not fix the problem, even if it is within your power to do so.

It is especially difficult to stand by and watch as a child struggles with problems. But remember they are just learning too. It is important on many levels to allow them to face their troubles and overcome them on their own.

At a young age we are still struggling with what it means to be alive. Offer your guidance and support but allow them to learn and strengthen their wings on their own. They will be better people for it in the long run. And you will be blessed at watching the struggle unfold and the blossoming of a wonderful butterfly in the process.



# Because Of Love

*By*

*Nancy A. Kaiser*

*In the beginning of all things, wisdom and knowledge were with the animals; for Tirawa, the One Above, did not speak directly to man. He sent certain animals to tell men that he showed himself through the beasts, and that from them, and from the stars and the sun and the moon, man should learn. Tirawa spoke to man through his works.*

These words were spoken by Pawnee Chief Letakota-Lesa in 1904. This is the story of one such animal. Although she only lived for four months, she taught lessons that will remain with all who knew her for the rest of our lives. I can't speak for the others, but she changed my life immeasurably.

In the spring of 1993, an old friend, Boots Cassie, asked my husband, an equine veterinarian, for an opinion on a foal that had been born with scoliosis: curvature of the spine. The condition prevented her from standing on her own or walking once helped up. Bob examined the Quarter Horse filly and really couldn't recommend euthanasia, although several other veterinarians had. He didn't feel she was suffering inhumanely. Boots was willing to try whatever Bob suggested.

The horse's attitude is a major factor when making these types of decisions. Are they willing to try? Are they allowing us to help them? Do they want our help? Our conclusions were based on intuition and years of experience. We had never seen a foal with this rare condition, but she was answering "yes" to all our questions. The filly displayed incredible determination and a remarkably strong will.

A team gathered, each with an expertise to contribute. The group began with Boots, who was willing to give her a chance despite no guarantees. (I never use the term "owner" for no one owns another; not person, animal, plant or land). Boots performed nursing care, which was a 24-hour job for several months. My husband contributed his medical expertise and became a guiding, positive force throughout it all. A veterinary chiropractor performed spinal adjustments, while another friend offered TTouch, an innovative method of animal healing. I lent moral support until I uncovered a hidden talent I could offer. This discovery became the filly's greatest lesson for me.

I met the foal during the first week of her life. I have to admit that I couldn't see how this was ever going to be a normal, useful horse. I felt so sorry for her, but everyone wanted to try, including the filly. Each person donated their services. We were involved for only one reason – to help the filly. This was so refreshing in a society of "what's in it for me." Our love of horses motivated us.

All who had the privilege of being taught by this filly came away with so much more than we gave. She taught specific lessons to each, along with general wisdom for all people. As a tribute to this generous creature, I will share how this special filly changed my life forever.

My expertise surfaced when the filly was almost two months old. She'd been slowly progressing from spinal adjustments, TTouch treatments, and physical exams by my husband. The filly was eating well and growing like any Quarter Horse foal. She still couldn't rise on her own, but once helped up, she would drag herself around until she tired. Her increasing weight necessitated a hoist system to help her stand. The strength in her front legs was amazing, but her hind legs couldn't do much beyond hold her up. Her barn name was Wild Woman due to the antics she'd go through trying to play in a less than perfect body.

Around two months old, Wild Woman grew depressed and uncooperative. Bob examined her and found her physically healthy, except for her scoliosis. Our TTouch friend had been consulting with an animal communicator. The communicator planned to visit the filly the following weekend while teaching a workshop in the area. The things she said the filly had told her were truly remarkable. Such as: she had come to teach, she was starting to wonder whether all the suffering was worth it, and she didn't like people feeling sorry for her. Her last comment shook me. I was guilty of that, and I felt awful.

We couldn't be there with the communicator and the filly, but the next day we met the communicator at her workshop. She said that Wild Woman had decided to try awhile longer, but we had to be more positive around her. After watching her workshop, I *knew* this was what I was meant to do. It was as though a cosmic 2 x 4 hit me in my consciousness. I'd communicate for the filly. I'd communicate for all animals; their thoughts, desires, needs, feelings, everything. This would become my life's work. First, I needed to learn how to, but from who?

I contacted a clairvoyant counselor that I'd met months earlier and told her about the communicator and the filly. I drove into Manhattan weekly to work with her. Remarkably, I began communicating with Wild Woman fairly quickly. I discovered that when something is aligned with your soul's purpose things get facilitated. The barrier that had frustrated me all my life was gone. Finally, I could know exactly what the animals were thinking and feeling. I wouldn't have to base serious decisions on intuition and experience. I'd just ask!

Now, I could ask how the filly was feeling at anytime. I added the use of healing energy; by laying-on hands when I was with her and telepathically when I wasn't. I saw significant changes in her; these validated that I was having a positive effect both physically and emotionally with her.

To those who are thinking, "Oh no, another crazy," I'd have thought the same a year before meeting this foal. Please open your mind and keep reading. What do you have to lose? Believe me, you have *everything* to gain. If a scientific, analytical, retired pharmacist can make the leap....

When I started working with Wild Woman, she didn't know if it was worth trying anymore. I reminded her that she'd come to teach and asked if her lessons were taught. "No." I asked if she would keep trying if we could get her outside. She'd try if she could go out *soon*. She'd never left her stall and none of us really knew what was possible. She taught us that possibilities are unlimited with a mind that's open.

By three months of age, Wild Woman could get up by herself. This was huge, since it meant she could nurse at will. Everyone was elated, especially her. She'd gained a little of the independence that I knew was so important to her.

Boots registered her with the name "Because Of Love." It was so appropriate. We were all involved because of love. Without love, this filly would have been euthanized long ago. I'd never called her Wild Woman, because I knew her antics stemmed from her frustration not youthful play. Now, we simply called her Love, which was perfect.

Love's right hind leg started bending under the weight of a growing Quarter Horse foal. Bob tried a series of splints, casts and braces to stabilize her leg. If she damaged her hind leg, it would mean the end for her. I explained what we were doing and asked for her help, which she willingly gave. Being able to communicate what we were doing eased all our anxieties.

It is said that the eyes are the gateway to the soul. When I looked into Love's big, soft, brown eyes, the sense of understanding and appreciation, the sense of her soul, was incredible. She was always cooperative unless we

overstepped our bounds. She'd quickly, but gently, put us back in our place. Always the teacher!

My clairvoyant teacher came out to see Love. She said we had to build a gizmo like they used for dogs that are paralyzed behind. We provided a million reasons why it wouldn't work with a horse. She wouldn't listen, thank goodness. She was right, but our minds were closed until Love, and love, forced them open.

Our focus remained on her right hind leg, but nothing was helping. One day while with the filly, we finally accepted that she'd never get out on her own. The cart's time had come. I don't think any of us wanted to admit that the cart might be the best we could give her. We wanted more for this wonderful horse that had come to teach us, but it was time to get realistic. Our job was to give her the best life experience possible. She deserved no less.

My husband started to build a cart. He said that I had promised her that we'd get her out, and he wanted to keep my promise. Bob helped Love outside for the first time at three-and-a-half months of age. I couldn't be there, which was fitting. Bob was the one person who'd never given up. He deserved to share this special event with Love. She was so excited when I spoke with her about it.

The cart broke from her weight, but Boots knew someone who could build one in heavier metal. Bob repaired his and went back the next day. He pressed her, Love got angry, and then he got angry. She expressed humiliation at the way she'd been handled. Bob confessed they had kind of forced and manhandled her, i.e. disrespected her. The breadth of her emotions continually amazed me.

Love wanted so desperately to be independent. It broke my heart to know she never would be, but I wouldn't let her sense that from me. The next day she was very depressed about not going out. The new cart was delayed, so we tried again with Bob's. This was the first time I saw her out. She was amazing! She flew as fast as she could to the grass to graze. I was ecstatic to see her out at last. My promise had been kept.

Her short time out had her sweating and breathing like she'd run five miles. When I told her that I was appalled at how hard she had to work, she said she didn't mind. I thought I'd be happier seeing her outside, but knowing how many people she had to rely on was disheartening. She'd never be truly independent.

The stronger cart arrived and was donated by the generous builder. Love attracted the most wonderful people. The cart could handle her weight and had wheels that swiveled. She galloped out in it calling to the other horses. She seemed so proud of herself. Later, I asked her why she was screaming at the others. When she told them we were going to fix her so she could go out, they said we wouldn't if it was *too hard*. The older horses' low opinion of people broke my heart, but I certainly understood it.

I went away for a weekend workshop. When I got home, Bob told me that Love had developed diarrhea the day before. Until now, she'd been a very healthy foal despite her spinal problem. Boots called to report that Love was very bad, so we flew over. Bob treated her and drew a blood sample, which we rushed home to run.

Love informed me that it was time for her to leave. Her lessons were taught or would be by the time she departed. I could *feel* her running freely as she spoke with me. I felt wind in her face and grass under her feet. It was what we'd wanted for her in this life, but couldn't achieve. My tears flowed. I would miss her terribly. I knew in my heart that my information was accurate. Being so inexperienced, I immediately called my teacher and the animal communicator for confirmation. I reached two answering machines.

Bob headed back to Love, who was in great distress. Boots decided to euthanize her, but they'd wait for me if I wanted. Yes! I hurried to her. As I sat with her head in my lap, those beautiful, soulful eyes reflected such

peace. They belied the severe physical distress she was in.

At 4:35 PM on August 16, four months and one day from when she entered this life experience, she departed. I returned home to messages from my teacher and the communicator. Neither of them felt she'd made the decision to leave yet, which didn't jive with my conversation with her. Love's parting lesson for me was to believe what my heart tells me. *Believe in yourself!*

Five days later, I talked with Love for the last time. I asked if I could write her story. "You're supposed to." I asked what her most important lesson was. "Take action through Love. If they keep love as the basis for all their decisions in life, everything in life will work for them. People need to let their hearts guide them for the good of all creatures, both human and non-human." I felt her moving away from me and *knew* I wouldn't talk with her again until she came back into a new life experience with a perfect, new body. (She does return, but you'll have to read my book to learn more about this incredible animal teacher).

While Love was not one of my own animals, she was as influential as those who have shared each day with me. This exceptional filly helped me discover my purpose in life. She helped me recognize that I have an empathy for animals that goes beyond that of most people. With this gift I've been helping animals and their people live harmonious lives together for the past 17 years. Love allowed this remarkable foal to achieve what seemed impossible. With Love as our driving force, everything is possible. I hope Love's story will awaken within you unlimited possibilities.

*He sent certain animals to tell men that he showed himself through the beasts, and that from them, and from the stars and the sun and the moon, man should learn.*



**This is Stormy's older brother Dash with me**



**This is my colt Stormy.**



**Dash with his mother, Squiggles - less than an hour old.**

# The Feeling of Pouring Rain

*By RJ (Rosa) Blanco*

I will always remember the feeling of rain. It rained hard from Santa Barbara to Houston to pick up my relative and continue on to a great Christmas vacation with loved ones in Florida. We made it to Texas to pick up my sister-in-law, Hildy. Then my world as I saw it and felt it changed forever...

But it wasn't until after all the storms through Texas...much after that our ordeal began. We were traveling with our two daughters, Iris and Ivonne and I recall the fever and cough of my youngest child, Ivonne. We were getting ready to get off the main highway and locate a place to stretch out and sleep.

The hard rains continued as we tried to do so, when out of nowhere men holding rifles were screaming things and shooting. Something about they're getting off work, shoot, shoot, shoot . . . Men and women were running . . . some were screaming. . Whites, dark, yellow . . . all men and women frightened and screaming. American Blood was falling on our soil. I felt sheer panick with thoughts that somehow, on a US road, from here to Florida, a war zone had come from nowhere . . .

We are in a van and blankets flew over those that showed some color of skin, my daughter Ivonne and I specifically, and not on others. The ones that didn't show color in their skin ran to quickly register in a motel on a quieter area full of large, eerie southern willowing trees. Blankets went over our heads again because of the color of our skin as we ran towards the room. My husband's body was trying to shield us while he ushered our eldest into the room, her little body trembling. As we entered the room, our curious relative, Hildy, went to look out of an iron- barred window to see if it was "ok" to be there. A thunderous "thud, thud" was heard as we saw some armed, uniformed men were yelling at our window, "Shut those curtains, girl, you wanna die?" Needless to say she did as told shaking to the bone.

My daughter's faces were horrified; they sensed that at that moment we, the adults, had no control of this horrible situation.

My youngest daughter's fever continued to soar but no one wanted to stay, or go out there...alone. After phoning registration to find out where to get some aspirins at that hour of the morning, we were covered up again and skipped out in the dark on the rainy war zone called America.

Covered again, my husband picked up those aspirins and the rains blew in on us who were shivering in the car. I slowly peeked out of the blanket because of the horrendous screams all around us. An angry young man was across the street trying to shoot another young man who he tripped and fell... there, alone with no one to help him.

It all happened too, too fast. Because of the darkness, I could see no color of skin. The erect young man in full uniform changed position and gun-butted the other lying down and... shot again but his time with a deadly joy marked on his face. It was raining hard. At that exact time, I had the sensation of my pouring rain going down my cheeks. I was in Mobile, Alabama and it was the early seventies. Prejudice was flourishing well in the hearts of many in the American South.

I SAW for the first time through my pain that we are one...every single one of us are the One...That man's agony became my agony and I knew I would begin a journey not as a mortal being but one on the road to enlightenment of the ONE body whereby, I can allow you the right to be you in your full glory and co-exist here with me because you are also bound with a more solid bond than flesh and bones... not what we see in the news daily, huh??? We are so much better than that...Let's show it!!

# She's Stronger Now

*By RJ (Rosa) Blanco*

Curled like a ball, she saw herself bare...

Quiet yet fearful of things that weren't there.

A cuddle, a hug was all that it took,  
for those fingers to reach out and shake as she looked...

The eyes they looked down not really wanting to see

Her lifetime had slipped in one sad perturbed kiss

Guilty, she felt, screaming deep inside

Guilty and dirty and out of her mind...

A fetus she felt like...she wished she could fly

But life gave her sadness as childhood slipped by

Gripping her pillow she quietly sobbed

For what had been taken, no... more... robbed.

The clock... it stilled ticked

though she wished that it didn't...

Eternally damned hung in her heart deep.

But life brings new hope, as you wake from a sleep.

A hope that reality helps usher in..

The guilt was not hers to bear at all.

She was too young to carry that fall.

She's grown and she feels that tiny curled ball

And reaches to comfort with a gentle hold...

She's stronger and older now as she goes through her life

Limitless richness she's gained through the strife.

Life brings good smiles and happy thoughts abound

As she helps others now and passes love around.



# Why Deities Might be Necessary for the Human Experience

*By Amy Aree*

Goddesses and Gods might be the most needed and most most interesting idea or human advancement. Down through the ages, humans have created deities, in order to fulfill a few pragmatic needs, such as to find meaning and value in life, to put order to the chaos that nature is and to create a system of cause, effect and balance. Humans are the only animal who worship; religion, spirituality and/or Gods and Goddesses and this need is as natural as the need to eat, sleep, procreate and dream.

How did humans come to the determination of deities? Perhaps they asked themselves some of the following questions. What controlled the seasonal cycles of nature, the daily motion of the sun, the motion of the stars, the passing of the seasons? What controlled their environment, what or who caused floods, rains, dry spells, storms? What or who controls fertility and creation of human life in the tribe, its domesticated animals, and its crops. What system of morality is needed to best promote the stability of the tribe? Lastly, what happens after we die?

Humans know a few things, and understand a few things, but the one experience we are most familiar with is our own. That being said, I believe this is why humans have found it necessary to create deities and particularly, create deities that are immanent. Deities that humans can understand based upon their experiences.

The types of deities really depend upon the type of tribe or people, and their location. If they are an agrarian people, perhaps deities will be created in relation to seasons, crops, harvests and times of barren earth. If the tribe or people are nomadic and hunting, their deities might be more indicative of that lifestyle.

If a culture exists in the desert, their deities will likely consist of images far different than those of a tropical environment.

Some cultures have put a human face on deities, some have put animal images on deities, but they most often impose an image of something that they know and understand.

For example, if I were part of a nomadic culture that hunted, I would want a deity that had attributes of the game I was hunting. Such as a bear or a stag or fowl. If I were part of a culture that was involved in trade, I would seek out deities that would ensure prosperity in trading of a particular commodity, say corn, gold or frankinsense.

Living in a pre-scientific society, we people have had no way to resolve all of the questions that we face...like why are we here and what does all of this mean. These questions, even today, with all of our scientific advances, are still debated, particularly the question of morals and ethics and the question of what happens after we die. It seems impossible to reach a consensus, and yet it is so important that we seek some understanding, even if it is merely based on hunches. Perhaps people within the culture started to invent answers based on their personal guesses. It is fantstic, though, how similar our guesses are from culture to culture around the world. This shows you how similar the human experience is, no matter where in the world it occurs.

I do believe that from the beginning of deities to their value today, we still continue to seek deeper meaning to the mysteries of the images themselves. What mysteries lie beneath the image of Artemis, Mut or Cernunnos? How do we grow if we seek further. We can only grow and learn more about our human past..which will allow us to hopefully, create a more prosperous and peaceful human future.

*Amy Aree*

# ""Presentation is ever thing""

*By Lil Wren*

Even for this simple little "brownie cake" with spring colours of sprinkles, over the top. This is just your everyday box mix of brownie/cake mix. Prepare as it say on box. Us that nice cake plate you have been wanting to us, and bring it up to eye level. Presentation again, works here. Underneath you'll find a bright green table cloth that adds to the season of Ostara It doesn't matter how it is made, created from a box or homemade it is all in the intent of your celebration in any holiday. Enjoy the seasons always,,,



May all my friends here,have a wonderful Ostara,here is a simple treat anyone can prepare,whether you are a chef,or not.

hugs alway lil\*Wren

LOVE YOUR MOTHER...



**EARTH**

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# Enchanted Forest "Site news"

## WE NEED THE MEMBERS HELP!!

Please help us make the forest the top of Ning and The Pagan Networks. This will only take a few seconds.

Please VOTE FOR US - the banners are on the front page

ITS SIMPLE

Click on the "VOTE FOR US" BANNER ON FRONT PAGE (MIDDLE LEFT OF FRONT PAGE) AND THE NING 100 TOP NETWORKS



Then Click on the ENCHANTED FOREST BANNER

This should take you back to the site



THATS IT - Simple

You can vote for us as many times as you like (the more the better) encourage all your friends on the site to do the same. Lets see how high we can get

Many Thanks

The Enchanted Team

## Creating Groups

At the Enchanted Forest we try and maintain an "open policy" with this in mind we ask that all Groups created by members are created and open for all - No groups should be set to private. Thank you all for your continued support and input in the Forest.

And to be sure is not another group of the same topic..many groups have been here long time and have gathered all sorts of information and we like to utilize them as much as possible..

So before putting one together check through to make sure is not another..

And when putting a group together ..please have info ready or discussions along with picks..have noticed some groups get started ..but without info or description or any discussions..we usually wait a week to give person time to do so..then if nothing is added ..will usually remove the group..

We try to keep them active and share the contents of these groups with members plus we always have new people coming in..also helps to make sure these groups are updated.

Thanks .. Shadow



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monthly magazine including articles sent in by  
the members of the forest..Great articles in  
every magazinell!*

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*Keeping the Magic Flowing*





If you wish to email the radio directly with questions or comments, there are now two ways to do it. You can do that in the Enchanted Radio Group or on Enchanted Radio's member profile.

## **WOULD YOU LIKE TO JOIN THE ENCHANTED RADIO TEAM AS A DJ ??**

We are trying to establish two new DJ's and we are looking for DJ's that can fill the Evening shift. . We do not expect any new DJ's to actual play for that whole period of time. We would prefer at least a commitment of 4 hours, if you wish to do more that of course would be fine. All new DJ's will be asked to please be present in chat during their time on air and to be actively participating in chat. We will expect all DJ's to play the requests of the room within reason.

# Two Paths

*By RJ (Rosa) Blanco*

As mortal humans we wander through life knowing that two paths are there for us to choose at every given point...

Both have perils that limit us but have to be chosen and we learn to live with the option that we perceived the best...

The inner self battles within us as we reconcile the option, especially when that selection goes against our inner soul...

We allow turmoil to come because of losing face...but is there really such a thing?...Who do we lose face with?...Ourselves?

The battle goes on but in the end, when all is said and done, the truth prevails making us aware of our insensitive and cold inner war...

The coldness that led down that path forces us to learn, at whatever cost, the negativity of it all...

And if we are lucky and blessed enough, we come to the realization that it was in us...

To let go and to be at peace is our blessing...once the decision is born out of our inner feeling and with love...the release is infinite and real...

It will be saying loudly to all...I do love you



# Empty Eyes

*By RJ (Rosa) Blanco*

Empty eyes that show no feelings  
go through life with some misgivings  
Blank expressions hurt by love  
they never turn to the One above.

Deep inside, they're crying and sighing  
"Where's my love? It is not to be... yet."  
But not time now- the agony must flare,  
the iciness in the soul must dim those eyes bare...

Scornful and leery they look at what is.  
Yet through pain, they gaze boldly at what if,  
They see through mere blankness,  
Reflections...not truly what is...  
love faded away  
in a mere blackened blitz.

Through the pain and life's teaching  
there are rewards of peace...  
As they turn within now and find peace there,  
The time reversed, new prospects flare...

Those empty eyes saw a full circle of living,  
to embrace life with a new concept of giving...



# **“May We Never Forget”**

*By PolarWolf*

During 1450 to 1700 AD (essortment.com. n.d.) were the darkest of times for most of Europe. This is better known as “The Burning Times”. At this time in history, throughout most of Europe, was an Inquisition to flush out any that followed any other religion than Christianity. The Roman Catholic Church started this Inquisition was used to brutally punish those who opposed the church’s teachings.

Thousands of people had lost their lives during this time. If someone did not admit or confess to the crime of heresy, they were put to death either by hanging or being burned alive. One such heresy was the practice of Witchcraft, which had been added as a heresy in 1320 A.D. (essortment.com. n.d.).

It was not until 1484 (essortment.com. n.d.) that witches became targets of the Inquisition. For those that stood up for their beliefs, Pope Innocent VIII decided to send out a decree concerning those who were being accused of witchery. This decree was what had caused “almost two hundred fifty years of the torture and murder of several thousands of people” (essortment.com. n.d.).

Many of which that had been accused of witchery were actually midwives and native healers, but most were not either. There were some that did worship Pagan deities, but again some did not. If a woman lived alone and owned property, she became a possible victim of persecution as well.

([religioustolerance.org/wic\\_burn1.htm](http://religioustolerance.org/wic_burn1.htm)). Where the majority of the ones executed were women, there were men as well that suffer the same fate, approximately 25% ([religioustolerance.org](http://religioustolerance.org). n.d.).

Many European countries had escaped the Burning Times. Such as Russia that had executed 10 “witches”, and Ireland, that had execute 4 people for the accusations of witchcraft. Germany, Switzerland, and France were most affected by this craze. ([religioustolerance.org/wic\\_burn.htm](http://religioustolerance.org/wic_burn.htm))



During the times from the fifteenth through the eighteenth century the torture was of a very graphic nature. Here are just a few examples of these horrendous forms of torture: **Blooding, The Pear, The Boots, Burning, The Collar, and many more.**

([shanmonster.com/witch/torture/](http://shanmonster.com/witch/torture/)). The torturers would do anything to get a confession from those who were accused.

In the town of Arras, France, from 1459 to 1460(essortment.com. n.d.), was the earliest sight for a mass witch-hunt. This was because the authorities were thinking that witches were worshipping the devil, which was considered as an act of heresy.

All this began with an arrest of a man that was a hermit and was a member of Waldenses, which was a small Protestant group that had broken away from the Church; he was tortured to get a confession from him. This type of torture was enough to cause anyone to admit to any crime that they were being accused of. Some confessed and even named others that may have been guilty to receive a lighter sentence that the officials had promised them for their cooperation.

Arras, France, was basically a Mecca for foreign trade and known for its manufacturing during this period, the prisoners had a fortunate change of events. The Duke of Burgundy stepped in and also Parliament along with the Bishop of Arras decided to release all prisoners. This was due to trade and manufacturing being hurt because the merchants from foreign lands were scared off which had caused a decline in the income coming in (essortment.com. n.d.).

During the time that the torture and executions had been in Arras, France, this persecution had spread to Germany. Bamberg and Wurzburg were the bloodiest sites, with the accused being refused legal counsel. The defendants lost their properties to the ones that ruled at that time. Prisoners that did not confess while being tortured were thought to be in the protection of the Devil. Because of this, all the torturers and court officials felt they needed to protect themselves by wearing charms, “spraying their equipment with holy water” (essortment.com. n.d.) and making the Christian sign of crossing themselves. (essortment.com. n.d.)

Western Europe had been where most deaths had taken place. This was in the areas and times where the Protestants were in conflict with the Roman Catholic Church had reached its peak.

([religioustolerance.org/wic\\_burn.htm](http://religioustolerance.org/wic_burn.htm))

King James I in 1604 (essortment.com. n.d.) added a new twist concerning the laws to witchcraft.

The twist was concerning the outlawing of pacts and the worship of the devil, which was the more prominent of alleged European witchcraft: "Thou shall not suffer a witch to live" (Exodus 22:18). For the next few decades this was the theme concerning the Holy Days, better known as sabbats, and the pacts with devil worshipping and the devil, in the witch trials of England. (essortment.com. n.d.)

Near the end of the European Inquisition, in the American colony of Salem, Massachusetts, was the beginning of the "Salem Witch Trials". In 1692, (World Book Encyclopedia, 2006 ed., "Salem Witch Trials", vol.17, pg 61), was the largest witch-hunt in the history of America. This all began with Betty Parris, age 9, the daughter of Reverend Parris, and his niece Abigail Williams, age 11, and a few other girls. Betty, Abigail, Anne Putnam Jr., age 12, and some other girls started spending time with Tituba, the Parris' Caribbean slave. (school.discoveryeducation.com)

Tituba would tell tales about her home in Barbados, entertain the girls with fortune telling and magic around the kitchen fire. These activities were extremely forbidden by the Puritan's lifestyle.

(school.discoveryeducation.com)

In January of 1692 (school.discoveryeducation.com), the girls, Betty and Abigail began acting very strange. They would begin twitching, screaming and rolling on the floor. When the village doctor came, he was convinced that they were under the influence of witchcraft. (school.discoveryeducation.com)

The girl's first outburst was during a sermon by Reverend Parris on the last Sunday of January. It was Betty that first fell to the floor in a fit, soon followed by the other girls including Anne Putnam. The fits consisted of one girl flapping her arms like a bird and another barking like a dog. The other girls were acting as though they were being choked. All the ones in attendance asked and begged the girls to please tell them who it was tormenting them in such a way. (school.discoveryeducation.com)

It was not until March that the girls, due to the pressure from the villagers, finally started pointing fingers at three women, Tituba, Sarah Osburne and Sarah Good. These three women were considered outcasts, despised and distrusted by the villagers. One was a slave, one a homeless woman, and the other a sickly old woman that had married one of her servants. The three went before the magistrates with Osburne and Good still declaring their innocence, but Tituba, after being beaten by Rev. Parris, had declared she was guilty, believed mainly out of fear. Tituba then claimed that there were other witches in the village as well. It was this that actually started the mass hysteria throughout the colony. (school.discoveryeducation.com)

During the months that followed, the girls started pointing fingers at more people. It seemed that not one soul was safe from being accused. This even included an accusation of a gentle grandmother named Rebecca Nurse, who went to church regularly.

The one that was more shocking was a little four-year-old girl named Dorcas Good that was to be chained to the prison walls for several months. (school.discoveryeducation.com). By Spring approximately, one hundred fifty (150), (World Book Encyclopedia, 2006 ed., "Salem Witch Trials", vol.17, pg 61), people had been placed in prison awaiting trial.

The actual trials began June 2-1692 (school.discoveryeducation.com). The first accused witch to be hung on Gallows Hill, was Bridget Bishop, a tavern owner. It was several months and nineteen other people were placed in prison and hanged, including the former pastor of Salem, Reverend George Burroughs (school.discoveryeducation.com).

Before he was hanged, the pastor flawlessly recited the Lord's Prayer, but even this did not prove his innocence, since it was believed that witches could not do this. (school.discoveryeducation.com)

Mr. Giles Cory had refused to stand trial and was crushed (pressed) to death by the villagers piling stones on him. There were four other men and women that would die while still in prison. (school.discoveryeducation.com)

The girls continued to point fingers and make accusations in October. Some of these accusations were of the most prominent members of the community. One of which, was the governor's wife. This was when the seeds of doubt began about the accusations the girls continued to make.

The Boston minister, Increase Mathers, (Case of Conscience October 1692, school.discoveryeducation.com) had even spoke out against the accusations, "It is better that ten suspected witches should escape than that one innocent person should be condemned."

(school.discoveryeducation.com). The tide of the public's opinion began to turn. Governor Phipps then had ordered the end of the witch trials, stopping the executions of all the convicted prisoners. These people were also pardoned and set free.

When the hysteria of the witch hunts subsided, most of the people had gone back to their daily lives. The judges had gone into politics or even began successful jobs. The girls that had started this travesty either married or moved away from the community. There was only one girl that decided to remain, Anne Putnam.

In 1706, (school.discoveryeducation.com), she publicly acknowledged her part in the tragedy. The pastor stood before the congregation and read her statement, "It was a great delusion of Satan that deceived me at that sad time... I desire to lie in the dust and earnestly beg forgiveness." (school.discoveryeducation.com)

But for those that had been pardoned, their lives were never the same. They lived out what was left of their lives mainly in poverty. Along with that, their reputations had been forever tarnished.

**Hanged on Gallows Hill**

<b>July 19-1692</b>	<b>August 19-1692</b>
Sarah Good	George Burroughs
Elizabeth Howe	Martha Carrier
Susanna Martin	George Jacobs
Rebecca Nurse	John Proctor
Sara Wild	John Willard
<b>September 22-1692</b>	
Martha Corey	Ann Pudeater
Mary Easty	Margaret Scott
Alice Parker	Wilmot Reed
Mary Parker	Samuel Wardwell

*Pressed to Death*

September 19-1692

Giles Cory

*Died in Jail*

Sarah Osburne
Roger Toothaker
Ann Foster
Lydia Dustin



# Hush Little Baby .....

*By Spellcaster*

Hush little baby don't you squall  
Momma's gonna buy you a crystal ball  
And if you still can't see beyond  
Momma's gonna buy you a magic wand  
And if that wand don't change your fate  
Momma's gonna teach you to levitate  
And if the astral makes you sick  
Momma's gonna buy you an incense stick  
And if that frankincense smells rank  
Mom'll buy a sensory deprivation tank  
And if that tank don't float your bones  
Momma's gonna buy you some some precious stones  
And if those gems don't ease your heart  
Momma's gonna buy you a natal chart  
And if your planets go berserk  
Momma's gonna buy you some bodywork  
And if your aura still needs kneading  
Momma's gonna buy you a past life reading  
And if your destiny stays hid  
Momma's gonna buy you a pyramid  
And if your chakras still feel stressed  
Momma's gonna take you on a vision quest  
And if power animals don't come to charm ya  
Sorry, kid, it's just your karma.

**THE ENCHANTED FOREST TEAM WISH ALL OURS MEMBERS WELL. WITH SPRING NOW UPON US WE WELCOME THIS TIME OF GROWTH AND BIRTH. LIKE A REAL FOREST WE CONTINUE TO GROW AND SPREAD OUR BRANCHES TO NEW MEMBERS AND ORGANISATIONS.**

**HELP US TO KEEP THE SITE A SUCCESS TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT US !!!!!**



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