

Flight: A Living, Breathing Document of Consciousness

Volume 8 Issue 85, July, 2019



Articles and excerpts that will inform and inspire!

A Letter from the Editor:



I am writing this on the second official day of summer. It feels like time slips by so quickly here in Canada when summer finally arrives...and then a nano-second later becomes autumn. So I intend to soak up every last ray of sun that I can, garden my heart out, and have fun with family and friends on our back deck as much as possible. And if you are the type who likes to sit on a nice sunny deck, or in the shade, and read, then this month's edition of FLIGHT will tickle your fancy!

We have articles that make you question Karma verses Retribution, give insights on crystal grids, provide fun chants for celebrations and even a most hilarious and morose short story!

Thank you to all my contributors. As per usual, you have gone above and beyond! You guys are the BEST.

Feel free to pass this on to those who may be interested. Subscriptions are free so if they want to have it delivered to their inbox monthly, they can let me know at deerhorn007@gmail.com and I will make it so!

Enjoy the read!

Trent Deerhorn

Editor

Deerhorn Shamanic Services *Floating Drum Circle*



The Floating Drum Circle will now be available!

What is a Floating Drum Circle? It is a Drum Circle that is able to move from one location to another.

How does this work? Invite a minimum of 10 friends over for a drum circle in the privacy of your own home. Trent brings the supplies for the Drum Circle and the Ceremony.

Ceremony? Yes. As you all know, Trent's Drum Circles are Ceremony/Ritual based, which makes them both spectacular and unique. These celebrations can be in accordance to the phase of the Moon, or the Season, or whatever you choose to celebrate.

Who is in charge? You are in charge of the space and the people you invite and the number of people you can comfortably accommodate. Trent is in charge of the circle once it begins.

What if I don't have 10 people? It is important to have the minimum of 10 in order to be financially feasible for Trent to lead the circle. *Upon your request* in advance of the registration date, Trent can share the date and time and contact number with his contacts who can then contact you to see if there is enough space.

Who pays? Each person pays their fee (\$20) **ahead** of the date of the Drum Circle. If the fee is not paid **3 days in advance** of the circle, the spot goes to the next person in line on the waiting list. The host/hostess collects all fees and pays Trent **before** the circle begins on the date set. Hosts/Hostesses get the Drum Circle free of charge.

Children in attendance must be strictly monitored by their parents.

Any damaged supplies must be paid for or replaced by the one who damaged it (or parents if it is a child) **by a similar article of equal or greater value.**

What is the method of payment? **Cash only.** This makes it much easier for the host/hostess to collect.

To arrange for a Floating Drum Circle in your home, please contact Trent Deerhorn at deerhorn007@gmail.com or at (306) 978-5300.

Upcoming Events

Energetic Self-Care Workshop



Join Beata VanBerkom of Tinfoil Therapies and Trent Deerhorn of Deerhorn Shamanic Services for a dynamic workshop in energetic self-care.

Discover numerous techniques to align and balance your personal chakra system, thus creating peace, harmony, balance and well-being. Explore the effects that sound has on our cells and on our minds.

Date: Saturday, August 10th, 2019

Time: 10:30 AM - 4:30 PM

Early Bird Tuition: \$150.00 if registered before July 27th, 2019

Tuition: \$200.00 July 27th, 2019 onward.

Location: Oshun House Studio, 912 Idylwyld Drive North, Saskatoon, SK

Registration Deadline: August 3rd, 2019

Bring your own box lunch!

Contact Beata at tinfoilhatlady@gmail.com or text to (306)291-4706

CONGREGATIONALIST WICCAN
ASSOCIATION OF SASKATCHEWAN



SKY RIVER TEMPLE

Lughnasadh

Public Ritual

August 4

2:30pm

Gabriel Dumont Park

715 Saskatchewan Crescent West

Saskatoon, SK

Potluck social to follow

(No nuts/legumes/seeds/soy)

FREE to attend

DONATIONS welcome

Next gathering

September 22

rite full place

(words and music by Brian Paul Di Giuseppe)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0MIQe0DSiEY&list=PLPie_aIMm3txoRe1sraVXzK6JFNgc4NAi&index=2

chords: Am/F – Am/Dm/A# (Am/Dm/C/A#)x2 [(repeat for bridge)]

{chorus: (Dm/C/A#/F – A#/F/C)x2 Gm/A#/F} x3

eye just wanted forgiveness - for not doing enough

eye just wanted forgiveness again

eye just wanted forgiveness again

eye just wanted to apologize - for doing too much

eye just wanted to apologize again

eye just wanted to apologize again

[over and over and over and over again]

eye just wanted to thank you - for clarifying

eye just wanted to thank you again

eye just wanted to thank you again

eye just wanted to love you - for justifying

eye just wanted to love you again

eye just wanted to love you again [BRIDGE]

{now eye can go home with my rite full place - going home}

{with my rite full place - seeing my life is made with grace}

{going home with my rite full place} x2

{now you can go home with your rite full place - going home} {with
your rite full place - seeing your life is made with grace} {going home
with your rite full place} x2... [BRIDGE]

{now we can go home with your rite full places - going home} {with
our rite full places - seeing our life is made with graces} {going home
with our rite full places} x5

(Saskatoon, Saskatchewan - May 8, 2019)

Brian Paul Di Giuseppe

Singer-Songwriter w/ Many 'Irons in the Fire' (Landline: [306-653-0636](tel:306-653-0636))

please send a note to be added to the heartsong email list

for live events, new releases and more!

Email: heartsongartsandcrafts@gmail.com

facebook page:

Heart Song Arts and Crafts with Brian Paul D.G. and Friends

<https://www.facebook.com/heartsongartsandcrafts/>

Presentations of Live Music, Special Events, Heart Song Sharing Circles

Workshops, Beeswax Candles,

Water Kefir 'Grains'

and

Specialized "Kickaboo Joy Juice" Orders!

c/o Melobee Heart Song Arts and Crafts Studio

any/all donations/gifts are greatly appreciated!

look/listen for "Brian Paul D.G. and Friends!"

playlist on Youtube for more presentations

from 'the band with many names project'

(aka "The Divine Comedians" / "know rules" ...)



TEXAS

TEXAS IS APPROXIMATELY 1 AND A HALF YEARS OLD AND A BORDER COLLIE CROSS. HE LOVES PEOPLE AND OTHER DOGS. ONE OF HIS FAVORITE THINGS TO DO IS PLAY WITH HIS ROOMMATE, GLADYS. TEXAS IS LOOKING FOR AN ACTIVE HOUSEHOLD AS HE HAS LOTS OF ENERGY AND LOVE TO SHARE.



TEXAS IS FULLY VACCINATED AND DEWORMED. HE IS ALSO NEUTERED, MICRO-CHIPPED, AND WAITING FOR A FUREVER HOME. FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT WE ALL NEED A RESCUE AT (306) 651-3647. YOU CAN ALSO VIEW THEIR WEBSITE AT [HTTP://WWW.K9COUNTRYLODGE.CA](http://www.k9countrylodge.ca) OR JOIN WE ALL NEED A RESCUE (WANAR) ON FACEBOOK. WANAR WILL ALSO BE HAVING THEIR MONTHLY ADOPTION DAY AT CABELA'S JUNE 29 FROM 11AM TO 3PM. COME FOR THE BBQ AND THE RESCUES LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU! AND BE SURE TO CHECK OUT OUR TU-BEES FUNDRAISER!



FENDER

FENDER IS SUCH A LOVING WONDERFUL BOY. HE IS ABLE TO MAKE FRIENDS WITH BOTH MALE AND FEMALE CATS AS WELL AS TOLERATE THE MEDIUM-LARGE DOG IN HIS FOSTER HOME. HE ALSO LOVES PEOPLE, AND WILL ADORABLY HEAD BUMP YOU REPEATEDLY AS A GREETING WHEN YOU WAKE UP. FENDER LIKES TO MAKE HIMSELF AT HOME AT THE FOOT OF YOUR BED AT NIGHT SO HE KNOWS WHEN YOU ARE AWAKE SO HE CAN GIVE YOU LOVE BUMPS FIRST THING! AS FENDER IS UNFAMILIAR WITH CHILDREN AND CAN BECOME EXCITABLE AND WILL "MOUTH" OR "LOVE BITE" (PLACES MOUTH BUT DOESN'T BITE DOWN) SO A HOME WITH OLDER CHILDREN THAT CAN UNDERSTAND THIS BEHAVIOUR OR NO CHILDREN WOULD BE PREFERRED.

ESTIMATED DATE OF BIRTH OF FENDER IS FEBRUARY 2, 2016.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ADOPTING FENDER PLEASE VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT [HTTP://WWW.STREETCAT.CA](http://www.streetcat.ca) OR EMAIL US AT CONTACT@STREETCAT.CA FOR MORE INFORMATION.

From Llewellyn's Witch's Calendar:

JULY:



Hail the glory of the Sun! Most Witches are familiar with a ritual procedure called Drawing Down the Moon. Originating in the *Gardnerian Book of Shadows* and poetically crafted by the illustrious Doreen Valiente, Drawing Down the Moon is recited during traditional Wiccan Full Moon esbats. Within the ritual, the coven's high priest gives a high priestess the Fivefold Kiss, ritually kissing points on her body, followed by a call to the Great Goddess in her many forms, requesting that she descend into the body of her priestess and servant. Upon invocation, the priestess recites the Drawing Down of the Moon, often followed by the Charge of the Goddess and channeled messages for participants.

But what about the mighty Sun? Being a goddess-oriented tradition, Wicca gives the most reverence to the Moon and her lunar tides. Gardner and Valiente never offered a masculine or solar alternative.

In their legendary book *A Witches' Bible*, Janet and Stewart Farrar offer a masculine alternative called Drawing Down the Sun, wherein the priestess invites the Great God into the priest. Because its structure is similar to that of Drawing Down the Moon, albeit shorter in duration, many covens have found this procedure to be effective for summoning the Great God while the Sun rides high in the sky - an ideal addendum to sabbat rituals!

Many practitioners of this rite modify the Farrars' Drawing Down the Sun by incorporating their own poetry, God-based chants, and masculine affirmations. Many groups will take the liberty of crafting their own masculine and solar-based rituals, poetry, and sacred songs focused on the loving qualities of the God or gods. Because of Witchcraft's malleable and personal nature, modifications such as these are not only permissible but greatly encouraged in modern Craft circles.

Rituals, of course, don't always have to take place with other people. We can practice Drawing Down the Sun on our own terms, in our own ways, in private and solitary settings. Contemplate what the Sun means to you and shy he should be honored in his many forms. From there, create your own day-time rituals focused on solar veneration.

Daily Sunrise, Daily Practice

While the Moon rules the month's cycle, the Sun rules both the daily cycle and yearly cycle (such as the sabbats). Consider creating a morning routine to honor and harness solar energy for yourself. Begin by basking under sunlight at the same time every day; simply face the Sun outdoors with arms outstretched, inhaling his essence and emanating gratitude for light and life itself. During these meditations, listen to your intuition for inspiration about creating your own unique daily solar routine. Expand your morning practice based on your Witchy insights and personal pantheon.

Experiment with utilizing daily solar energy to charge and enchant spells, charms, and magickal tools. Those drawn to Western esoterica may observe zodiac shifts and astrological alignments. Those drawn to Eastern mysticism may practice a brief surya namakar (Sun salutation) Hatha yoga routine as part of their morning observation - perhaps even with the addition of traditional Sanskrit mantras to Surya Dev (Hinduism's Sun God).

Like any aspect of Witchcraft, trusting personal intuition is essential. As a giver of life and an emblem of the Great God - the co-creator of reality alongside the Goddess - the mighty Sun deserves to light the path of the Witch just as much as the soft and mystic Moon.

Raven Digitalis

Things to Know

The term, "Rule of Thumb," comes from a time when it was completely legal for a man to beat his wife into submission. The term was introduced as a recommendation as to how thick the stick must be that would be used to whip her. No thicker than your thumb! Thus came about the term the "Rule of Thumb." Just a little bit of the horrific history of violence against women.



Rock Talk by Ave Riddler

We continue the included quartz focus!

Lithium Quartz

This quartz can help to open the heart and third eye chakras, with gently powerful energy that can create a positive euphoric feeling. Meditating with this crystal can help activate all the chakras, enhancing the depth of the meditation, and opening one to the visions found while in the meditative state. The gentle yet activating energy of lithium quartz can promote a feeling of peace, calming the nerves, releasing tension, and providing healing energy. This combination can help one become open to and receptive of the changes needed to facilitate that healing. The continuous use of this crystal can help one remain connected to their higher self.

Because it has such a gentle healing energy lithium quartz is often used by healers in their treatment rooms to create a holistic positive relaxed space. Placing a piece under the bed used for treatments can enhance and aid any work done while it's there.



A stone of harmony, this is a good crystal to have around any kind of partnership, helping to generate a respectful and mutual relationship. It can also help one to distance themselves from ego driven attachment to how they want things to turn out. Surrender without quitting, can open one to a path they may not have seen because they were too focused on what they thought they wanted.

Paraphrased from "THE BOOK OF STONES – Who They Are And What They Teach by Robert Simmons and Naisha Ahsian. With personal add- ins and details by myself (Ave)

Indian Hills Community Center, Colorado signs

What if I told you

You read the Top line wrong

Local Photographers



"Freddy FooFoo"

Photo by Rod Kaminski

June 2019

Attorney At Law

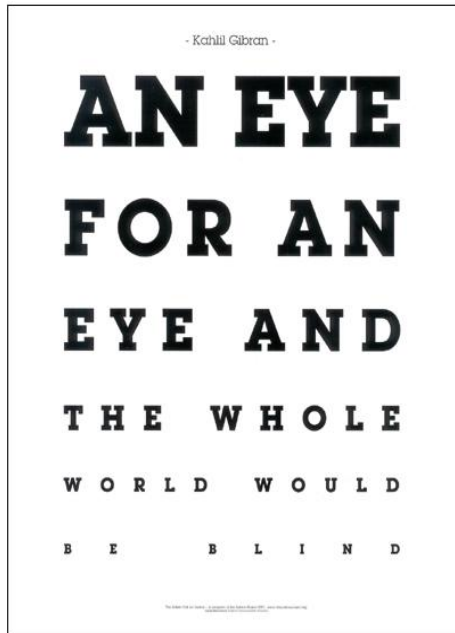
These are from a book called "Disorder in the Court" and are things people actually said in court, word for word, taken down and published by court reporters that had the torment of staying calm while the exchanges were taking place.

ATTORNEY: What gear were you in at the moment of the impact?

WITNESS: Gucci sweats and Reeboks.

Karma v Retribution

By *Natasha Stone*



Karma can be imagined as a self-fulfilling prophesy. It is concerned with the idea that we ourselves contributed to manifesting a particular outcome for ourselves. This manifestation results from doing or not doing something we should have done or could have done that would have altered an event. The event was undesirable, we caused it, and that action will trigger some kind of payback.

With just the right amount of verbal restraint, casually bringing up the word or concept of Karma is a socially polite way of wishing someone that is loathed great misery or misfortune.

"You know what they say about Karma, what goes around comes around."

Karma appears mysterious. It looks like passive aggression, but the intent that one wishes Karma to come around so it can administer some kind of voodoo magic is clear.

Groovy Indian religions, Buddhism being one of them, cultivates and circulates this self-created boomerang effect of this intangible thing called Karma.

Karma appears kinder and has greater mass appeal because it is just framed in that way. Karma doesn't have demons, hell hounds, swords, skeletons and other images we are programmed to fear.

Karma is incense sticks, bongs and yoga.

Much nicer to conjure up the image of Karma, it fits well within our globalised, interconnected, fluid, gender less, wireless, bra-less, ball-breathing, theoretically democratic, civil society.

Jesus of Nazareth would not spiritually struggle to get his New Age – New Testament dad to get on board with the principles of Karma.

Retribution is astronomically punitive. God is the ultimate Judge and dispenser of retributive justice, not humans.

Fundamentally, retribution is concerned with exacting or extracting revenge for the sake of the victims, righting an egregious injustice, and damning ones enemies.

Everyone is punished equally for transgressing.

There is certainty in the concept of retribution for it is punishment that is equally dispensed for everyone who commits a wrong.

Old Testament retribution dispensing God is not merciful.

God is apathetic or doesn't have the patience or inclination to listen to excuses as to why any of us sinned, how many times, or hear our painfully pitiful rantings about the extraordinary circumstances which cultivated our sinning.

"Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell: for wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them." KJV PSALM 55:15

Diverse sacred texts contain versions of this biblical goodie but all passages amount to the same tragic ending; sudden death followed by fiery damnation.

Karma and retribution share similarities as both are concerned with cosmic mystical forces which are equally triggered by events in relation to a person's actions.

Karma is petty gossip mongering which appeals to those interested in giving off the appearance that it has transcended passed anger, while retribution won't take its eyes off the prize and unequivocally refuses to go home empty handed.

For more articles by Natasha, visit <http://www.pizazznews.com>

Thought for the Day:

Difficulties are opportunities to better things; they are stepping stones to greater experience.

Brian Adams - How to Succeed

Chanting up a Storm

By Ave Riddler

I had written an article a while back saying that I had challenged myself to create a chant for each of the 8 Wiccan solar holidays. I shared some of those chants on the month of the holiday they were about as I worked on writing the rest of the 8, and then shared the results here in Flight when I had successfully managed to write all 8. This seems to have unlocked a new form of writing for me, I still write poetry when I am inspired, but will find myself on occasion creating a new chant, still Pagan/Wiccan in nature, but not always about the solar holidays!

Since those first eight chants were written they have been shared with a select few, and used mostly in spoken word format at CWAS Sky River Temple rituals. Some of those chants though have been shared in a more public forum, when with the help of a singer/song writer friend I would join him on the stage and share with a group of people those chants. He would lend his voice to the sound, and also play chords to match the music that was forming. There is a magic to hearing instruments like a guitar, or banjo picking up the tones of the chords of what was once a spoken word chant, and now has a song with it. Listening as that group of people add to the sound, by singing along, humming, or whistling, a drum beat joining in as voices and sound give those spoken words a new vibrancy. We have even used the same chant two different times, one year apart, and it was amazing to hear just how different it became based on who participated in the song.

This year for the first time at Toon Town's Pagan Summer Fest., I will be sharing some of my own chants when we gather to play drums, and share music with each other. This is a huge step for me; I have shared chants in the past at Fest, but always words, and chords formed by someone else. To sit by the fire, with my fest family, at the festival that is my dream come to life, and share my art feels vastly different. I have in fact been finding and then practicing the music of these once spoken word chants, so that I can be brave and confident. One of the biggest differences is that the chants we sing at fest are well known by many, and often we have a good few join in as we raise our voices. Teaching a new chant, means very few will know it well enough to simply join in. I admit I am both excited and nervous, I know Fest is a safe space to share these chants which is why the chants will be shared.

For the Summer Solstice
We will dance as the sun rises
We will dance as the sun lights the green
We will dance as the moon rises
We will dance as the moon casts silver sheen
We will dance

Blessed be and happy summering!

Paraprosdokians:

First time I heard about paraprosdokians, I liked them. Paraprosdokians are figures of speech in which the latter part of a sentence or phrase is surprising or unexpected and is frequently humorous. (Winston Churchill loved them).

I didn't like my beard at first, but then it grew on me.



When Your Crystal Grid Hits its Expiration Date

By Noelle Chorney

I was quietly reading the other night when I heard a clunk, followed by another clunk and the sound of something rolling across the floor.

When I investigated, I discovered my [orgone sphere](#) that I had placed on a tobacco pouch in the middle of a crystal grid I had set about a month ago had rolled off the pouch, onto the floor and across the dining room. This seemed a little too obvious to consider a coincidence.

So there I was, speaking out loud to my crystal sphere: "Okay, I hear you! I guess it's time to set a new grid!"

I set the new grid the following day, and it is a beauty. It is full of magic, balance, and references to both the seen and the unseen. In January I received a beautiful New Year's reading from a Shakti sister of mine, and this grid gives a nod to all of the themes that arose in that one. It felt like an affirmation that things are on the right path and that the year's themes are all still relevant and in the process of unfolding.

We have representation from the Divine Feminine and Divine Masculine; we have protective forces, crystal energies, and a reminder that form does not equal substance. There is also assurance that we're on the right path and a reminder that we can't know everything. Surrendering to the mystery is a requirement right now.

This reading is not just for me. It reflects a vibration that is alive in the current evolution of the world. My journaling revealed the following. How does it resonate with you?

Everything is shifting and changing rapidly and nothing is exactly as it seems. Accepting the fluid state of reality and staying open is the best position to take. You have many gifts and supports to rely on in this fluid state. The love of the Great Mother and your feminine lineage. The support of the Angels who are holding space for your ascent through the challenges you undergo - the challenges themselves are your allies in support of your evolution. Be sure to have firm boundaries in place and rely on your analytical mind and commitment to seeing all sides of a situation. You have the support and protection of your magical companions - dragons and unicorns mentioned specifically, but all of them are ready to offer protection and guidance. Your purification rituals also offer protection.

Hold steady; trust your guidance and light will flood the path that is waiting for you.

Blessings on your path.

You can find more of Noelle's articles in her blog at <https://www.arianrhodstower.com>

Extremes in Our World that You should Know:

What country would qualify as the most stressed-out nation in the world because of their living conditions?



Nigeria ...

By looking at the homicide rate, the GDP per capita, continued income inequality, corruption, lack of education opportunities and unemployment numbers, one thing is clear: Nigeria's people are, hands-down, the most stressed out population in the world.

FREDDIE DOESN'T EAVESDROP ANYMORE **A Short Story By Gail Fulkerson**

Freddie managed an apartment building in a small town in Ontario. He was an idiot, and almost everyone knew it, except him; he remained clueless. His wife told him he was an idiot all the time, but he just figured she was talking about someone else with the same name.

His parents couldn't believe it when he came home one night and told them he was getting married. They wanted to know whether his fiancée was mail ordered or had to be inflated.

After the honeymoon, which consisted of a short drive to the next town over, and an overnight stay in the car at a roadside stop, Freddie and his wife returned home and purchased a big old house in Hagersville, and converted it into half a dozen small apartments. Freddie had to go down to the basement from time to time to check the furnace and water heaters, and, during one such basement visit, he discovered he could hear, word for word, conversations taking place in the ground floor apartments. One-sided phone calls were hard for Freddie to follow, but still produced juicy bits of gossip for him to repeat to his wife, if she was listening to him that day. Eavesdropping became his passion, until the day he overheard the little old lady in 1B plotting his demise.

“So, how ‘bout we stab him to death and stuff him in that hole he’s been diggin’ to enlarge the basement? We’ll paste him right up against the wall and shovel all the dirt back over his body. No one’ll ever suspect a thing. They’ll just think the feeble-minded little weasel took a ride from a stranger and couldn’t find his way home.

I mean, really, Martha, how many times has his wife said, ‘The idiot did it again. I gave him a shopping list and told him to go up to the IGA and come right home again. It’s been two days, and I haven’t seen him yet. What an idiot!’

Can you hang on a sec? I think I hear something. It’s Freddie, making whimpering noises. That little bugger’s been eavesdroppin’ in the basement again. Crap on a cracker! We’ll have to do this right now, before he can go to the cops. Can you bring over your biggest, sharpest butcher knife? No, wait. Make it the filleting blade or maybe your boning knife. Yeah, he’s still down there. I can hear him moaning.”

Jill stomped a few times on the floor in her kitchen, dislodging clouds of dust and cobwebs from the joists below, which promptly fell into Freddie’s upturned, frightened face. Being the idiot that he is, he forgot to close his mouth and eyes. Jill could hear him coughing and sputtering; she yelled down at the floor: “Serves ya right, ya little eavesdroppin’ idiot!”

Martha, I figure if you’re here in half an hour, we’ll have plenty of time before his two brain cells find each other in that big and dark empty space in his head and tell him to get the hell out of the basement before the old lady in 1B, and her friend get him. Then, one brain cell will ask the other brain cell, who’s Martha?, and the idiot will forget everything he heard me say.

Yeah, I think I still have the tarp from the last apt manager I dusted off. I never used Enduster that time, either! Still got all my protective clothing, too. Ya just can’t be too sure who’s got an infectious disease these days. And, if I went down there unprotected, did him in, then found out later that I got some disease from him, I’d dig up the son-of-a-bitch and kill him all over again!

Okay, Martha, see you when you get here.”

Freddie was crouched in the darkest corner of the basement when Jill and Martha started down the stairs. He wasn’t hard to find - they just followed the sound of his whimpering. ‘Oooh, this is too easy’, Jill thought to herself. “ooh, this is too easy”, Martha said out loud. Freddie swooned and almost spoiled their fun when he saw the two old ladies approaching him, clad in their protective clothing and dragging a large blue tarp. His knees buckled, his eyes rolled back into his head, and he started slumping to the floor, but Martha saved the day. She yelled at him to ‘stand up straight, numb nuts!’ He snapped to when he heard that; his Mom used to call him that when she was mad at him, which was most of the time. One of the basement lights glinted off something long and shiny. Freddie blubbered. The tears from his eyes and the snot from his nose streamed together into a liquid mess that mingled with the slobber running down his chin and onto his shirt.

"Freddie, if you had two clues, you'd be on the floor playin' with 'em", remarked Jill, as she straightened out the tarp. "Soon as I get this thing straight, you lay down in the middle of it, with feet together, and your arms at your sides. And quit your cryin'! Anybody listening might think we're tryin' to kill you down here!" Jill and Martha both cracked up at that one. 'God, I slay me!' Jill chuckled. The two of them laughed even harder.

Freddie did as he was told; he was too afraid not to. After all, one of those crazy old hags had a knife.

The two women folded the tarp over his prone body and secured it with some clothesline rope they found hanging on a nail. Freddie was supposed to have strung it for one of the tenants three months ago, but he never got around to it. See what ya get fer procrastinating?

"Wanna stab him first, or shall I? Nah, you go ahead, Jill. After all, it was your idea."
"Ready, Freddie? Don't give a shit if you are, 'cause here it comes!" The two women could hear him whimper the word no and saw the tarp shift as he moved his head from left to right.

The two little old ladies could pinpoint the exact moment that Freddie's miserable life flashed before his eyes; it was right before the first blow struck his chest. Jill's little old lady fist struck Freddie on the breastbone. Freddie screamed and started writhing in the tarp, trying to free himself. Martha struck him with her old lady fist in his left eye and he screamed again. They struck him with their fists a few more times for good measure.

"How bad are ya bleedin' in there, ya idiot?! Are ya dyin' yet?! I'm gonna stab ya some more with my fist, just to make sure, ya stupid, eavesdroppin' sack-o-shinola!"

"I don't wanna die! I'm bleedin' real bad in here. You musta got me in the crotch, 'cause my pants are soakin' wet. Please don't stab me no more! Please!" He wailed and bawled and blubbered as the two little old ladies, bent over double, laughed until they cried.

Jill and Martha returned the next morning to free Freddie and to warn him that if he ever told anyone what happened, he be carted off to the loony bin. They promised they'd catch up with him there and do him in for real. And, besides, who would believe a raving lunatic claiming that two frail old ladies tied him up in a tarp, stabbed him, and left him for dead in a basement?

Freddie was still in the tarp, snoring, when Jill and Martha arrived. He had managed to get himself into a fetal position sometime during the intervening hours, and slept the night away like he was in his own bed. When the two women got there, a mouse was gathering some of his ear hair for nesting material.

They kicked him in the guts to wake him up.

“Wakey, wakey, slobberin’ suck face. Wanna go home now? You do? Well, before we let you go, there’s a few things you need to remember. First of all, if you ever tell anyone what happened here, we’ll make sure you end up taking a one way trip to the Ontario Hospital, where they’ll pump you so full of drugs, you won’t be able to do nuthin’ but spend the rest a yer life propped up against a wall, droolin’ and pissin’ on yerself. If you tell on us, we’ll tell on you, about how you eavesdrop all the time, how you smoke marijuana in the basement while you’re eavesdroppin’, then eat potato chips and leave the empty bags all over the basement floor. I don’t know how many times I’ve come down here to do laundry and slipped on a greasy chip bag layin’ on one of the stairs, where you left it. Broke my ankle fallin’ down the last two steps carryin’ a loaded laundry basket, ya putz! We’ll tell everyone where you keep your nudie magazines, and how you look in the apartment windows, especially at night, and how Mr Reid caught you lookin’ in his window one time, and that’s why you walk with a limp when it gets cold out now.

Okay, idiot, do we understand each other? You keep yer mouth shut and we’ll keep ours shut. Good. Now, lie still and we’ll get ya outta that tarp.”

Jill and Martha cut the clothesline rope and opened the tarp. They did it quickly, so they wouldn’t have to smell the stench Freddie left inside the tarp. “Who died in here?” That crack set them both laughing hysterically again.

As soon as Freddie was free and had started up the stairs, and thinking he was safely out of reach, he started running his mouth. “I’m callin’ the cops on youse two bitches as soon as I get home! Then you’ll see what happens when you mess with Freddie!” He turned and took the first two stairs.

He never made it to the top. He slipped on a greasy chip bag he’d left on one of the steps. He tumbled, head over heels, just like Jack in the Jack and Jill nursery rhyme, dislocating his shoulder and snapping the bones in his forearm as he hit the concrete basement floor.

When the ambulance and EMT’s arrived, Jill and Martha were administering copious amounts of TLC, as Freddie lay motionless on the floor, a folded jacket under his head. There was a goose egg in the shape of a small shovel on his forehead. (Had to make him quit screaming somehow.) He was coming around just as the women were telling the EMT’s that he landed on his forehead during his descent. Seeing Freddie fall down the stairs like that was so shocking, they said, that they could not be sure whether he hit a stair or the floor forehead first.

It’s been five years since the basement incident. Jill and Martha now share an apartment in a senior’s complex a few miles out of town. Freddie is still at the Ontario Hospital. Detectives visited Jill and Martha within a week after Freddie had gone to Emergency at the local hospital. They didn’t ask too many questions, once they saw how old and frail the two women were. There was no way these two could have committed the acts Freddie was accusing them of.

Freddie’s a fixture at the OH. The nurses use him as a coat rack in the staff room.

On the ambulance trip out there, the glimmer of a remembered conversation, overheard in a shadowy basement, floated through Freddie's idiot brain. "Somethin', somethin', somethin', we'll make sure you take a one way trip to the OH, somethin', somethin', somethin', ... I could have danced all night, I could have danced all night, ... Oh dee doo dah day, ... "Hey, cab driver, can we go to the McDonald's drive thru?"

"Yeah, sure, just quit yer droolin', ya idiot!"



From 365 Zen daily readings by Jean Smith

There's an old saying to the effect that human extremity is God's opportunity. When things are pleasant, we try to hold on to the pleasantness. In trying to cling to pleasure, we destroy it. When we are sitting and are truly still, however, the discomfort and pain draw us back to the present. Sitting makes more obvious our desire to escape or evade. When we are sitting well, there's no place to go. We tend not to learn that unless we are uncomfortable. The more unconscious we are of our discomfort and our efforts to escape, the more mayhem is created within phenomenal life - from war between nations down to personal arguments between individuals, to arguments within ourselves; all such problems arise because we separate ourselves from our experience. The discomfort and pain are not the cause of our problems; the cause is that we don't know what to do about them.

- Charlotte Joko Beck, *Nothing Special*

Reflections from the Shaman's Hut

As I sit here writing this article, I am very aware that this is the third anniversary of the mass murder in the Pulse nightclub in Orlando, Florida. Events such as this disturb me greatly, as they should for any human being. I was once just a block away from a bar in a city I was visiting when a mass murder took place. It was horrific. The fact that these events are always based on either self-loathing projected onto others or just a bunch of hate philosophy shows me just how messed up our society has become.



Back when this happened, there was not much that I could do from where I was to help those who were affected by the mass murder at the Pulse nightclub. I sent funds to assist in whatever the survivors and families needed. I decided that I wanted to never forget this. Events such as this are too easily forgotten and shoved under the rug...until the next event. So, much like I wear a poppy every November in honour of those who died so that democracy can exist instead of a fascist planet ruled by a psychopath, much like what is evidently happening once again south of our border and across the pond from us, I decided that I would get a tattoo to honour the victims and families of the victims of the mass murder at Pulse. So on my right bicep I have a rainbow colored heart beat...pulse. Any time that I become just delusional enough to think that our world has made a lot of progress when it comes to hate crimes, I just look at that tattoo and get the sharp reminder that we really have not come that far.

I have many political opinions regarding the legalisation of weapons of mass destruction that are allowed to be owned and operated by common citizens. And although I am a crack shot from years of training on a farm that was overrun by gophers, I hate guns in general. I know that it is not guns that kill people, it is people that kill people. Nonetheless, there seems to be absolutely no stop gap to make sure that it is not psychopathic people who own said guns, so until that happens there seems to be no hope for safety of the general public or for minority groups. And when a government looks the other way when it comes to issues like this in preference for having its own pockets lined with cold, hard cash, then we, as a people, MUST take action.

The only way such governments actually get into power is via our own apathy. Too many people do not take the time to vote. They don't even take the time to educate themselves on the issues or the stance that politicians take on said issues. If absolutely everyone were to actually vote at the polls, there would be a much needed change happen.

Personally, I don't trust any politician. Not one of them. It doesn't even matter if I know them personally. If they are not ready to pick up the mantle and charge forth with resolve to stop the violence toward minority groups, they are not worth my time and certainly not worth their

billions of dollars in bonuses (did someone say "bribe"?). My best hope is that I can vote for someone who will, eventually, make the needed changes. I don't trust that they will. I *hope* that they will. There is a difference. But it is my responsibility to actually get off my butt and vote for someone. If I don't then I really don't have any ground to stand on when complaining later about their stupidity...even if I voted them in. I am one who is willing to acknowledge when I made a mistake, just as I did the last time I voted in the Federal election. My purpose was to get the religitard in power out of that position. I had no idea that a drama teacher would end up just as bad. Granted, he has done some stuff for women in politics and he did FINALLY legalize pot, but seriously has failed to protect our natural resources (water in particular) and our Indigenous people. This, to me, is a grand FAIL on all counts.

As you all know, I tend to keep my political views limited to social media and personal conversations. But today, I have seriously had ENOUGH of the stupidity, the bigotry, the hate and, most importantly, the RELIGITARDS who perpetrate all this nonsense.

In the meantime, I have a solid reminder on my arm of just how bad that nonsense can get. I wear it with hope that one day humanity will do better.

For more articles from the Shaman's Hut, visit Trent's blog at www.deerhornshamanic.com

Encouragements for Personal Development:

Taken from Meditations with James Van Praagh

How do we recognize the power of God within us? The quickest way is to tear down the walls of self-criticism and self-judgement and nurture ourselves with love. Then we begin to live in the realm of possibilities and promise.

According to the Farmer's Almanac 2019:



A Carpet of Creepers

Excellent choices for fast-growing, sun-loving ground covers, creeping sedums grow in sparse soil and spread across rock walls. Varieties include *Sedum kamtschaticum*, which has deep green leaves and bright yellow flower; *S.*

rupestre "Angelina", whose foliage takes on a reddish- orange color in cold weather; and S.spurium "Dragon's Blood" known for its pinkish purple flowers and purple-edge green leaves that turn deep burgundy in fall and winter. S. Acre features tiny, pale to dark green leaves and goldenrod-yellow flowers.

July 1st: Canada Day



July 2nd: New Moon



Brussels sprouts are "heavy feeders," meaning that they need soil rich in nutrients and may require more fertilizer than the average plant.

July 4th: Independence Day

To repel hornworms: Mix 1 cup crushed calendula leaves and flowers with 2 cups water. Steep for 24 hours; strain. Add 1 1/2 quarts water and 1/4 teaspoon dish soap. Spray on plants.



Hmmm...looks like a relative of the orange topped wank maggot in the White House!

July 16th: Full Buck Moon

The Moon looks upon many night flowers; the night flowers see but one Moon.

Jean Ingelow, English poet (1820-97)

July 31st: New Moon



Allow cherries, nectarines, peaches and plums to ripen fully before picking.

Grammar School test Answers

These test answers were allegedly submitted by grammar school teachers around the country:

One horsepower is the amount of energy it takes to drag a horse 500 feet in one second.

Puppy Smiles



Ask the Shaman: With Trent Deerhorn



Q: My son and his wife have just had their third baby. I am elated to be able to spend some time with my grandchildren, but I find that they can really get out of control at times and I question the parenting skills of both my son and my daughter-in-law. Everything seems to be quite loosey goosey with that. I end up retreating into the guest bedroom so that I can just read a book and block out the chaos. Should I be talking with them about their parenting style?

A: Do you actually want to have an ongoing relationship with your son and his family? If so, you would be best to not approach this matter with the attitude that you know better than them when it comes to parenting their children. Each generation has its own ways and what worked for one will not always work for the next. If they are at your house, then it is your rules. While you are at their house, do your best to just enjoy what time you have with the little ones, help the parents out with house chores now and then (because anyone who is a parent knows that household things get away from us when we have small children) and support your son and wife by making yourself available so that they can have a date night (or afternoon). Take the kids to the park so that they can just connect with each other as husband and wife again. And NEVER criticize your daughter-in-law to your son or to any of his siblings (things will indeed get back to him) because that will force him to make a choice between you and her... and you are NOT the one he sleeps with or has sex with. So she will win and you will lose.

Tidbits and Tickles:

An American businessman goes to Japan on a business trip, but he doesn't care for Japans food, so he asks the concierge at his hotel if there's any place around where he can get American food.

The concierge tells him he's in luck, there's a pizza place that just opened, and they deliver. The concierge gives the businessman the phone number, and he goes back to his room and orders a pizza.

Thirty minutes later, the delivery guy shows up to the door with the pizza.

The businessman takes the pizza, and starts sneezing uncontrollably. He asks the delivery man, "What on earth did you put on this pizza?"

The delivery man bows deeply and says, "We put on the pizza what you ordered, pepper only."

Forum:

We want to hear from you! Your feedback is important to us. Email your comments to deerhorn007@gmail.com and they will be published in the Forum Section!

Of the previous Issue:

Jason Wrote: I am very much enjoying the articles from Llewellyn's Witch Calendar.

Ashley Wrote: I really enjoyed Beata's article on Jikiden Reiki!

Betty Wrote: How cool is it that you now have a section on adopting stray pets?!

Ben Wrote: Love the book reviews! Keep them coming!

Tobias Wrote: Keep those poems coming, Gail! You are very talented.

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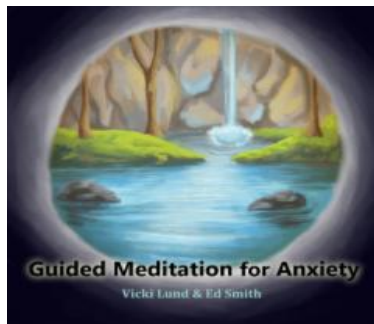
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