

Flight: A Living, Breathing Document of Consciousness

Volume 11 Issue 122, October 2022



Articles and excerpts that will inform and inspire!

Letter from the Editor



I am very proud of my witch hat! It took me a very long time to find the perfect one. I have always resonated with being a witch as well as a shaman, and there is nothing more iconic than the witch hat to express your inner magic! I felt it was only fitting to share a photo of me wearing my witch hat for the October issue!

Thank you to all of my contributors! Your contributions are so appreciated and the information you share is something that definitely serves the community at large!

To my readers, I thank you for your interest in this newsletter. I encourage you to forward it on to whomever you think may appreciate it. And if this is the first time that you are reading this newsletter and you would like to be on the mail list for your free subscription, just drop me a line indicating that to deerhorn007@gmail.com and I will make that happen for you!

Also, to view my keynote presentation for Questers of Canada, copy this link and put it into your search bar:

https://youtu.be/O7-XUcfiz_I

Enjoy the read!

Trent Deerhorn

Upcoming Events

Moons of 2022

From Llewellyn's Witches' Spell-A-Day Almanac

Full Moon 4:55 pm

Color of the Day: Orange

Incense of the Day: Eucalyptus

A Full Moon Scrying Spell

An October full moon is a powerful time to scry. For this spell you'll need a dark-colored bowl or cauldron. You'll also need a silver coin and a white candle. The coin not only serves as a focal point but also symbolizes the full moon.

Begin by filling your container with water. Safely light the candle and set it beside the bowl or cauldron. Now drop the coin into the water. Gaze at the ripples in the water as you think of a question. When the water becomes still, focus intently on the coin. Soon the water will cloud over, then become clear. As it clears, an image should appear. Gaze for no more than ten to fifteen minutes. Slowly let the vision go. End by snuffing out the candle. Save the coin for scrying. You may record the image you saw, or any messages received, in a journal.

-James Kambos

Ceremonies with the Shaman

Join Shaman, Trent Deerhorn of Deerhorn Shamanic Services for a special ceremony once a month, hosted by Heavenly Reiki of Saskatoon. These seasonal and moon-based ceremonies will be centred around going deep and making much needed changes within. Experience the true magic of Shamanic Healing Ceremonies.

Participants will be required to bring a pillow, blanket and a cushion or stool upon which to sit.



Ceremony will begin promptly at 7:30 pm and the doors will be locked at that time. Please come between 7 and 7:15 so you can have time to settle in.

NOTE: If you arrive after 7:30, DO **NOT** KNOCK TO GAIN ACCESS. This will only disturb the ceremony that is already underway. Please just join us next month and arrive earlier.

Price: \$20/ceremony Date: October 29th, 2022, at 7:30pm Mabon Ceremony

Bring a rhythm instrument with you! Costumes are encouraged!

**Once the ceremony begins, participants will refrain from chit chat as that only serves to distract from the energy of the ceremony. These ceremonies are geared toward adults, so it is important to have childcare in place to attend.*

To access dates of the ceremonies, contact Kiernan Garvie at Saskatoon Heavenly Reiki at (306) 880-3433 or visit the website at <https://www.saskatoonheavenlyreiki.com> or <https://deerhornshamanic.com>



Water Readings

Joint Shaman Trent Deerhorn for a water reading, bringing insights and inspirations to you through the magic and majesty of water!

Readings are 20 minutes in duration.

\$85.00/reading

Date: Saturday, October 15th, 2022

10:00am – 2:00pm

By appointment only

Contact Trent at (306) 978-5300 or deerhorn007@gmail.com to reserve your spot!

Visa, MasterCard, American Express, or Debit.

Spaces are limited, so do book ahead!



Let the Magic of Water flow through you!



LINGUINE

LINGUINE IS SWEETHEART THAT IS AN APPROXIMATELY 1.5 YEAR OLD COLLIE MIX! HE IS BEAUTIFUL INSIDE AND OUT! HE LOVES TO PLAY WITH HIS HUMAN FRIENDS AND DOG FRIENDS ALIKE! LINGUINE CAME TO THE FACILITY LAST FALL. HE WAS PAPER THIN AND SEVERELY MALNOURISHED. NOW LOOK AT HOW HE HAS FLOURISHED! LINGUINE IS NEUTERED, MICROCHIPPED AND FULLY VACCINATED.



WE WILL BE HAVING OUR FINAL BBQ OF THE SEASON AT CABELA'S! COME ON DOWN FOR LUNCH, SEE SOME RESCUES AS WELL AS CHECK OUT OUR SPIN TO WIN WHEEL. THE EVENT IS SEPTEMBER 24 FROM 11AM-3PM CHECK OUR FACEBOOK PAGE FOR DETAILS!

WE ALL NEED A RESCUE (WANAR) IS DEDICATED TO SAVING THE LIVES OF SASKATCHEWAN DOGS. COVID-19 HAS SEVERELY LIMITED FUNDRAISING ABILITIES. WE ARE HOSTING DIFFERENT ONLINE FUNDRAISERS FOR WANAR SO BE SURE TO LIKE US ON FACEBOOK AT **WE ALL NEED A RESCUE K9 RESCUE** AND JOIN THE PAGE. FOR MORE INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT WE ALL NEED A RESCUE AT (306) 651-3647. YOU CAN ALSO VIEW OUR WEBSITE [HTTP://WWW.K9COUNTRYLODGE.CA](http://WWW.K9COUNTRYLODGE.CA) AND THE RESCUES LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING YOU.



BEAUTY

BEAUTY IS A DAINTY AND PRETTY TORBIE GIRL. SHE HAS BEAUTIFUL GREEN EYES AND SOFT FUR. SHE IS SHY AND CAUTIOUS SO REQUIRES PATIENCE AND RESPECT. SHE WILL SOMETIMES TOLERATE PETS AND BRIEF CUDDLES BUT IS STILL NOT COMPLETELY RELAXED ABOUT THESE THINGS. SHE IS A GOOD EATER AND LIKES TO PLAY, THOUGH SHE TENDS TO BE LESS RAMBUNCTIOUS THAN HER SIBLINGS. WITH TIME, I AM CERTAIN SHE WILL BECOME MORE COMFORTABLE WITH PEOPLE.

HER AND HER SIBLINGS WERE BROUGHT INTO SCAT'S CARE IN AUGUST AFTER BEING TRAPPED ALONG WITH THEIR MOM. THEY WERE ESTIMATED TO BE 19 WEEKS OLD AT VET INTAKE ON AUGUST 15.



IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN ADOPTING BEAUTY OR ANOTHER KITTY PLEASE VISIT US AT OUR WEBSITE STREETCAT.CA OR EMAIL US AT CONTACT@STREETCAT.CA FOR MORE INFORMATION.

DATE OF BIRTH:
APRIL 4, 2022

CONGREGATIONALIST WICCAN
ASSOCIATION OF SASKATCHEWAN



SKY RIVER TEMPLE

Our temple has taken a brief pause, to reconfigure and plan for the future, there will still be occasional posts and activity on our social media, but for the next while there will be no formal planned online nor in person offerings.

We do have a YouTube channel featuring some rituals, and mediations.

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UC4dlB2RNnb4Af3pz-J6HxDQ/videos>

Updates about Sky River Temple can be found on our Facebook group

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1449256155332915/>

Or website

<https://www.skyrivercwas.ca/>

Blessed be



Rock Talk

by Ave Riddler

ZINCITE

I'm going to write about another mineral I fixated on and took a while to get my hands on a piece of. The one I managed to get is yellow (and tiny) I had a hard time catching any pictures of it unless I held it in my hand, but it can be found in various other colors, most commonly reds, yellows and oranges. There is natural zincite, but also a formation of it from when a zinc smelting plant in Poland caught fire, the crystals formed in the vents and can include the natural colors as well as greens, clear, grey, and browns. The accidentally formed zincite while not natural do still hold the same healing properties as ones found in nature, though the Zinc smelting fire crystals have become very difficult to find. I honestly can't recall which type I finally got; I do recall my hunt was firmly fixated on the yellow variation of course. I will warn you Zincite has a Mohs hardness of only 4, and is also brittle, so this is not the best mineral to toss in a pocket. It is also a toxic mineral so *do not make an elixir out of it*.

On to the properties! Luckily my trusty books BOTH have information about this one.

Zincite is a mineral to increase personal power, physical energy, and creativity, generating a spark, while jolting blockages to remove them. It can help jolt the mental process unlocking clarity, and awareness that may have been blocked. A crystal to promote courage, passion, enthusiasm, creativity, and vitality, this mineral carries a potent almost electrical energy. This mineral can also help generate endurance to see a project through to completion, bringing determination and focus to the goals being realized. If one is feeling like their drive is stalling out, Zincite can give them that last push of energy needed. Manifestation is one of the key words of this crystal, but it is an intense and accelerated manifestation, this is not a subtle mineral! If you have started to feel disempowered, or unable to change this crystal can help overcome those feelings.



This crystal can help draw likeminded people into your circle, promoting group efforts, and harmonies, unifying differing ideas and creating an interlocked whole. The same goes for working with other crystals Zincite can amplify whichever mineral it is teamed up with, *mix with care!*

Zincite can aid in increasing the physical connections within existing relationships. Revitalizing the sizzle and electrical current found between two people that may have eased over time. With a strong connection to sacral energies Zincite can be directed into creative projects, fertility, desire, and stamina.

This mineral works well with the lower chakras, helping those who may spend too much time in their higher chakras to ground and center. Reactivating the Root, Sacral, and Solar Plexus chakras, while directing the electrical energy found in Zincite up into the upper chakras, jolting them with that more vital and creative force. Refreshing and acting as an energetic boost to the upper chakra as the vitality of those lower chakras moves through them.

Some may find Zincite is too intense a mineral, so a word of caution, start slowly with this powerhouse. Interestingly enough, the accidental Zincite is a more concentrated variation for these energies since the smelting plant would have purified the Zinc before the fire, which resulted in the Zincite; Natural Zincite tends to have traces of other minerals still in their makeup which dilutes the energy slightly. There is a warning in the Book of Stones that working with this stone too much too soon, may cause over stimulation causing flushing, over activated heart chakra, excessive anger, and other issues. Please use Zincite with care, especially if you are combining it with any other stones. Keep your interactions with this crystal limited until you know how you will react and connect with Zincite.

Physically Zincite can be used to aid in treatments of the reproductive organs, prostate gland, and endocrine system. It can be used as an aid to enhance fertility and sexual interest.

Paraphrased from "LOVE IS IN THE EARTH – A Kaleidoscope of Crystals by Melody" and "THE BOOK OF STONES – Who They Are and What They Teach by Robert Simmons and Naisha Ahsian. With personal add- ins and details by me (Ave)

Higher IQ puns, or just cringeworthy.

The man who fell into an upholstery machine is fully recovered

Cutting Cords

By Rod Kaminski

It is interesting that when we think that certain issues have been resolved in our lives, we inevitably cascade into a knowing that more work is needed based upon a moment in time. I had one of those moments recently and the epiphany was that I was not finished severing the energetic cords/ties to my ex-wife. I will spare you specific details of the story that led me to this realization (yes, I know you want to know! lol) but those details are not important.

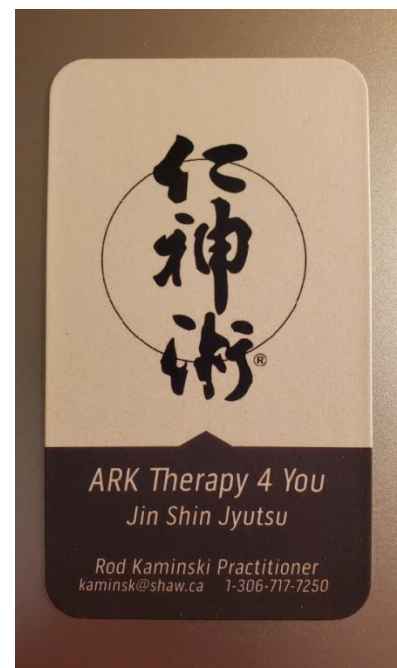
This experience with my ex-wife opened a portal of realization of a matter I had thought long closed. It was surprising to me because my ex and I have had truly little contact over the years and honestly, I thought that the work I had done previously resolved this dynamic in my past life. I was aware of the concept of cord cutting, so I began the process of cutting the energetic ties to my ex-wife when we separated in 2008. I thought I had completed my work, but this incident made me realize that I was not done. WHAT!!! AFTER ALL THE EFFORT!!! THIS IS FRUSTRATING!!!

What is important and vital is the lesson that comes from the experience. When you are with someone for a short or lengthy period of time, energetic cords/ties are created during a relationship, and it goes even deeper when there is profound intimacy involved. When we are intimate (with ourselves or with someone else), we feel safe, confident and are like open vessels for energetic exchanges, good and bad. A fare number of energetic cords are automatically severed when a relationship ends but it also takes conscious thought and intent to sever the deeper-rooted connections that are well entrenched.

I realized that I had no real emotional attachment to the main subject of our discourse, and I was more upset with the disrespect and being discounted as an after thought. No one likes to find out about things through a second and third party. What was apparent now was that I had an unbalanced level of sympathy and compassion for my ex-wife even though we no longer have a relationship on any level. I realized I needed to cut more cords! My core values include sympathy and compassion for all, but I held too much of those emotions/qualities because of the energetic cords that remained. I still hold compassion and sympathy for her, BUT NOW, no more than an acquaintance or a person who resides in my outer circle, and rightfully so as she has not earned that right to be in my inner circle.

What this has meant for me is a sense of FREEDOM and I now feel completely detached from her. This frees up energy on all levels and one can feel “lighter” and self empowered. A feeling that is undeniable and honestly quite intoxicating. My first reaction was frustration and disappointment when it came to the remaining cords that were attached. We think that we have “moved on,” “let go” but we sometimes underestimate the complexity of the human experience and assume we are done when in fact we are not. This is quite normal because sometimes we have a limit to what we can process at a given time or we get tired of the process and think that we have put in enough work for the mean time. There was a small part of me that felt like a failure in the moment and then I realized what the gift was in this story.

I was able to recognize on a conscious level what the current state of my relationship was with my ex-wife and take the last steps of truly letting go. If this happens to you, be proud for recognizing the fact that you were not done with this process and that it is ok that more work is needed to complete the project. It will get done when you are ready to do so and when you are ready to put the work in. As a practitioner of Jin Shin Jyutsu, one of my favourite flows is SEL 13. This flow has many elements to it but one of its main themes is “Letting go of the story.” Wonderful for letting go! Please visit my website at <https://arktherapy4you.ca> and my blog at <https://arktherapy4you.blogspot.com> for more information. Thank you and until next time.



Roadkill Stew and Ammonia Gravy

By Gail Fulkerson

“This won’t take long,” Ma said, as she tossed chunks of rotted, unrecognizable roadkill into a pot of steaming ammonia-water heating over the fire. Cubed veggies followed, along with some spices, chicken broth and onions. The foul odor stank up the kitchen and wafted into the living room, where Frank and his dad sat watching a beloved daemonic program, ‘Humans Are For Killing’, where hanging and disembowelment at the end of every show was de rigueur. Tonight’s victim was none other than the reviled master of aerobic exercise and positivity,

Richard Simonds. He was profoundly hated in the underworld because he was so sickeningly happy and spread his joy all over the place. Daemons vomited when they encountered his sunny energy.

Last year the daemonic community had charged Mr. Simonds with the murder of Vlad, a fine, upstanding daemon and well-respected member of the Daemonic Society for the Prevention of Carcass Abuse (D.S.P.C.A).

Richard Simonds killed Vlad because Richard awoke to find Vlad defiling him in his bed. The fitness freak was somehow able to shake off the daemon and chase him outside, knock him to the ground, and stab him repeatedly, ending the attack with evisceration. Vlad's body lay in the middle of the street, with the blazing sun beating down upon his rapidly decaying corpse. (Sunlight on a daemon's dead body never ends well; the heat and light damage the delicate balance of disease-ridden pustules and ulcerated daemon skin, which renders them unable to reanimate.) In Vlad's case, his skin was so ancient that it smoldered briefly before bursting into flames, reducing his corpse to ashes in a matter of minutes.

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After hearing the lies against him, the televised jury did not care to deliberate, but immediately found him guilty, sentencing him to death for the heinous crimes of murder and of making humans wear headbands and pristine white running shoes to sweat to the Oldies.

The Devil and his son, Frank, agreed that this might be the best episode yet.

When the aroma of offal-laced roadkill stew assaulted their nostrils, Father and son both wrinkled their noses in disgust and wanted to know who, between the two of them, had either farted or shat their pants.

"What the hell are you cooking in there, Ma? It smells disgustingly dreadful, like shite on a melted shingle. When can we eat?" Frank asked.

Frank's mom, Melania, squealed like a pig and then screamed, "Supper's ready! Get in here and eat it before it gets cold."

The Simonds hanging was getting underway and neither Frank nor his dad wanted to miss a second of it, so the two of them angled the television towards the dining room table and sat down to eat and watch the carnage. The hangman had calculated the rope's length to ensure Simonds's decapitation when the lever was pulled, and the body dropped through the trap door. The daemonic crowd roared their approval at the depravity.

Immediately after that, a daemon with a machete ran up to the body and, standing over it, neatly slit it down the middle, releasing a spill of guts and blood. There was another volley of appreciative daemonic howls and guttural belching. Frank and his dad joined in the celebration, keening their endorsement of the proceedings from their dining room chairs, then heartily tucked into their bowls of stew, as the crowd descended upon the still-warm cadaver to grab a mouthful of meat.

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"This is your worst roadkill stew yet, Ma. You've outdone yourself. Can I have some more?" Frank passed his bowl to her.

"I'm not your maid, you little puke! Get it yourself," Ma howled at her son, swiping the bowl out of Frank's hand and slicing his fingers with her talons as she did so.

Frank retrieved the offending crockery from the floor and ladled another helping of stew — and some finger blood — into his bowl. His dad wanted more, too, so Frank dipped the ladle once again and brought up the choicest pieces of offal and animal bones and placed them in the bowl.

The Devil roared for more bread to dip into the ammonia gravy. His wife went into the kitchen to retrieve the loaf that was just turning a crispy black in the oven. Acrid smoke billowed out as she opened the oven door. Melania wouldn't take it out of the oven and call it done until she saw flames rising from the bread. While she waited, she took the butter out of the freezer and tossed it on the table. It slid across the table a bit due to the frost.

"There's nothing more infuriating than trying to spread frozen butter on a slice of toast without tearing it," Melania mused. As she carried the bread to the table, she smiled at the thought of the frustration Frank and Satan would soon exhibit. She'd stuck the bread knife into the top center of the loaf so she wouldn't forget it. It was a nice touch, she thought.

"Burnt to a crispy blackness, just the way I like it," the devil pronounced. "Are there any homemade preserves left? I have a taste for fermented eyeball jelly. If there's none left, I'll take a generous dollop of toe jam."

Frank turned up his nose at his dad's choices of toast toppings. He much preferred clotted blood pudding, or daemon urine sieved through a blue urinal cake and poured over toast, with dried and flaked cadaver skin shavings providing the crunch.

Melania started screeching like a banshee. She hadn't had one bite of her meal and she was starving.

"Sate (her nickname for her hubby), go look in the freakin' cupboards for the spreads while I eat my own supper before it gets cold. You know how I hate eating lukewarm food," Melania reminded him sharply. "If I don't eat it now, my supper will be ruined, and I don't think you want that, now, do you? Remember what happened the last time I had to wait to eat?"

The Devil shuddered involuntarily at the appalling memory of his wife's rage that ended with him losing his cloven hooves and most of his talons. It had taken years for them to grow back. He rose smartly from his seat and headed to the kitchen, hoping to quickly locate either the jelly or the jam before he missed too much more of the TV program. He easily found the eyeball jelly behind the crushed maggots in putrid tomato sauce and slimy, green Romaine lettuce, and returned to his chair.

"You didn't miss a thing, Dad," Frank said as his dad sat down. "Richard Simonds' guts are still steaming in his body cavity, and no one has bitten off his fingers or toes yet. And you're just in time for the best part, punting the dead man's head down the street for a field goal through the uprights." Uprights referred to the golden arches at the McDracula's restaurant on the corner 8th Street and Louise Avenue in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

The devil spread a thick layer of the fermented eyeball jelly on his blackened bread, licking sticky bits off the knife with his snake-like forked tongue.

He took a bite of toast. "Good to know, Frank." Turning to his wife, the devil said, "Hey, Melania, how about after supper you and I go roaming the back alleys of the city together, and find us an unwilling soul, and force it into doing our bidding."

"Ooh, Sate, it'll be like old times, before we had the kids! Let me get my coat and put on some lipstick," Melania said in her deepest, gravelly voice.

"Well, if you guys are going out, can I come, too?" Frank pleaded.

“Nope. This is our date night. No children allowed,” the devil said to his son. “Besides, someone has to clean up the mess in the dining room and wash the supper dishes. So, you better get busy and make sure it’s all cleaned up before we get back.”

Frank watched his parents leave, then turned to survey the mess he’d been left alone to clean up.

There are worse jobs, he thought to himself, as he sparked the lighter he kept in his pocket. Better make sure to grab the marshmallows before he burned the house down.

There was nothing left of the daemon house when his parents got back from their date night.

“Aw, our boy is so thoughtful. He left us a bag of marshmallows on the steps,” Melania said, as she took in the pile of smoldering rubble that had once been their home.

“I know, right?” the devil expressed. “We’ve brought him up well, haven’t we?”

Did You Know...?



From 365 Zen daily readings by Jean Smith

Birth is an expression complete this moment. Death is an expression complete this moment. They are like winter and spring. You do not call winter the beginning of spring, nor summer the end of spring.

-Zen Master Dogen (1200-1253), Moon in a dewdrop

From Llewellyn's Witches' Calendar 2022



In many traditions, Halloween is called the Witches' New Year – the most sacred day of the year, when we can reach through the veil and speak with our beloved dead. It's also one of the busiest days in the mundane calendar. Between parties, trick-or-treating, rituals, baking, stocking up on candy, and putting together costumes, that's a ton of pressure to put on a single evening! And then, if something isn't quite perfect, the whole thing can feel like a letdown. Instead of Halloween being a single, high-pressure night of fun and ritual, why not treat it as a whole season in and of itself? This makes practical sense too since Samhain is celebrated on different days according to different practitioners. Some celebrate on October 31st and others on November 1. Some wait for the closest weekend. Others mark the astrological sabbat, which occurs when the Sun

is fifteen degrees in Scorpio, usually in the first week of November. By celebrating the whole month, we allow the energy of the season to build and take advantage of that power over time.

Season Altar Devotions

In many spiritual traditions, the daily tending of an altar is by itself an act of devotion. Over the course of the month, your small acts of reflection and magic will build, making any larger ritual you plan even more effective and laying the foundation for a daily practice that could extend into the whole year. You'll also get to enjoy the magic of Halloween for even longer!

You can begin with an altar you already maintain, but it can be even more powerful to start with a bare surface. Each day, you'll make an addition to this sacred space, taking the time to contemplate the significance of every object. Perhaps begin with a single black candle to represent the darkness settling over the year. Collect tokens to represent your gods or each of your ancestors, symbols of the season, or crafts you make. Your offering need not be something you buy or find – you might create poetry or art, add a sigil you've empowered. Or play a piece

of music. The key is to take the time to reflect on the meaning of the thing itself. How does it embody the spirit of the season and help you build personal meaning?

If you think you may get stuck, use the following weekly suggestions as a guide. In the first week, focus on nature and the physical season itself. What are the plants and wildlife around you doing right now? What about the Moon, Sun, and stars? In the second week, add personal symbols – things that represent you and your own relationships with the upcoming holiday. In week three, focus on any deities or mythologies that are important to you. If you aren't called to work with gods, focus on folklore, favorite seasonal legends, or even ghost stories! These inform our feelings about the season. Finally, in the last week, make daily additions pertaining to your ancestors, both familial and spiritual. Look for photos, personal trinkets, and offerings of favorite foods or drinks. When it's time to celebrate with a special ritual for Samhain or take the kids trick-or-treating, you'll already have spent weeks spiritually exploring the meaning of the season.

-Thorn Mooney

Darn

By Ave Riddler

**She's darning socks
Sitting on the couch
The TV on some show...
Faintly I can hear dripping,
The smell of apples
Hanging from the kitchen cupboard
Dripping precious juice into a bucket.
She's darning socks
While I dust bits of sawdust from my clothes...
Memories of wood stain,
Tools the buzz of them
Fence building with my dad.
She's darning socks,
Because even if there's a hole
It can be saved.
Lessons learned...
Darn those worn spaces,
Patch the gaps,
Value the remaining parts.
Darn the socks.**



A House of Her Own

By Trent Deerhorn

She woke up with a scream. She was getting tired of waking up in that fashion. But for the last number of weeks, that is how it would unfold. Every morning she would have the same dream. Could it be wishful thinking? Could she perhaps actually ever find a house like the one in her dream?



She had always dreamed of living in an Edwardian style house. There was something about the wrap-around veranda and the pillars out front that just seemed to say "home" to her. Every morning between five and six am she would get up, have a sip of water, and go back to sleep. That is when it would happen.

She would find herself walking up the walkway to the front steps of this beautiful house. As she ascended the steps onto the veranda, she would feel her heart beating

just a little bit faster. She would knock on the door and wait...then she would knock a second time and wait. She would hear footsteps shuffling inside toward the front door. Then she would hear the wispy voice of an incredibly old man from inside the house say, "Who's there?"

"Hello?" she would say through the door, "can I speak with you for just a moment?" Total silence for a good minute. She would just begin to lose hope when the deadbolt would unlock, and the door would open. There, standing in the doorway would be the old man. The look on his face would be that of fear, more than curiosity.

"How may I help you, young lady?" he would ask.

"Hello, sir, I was just wondering if you would perhaps be interested in selling your house. I would absolutely love to own a house like yours and I could make you a very reasonable offer..."

"I am sorry, young lady, but I could not possibly sell you my house..."

"Are you sure? I have quite a bit of money saved up for it and I am sure that it would be quite worth it for you..."

"I am sorry, but I cannot sell my house," he replies.

"May I ask why not?" she inquired.

"Well, the truth is, this house is haunted." With that he would close the door abruptly. The sound of the door slamming shut would echo in her ears and she would wake up screaming with a dreadful feeling.

After some tea and a biscuit for breakfast, she would go about her morning getting herself ready for work. Like any other day she would see the same faces as she walked to the train station and the same faces on the train as well. A number of businessmen would be shuffling

through their files, reviewing certain cases and accounts before getting to the office. A young mother with her three-year-old daughter, trying to get her to sit still and face forward when all the daughter wanted to do was make friends with the other passengers. An older lady with a toy poodle, wearing a fancy hat and a fur coat. Two University students, completely enamored with one another and oblivious to the inappropriateness of their public displays of affection. It was all very entertaining for the ride to the neighboring town.

Once she arrived at the next town, she would leave the train station and walk four blocks to her place of employment. She would be greeted by the receptionist, who was always envious of her status in the workplace. She would try to hide that fact, but it was something that would show up behind her eyes, just as a flicker, and often followed by a back-handed compliment such as, "What a lovely dress you are wearing! It is surprising how good that looks on you!"

She would go into her office, check her messages, and return phone calls to clients. This was her typical work morning. But today, something different would happen. At the staff meeting her CEO would announce that he was hosting a gala event as a fundraiser and that everyone was not only invited, but also expected to attend. He gave his address to everyone along with the date and time.

Although she had to move a few things for that evening, she was excited to attend the gala. She spent a small fortune on her evening gown and wore some vintage jewelry that belonged to her grandmother, who had not hurt for money at all. Family money was a thing for her as she was growing up. But she did like to be frugal most often. After all, it would not take one long, perhaps a few short years, to blow through the family money if one were not reasonable with one's spending!

She got into the cab and gave the address. It was several miles out of town, but the cabby seemed to know exactly where the estate was. As the cab rolled through the streets and then out into the countryside, she gazed out the window and admired the many sights. That is when she saw it. The house from her dreams was right there, off to the right. She asked the cabby to pull in.

"But that's not the address, ma'am," he said.

"Oh, I know," she replied, "I just want to make a very quick stop. So, the cabby pulled into the driveway and drove her right up to the walkway in front of the house. She got out, went up to the front door, and knocked.

She waited for a moment and knocked again. Again, the wispy voice asked who was there? Again, she asked if she could speak to him for a moment. He opened the door, and she could see that he was the exact same person from her dreams, but down the hall a ways behind him she could see an elderly woman, presumably his wife, with a fearful look on her face, hands to her lips as she gasped.

"Hello there," she said, "I was just wondering if you might consider selling your home, you see..."

"I am sorry," he replied, "but this house is not for sale."

"Yes," she said, "but I am wondering if you might consider selling it to me anyway. You see I have always wanted to live in a house like this one, and I can make you a very reasonable offer..."

"I cannot sell this house," the old man said, "It is haunted." Now she found herself becoming quite frustrated and wanted to get to the bottom of this.

“Okay, well...haunted by who?”

“BY YOU!” and with that the door slammed shut.

Reflections from the Shaman's Hut

By Trent Deerhorn

Changing Seasons/Changing Attitudes



I know that a lot of people have a mixed bag of emotions when it comes to the changing of the seasons. Some do better in certain types of weather than others, and some prefer certain aspects of different seasons over others. One of the things that I have had to focus on for myself has to do with making sure that my seasonally affected depression disorder does not take hold on long strings of grey, cloudy days, which means that when I hear someone on Game of Thrones say, “Winter is coming!” I admittedly get a bit of a chill up and down my spine! Winter, although I love the crisp, clean air, has always been a challenge for me emotionally because of the predominance of grey, cloudy days.

So as the seasons begin to change, once again, I find ways of working with that so that I am more fluid and flexible in my attitude. For example, we have a small “Christmas Tree” in our living room. Last year I became a bit overwhelmed with having to take it down and put it into storage, only to bring it out of storage once again the following year. So I decided to make it a seasonal and celebrational fixture in our home, decorating it differently for each season and for each celebration. In the “darker” seasons, there are more lights on the tree to brighten things up. In the “lighter seasons” the lights are rarely used.



As an example of this, I am providing a photo of our “Halloween Tree”. It started out with a simple garland of autumn leaves. That was to represent autumn, of course. But yesterday the Autumn Tree became the Halloween Tree. I had to wait for some of the cool decorations that I ordered on Amazon to arrive, but once they did it was TIME TO DECORATE!

In doing things like decorating differently for each season or celebration, we allow ourselves the opportunity to acknowledge the changes that are happening in our environment and in our world, as well as in our homes. I

always find that decorating creates change in the living space, thus allowing me to embrace the changes within my own being as well. As Winter sets in, the space will become more lit up with lights and candles and such, thus helping to alleviate the effects of the seasonally affected depression disorder. This is, of course, just one of many things that I do to cope with that. It is, however, by far the most fun thing that I do for this. Yes, the tree gets dusted off now and then in between the taking down of one set of decorations and the putting up of another set of decorations. But it stays in its cozy corner and helps us to acclimate to the changes that we are experiencing. This helps us to also change our attitudes when it comes to the less desirable changes in our world... such as heaps of snow descending upon us.

I invite you to also try out changing your living space to acknowledge the changes of seasons and to also simply observe how these changes, big or small, also change your attitude in life!



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

Thought for the Day

Expect the best: convert problems into opportunities; be dissatisfied with the status quo; focus on where you want to go, instead of where you're coming from; and most importantly, decide to be happy. Knowing it's an attitude, a habit gained from daily practice, and not a result or payoff.

-Denis Waitley, *The Winner's Edge*

According to the Farmer's Almanac 2022:



Tried and True: Alpine, or woodland, strawberries are an old selection, often overlooked in favor of more current American hybrids. Unlike hybrids, the alpine strawberry produces fruit “true” to seed, making it easy to share. Although their delicate, sweet-flavor fruit are not as prolific or large as those of hybrids, simple-to-grow alpines produce from June through October with as little as 4 hours of sunlight per day. For

creamy white berries (that birds tend to ignore), grow varieties “Pineapple Crush” or “White Soul”.

October 4th: Yom Kippur begins at sundown.

October 9th: Full Hunter’s Moon

Create a natural windbreak with a row of evergreens, such as eastern red cedar or white spruce.



October 10th: Indigenous Peoples’ Day/Thanksgiving Day (Canada)

Earth is dearer than gold. -Estonian proverb

October 25th: New Moon



Harvest parsnips only after a hard frost. Freezing converts the starches into sugars, greatly improving the flavor.

October 31st: Halloween



Inspirational Quotes by Alan Chazen

Man is so afraid to give in case he is taken advantage of. Surely the object of the exercise is to give and therefore being taken advantage of is a privilege and not an affliction.



Ask the Shaman: With Trent Deerhorn

Q: My mother and I have had a bit of a disagreement, so I thought I would ask you a question to see which way you lean on the subject. She says that “healers” and “fortune tellers” should not ethically charge a fee for their services. I, on the other hand, feel that they should, as long as it is reasonable. Your thoughts?

A: Oh, you have landed on a subject matter that I am very passionate about. Being a Shaman, I have been criticized for having fee, even if that fee is flexible under some circumstances. I challenge those who think this way to say such a thing to a Doctor, Lawyer, Accountant, Serving Staff, Parks and Recreation Workers, or absolutely ANYONE ELSE on the planet who works for a living. They would most likely be smacked into next week. What gives ANYONE the misguided arrogance to say that ANYONE should not be paid for what they do for a living, which clothes them, houses them, puts food on their table, and so on? It is both my personal and professional belief that such people are downright ignorant and need to give their heads a shake. We all have living expenses. And if I were to have to work outside of my professional shamanic practice, I would not be able to provide that service because I would not have any energy left over to do so. This is what I do. I have a fee. I pay my taxes on my income. Get over it.

Tidbits and Tickles:

Frequently complimented on what a pretty girl she was, five-year-old Maria had become fairly used to relatives’ and friends’ comments.

One evening my friend Eleanor came to visit just as Maria was being tucked into bed, so she came to say good night.

“My,” Eleanor said, “you have really long eyelashes!”

“Yes,” said Maria, “They should be long. I’ve been growing them for five years,” she paused, “and I never cut them once.”

A Kid's View

Kids were asked questions about the old and new testaments. The following 25 statements about the bible were written by children. They have not been retouched or corrected. Incorrect spelling has been left in.

St. John the blacksmith dumped water on his head.

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:

Betty Wrote: Trent, I am so happy to see that you are continuing to do your public ceremonies! I hope to make it out sometime.

Alexis Wrote: Ave, what a delightful “coming out” story!

Brian Wrote: What a beautiful card Existence is, and what a beautiful interpretation of it!

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Mindful Jewelry with Healing Crystals

Crystals take millions of years to form underground. The way crystals are formed (by repeating chemical structures) is believed by some to imbue them with the ability to hold energies. They are very interactive and rely on you being actively involved in your own spiritual journey.

I have always been interested in crystals and rocks. And the time when I've become a Holistic healer, I've learned crystals and connected with them more deeply. I love their looks, texture, and energies. As I'm a creative person, I've decided to introduce crystals to others in a loving look by putting them in wire wrap jewelry. Combinations of different types of metal wire are accenting the stone, and giving them an aesthetic look. In my jewelry I've used real copper wire, which is a metal with health benefits; non-tarnish silver, rose gold, brass and gold plated copper wire, which are permanently coloured and enamelled.

Each pendant is very unique. I don't use much patterns to make designs. I like to "connect" with crystal intuitively and start creating! If you like a certain piece and it was sold out, I can make a replica with your choice of wire, crystal, size, and design. I have big variety of colours, shapes, and sizes of crystals. You will like your new little "friend"! Each pendant is charged with Reiki energy, cleansed and blessed for protection and wellness. Also I can create bracelets, earrings and rings. I am taking custom orders on wrapping your own crystals also. Check my website <https://www.mindfullivingsask.com/shop> for stock variety at the present time.

If you'll have questions and requests feel free to contact me through text, email or phone call: 1-306-220-4638; cumminsmar@gmail.com

Regards,

Marina Cummins



Video Chat with the SHAMAN!



As part of my Shamanic Practice I have, for years, provided long distance healing work for people. This sometimes comes as an energy treatment and sometimes as a telephone counselling session. Well, now there is even another option available! We can now have sessions on Face Time, Skype, or Telegram, and you can speak to me face to face! If you are interested in this option, simply email me at deerhorn007@gmail.com or phone me at (306) 978.5300 to make arrangements. Blessed Be!

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