

# *Flight: A Living, Breathing Document of Consciousness*

Volume 12 Issue 129, October 2023



*Articles and excerpts that will inform and inspire!*

## Letter from the Editor



As the leaves begin to turn the world becomes even more beautiful as nature prepares for the sleep of winter. These days the riverbank in our city has become a masterpiece of color and form and it is delicious to walk along it and breathe in the autumn air. I encourage everyone to get out and enjoy this gift from nature before the snow flies.

I would like to thank my contributors to this newsletter. Without you this would be so much less. With your involvement it is something that people DEMAND. And it goes viral every month, bringing our world together and creating a global community.

If this is your first time reading this and you would like to receive a free subscription, email me your request to [deerhorn007@gmail.com](mailto:deerhorn007@gmail.com) and I will make it so.

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](https://youtu.be/O7-XUcfiz_I)

***★Please note that opinions and views in articles in FLIGHT are not necessarily shared by the editor, Trent Deerhorn, or Deerhorn Shamanic Services.***

*Enjoy the read!*

*Trent Deerhorn*

# Upcoming Events

## Moons of 2023

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

**Date:** Saturday, October 28, 2023

**Time of Day:** 4:24 pm

**Color of the day:** Blue

**Incense of the day:** Ivy

**Lunar Eclipse**

**Illuminating Resources**

**List Making**

Late in these days of letting go, I feel my grief so strongly. Gone are spring and summer, and heavily present now is fall. Done with my magical childhood and my robust youth, I turn now to the autumn of my life and feel the vulnerable and delicate nature of my body. I feel the cold more profoundly, the depression brought on by lack of light, and the need for sleep to restore me. With the full moon in Taurus shining brightly tonight, use the youthful spring energy of this sign and the bright light of the full moon to illuminate what you need to do to care for yourself now. With pen and paper, write the answers to these questions:

*What brings me warmth?*

*What gives me comfort?*

*What sustains me?*

*How do I restore myself when depleted?*

*How do I reset after grief?*

As the autumn days dwindle, let these lists guide you.

-Dallas Jennifer Cobb

## 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 centered 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**

*\*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 Ki'smet Co. at (306) 880-3433 or visit the website at <https://www.kismetco.net/> (2220 Northridge Drive Saskatoon) or <https://deerhornshamanic.com>



**Upcoming Dates:**

**October 28, 2023, Samhain (Halloween)/Full Moon Celebration *Bring a rhythm Instrument.***

# A Day of Shamanic Readings

**Saturday, October 28<sup>th</sup>, 2023**

**Readings by Trent Deerhorn**

**230 Charlebois Cres (BACK DOOR ENTRANCE)**

**By Appointment Only**

Participants will have a choice of a Water Reading or an Egg Reading

Price: \$90.00

Cash, Credit or Debit

All Readings will be 20-25 minutes in length.

To book your time contact Trent at [deerhorn007@gmail.com](mailto:deerhorn007@gmail.com) or (306) 978-5300



## Rock Talk



by Ave Riddler

Orthoceras, meaning “straight horn”, is the fossilized remains of a prehistoric cephalopod dating back about 400 million years ago. These fossils have a large range of size, anywhere from a few inches to over six feet. Often sold in single pieces, to be worn as jewelry or as a hand sized piece, you can also find pieces within their matrix carved into bowls, plates, or towers. Being an ancestor to the modern squid, octopus, and cuttlefish, the Orthoceras were special in having the ability to both swim and crawl at the bottom of the sea floor. Many

ancient civilizations harnessed and utilized the Orthocera healing properties in some way. Worn by shamans, priests, and kings, this healing gemstone was considered a sacred and powerful protective aid. It is believed that the Ancient Egyptians valued the Orthocera, using the fossils in their talismans, ritual vessels, and jewelry. There are carved amulets of Orthocera with symbols and descriptions, buried with their mummified remains.

Orthoceras is a fossil to help transform dreams into reality, by enhancing a positive outlook, and providing focus and confidence to manifest those goals. It may help to trigger psychic gifts such as clairvoyance and may help to enhance lucid dreaming, astral travel, and past-life recall. It has strong metaphysical properties and by utilizing its quite unique energy correctly it can help open the pathway for miracles to enter one’s life.

Orthoceras fossils work best with the Root Chakra or Base Chakra, inspiring one to strive for quality and excellence in life. Working with Orthoceras can help activate, open, and heal the Root Chakra. Meditation with this fossil can help one ground to the Earth and channel her healing energies through the body and through the aura. Working with the Base Chakra keeps the physical body in equilibrium, the physical body being stable gives a solid foundation for spiritual energy, which can help reduce stress and balance the emotions, a beneficial cycle of energetic exchange. This reduction in stress can help one feel uplifted and suffused with zeal, especially those who have been depressed. Orthoceras have a very calming and soothing energy promoting feelings of tranquility, contentment, and comfort. With a strong grounding energy this fossil can help one to remain grounded and present in the physical body, to be connected to the earth, to the world, to the breath and the way it moves through the body, which can make it an excellent support during deep meditation. From this calm balanced state this mineral may help enhance telepathy, and stimulate the mind, calming the inner chatter that can be holding one back. Orthoceras is a great stone for reducing depression, as a very grounding stone; it can assist in balancing emotions and increasing confidence.

Orthoceras can also help reduce anxiety prompted within business by infusing confidence in the individual. It can be used to promote pride in a job well done and encourage success in business. Working with this fossil nearby can enhance productivity and continually improve



performance. While helping enhance a skill set, Orthoceras can assist one in exploring ways to learn something new. Adding this mineral to one's workplace can help manifest accomplishments in business, clear communication, and in the development of new ideas and strategies. Orthoceras can also increase the feelings of self-confidence which can further support one in business endeavors.

This fossil opens one to opportunity, wisdom, and transformation and is an excellent tool to use during new beginnings and times of deep personal growth.

Orthoceras can assist in overcoming fears and help one to access past life information, not understanding our past lives can sometimes govern the way we perceive and receive our current life experiences, perhaps even resulting in unexplained ailments in our bodies, as fears, phobias, limiting beliefs, as well as an over-reaction to reminders of what happened sometimes hundreds of years ago.

Orthoceras healing properties are excellent to help one work through past life situations and for releasing whatever no longer serves one's higher purpose. It protects while grounding, supporting one's spiritual awakening and working with past life recall. Fear of change, feeling trapped in a cycle Orthoceras can help us release old paradigms and start making those major breakthroughs in life.

Much like many fossils, Orthoceras can be used to tap into one's connection with the ancestors to learn the wisdom and knowledge of those who have walked on this planet before us. Though this fossil can access earth and water-based ancestors since while a living creature it could connect with both.

**Physically** Orthoceras may help reduce toxin damage from nearly all organs and systems. This fossil may be used as a support in treatments to support reducing anxiety, and stress while balancing emotions. Orthoceras may be helpful in assisting with treatments of diseases, atrophy, and ailments of the bones, skeletal system, hands, and feet. Orthoceras may also be used as a support in treatments aiding instability and increasing physical stamina. Working with this mineral may aid in the reduction of tiredness, exhaustion, and low energy. Orthoceras is also believed to assist with treatments for digestive disorders to help settle the stomach, dyspepsia, and rheumatism.



I did add a few of my own insights, but otherwise most of this information is compiled from several sources online, neither of my books covers this fossil.

<https://healthyhumans.com/9-astounding-orthoceras-healing-properties/>

<https://www.rockcollage.com/single-post/orthoceras-color-facts-power-mythology-history-and-myths>

<https://sagecrystals.com/blogs/properties/orthoceras>

<https://thecrystalcouncil.com/crystals/orthoceras>

<https://dreaminggoddess.com/shop/product/orthoceras/>

I don't frequent these sites so do not know anything about them and am not endorsing them beyond the information I share about this mineral, as always buyer beware if you purchase from locations unknown to you. It is alarmingly easy for people to sell fake minerals, or manipulated ones.

## From 365 Zen daily readings by Jean Smith

People always say that the outside states obstruct the mind, and phenomenon obstructs the principle. So, they always wish to escape from the outside state to make their minds peaceful and to renounce phenomenon to protect the principle. They do not know that the mind obstructs phenomenon. Therefore, if you cause the mind to be empty, the outside states will be naturally empty, and you cause the principle to be calm, so phenomenon naturally will be calm. Do not use the mind in an upside-down way.

-Huang-Po (D.850), in Yi Wu, The Mind of Chinese Ch'an.





## From Llewellyn's Witches' Calendar 2023



In October, we stand on the shore, gazing across the threshold that connects us with the Otherworld. Beltane and Samhain have long been considered portals or entryways into the liminal. And while Beltane is the unfurling of new life and Samhain represents the dying of the agricultural year in the Northern Hemisphere, they are inextricably connected and reflect the cycles of ebb and flow in our own lives. The same newborn leaves that we beheld only six months ago now blaze with shades of amber and scarlet, their edges frayed with fragile bronze that crumbles at our fingertips.

October is a natural time for turning within, to hear the voices of those who have gone before and deepen into our essential self. It is a threshold time that reminds us of the fleeting nature of life, which invites us to treasure every moment as the gift it is. As the shadows lengthen, we are called to set a place at the table for death, if only to remember that it too is a part of the

Mystery. While October is a time for letting go, it is also a time for contemplation, to examine our lives and live with more intent. Yet as we meditate on the ephemeral nature of life, we see that the whispers of new life that will return next spring are woven into the endings.

### Sacred Composting Ritual

The sign Scorpio, which begins in October, is intimately connected to the mystery of composting and regeneration: every living thing dies and decomposes, transforming into the rich nutrients that will support the next cycle of life, reminding us that everything lives on in a different form.

Composting is the practice of taking waste and transforming it into the rich fertile soil that will nourish the roots of something yet to come. Reflect on the time that has passed since Beltane, and gather any plans, ideas, and hopes that did not come to fruition. Collect the scraps of disappointment, sorrow, or resentment you've been carrying, and trust that in time, these things will transform into the experience and wisdom that will be the foundation of a new cycle of growth. You will need the following supplies:

*Container with a tight-fitting lid*

*Paper and pen*

*1-2 cups composted soil.*

*Fallen leaves (elder, alder, birch, or yew if possible)*

*Water*

Write down all the things you want to let go of or transform. Tear the paper into pieces and layer them between the soil and leaves (like lasagna). Pour a small amount of water onto your compost – enough to moisten it, but not soak it. Say the following:

**By elder, alder, birch and yes,**

**Transform the past to something new.**

**Through alchemy and ebb and flow,**

**The seasons pass and new things grow.**

Place the lid on the container and keep it near your kitchen sink. Stir every New Moon and repeat the above spell. Keep the compost moistened. On Beltane next year, take your compost and put it at the base of a favorite tree or plant.

-Danielly Blackwood

## **THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER**

**By Ave Riddler**

The question...

We seek guidance,

Asking the adults

Eyes wide, eager to know why.

We seek reason,

Asking the priest

Eyes down, fearing to know why.

We feel lost,

Asking the sky

Eyes closed, praying to know why.

We feel hopeless,

Asking the emptiness

Eyes blind, not caring to know why.

We feel fear,

Asking the self

Eyes open, learning why.  
We feel empowered,  
Asking no longer  
Eyes seeing why.

## Marina's Divination Station

By Marina Evans

The change of the season is upon us. The leaves are changed, the animals prepare for the cold, and we complete the final harvests. This season brings so many emotions for so many, and they vary as much as the changing leaves. For some we mourn the passing of warm summer days, and for others we celebrate the fact that bugs have gone back to hell where they belong (to each their own). No matter where your emotions lay when it comes to the coming of fall, however, there's no stopping it. Change is in the air and is as inevitable as the passage of time. Although it may be an unpleasant time for some, there is something in the air that makes this time of the year feel incredibly steeped in magick.

With the passing of Mabon, and the approach of Samhain, the veil thins and the depth of our connection to things thickens. Warm beverages, cozy sweaters, crackling fires, all these things inviting us to gather and share stories, to connect, and to celebrate. Sometimes, when we feel the cold encroaching on us, it's hard to find reasons to celebrate, but many times, that's because we are living too much in the past, or too far in the future to appreciate where we are in this moment. I'm not one for the winter, but I must admit, autumn is a beautiful season to celebrate. With the end of the harvest season, we celebrate all the work we have put into our growth (literally or otherwise), and all we have gained from the season. With the advent of Samhain, we celebrate our connection to those who came before us, to those that exist around us, and to those who help and guide us when we need them most. Even with the retreat of the sun, there is much to celebrate.

On the note of celebrating the changing seasons, the deck of the month screams autumn and I thought was most fitting for the time of year! This deck is a reminder of our connection to all things around us and a connection to the very changing seasons themselves. A reminder of the magick we keep with us and that the fading sun does not mean less to gather for, less to enjoy, or less to celebrate.

### **ORACLE OF THE WITCH by Flavia Kate Peters and Barbara Meiklejohn-Free**

This deck is eye catching and enchanting from head to toe! 44 cards, all done in a very Victorian looking red, black and white scheme that pulls you in and keeps you there, assisted in no small part by the beautiful red gilded edges, which, if you know me, was a huge plus. Made with a medium card stock and matte finish they slide easily and are lovely to shuffle and handle. The guidebook is a thick 188 pages and what I liked most about it was the depth of information given. Not so much just an upright and reversal description, it also gives background on the themes of each card; The whys and how's and little witch tips to try for each card and a poem description to go along with it! The artwork on the cards themselves is also detailed enough to allow you to derive your own meaning from the cards as you use them, giving a little intuitive boost to learning the cards.

## *The Drawing of the Card*

### 34 - Sabbats - Celebration



No matter the time of the year or the season you are in, there are always things to celebrate. Always reasons to come together and create merriment and feel fulfilled in the current moment. We live, as a society, a lot of our time in another moment. As I mentioned earlier, we live dwelling on the past, worrying about the future, but seldom taking in the moment. It's time to allow yourself some space to celebrate the things you have accomplished. To be in this moment. Celebrate who you are and where you are, and even use the opportunity to recreate yourself. Change is something to celebrate all on its own. It is never too late to become the person you want to be. The trees are changing in preparation to build themselves into something new. You have every right and ability to do the same. Change can also be difficult and frightening, so make sure to celebrate every little victory along the way. We are entering a time of deepened connection to those who came before us. Allow yourself to hear them and let them celebrate with you. The only thing

there is to regret, is not doing or becoming the things we dreamed of when we had the chance. So, begin beginning again as many times as it suits you, and celebrate every step along the way as though the world was cheering for you!

Remember, there will always be people who have opinions about what you do with your life. No matter what you do. So do what you love and change as you need. You're the only person who lives it and it is your life.

If you enjoyed this and would like to see more of this deck and many others, follow me on Instagram @29crows and let me know if there are any other decks that you would like to see!

Until then, breathe.

For the Love of it,

Marina





# Reflections from the Shaman's Hut

## Life Without Risk

By Trent Deerhorn

When I was young, I was afraid to take risks. It was not necessarily that I feared for my well-being during the taking of the risk. It was more that, should the risk not turn out well, I would likely be subjected to harsh punishment from my parents. They grew up in the Great Depression, so security being high and risk being low was a top priority for them.



But when you are a gifted child who is creative beyond belief, there is an innate urge to do things differently, to think outside of the box, to take risks in life that others may never muster up the nerve to do. Frankly, when it came to thinking outside of the box, I had to first be informed that there *was* a box! I had no idea! But once that concept was put into place, it became a royal pain to work around. Eventually I became somewhat skilled at that.

I have always felt that life, without risk, is no life at all. Jump off a barn roof into a haystack? Absolutely. Dive into a new potential hobby? Why not? Become friends with someone who has a rather dubious reputation? I am IN. This type of risk taking is something that has, indeed, gotten me into trouble on more than one occasion. However, it is also something that has led me to some of the best moments and memories of my life.

When Spirit instructed me that it was time to take down my shingle of “counsellor” and hang my shingle of “shaman,” I was hesitant, to say the least. I had gone through some rough patches when communities, finding out that I was not a hard-core Christian, would try to burn down my family farm. I did not want anyone to show up in the middle of the night with torches again. But I also have always listened to Spirit and trusted in the process, so I had to stop hiding and come out of the “shamanic closet,” so-to-speak.

That was a long time ago now. Changing my presentation for people also meant changing my business name and my own surname to match my shamanic name, which I have had for a few lifetimes. When you come from a family that also has a strong sense of family pride, changing your name is a BIG deal. However, as harsh as my family could be, they also have shamanism in the roots of both sides, so they knew that if this was something that Spirit was saying I needed to do, then they would have to get on the same page.

That risk was one of the most beneficial ones. I often, before this change, felt like I was hiding my true self from the world. I felt like in using the term, “counsellor,” I could fit into a box that was acceptable and do the work that I was meant to do under the guise of that label. But my clients began to say things like, “But...you are a shaman, aren’t you?” I would reply, initially, with, “Shshshshshsh!” I was not yet ready to let that get out. But finally, Spirit informed me, rather abruptly, that it was time and I had better start wearing my name, Deerhorn, properly.

Back then it was a bit of a big deal to legally change my name. Officials were quite used to women doing it to take on their new husband’s names. But to have someone just suddenly switch their last name for no marital reason...that was a stretch for them. I had to go through the entire question period, and they had to search to make sure I was not some kind of ex-convict or anything like that. One official finally asked me, “So, please explain to me why it is that you are wanting to change your name?” My reply was simply, “Spiritual reasons.” As soon as that was brought to the table, they simply stamped my application with an “approved” stamp and I went on to then change all my identification etcetera and my business name and so on.



Of course, the other side of that risk coin is that there are always people who will challenge my “authority” when it comes to my shamanic training. They think that shamanism belongs to a certain race, culture, gender, and so on. All of that is bunk. I do not play by dogmatic rules and regulations. The fact of the matter is that I am very well

trained and have been trained all my life because shamanism was something on both sides of my family. The other fact about shamanism is that it is universal. There is no culture, spirituality, or religious practice that does not have shamanism in its roots. But as cultures, spiritualities, and religions come and go, shamanism remains true to form. It has been for well over 40,000 years or more, so I would say that it is tried, tested, and true.

I find that, in the work that I do, one of the most common aspects is encouraging people to take their own risks when it comes to discovering who they truly are, as opposed to who they are expected to be. When someone decides to take those kinds of risks, everything changes. That change can make one’s head spin at times. But once the change is complete, there is a completely new way of being that feels congruent with one’s spirit. That is a risk worth taking.

**For more articles by Trent, check out his blog at [www.deerhornshamanic.com](http://www.deerhornshamanic.com).**



# Journey of Change

By Sharon Whitethunder Baldock

*"Remember that the only constant in life is change."*

~ Buddha

Change is inevitable in our lives, sometimes without even realizing it...it happens. That is not to say that all change is good or bad, it is influenced by our decisions and intentions. Change has not been easy for me at times, I like my ducks in a row...and then one of those little fuckers runs off ...lol. I try to keep that in mind when change happens and then it lessens my anxiety. It helps to find a lighter way of seeing things with these little ducks to remind me to be compassionate with myself and others. Remembering that change is a challenge, especially when you are amid chaos.

As a "sensitive" or empath bigger cities are too much for me, even when I do all the protection, grounding, clearing regularly. It is also about self-care/needs and being in a place that works



well with your own vibration. Your vibe attracts your tribe...so do places that are meant for you.

We recently moved to a small town of a little over 200

people. We knew this was the right place/home/community for us because we manifested it. When we had the first viewing it felt warm and inviting but what finalized our decision to buy this home was the stenciled works above the living room. Live .... well, Laugh...often, Love...much.

The move was A LOT of work. We have made many moves in our 20 years, but this was the most challenging one for me. We packed, signed papers, had appointments with banks, lawyers and some self-care. We were fortunate enough to have friends help us with the move and the heavier items. Everything went very quickly, and things fell into place with ease. This is another sign when things are meant to be when everything moves smoothly. My body, as smooth as things went, accumulated new and old injuries. I have been in a lot of pain...and I have been doing a lot of self-care. We were tired (are tired) and need a holiday from the move...lol.

To explain a bit more of how we knew this was our home you need a bit more background. My dad delivered fuel to farmers in a small town and the name of the company when I knew it was "Shell". Before Shell Oil, it was known as "White Rose". Shell bought White Rose in 1962. I was told this story many times by dad and others.

For those who don't know, my dad was my best friend, he accepted and loved me in such a way that I knew I was safe and protected. I was with him most of the time when he made those deliveries to farmers, so it was a very special time sharing these moments with him. He had serious health issues with diabetes and passed away when I was 5 years old. My world completely imploded and changed forever. I didn't have that safe place, acceptance, and unconditional love...I lost my protector and best friend. I have done a lot of healing regarding this.

In the past few months, he has been visiting me. It has been confirmed by several people I do self-care with. Coming back to the "confirmations" we received about this being our home. One of the days we had been unpacking, my partner was putting some things away in the garage. I was at the back door, and she came to the door with an old "10W30" motor oil can. On the can in had the name "White Rose" 10W30. My partner said, "I think we are in the right place", I said "dads here" ...and then cried. There were a few different types of oils for different motors out there that were all new...There was just the one "White Rose" motor oil can out there.

Change can be a challenge even when things go smoothly or quickly. We can struggle with anxiety about the unknown and still get messages from our guides knowing everything will be okay. I did get many signs but the "busy" chaotic time moving took me for a ride and was not paying attention to the

messages. This "White Rose" was a sign and a message to me that I can stop pushing, and slow down, so I have. I am regrouping, doing a lot of self-care, taking some quiet moments, and doing some self-talk. I don't need to rush, I can slow down, take breaks, and take time to see how far I have come.



Change doesn't have to be a chaotic challenge; we don't have to do everything and get it done today. Change is also about going inside, asking questions like why we need to feel we have to push ourselves to get things done. Let the inner child know that it's okay to take time for you. Whatever challenges you face change will take place, and it will take you right where you need to be. We can let go of the outcome when our heart's desires are stronger than our fears. Most importantly, when you least expect it, that all important message to confirm your desires will come to you.

In October will be reopening Sacred Source Medicine. I will be available for long distance for individual services. In the coming months I will be offering long distance healing groups and workshops on weekends. In future, there will be small group retreats with ceremony. I hope to be travelling to other small towns

in the area to offer my workshops and if you are close by you might want to attend. Make sure you subscribe to my website or check for updates.



## Thought for the Day

Truth does not change although your perception of it may vary or alter drastically.

-John & Lyn St. Clair Thomas, *Eyes of the Beholder*

## According to the Farmer's Almanac 2023:



### The Mitten Tree

The aromatic sassafras tree, which can reach a height of 60 feet, produces clusters of yellow flowers in spring; on female trees, these are followed in September by small, dangling clusters of res-stem, bluish-black berries that birds eagerly devour. The tree's leaves come in three forms – mitten-shape, three-lobe, and oval – and turn vibrant red, orange, yellow, or purple in autumn. The roots and bark were once used to make root beer, until the safrole compound that they contain was found to be a carcinogen.

October 9<sup>th</sup>, Thanksgiving Day (Canada)



October 12<sup>th</sup>, National Farmer's Day



October 14<sup>th</sup>, New Moon



October 28<sup>th</sup>, Full Hunter's Moon

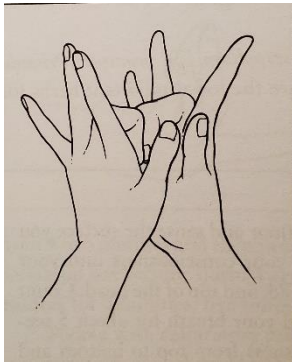


October 31<sup>st</sup>, Halloween



## Mudras

Taken from *Mudras: Yoga in your HANDS* by Gertrud Hirschi



### Asthma Mudra

Both hands: Press together the fingernails of the middle fingers and keep other fingers extended.

In case of an acute asthma attack, first do the Bronchial Mudra for 4 to 6 minutes. Then use this Asthma Mudra until the breathing calms down. For long-term treatment, use these two mudras five times every day for 5 minutes.

Unfortunately, I am not one of those fortunate people who once had asthma but got rid of it through a radical cure with medication and never felt anything again. Many members of my family on my father's side had asthma, so it is a "dear" family heirloom. But despite this, I live without any medication because I follow certain rules of behavior. My tips are sure to help asthma patients, which is why I'm passing them on here:

*During cold weather, never breathe through your mouth because the bronchial tubes will become inflamed and congested.*

*Try not to be in a hurry because every incidence of stress activates the adrenal glands. Adrenaline promotes the congestion and constriction of the bronchial tubes.*

*Eat a light diet with little meat; meat once a week is enough.*

*No mild products, tomatoes, hot peppers, or kiwi. No smoking should be obvious.*

*Don't take medications that weaken the immune system, such as antibiotics.*



*Get enough fresh air by taking long walks. Do yoga or gymnastics every week and get enough rest.*

Most people who suffer from breathing difficulties are familiar with inner loneliness (too much detachment from the surrounding world) and/or cannot set boundaries. Consequently, they feel themselves plagued by other people's duties and problems (too little detachment).

*Visualize pictures of wide expanse – the ocean, the sky with clouds, and mountains (you stand on the peak). Take this expansiveness into your heart and lung area. While exhaling, let the distances become greater; while inhaling, let them become smaller again – a proportion that is right for you. Now do the same with the people or duties that you find oppressive.*

**Affirmation:** *I detach myself from everything that constricts me and fully enjoy my new freedom. I feel safe and secure in the divine light, which gives me support.*

## Inspirational Quotes by Alan Chazen

The difference between the haves and the have-nots is not knowledge, but rather, know-how. Anyone, great or small, can acquire know-how. It is simply a case of "learn and apply." If you are a slow learner, the journey will simply be a little longer.



### Ask the Shaman: With Trent Deerhorn

**Q:** I noticed that you have a "thing" for dandelions. Often there is one in the background of a photo of you, and in the summer, I also noticed that you have a tattoo of a dandelion on your shoulder. I am wondering what the meaning is for you.

**A:** There are psychologists who use the analogy of "dandelion, daisy/tulip and orchid" to describe different personality and genetic types in children. However, I will tell you what it means to me, and leave the psychology part to them. You can research that part on your own.

Although there was love in the family I grew up in, there were also a LOT of harsh things that would go on. As a gifted child who was very sensitive, this became much like growing



up in a war-torn battle ground. I learned to use my gifts for survival to keep myself out of danger. I also had to learn how to use my gifts in a more self-defensive manner. These gifts only grew over time. It made me not just a survivor of various forms of abuse, but also a thriver. I can thrive pretty much anywhere if I must. Thus, the dandelion. A dandelion can grow anywhere. It grows in lawns, gardens, through concrete, through pavement, and through rocks. It *will* grow. And as it grows, its yellow blossoms spread sunshine for anyone who can appreciate it. Once the blossoms are done, they form seeds that, when carried by the wind, spread hope for the future. I have always felt that this describes me to a tee.

## **SLAUGHTER IN SASKABUSH**

**by Gail Fulkerson**

It had been a taxing day for Frank; the hot water heater broke down, the paper boy lobbed his newspaper into the neighbor's sprinkler again, and the eggs he fried up for his breakfast burned and stuck to the pan. To top it off, the satellite tv gave up the ghost, right in the middle of his favourite soap, "The Hellhounds of Saskabush." Now Frank would never know who killed whom, when, or why. He gnashed his teeth and fangs in displeasure.

His demeanor was foul as he stepped out his front door on his way to work, driving a van to deliver meals to mostly- housebound seniors. Once the van started up and he was rolling down the road, the events of the morning faded from his memory.

Frank's route was getting shorter the longer he delivered meals; he wondered whether it was due to his penchant for killing off his customers or if there was some other, more pedestrian explanation, like another daemon horning in on the action. He decided to stop in at the office to check out the duty roster, looking for the addition of new drivers. Finding none, he got back into his van and continued his day, deciding to reap the last

delivery on his route, the very elderly widow, Mrs. Typewriter. She had to have been a hundred and ninety-nine if she were a day.

Frank rang the doorbell and watched her slowly toddle from her kitchen to the front door. No sooner had she unlocked the deadbolt than Frank kicked the door open the rest of the way, knocking Mrs. Typewriter onto her backside just beyond the doormat. He thought he heard a wee cracking sound, like brittle bones snapping, but he could have been mistaken. As he stood over her prone body, Mrs. Typewriter gasped at the sight of Frank the daemon in her foyer, or maybe it was because she had landed on her bad hip on the old oak wood floor.

“Well, Mrs. T., this is awkward. Here, let me help you up,” said Frank in his gravelly voice, offering her one of his dark, leathery hands. Mrs. T. began screaming and whimpering in turns as she tried to backpedal, without success. Oh, the dangers of slippers that have no grip on a polished oaken floor...

The daemon Frank was on her in a flash, tearing out her throat to end the screaming, and plucking out her eyeballs to stop them from staring into his soul. His prey's terrified eyes boring into the darkest depths of his daemoniac spirit set his fangs on edge.

That day, Mrs. Typewriter ended up daemon food, mere steps inside her front door. Frank ate the old woman's head and shoulders before he put the rest of her in an expandable waste bag and carted it out to the van. He made sure to close and lock the deceased woman's front door, making it look as if nothing untoward had occurred. The neighbours wouldn't notice anything amiss, not for a while anyway, which suited him, the steely-haired and steely-jawed daemon very well.

During the slaughter, the old woman's blood had soaked into the doormat; he made sure to put it in a separate bag for the trip to his apartment. There's nothing more refreshing than a glass of chilled human blood wrung from a doormat to quench a daemon's thirst. If the blood is strained first to capture all the dirt and hair that accumulates in the mat's fibers before it's drunk, the grit and loose hairs would become delightfully stuck between a daemon's fangs. In Frank's case, he enjoyed the extra bits and would spoon out the sludge at the bottom of his glass, savoring its gritty, hairy texture.

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The next morning, there were no issues with the hot water heater, his newspaper missed the neighbor's sprinkler, and his eggs slid easily out of the pan and onto the hot, buttered toast on his plate. The satellite tv was working well, and his favourite soap, "The Hellhounds of Saskabush" was replaying yesterday's episode. Bonus! Now Frank would learn who killed whom, when, and why.

When he arrived at the office, Frank was elated to learn that he'd been assigned a new route for the day. His elation was short-lived, however, when he discovered the reason: the authorities were investigating the deaths occurring at an alarming rate on his previous route.

Feeling a strong urge to make himself scarce, Frank jumped into the van loaded with meals and left to make his deliveries. Halfway through his day, Frank received a phone call from his boss, advising him to return to the office ASAP. Another driver would finish the deliveries as soon as Frank returned.

Frank knew nothing good would come of this meeting. He had been on tenterhooks for weeks, after he'd heard some of the rumors floating around that maybe he was responsible for the deaths on his route. He made a note to get rid of the human remains still in his freezer and fridge in case the cops or detectives showed up at his door. It was too late, however: the authorities had been at his apartment and taken all his 'food' as evidence.

Their next stop was the meal delivery office, where Frank was currently trying to decide whether to stay and face the music or flee. The matter was settled when the police arrived and took him into custody: he went quietly, biding his time until he was in the back of the police car and could tear out the metal screen between the front and back seats. Once that was accomplished, he could set about dispatching the two cops sitting mere inches in front of him. They would never know what hit them.

The handcuffs applied to Frank's wrists were easily pulled apart and removed; his sharp fangs made short work of them. Daemonic strength was legendary in the human and daemonic realms. He peeled open the car door and left the scene, a blood-soaked horror show, on the side of the road.

Frank kept to the shadows as he made his way. He'd put out a call to all daemons for assistance, a call that was silent to humans. Within moments, Frank was surrounded by his cronies, demanding to know the details, so he sent them to check out the cop car parked on the roadside. A second patrol car was just pulling up behind the first one; the daemons made short work of the second car's driver and passenger, divvying up the meal.

\*\*\*\*\*

If only the cops had understood that they were up against a gang of marauding daemons and not your run-of-the-mill convict. That one piece of information would have guaranteed that the 'manhunt', a huge operation to recapture Frank, would have never been launched.

The cost to human lives was astronomical, as were the financial and materiel losses. The police department was decimated; the force was down to a handful of officers, and the motor pool was reduced to one dilapidated patrol car; the rest of the fleet was either left burning on the side of the highway or soaked in the blood of dead, decapitated cops.

Weapons — guns, rifles, stun guns, flash bangs — were useless against the horde of daemons causing mayhem in the city. Current thinking was that nothing short of a nuclear blast could rout them. Then, a little old lady who always worked the night shift, recalled hearing that daemons are afraid of cats, regardless the animals' size or age.

Thus began the historic daemonic purge. Word spread. The townspeople deposited hundreds of cats and kittens in the town square and quickly sorted them according to size, weight, color, and stress level. The most anxious felines were reserved for the end of the onslaught, when the daemons, weakened by the attack, would be met with highly agitated kitties, with fangs and sharpened talons aimed at the daemons' heads, especially their eyes. A blind daemon is a useless daemon, no better than a cat toy. Also, an eyeless daemon could no longer look into your soul, another plus.

Oh, it was glorious! Kitties by the dozens, with instincts honed to attack daemons, were unleashed in the town square. Hand-to-paw warfare ensued, as the kittys fanned out and engaged their enemies, biting and clawing daemonic faces, drawing blood that ran in

rivulets down to the cobblestones under foot. The kittys would not disengage until the prey was either dead or close to death, then they'd move on to the next one.

Frank the Daemon was one of the last daemons the kittens attacked and slaughtered in the town square. His body was blood-soaked and almost unrecognizable as it lay steaming on the cobblestones. The kitties had clawed out his eyes and ripped out his throat, slashed his arms, and took out the tendons in his legs so he could no longer run. Then, the cats and kittens en masse jumped on him and sliced and diced his body until it lay in a bloody heap. Frank the Daemon was no more, and not one daemon would mourn his death; not his parents or his best buddy, Larry.

The daemoniac death toll was horrifying. Daemons fell by the hundreds that day; the kitties fared far better. Only one kitty was lost because of a broken leg that severely restricted its movement and it couldn't escape in time. The daemon who snatched him up and ate him in one bite, had the smirk wiped off his face by six of that kittens' pals.

\*\*\*\*\*

The townspeople got to work cleaning up the carnage and returning to a semblance of normal life. The blood and guts were disposed of at the abattoir on the outskirts of town, the cobblestones hosed off, and the kitties were fed their choice of roasted, fried, poached, or raw, daemon chow. The felines were sated at the end of the evening's celebrations and were looking for a place to bed down and let the night and their full bellies digest. Luckily for the cats, the townspeople had laid out pillow-lined boxes for them, so all they had to do was to choose whichever box they liked.

The Great Daemoniac Slaughter in Saskabush went down in history as the greatest showdown between cats and daemons. Not a shot was fired, but kitties were thrown with



malice in the faces of marauding daemons. As stated earlier, hundreds of daemons fell and only one kitty bit the dust that day.

Frank's funeral was scheduled for a week after the carnage. The venue was the slaughterhouse he loved so well. He was cremated and his ashes placed in a cookie tin that Larry dug out of the garbage. Not one daemon in attendance shed a tear, since daemons don't cry or wail at funerals, they gnash their fangs instead, and there was plenty of that, as the tin was opened, and Franks' ashes were dumped off the Broadway bridge and into the North Saskatchewan River. As the ashes sank into the dark water, the daemons who bothered to show up quietly said their goodbyes and sauntered away.

Goodbye, Frank.

## Tidbits and Tickles:

***As your beauty fades, so will his eyesight.***

—Phyllis Diller

## Forum

**We like your feedback! Of the previous issue:**

**Alyssa Wrote:** Ave, I loved your article on heart-shaped stones.

**Brad Wrote:** I tried the Release with Courage spell. It worked!

**Shelley Wrote:** I am really digging Marina's Divination Station.

**Betty Wrote:** As a gardener, I want to learn how to hear what plants are saying.

**Len Wrote:** I am finding the mudras quite helpful.

## Classified Ads



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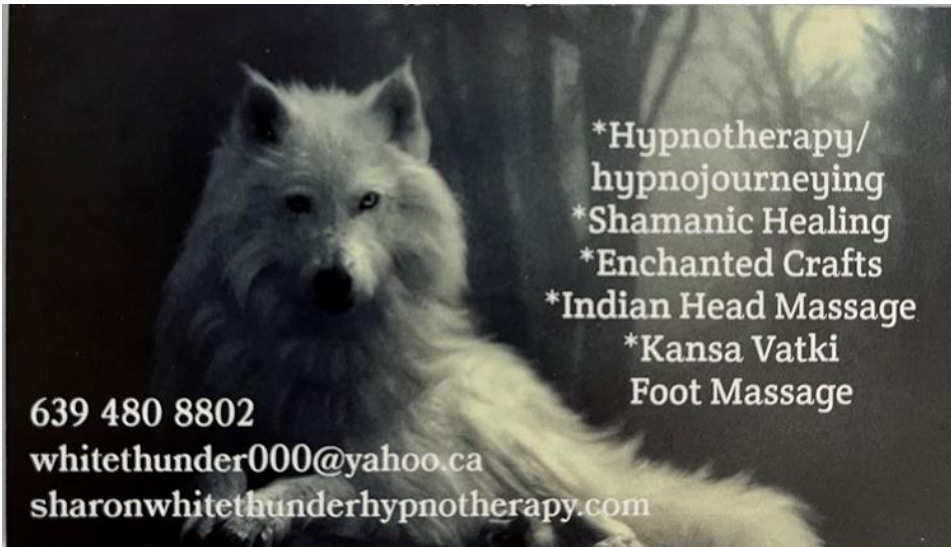
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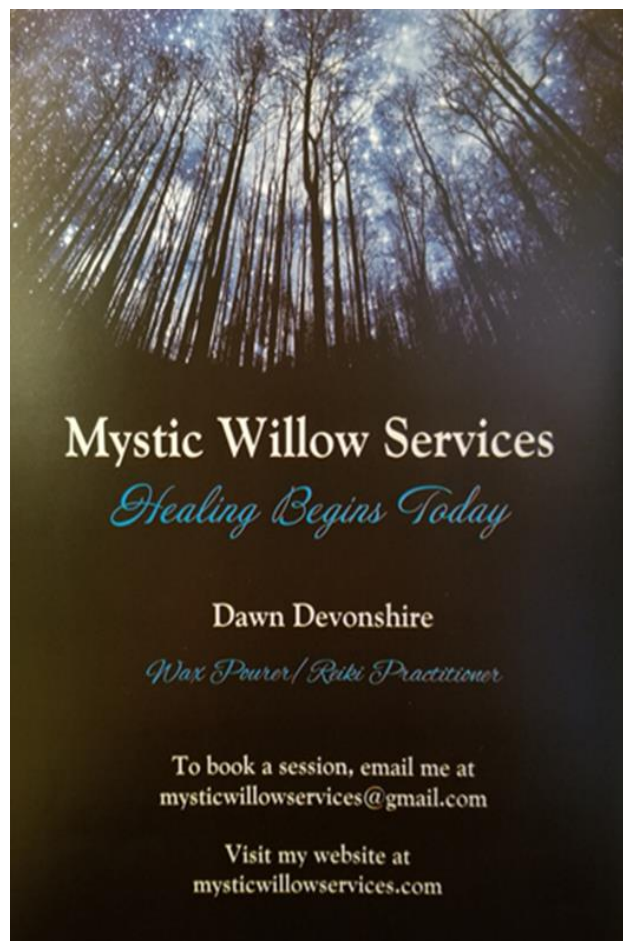
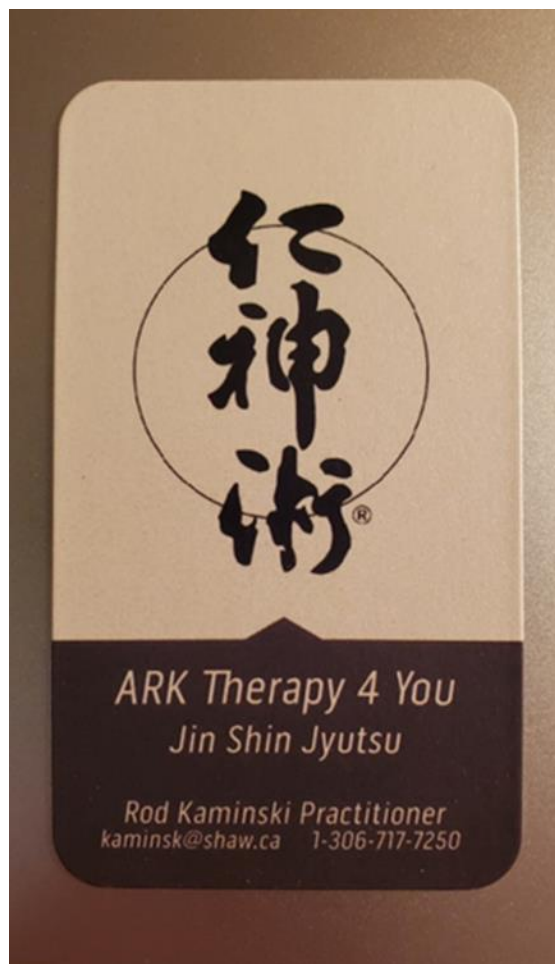
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## Video Chat with the SHAMAN!

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](mailto:deerhorn007@gmail.com) or phone me at (306) 978.5300 to make arrangements. Blessed Be!



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