

Flight: A Living, Breathing Document of Consciousness

Volume 12 Issue 130, November 2023



Articles and excerpts that will inform and inspire!

Letter from the Editor



November has always been a mixed bag of stuff for me. On the one hand I do love the fact that we honor those who have died so that we may live in a country with freedoms. On the other hand, the cold sets in hard. With that cold the snow comes, sometimes with a fury! And although I do enjoy not having mosquitos pestering me while I am outside, I spend a lot of time inside because it is cold. So, I spend time outside clearing away snow (which counts as exercise) and the rest of the time curled up with a book and a fireplace while our dogs drape themselves around my lap and keep me warm and toasty, sometimes too much so. But can you ever really get too much puppy dog love? I think not.

I would like to thank my contributors for their wonderful articles and stories etc. You make this newsletter so much more interesting than it would be without you.

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 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

★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

Full Moons of 2023

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

Date: November 27

Time of Day: 4:16 am

Color of the day: Gray

Incense of the day: Rosemary

Consecration of a Magic Cupboard

Practical magic is what I like, and I want to be able to get all my magical resources in an instant when I feel the inspiration or need to cast a spell of a particular type. As witches, we seem to amass over time a large supply of magical resources and equipment, from pots and pans to oils, incense, herbs, salts, and all manner of things.

Therefore, I created a magic cupboard, a place in my kitchen where all things used for magic and magic only are given special pride of place. I do not have these items mixing with everyday things. For example, I do not allow a pot that was used for a spell to be used for everyday cooking. There are a couple of reasons for this: one, it diminishes the spell and magic, and two, I want to avoid cross-contamination between the spell ingredients and the food, especially if I'm cooking for other people. Plus, it goes against what I was taught regarding magic: to grow your knowledge of magic and always respect your magical resources.

In your kitchen or wherever you have room, clean out the cupboard you will be using and then waft some sage around it to cleanse it or place a bowl of salt in it for twenty-four hours. Then remove the salt and place your magical items in the cupboard. As you do so, say this spell over the items:

In this cupboard, safe you shall be

From all manner of negativity.

When you are called, I ask for thee,

To perform in perfection my witchery.

The space doesn't have to be a cupboard and can even be just a box or a bag. It just needs to be something special to keep your magical resources separate from your everyday items.

Tudorbeth

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/> (16-2220 Northridge Drive Saskatoon) or <https://deerhornshamanic.com>



Upcoming Dates:

November 25, 2023: Full Moon Celebration *Bring a rhythm Instrument.*

Rock Talk



by Ave Riddler

This week I got some upsetting news, and somehow writing about crystals or fossils doesn't sit right. I want to instead talk about something deeply personal. This should come with a trigger warning; my journey wasn't always sunshine and yellow. So, consider yourself warned this gets dark before the light.

I faced a few traumas as a child, inappropriate touching by grown men, so-called friends, and strangers, not a lot of them, only a few but a few is enough. I learned at an early age it was easier to stay quiet, to let them touch if they wanted, that "no" wasn't an option. I clearly recall the words "it's what boys do with girls they like." I also became what is now called dissociative disorder, I disconnected from what was happening to my body. I hid within my own mind and let some other part of myself deal with it, a defense to protect the innocence within. When I was young enough, I thought it was normal that when your imaginary friends come to play, you go away. I knew those selves as different people than me, some were more grown up, and some were younger. Because of the dissociations, I grew up with a lot of mental gaps, there were days I would be getting ready for school one minute, then be sitting down to supper with my parents the next. I can recall people would complain to me that they saw me at the park or store and would call my name only to have me completely ignore them; they had no way of knowing and I had no way to explain they had said the wrong name. As time passed, I slowly started to remember some of the things my mind had guarded me from, and totally blamed myself; there was something wrong with me that made those people hurt me. I was the cause. I also entered my fear and shame stage of life, afraid to trust, and ashamed that I caused people to hurt me. I remember lying and hiding my story, sure that others would see me as flawed, dirty, contaminated, bad news.

When I entered high school, I was a mess, mentally vulnerable and ripe for a continuation of those experiences. I made one of the worst choices I could have made and started to trust the wrong person with my story, with my physical self. This person whom I now call my ex-monster spent almost three years slightly pushing my boundaries, then backing off, proving time and again that I was right to put my trust in him. We loved him, we knew he loved us, we wanted to, someday when we were less afraid, be with him. He played an intricate game with me, messing with my head, while building my trust and dependency. I started self-harming around this point, my mind was so numb sometimes that a quick little slice with a blade would mean I at least felt something. I wore long sleeve shirts in the summer to hide the marks I had made on my arms. I was ashamed of the welts, but I had to keep doing it to feel something. We did this abusive toxic dance, until the day he pushed the boundary and did not stop, and still I blamed myself.

Still, I saw it as my own flaw, fed myself shame and guilt. He wasn't to blame at all, it was me, it had always been me, otherwise why did it keep happening. I also completely hid the truth of what was happening, lied to everyone who might have helped, made it sound like we were in love, and all was right in my world. No one would ever be able to understand (it was pointless to try) I loved him and surely that was enough.

Sometime after that first complete breach of my trust I started to try to get away, but it was scary and almost addictive being in his power. It was all I knew, plus by then he was in my head, had me convinced he did love me, which was why he couldn't resist me. It really was my fault after all. I would take a few tentative steps away, only to fall back into what I knew and understood. Plus, as I said some parts of me loved this guy, this monster, we saw him as the savior, who would one day realize how much we loved him, and suddenly change his ways, and love us right, we would change him! I attempted to end my life during this stage, again I saw it as me; I was the problem, the burden, and I was sure that if I were gone, maybe someone would be sad briefly, but ultimately relieved. Often, I was even sure no one would notice or care if I was gone. There was enough of that self-defense part of me within my head, the same part that once had started dissociating to protect the innocent core self, that was standing firm in the belief that we did matter, it wasn't OUR fault, we had done nothing wrong. It was that core self that kept making me try to escape, seek support in the form of a warrior, someone to depend on to help me break free of the toxic relationship. My first step out was with a boy who, while we didn't last, started helping me realize I could say no, I could be loved just as I was. Unfortunately, when that relationship ended, I still wasn't ready to stand on my own two feet to finally escape and went stumbling back to the ex-monster. At least I knew he'd hurt me; I knew what to expect. One thing had already changed though; he never had the chance to push my boundaries ever again, I finally had found my "no."

Not long after I graduated, I did find my warrior "in slightly tarnished armor" who helped me finally escape the ex-monster, helped me start on an epic healing journey and over time the dissociating came to an end. He helped me find the first spark of a phoenix fire within me. It was a lot of hard work, a lot of times almost lost in the ashes of my past. I would find myself sliding back into fear, shame, and guilt, blaming myself. I also found anger, and rage against those who hurt me but that venom, luckily, didn't last long. Gradually though, as I worked to fight my inner demon, I made a shift from shame and guilt to determination. I realized I was still giving them power over me, by remaining ashamed, and hiding my truth. I stopped hiding my story, lying about what I had survived, and started telling my story to others to try help them find their own spark. I started becoming the phoenix.

It was a lot of years, a lot of tears; there were plenty of setbacks, but also huge triumphs. I slowly started trusting myself, found my inner warrior, fought like hell. I will never say it was easy, it was one of the hardest things I have done. Not once did I feel selfish when I cut my skin or thought of ending my own life. I totally believed at my darkest point that the inner demon was right, I was the problem, I was the cause, I was the burden, I was flawed, soiled, damaged. It was the RIGHT thing to do, to just stop being. I completely believed those toxic things about myself, so when I hear others say someone taking their own life is a selfish act I speak out.

In the not-so-distant years I stood on the brink of a very painful experience that would have once sent me spiraling into despair and caused that inner demon to start whispering lies into my head. I was suddenly left without the support I had once needed and relied on; my warrior “in slightly tarnished armor” was no longer in my life. I was a train wreck at first yes, but there was one big difference, one reason the inner demon couldn’t get a hold of my thoughts. When I was thrust into flying solo, at first, I didn’t trust that I could do it alone, was sure I would fail. Then I realized I didn’t have to do it totally on my own. Instead of lying and hiding the struggle I was facing I trusted my friends and family to be there, to believe they wouldn’t see me as a burden, would bolster me if I started to falter.

I also learned I can and will stand firmly on my own two feet, that I no longer need a warrior to defend me, because I have become my own warrior. To quote a dear friend “cuz bad ass.”

Decades later, that phoenix has truly risen out of the ashes, the past that once almost ended her life no longer holds any power over her. The only time I revisit those memories now is to offer guidance to someone who may be facing the same kind of inner demon. I know hearing my story won’t always help, as is the case in this recent time, but still, I will try. Sometimes unfortunately we will lose a wonderful person to that inner demon who whispers to them they are damaged, flawed, a burden. It makes my heart ache when someone is so lost in the dark, smothered in the ashes of their past that the inner demon wins. To truly believe the world will be a better place without them in it. So, I will share my story and hope. Written in memory of those who have lost that battle.

Blessed be,
Ave Riddler

Proud to be Canadian.

What do we Canadians Have to be Proud of?

1. Smarties (not sold in the USA)

THE HEALING PROCESS & BEING A SENSITIVE

By Sharon Whitethunder Baldock



The title really should include everyone who goes through healing, but Sensitive are not the general population. Some would say that Sensitive were created by trauma but that is only partly true. We were sensitive prior to trauma, the trauma forced us to expand our abilities out of survival, or we completely blocked them.

In my instance, I had a mother who was considered a very nice lady...and she was. After my dad passed away, she was the sole griever in the family, I never had the opportunity or the support to deal with my own grief. With my mother there was no emotional intimacy, I did not feel I could come to her with anything, especially emotions. There was an emotional loneliness, she was so preoccupied with her own pain she didn't notice any of my inner experiences. She had no emotional awareness of how her stunted emotional maturity affected me.

I grew up very quickly after dad passed away and in other ways I didn't want to grow up. I had the emotional baggage of my mother that I had to deal with. Once I became a teenager, I felt trapped in taking care of my mother, so when it came to romantic relationships, they would end up being one-night stands, that way I would not have the emotional responsibility of someone else's feelings. In some cases, I became so invested in the relationship I became needy because for the first time I felt such a deep connection, and I didn't have that in my childhood.

I could hardly wait to become an adult to get away and have freedom. I didn't want responsibility, I just wanted to go out and party. Even then I put everyone else's needs before mine...and I was good and taking care of my friends. Not all friendships were good ones either.

I have done A LOT of therapy and healing. I am doing better and feeling stronger BUT that does not mean I can tolerate discussions about my mother. I know there are triggers which means there is more shadow to heal. So, when people start a sentence like "Your mother did the best



she could” or “Do you remember when _____ this happened”? If someone is dealing with healing issues from an emotionally immature parent this is not helpful, in fact it is damaging to their healing process. You can’t simply “remind or create” a good memory to replace the negative ones because it’s uncomfortable for you. You cannot reminisce because the memories are overshadowed by the trauma we experienced.

No one has the right to tell someone the time limit in their healing process, it takes as long as it takes. Most of all if you really want to understand you need to do some research and educate yourself about the emotional damage that was caused. I will suggest some books to read at the end of the blog.

Each person has their own unique path with healing, there is no wrong way, so long as it is beneficial with respect and understanding. As an empath I am growing more everyday especially after doing a good portion of my healing, I read a lot of psychology books and had counselling that specializes in adoption and parenting. This helps release the guilt and shame that was inflicted as a child that was carried with me into adulthood.

The most important aspect of healing is boundaries. As I move forward in my healing there will be more boundaries being set with family, friends, and acquaintances. I spent all my life stuffing down and caring for others’ emotional well-being, now I am learning how to care for myself.

Empaths need boundaries to protect their energy not just on the emotional/physical level but more importantly on the spiritual level. Some of my empathic gifts have people drawn to me that tell me their whole life story and this has happened to me since I was young. They feel safe and absorb my energy to lift them up or clear them of the heaviness. I still need to do more work around that. Ultimately, this ends up with me receiving attachments. Attachments can range from lost and confused souls to very dark and dangerous entities. This caused many serious health issues at one point, but I am becoming stronger and more whole with each step of healing I take.

The way I stay strong and become more whole means a variety of self-care methods. These are just a few.

Protect your energy:

- ❖ Setting boundaries and stopping conversations that affect your healing process.
- ❖ Sometimes you may need a break from people who do not respect your boundaries.
- ❖ Have people who relate, understand, and support your healing. (They have educated knowledge by reading and making the effort, not just hearing you)

- ❖ Spending quiet time alone in nature & connecting to the earth.
- ❖ Cord cutting
- ❖ Clearing your energy and your home's energy regularly
- ❖ Meditative methods that calm you and bring you peace.
- ❖ Energy exercises that raise your vibration.
- ❖ Learn more about Sensitives, Empaths, and other abilities (What resonates with you)
- ❖ Find your passion & purpose.
- ❖ Do your healing work (Preferably with supportive counselling if necessary)
- ❖ Find the right healers to assist you and know when it's time to move on and find other methods.

What some may not realize is that sometime when we feel sad or become depressed it can be accumulated from other people's energy that we take on. It can also be passed down, inherited, or come from your ancestral lineage. This is why learning clearing and protective techniques are so important. There are more methods and processes that we need to do. We need to connect to our innate knowledge, abilities and especially our intuition so we can learn, grow, and wield our own power.

It takes time and courage to face our shadow, it's not pretty, it's not easy...but it's so worth it...because you are worth it.

I've experienced being a Sensitive for over 50 years and have been a guide and teacher for empaths and gifted people for 18 years. I am certified as a Youth Worker, group facilitator/life skills coach, peer group counselor, and in Hypnosis. I work with Norse Shamanic methods, and I have been a Reiki Master for 16 years. I offer hypnojourneying and hypnosis in my workshops to help with healing, letting go and feeling confident. If you want to understand and learn more about Sensitives/Empaths and other abilities join my upcoming workshop "The Shining Ones".

See details on my website:

Sharonwhitethunderhypnotherapy.com

Recommended books:

Mother Hunger by Kelly McDaniel, LPC NCC CSAT

Adult Children of Emotionally Immature Parents by Lindsay C. Gibson, PsyD

Hidden Cost of Stress by Gabor Mate, Dr. Physician, Author & Speaker

The Primal Wound by Nancy Verrier, M.A. master's in clinical psychology.

From Llewellyn's Witches' Calendar 2023



The November wind has many voices. It can be as gentle as a baby's breath when it plays tag with the last fallen dried leaves of autumn as they rustle down a country lane. Or it can howl like a banshee in the night as it swooshes down the chimney, making the flames dance. The wind of November is a wind of transition and change. But it's not like the wind of March, which brings the promise of spring and flowers.

The wind of November speaks gruffly as it surges down from the frozen tundra, bringing with it the fury of the coming winter. Laden it with freezing rain, sleet, and snow, and it becomes a raw force of nature – a force that, over time, can scar the face of a lofty mountain summit or carve a valley. Its voice may whisper through the pines, and it can be heard in the creak of an unlocked gate swinging on rusty hinges in the November darkness. For all its power, the November wind has cleansing qualities. The ancients realized this.

That's why they frequently incorporated the November wind into their spells for clearing, change, or banishing.

Perform the following spell on a windy November night when clouds scud across the sky. Visualize the invisible wind tides turning the Wheel of the Year to its completion and, ultimately, carrying your wish to the Unseen Realm, where it will begin to work.

November Wind Spell

This spell will clear or banish a habit or problem from your life. You'll need the following:

Black piece of fabric.

Black taper candle in a holder.

Heatproof dish or cauldron.

Sheet of paper and pen.

Cover your altar with the fabric. In the center place the candle in a holder, and in front of it set your heatproof container. Next, write your wish or problem on the paper. Read it aloud to

yourself. Now tear the paper into pieces and place them into the container. Carefully light the candle. Ignite the torn paper with the candle's flame. Let the paper burn, then sit quietly before the altar. Visualize the candle's flame absorbing any negativity, then snuff out the candle.

When the ashes cool, gather them. You may place them into a small bag. Then go to an isolated area if possible or to your backyard. Scatter the ashes to the wind as you say,

Paper and words turned to ash,

Allow my problem to remain in the past.

I release my wish to the November wind.

Never shall this problem plague me again.

Visualize the wind carrying your spell to the Divine, where it will begin to work. As you return home, listen for messages carried on the November wind. They'll give you clues how your spell may work. Perhaps you'll hear the hoot of an owl, dried fallen leaves clicking along the path, or the bark of a fox on a distant hill. Listen. There are messages to be heard on the November wind.

James Kambos

Marina's Divination Station

By Marina Evans

Hello one and all and welcome back to the Divination Station!

There is something about this time of the year that makes stories so much more powerful. Of course, stories always carry a powerful story, but when the veil is thin, these same stories can bring us to new heights of wonder, joy, or even terror. Whether it's the wind whistling through the mostly bare trees, the early onset of the dark in the evening, or the feeling of connection to all those things that once were, who can say, but the stories we share become something more potent.

The power of storytelling is something that can be seen throughout history as it was used by so many peoples and cultures to not just entertain, but to share cultures, beliefs, and tell history itself. While some of these stories have been carried through the ages, others dipped in and out of existence, hardly being told. Regardless of how long a story may last, the importance of sharing stories and making them remains at the forefront. One of the most important things we use story telling for is healing.

The healing power of stories takes on many forms. One such way is relating to the characters therein and seeing our struggles in theirs. How they handle their troubles and come through hard times inspires us to move through our own. The beautiful thing about

this is that what is important in the story is different to everyone that hears it, and what they take away from the story can be so varied, even by the same person reading the same story at a different point in their lives. Stories can meet us where we are and show us something in ourselves that we didn't even know was there. This can be either something powerful we can use or something that needs healing, either way, it helps us grow.

We have, through the ages, amassed a plethora of stories and folk tales that have proven themselves and withstood the test of time. Stories that were a part of childhood and rites of passage for centuries. What better way to explore the realm of the healing power of these stories than through stories transformed into tarot.

TAROT OF TALES by Melinda Lee Holm

This folk tale inspired deck pulls images and phrases from folk tales from all over the world. Some you may know and others that will be brand new. Seeing these images in the roles of tarot give these tales a whole new life and meaning. A reading becomes even more than that as it becomes a folk tale of your own! The change in perspective makes the reading you receive. So much more personal and endearing.

A beautifully illustrated deck of 78 cards, each carrying images from a different folk tale in a thick, matte finish makes the cards durable but still manageable in the hand. It. Comes with a hardcover guidebook that gives you different symbolisms and meanings for each card based on its position or why you may be doing the reading. Though, if you are not familiar with the tales the images are pulled from, you may have to do some digging as the book focuses on the meaning of those images in the tarot without giving much insight as to the stories they originally come from, but you will most definitely find some familiar faces among the cards!

The cards and guidebook come in a delightful, detailed box with more art which borders on nostalgic. It really is worth a look if you're a collector of fairy tales and a fan of storytelling!

Drawing of the Card



Ten of Swords
Realm: The Sky

A large part of storytelling is knowing when the story should end. When you have said all you can say and shown the readers the information and must leave them with the final words knowing you have come to a natural conclusion. The same can be said for many of us when dealing with different situations in our lives. There comes a time when we realize we have left nothing unsaid, given all that we can, and now it must come to its natural end and move on. A fresh start cannot happen if we continue to explain what we have already made plain. A new story cannot begin if we are afraid to finish the last one. Maybe it was a really good story, but to drag it on means to risk losing the magic of the tale. Who knows? Maybe the next story will be even better. There is magic in the space between as well. The magic you feel when the story is over, and

you spend time reflecting on all the best chapters before you finally put the book on the shelf to begin a new one. That's your time now. Close the book, sit in the moment, and let yourself feel it. Knowing that story will stay with you forever. Then, once you're done being in that moment, put the book away, and begin the next one.

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

Faith in Humanity

By Trent Deerhorn

I don't know about the rest of you, but ever since around 2016 I have had a very difficult time maintaining my faith in humanity. The last number of years seems to have provided us with numerous examples of how horribly people can treat one another. If it isn't a matter of whether someone has a vaccine, it is about who they choose to love or the fact that they cannot change their sexual orientation, and if it is not about that then it is about what bathroom a trans person uses or whether a drag queen should be allowed to read books to children in a library. Women's right to choose what happens to their own bodies has been revoked in what was once a leading democratic country and soon they will be coming after everyone's right to choose what they do or do not believe religiously. Then there are the terrorist attacks and wars and on and on. This is not the world that I thought was finally developing in the right direction. Now everything has gone to hell in a handbasket. And all it takes is a few radical right wing power mongers to activate it all into a frenzied boiling pot of garbage.

So, what can we do for ourselves when being bombarded with this much negativity? How do we maintain our sanity? I don't have all the answers. I only have what has been working for me. And so, I will share these ideas with you. I hope they help.



1. Do not make faith and trust synonymous with one another. For example, I do not trust politicians...AT ALL. I don't care if it is my best friend who goes into politics. I will not trust this person to do what is right for the people because politics is a GAME of POWER. Nothing more, and nothing less. BUT I can still have faith that this person will do their best to try to turn things around for the better. I don't trust that they will succeed, but I have faith that wherever they can, they will try.
2. Keep your humor. Find humor in the most outrageous things, even if those things are insanely sad and disappointing. This is why I share on social media some of my favorite clips of standup comedians. They can say the most hilarious things about ANYTHING, and it just brings tears of laughter to my eyes. This is also why I have allowed myself to express my dark humor around more people. People need to be able to laugh. This act uplifts one's spirits.
3. Find things that bring you joy. This means activities, special places to hang out, travel, coffee time with good friends, watching movies, pets, family, sex...whatever it is that warms your little heart and brings a smile to your face.
4. Spend time in nature. It brings peace to your soul and helps you to decompress what has been weighing on your shoulders.
5. Meditate. By this I do not mean "creative visualization," which is entirely something else. I mean MEDITATION, which helps to ground and center you through the proper use of your breath and posture.
6. Do kind things. Now and then I will, for example, pay for the drinks for the people behind me at a drive-through coffee shop. Just because. I have been on the receiving end of such kindness. And I enjoy being on the giving end just as much.
7. Read a book. Books are these magical tools that allow you to escape this messed up world and enter an entirely different dimension of reality. They also educate you on various perspectives other than your own. And if there is a list of books currently being banned or burned in some area of the world, GET THAT BOOK, AND READ IT. Consider it to be an act of resistance to the overlords who want to mess with your freedom of information.
8. Put on some music and dance. You don't have to be a great dancer. You simply need to be able to move your body to the rhythm of the music. I don't care what kind of music it is for this purpose. Just dance to the music. This helps one to physically release pent up energy that has been weighing you down. It also begins the process of re-energizing your energy field that runs through and around your body.
9. Exercise at home or at the gym. Make time to nurture your body through a good workout. And then make time to nurture your body through a warm bath or cool shower, whatever appeals to you.
10. Fix whatever may be harming you in your diet. This one is difficult, even for me. But I am working on it every day.



You can benefit from small changes more than you think.

As you do some of these things and notice the changes that they create for you, journal them as reminders of what to do tomorrow or the next day or the next week. Keep on it. Your faith in humanity may or may not be restored, but your faith in yourself and your commitment to your personal well-being definitely will.

For more articles by Trent, check out his blog at www.deerhornshamanic.com.

OPHELIA BANKS

By Gail Fulkerson

The little girl awoke to a damp and dreary evening; raindrops stained the windows and sluggishly meandered down the panes. She could hear faint rumblings of thunder and could see small, intermittent flashes of lightning in the distance. The storm would be overhead in a matter of hours. It was the perfect backdrop for the events that would soon unfold.



Ophelia Banks was a precocious 10-year-old vampire-child who is small for her age. Her blond curls and striking blue eyes endeared her to many of the townspeople, but they have no idea of her actual identity.

She had little need of sleep, but enjoyed the feeling of lounging in a bed, wrapped in cozy blankets and afghans and surrounded by myriad pillows. Her stuffed teddy bear, Bronwyn, watched over the coffin when Ophelia wasn't around. When she was 'turned' from human to vampire back in 1790, her maker, an old vampire named Aloysius, made it so. He had envisioned Ophelia as a companion, much like

a pet, to keep him company in the ensuing years, but she had other, grander, plans. In the decades that followed, Ophelia managed to rid herself of Aloysius by frying his ass in the noonday sun, early in the 19th century. It didn't take long, just a few minutes by her count; an eternity by his. Ophelia watched, ears plugged with candle wax to lessen the pitiful sounds of the old bugger's screams, until the last embers died, and the breeze took the ashes aloft. Aloysius was gone for good.

Many's the evening she awoke just after darkness fell to discover that light had gotten in through a pinhole in her coffin lid and fried a small area on her body. The pain wasn't enough to awaken her, but the small, circular scars were adding up and she didn't want questions about them, so she made the necessary repairs to the inside of the coffin lid with a well-known spray-on black rubber compound. As much as she disliked shopping, Ophelia knew it was only a matter of time before her coffin completely fell apart. Before that happened, Ophelia ordered a snazzy, custom-made coffin, ebony wood with black leather accoutrements and obsidian handles, from the funeral home on Kenderdine in Saskatoon.

Ophelia went to the drug store looking for a foundation that matched her skin tone: cadaver white. Not finding anything in the beauty department, she went to the office supplies aisle in search of correction fluid that she would blend with a small amount of charcoal to match her skin tone. Luckily for her, there was a tiny brush inside the bottle that she could use to apply the altered liquid to her burns, and no one would be the wiser. Once at home, she mixed up the concoction and dabbed the fluid onto the black, circular wounds. It made a definite difference — instead of black spheres, she was dotted with corpse grey ones that were quite pronounced. Should anyone ask her what happened, she'd

tell them there was an accident at the school and a few bottles of correction fluid had exploded, splashing her and a few other kids. It seemed plausible enough...

Waiting for sunset, as she had done for a few hundred years, Ophelia watched through inky black sunglasses for the final flare of the departing light as the sun dipped below the horizon. She always loved seeing it because it signaled the darkness was soon to follow. Then she lifted off. Once she cleared the trees in the yard, she 'turned on the jets' and, without leaving a vapor trail to mark her ascent, she shot straight up towards the moon. A vampire with a practiced eye could make out the afterburners, but all a human would be able to discern was an unidentifiable, streaking, dark orb.

Just before daybreak, Mrs. McCarthy, screamed bloody murder when she found her beloved pet Yorkie, Cecil, dead on the doormat at her front door. Her crying awoke the neighbours on both sides of the street, who thought an intruder had gained entry to the McCarthy home and slaughtered her husband, and perhaps their two children. When they discovered it was the dog that had been killed, they offered the woman their condolences and walked back to their homes, perhaps to try to go back to sleep, or more likely, to start the coffee pot going. Hardly any blood was found on the porch, which struck Mrs. McCarthy as odd when she thought about it. The wound on little Cecil's neck looked torn and ragged, as though something had ripped the skin instead of slicing it open. She knew her fur baby was small, but the loss of blood should have left a sizeable puddle around the corpse; there was no evidence of that. It was a conundrum to be sure, and one that Mrs. McCarthy would ruminate upon for years to come.

Ophelia wiped an errant drop of dog blood from the corner of her mouth with a linen handkerchief on which her mother had hand embroidered the letter 'O' in one corner,

then crocheted a tiny border around the entire item. Her mother died shortly thereafter, in 1789, hit by a team of horses pulling a carriage in the main thoroughfare, leaving Ophelia an orphan.

It was at her mother's graveside that Ophelia met Morgana, a kindly woman who was willing to take her in and teach her things she'd need to know to get by in the world. One night, after the lessons and dinner dishes were done, Morgana suggested to Ophelia that there was a way to communicate with her dead mother. At first, Ophelia was shocked that Morgana would suggest such a thing, then, thinking about it that night, she decided to listen to what Morgana had to say. She drew up a chair by the fire and asked Morgana to tell her story.

"My child," she began, "there are things in this world that are known to a *very* few people, me being one. I believe that at your age you are able to comprehend and apply the information I'm about to impart to you. Are you ready?"

Ophelia nodded eagerly. Morgana began to describe magical beings and the places they reside, the magic that's in this world and in all others, and that death is merely a transition from this life to the next one. Ophelia took it all in and asked for more.

"It's getting late, and the sun will be up soon. I've opened your coffin and changed the sheets for you. Your stuffed animal, Beauregard, is waiting for you by your pillow. Have a good sleep, my dear," said Morgana. With that, Ophelia padded downstairs to the basement and into her coffin, quietly closing the lid as she stifled a yawn.

Thus began Ophelia's training in the arcane arts.

The years carried on. Ophelia did not age — no crow's feet or arthritis for her — yet the ones close to her did. One by one they died, leaving her alone in the world once more.

Being a vampire, Ophelia would forever remain a diminutive blonde and blue-eyed ten-year-old 'girl'. After roaming the world alone since 1790, solitude was her choice.

The vampire in her was becoming thirsty. The Yorkie had satisfied her craving for blood, but it had been days since she drank. Ophelia dreamed of biting into the necks of her neighbours and tasting the sweet life's blood as it filled her mouth. She awoke starving after one of these dreams, and she could feel herself getting weaker as the days wore on. She would have to feed, and soon.

Ophelia was out for a midnight stroll when she stumbled upon a stabbing in an alley and watched, blue eyes blazing with an unholy fire, as the assailant stabbed his victim again and again. The victim fell dead, but the perpetrator was very much alive, overheated blood coursing through his body, ripe for the reaping. She leapt upon the killer's back in an instant, biting into hot flesh, and tasting the coppery blood as it flooded her mouth. The man screamed, but no one was within earshot. Ophelia clamped down on his neck in earnest, sucking his blood faster and faster. The man tried to buck her off, but Ophelia was much too strong. It wouldn't be long before he succumbed, and she could unlatch and watch his dead body fall in a heap in the alley. She made sure to wipe her mouth on his clothes before she resumed her walk.

Oh, the things you see when you go out walking...

Ophelia's next victim was an elementary school teacher. She found her out walking the dark streets during a rainstorm, trying to decide whether to end her career in education or to end her own life. The woman's thoughts were as dark as the wet, glistening pavement, deeper than the puddles accumulating on the sidewalk. The little blonde-haired and blue-eyed girl stepped out of a shadowy entrance and into the path of the teacher.

The next morning, a woman's body was found lying face-down in a puddle on the sidewalk. The police surmised that whatever blood had been shed at the scene had since been washed away by the rain and left it at that.

Ophelia's blood lust was sated as she made her way home, but she would have to hurry — the first light was stirring just beyond the horizon. She passed cats who were hunting for mice and rats that made their way out of the sewers; dogs who wandered the streets looking for scraps to eat; and homeless people who never seemed to sleep at night, much like herself.

The local newspapers reported the stories of the dead teacher, the stabbing victim, and their killer, and attempted to hobble together a plausible explanation for the deaths. Most people who read the account in the papers accepted the explanation at face value, but there were others in town who didn't buy it. There was no explanation for the puncture marks on the necks of two of the victims. Someone suggested that those two had died from a vampire attack and were summarily ridiculed for saying it. Ophelia snickered as she read the fabricated accounts of her exploits; no one would believe that a tiny little girl had succeeded in killing three adults in one night — it just wasn't possible.

The townspeople soon forgot about that night and carried on with their daily lives. Ophelia kept to the shadows and only came out when there was a killer on the loose. She acquired the taste for criminal blood when she reaped the guy who'd stabbed the woman in the alley. The longer she hunted, the more criminals she found. There was no shortage of them in the alleyways, back streets, or homeless shelters and encampments. And the pickings were good.

Ophelia learned that to remain under the radar she would have to keep moving from city to city, never staying more than a few months before moving on.

Recently, there have been a spate of missing elderly relatives and pets in a community in Saskatchewan...

Thought for the Day

Learn your lessons quickly and move on.

Eileen Caddy: The Dawn of Change

According to the Farmer's Almanac 2023:

Rooting for Rutabaga



Often confused with the turnip, the rutabaga is larger, usually has yellow flesh (vs. the turnip's white) and tastes sweeter. Although both root vegetables require similar care, the rutabaga takes longer to mature (10-12 weeks). Plant it in early to midsummer in well-draining soil in full sun. Provide 1 ½ inches of water every 7-10 days, especially as roots near maturity. For the best taste, harvest after a few

light frosts.

November 5th, Daylight Saving Time Ends at 2:00 a.m.

November 11th, Veterans Day/Remembrance Day (Canada)

November 13th, New Moon

November 27th, Full Beaver Moon



All birds appreciate the nourishment afforded by bird feeders in fall and winter, but migratory species especially benefit from the extra energy provided in autumn for their long trips south.

Mudras

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

Linga Mudra (upright Mudra)



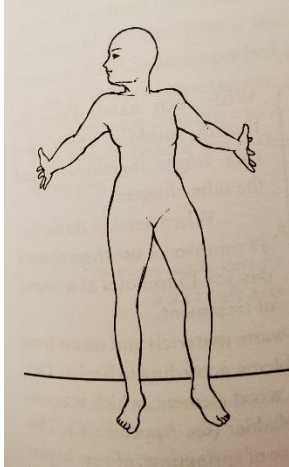
Place both palms together and clasp your fingers. One thumb should remain upright; encircle it with the thumb and index finger of your other hand.

Do as needed or three times a day for 15 minutes.

This finger position increases the powers of resistance against coughs, colds, and chest infections. It also loosens mucus that has collected in the lungs. In addition, it is very useful for people who suffer from respiratory complaints when the weather changes. It also increases the body temperature and is particularly suited for people who don't develop a fever that is high enough. Fever is important because many bacteria within the body can only be killed when it reaches a certain temperature.

The Linga Mudra can, according to Keshav Dev, also help reduce weight. However, for this purpose it must be done with particular care three times a day for 15 minutes. Also drink at least 8 glasses of water a day, and mainly eat cooling foods, such as yogurt, rice, bananas, and citrus fruits. If the Linga Mudra is done too long, a feeling of sluggishness and lethargy may occur. This is a sign that you should shorten the length of this exercise and consume more cooling foods and drinks.

In order to stimulate your immune system and increase body temperature, you can practice the following exercise before doing the Linga Mudra. It is appropriately called "Throwing the Illness Behind You. Then do the Linga Mudra while sitting or lying down until you feel very hot.



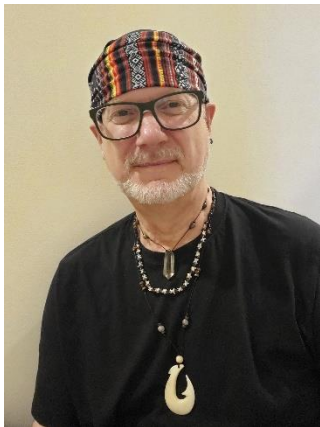
Basic position: Stand up; legs are slightly spread, knees bent somewhat, and hands are in front of the chest.

Inhalation: Throw your arms behind you, turn your head to the right and look over your shoulder.

Exhalation: Return your hands to your chest and turn your head to the front.

Repeat at least ten times.

Affirmation: My powers of resistance develop more and more from moment to moment.



Ask the Shaman: With Trent Deerhorn

Q: This is more than just one question. I know that you are a shaman, and that you have a business through which you offer your shamanic services. So, my questions are these: 1. How do you justify charging a fee for shamanic services? Is this not supposed to be free? 2. How did you come up with your business model?

A: You pay your doctor through your taxes. Some folks think that it is free Medicare. It is not. Your taxes pay the wages of every doctor in this country. You pay your accountant, your lawyer, your mechanic, your massage therapist, your reiki practitioner and so on. Everyone has rent/mortgage to pay, clothes to put on their backs, and food to put on their tables. You can't do that if someone just wants to barter a piece of art or a chicken. So, yes, you pay for everyone else's services, and you will pay for mine as well. We all pay people for their areas of expertise. This area of expertise is mine. Welcome to the 21st Century! And, because I am a 21st Century shaman, I can accept cash, Visa, MasterCard, Amex, Debit, or e-transfers, but you bet your sweet little life you will be paying me. My time is not free. And if I did not charge a fee, the services, which are excellent, would not be available because I would be too busy working another job to have any time to do this. You are welcome.

The entire concept that something a person does that falls under the category of "spiritual" should not have a fee of any kind is so unrealistic, not to mention ignorant of what the world is like today as well as insulting to any practitioner on the planet. And to also think that charging a fee diminishes the work in some way also shows ignorance and negative attitude. The fact of

the matter is that when stuff is free people do not tend to appreciate it. When they have some skin in the game, they are much more appreciative of the outcomes.

As to my business model, I have always had a business sense about me. I never wanted to work for anyone else, although there have been many times in my life that I have had to do that. My business model has to do with integrity and excellence, but it also includes self-respect and the respect of my clients. I do not overwork myself (learned that one the hard way) and I have set days and times when I am available because if I were a drop-in business, I would never have any rest. I make sure that I work with my accountant and bookkeeper and that everything is above board, and I pay my taxes like everyone else on the planet. Most of my advertising is through word-of-mouth or having to do with events that I put on or keynote speaking that I do. I also blog on a weekly basis and share insights and experiences that people can learn from if they read it. I am in the phone book as well as online and I have an online booking system to make it super easy for someone to set up time with me, as I do not have a receptionist and do not need to be spending my time on the phone making appointments when I need to be working with the people in front of me instead. So instead of working harder, I work smarter.

I also always dress for work. Being a home-based business does not mean that I spend my days in my pajamas. I treat my work as something that I attend to and that I show up for in an appropriate way. If I have time between clients, I am spending that time doing work-related tasks, such as creating and editing this very newsletter. I am busy. I keep busy. And I enjoy connecting with each client. I have a passion for what I do, but I also am not the type to sit on my keester and expect the Universe to just provide for me. You reap what you sow.

If you want to learn more about my business model and tips for setting up your own business, you can go to my blog at www.deerhornshamanic.com and scroll back to an article I wrote on the subject titled, The Creative Mind.

Tidbits and Tickles:

On a baby one-piece there were these words: I believe you were expecting me.

Forum

We like your feedback! Of the previous issue:

John Wrote: I have always loved the Orthoceras. Thank you, Ave, for your article on it and the properties of its healing energies.

Betty Wrote: I am so happy that you share the Llewellyn's Witches' Calendar information. I do try each spell and find that they work!

Jennifer Wrote: Marina, I love your divination station. And I just found myself a deck of Oracle of the Witch!

Alex Wrote: Thank you, Trent, for sharing your story of entering the shamanic world.

Wally Wrote: I love your story of motor oil and your father, Sharon!

Vivianne Wrote: I love the Mudras section. I do put those to use.

Lisa Wrote: Who knew dandelions could mean so much! Thanks, Trent!

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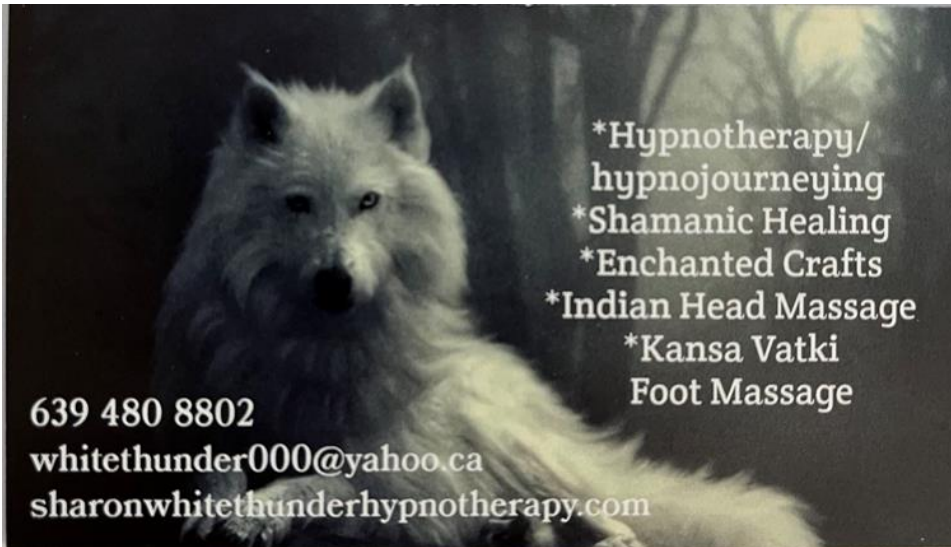
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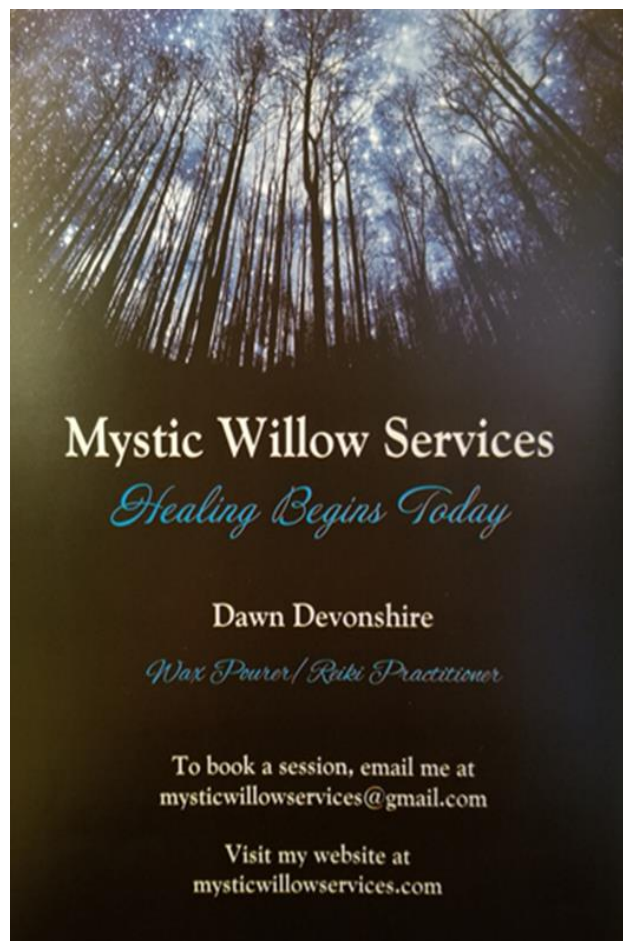
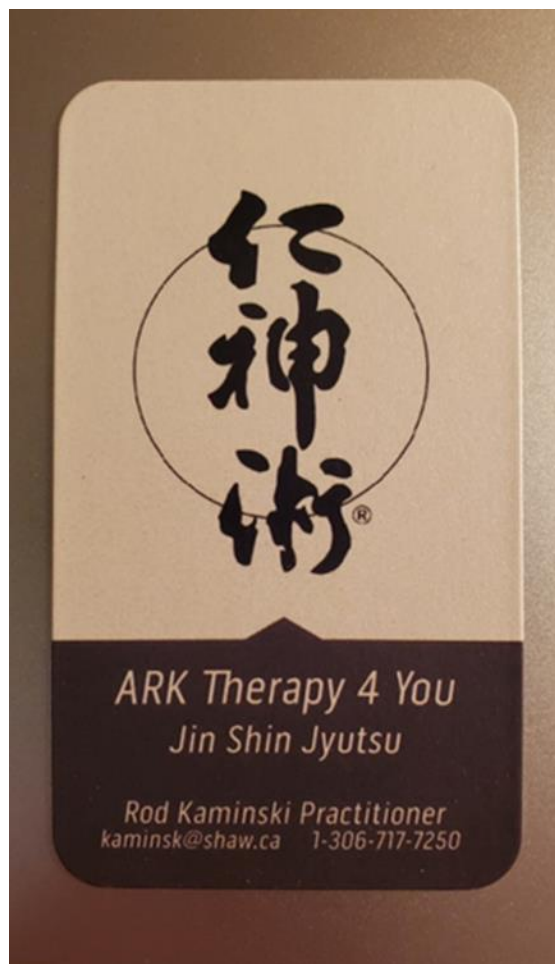
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Video Chat with the SHAMAN!

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 or phone me at (306) 978.5300 to make arrangements. Blessed Be!



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