

*Flight: A Living, Breathing Document of
Consciousness*

Volume 15 Issue 157

November 2026



Articles that will inform and inspire!



Letter from the Editor

October is my favorite month of the year. Yes, I am witchy that way. I love the colors of the changing leaves, the smell of autumn in the air, the fact that mosquitos have vanished, the Halloween festivities, and the fact that my partner's birthday lands in this month as well. It all seems to fit perfectly with who I am. The veils are thin between this world and the Other Worlds. This is all completely delightful.

We have some excellent articles this issue. I would like to thank all my contributors for their efforts. Your contributions are appreciated, not just by me but also by the subscribers. Thank you!

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

https://youtu.be/O7-XUcfiz_I

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

Enjoy reading!

Trent Deerhorn

Upcoming Events

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

Full Moons of 2026

Date: Tuesday, November 24th

Time: 9:53am

Color of the Day: Scarlet

Incense of the Day: Bayberry

Rest and Recharge

If you have time to work magic this evening, spend it resting and recharging under this powerful full moon. Safely light a white candle in your bathroom, diffuse essential oil of lavender, and take a mindful shower or bath. (For a bath, dissolve two cups of Epsom salt and a pinch or two of sea salt in water before you soak.) Before you get in the water say:

Great Goddess and Full Moon, thank you for blessing me with vibrations of healing, purification, and love.

After you shower or bathe, extinguish the candle and put on some clean and comfy pajamas or sweats. Then do whatever feel the most relaxing to you. For example, you might bake cookies, call a friend, curl up with a book, or watch a favorite show. All the while, feel and sense yourself soaking up the balancing and recharging energy of the full moon. Then make sure your bedroom is serene and restful and turn in early for a restorative night's sleep.

-Tess Whitehurst

Ceremonies with the Shaman

Join Shaman, Trent Deerhorn of Deerhorn Shamanic Services for a special ceremony once a month, hosted by Ki'smet Co, Saskatoon 16-2220

Northridge Drive. 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 **Cash only, no debit or e-transfers**

* If you are not feeling well, please do NOT attend the circle. We like to keep people healthy, not allow germs to spread everywhere.

*It is essential that you pre-register attendance for each circle with Kiernan. Space is limited and there is a maximum of 10 people per circle. If you are pre-registered and need to cancel, please do so 24 hours ahead so the space can go to someone else on the waiting list.

*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.saskatoonheavenlyreiki.com> or <https://deerhornshamanic.com>



Upcoming Dates:

November 21st, 2026: Waxing Moon Ceremony. Rhythm Instruments Welcome.

To register go to this link:

<https://www.kismet-co.ca/event-details/ceremonies-with-a-shaman-full-moon-ceremonywith-trent-1-1>

Ritual Drum Circles

Hosted by Sherry Crawford of **Prairie Girl Therapies**

Presented by Trent Deerhorn of **Deerhorn Shamanic Services**

Take a break in your day to experience the rhythm and magic of a Ritual Drum Circle!

When: **Tuesdays at 2:00pm**

November 24th, 2026: Full Moon Ritual. Rhythm Instruments Welcome.



Where: Prairie Girl Therapies 502a 20th Street West, Saskatoon, Sk. Space is limited, **so register early with Sherry to reserve your spot. (306) 914-4968.**

Price: \$20.00/person. **Cash only.**

Bring your own rhythm instrument if you have one. If you don't have one, don't worry, there

will also be extras that are available for use.

From Over 100 Inspirational Quotes by Alan Chazen

When I expect my kids to be good, they live up to that expectation. When I expect them to be bad, they live down to that expectation.

Checking the Spirit of Your Engagement

By Loriann Zuzak

An excerpt from her upcoming book

If you find yourself dreading an interaction or wanting to create a new experience in life, work or pursuits, it can be useful to observe the spirit of your engagement. The old idea of “good will towards men” here is relevant.

We all know that one way to address the deterioration of any relationship is by asking, “Is there any good will left between the two parties?” If not, then there isn’t anything that can be built that will not be weak or prone to failure and disaster.

Take some time and watch yourself and notice, what is the spirit of my approach to the difficult people in my life? What is the spirit of my approach towards myself? What is the spirit of engagement I bring to my personal growth? What is the spirit of my engagement towards the job that pays my bills? What is the spirit of engagement towards my pursuits? What is my spirit of engagement towards Life itself?

I think these are all important questions as they can turn up gold in terms of what you might need to reconsider or correct when enacting personal change. It has been my experience that the spirit of engagement is what sets the outcome - not what you hoped or wished for, or what you “tried.”

The same is true of the nature of the approach to perceiving Beauty. O’Donohue wrote that a true experience of Beauty requires a reverent approach. Not unlike the behavior you take up in the woods when you spot wildlife nearby and hope for a closer look. What do you do? You pause. You get very quiet. You wait. You turn up all your senses. And you wait, present and alert to catch a glimpse - if you are lucky. Beauty will not unfold to you without quiet, stillness and a reverent approach.

That same spirit of engagement, that poise, that stillness can bear fruit in other areas of life.

In the personal development work I do with individuals this is often territory that must be crossed. What is the spirit of your engagement towards yourself? For those drowning in self-hatred, this pause, this quiet, this stillness is nearly impossible with the Self. They are addicted to performing, doing, constant action and busyness. The full schedule is a front for a total lack of capacity to be still with the Self.

With tenderness, we find that a lifetime of repression has caused an inner world that is in near constant pain. The gateway to that confrontation is facing sadness or rage that has been quietly devouring the insides. The cruel inner voice that shreds with “not ever good enough” and “no sense” and “poor judgement” and “I cannot be trusted” and “I cannot trust myself” and “it’s only by abusing myself this way inside that I maintain this game of worthiness.”

So, it is worthwhile to confront this inner game. Pause and in stillness and curiosity, with a new embodiment of respect and reverence, ask the Self: What do we do with this one who is never enough? What do we DO with her? What if she were not actually the problem? What if she were a friend we wanted to help? What if we acted as though she was entrusted to our capacity for tenderness and care?

Anger. Tears. More anger. More tears. And the general throwing up of hands happens here. I call this the “death of the four-legged animal”. This horrendous thing that’s been running the show in your inner landscape - the thing that’s performed, that’s won, that’s filled up the walls with achievements.....what happens when we turn an observant inner eye at this suffering animal?

She is exhausted and unwell. She needs rest, but you won’t let her have it. She longs for the freedom to do some things badly for a while.

She’s so very, very tired of the show she performs so well that everyone has come to expect it of her.

And then the terror. The “what if I stop?” “What if the world falls apart when it finds out how I feel about all of this on the inside?”

Growth, real interior growth and maturation in midlife do not look pretty and it does not feel good while you’re in the middle of it. In fact, I’d say the only reason most of us begin the inner work is because our perfect life on the outside has come at such a cost that it feels worse than the prospect of going at your own ego and finally putting it in its place.

Look how far we’ve come with this idea - remember this all started with “Why don’t you try checking the spirit of your approach?”

Have you ever really observed the spirit of your engagement?

It is powerful to do so. It is confronting. And truthful answers to yourself about how you really are will take you further than all the chest-beating and performing in the outside world.



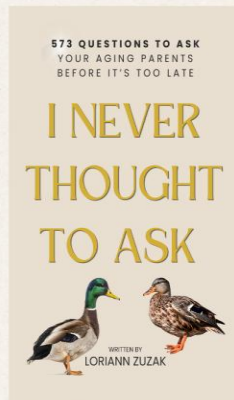
Loriann Zuzak is a writer and transformational guide whose work explores memory, mortality, emotional legacy and the quiet importance of feeling truly known. Drawing from her own well of precious lived experience, spiritual study and professional certifications, she is the founder of a modern wisdom school. To find out more visit

<https://www.alchemiawisdomschool.com/>



Published on Amazon, available now!
June 3, 2026

Life Coach Loriann Zuzak's New Book



"When we suddenly realize there are things we never asked - **not because we did not care, but because we assumed there would always be more time.** This is not simply a collection of questions or timeline of events, but a gentle **guide to discovering the human being beneath the familiar role** of parent or grandparent."

I Never Thought to Ask: 573 Questions to Ask Your Aging Parents Before It's Too Late

AVAILABLE ON AMAZON: Kindle & Paperback

LINK TO AMAZON: <https://www.amazon.ca/dp/B0H3ZW6CV6>

AVAILABLE FROM THE PUBLISHER: epub & pdf

LINK TO THE PRESS: <https://alchemiawisdomschoolpress.sellfy.store>



Myths

When Hypnos, the god of sleep, helped Hera deceive Zeus, the ruler of Olympus awoke furious and hunted him across the heavens. Hypnos escaped into the darkness and sought refuge beside his mother, Nyx the primordial goddess of night.



Zeus followed, ready to punish him, then stopped. According to Homer's Iliad, Zeus stood in awe of Nyx and would not risk angering her by dragging Hypnos from her protection.

Nyx was older than Zeus, older than Olympus and older than the divine order he ruled. She emerged near the beginning of creation, when the universe was still taking form. From her came powers including Sleep, Death, Doom, Retribution and Dreams.

Zeus could command thunder, overthrow Titans and make gods tremble. Nyx required no throne and fought no war against him. Her power came from something even the king of the gods could not conquer, the ancient darkness that existed before his reign and would remain long after it.

THE SOUND OF SILENCE

By Sharon Whitethunder Baldock

Lately there has been an immense amount of noise around me. People seem to be very inconsiderate in public spaces especially around our home, in parks or conservation areas with yelling and loud music. Don't get me wrong, letting things out in a healthy way or loud music can be a great form of expression and release. However, it seems we have lost the concept of silence and peace.

Too much noise prevents us from listening and hearing to our own inner voice and intuition. It blocks out our ability to tune into ourselves to and recognize our state of being or our essence. Distraction takes us away from feeling and healing. When things are in constant motion, we miss key and important messages in and around us. Being bombarded by too many stimuli will imbalance our brain, body and spiritual attunement to everything. It will dysregulate our nervous system where fear rules us and keeps us in a state of fight, flight freeze. Is there a root cause? Yes, there is a level of healing around this that may need to be done. But it still means the world around us disregards the negative effect that noise has in our everyday living.

Silence or lack of it is a good indication that there is a layer of healing that is required. Just to be clear there are many layers to healing not just one. Also, it took a long time for you to get to this point, it will also take commitment and time to get a point of feeling peace. When our nervous system is dysregulated, it tells us we have been triggered by something that correlates with something from the past that made us feel unsafe. Beginning this healing journey can be as simple as acknowledging patterns of unhelpful thoughts and actions. We tend to overwhelm ourselves by living by societies standards of how others think we should heal. They aren't living your life...you are. If they are not supportive of how you do your healing work then they won't be supportive when you set boundaries for self care. Be prepared to let go of people that will no longer feel right for you and that is



okay. Having new or old friends, friends that understand you and accept you is the only way to sustain your healthy growth.

Being sensitive doesn't mean you can't have a somewhat peaceful environment.... or life. There are several tools for protection, grounding, clearing, and healing. And it's OKAY to fall. Sometimes we have moments that take us back but that doesn't mean we have failed or are going back to the old ways. Healing is a journey; life is a journey...not a destination. Be careful how you speak to yourself, find daily affirmations, a routine of supportive tools and methods, things that fill you up and make you feel good. Be kind to yourself and remember the warrior inside hears every word you speak.

Something you can do if you can't sit or feel comfortable in silence is to try listening to some frequency music. Hertz music is what I like best, 323, combined 432 with 111, or adding nature sounds with it. YouTube and Amazon prime offer a variety of choices. Get out in nature or go for a drive, you don't need a destination, let yourself be guided. I recently went out to a conservation area, and I went the opposite direction as everyone else, the "road less travelled" and found a vortex and a bunch of deer trails. It felt so good in this space, when deer feel safe and have trails around you it tells you they feel safe. Deer are highly sensitive to sound and will run off at the slightest noise.

I encourage and invite people to create quiet spaces and really listen to the silence, it says so much more than you ever thought it could. You'll notice the rhythms of nature how they interact in their home and they may offer a message just for you...it takes practice with silence. Ask yourself when watching nature, "what are they doing?" Did they grunt, caw or play in the air? The biggest thing I notice is when birds sing, with happy little chirps and communicating with their young. They are another source that tells you it's safe. Have you ever noticed when a storm is coming birds will stop singing and find refuge?

Progress is only good if it aligns with the natural rhythms so when unnatural noise is too much everyone and everything becomes unaligned. If you want to be in nature, then be in nature, shut your phones off, turn off loud music. If you must, get headphones but please be considerate of silence...other people and nature.

"Walking. I am listening to a deeper way. Suddenly all my ancestors are behind me. Be still, they say. Watch and listen. You are the result of the love of thousands."

~ Linda Hogan

Sharon

Shamanic Intuitive Coach

Sacred Source Medicine



Rock Talk

By Ave Riddler

Spirit Quartz/Cactus Quartz

This is a unique crystal. The main form of the crystal is overlaid with smaller crystal points, sometimes the smaller points cover the entire main shape, other times a ring of them will surround the crystal. Mostly found in amethyst it can also occur on citrines, and rarely on white quartz. The mohs harness remains a 7, though those smaller points may chip off if rough handling occurs.

Working with Spirit quartz can help align the mundane and higher self, bringing together the inner and outer aspects of one's life. It can amplify and accelerate one's development and personal evolution.

Each type of crystal can altar which chakra they work best with. Amethyst works with third eye and crown, White quartz are general purpose, and citrine works well with the solar plexus.



Meditating with spirit quartz can help one move beyond fear, bringing peace and reducing anxiety about small or grand issues, which can help one deal with the root cause of those anxieties.

Spirit quartz is known as a community stone, the main body being the neighborhood, the small crystals representing individuals, working together in harmony. This can be a great for organizations, community building events, or even bringing the physical body into alignment.

Physically spirit quartz can act as a more general-purpose aid to existing treatments.

Paraphrased from "LOVE IS IN THE EARTH – A Kaleidoscope of Crystals by Melody", with personal add- ins and details by myself (Ave).



Join Ave live online at
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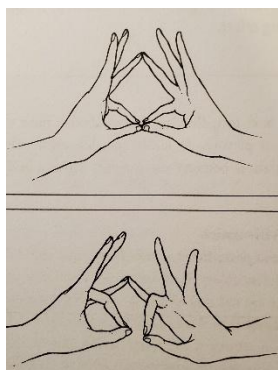
One hour featuring artists that are currently calling Saskatchewan home, with a diverse mix of singers, song writers, and story tellers.

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Mudras

Taken from Mudras: Yoga in your HANDS by Gertrud Hirschi

Maha Sacral Mudra (large pelvis mudra)



Place your ring finger pads together, with your little fingers on the thumbs. Hold this hand position for 10 breaths.

Now place the pads of your little fingers together and place your ring fingers on your thumbs. Also hold this variation for 10 breaths.

Do as needed, or three times a day for 7 minutes.

This wonderful mudra helps handle complaints in the lower abdomen; it is particularly good against pain during menstruation. It can also bring relief for inactive intestines, intestinal spasms, or bladder and prostate complaints, since it has a relaxing and energy-balancing effect.

Repeat several times each day. This exercise can naturally also be practiced while sitting on the toilet

The secret afflictions of many people are bladder weakness, hemorrhoids, and atony or tension around the bladder and anus. These problems can be relieved by training the PC muscle.

Problems with elimination are often also accompanied by mental and emotional difficulties about letting go in general, or with fear of having to go through something. You can build up positive patterns in this respect with the following image:

Doesn't the world always look a bit friendlier on the other side of a long tunnel? We frequently must pass through tunnels in life – we must go through something. The image of a tunnel that we walk through can help us keep going, carry on, and be hopeful. Every tunnel ultimately takes us to the light, but we need the courage and strength to go through it to the end.

Affirmation: *No matter how dark my path may be at times, it leads to light.*

This is Canada

Canada is the second largest country in the world. It is incredibly diverse and often looks nothing like people imagine it.



This isn't Sweden. It's Canada. (Peggy's Cove)

Tidbits and Ticks:

My laptop caught a virus...apparently because I left Windows open.

From Hex and Shadow Chronicles

Blood occupies an unusually serious place in the history of magic.

Not because it looked dramatic because it represented something that ordinary offerings could not: the practitioner themselves.

Across different magical, religious, and folkloric traditions, blood could appear in oaths, offerings, protective acts, charms, and rites intended to create an intimate bond between a person and what they were asking to occur.

The symbolism was difficult to misunderstand.

A candle could burn away.

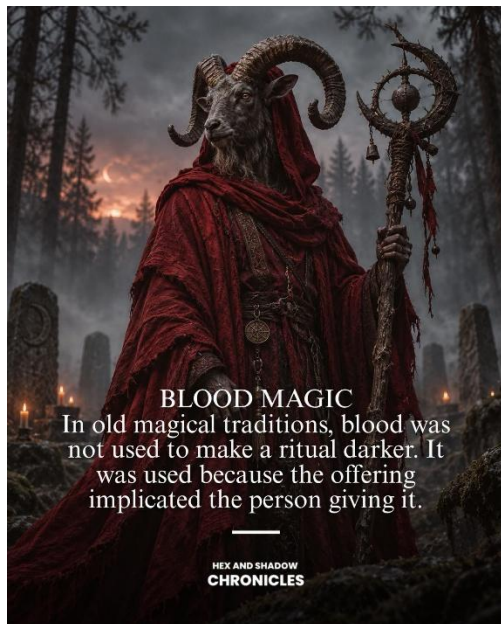
Food could be left behind.

Words could be spoken and finished.

Blood came from the body.

Giving it meant placing something of yourself inside the act.

That is why later occult traditions sometimes describe blood as a way of personalising a sigil, marking a talisman, sealing an oath, or strengthening the perceived connection between practitioner and working.



Its importance was not merely that blood represented “power.” It represented identity, mortality, kinship, life and consequence.

This is also why blood magic was never historically one universal practice. Its meaning changed enormously between cultures, periods, religions, and magical systems.

Yet one idea repeatedly appears: Blood makes the act personal. Once your own body becomes part of a ritual, you are no longer dealing only in symbols. *You have made yourself one of them.*

That is precisely why blood should never be treated as an occult accessory.

Its oldest symbolism was serious for a reason. **The offering was powerful because the offering represented you.**

From Llewellyn's Witchy Calendar 2026



November

November is a complicated month. It falls between Samhain and Yule. There's a whole day dedicated to thankfulness, but that day's history is mostly fiction and often problematic. November gives us a picture of bucolic family life that frequently glosses over the challenges of family histories. Yet, with all that, the month offers us a moment to notice the liminal, the seasonal shifts, to attune ourselves to the changes in light and time and to breathe in deeply before the end-of-year rush is upon us. November becomes a month of breathing, and from that breathing springs gratitude.

Gratitude is a word I didn't understand for years. Just hearing it would make me think of "gratitude journals" and overly sentimental greeting cards. My first reaction was a well-practiced eye roll and a big "No, thank you." Gratitude didn't fit into my vision of Witchcraft. And then something happened. I sat still. I breathed and thought about what I

was grateful for, and suddenly, gratitude sprang forth.

When I make time to breathe with intention, to slow down for a few minutes, to be rather than to do, a space opens. When I practice with gratitude, instead of stress, there's a calm. In place of selfishness, there's selflessness. As obligation drops away, creativity comes to the forefront. Most importantly, any resentments I'm harboring transform into gratitude.

A Gratitude Spell

You will need:

2 white candles

2 candleholders

Matches or a lighter

Create a magical space. You might cast a circle or dedicate wherever you are in the moment as sacred space in a way that is special for you. Give yourself the luxury of 7 deep breaths. Breathe in and out through your nose, pausing for 3 seconds between each inhale and exhale. Light one candle. Name it "Gratitude."

Starting with real, tangible objects in front of you, speak aloud what you're grateful for: for example, "I am grateful for the roof over my head. I am grateful for the comfy chair I'm sitting in. I am grateful to have matches and candles."

Now, broaden your circle of gratitude: "I am grateful for the warmth in this home. I am grateful for growing things I share space with. I am grateful for the birds I see outside my window and for their sweet songs. I am grateful for the next-door neighbor's cat, who is so cute and makes me laugh."

Keep moving out in larger circles of gratitude: "I am grateful for the workers who fix the potholes. I am grateful for the people who deliver things to me. I am grateful for the barista who always remembers my favorite coffee drink."

When you've listed all you can think of to be grateful for, pause, take a breath or two, and pick up the second candle. Light it and name it "This is me." Begin saying what you are grateful for about yourself. This can be tricky because we so often want to focus on everything we dislike about ourselves. This is not that spell. Even if you just say, "I am grateful to myself for setting aside these precious moments to be here with these candles," that is enough. Keep on naming what you are grateful for about yourself until you run out of things to say. I hope your list is long and continues to grow.

When you're finished, put out the candles. Breathe in and out through your nose 7 times. Open your circle. Keep cultivating gratitude.

-Gwion Raven

From A Guide for the Advanced Soul by Susan Hayward

Take heart, truth and happiness will get you in the end. You can't lose in this game. Have fun. It goes on too long to be taken seriously all the time.

-John and Lyn St. Clair Thomas: Eyes of the Beholder

Myths:



****The Horned God**** is a central male deity in Wicca and many forms of modern neopaganism. He embodies wild masculine energy, fertility, nature, the hunt, life-death-rebirth cycles, and the animal world. He is often depicted with antlers or horns (as a stag, goat, or similar), and associated with figures like Cernunnos (Celtic), Pan, Herne the Hunter, Faunus, or the Green Man.

In Wiccan theology, he is the consort of the Triple Goddess (or Great Mother). Their relationship follows the Wheel of the Year: he is born at Yule, grows in power through spring and summer, impregnates the Goddess, and dies in autumn/winter (e.g., at Samhain or Lammass) to be reborn. He represents the sun, phallic fertility, the wild hunt, protection of the land, and balance between light/dark, life/death.

****Historical roots****: Inspired by ancient horned deities (e.g., Cernunnos on the Gundestrup Cauldron)

and European folklore, but the modern "Horned God" as a unified Wiccan figure was popularized in the 20th century by Gerald Gardner, Doreen Valiente, and others.

****Symbolism****: Strength, vitality, sexuality, wilderness, hunting, and ecological balance. He is both the hunter and the hunted, lord of animals and the wild.

****Modern practice****: Rituals honor him for personal empowerment, connection to nature, fertility (literal or creative), guidance in challenges, or seasonal celebrations (e.g., stronger focus at Beltane, Litha, or Samhain).

How to Perform a Basic Horned God Ritual

Here is a composite of common practices drawn from pagan sources. This is for connection, invocation, and honoring. Perform during a full moon, new moon, or sabbat aligned with his energy (ideally outdoors in nature).

Materials (adapt as needed):

- Quiet space (ideally outdoors in woods/park; indoors ok).
- Altar: Central candle (green, brown, or black) representing him.

- Quarter candles (tealights: east/yellow, south/red, west/blue, north/green or earth tones).
- Offerings: Bread, fruit, wine/mead, acorns, pinecones, herbs, stones, bones, grains, or meat (if appropriate).
- Natural items (leaves, branches), bowl of water (moon water or spring water), incense (pine, cedar, musk), athame (ritual knife) or wand.
- Representation (statue, image, antlers, or horn symbol).

Steps:

1. ****Prepare and Ground****: Cleanse yourself/space (smudge, shower, or visualization). Ground by imagining roots into the earth. Set clear intent (e.g., "I seek connection with the Horned God for strength and guidance").
2. ****Set Up Altar and Space****: Arrange items. Light central candle and incense. Meditate on nature—visualize forests, stags, wild energy.
3. ****Cast a Circle**** (for protection and focus): Use your athame or hand to trace a clockwise circle around your space, visualizing protective light. Call the quarters/elements:
 - East (air): Intellect, new beginnings.
 - South (fire): Passion, will.
 - West (water): Emotions, intuition.
 - North (earth): Stability, body.
4. ****Invoke the Horned God****: Stand or kneel with arms raised. Use words from the heart or a traditional invocation. Example (adapted from Doreen Valiente and common rites):
 - > "By the flame that burneth bright, O Horned One!
 - > Thee we invoke by the moon-led sea, by the standing stone and the twisted tree...
 - > Horn and hoof of the goat-foot God!
 - > Oh, Horned God, ancient one, lord of the wild, Cernunnos/Pan/Herne—come! Fill this space with your power. By seed and root, by life and love, I invoke you!"

Or simpler: "Horned God, wild one of the forests, I call to you. Bring your strength, fertility, and wisdom into my life."

5. ****Offerings and Communion****: Present offerings. Sprinkle water as libation. Raise wine/glass: Ask him to bless it, then drink/share (or pour out). Eat some food mindfully. Sit in meditation, dance, drum, or chant to feel his presence (wild, earthy, protective energy). Be open to messages, visions, or signs.

6. ****Work or Devotion****: State intentions (e.g., guidance, healing, gratitude). Listen. Some perform energy work, storytelling, or symbolic acts like dancing "the hunt."

7. ****Thank and Close****: Thank him: "Horned God, I thank you for your presence and blessings. Hail and farewell." Thank quarters (counterclockwise), open the circle by tracing counterclockwise and releasing energy. Ground excess energy. Leave offerings outdoors.

****Simple Nature-Connection Version**** (minimal tools): Create a circle with natural items outdoors, light green/brown candles, meditate on his qualities (strength, wildness, fertility), offer water/herbs, speak intentions, thank, and close.

THE LETTER

By Gail Fulkerson

No one was supposed to know how the credenza was broken. No one knew the circumstances surrounding the accident, and no one ever will. The event was buried deep in the psyches of those who witnessed it unfold. No amount of cajoling could loosen those memories.

It was innocent until it wasn't. More than one soul caught in the web of deceit wanted desperately to escape, but to no avail. Once caught up, there was no way out but death, and for many, its finality was heartbreaking; they endured so they wouldn't die.

Some hung on for decades, finally giving up in their 70s or 80s. They fell asleep and never woke up. Their souls were finally liberated from the burden of carrying the secret that plagued their every waking moment.

But the secret did not die with them. It lingered in the air of the old house, woven into the credenza's wood grain. Every so often, a curious grandchild or an unsuspecting visitor would pause before it, sensing something unresolved—a chill, a whisper, a presence just beyond comprehension. The truth remained, waiting for someone brave enough to unearth it and finally give voice to the silent confession so many had taken to their graves.

The late afternoon autumn day it happened was nothing special. Golden light filtered through the dusty windowpanes as Clara wandered into the parlor.

She was drawn inexplicably to the old credenza, its surface worn smooth by decades of careful hands. As she traced her fingers along the delicate carvings, she felt a sudden tremor—a fleeting sensation, as if someone had gently brushed past her shoulder.

Curiosity piqued, Clara knelt and peered into the shadows beneath the credenza. There, tucked behind a loose panel, she discovered a faded envelope sealed with brittle wax. Her heart pounded as she broke the seal and unfolded the fragile paper inside. The words, written in a trembling script, revealed the truth her family had buried for generations—a confession of love, betrayal, and regret.

An errant tear rolled down her cheek as she read, landing on the fragile paper and staining it. She noticed other tear stains on the delicate paper she held, indicating that at least one other person had discovered the letter, read it, and replaced it where they had found it.

Clara was determined to tell the story, no matter what the consequences.

As Clara read, the weight of the secret lifted, and the room seemed to exhale. At last, the house was at peace. And Clara, with trembling hands and tearful eyes, knew she held not just the end of a story, but the beginning of her own.

It began in the late 1890s. A young girl, who would become Clara's great-great-grandmother, played hopscotch on the sidewalk in front of the grand house. She held a pretty rock to mark the space she couldn't step on while she played.

Without warning, a loud crack of thunder split the cloudless sky, scaring Agatha, the young grandmother-to-be, with its ferocity. She screamed in fear and alarm and dropped her rock. She ran to the front porch and pushed open the door to go inside. Safely indoors, Agatha looked out the window and saw her pretty rock lying on the sidewalk where she dropped it. She decided to go back outside to retrieve it. Leaving the porch, Agatha ran down the steps, down the sidewalk, and pushed open the gate she'd left ajar. As she reached the sidewalk, passing the house, she bent to pick up her pretty rock. As her fingers wrapped around the rock, a second, louder crack of thunder split the still, clear sky. This time, lightning struck Agatha, knocking her unconscious.

Agatha's mother looked out the picture window, saw her daughter lying on the sidewalk and screamed. The mother rushed outside to help her daughter. Approaching her prone

body, the mother screamed, 'Agatha!' into her little face. Agatha's eyes fluttered and then opened. She looked around and tried to focus, her mother's face swimming before her.

"Oh, my dear sweet girl, are you all right?" Agatha's mother exclaimed.

"As soon as the world stops spinning, I'll be okay," said Agatha. Her mother helped her up from the sidewalk, walked her up the steps, and into the house.

There would be no more hopscotch that day. Soon after the lightning strike, dense, dark storm clouds clouded the sky. Rain bucketed down, erasing the hopscotch grid Agatha had made. Thunder and lightning pealed all afternoon.

Agatha had a sizeable exit wound on the bottom of her right foot that her mother cleaned and wrapped in clean bandages. She told her daughter to stay on the settee until supper time. Agatha did, and when it was time for supper, she hobbled into the dining room and took her seat. After the meal, Agatha's mother helped her upstairs to bed and gave her a dose of laudanum to help with pain.

It would be quite some time before Agatha played hopscotch on the sidewalk in front of the house. She passed the time with indoor pursuits like sewing, embroidery, and knitting. When she did go out, she looked for her pretty rock and eventually found it poking out from under some leaf litter.

When Agatha found her pretty rock, her fear of being outside ended; she became her old self again, a fearless child full of adventure.

Agatha never lost her sense of adventure throughout the rest of her life. She died years before her great-great-granddaughter, Clara, was born.

She often visited her great-great-granddaughter, especially when Clara was a baby in her crib. The visits brought her joy.

Clara found a pretty hopscotch rock in a small box at the back of a drawer and started using it to play her own hopscotch. It soon became one of her favorite possessions. When she told her great-great-grandmother she'd found the rock, Agatha was delighted. Clara listened raptly as Agatha recounted how she'd lost the rock and found it again.

Years elapsed as Clara grew up, got married, and had a child of her own, falling ill in her late eighties and dying of cancer some months later.

The great-great-granddaughter and great-great-grandmother finally met face to face on the Other Side.

It was a grand reunion.

*And the secret that many family members took to their graves was the birth of a daughter out of wedlock - Agatha - but she never knew any of it until she was on her own deathbed. *

Reflections from the Shaman's Hut



Where Do I Fit?

By Trent Deerhorn

I was never one who fit in with the rest of the crowd. How could I be? I was raised by witches and shamans! We had a completely different way of viewing the world around us.

So, as I grew up, I came to realize that the lonely feeling deep inside was going to be a constant. I had no idea if it was going to be a “forever” constant, or if it was going to be a matter of time before I found someplace to fit in.

I feel that this type of thing is suffered by many people for a variety of reasons. Some may be new to a country or a community and feel quite out of place. Some may be in a religion that is uncommon to where they live and, as a result, feel a lack of community. Some may be experiencing isolation because of social expectations that they cannot, and usually should not, adhere to. For example, when someone knows from a very early age that they are not 100% straight and perhaps more like 100% gay, there is an isolation that can be soul sucking.

That was also my experience growing up. I decided, very early on, to “act straight” but to self-identify as “heteroflexible.” That was never good enough for the people in my community, and problematic for some of the people in my family. So, I lived my life for numerous years as was expected. Only after the death of my late wife did I allow myself to entertain the thought of exploring further. And man, I am so glad that I did, because now I am with a partner who loves me beyond measure for who I am, and I love him to the same degree.

What I learned about all of this is that secrecy about who we are hurts only ourselves. Others may be affronted by the information, but they are not hurt. They may have opinions which they choose to share, unasked, but they are not hurt. They may be afraid of what society and the world at large will say or do, but they are not hurt. When we are told day in and day out that

who we naturally are is unacceptable in any way, WE are the ones who are hurt. Nobody else. Is it any wonder there are such high statistics about suicide in circumstances like that?

But another thing that I have learned is that it is nobody's business other than our own. And I have learned that if we don't feel that we fit in, it is only because we have not found our tribe. Once we do find our tribe we simply become another family member within it. Sometimes it takes a long time to find the tribe. And we often must be extremely careful in our inquiries into what is and is not acceptable within a tribe we are exploring. (By the way, do NOT come at me about the use of the word "tribe" being cultural appropriation. I come from a few lines of tribes, so I have every right to use that word.)

I remember my second wife wanting us to become part of a religious community that was not the usual type of thing. I allowed the exploration. I mean, community is awesome, right? Then I asked about their stance on LGBTQA+ folks and was told, "We have no problem with that as long as they don't act upon it." Sorry, BORK! Wrong answer. We were immediately DONE. I have far too many very dear people in my life who are LGBTQA+ for me or my family to be part of an organization that would deny them their joy, or who would deny me my own joy.

After a long journey, I have finally found my tribe. But I have also realized that not fitting in is not the worst thing in the world. It gives one an opportunity to gradually discover who one truly is. I became comfortable with being "weird" or "eccentric." That, to me, just means "out of the ordinary." And, after all, who really wants to be "ordinary"?

My advice to those who are currently struggling with fitting in is this. If you do not or cannot fit in, then STAND OUT. Become gloriously weird and eccentric. Allow your freak flag to fly high. It is far better than living a life in the shadows.



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

According to the Farmer's Almanac 2026:



Tasty Subers

Native to North America, Jerusalem artichoke produces cheerful sunflower-like yellow blossoms. Its edible, knobby tubers have a nutty flavor and can be eaten in much the same way as potatoes – boiled, mashed, sauteed, or roasted. Harvest them about a month after flowers fade or keep them in the ground for winter storage and then collect the following spring. If forgotten, they will send up stalks and produce more roots.



November 1st: Daylight Saving Time ends at 2:00 A.M.



November 9th: New Moon



November 11th: Veterans Day Remembrance Day (Canada)



November 20th: National Child Day (Canada)

When Children plant and tend a garden, their anxieties lessen and moods brighten.



November 24th: Full Beaver Moon



Ask the Shaman: With Trent Deerhorn

Q: They say that when a person tells you who they are you should believe them. Yet people lie about who they are all the time. Can you reconcile this for me?

A: I could be wrong, but I believe the expression is more like, “When a person *shows* you who they are, believe them.” At least this is how I have integrated the message, because you are correct, people often lie about who they are to con others into doing their will. But the

thing we must remember is that we should always be observing. When we observe we no longer miss the subtle details that show us exactly what is going on. For example, I have found that people who often use the phrase, “I’m not gonna lie.... (fill in the rest of the disclosure statement),” are those who will often embellish the truth. It lets me know that whether they are lying or not will completely depend on circumstances. So, I will not trust that they will ever be 100% truthful about things. They just showed me that they aren’t.

Often people will convince themselves that things will change with the person in question. One of the most common examples is when someone is becoming romantically involved with a

person who is, “not looking for anything serious at this time.” Yes, they will forge ahead, thinking that the person will change their mind when they see how good it can be. But the person never gave any indication that there would be a time in the future that they would be looking for anything serious or that the person they are saying this to will even be in their life by then if they are.

We truly need to learn to pay attention to the details. That way we are not left feeling completely snowed.

Forum

We like your feedback! Of the previous issue:

Berkley Wrote: I enjoyed the connection to the Rabbit in the First Nation Traditions.

Angella Wrote: I attended the Crystal and Rock show. Quite the selection!

Betty Wrote: Ave, I really enjoyed the poem you submitted this month!

Bill Wrote: I liked the article on Iron.

Alexis Wrote: Lorian, I enjoyed your article on ULT. I am going to try this out sometime soon.

Richard Wrote: I liked Gail's story this month!

Raj Wrote: Trent, I love how you tie art and shamanism together, and WOW! You are talented!

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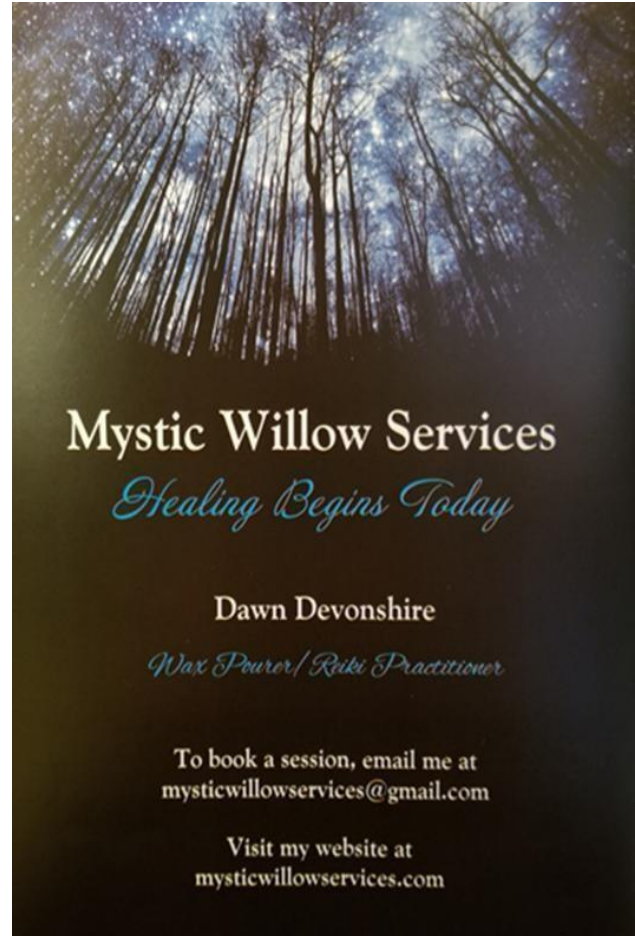
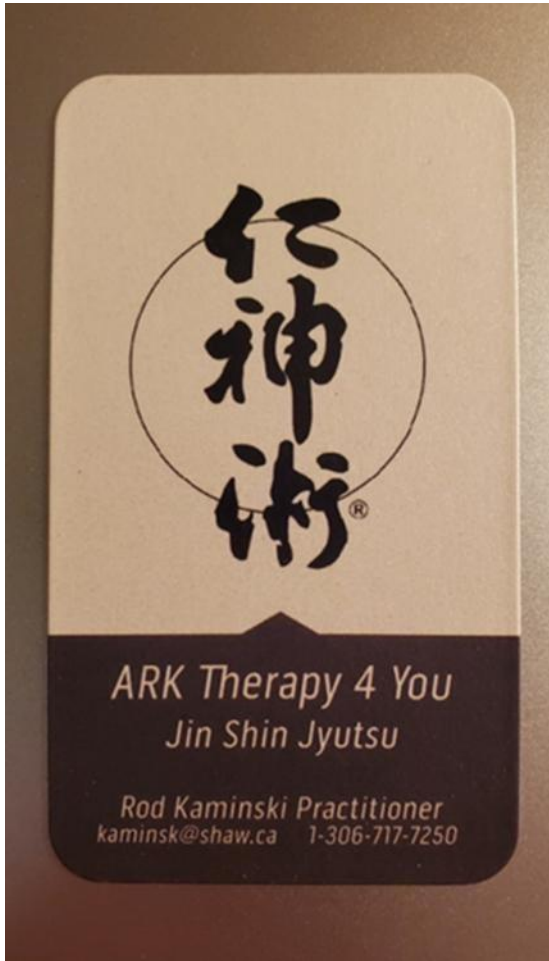
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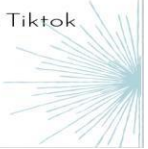
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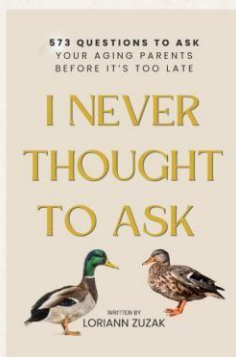
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