

MAY YOU ALWAYS BE...

ALL WAYS FREE



FEDERAL PERMIT Rainbow Gathering of the Tribes

"Congress shall make **no law** respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or *the right of the people peaceably to assemble*, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

- 1st Amendment, U.S. Constitution



A Public Service Announcement Brought to You by the Dept. of Oil and Security



Are you headed to a Rainbow Gathering?

Want some ideas as to what to bring?

I have a list that I check off when I'm getting ready to go. **ESSENTIALS:** cup, bowl & spoon, flashlight, tarps, backpack, tent, sleeping bag, ground cushion, pillow, bath towel, water bottle(s), bow saw, hatchet, shovel, pick ax, duct tape, rope & string, bungee cords, maps/directions, sun hat, sandals, hiking shoes, pocket knife, solar shower, rain gear/umbrella, shoulder bag, fanny pack, canvas food sack, lighter, biodegradable soap, toothbrush & paste, toilet paper (in waterproof bag), band aids & peroxide, personal dish scrubbie.

Good ideas: warm clothes, vitamins, batteries, bug repellent, nail clippers, scissors, hair brush, hair ties, travel clock, candles, incense, & holders, acoustic instruments, hammock, camera, moisturizer & lip balm, sun block & lotion, pliers, warm coat, bathing suit, shorts, down booties, work gloves, shaving stuff, sunshade, frisbee, hacky sack, cards, reading material/journal, pen, marker and notepad, address book, chocolate, snacks, trail mix..."

welcOMe hOMe! We love you!



"An individual being arrested for marijuana possession at the 2014 Utah Gathering after a nonconsensual search"

HOWDY FOLKS! WELCOME HOME! 43rd Annual Rainbow Family Gathering of the Tribes

We, who are brothers
& sisters, children of
God, families of life on
earth, friends of nature
& of all people, children
of humankind calling
ourselves Rainbow Family
Tribe, humbly invite:

All races, peoples, tribes,
communes, men, women,
children, individuals --
out of love...

All nations & national
leaders -- out of respect

All religions & religious
leaders -- out of faith

All politicians -- out of
charity...

to join with us in gathering
together for the purpose of
expressing our sincere
desire that there shall be
peace on earth, harmony
among all people. & to

hold open worship, prayer,
chanting or whatever is
the want or desire of the
people, for three days, but
upon the fourth day of July
at noon to ask that there be
a meditative, contemplative
silence wherein we, the
invited people of the world
may consider & give honor
& respect to anyone or
anything that has aided in
the positive evolution of
humankind & nature upon
this, our most beloved &
beautiful world -- asking
blessing upon we people
of this world & hope that
we people can effectively
proceed to evolve, expand,
& live in harmony & peace.

Feel free to arrive a few
weeks early to create the
gathering and/or stay a few
weeks late to clean it all up.

NOTE:

*High elevation gathering -
be alert for signs of altitude
sickness in yourself and in
others. Drink one gallon of
water per day. Bring Osha
Root to help with altitude
adjustment (check with a
medical professional if you're
pregnant or nursing). Take it
easy your first few days and
let your body adjust.*

This is your gathering-- You make it happen

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

Those you see around you hauling water, toting supplies,
gathering firewood, cooking or cleaning up, sorting trash or
digging shitters, staffing the Info Center or the Parking Lot
have learned the inner esoteric secret of Rainbow Conscious-
ness: you have more fun if you pitch in and help.

No one created this village in the wilderness for us, we did it
ourselves. Our Mother Earth provided this place; everything
else you see has manifested by no higher magic than the needs
of the multitude is the best around. It's also the best way to
meet and get to know your Family.

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

The consensus decisions that guide the Family from year to
year are the result of countless hours in council. Come to the
councils happening at Main Circle every day at noon and
participate, always remembering to listen before you speak.
Witnessing this process is the best way to understand how
Family traditions have evolved through the practical experi-
ence of past Gatherings.

Respect the council feather; hold your response until your
turn with the feather comes, or till invited by the feather-hold-
er to speak. This way we hear each other. Remember that we
council not for our own interests but for the best interest of
the Whole.

Respect likewise the consensus of past councils, and consider
carefully the effect of any new proposal, as the Natives of this
country did, "unto the 7th generation."

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

A consensus of the Rainbow Family since the beginning is
that our Gatherings are absolutely free and non-commercial.
It is our spiritual calling as a Family to give and share freely
what the Creator has freely given, to sanctify this ground and
these seven days by exchanging no money whatsoever here.
This means that to feed ourselves we depend on each person's
free donation to the Magic Hat that goes around at dinner.
Caesar's image has no place among us except as our individual
gift to the Whole. It is on this basis that we exercise our First
Amendment right as a spiritual Family to Gather. Exchange of
green energy on any other basis endangers our future right to
Gather, and undermines our sacred purpose for doing so.

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

We govern ourselves, rather than each other, by observing the
consensus of peaceful respect.

Peaceful means not only that we act responsibly in all our
relations, but that each of us takes responsibility as well for the
safety and calm of our area of the camp.

Respect means that we not only consider the rights and wel-

fare of one another, down to the smallest, but take care of the
earth, water, plants and animals that were here before us and
will remain.

Feel the vibe, listen to the harmony around you and add your
unique note. Help keep your Gathering clean, happy, harmo-
nious, peaceful and safe.

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

The Gathering itself is a participatory workshop in self-gov-
ernment; the Family also encourages the free flow of infor-
mation through workshops and other forms of teaching and
expression. Consider this your opportunity to share any
knowledge or skill you have, simply by pinning your notice up
on the boards at Info Center.

As always, no single person speaks for the Family. We offer
this opportunity to all without endorsing any single spiritual
or political point of view. Please, our Gathering is for heart-
songs, not for proselytizing or selling. All workshops are,
naturally, free.

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

The center of our seven days together is the Silence at high
noon of the 4th, when we Circle to send forth our gathered
energy for the Peace and Healing of the World.

Respect the Silence; join hands with us in the Circle. Carry
this high, solemn & joyful moment through your Gathering,
both before and after the 4th.

Join the campfire sing, the drum jam, share what you have at
Kid Village or C.A.L.M., learn what the Welcome Center or
Supply is all about. But remember that it is for the Peace and
Healing of the planet that we gather, and carry that vision
back with you to the world of wars and preparations for war.
The Circle is unbroken.

PARTICIPATION IS THE KEY

Just as each of us is responsible for bringing what the Family
needs to manifest its vision, each of us is responsible for car-
rying it away again. Consider as your own the Family's sacred
pledge to the Mother, and leave no trace of your stay.

Use community shitters and compost pits, separate your trash
for recycling and deposit at community Garbage Yoga sta-
tions; disappear your camp completely before separate your
trash for recycling and deposit at community Garbage Yoga
stations; disappear your camp completely before you go.

Beyond that, take responsibility for the cleanliness of the
camp as a Whole: pick up any litter in your path, including
what was already here. Carry out a sack of trash any time you
hike to the trailhead. If you can, stay after the multitude and
help restore the natural beauty of the site. But be aware that
cleanup is ongoing throughout the Gathering. All of us are the
cleanup crew.

HO!

We Love You!

CAN YOU SPARE SOME CHANGE? (OR TIME?)

If you feel so moved, we need help to pay “All Ways Free” print costs and website fees... and we need more volunteers!!!

All Ways Free is an independent newspaper published by volunteers and is non-commercial, highlighting information about rainbow family gatherings, a non-organization, there are no advertisements and no monetary exchanges involved, other than the need to pay for printing.... volunteers have continued printing it successfully since the 85’.

The content is about peace loving and traveling people and things like standing up for our constitutional right to peaceably gather on public land, feed people in National Forests, honor all life, demonstrate temporary no trace communities, promote non-violence, consensus based anarchy... and ultimately everything great about rainbow family and gatherings. It includes original artwork, poems, stories, articles and announcements. The website is www.all-ways-free.org

If you love writing, photography or standing up for our constitutional right of ‘freedom of speech or freedom of the Press’... here’s a chance to support your cause via an Independent Newspaper, which does it all with volunteers meeting at gatherings and online to make it happen.

We coordinate getting stories, donations, pictures, content and assets for web and print production.

Graphic design and layout are all done at no cost to readers or submitters, but printers must be paid.

The costs we recover are related to domain name, web hosting fees and printing expenses ONLY!

Thank you for your interest and help. You can drop money in the All ways free magic hat at info booth or to contact by email Finch rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com for donation info.

ABOUT THE GENERATION GAP

In 4 generations, the US went from 0 paved roads to 27 MILLION miles of highway . We humans have spent 20,000 generations in nature, and 1 generation in digital code.

So many things have become flashy, stimulating, too quick for us to register. Start one commercial, stop that commercial, start the tv show, stop the tv show, start dinner, start the dishes, start drinking stop thinking turn up the volume, turn down the feels, and get some shitty, dreamless sleep~ aided by medication and intoxication, only to be start-led by the morning alarm, that reminds us to start the morning routine, take the morning pills, and go to work just to exist.

My generation hasn’t really been taught how to communicate with each other, we’ve more so been brainwashed a false history, made into a working society from the age of preschool, versed on a million different video games, and how to navigate the world wide inter-webs of “communication”. All outside of nature. Our kids don’t even play outside anymore. The average child spends more time on the internet than in the classroom. The average person checks their smart phone ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY times a DAY. Someone must hold down the act of gathering in nature, of communicating in nature, of playing music in nature, of education OF nature. No money & no electronics must be on the list of the few rules, forever; while the rest of the world plummets into the black holes of google glass and meeting a virtual person at a virtual coffee shop, experience a virtual romance while ingesting virtual food, while the slave civilization works on exuberant extraction of resources to build cites that resemble the ones in the “elite”’s disgusting virtual dreams. While we humans wipe out 200 species A DAY, as many humans as possible need to be connecting other humans (and pets) with nature so that we may then understand why we should study it, teach it, and protect it. There is no problem (in my thinking) that exists on earth right now: 90 percent destruction of rain forests, 96 elephants killed a day, no more iron in the crust of the earth or oil in the veins~~ that exists outside of human control. Therefore, we must focus on healing humans. Therefore, really, humans are the only ones who really need help. If we can fix each other with good food, listening communication, musical spiritual brain orgies, and physical healing, we can then move on to fix bigger problems outside of us. We must also simultaneously act on preserving crucial wildlife icons of the world, and remediating the stripped and shattered biosphere.

I’m 27. My generation doesn’t even know what the “good old days” are. When I think of the “good old days” i think of watching days of our lives during summer break, on one of the 5 tv’s I had in my house, for a good 5 hours a day, and then riding my bike down irrigation roads and through corn fields. I was raised on a farm which was the only grounding force in my small town American dream inspired reality of consumerism and capitalism.

When I turned 16 my friends and I’s ideas of having a good time was going to one of those restaurant- themed restaurants that all sell the same food: chicken wings, appetizers, burgers, fries, American stuff. After

that we would go out to a movie. That’s what we did, we were teenagers with jobs and didn’t have to pay rent, so we bought ice cream, spent money on movie theaters, restaurants, and went clothing and accessories shopping. We were so numb to real spiritual stimulation and starving for any stimulation that felt real, that we treated each other in manipulating psychotic ways of drama and ridicule. I sometimes envy the kids who grew up listening to good music and watching very well put together films, reading books by Tom Robbins and tripping at a young age with their parents. I sometimes feel a separation because I can’t relate to one of my friends who was homeless and hardcore at the age of 13 because of a broken home life. I sometimes even feel jealous of them, for figuring it out 10 years before I did (23 living in a Subaru, selling crochet’d crafts on the west coast) and for their becoming such strong beings with morals and logical beliefs by the age of 18. It sometimes pisses me off, I get resentful, and I can feel their resentment towards me, who was raised in a comfortable and pretty drama free environment. This is one of the separations I wish to mend, and seek to understand rather than trying to be understood.

If there’s one thing I’ve learned from Rainbow, it’s that you CANNOT hold how a person was raised, or where they were born~ against them. You can hold your friends and family accountable for how they deal with their upbringing or their differences from their family members, you can help them realize that it was the roots, but they are the branches, and such, but we must not resent each other or we will never achieve this unity that we are trying to create by gathering.

The average American takes 12 different medications a day. My generation has been raised on Ritalin. What the hell is that stuff doing to us? When I got into college I was getting tension headaches because human beings aren’t supposed to sit in lecture halls for 90 minutes with 90 different fluorescent lights blaring down on them. I didn’t know where my life was going and purposely and aggressively pursued medical treatment. I was soon put on Adderall (pharmaceutical grade meth for college students and people who can’t find their adrenaline gland after years of stimulating it with more caffeine & sugar than humans have ever had in all of our generations put together), Vicodin (pain killer for the headaches), Celexa (antidepressant) and birth control. I had cut off the blood to the organ that was my sacred nature, and my spirit was dying fast. 3 years later I was off of all of it and relying on a variety of herbs for my medication. I was 21 and convinced there was something more in life, and wanted to live with gnomes and fairies in the woods, and build structures out of sticks. When I was 22 I stumbled upon Rainbow in Big Sandy, Wyoming during a life changing move out to Oregon. One night at the gathering showed me that my dreams were a reality and had been for 4 decades, still going on, on the outskirts of this “civilized” society. I was mind blown.

Personally I like to go back and forth between common civilization and living in the woods, to bridge the gap between the two, to offer perspective to the people who have never camped more than two consecutive days, and to bring the city’s bullshit back to the woods to burn in the fire, and to meditate on how we will form a different method of living

LIST OF GATHERINGS

UPDATED Upcoming rainbow and rainbow related events & gatherings. (Dates and details are sometimes subject to change.) Be sure to confirm your information before any gathering....!?!)

July 4-13 Nova Scotia rainbow gathering

July 25-August 7 (Seed camp to cleanup): Maine-bow gathering

July 26-August 25 European Gathering in Romania

August 3-13 Rainbow Family Campout, VA/WV area

August 8-18 Gathering Northeast/New England/East Coast Rainbow Vermont Gathering. Seed camp June 6th-8th.

August 15-24 Wisconsin gathering

August 25-Sept 25 World Gathering in Hungary

September 12-23 Heartland Gathering

October 3-13 Shawnee Gathering

Illinois October 24-Nov 22 Israel Gathering

November 27-30 Thanksgiving Council

December 19-26 Black Sheep Solstice Gathering, southern CA

December 22-Jan 20 Ethiopian Rainbow Peace Gathering 2015

December: Hawaii regional rainbow gathering

February: Southwest Valentine's Day gathering

February: Ocala family gathering, FL

March: A-Cola family gathering, FL

April: Arizona Earth Day Gathering

May: Cumberland regional rainbow gathering, Kentucky

June: Katuah regional rainbow gathering

** For more information about the above listed "Northeast/New England/East Coast Rainbow Gathering", go to: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/NERGroup/> - Make that Regional Rainbow Gathering that will be in Vermont....!!!!



Rainbow Family of Living Light

Lightlines

NOTE: This is not an official document of any kind by the Rainbow Family

Be respectful...!!! Call during reasonable hours...!!!
Never call collect...!!!

ARIZONA LIGHTLINE928-636-6742
North Central Arizona

HO MID SOUTH LIGHTLINE770-662-6112
Atlanta, Georgia

MIDWEST LIGHTLINE314-301-9468

READING, PA LIGHTLINE610-401-6538

READING, PA NEW YORK LIGHTLINE ..718-208-4543

NEW YORK ALBANY LIGHTLINE518-377-6662
Albany, New York

ARCATA LIGHTLINE707-616-2835
Arcata, California

NORTHWEST LIGHTLINE503-727-2498
Portland, Oregon

PHILADELPHIA LIGHTLINE215-701-7233
Philadelphia, PA

COLORADO LIGHTLINE303-471-4469
Denver/Boulder

RAINBOW HEART LIGHTLINE303-936-5995
Colorado

RIPPLE RANCH406-826-0015
Plains, Montana, California

Updated May 20, 2014

BIRTH WELCOMES:

Aiden Gabriel Sherman was born on May 1, 2013, to parents; Kat Bernhardt and Bow Hempus.

Aspen Indigo Jaxson was born on May 30th, 2013, to proud parents; Austin Oldfield and Lisa K Worley.

Icarus Nova Helios was born on September 25, 2013, to parents; Dara and Little Brother.

Vega Voyager Born, (yes born is the last name), born on 11/27/13, to parents; RyAnn and Bert.

Indica Kay Legree was born 1/13/14, to parents; Sweet Pea and Puke Face

Ofelia Lliegeia Zvadavy Engle was born May 20, 2014 at 8:52 pm to Grimmalkyne Zvadavy Engle (Mercurio) and Jocelyn Zvadavy Engle. It was an all-natural, at home water birth. No pain killers, before, during or after.

Tranquil Forest was born on January 9, 2014, to loving mother; Laura Light.

Nuada Ea Eberle was born in a natural birth that lasted just over one hour, on Hippie New Year, July 4, 2013, to David Eberle and Jen Briggs.



TUZZI TIPS

*When in doubt,
leave it out PRE and
POSTNATAL DRINK
with tahini (for
calcium), Dried Apricot
(soak overnight) with
black strap molasses
(for iron) + with water,
milk, or ~non-milk
you're into ~ with all
mama's favorite fruit
etc...mama must drink
two big glasses so make
it taste good!*



"Love is always free" - Misery



The Consensus from Montana Vision Council 2013

Consensus #1 made July 7: We're all one family.

Consensus #2 made July 7: We're gonna be nice to each other.

Consensus #3 made July 10: Vision council on the land at the 2013 rainbow gathering in Montana consenses that contact regarding the 2014 rainbow gathering should be made with Forest Service Resource Advisers, not with law enforcement. Those who have contacted law enforcement in the past regarding rainbow gatherings should not contact them regarding the 2014 gathering.

Consensus #4 made July 11: We are not making any rules in this circle at any time.

Consensus #5 made July 11 by a passing of the feather in silent consensus between 2-2:30 PM by a group of over 30 individuals: The 2014 rainbow family of living light world peace and healing gathering will take place July 1-7, 2014, in Nevada or Utah. The gathering will not take place at the 2003 Utah site.

Consensus #6 made July 11: Vision council on the land at the 2013 rainbow gathering in Montana declares that all previous July gathering sites are sacred.

6 up 6 up! Every-
body's head jerks
up. The rainbow
grapevine alert
Code for the High
Sheriff Hope our
neck doesn't hurt
Every time 6 up
sounds Up jerks
the head Some-
times it jerks
around When-
ever 6 up is said
I look right then
left My eyes dart
around I have a
sense of self When
they cry out Will
they get me or
Won't they get
me Imagination
points out A place
of mystery A cre-
ation of thought
6 up! What do I
see It was or it was
not.

-Cam Nosbig
Cumberland 2014

Statement of Intent

All Ways Free is an actualization of a need to expand communication among the people of the planet. We offer a forum for:

- sharing heartsongs, dreams, visions, and the realization of peace
- updates on the events of the world and those in our own backyards
- expressing creativity in poetry, cartoons, short stories, drawings
- bringing increased awareness to the difficulties and problems facing us, as well as potential solutions, our progress and accomplishments
- most importantly, sharing of love for one another and our planet home

All Ways Free is an inclusive experience, with input from any and all. A volunteer staff meets before each edition to combine the collective effort into a polished product. We have chosen not to sell All Ways Free, or any space within it. Instead, it flies on love, energy, money, and materials freely given. With this process we hope to bring about a shared vision of love, peace, justice, and freedom, through a strong, broad, common unity.

Editorial Policy

- All decisions regarding this newspaper are made by consensus council.
- We will proofread all submitted material.
- We will establish a liveline for each issue.
- the liveline is not a rigid deadline
- a liveline is a flexible, realistic time consideration for publication
- We will request suitable limitations on length for each type of submitted material.

The views expressed in this newspaper are not necessarily the views of any group. We are working to create a space where anyone and everyone can express themselves. This newspaper is FREE.

We will not sell any space in this newspaper, for advertising or any other purpose.

Thank you everyone who helped put this issue together in any way, shape or form.

*"You never change things by fighting the existing reality.
To change something, build a new model that makes the
existing model obsolete."*

~~~~~Richard Buckminster Fuller~~~~~

## PRACTICE LOVE & ACCEPTANCE

-David Danforth

A lot of people come to Rainbow Gatherings looking for love and acceptance. The best way to find these things is to practice them ourselves.

I see rainbow as a place where I can practice love acceptance, rather than simply expecting everyone to love and accept me. Often times people test us, usually because they don't really believe that they are going to be loved and accepted. Many doubt that folk are genuine in their ideals of peace and love.



When you are in a tough situation, think of it as an opportunity to practice the sort of love you would like to receive, and remember that we all have times and circumstances that give others an opportunity to tolerate our behaviour.

I've found that the people who seem the most confrontational and difficult become very quick friends as soon as they realize I'm not going to react, or treat them poorly even when it seems like they're being mean.

Be sure to scout the gathering a bit before setting up camp. Get to know the neighborhoods, so you can choose your location according to the kind of experience you want to have.

## MARRIAGE/ANNAVERSARY CELEBRATIONS:

LOKI AND PUFF were married on May 20, 2014, on Fire Island at the Cumberland Gathering. Jenn officiated, and they said their vows to a glow stick waving crowd just after Main Circle.

SKYE AND FORGET were married on March 12, 2014, at the heartfire of the Apalachicola Gathering. Alex Angelo officiated the wedding and Iris Kitchen hosted the reception.

MAMA WOLF HEN AND CALICO celebrate 3 years of marital bliss on June 30th, 2014, and look forward to many more.

SUNSHINE AND FOUR were married at the Oregon Regional Rainbow Family Gathering.

SAMMICH AND CANDIE will be getting married at the Utah Annual Rainbow Gathering. The wedding will be July 3 and will be preceded by a naked parade.

## GONE & NOT FORGOTTEN:

\*  
“Chuck” - April 19  
\*

\*  
Bobby ‘Crystal Feather’ Faust -  
February 3, 2014  
\*

\*  
Patrick Thompson  
\*

\*  
Scott Eric Ellis  
\*

\*  
Tommy Huckabye  
RIP. ~of LITTLE WHITE  
SHACK of America.  
\*

\*  
Becky Mikalauski  
\*

\*  
Safety Pin  
“Pin and Sasha’s Song”  
Every road Every mile...  
I’ll hold your hand If  
you hold mine.  
I love you Always and  
forever...  
Don’t you ever forget it!  
\*

\*  
In Loving Memory  
Safety Pin 7-28-85 to  
12-24-13  
\*

## CUMBERLAND GATHERING COUNCIL HAPPENING AND ALCOHOL CONSENSUS

I am enclosing below the council notes from the 2014 May Cumberland gathering, since the controversy over the Cumberland/Katuah alcohol consensus is of interest to the family at large and there is a lot of misunderstanding over what it actually means. We are NOT trying to exclude family who want/need to use alcohol. We are asking to be protected from irresponsible, confrontational, agro behavior that results from irresponsible abuse of alcohol, and from dangerous toxic substance abuse. Elizabeth

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### Cumberland Council Notes

Saturday May 24 2014 at Buck Creek, KY

Circle gathered near main kitchen and Crooked Paw smudged participants with sage. Opened with an OM, then a sister called for participants to keep open hearts, open minds and open ears. Group from Nick at Night was invited to come up out of the creek and join the circle.

Feather was passed for introductions and heartsongs. When the feather reached the spokesperson from Nick at Night he immediately called for a consensus by silence to accept the open drinking that had been happening. This was answered by a chorus of NO and objections. When feather had gone around a discussion of our alcohol consensus was made. Our consensus was strongly challenged at this gathering with liquor bottles left outside a tent where main trail entered main meadow, by open drinking at Nick at Night and more private drinking at Brand X kitchen at main gate. Stories were told of sisters frightened into leaving the gathering after being confronted on the trail or in their camps by aggressive drunken behavior. THIS IS WHAT WE TRY TO AVOID WITH OUR CONSENSUS. We do NOT tell anyone not to come to our gatherings if they want/need to drink. We ask for respect for our consensus not to

be confronted with this behavior at front gate, on main trail, at main circle, or at kitchens. Open drinking in the public areas and agro behavior is what we object to. Many family who were drinking kept it private and we have NO objection to this. Cumberland and Katuah promote an environment that families, sisters, and young children can feel safe in and this environment was challenged at this gathering. Our consensus was ultimately sustained in this circle, which included members of Katuah family. Other business was discussed accordingly.

Closed with an OM. ~Notes by Elizabeth

*Editors Note - I believe these notes to be the ‘rainbow way’ of our non group of peace loving people to respond to concerns.. there is no ‘law’ or ‘rule’ written in stone, so all of consensus, for the people who participate making them, are simply “strongly encouraged suggestions” for the sake of safety in most cases. While we learn by experience many things... to come down hard on newcomers for not following “strongly encouraged” consensed issues... doesn’t give anybelly an authority over any other... I think leaning on the side of compassion and understanding... to have a friendly and inviting approach will yeild the best results.*

*In the case a couple sisters decide a small fire at their camp is OK... be considerate that they may feel safer, have small children, or have some reason for doing so... stomping out the flames in a dramatic presentation may not be the best choice. Also, please consider loud, lewd language bellowing from the trees may sound threatening to newcomers and not representative of a peace loving group of people. An invitation to rest in your camp with a cup of coffee might be a better alternative. We don’t make ourselves mentors... mentors are chosen by others... careful what you do, if someone has chosen you as a mentor, what you do can have a big influence in their life... Peace n Love, all Ways! ~ Mama Cat*

## 6 TIPS TO BEING A ELDER



Shyanne building her 1st oven at her very 1st Nat. Gathering Montana 2013

[1] Remenber how you were when you were at their age. Did you listen when a older person told you how to live? You can only give them advice. It’s up to them if they want to take it. They will listen to you and when they screw up then they will remember where they heard it first.

[2] Treat them with respect. To get respect you have to show respect. You are not better than they. Respect is not a right that come with age. You have to earn it.

[3] To get them to listen to you, you first have to listen to them. They have a lot to say and want you to understand them. They no more want to be preach at than you do. Give them the same right.

[4] Do not signafy with your wealth. You do not impress anyone with what you have. They would just see you as a asshole thinking you are better than them.

[5] When you have to correct them, let them know you do it out of love, not anger. But you better be there to defend them when they are in the right.

[6] Do not just call youself a Elder. That is like saying I’m the governer of New Mexico. That don’t mean that I can move into the capitol & start giving orders. Like a politician you have to earn that right and be given that title. Even if others think different I don’t concider myself as their elder but just their friend. That title is not yours to take but have to be given out of respect.

-Preacher

## The Largest Unorganized Organization:

# Henry's Story

Transcribed by Jodey Bateman

I was born in Steamboat Springs, Colorado in 1979. Val, my father, was an autobody mechanic. My mom worked for the IRS for a while, but when I was born she was just a full-time mom. I'm the oldest of eight brothers and one sister. My brother Vincent was born in 1981. My dad went to the Idaho Rainbow Gathering by himself in 1982. My mother didn't like him going. My dad's the black sheep of his family. His father was a doctor. He disapproved of my father going to the gathering. So did my grandmother. When I was four and my brother Vincent was two, my parents got divorced.

My earliest memory has to be the Rainbow Gathering in California in 1984 when I was five years old. My dad helped out in Kiddie Village. He was "Val, Val, the kiddies' pal!" It was before Felipe ran Kid Village. I loved the gathering. We went back to regular life. I went back to kindergarten which I had a hard time with. Ogden, Utah, is where I was. I was shy there. In the gathering, I wasn't shy. In Kindergarten kids got away with too much - the ostracism I got from the other kids, the name-calling. I acted differently. I was from another culture. The big change in Ogden was having to wear certain clothes and having to wear my hair a certain way in school. Most of the kids there were Mormons. I had to get used to that culture. My family weren't Mormon - we were outcasts. In the Gathering we got to be the Lost Boys (from Peter Pan). I had hundreds of aunts and uncles there. I was told I was adored. I missed that when I was away from the Gathering. One day you're loved and adored at the Gathering. The next day at school you're ridiculed and ostracized. Most grade schools at that time were inadequate in dealing with children. It was not based on what the child's feeling.. One of the teachers saw that I was shy. I wouldn't take off my coat. It was like my security blanket. So she sent me to a psychologist. They thought I was sexually abused. They called my mom and other people. It was the shell shock of the flower child. At the time of the Missouri Gathering in 1985, I was in first grade. For three years after that, I did home schooling, which was a lot better. My father quit his auto body work job after the Missouri Gathering. After he quit, all of a sudden we were living in a tipi. I went back to public school in fourth grade. I started to assimilate into that society. It wasn't that difficult. I did better. I started playing basketball. I went to school in a lot of different places - a different school every year at least, sometimes two or three. I lived with my mom and she moved around a lot. My dad would get me out of school in April and I'd go with him to scout a site for the Gathering - all the fun stuff. My dad works four months a year on the Gathering. The 80's and 90's were a different era for policing the Gathering. There's a lot of rules and laws now that are more severe. My father never lost custody of me, but if he had me now, he would. People volunteer their efforts for the Gathering. It's not like they have to. My father takes on a lot of responsibility there. When he takes on something besides the water supply there - the PVC pipes - he gets passionate. Like

he grabs people by the neck.

My mom's been married three more times after my dad. I got along with some of my stepfathers, but my mom liked alcoholics. It was rough. My mom had the whole help-people-out complex. She had two more children, both boys. My father has not been married since he was married to my mother, but he has had four more boys and one girl by three women. With my dad we never owned anything. He would get bikes for us, but we would borrow them from him and so long as we maintained them we were able to use them. It was a respect thing. There are two things - authoritarian and authoritative. Authoritarian is all about coercion. It's demanding without nurturance. Authoritative is demanding, but there's nurturance behind it. It's more of a coaching thing or a parent thing. My father was a very authoritative parent. He believed in us, but he'd call bullshit if he saw it. At age 16, I would write read down poetry and music and he's say, "That's great! Sort of Pink Floydish." With my mom and dad there was a duality thing. With my mom we lived in a house and had electronics and things. With my dad we lived in the woods and ate different things. My mom likes roast beef and meat as the center of a meal. My dad ate meat, but two of his girlfriends were good vegetarian cooks.

I went to high school until the Missouri Gathering of 1996. I was going into my junior year, but I went to Maine with Mariko and Mountain, a Rainbow couple, and went blueberry-raking. When I left for Maine, that was my last moment living with my parents. I spent my last two years in alternative school in Maine. I loved it. I got my high school degree. I was done with school at that time. I had a huge learning gap or chasm. I joined the army in 2001. I was there for three years. My brother Vincent was in the Coast Guard for five years. He's one of these people that does very well in social situations. Both of us are drug-free people. The Rainbow Gathering is the reason I didn't do drugs. I rebelled. It's around you all the time, so it's not that big a deal. The Army has all its boot camps down South in horrible, dirty places. It was like a joke for me. I was in basic training on September 11. I was going to lob grenades that day when they told us the Pentagon had been hit and the Twin Towers. The day the Iraq ground war started I got a pers-gram - a personal telegram. In the Army we have a way of squishing things together and destroying the English language. The pers-gram told me to go to South Korea instead of Iraq. In South Korea we have an armistice so I got out of there after a year and a half, a complete man with ten fingers and ten toes. When I got out of the Army in 2004, I went into the police academy a couple of months afterwards. In the last little bit they told me a policeman has to do anything - even lie - to get inside somebody's car to do a search. I didn't like the whole idea of coercion and intimidation, so I decided to become a mentor instead. I was going to college in Moab, Utah, from 2007 to 2009, studying to be an elementary school teacher. I got in trouble with the law. There was an old bike which was abandoned in front of the college. I'd go there morning and night and it was always there. I asked the kids who went to the school who it belonged to and no one knew. I walked the bike home and 30 minutes later I was grabbed. The bike was abandoned by the person that stole it from someone else. So I was

gotten for theft of stolen property. Since I am 30 and I don't have any prior convictions of any sort, the conviction is gonna be deferred, which means it will cease to exist after a year if I pay a fine and do some community service.

If the gathering is gonna be in New England next year, I'm not gonna go because of travel-wise, but if it's in Washington State the year after that, I'll go. Being with my father, my memories of him are at the Gathering, because that's so much of his life. Most of the eclectic tribes of America. Being part of the Fourth of July circle is an amazing thing. Instead of drinking liquor and shooting fireworks you're there with friends and family, showing the world it can be done, being part of the largest unorganized organization in the world.

## RAINBOW RIDDLES

What do you call a dirty kid in five years? Shanti sena  
 What's the difference between Lone Star (Texas) Camp and A-Camp? The location.  
 What do rainbow mamas, rainbow coffee, and rainbow cigarettes have in common? Fat Kids has the fancy ones and they ain't sharing!  
 How can you tell if you've found A-Camp? There's three old men sitting around and no beer left.  
 How can you tell a Front Gater is a good listener? He only has one black eye.  
 How many Fat Kids does it take to change a lightbulb? "Fat Kids needs a lightbulb change!"  
 How many Nic@Neters does it take to change a lightbulb? You got a lightbulb, I need a lightbulb!  
 How many Green and Purple kids does it take to change a lightbulb? I can't tell you until you've stayed up all night and cooked 5,000 pancakes  
 How many Goat Campers does it take to start a fire? "Goat Campers don't do shit!"  
 How many rainbow greybeards does it take to change a lightbulb? "They have lightbulbs in the woods now? That's it- I'm not coming back!"  
 How many Ocala rainbows does it take to start a fire? I don't know, they still won't talk about it  
 How many Acola rainbows does it take to start a fire? About 700, and one to fill out the paperwork  
 How many Cumberland rainbows does it take to start a fire? Can't tell you, call the lightline  
 How many high holies does it take to start a fire? One to sit in a chair and three young bucks to collect the firewood  
 How many Nic@Neters does it take to start a fire? Only one but he starts a thousand tiny fires  
 What do you call a train hopper who doesn't hitchhike? A liar  
 How can you tell if train hoppers have been at your house? Your ashtray has nothing left but filters  
 How do you cancel Main Circle for the night? Toss a box of Magic Cards into the kitchen

# Beware the Phase Change !!!

Rainbow Culture in the Present and Coming Tribulations  
AllenInDenver o May, 2014 o 4thWorld@consultant.com

A great change is bearing down upon us. The scientific community, government agencies, and the media are all now reporting that climate change will destroy civilization as we know it if drastic changes in how we live are not soon made. Change is happening, and truly heartening alternatives to business as usual are being developed. Yet the biggest needed changes are only talked about, and in some contexts it is already too late. In many areas people are now only looking for ways to manage the problems and survive the tribulations, much less prevent them. The newest reports project that it is only a few decades before global ecological catastrophe destroys our global economic system. What then of the global Rainbow Family of Living Light?

The point in time at which to expect life to get especially difficult is when all the polar ice is melted. BEWARE the PHASE CHANGE! That is when all the heat that had been going into the phase change of melting ice to water; then all goes to heating the land and the oceans of the world, increasing desertification, and the rate of phase change from liquid water to water vapor, which then must precipitate, probably in ever greater deluges.

In such times of cultural demise, new cultural movements tend to arise, and the question is what is in the Rainbow culture today that will remain meaningful to people as the global monetary-based culture destroys itself?

In general people will not dive into communalism, or the sharing of commonly-owned property, giving up everything they have known and believed. Instead, people will always seek to rebuild their romantic notions of what the “golden age of global capitalism” once was. Some people will always work to preserve or rebuild monetary economics regardless of how bad things get. Money existed before humans used coal or oil, and it will continue to exist long after the oil and the coal are gone. No matter how primitive a barter system people are reduced to using, barter is always the foundation upon which monetary economics is developed.

What Rainbow culture has to contribute to our current and future survival scenarios is actually consistent with people's attachment to private property. Rainbow culture is inclusive of communal sharing, yet the resources that are shared at Rainbow Gatherings come from people's private property. Communal production and consumption does occur within Gatherings, particularly in the kitchens, and these are good examples of sharing common property, yet for the most part what sustains Rainbow

Gatherings is the gifting of private property to the community.

Permanent Rainbow intentional communities have been created and do exist, yet in many cases what works for temporary Gatherings does not work as well for permanent self-sustaining communities. The two are different animals, and understanding how they differ is something which some in the Rainbow Family focus upon and teach. Great resources exist at [www.ic.org](http://www.ic.org)

There are the survival techniques, the happy trails, and the rural lifestyles, yet what may be most valuable about Rainbow culture is its social, cultural, and spiritual aspects of community, of tribal popular governance, and of 4th World solidarity economics.

Gifting is a function of the privately-owned property system, while sharing assumes commonly-owned property. Although communalism is alive and well today, in both its secular and its spiritual forms, Rainbow is much more private-property based than common-property based. This can be seen not only in Rainbow processes for gifting of private property to the kitchens, yet especially at Barter Lane.

Barter Circles at Gatherings are essentially wilderness training experiences in basic market economics as people, especially children and youth, practice negotiating or haggling for the best barter deals they can make for themselves. Many times certain commodities begin to be used as money at Rainbow Barter Lane, particularly cigarettes and chocolate bars. Watching that dynamic at Rainbow is seeing proto-capitalism corrupting and defiling a gifting and sharing culture, yet it serves to show how the market culture excites and motivates people to rebuild it no matter what the deprivations they experience, and the social pressures against possessiveness.

We know that when disaster occurs, people at least temporarily turn to communal sharing for their survival. The Rainbow disaster kitchens after Katrina and other hurricanes, along with Occupy relief efforts after Superstorm Sandy, show that people with no communal experience will participate in gifting and sharing systems once those who have experience start focalizing and facilitating, or when those in greatest need of it reinvent communalism.

Rebecca Solnit wrote a wonderful book on how people turn to sharing when all else is lost. In, “A Paradise in Hell: The Extraordinary Communities that Arise in Disaster,” Rebecca writes:

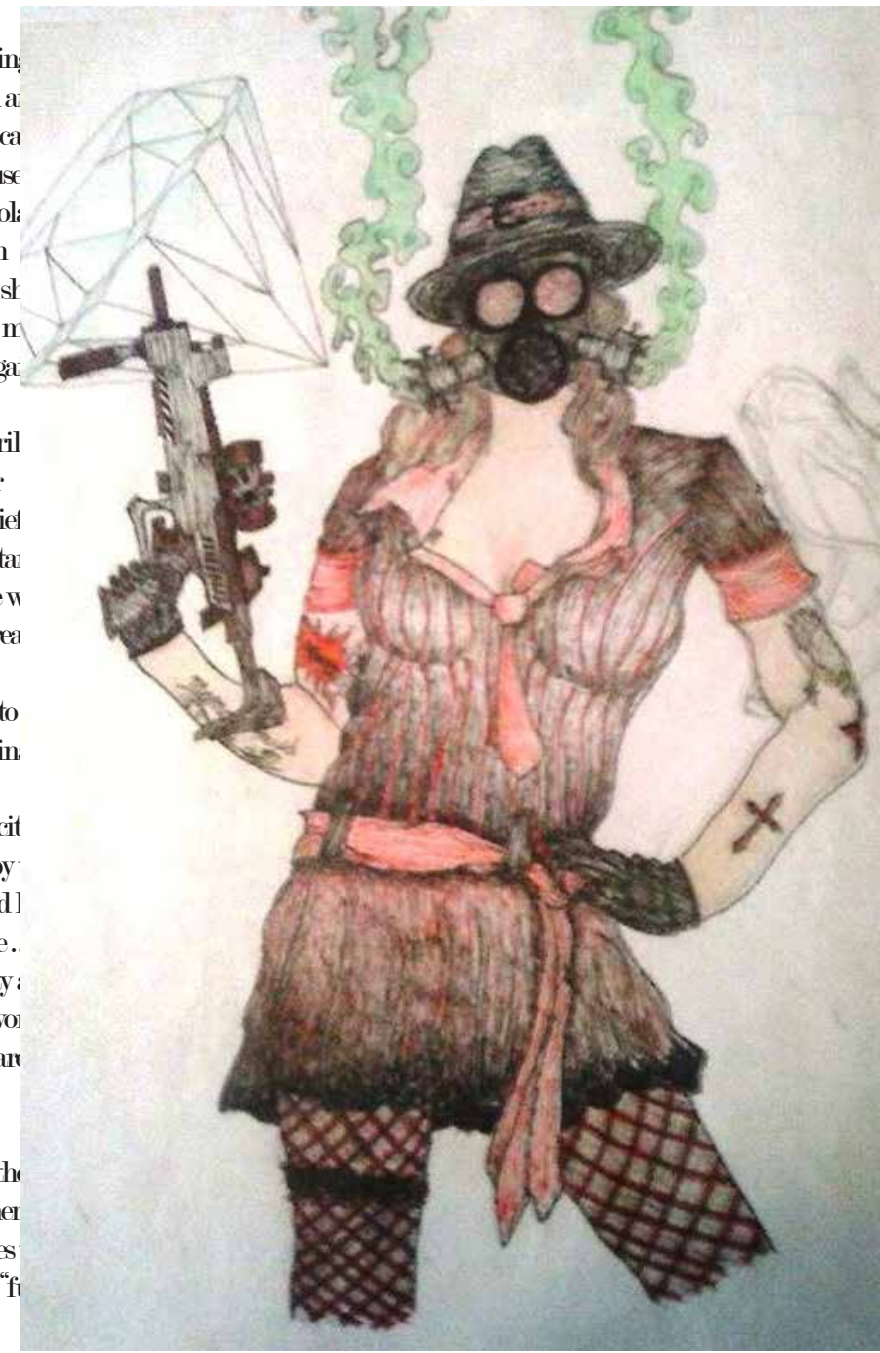
The existing system is built on fear of each other and of scarcity ... It is mitigated every day by altruism, mutual aid, and solidarity, by acts of individuals and organizations who are motivated by hope and love rather than fear. ... Disaster reveals what else the world could be like. It reveals mutual aid as a default operating principle and civil society: something waiting in the wings when it's absent from the stage. A world could be built on that basis, ... making paradise is the work that we are meant to do.

(Rebecca Solnit, “A Paradise Built in Hell,” 2009, p. 313)

The Rainbow Family is one of the civil societies waiting in the wings, or the forests and meadows, preparing people for the time when the barriers to our creating paradise on earth are gone. Rebecca states she attended a Regional Gathering and says of Rainbow that it is a, “f

but functioning version of the beloved community,” which she speaks of as a, “revolution of everyday life rather than a revolt against the system.” (Solnit, pp. 285, 296-7)

Babylon, in one form or another, is always rebuilt after every fall, yet in every age there also arises communitarian movements based upon gifting and sharing, such as the Free Spirit of the 13th century and the 17th century Diggers. The Rainbow Family of Living Light is one such movement in the 21st century. Rainbow Consciousness may be primarily manifested in periodic wilderness gatherings, yet its respect for human community in nature can lead people to the many communitarian lifestyle options of intentional community, including land trusts, ecovillages, cohousing, and communalism. Gifting and sharing are the “default operating principles” of mutual aid as practiced in community, and the role of the Rainbow Family through the future can be to help people learn of the many communitarian options from which we may choose, in order to best assure our mutual survival through the present and coming tribulations.



# Rainbow Of Babylon

~By Wolf



A rainbow rises from the clouds of Babylon,  
multicolored bands of flesh,  
trying to form a new land,  
where everyone will mesh.  
But in this escape from society,  
it forms a society of its own,  
and still is faced with problems,  
in its new and chosen home.  
There still is violence, hate, and greed,  
those who seem to have it all,  
while others are in need.  
So whats the point to all of this?  
What has really changed?  
For it seems the rainbow has become just another  
Babylon,  
it just wears a different name.  
I do not state these words to discourage you,  
I am just calling it like i see it,  
because if you really want the change you seek,  
You really have to be it.  
We must strive to always be the better ones,  
if we really want a change,  
because if this rainbow fades completely,  
we only have ourselves to blame.  
And nothing comes for free in life,  
you must bring something to the table,  
unless your a child, old, or crippled,  
you have no excuse for empty hands,  
because you are surely able.  
Stories are great,  
songs are fine,  
and sometimes trinkets and baubles will do,  
But in the end it is food,  
mixed with warmth and heart,  
that will keep this rainbow shining brightly,  
through the clouds and rain, of Babylon  
to Yahwehs skies of blue...

Sex in a Thunderstorm By: Heather

I read, I write, I crochet; I'm feeling creating again. Maybe this is why I am supposed to be here? As I introspectively wait in my cozy, dry tent in this beautiful thunderstorm I anticipate my boyfriends arrival with a gluten free pizza for us to share by romantic headlamp, I ponder this...

There is something magical about sitting inside a cozy, dry tent in a thunderstorm. I mean we all know what it feels like to be in a soggy, leaking tent right; freezing and thinking about how long it may take for all your shit to dry, and your body will unwrinkle, but a dry tent, that's a whole different story. Listening to the rain splat on a well-hung tarp is just about the greatest sound in the world. It's like beautiful music. Between the thunder, the raindrops, the water rushing in the creek beyond my tent, the insects scratching around looking for shelter, the forest is alive with a veritable symphony. Mother Nature's Symphony of Cacophony. It's amazing really. I can hear the sheets of rain coming down in the nearby meadow and the echoing splats and plops of heavy wet rain falling through the luscious, green canopy above my tarp. The smell of ozone is like nothing you'd ever smell in the city. It's so strong that I can't even smell the 27 pizzas my boyfriend is making only a couple hundred yards away in a wood-burning 55 gallon drum oven. Time to cuddle with the dog, maybe read and relax, and certainly take a quick baby-wipe bath before my boyfriend gets home, because there is nothing like making love in a tent, by a creek, in the forest during a rainstorm.

Oh wait... unless you're this girl, and your boyfriend comes back with no pizza because of the gluten that contaminated the kitchen, and too tired from making 27 pizzas for the last six hours to even remember the earlier proposition of magical thunderstorm sex. There will always be another thunderstorm in the woods.

## Dirty Kid Couchsurfing Coalition

is in the process of moving its group to a new website. We need volunteers for moderating and web design. This is an amazing vision - combo squat the planet and couchsurfing com - and free for all our nomads and those who want to help host them, with many features and resources. If you are open to hosting travellers or know web design, contact Rebecca Powell on facebook or at [DKCSC.ORG@gmail.com](mailto:DKCSC.ORG@gmail.com). We also send out care packages and do the occasional motel room. When we care for our own, we all thrive together.

Family/Friends.... I am writing this to ask that you help me raise the positivity and strength of the love of my life. He is sitting in a county jail awaiting his fate (almost 3 months now with no plea in sight) for a Federal conspiracy case. Many of you knew him as StL J, and some of you know him just simply as J. We have been together for almost 5 years, and we are now unable to communicate. I was his strength and warrior through this dark time in our life, but because we are co-defendants, they have put a restriction on my release and we can no longer communicate or my bail will be revoked. I used to write and speak to him daily and not having that communication has been difficult on both of us. At times things seem so bleak and alone in this world of babylon, but through the love and strength from those lifting us up it will help us to know that the darkness can only go for so long and the light is inevitable. He can not receive any books (only bibles) except for the ones they bring the pod from the library (which are mostly spy novels), and all he has right now is a radio. The lack of enlightened beings to speak with is hurting his mentality and not

**Timothy Tyler;** Prisoner  
#99672-012  
USP Canaan U.S. Penitentiary  
P.O. Box 300 Waymart, PA  
18472

Timothy was a young Grateful Dead fan, who in May of 1992, sold pot and LSD to a friend who turned out to be a police informant. He had never been to prison before, but a judge was forced to give him double life without the possibility of parole because of two



helping him to cope with the loss of not being able to speak with me. I had to move in with his family in StL, because both my mom and dad passed away within the last 5 years, so I have no other family to live with. PLEASE lift us up with your strength and please help to guide us through the dark with your light.... we you, all of you light warriors and ninjas!

**Jason Kirlin** SCCDOC G/1

301 N. Second St. St.  
Charles, MO 63301



**Christopher Byram,**  
340641 Osborn CI 335  
Bilton Rd PO Box 100  
Somers, CT 06071

IF YOU ARE CURRENTLY INCARCERATED AND WOULD LIKE TO CONNECT WITH OTHER FAMILY, AND RECEIVE A NEWSLETTER THAT SHE PUTS TOGETHER HERSELF, SEND A LETTER TO ASHLEY OSH HOWARD P.O. BOX 725 MIAMITOWN, OH 45041

prior drug convictions - even though both those convictions resulted in probation. Please help him out with kind letters and communication as he continues to petition for clemency.



**Justin Shirk**  
73794 H2/E118  
6900 W Millen  
Dr Hobbs, NM  
88244

Write him! He's been in for a few years now and he'd love to hear from some fam!

Peter Dunlap G56458  
C2-18-1L P.O. Box 92  
Chowchilla, CA 93610-0092

**Michael Sunley;**  
305 Pine Ave. SW Live Oak, Fl.  
32064,

**Clayton Pizzollo;**  
6010 County Farm Road Ballston Spa NY 12020

**George Kraft;** Hey fam, our brotha O.G. Georgie Dread needs some kynd, family love. he's down & out, missin' the family & could really use some kynd vibes from any family out there that knows how it goes & cares enough to show a brotha some love. Send a card or a letter, a poem, a drawing; some lyrics... whatever you got that would brighten this bro's dreary days. He's 1/2way into a 13 yr sentence.



# UNDER A GOVERNMENT WHICH IMPRISONS ANY UNJUSTLY, THE TRUE PLACE FOR A JUST MAN IS ALSO A PRISON.

~ Henry David Thoreau

*The United States has a larger percentage of its population in prison than any country on Earth. Over 1.7 million human beings languish behind bars. Well over sixty percent of federal prisoners, and a significant fraction of state and local prisoners, are non-violent drug offenders, mostly first time offenders. Due to the War on Drugs, we have become the world's leading jailer. 1 out of 35 Americans is under the control of the Criminal Justice System. If present incarceration rates hold steady, 1 out of 20 Americans, 1 out of 11 men, and 1 out of 4 Black men in this country today can expect to spend some part of their life in prison. Sources: Bureau of Justice Statistics, Nation's Probation and Parole Population Reached Almost 3.9 Million Last Year, (press release), Washington D.C.: U.S. Department of Justice (1997, August 14). Bonczar, T.P. & Beck, A.J., Lifetime Likelihood of Going to State or Federal Prison, Washington D.C.: Bureau of Justice Statistics, U.S. Department of Justice (1997, March), p. 1. Currie, E., Crime and Punishment in America, New York, NY: Metropolitan Books, Henry Holt and Company, Inc. (1998), p. 3.*

**Richardd Cobb;** 14a0428  
Downstate Correctional Facility Box F Red  
Schoolhouse Fishkill NY 12524

**Randall Goddard;** #LG5060  
Box 244 Graterford PA, 19426-0244

**Joseph Vukobrat;**  
132 Crestone Ave.  
P.O.Box 699 Salida, CO 81201

**Shawn Meisberger;** #217742 PCF/IYC  
727 Moon Sky Rd. Plainfield IN 46168  
G212L

**Theofilos Mavrapoulos;** Dikastiki Filaki Kordillou A Pteryga 18110 Koridallou Athens, Greece Anarchist revolutionary  
Theofilos Mavrapoulos was arrested in Athens in May 2011 after being seriously wounded during a shootout with cops. A comrade who was with him managed to escape driving the patrol car of the same cops. After spending a month in hospital, Mavrapoulos was transferred to pretrial

**Aaron Stansfeld;** Inmate # 19628827  
Eastern Oregon Correctional Institution  
2500 Westgate Pendleton OR 97801-9699

**Edward Samayoa;** #140000871 Humboldt county correctional facility 826  
fourth street Eureka, ca 95501

**Clifford Schwanke;** LF2879  
Box A Bellefonte, PA 16823-0820

**James Timothy Noel;** # 1348108  
Northern Regional Jail RD2 BOX 1  
Moundsville, WV 26041

**Patrick Elledge;** #02736 Y  
akima County Jail  
111 N. Front Street Yakima, WA 98901

**Josh Durrett;** 27167-009

FCI Manchester PO BOX 4000  
Manchester, KY 40962-4000  
He was sentenced to ten years and with good time and some programs he can apply for he might get out in 6 or 7. He is one of the funniest people ive ever met so if anyone wants to send him some love I'm sure you will be nothing but entertained back! If you have a vagina and want someone to talk dirty too, holler atcha boy! Love and Light and all that pimp shit

**Steven Lam;** # Hz1230 P.O. Box 256  
Waymart, Pa. 18472

He could really use it & let him know what family is all about. He's a wildchild and a Good Egg! MDMA + Parole violation. Radom act of kindness? Love & light

**Robert J Pluta;** Cayuga County Jail 7445  
County House Rd. Auburn, NY 13021

**Jason Bartley;**  
301 E. Walnut St. Frankfort, IN 46041

**James Romans;** 10195-028 P  
.O.Box 3000 Pine Knot, KY 42635 (doing a life sentence for marijuana)

**Bruce Runion;**  
P.O. Box 1005 Forsyth, MO 65653

Bruce was arrested on the way into the 2010 PA Gathering for trying to send weed to the gathering. Send him your love and support if you can.

**Timothy Johnson;** #827554  
PO Box 84041 Columbus GA 31908

**James Ruffin;** 755077-065  
P.O.Box 300 Waymart, PA 18472-0800

**Krispen Kriner;**  
13505 S.Eagle Valley Rd. Tyrone, PA 16686

**Richardd Cobb;** 14a0428 Downstate  
Correctional Facility Box F Red Schoolhouse Fishkill NY 12524

**Athena Douffas;** Detainee  
101 South Capitol St Pekin, IL 61554

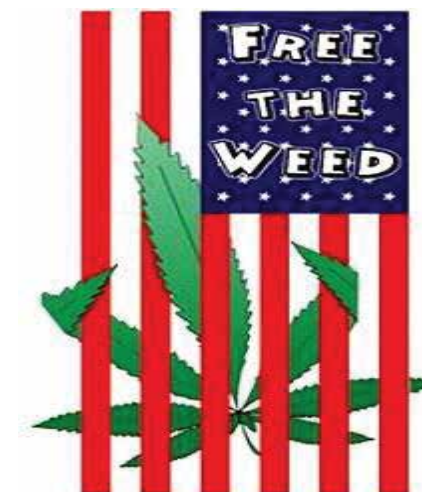
**Jessica Hankin;** c/o seminoe co jail  
211e second St. W  
Wewoka OK 74884;  
this is my sister. Grew up with a family full of heads.. could use some love and support. She is facing 6 years on felony drug charges in OK. She could really use some support through these dark times. She is lost and alone. Love you all!!!

**Jesse Charnik;** DOC# 143495  
Allegheny County Jail  
950 2nd Ave Pittsburgh PA 15219  
My brother and his girl both got picked up the same night. They are being held in Allegheny County Jail. Pittsburgh. Could use some lifting up on their spirits. Their hope has dwindled and reality is a brutal slap in the face.

**Kayla Bauer;** DOC# 173200  
Allegheny County Jail  
950 2nd Ave Pittsburgh PA 15219

**Jason A. Vorys;** #a699914  
Corrections reception center  
11271 st rt 762 po box 300 orient oh 43146

**Michael Cope;** c-block Washington  
County Jail  
101 Westview Ave. Marietta, OH 45750T



**Family/Friends....**  
I am writing this to ask that you help me raise the positivity and strength of the love of my life. He is sitting in a county jail awaiting his fate (almost 3 months now with no plea in sight) for a Federal conspiracy case. Many of you knew him as StL J, and some of you know him just simply as J. We have been together for almost 5 years, and we are now unable to communicate. I was his strength and warrior through this dark time in our life, but because we are co-defendants, they have put a restriction on my release and we can no longer communicate or my bail will be revoked. I used to write and speak to him daily and not having that communication has been difficult on both of us. At times things seem so bleak and alone in this world of babylon, but through the love and strength from those lifting us up it will help us to know that the darkness can only go for so long and the light is inevitable. He can not receive any books (only bibles) except for the ones they bring the pod from the library (which are mostly spy novels), and all he has right now is a radio. The lack of enlightened beings to speak with is hurting his mentality and not helping him to cope with the loss of not being able to speak with me. I had to move in with his family in StL, because both my mom and dad passed away within the last 5 years, so I have no other family to live with. PLEASE lift us up with your strength and please help to guide us through the dark with your light.... we you, all of you light warriors and ninjas! Jason Kirlin SCCDOC G/1 301 N. Second St. St. Charles, MO 63301

Hey family I need some love I'm going to jail in West-incarceration. So, among other things, he cheser County New York on thursday for 6 months for a is being charged with attempted homicide. DWI. I dont really got anyone out there so if anyone could Please send some support-show some love heres the adress and my name.

**Justin Scoville**  
P.O. box 10  
Valhalla, newyork 10595  
Lovin you family

**Colin McHugh** #530327 Mercer County Correctional  
Center PO BOX 8068 Trenton, NJ 08650

**Michael Kopyscianski** #545253 Mercer County Correc-  
tional Center PO BOX 8068 Trenton, NJ 08650

Anyone who knows and or would like to write Kopy. . .  
He is definitely in need of some love and support!! LOVE  
AND LIGHT

**John Heinrich** 1001787  
P.O.Box 670 Dillwyn, VA 23936

**Jason Watts** 341715  
1045 mullins station rd. Memphis TN 38134

MEET ME IN THE DREAMING WHERE OUR ILK, ASTRALLY BEAMING  
MIGHT CONGREGATE & PLAY

TIME'S RELATIVITY STRETCHES TO EXTREMES

A LIFETIME IN MERE MOMENTS, SHOULD WE DEEM

WE'LL BE LIKE GODS IN OUR SHADOW OF THE UNDERWORLD'S DAY

SUBJUGATE THE LAWS OF PHYSICS, TOO FLY HIGH ABOVE THE DREAMSCAPE &

VIEW OUR SUBCONSCIOUS IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAKING WORLD'S DISMAY

SING A DIRGE FOR CAUSALITY FOR HERE, PERCEPTION IS REALITY & THINGS AP-

PEAR EXACTLY AS WE SAY

I'D THROW UP CASTLES OF MARBLE A UTOPIAN PARADISE, MY PERSONAL MARVEL

FROM THE EVER PRESENT, OMNIMORPHIC CLAY

BUT ALL THESE THINGS I COULD NOT DO UNLESS, PERHAPS, YOU WERE HERE, TOO

SO TO THE DREAMING, PLEASE FIND YOUR WAY

-PIP

## Overheard at Fire Island - Cumberland 2014

-Is beaver stringy? - I TOLD you that was poison ivy! - "Can I touch it?" Reply: "Yes- just don't touch that!" -The best prescription to treat poison ivy is to find someone else's bliss, ask to pee in it. Pee in the bliss. Pour the urine over the rash. If that doesn't work, try swimming over in the kiddie pool. -We have 2 groups. Glitter swallowers - and glitter boofers. -"What's a boofer?" -Those that burn may not gather. -Oh no honey, Roger's gonna steal me! -This is great shit! When it gets chunky, you can use it as butter. -Do you have small hairy man boobs? -He called you a badass. It's his fault you have to do it. -"No" is a complete sentence, sisters! -Nancy

**Realize that you are one lamp of the Living  
Light you are loved more than you hope for  
more than you can imagine - Shining Heart-**



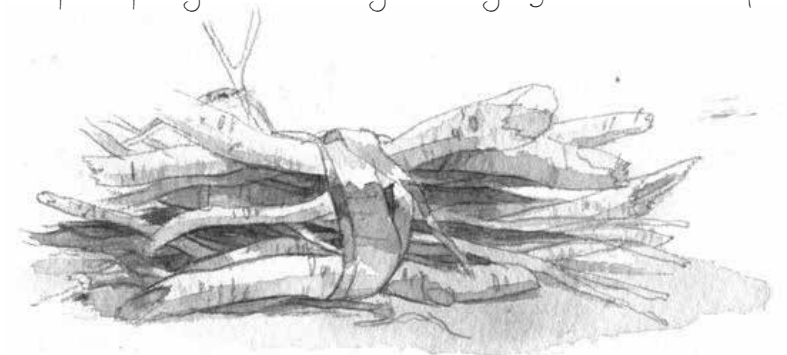
## RECIPE FOR SWEET & SPICY LENTILS BY HALF PINT

Ingredients: 3 lbs lentils 1 yam (med dice) 1 onion (med dice) 3 carrots (shredded) Spinach (1 can or 1 fresh cup chopped) 1/2 butternut squash (med dice) 1/2 clove of garlic (finely chopped) 1/4 cup molasses (more or less to desired taste) spices: cayenne pepper, sriracha, onion powder, garlic powder, seasoning salt, ground pepper, curry, salt

1: Follow directions for lentils shown on package 2: Prep veggies 3: In frying pan, caramelize onions & garlic 4: In saucepan combine butternut squash, yams, carrots, & enough water to cover. Bring to a boil, add a pinch of salt, stir occasionally until all veggies are tender. 5: Once the lentils are cooked add molasses, spinach and all veggies. Add spices to taste.

## Do X for 3 Days To Be Sure....

You've heard it said that there are no groundscores until cleanup. Do you know that we have a tradition on how to determine if a camp is abandoned at the end of the gathering? When the gathering is over, and cleanup starts, if you think a camp has been abandoned you can place two sticks in an X across the door. Keep track if the sticks move, and if the X is still in front of the tent in 3 days, it can be considered abandoned and ready for cleanup. In the mean time you can still pick up any obvious trash you see laying around. -Thankfull



## Thank You for Together Time

-Amazon

Thank you for our time of togetherness: the kitchens who feed us, the people who carry water and firewood, the scouts who seek an appropriate meeting spot, the people who give their time and heart even when they have nothing material.

We all come home for different reasons, but gatherings have taught me that we are all connected and my neighbors happiness raises mine, my family's well being is good for everyone.

Times are hard, and we are all struggling more lately. We should not be arguing about our differences, but pulling together even more. There is no conflict that can not be worked out as long as both parties are willing to give up a little for the good of the whole. The good of the whole...

**High family, I'm Flutterby!** You may or may not have heard that before, but you have now...and that's all there really is! Right now...it's actually a really long time! I have been hangin' around rainbows for a couple minits. When I first found my way into this family I was just a young girl, 16 years old. My boyfriend brought me to meet Windsong, Happy Jack, Plunker, Sunny, and many others from the beauty full rainbow family (shining people that are happy, helpful, harmonious & high-vibrationally). Shortly after beginning on this path Windsong named me Flutterby. But that's not what this story is about...One day as I was fluttering when Windsong said to me... "Flutterby you are gonna carry the torch" I replied "ok man, but where is the acid?" We laughed. Now, after 25 years of gathering, 15 nationals & 100's of regional's, I am truly carrying the torch! From seed camp to clean up... at age 42, I finally figured out what he was talking about. That torch...I pass it on to you & you & him & her & they & them etc. We all just do it! As we live for love and Jah Jah in every sacred moment. Evolving into oneness the rainbow way, our many hands make light work. My favorite rainbow quote is..."Be like me... be your self...I am being myself. You will be being like me if you are being your self."

Love in you long time with much Aloha! Flutterby LOVES Jaris Dreaming!

**TO MAKE THE EARTH GREEN AGAIN[EDITOR'S NOTE - TO MAKE THE EARTH GRIN AGAIN]**

**To Make The Earth Green Again....**

My Brothers & Sisters when will we start to make the Earth Green Again? We Have been Gathering for over 40 years and still we are not going to places that man has raped the land. All the energy we put into a 4th of July Gathering is in vain! All of that energy should be put into making our labors visible to all the world. To tear down all we build is a waste of energy! Start gathering at strip mines, Oil Spills and disaster areas! If we do not start doing this now, what will become of us? Please Focalize this heartsong at your councils. I Love Everyone of you Unconditionally & Hope to meet you on the good Red Road. Blessings ~ Rusty Sky's

This cosmic dance of bursting decadence and with held permissions twist all of our arms collectively. but if sweetness can win, and it can, then I'll still be here tomorrow to high five you yesterday my friends.  
~JUSTIN DEFOE

## WHAT IS THE RAINBOW FAMILY OF LIVING LIGHT?

First of all, be prepared for a different answer from each person who responds. Rainbow is different things to different people. Most of us, though not all, who consider ourselves part of the Rainbow Family, have attended the Rainbow Gathering of the Tribes, which takes place from July 1-7 every year. The first gathering was in 1972 for many years there was on ly the one gathering, and the spiritual focus was foremost

## Rainbow Hipstory

By Rusty Leach

What is the Rainbow Hipstory? How did Fantuzzi become a part of the Rainbow Family?

I was having a little bite at a place called 5 Rockcity Road right in the center of the town of Woodstock. I met a young man named Garrick Beck & he started talking to me about a gathering that would be called "gathering of the tribes" which was its name before it became the Rainbow Gatherings. It rang a bell in my soul gathering together in nature with friends. The first gathering was promoted by a couple of guys who wore jackets with the invitation written on their backs, and word of mouth like my connection with Garrick.

I'd been putting on gatherings and parties, and it was along the lines of a dream of mine to gather in this way - completely free for freedom's sake - so I went to the gathering. I hitchhiked one ride, sharing a big station wagon with a giant Great Dane and an old Albert Einstein type of dude. When I got to the gathering 40,000 people showed up and everybody's life was transformed by the beauty and love of the family/ community that was born.

Instantaneously, just from the energy there, I went into the highest state of bliss I've ever experienced. The love of the Divine Mother came over me so strong. I was naked in the

mountains where most people were wearing coats and sweaters, the Mother just gave me a kiss on my skin and a taste of her love and presence. In the day when the sun was shining the folks were Sufi dancing and the energy pulled me close to them. Their chanting filled the ether and the sweet crystal clear air fed us oxygen that gave a certain kind of natural high.

The love of the Mother was so strong that my goddess intoxication was stronger and sweeter than any buzz I ever had before including any of the acid trips of the sixties. I was swimming in bliss and Divine Mother was rocking me in her arms and her song was the wind that made the trees dance. I thanked her and she came to me again as a cloud passing and appearing as a woman who looked deep into me and said "I love you" and I knew it was her. She was even in the blades of grass that I rolled in and staring at one blade, I managed to be in total connection with her.

I was asked to lead a song, so I led a chant of Mah, Mah... honoring the Divine Mother who was giving me Darshan like she never had before. In every tree around me and every cloud that passed by, she appeared. At the end of the gathering some guy decided that we should do this again, so he ran to where everyone was leaving with a sign saying "See You Next Year" and so we began an annual ritual that has spread around the world.

We decided to share this love with all the land and to take it to as many parts of the country as we could. The European members of the family went back home & started their own versions of the gatherings which now have more than 3 decades of existence. Israel Rainbow Family has been going for over a quarter of a century already, the gatherings are spreading all over the world? South & central America, Australia, Africa, across Europe..

I've continued going back for over 40 years, assisting others to have a little taste of the divine, knowing that I've helped in just the tiniest way in adding my energy to that love circle. Feels good & it's good enough for me.

Universal Lover; Fantuzzi 1970

# “We travel each year around the end of June to the National Gathering of the Rainbow Tribe,

which is held in a different national forest each year. There we camp out sometimes for two or three weeks and commune with nature and thousands of rainbow kin. There's always plenty to do with yoga classes, talent shows, metaphysical discussion groups, tai chi, wild herb walks, countless campfires with music circles, drum circles that can last until sunrise. Bring supplies not just for yourself but to contribute to the “magic hat”. This means not only green energy (dollars), but food (grains, veggies, fruits, teas, coffee...), medical supplies, candles, clothes...I've seen truckloads of watermelons and produce delivered by generous donors. It always seems miraculous to me how sometimes tens of thousands of people can be fed continuously solely on the generousness of those wishing to give. And we're not talking bare necessities here, the kitchens often provide incredibly delicious meals with plenty for all and no matter what time of the day or night, there's always a kitchen somewhere serving food. “Popcorner” is a wonderful treat to stumble on in the dark woods at night, the “Sprout Garden” is fun to graze

## POI-RITZ PARKIN' AREA

Kid-friendly, recycle-friendly, not PIE-rats as are killerz and criminalz, but poor-man's pirates, as diggers through garbage and roadside scavengers and creek-cleaners. Its not criminal to take from the wastestream - its Recycling and good clean FUn!

We be askin that yer booz, gunz, and sexplosives be kept away from the Gatherin' please, and ifin ye MUST bring them along to our peace and healing Gatherin' then please do keep them well burried. Breakem out only in event of zombie apocalypse or worse.

We WILL be experimenting with servin alcohol at specially designated space and time, free of charge, but away from the kids area and pirateBusVillage. Basically a pyramid scheme, you give us one cold beer and some ice today, and we will give you two cold beers in a couple 'o days. June 30 - July 5 Bring an empty recyclable to redeem yer beer at our beverage-EmptyingStation

## POY-RATS FRONT GATE

pirateShuttle stop, where dirtRoad meets pirateTrailToGatherin'  
pirateRecycleStation1, where you can, you

know, recycle (also a FreeStore to donate to)

pirateINFOStation1, where you can get poi-reet INFO whenever you like (master-MapMaker needed)

## PIE-RITS WELCOME HOME

Basically where the bus village/parking-lot trail becomes more trail than parkingLot; a place to stop in an take a break for a bit, get ready for the long hike in.

Please no alcohol, guns, or explosives beyond this point. At least not on OUR trail. Go ahead and park in the rest of the Rainbow Gathering parking areas and use their Front Gate(s). They are Wild West, we are kid-friendly poyritz. We have our own movie, got it?

If ye DO happen to use me pirateParking-Area, and are usin of me pirateFrontGate or pirateWelcomeHome, or whatnot, I would ask that you consider donatin a half a day of yer time to me effort. We will be needing of quite a krew and wishin you all to join us.

Roy III

in, and watch out for the “Cosmic Flying Eyeball Medicinal Tea Vortex”, “Kickapoo Kitchen” has pancakes for breakfast, “Instant Soup” cranks it out and keeps our bellies warm and full. The kitchens are numerous and have colorful names like Granola Funk, Lovin' Ovens, Green and Purple, Musical Veggies, Aloha, N.E.R.F., S.C.ROLL, Sundog, Green Circus, Raven's Nest and Montana Mud, just to name a few! There are kitchens, which serve only tea or coffee or just chai but most others prepare a wide variety of foods. Sometimes the kitchens themselves sponsor events, which can range from a simple drumming circle to a full-blown production including music, acting, and a large cast of players. You can find pizza being cooked at 2 AM, or “zuzu's” (rainbow slang for sweets) at 3. Each day, a meeting is held to discuss all aspects of the gathering. This is the political structure, which is based upon general consensus. Again, all are encouraged to participate. I've often sat in on these meetings just to get a sense of what goes on to keep it all going. It's not unusual to be walking along, look someone in the eyes, smile & stop to talk. Before you know it, an hour has gone by in deep communion with a kindred spirit. This is a place where people call each other brother and sister and are not afraid of sharing many aspects of them selves, although they might have never met before. This is a world unlike that outside of the safe space created from the loving intent of similar-minded people. At the end of the first week of July,

cleanup begins and work is done to remove all traces of the gathering. The Rainbow Nation is non-denominational and embraces all creeds, colors, lifestyles, and nationalities. Indeed, there are Christian camps, a Hare Krishna kitchen, Buddhist devotees, Native American elders, pilgrims from all corners of the world that come to gather and make a statement to the world: peace!

A REALIZATION While floating on a cloud I thought Below there is a storm Having never felt like this There's nothing left to hoard Gradually these changs occur As if you are drifting upon a stream And with every breathe It seems like melting to the core So from this gladdening awareness That spans oceans Was of an overwhelming desire To end all greed FEAR and ABSOLUTE POWER are the enemies of all the merciful souls that believe in harmony. How often we see MAN'S aggressive spirit disrupting our lives with unnecessary pressures and dilemmas that do not actually exist but in our MIND.  
~ NILE

## My Secret Love...

My love is like a tiny springlette hidden in the mountains deep.

It dances over pebbles, it rambles to and fro, but if none were there to see it no one would ever know.

It travels on, it twist and winds, it picks up more, leaves some behind.

It reflects blue skies and grey ones, the clouds and birds in flight, the millions of stars in the Milky Way, the moon hung low at night.

The songs it sings to heaven, the sparkles from below, but if none were there to see it no one would ever know.

As it passes the shadows of spruces and the willows as they weep, and at the mountains bottom it lays in pools so deep.

Now looking back at its journeys, its movements fast and slow, if you weren't there to see it, then you would.

Robert Wymns

Community on the move  
That's a movement-

We were brought together for a reason  
and that reason Is that we love one another  
We were brought together for a reason  
and that reason is that we heal one another  
We were brought together for a reason  
and that reason is that we complete one another  
We were brought together for a reason  
and that reason is that we compliment one another

**WHOSE JOB IS IT?**

Once upon a time, there were four people. Their names were **EVERYBODY**, **SOMEBODY**, **NOBODY**, and **ANYBODY**. There was an important job to be done and **EVERYBODY** was asked to do it. **EVERYBODY** was sure **SOMEBODY** would do it. **ANYBODY** could have done it, but **NOBODY** did it. When **NOBODY** did it, **SOMEBODY** got mad because it was **EVERYBODY'S** job. **EVERYBODY** thought **ANYBODY** could do it, but **NOBODY** did what **ANYBODY** could have done in the first place. The moral of the story is that when you find yourself saying "SOMEBODY" should pick up the trash on the trail/make a sign to mark a kitchen/organize the parking lot/plant a garden... Remember **YOU** are **SOMEBODY**!!! Isn't that what you've always wanted to be?

**Are you always free?** Is it a state of mind or are you traveling? are you seeing, feeling, being? touching, up close, or believing? always on the move. nothing left to lose. i can be free. i know its true. i love you i do. you are of my kind. that human nature. when you hurt i will try to lift you up. bite me. kick me. i wont let you down. even covered in dirt and bruised. i see the you. always running. blending in by acting out. i rebelled once until i figured out. i love my family. so i do what i can now. to make us happy on our little land. we run free there to do what we can. so don't tear me down because ive got a plan. with love, compassion, strength, wisdom. to help us prosper, for growth, hand in hand we can win it. belief, with trust, its enough, for us to rise above and conquer together like sitting in circle passing a feather. with more trusting, loving hearts we can pull our worlds together before they fall apart. plant your seeds and watch em grow. i opened my eyes and my land disappeared, it will be back once my family perseveres. -Paradox

## TIPS FROM CALM:

### EVERY KITCHEN SHOULD HAVE:

A first aid kit to treat the minor injuries and health problems amongst its workers. I have had a request to make a list of things that a kitchen should have in their first aid kit. I have included the various items that kitchens might consider stocking:

- 1 bottle alcohol
- 1 bottle hydrogen peroxide
- 1 tube anti-bacterial ointment
- 1-2 bottles/tubes sunscreen
- 1 tube hydro cortisone cream
- 1 tube anti-fungal ointment
- 1 bottle of tylenol
- 1 bottle of ibuprofen or other NSAID (aleve)
- 1 bottle baby aspirin---do not give aspirin to children under 10 as aspirin can cause reyes syndrome which can be deadly for children--it is for stroke and heart attack prevention
- Tampons /sanitary pads
- 2 ace bandages
- Band aides of various sizes:
- box of 4x4, box of 3x3, box of 2x2 adhesive/surgical tape
- tweezers--for splinter removal
- gloves of several sizes--avoid latex gloves due to allergies
- 2 bandage wraps
- 2-3 ice packs
- childrens tylenol and ibuprofen (both)
- 1 arm sling
- roll of duct tape--you never know when it comes in handy
- 1 package of steri-strips
- 1 package of mole skin burn ointment and telfa pads--should not use regular gauze on burns
- q-tips
- arneca ointment
- bottle of rescue remedy
- benedryl both in pill form and liquid (childrens formula)
- thermometer and thermometer covers
- calamine lotion

### KITCHENS MIGHT ALSO CONSIDER

....having a few otc treatments such as: cough medicine or ccough drops, cold medications, turns or other anti-acids, things for GI issues such as as pepto bismal, milk of magnesia ect.

GOOD HERBAL AND HOMEOPATHIC TREATMENTS would be a good substitute for many of the OTC remedies, however many people do not know how to use them properly and some people would prefer using OTC treatments rather than taking that "weird hippy stuff".

*If someone would*

*rather use herb and homeopathic remedies,*

*they should be sent to one of*

*the CALM areas.*

KITCHENS CAN ALSO CONSIDER having some herbal teas on hand. mint teas are very good for various GI problems and they have the added affect of relaxing and calming people down

who feel stressed. other things that kitchens can do to create a health environment include"

1. having a good hand wash station both in the kitchen and at the serving area for those being fed.
2. maintaining a good latrine system with hand wash and lime or ash
3. monitor workers to make sure that no one is cooking or serving who has upper respiratory issues or open, uncovered wounds to their upper body.
4. use gloves with food preparations which require the preparers to us their hands
5. have the upper body covered when preparing food or serving food.
6. always have filtered or boiled drinking water available for both workers and those who are being fed
7. have rehydration fluid available on really hot days as people can easily loose necessary electrolytes when it is hot.

To make rehydration solution:

- 1 teaspoon table salt
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- lemon concentrate or other citrus fruit to taste to one quart of filtered water.

Wear sunscreen and keep yourselves hydrated family... in higher altitudes, rest more the first couple days! :)

**HINGES CREAK AS THE DOOR OPENS** to the past... where I walk once again --in through the dusty cobwebs and faded memories; into the shadows of my mind. "I'm here!!!" I scream into the darkness to find answers to today's problems. An echo replies: "Return to tomorrow, my freind, for there's your answer... in tomorrow's hopes... tomorrow's dreams."

*Too many times we turn to yesterday* for our solutions when the answer lies in tomorrow, and how we make tomorrow happen! So return to tomorrow and tomorrow's hopes and dreams. Yesterday will always be here... remember me... as a freinD ~ Dreamer

**Family we care, family we share,**



healing broken hearts  
bringing insight to  
the blind...

Follow your dreams  
and you'll find your  
rainbow!

Follow your rainbow  
within and your  
dreams come true...

Sisters n Brothers,  
honoring our Mother,  
loving each other,  
...we are one.

We gather together,  
all over this land,  
freeing the people,  
freeing forested  
lands.

We gather and Om  
together, we are forever,  
spirits shared,

we are one...

In the light, we stay in flight, wings of freedom, we are one.  
Ancient trailways, to our starways, All Ways Free... we are  
one. ~ Evergreen Forest



## A VET AND HIS DOG

~TODD McRAE

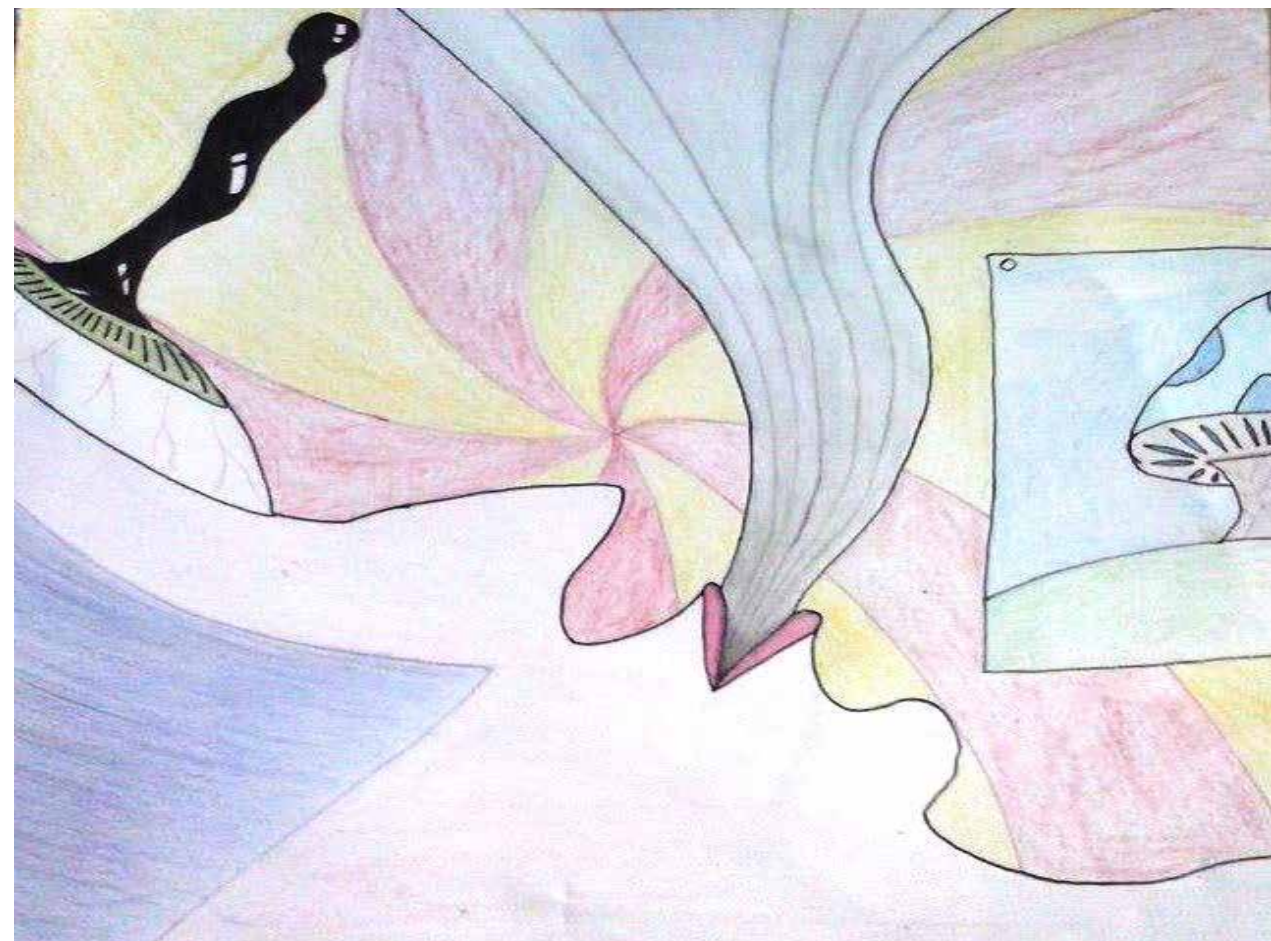
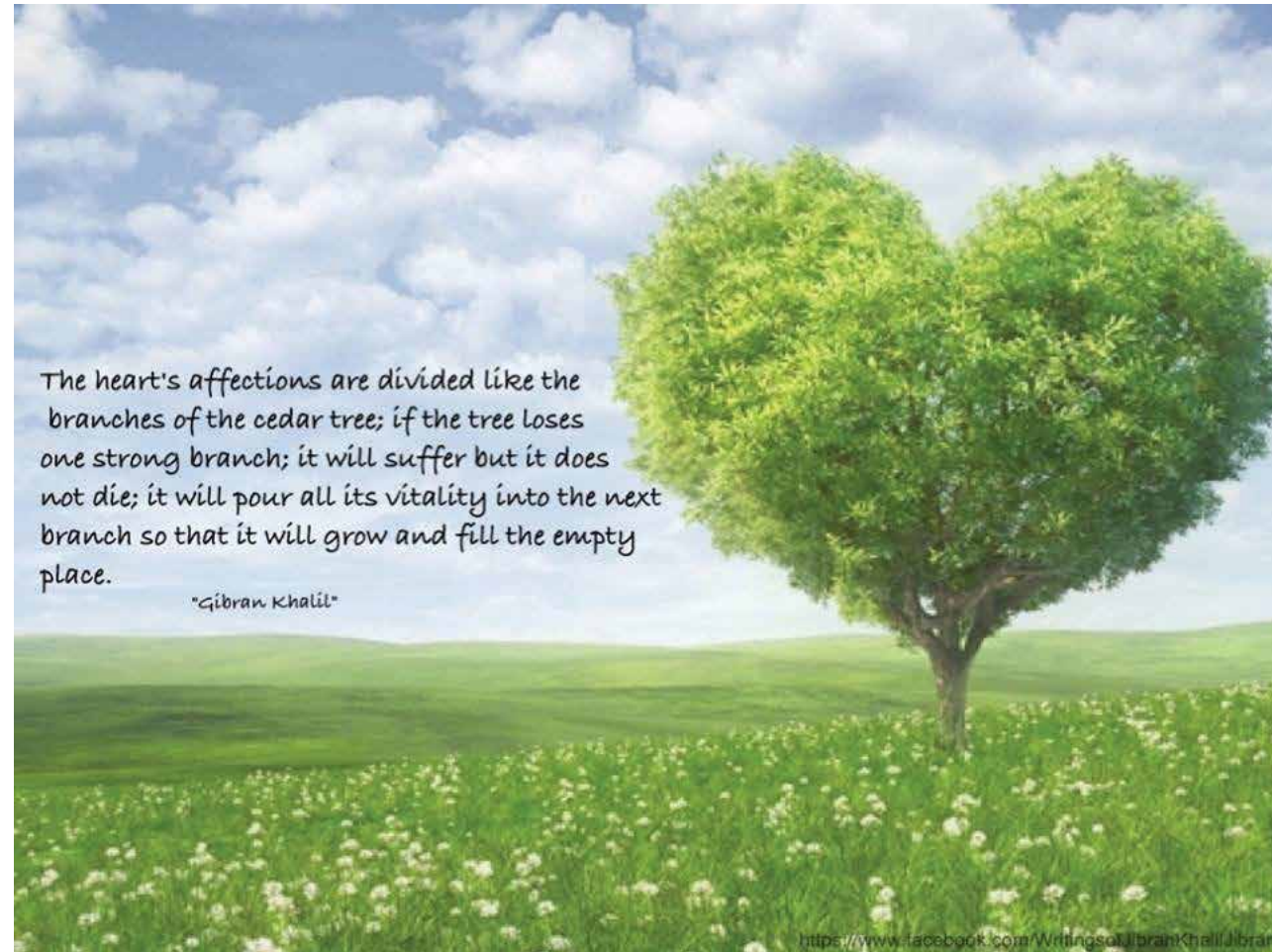
Officers at the VA Medical Center in Mountain Home, TN, were caught on tape harassing a 54 year old disabled veteran in a wheelchair. He was accompanied by his 13 month old



service dog Belle, who never made a sound or reacted violently through the entire encounter; no matter how upset her owner

became, and no matter how upset (to the point of vomiting and defecation) the officer's refusal to step away made her. At the beginning of the video, we see the officer walk casually over to the man and cross in front of him to stand on the side where the service dog sat. The officer ignores the man's pleas to have him step back, and insists that he identify himself, an unlawful order (not to mention the fact that the officer already knew who the man was, what his name was, the gender and age of the dog, among other things). The officers continue to harass the man. At the end of the video, the officers physically put their hands on the disabled

man to take his phone away from him, citing that video taping on the grounds of the Medical Center was prohibited, a debatable claim. They then attempted to delete the video and have the man committed to the psychiatric ward; they were unsuccessful in both endeavors. They sent him home with several tickets for assorted charges. The officers had harassed the man on several other occasions, citing imaginary laws that stated that the man was required to have his dog wear a muzzle. When the man resisted and showed that he knew his rights, the officers became angry, called him names, and wrote him a ticket for disobeying the lawful order of a police officer. They subsequently insisted that the man leave the grounds of the Medical Center, making him miss an appointment to have his blood thinner dose adjusted. All of this was a result of the officer nearly stepping on the dog's foot; she subsequently jumped and vocalized, leading an officer to call her vicious. In the video, the sheaf of paper handed to the officer was the full text of the laws about service animals and the details of the 8 step assessment for determining whether or not a dog is vicious (as another officer had claimed she was, on a previous occasion; both officers present in the video were present in previous confrontations). This is an outrageous example of police abusing their power to terrorize the people they are supposed to be protecting.



**The Old Ones** say that at one time all of Creation spoke the same language. The plants could communicate with the finned ones, the four-leggeds could speak with the trees, the stones could talk with the wind, and even the most dependent, most pitiful part of creation, the two-leggeds, or as we have come to call ourselves, the humans, could also speak with the other parts of creation. All existed in harmony. The plants, the animals, and the elements of the Four Directions (all existence) all knew that if the two-leggeds were to survive, they would need help.

The animals gave of themselves, willingly sacrificing, so that the humans could have food. They knew that their skins were much better suited to survival than that of the humans, so they allowed their skins to be taken and used for clothing and shelter. The Finned ones, The Fliers, and the Crawlers also allowed themselves to be used by the humans, to insure their survival.

The Plant people, the Standing people (trees),

and the Stone People (rocks) freely gave of themselves so that the humans had what they needed for food, clothing, and shelter. An agreement was forged that the two-leggeds would ask permission for these gifts, give thanks for the sacrifice, and take no more than they needed. And so, it was good.

But then, the two-leggeds started growing in numbers, and began to feel themselves more important than the rest of creation. They began to believe that the Web of Life revolved around them, ignoring the fact that they were just one small part of the Circle. The two-leggeds began to kill without asking for permission. They began to take more than they needed. They ceased to give thanks. All parts of the agreement were broken.

The great Animal Councils banded together to determine what they should do to right these wrongs. They needed to protect themselves from destruction and eradication. And so, it was decreed by the council, if one of their clan was

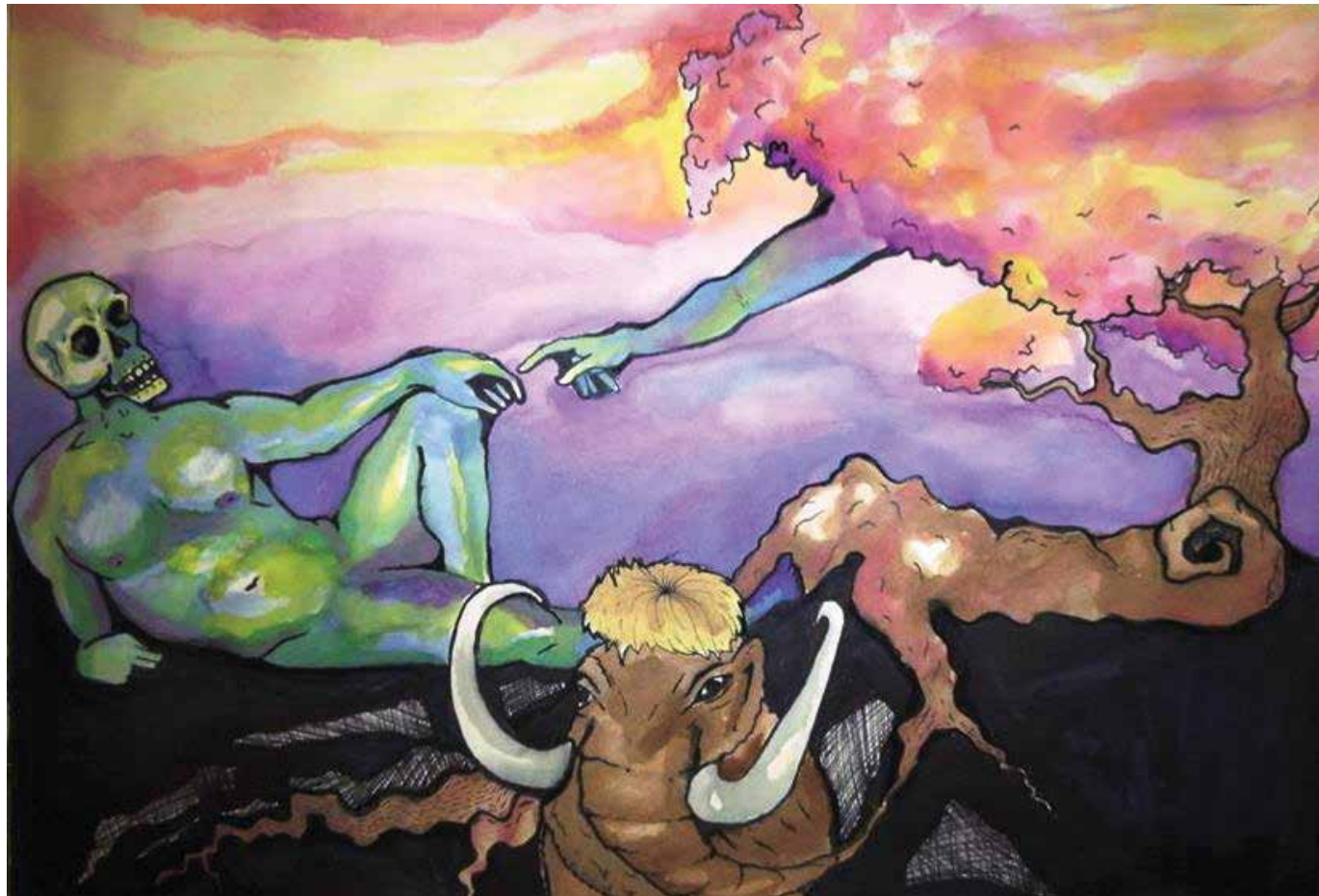
killed by the two-leggeds and thanks was not given for the sacrifice, the Chief Animal Spirit would afflict the disrespectful killer with a devastating disease.

The plants were distressed and said to the animals, "They wrong us, too. They dig us up, trample us, burn us out, and don't even listen when we try to tell them what we can do to help them. Yet, we feel compassion for the two-leggeds. Man struggles to realize his place in the web of creation and he cannot learn if he is wiped out by disease. Man needs our help, so for every disease you animals bring to them, we, the Plant People will give them a cure. All the two-leggeds have to do is 'listen' when we talk to them."

Cherokee Medicine Man A'yun'ini, also known as Swimmer: - submitted by Calijah Lovechild



<---cRAZY cODING MADE THIS FROM fRACTALS



WE  
LOVE  
YOU

**CALL YOUR MOM** was an idea sprouted at the



Montana 2013 Nationals. Since then, I've seen the brothers and sisters volunteer to take messages out of the woods in gatherings and on street corners across the country. Not all who wander are lost and we've had an upsurge in "Missing Person" reports when family goes off grid and "disappears" from

facebook for a few days. I've actually had a detective call looking for a 16 year old who hopped a ride out of Nationals to Cali and went off radar in Shasta for a few weeks. The relief in a mama's voice when she hears her baby is eating fresh baked pizza from an oven made by 20 hands and is warm and happy makes every walk to front worth it.

We can call your kid to say happy birthday, your buddy to bring freshies to the gathering, and your wife to say I'M HOME!, and ALIVE. Not everyone has a phone; some of yoy spend weeks in the woods. And some of you just can't call. All calls and real names are confidential.

If you want to help at a gathering, 'like' Call Your Mom on facebook and let us know. Or grab a notebook and start helping your family on your own. Just be sure you keep the promises you make. Spread kindness in all its many forms.



You are not perfect.  
That is a wonderful thing.  
Enjoy being you.  
-Memphis



## ... Why the Rainbow....?!?!?!?

Why the Rainbow? ....ask why wind? ...ask why water? ...ask why fire? ...ask why the round earth, itself? Because it is all we have with which to live & all upon which we are able to live....!!! The planet, the powers that drive it, & a promise of hope that it will continue to spin on for someone, someday....!!! Why?...because we are each a part of the one whole of humanity ...but the whole of humanity is only a small part of all of the life on the face of planet "earth"... humanity is currently putting the health and welfare of the planet earth on the edge of its ability to continue with life as we now know it... we are currently beginning to become witnesses to the death throes of our planet....!!!

Unless humanity unites in peace, love, joy, understanding & forgiveness, & does so quickly, to work together diligently to reduce our collective damage to the face of the planet, we are most probably all facing some sort of future where much of humanity will be doomed to great & nasty suffering... ...our planet will then most certainly endure some sort of long recovery & repair, after which, hopefully, some form of humanity will emerge to flourish in love & peace... why can that time not start now...??? ....because war, hatred, fighting & death are a way of life for so many people on this planet, and I continually question why?...who enjoys this way of "life"? ...greed, death, destruction, hatred & war are not a way of "life" ...they are the ways of suffering & death, nothing more...& killing only brings on more of the same....!!!

If all of humanity does not accept one another with peace & love we cannot and will not come together to solve our current collective global crises, money is failing worldwide, water is failing worldwide, the ocean is failing worldwide, the climate is failing worldwide, food is failing worldwide, chemicals are failing worldwide, hybridization is failing worldwide....!!! ...fail, fail, fail & more fail....!!! ...the rise in cancers, birth defects, chemical interventions, lung diseases, & unmentioned numbers of other destructive & hurtful diseases, all on the rise, this is all certainly evidence of some sort of "bad trend"...!!!, perhaps....???, war & greed, distrust & hatred is failing us all worldwide, it is solving nothing...just making more war on "others", more hatred toward "others", more suffering for "others", & more death for "others"...!!! ... but, to the "others", we are the "others"... all of humanity is suffering toward, with, and for each & every "other" because of warring....!!! ...warring is not making it better for anyone... only hurting the whole of humanity....!!! ...why not give peace, sharing, trust, joy, love and understanding a try?, ...why not work for a chemical free existence, a natural, herbal & whole foods lifestyle?, ...a humane way of living with our planet and also with the creatures that

live upon it?, ...why not give caring and compassion for each other and the planet a chance again?, ...why not let things drift back to the way things used to be as much as we can?... before catastrophic events force it upon us before we are prepared to cope with it... some can farm, but not enough, some can fix, but not enough... all must begin to cooperate and educate one another now, not after humanity has suffered great loss of numbers & with that, much of the know-how that makes simple existence possible... we have grown away from the earth, & we have spoiled it... Now it is time to recognize the importance of the health of the planet to the life of us all... & now is not later... because too late may already be here....!!!

...bring back small & gentle farms, or make big farms gentle, encourage cooperative lifestyles, caring for your aged in our own homes, & within their own community, where their vast knowledge & understanding can be cherished & learned from, rather than shuttered away from society, ... we could be working toward a more wholesome sense of personal, educational, and world community, with peace & love & common-hood among each of us, who are a part of one humanity... work to see the same in the other, not the difference, & work to understand the differences we do see, so that we are better able to love each person not only for who they are... but also for what they believe to be true in their own heart...

...we each have a different mind, different ideas, different beliefs & morals & values, but we are still all one humanity, yet each one is striving for more than just survival, we each strive for comfort & for love & for the well-being of ourselves & of others we care for,... ...some several years ago, I had simply expanded my circle of caring to all of humanity, not just my own being... I go to the rainbow because I believe we can have a peaceful & wholesome earth if we try,

**WELCOME RAINBOW FAMILY**

**WELCOME HOME**

**We Love You**

**RAP 107**

**Gathering Consciousness**

**PLEASE PROTECT THIS BEAUTIFUL LAND**

- Walk softly. Harm no living thing. Harmonize - Blend in. Use only down, **DEAD WOOD**. Do not cut living trees. Preserve the Meadows: camp in the Woods. And remember, We are caretakers of this land. *Everyone sharing makes a strong Human Tribe!*
- Please Protect the Water Sources by staying out of **DELICATE** spring areas. Avoid camping, peeing or washing above spring areas. Keep **ALL** soap out of streams, springs or the creek! Use a bucket to take your bath 300 feet away from the water source. To be certain drinking water is safe: boil it for **TEN** minutes at a rolling boil!
- Use the slit trenches or covered latrines - cover your paper & waste with ashes or lime, wash hands afterwards. **BREAK THE FLY / ILLNESS CONNECTION: shirt -> fly -> food -> ...!** Dig no shitters near water areas or kitchens.

**PROTECT OUR HEALTH!**

- Use your own cup, bowl & spoon! Wash them after eating and rinse in bleach-water. Go to the clinic if you feel ill - especially if you have a contagious disease - or are injured.
- Camp Together - Establish neighborhoods. **COMMUNITY FIRES ONLY!** Keep a 5 gallon bucket of water and shovel nearby for Fire Protection. If you are the last to leave a fire, **Put It Out!** Please, **NO FIREWORKS!** Keep your camp secure. **"Tempt Not Test Be Lifted From."**
- Pets are discouraged**, but if you must bring them, keep them fed, on a leash and out of the kitchens, springs & fights. Clean up their **POOP**. Love them.

**PACK IT IN - PACK IT OUT !!!**

- Cleanup begins when you arrive. Please bring only what is necessary. There is no janitor here. **YOU ARE THE CLEANUP CREW**. Separate Garbage for recycling. Please **DON'T LITTER** - Find a collection point. Compost in pits only.

**YOU ARE THE GATHERING!**

- Participate and Volunteer! Participate in Shanti Sena (the peace keepers council), work crews, workshops, councils and all activities. Volunteer wherever and whenever needed: Kitchens, welcome home, firewatch, parking lot, shitter digging, supply, front gate, etc. **R-E-S-P-E-C-T** your Sisters, & Brothers, energies.

**KEEP THE BALANCE: EARTH, SKY, TREES, WATER & PEOPLE!**

- Alcohol is Discouraged, Guns are Inappropriate, **Violence is contrary to the Spirit**. Please do not take pictures or videos of people without asking their permission first. Discourage Drug Abuse.
- Buying and selling endangers our right to be here. **The Magic Hat is our Bank, please donate early to fund our needs.** The Magic Hat goes around at Dinner Circle and with the Magic Hat Band. **Our power together is many times our power separated.**
- Enjoy the Rainbow with an open heart and you **Will see the Vision**.
- Join us on **4-20-09** for a **Silent Contemplation & Prayer for Peace**, respect those maintaining silence from dawn.
- Hold the silence until the arrival of the **CHILDREN'S PARADE**.

**Om**

but if we each do not try at all, then we all will fail each other collectively by default... come together with love, whenever you can, come together in trust & joy & music & community & sharing... ... bring yourself to come to the rainbow if you can, & be prepared to see something you have not seen before, over & over, again & again, you will see the wonder of life unfolded in a whole new way... you will see yourself in another, you will feel the unconditional love of all of humanity, & it will enfold you on all sides, & from all corners, it is wonderful....!!!, that is the rainbow....!!! ....& that is why....!!! ~ David L Huebner-Lane

## REGARDING MEAD AND CONSENSUS

I have taken part in dozens of Rainbow forums in the last year or so. As much as I over indulge in facespace I just was never that into groups that diverted me from the already addictive wall feeds. But I do see when they are useful for specialized interest in events so I have been a part of several ongoing debates on the internet about the role of alcohol at rainbow gatherings. Finch has been asking me to write a piece for All Ways Free for a year and I have been promising to write him one for just as long. So I would like to take this opportunity to air out what I think about this contentious topic.

What might be important first is to explain how the filter of my individuality has interpreted the purpose of gatherings. I am given to understand that they began in America as a form of protest against war. And that they kept on going because the first one was that enriching of an experience. Forty some odd years later and they are still happening, now all over the world. My take on gathering space is that what we wind up with, (at least in the last eight years that I have had chance to occasionally take part in gatherings) is a great working example of a Temporary Autonomous Zone. In a counterculture that saw the corruption in their own country and sought to avert that behavior in their own ranks they embraced a consensus where there are no singular leaders but in which all led together.

Maybe at a time when there was such backlash against radical thinkers like the weather underground or the black panthers that those groups were being targeted by the feds, a lack of identifiable leadership was as much a tactical consideration as it was a functional political design. In place of any regulated ongoing body of governing, gatherings instead adopted a consensus form of self-regulation. The idea of consensus decision making is based upon a collective agreement held by all parties effected by the things being discussed. Theoretically such a system insures that there will never be any dissent within a movement or group because it will be addressed up front in the decision making process. This might even work if the body of people that comprised the consensus remained static in their beliefs and never added new people to it's ranks. However in rainbow there are new individuals and new world views being brought home each year.

Things that once were actual consensus, or commonly held belief, are sometimes now points of schism within the rainbow world I have observed and co-operated within. This is not a novel group model though, the consensus format that gatherings utilize is something based on earlier forays into such group decision making. The oldest tradition of consensus is usually attributed to the Quakers. While this tradition dates back over five hundred years, Ethan Mitchell's paper, "Participation in Unanimous Decision-Making: The New England Monthly Meeting of Friends" notes that '...it appears that, for Quakers, consen-

sus is quite feasible in a polity of 5000 or 6000 people, and quite impossible at the level of 20,000 or 30,000 people'. Other models, such as the Haundenosaunee Confederacy, often considered near consensus are actually instead democracies. One cited example of consensus is the Hanseatic League, a union of economic support amongst Northern European cities and merchants. But they preserved unanimous agreement only by keeping a constant rotation of who was in the group at the time a decision was to be made.

Ideally what a consensus form will produce is a series of rules or traditions that are agreeable to all parties sharing a vision. In the case of rainbow gatherings I'd volunteer that the vision is one of healing for the world and for peace amongst mankind. So what I am getting at here is when someone tells me at a gathering 'there's no alcohol at rainbow, that was consented on in 1974' they are enforcing a false authority that consensus from thirty years ago does not carry. For consensus to be real it has to be agreeable to all the people in the present.

It is an organic concept of perpetual adaptation; consensus is used instead of laws to allow for instantaneous departures from the norm and to prevent being stuck in outdated ruts. And since we all know there are thousands of rainbow attendees that drink at least a little, and we all know that anyone with a bellybutton is family someone is using an obsolete rule in a manner that avoids the issue at hand. You cannot not exclude the drinkers and maintain you are all accepting and all loving. You cannot claim a working consensus when the schism is so visible.

Most of all, to people like myself who don't start fights and beat our friends up when we're drunk, you cannot justly seek to limit my practices because you have an alcohol problem yourself, or an inability to deal with the changing face of substance use in our world. Maybe in the 60's or 70's there wasn't a generation of kids on the streets with substance and abuse issues that date back generations in many instances... but guess what? They are here today and it's not always their fault that they are on the streets or on the road. So if some of them drink to the point of not being able to stop it for rainbow, I think there might be better options that seek to heal them than labeling them in derogatory manners, marginalizing the massive amounts of work they actually do at gatherings and seeking to ostracize them. Insisting on a non-functioning rap 107 rule isn't helping either. I know there are alternatives, and I agree that the schwilliest kids being at Front Gate is not helpful in anyway. But I advocate a new council be brought together to discuss not how to get rid of all the dirty drunks at rainbow, but how to adapt to their presence in the family. How to create safer spaces for everyone and maybe save a few lost souls on the way.

One of the other points I wanted to cover in this debate is the topic of spirituality as it pertains to drinking. I have heard the 'ban' on alcohol justified by some with the statement 'alcohol is not spiritual, that's why it's not al-

lowed'. And perhaps for the people making that statement, alcohol may not be part of their spiritual process. Spirituality however is an individual process. It is the reason why tens of thousands of us eclectic neo-pagans can get along with such differing world views. It is why I usually find such an enriching variety of people in a Temporary Autonomous Zone. They are not usually the sort of place that fundamentalist, exclusionist ideas or personalities thrive. So before you go ahead and decide for everyone else what is or is not spiritual, please remember you are not our lord/savior/god/goddess/high priest/prophet/Jedi master/witchdoctor/shaman/shirpa. No matter how bad you want to be or think you are. We all have our own path home and for some of us that involves a spiritual and adult relationship with drinking beer, wine or spirits.

(You see what I did there?)

Alcohol and drunkenness is a part of many traditions of spiritual or majikal ritual. The habit of pouring out alcohol 'for the dead homies' originates in a Voodoo practice called libations. And yeah the living drink the other part, even in their tradition. Dionysus and Bacchus in the Greek and Roman pantheons were gods of the grape vine. They were always celebrated with consumption of wine in a setting of spiritual worship. This practice carries all the way forward to modern Wiccan practices. In Norse tradition, drinking was indeed a spiritual practice – to drink and feast forevermore in Valhalla was the 'heaven' they sought to attain. Furthermore to make binding contracts with their gods and goddesses a viking would seal the agreement on a mug of mead; mead is a sweet honey wine common to Europe. Consumption of wine is central to Christian ritual based on the moment when Jesus turned his blood in to wine and had his followers drink it. I won't get into the Satanic & vampiric implications of that, but suffice it to say alcohol clearly has a part in many religious and spiritual traditions. If AA is more of your spiritual tradition, cool, just don't badmouth the infinite number of other spiritual paths out there, por favor.

So in summary. Consensus is a living breathing concept and you do not actually have consensus when there are people present who think things should/could be run differently. Alcohol is a problem for some, but for some it is a sacrament. For some of us it's self-medicating, for other's it's social lubricant. I advocate a non-violent and accepting space for healing and protest to occur. We may not have sorted out the details but alcohol has a place in our lives, maybe we can start working together to find the solution rather than blanket demonization for a substance that is not in fact a source of utter annihilation for all that have ever enjoyed a mimosa or a mojito. But what do I know? I'm just one dirty drunk gypsy drainbow, right? Huffin glue fam!

-Phoebe A. Xavier

# Butterfly

...I AWAKEN SLOWLY, the consciousness creeping in like an Irish fog. Hazy memories of endless crawling and munching sleepily stir in the recesses of my mind. But... why am I in the dark now? Can I get out? Slowly I begin to move my legs, slightly panicking as a strange sense of déjà-vu washes over me and I expel myself from this hard... shell? ... How... Did I get here? Ahhhh... no matter, this warm golden light that has everything awash with life is so soothing. Looking up, I see beautiful flowers the color of fuchsia and it dawns upon me: I'm famished! There's a light breeze and it buffets my back, unexpectedly lifting my back legs and almost tearing me from this milkweed! Oh, boy! I grip on tightly, and strange-feeling muscles begin to flick quickly. What? What's this sensation? I'm floating slightly? The next buffet is much stronger and wrenches me from the stalk. Before I know it, I'm gliding... IN THE AIR! Everything is so kaleidoscope colorful that I'm dizzyed; my eyes were still adjusting before this new development. Whatever this experience is, I'm not sure that I will be able to keep handling it if it's ALWAYS so overwhelming...damn. This anxiety tenses my back muscles yet again. Hmm... every time those muscles move, I float higher and stronger.... I must have WINGS! YES! This is so great! I can control where I fly and I'm SAFE!!! I'm FREE!!! Gliding, I soar above the ants, I race the bees and the ladybugs from flower to flower, sipping on sweet nectars of the gods. Life is so great, so beautiful, and I resonate with a blissful, blessed feeling. As I'm floating around, surveying the land around the milkweed I call home, a ladybug runs into me. We both are very sorry to each other for the mid-air collision. We paused and shared information and she warned me of my natural enemies: the Black Headed Grosbeak and the Black Backed Oriole, the mice and also the voles. So, the key to staying safe and flying everyday was to carefully hide myself upon some milkweed, off of the ground so the rodents can't get me and hanging discreetly so those varmints with wings won't destroy me either. Now that that's covered, time to keep drinking nectar! My days pass very well this way. I keep seeing that kind lady and we talk often. she tells me that her people pass down traditional stories about us butterflies. For generations the ladybugs have helped the caterpillars and the butterflies to survive by providing us with guidance and friendship. In turn, the butterflies continue the propagation of a myriad of plant life that the ladybugs rely on. They talk of my race as if we are gods but they are the wise ones. I wonder, "Who idolizes them? They are so small and not as flamboyant as us... does anybody else idolize them??" It'd be a shame if the real bugs who make this shit turn round don't receive any credit. \*sigh\* I haven't even met any other butterflies yet... so its not like I can even change anything within my own people. I continue passing the time getting drunk off of divine flower

wine and propagating and waiting... waiting.... For the ladies tell me of a huge gathering and to not worry - we will find each other. The days grow warmer, and the nights shorter and I run into relatively little difficulty. Every day is blissful cooperation with the planet and hiding from predators. Its great, so adventurous and hedonistic, and I'm queen. of my milkweed area. One day, the days begin to get shorter. These hot days, the air was very calm.... But now, the breeze is picking up again. Not to worry this time, for my wings are much stronger now. I am prepared for whatever this new air will bring, I sense much change on the horizon. Around me, I begin to notice small changes in the plant life I've been hovering over all these days. The flowers begin to loose their petals. The pistils are hardening, and the ladies tell me that they are forming seeds so that there will be more flowers later.



She tells me that her people pass down traditional stories about us butterflies.

For generations the ladybugs have helped the caterpillars and the butterflies to

survive by providing us with guidance and friendship.



My heart swells with pride, knowing that I stimulated the seed production of these blossoms. When I awoke, I had no clue that my miniscule life would be so important!! As the pistils harden, the leaves begin to dry and change into beautiful colors. Since I'm so much stronger than I was before, I allow the breeze to carry me away and I coast the warm updrafts until I'm looking down upon my patch of forest. Everything is so alive... The bright colors of spring and summer have faded and died off, and yet everything is still so gorgeous!!! This copse is alight with the cold flame of Autumn and I've never seen anything more majestic. All of this change is exciting! The ladies tell me that one day soon the gathering will happen, and my body is abuzz with electricity. And, finally, I'm gliding through the skies surveying the hypnotic colors for the millionth time - god this shit never gets old - and... THERE THEY ARE!!! There's a huge cloud of fluttering, swirling orange brown white and black.... And they are NOT leaves! I shout out a loud "I bid thee adieu, my fair ladies!" as I flock towards my people, and we follow the warmth, bringing joy, hope and happiness to all we pass by.

~ "Giggles: The Mo'Fuckin' Squirrell!"

## BOULDER CREEK - CALIFORNIA LAND PROJECT

The property in Boulder Creek was purchased in the spring of 1984 from Philo Lumber Co. It had a 4-bedroom house, a 2-bedroom house, a cabin, a winery, 6-8 acres of former vineyards, a damaged sawmill, 2 waterfalls, and ½ mile of narrow gauge rail line with a trestle bridge. I had previously owned 40 acres in Lassen County, and 160 acres in Tehama County. I purchased the Santa Cruz property, partially because of the Redwood trees. The logo of Stanford (my alma mater) was a redwood tree. 50 years later, I still wear my class ring with a redwood tree image on it. I spent 4 years removing the slash after Philo Lumber's logging of the property, and filling in tractor ruts. I pulled out by the roots over 2,500,000 invasive French broom plants, and would burn up to 10 Muni-bus volumes per year on permitted burn days and I planted almost 8,000 redwood trees. In all, have spent 30 years in stewardship of these magnificent trees, yet I am not allowed to legally sleep beneath them.

After the conclusion of the logging, by Philo Lumber Co., Bobo Hensley who had been employed by Philo, 'for fun' bull dozed down, or severely damaged most of the structures. He said that it was the peak experience of his life.

I went to the Planning Department of Santa Cruz County to get permits to rebuild my houses and structures. I was told that they were not issuing permits anymore. Later, I was told that I could join a lottery and pay \$800 for a 'ticket' and have 1 chance in 6 of winning. If I won, I then would be allowed to apply for a permit. Any monies spent on the lottery would be lost and not count toward the permit fees. This was discouraging to me, and besides I am not a gambler.

I am allowed 307 Horses, but am told I cannot have a dog, or cat, nor can I build a permanent stable. I am allowed to farm 15.35 acres (which is 10 % of my total property), but I am not allowed to have a tractor to work the 15.3 acres that I am allowed to farm.

I have had my gates and chains violated repeatedly, and well over \$250,000 of family heirlooms, tools, guns, equipment, electronics, cameras, and other items stolen. I have had numerous vehicles (motorcycles, scooters, bicycles, etc) vandalized, burned, or stolen. I have had well over hundreds of cords of firewood poached from my property and nearly 100,000 pounds of redwood burl stolen. I have had multiple police responses about burglaries, but they never act, always blaming the burglaries on me. Even when I cooperated, and filed trespass documents they requested, the documents were only used to make random walkthroughs and harass people who were helping me comply with the abatement order. When I have had caretakers, the vandalism and theft have decreased. However, I am not allowed to have any caretakers. No one is allowed to sleep on my 153.5 acres of outright owned property, not even in a tent!

The Kaylor Microbasin Wildlife and Wildrerness Preserve (153.5 acres of restored, pristine, redwood forest) which is home for at least 8 endangered species, is being threatened by the avarice of the Santa Cruz County Planning Department and Big Basin Redwoods State Park, which has parts of my property within their operating plan [http://www.parks.ca.gov/?page\\_id=21486](http://www.parks.ca.gov/?page_id=21486) The county has red tagged the property for code violations regarding my personal property on the premisis after not allowing the rebuilding of the houses which were destroyed. Although less

than 3 acres have had personal property, which includes the solar powered hybrid battery operated light rail vehicle 'for the city of Capitola, which interns from UCSC worked on with me. the Soltrain' operated for 200 passengers at Roaring Camp and Big Trees Rail Line from Felton towards Santa Cruz..

Other vehicles on the land included a collection of antique cars and trucks as well as a collection of electric vehides, many of which have been scrapped, sold, or traded for work trying to satisfy this crazy order of abatement. However, even after removing tons of garbage, selling, donating, and scrapping vehicles that did not sell, the county tried, again, to steal my land from me. Acting on a letter written by the receiver who was appointed, never verifying anything within the letter, A County Judge ordered the receiver complete control. Mr William Rahal then attempted to hold an auction, without the legal advertising, and time frame.

Some of the vehides included prizes such as a hydrogen fuel cell battery powered hybrid Ferrari replica which used my Kaylor-Kit electric vehicle conversion kit and a custom-made fuel cell was stored here, and the pre-prototype of the Toyota Prius was worked on and driven on and around the property until the methamphetamine addicts stole the controller and 6 battery chargers for aluminum. I designed the body. David Loring made the mold, and I laid up the fiberglass body. I also designed the motor, the controller, the batteries, and the series-hybrid system (similar to the GM Volt). Later, I designed the parallel-hybrid 'Synergy' drive for the Toyota Prius prototype. Toyota is licensing it to many other automobile companies. This is a world-changing situation. There may be fewer wars for fuel as the demand for electric automobiles rapidly rises.

I also transferred technology to China. I directed them toward building solar panels and connected them up to 2% of the world's supply of silicon and 4 wafer fab lines from Texas, I transferred technology to Tsinghua University in Beijing for designing three-phase motor controllers and I set up an electric car production line in a factory in China. I sourced the parts and shipped the prototype and tooling from the property. For 6 years I maintained 3/8th ownership of the business. Memorabilia, as well as blue prints are stored here at the micro basin.

I have designed the internal grid structure in the battery in your car. I also invented the AGM battery structure used in higher end batteries. I have designed lithium and sodium batteries, electric motors (AC and DC), and electric (AC and DC) motor controllers. I can proudly say, over 100 million controllers that I designed have been made. Many of my prototypes were here on the property. Unfortunately, lots of my prototypes had to be sold, or worse, some have been scrapped.

In the first hostile attempt to pirate my land from me, the county tried to force me to log my redwood forest, in order to pay for their abatement. The first attempt was in May of 2012, when the county, without any medical substantiation, ruled I was unable to attend my own property matters and appointed my daughter as receiver. Folks from Occupy San Francisco came out and helped me with removing, recycling and taking loads of garbage to the dump, but the county was not impressed. Unfortunately, our hands were tied, and we were unable to legally sell anything, the order stated we had to go before a Judge before selling anything, which his daughter never attempted due to financial restraints, but we could throw

away everything without asking a thing. My daughter, Athena, became pregnant with twins, and decided to quit. The county held it against us and appointed Mr. William Rahal as receiver. Mr. Rahal came along, and did whatever he pleased, disregarding any orders. He spilled fluids on the ground from a transmission, when I complained, he stomped off, saying, "take it to the Judge." We later dug up the area completely and hauled the dirt off. Mr. Rahal never came to work, he came to complain, make crude sexual remarks to my partner, Shandra Brown, about our relationship, and made demaning statements about me, and my works. However, this did not stop Mr. Rahal from running up a huge bill, one we have no way to pay, but to partially log this forest I have worked so hard to protect.

I helped design and build Stanford's reliable solar powered race-cars that successfully crossed Australia without incident. I was forced to remove the bus where I created and designed so much while at Stanford, later including the main power supply for the voyager space craft and military satellites as well as the fan and power supply in your computer. This bus was donated to MUNI, which infuriated the receiver. We were removing things, we cleared one area, and were 2/3 of the way on clearing the second when he decided we took too much from the property, and wrote an erroneous letter to the Judge, which started yet another hostile attempt to take the land. In this attempt, Mr. Rahal tried to sell the property to the State, which we were able to stop by listing the property for it's real value, with a realtor who was not appointed as a court ordered receiver.

Not only have I been ordered from sleeping on my property, I am not allowed to have my annual 4th of July picnic, and am not allowed to have people meet here, period! I am not even allowed a neighborhood watch meeting on my property. I have had up to 50 plus neighbors attend. Neighborhood watch meetings are now held on CA state property. Previously, my son and his high school friends have been prohibited from reciting or acting Shakespeare plays in my natural amphitheatre.

I have been told that I have to pay \$1200 to buy 15 minutes of time before the Board of Supervisors, to present my case for having a picnic or Shakespeare event. And if I get their approval, I then can apply to the Planning Department for a picnic or a recital. The \$1200 does not apply to the permit fee and I do not know if the permit would be for 1 event or for annually. I also do not know what the permit fee would be.

At the request of the Big Basin Redwood State Park Rangers, I opened an overflow summer weekend campground on my property. They referred people to my campground. I operated it for 6 days. About 22 people total camped there. I had 6-8 tent sites. Many were from the Monterey Defense Language School. They enjoyed the camp so well they went to their administration and had them arrange private camping for one weekend of every month in perpetuity, I was happy, and then was shut down within a couple of hours.

I went to get a campground permit and was told that if I put \$4000 on my account, they would use it to determine what the permit fee would be.

I was told that I would have to pour concrete slabs (with rebar) for use under each camping tent, and that I would have to pour a similar larger slab for each vehicle associated with the individual camping site. One

cannot drive a tent peg into a concrete slab! Two churches got camping permits in a similar time frame. To the best of my knowledge, they paid \$60,000 to \$80,000 for the permits.

At your local Safeway or Home Depot self-checkout stand, I separately designed the power supplies for the computer, the laser reader, and the laser tube. I also redesigned the aluminum casting for the rotating mirrors and I made the bill changer work. My switch-mode power supply designs have saved over 5% of the world's use of electricity, yet I am not allowed to keep any of the blueprints, prototypes, or memorabilia from my endeavors on this property I own.

The property has allowed many good things to happen, but the battles have interfered with many other good things.

I hope that the Redwood trees will be able to survive. Unfortunately, I have had to sell some of my redwood trees for timber in order to afford an attorney. At this time, we are appealing the order last year, which has our legal bill up to 60,000.00. In the end, it will most likely be the lawyer, who is now planning to put a lean on the property to pay his bill, owning this land. I suppose it is one step above just giving in and letting the State take it for the pennies they have offered.

Roy Kaylor

**We Must Bridge The Gap** between young and old, "dirty kid" and "high holy", "Babylon" and "hippie"... whatever these words are they mean something different to every person who says them, and they should be abolished from our vocabulary if we are to come together and create a new existing thriving, successful model that doesn't need booze, drama, hard drugs, medications, and massive amounts of money to be happy. There is literally a place for everyone at the Rainbow Gathering, and what isn't fitting for one person may be a total match for another. Maybe it is important to have these little mini- cultures inside the greater Rainbow culture, but the slander and the attacks on each other for being different must stop, because that's one of the biggest problems in our world today, and why we have been killing each other for far too long.

This alternative model of society~~ the Rainbow Gatherings~~ is the best one I've ever seen, and the best one I could independently think of. We all know that there are people who have never been to a gathering, but are dreaming it up in their heads~ the kind of life we live once a year for a month or two, together. We have all met the busker on the street, the poet at the farmers market, who hasn't been to a gathering, and we're surprised when we learn this, because we know they would absolutely love it, and they would find their niche there. We can argue about whether it's a magic(k) that unifies our consciousness to have one 19 year old person on June 29th this year, dreaming up a village of people running around playing music, where money doesn't exist and food is made outside in rock ovens and people sleep in tipis~ and thinking it is just a dream~ while the gathering is going on, 100 miles away from him. Maybe we've all invented it independently of each other, and we're bringing what we have to the collective dream. Either way, it is important, and it is the CONVERGENCE of bridges that span from and connect every walk of life, from train hopper to millionaire.

Patrick Martion

**Shut Up And Grow It** is a community of ambitious organized, hard working folks who celebrate the collective as much as individuality. Self driven projects are celebrated and supported and through council discussion concluding thus far smoothly in consensus decisions about community projects are attained. This is not a work camp but a lot of work has been done in the last month. There are 30+ people here now and everyone here is on the ball. This is a project land first and foremost and the plan is not to build an infrastructure just to become passive and comfortable. Instead the overall goal is to keep and perpetuate momentum!! The point here is to continuously progress and create a team/network of folks to help others to build strong land/community projects. The idea is to eventually assemble crews transported with veg-oil buses that will bring the knowledge, tools and man power to communities and potential project lands and get shit done. This type of progressive thought is just what we need to support and spread the word about. By demonstrating and creating such projects as Shut Up and Grow It, who's goal is to network with and help similar projects, these folks are paving the way for more like minded individuals to feel confident in getting off-grid. The more people feel assured that it can be done and that there are a force of people who are not only supportive but will physically make it possible, the more our societal evaluation can continue to flourish.

~Drew TE~  
www.shutupandgrowit.org



## Three Haikus

Fibonacci swirls - divinity in nature - beauty surrounds you

Photons of beauty - Illuminate consciousness - Enlightened with love

Hearts together one - distant or present still one - one and one is one

Exoneration - eases each entanglement - equilibrium

~Peaceful Valley Walker

# Caleb Gauger - Words...

I am going to keep this simple and sweet...I truly believe in this opportunity our lives have laid out in front of us. It may not have been our first choice, but a life lesson all the same. Let alone I believe this next step forward in life will be very beneficial to our own livelihoods; all around us will get better beside us along the way. I know we can see this through !

Life may have thrown us some curve balls that we didn't anticipate, but through these hardships I believe we have gained the experience to accomplish any task at hand, and have become better people because of it. In life things happen and frequently do.... some may happen for reasons unknown at the time, but everything happens for a reason.

As the dust settles we begin to open our eyes to things we weren't necessarily able to see before or did and did not recognize at the time. No matter the rough patches in our past and what we have been through we still have the drive, the ambition to make things right. It may have taken a while but now we have been given a choice of another chance ,to start fresh,to lead off on the right foot. L

Life is like a carousel .....it has its ups and downs and keep going around. Love is just the same...we just need to stand up when we fall down, learn and grow from experiences along the way.....to grow alongside one another and to stand stronger than ever before to face any obstacle in our path. Life will always throw us curve balls...it is about what we do about it when it comes down to it that counts most!

**Finn Da Humn**  
**A poem from the show my name came from:**  
**This cosmic dance of bursting decadence and with held**  
**permissions twist all of our arms collectively. But if sweetness**  
**can win, and it can, then I'll still be here tomorrow to high**  
**five you yesterday my friends. peace.**

Uri Budgie Gitano  
~ By Budgie

Ser viajero sin fronteras no solo significa viajar sin parar y aprender y conocer otros lugares y así beneficiar mas inteligencia en su conocimiento y su vision. Ser viajero tambien significa crecer su conciencia para ser atento a las similitudes en tanta diferencia humana. Compresion en que la planeta es nuestra casa. Y k no importa donde estaras,todavía puedes sentir como en su lugar.

Quando miras al cielo de no importa k pais siempre ves la luna y las estrellas brillan igual y en cada idioma humana hay expresion de amor. Y no importa si no la entiendes,siempre puedes sentir las polaridades de negativo y positiva vibración.del cerebro y la energia humana. Mi viaje empieso muchos años atrás. Mi muvia en diferentes tipos de caravana, siempre con ganas no solo aprender pero con muchas ganas de dar y compartir;ajudar, crear y regalar toda la energia para unir la consiencia k igualmente yo aprendia poco a poco de los/as companeros/as k me ayudaron abrir mi prision de las cosas k me reluzaron el caminito de la

All Ways Free - 2014 - Utah Gathering  
vida k me parece mas y mas como un eternidad de las cosas.  
Todo k nos siempre buscamos es felicidad y amor en todas las formas.  
Pois yo torney ser nomada desde temprano en mis años de ninez.  
Quando yo tenia 12 años,yo sentia k algo falta en estar en la escuela y k no me sentia bien. Y yo deje mis clases y hice los primeros clases de la vida sin uniforme.  
Yo viaje en este grande pais k yo naci,k se llamava union sovietica,k es enorme.  
Me fui al moscow k es mucho de distancia do Odessa la ciudad de mi nacimiento.  
Tambien viaje a Kiev y Kisheniyev.  
Yo crecí pescando y plantando jardin en veranos en las playas entre Mar Negro y laguna Dnestrovsky.  
Mi mama es de Romania y mi papa nacio en Siberia,adonde piensan que origino shamanismo y los pueblos indigenas de Ameritas.Y quando tenia 15 años mi familia se inmigro a Israel y solo mi papa para siempre y siempre se quedo en Odessa, Ucrania..

Yo viaje en la primera caravana de la paz a participar en hacer los encuentros del arco iris.k fue un encuentro de la gente de todo el mundo k buscaron mas o menos lo mismo en diferentes maneras de pensar y ver. Y por iso llamava arco iris de tanta colores e ideas.

Guerrero del arco iris significa humano k abre su corazon y mente para entender y unir los colores distintas,k es las eternidades de culturas ,lenguas,ideas y visiones para unir los en un solucion para las problemas k enfrentan a todos mismos humanos k solamente impiesando entender el valor de nuestra unidad,y es k la tierra es una para todos,y no poderemos hacer nada para evitar nuestra conexcion planetaria. K si nos no vamos a trabajar junto para reservar y concervar la naturaleza,y yo no hablo de los gobiernos de diferentes paises pero a todos individuales planetarios,k la tierra es nuestra vida,agua,aire,selva,mar,flor y fauna es todo k nos mantiene vivo.

Ser guerrero del arco iris significa no solo saber eso pero tambien moverse a hacer todo k posible en eso caso,para aprender y enseñar, y uno de eso mas grande para mi es la caravana de los cavallos. K en su forma de viajar no solamente ver los lugares hermosisimos de la planeta pero tambien passar la chispa de la consiencia planetaria.a todos quen toca.  
Expresar eso en los shows,musica,arte y cuentos.

Quando viaje de Egipto a India ai pratisepey en diferentes encuentros adonde desidio la vision del primero encuentro mundial del arco iris en Australia,adonde yo pasei mi conocimiento de respetar la tierra como la fuente de la vida,k sin parar nos conecta.  
En Australia yo tenia una experiencia muy fuerte atravez de la coma de tres semanas.  
El viaje fue muy espiritual y profundo,k me ajudo ver muchas cosas de mi mente muy diferente,y todas mis creencias e ideas se cambiaron para ver lo mucho mejor y fresco.  
De ai atravez de India yo fui a la caravana Africana a ayudar a hacer el primer encuentro del arco iris ai.  
Africa me enseno mas el valor de la vida y respecto a vida de todo.Y k todo

lo que quieres hacer un dia va realizar;por iso es siempre bueno saber si lo quieres de verdad por k si lo quieres lo vas a conseguir.

Nelson Mandela dijo: k si quieres mover las montañas debes k empiesar de las piedras chikitas.

De ai me yo impiesey con survival internacional para ayudar a los pueblos tribales y quando viajeya Brasil ai en la primera vez encontrei con Yoyo y la idea de la caravana de los cavallos.

Me encanto la idea y desde Costa Rica en la primera vez yo me cai de cavallo.

Pero k no te mata te hace mas fuerte y desde rainbow en Veracruz,Mexico yo juntey otra vez la caravana de cavallos que en este momento todavía estava en Guatemala,Peten.

Nos cruzamos Peten y entramos a Mexico.

Y ahora parece que ya no me Quiero parar.

Yo puedo sentir k nosotros poderemos hacer mucha mas fuerte el ejemplo para nosotros mismos de la magia de la vida.Y los enseñanzas k tenemos aka son realmente unicas y muy poderosos a compartir los con ustedes todos/as.

Y la primera hoistoria sera: K nunca digas nunca y tambien tu puedes ser el parte del cambio en consiencia humana para ser guerrero del arco iris,y eso no siempre significa viajar a cavallo o rodear el mundo pero simpre hacer algo piceno para conservar el agua,aire y la tierra.Y siempre mantener lo positivo. ...

<http://www.nomadsunited.com/> mexico verano 2006 (budgie)Uri Passin


## Prophecy in the Shadows

*Where are the delicately emerging stars in our awe-inspiring heavenly body? The ones that we so often hear about. I say, they've run off like a pack of wolves into the forest having had too much of themselves in this world and the next.*

*Oh, love! It is this same dismal march of Death upon which the planets roll like grimy cigarette butts into the gutter, calmly loving the streets until the time-worn tobacco sun rises with a compelling wind over my face. It is there, I see it in a vision of morning air, blooming as a flower does*

*~ sensing every kindred drop mingling into one. It is there! I hear the sky hum like a swarm of bees Oh, love! Never ask the wind... fore' with it comes the gentle sound of stillness.*

-Joseph Boyd (Bodhi)



# Open Heart / Out of the Box:

Birdie's Story ~ Transcribed by Jodey Bateman, with comment by Garrick Beck

I was born in Worcester, Massachusetts - August 7, 1958. My name is Elizabeth Anne Guzmán. My father was Amado Juan Guzmán. When I was an infant my dad saw my lips purse like a little bird looking for a worm. He said, "Oh, look at my little birdie - she wants to eat." I became Birdie.

My grandfather was also Amado Juan Guzmán and my great-grandfather was Amado Juan Guzmán. He came on a boat with horses from Spain to Mexico and married an Aztec woman, my great-grandmother.

My father was born in Germany. His mother Katherine Mencke, moved to the states in Hitler's time. My father was a travelling magazine salesman when he met my mom in Massachusetts. He spoke seven languages.

My parents got divorced and my father moved to Santa Fe. When I was 16 in 1975 I went there to visit him. And I went to the Hermandad de Cristo - The Christ Brotherhood, a Jesus freak group. They sat in a circle and OMed. I thought that was kind of cool. I didn't join them but I learned to be non-materialistic from them. I gave away my watches and gave away my cigarettes every day.

One day I went to visit them and they told me about a wonderful Rainbow Gathering in Arkansas. My father wanted me to visit my grandfather in Mexico city in late May or June, 1975. It was before the Rainbow Gathering, which I didn't want to miss.

I got to Mexico and my grandfather decided he was keeping me and sending me to school there. He was ver definitive about it - a true Spaniard. But I kept the Rainbow Gathering in mind and said no.

My grandfather was angry. They tried to persuade me to stay. But I did go back to Santa Fe with my father.

I left Santa Fe with my thumb out, never having hitchhiked before, going towards Arkansas. I found a caravan of buses and trucks searching for a Rainbow Gathering site. It was scouts, but there was a lot of extra people that had jumped on. We went to a few sites that were undesirable but then we found an old-timer named Ebby Crumley who welcomed us to his mountain with open arms. He said that the locals in Arkansas had a rumor that California hippies were gonna invade and there we were.

There I met Bear and Peanut and Phil and Freedom and Mariah. They were all sitting around a campfire singing songs like "Shady Grove" and whiskey-drinking songs. I felt right at home.

I followed the Rainbow Family, interconnected to the STP Family and the Hog Farm people. My older brother Cracker Jack is an STP-er so I was mostly with the STP Family. Not that I was an STP member. I don't want people to label me anything.

I spent the winter mostly with the STP and the summers with Rainbow. My life was a whirlwind of

moving from city to city for the next seven years.

The first few years I would just show up at Gathering time a week before and a week after. I had so much happen in a short time that I forgot a lot because it was so exciting.

Me and Chuck Windsong started hanging out. We went down to Brownsville, Texas. The rain was pouring and we were hitching. We were singing and not giving a care and the rain stopped. We looked over and see cornfields - ancient cornfields with old cow dung.

Chuck said, "Where there's cow dung there's mushrooms." So we walked over and climbed over a fence into the fields. We was sitting on a rock and we said a prayer to God. We looked over and then we saw mushrooms everywhere we looked.

And putting a finger under the mushrooms, purple was all on our fingers. So we saw scarabs and butterflies, just wonderful. We spent such a time in the wonderful world of wonderment. We danced through the fields. We saw a mother mushroom with baby mushrooms. There was no time and then we decided it was time to go and we thanked Mother Earth and went back to the road and hitched down to Mexico.

Chuck was always in a hurry, so enthusiastic. He was driven. He was always two steps ahead of me on the highway when we were hitchhiking. The journey was so wonderful that if you are in a hurry, you miss the present. I would say "Slow down, Chuck" and run after him.

After a while me and Chuck hitched to the East Coast to see my family and wait for my brother Cracker Jack. Chuck didn't want to wait for my brother, so that's where we parted and I lost him.

I left Massachusetts hitchhiking with my brother. We went to Boulder, Colorado, I believe. I hung out with the STP Family until gathering time in New Mexico in 1977. I was 18. I went on a hippie bus. The STP Family frowned on me going off with the hippies.

I should have wrote this down as the years went by. I kept telling myself to do it because things that happened to me were so incredible.

After the New Mexico Gathering, we were given a school bus - me, Freedom, Mariah, Gary Estwing and Tony Angel and Chuck Windsong. But Chuck joined hands with Patty at that time. We caravanned up to Montana. We stopped in Oregon and picked up two sisters. One was named Crystal. I forget the other one's name.

The men were so star-struck by those two girls so me and Mariah and Patty decided to leave the bus and hitch up to Portland to meet up with my brother Cracker Jack. So the three of us had a grand time. We met some wonderful people. It was about a two-week respite from the guys. We rejoined them in Washington State. We went to Chuck's cousin in Bozeman, Montana. We worked real hard cutting and selling firewood. We made a lot of money selling wood. I loved it. I was a hard worker in them days. We milked cows. Chuck's cousin had about 100 head

of cows. We were going through Bozeman in the bus when the motor blew. By this time we had lost most of our passengers. The two girls had gone when the hard work started. There was the core group - me and Tony and Freedom and Mariah. We called on the radio station trying to sell the bus. I remember we were sitting in a bar when this guy named Gypsy bought the bus for \$200 and offered each of us a free tattoo. That's when I got my regulation Golden Eagle tattoo with an 8-inch wing span and mountains and a sunrise and a rainbow over the breastbone. Oh my God, it hurt!

It was a one-shot deal. The guy said, "Don't move. I have to do it all now." I held Freedom's hand as tight as I could and I drank a whole bottle of Jack Daniels to kill the pain. From there we went to Barry Plunker's unde Louie LaRocque at the Thompson River Ranch in Thompson Falls, Montana. He owned a bar and a restaurant. He was very fond of Tony Angel. He loved us all but Tony had an in with him.

I worked for Louie at his bar. I cooked and cleaned. The loggers at the bar were quite fond of seeing us women swimming upriver naked and sunbathing on the rocks. We got word of that afterwards. I had thought I was anonymous, completely invisible.

Me and Tony had hitched up. We decided to go from there on a vacation. I had earned a considerable amount of money at Louie's bar.

We went to Seattle and got on a ferry to Kenai, Alaska and hitchhiked to a lady named Oro's house. She was wonderful. She worked for Green Peace. After that we went to see Badger who had a tree house in the Banana Belt of Alaska overlooking the ocean in Homer, Alaska. There we stayed until it started getting too cold for us with our hippie moccasins and our lightweight gear. We went back to Montana and I worked for Barry's Uncle Louie.

There was years when I spent with Tony and we were supposed to be trucking partners but he was a hard man to be with. I never called Tony my old man but he was pretty territorial.

Tony had a hard time in the service. He had shrapnel in his head and body. He was a kind person with a heart of gold - one you could depend on in a pinch, but he was an alcoholic.

He fell in love with me and he tried to capture me but I was an uncontrollable bird. He tried to use force when he thought he was losing me.

I'm one of those that when I'm your friend, I'm your friend for life. I could take a battering when I tried to save him, because he was worth saving. He was one of a kind, one of the tightest brothers you could ever have.

We hitchhiked back east with a beautiful husky dog. Halfway across the country it was cold, the wind was blowing, we had been there for six hours. A trucker named Jack Rabbit picked us up. He took us back east. That's when me and Tony parted. I stayed in Massachusetts and he went to Maine. That was in 1982 - the last time I saw Tony.

I was still with Tony when Chuck Windsong made the

call that I should carry the Stone of Many Faces. Chuck is very spiritual. I think the gods talked to him. I didn't want to carry the stone. I wasn't interested in it.

I was alone, hitchhiking to Winnfield, Kansas, going to a fiddler's festival. I got picked up by two hippies from Omaha, Nebraska. It was very hot and we stopped at a quarry full of water to go for a swim. We all got out. I left my bedroll in their vehicle. It had my huge leather skirt wrapped in it and inside that, wrapped in swaddling clothes was the Stone of Many Faces. I got out of the water and put on my clothes and they were gone. I walked over to where their vehicle had been and there was no vehicle there.

I had nothing. I had lost everything. All my gear was in my bedroll. I didn't go to the festival. I hitched to Massachusetts.

I think those hippies took the stone to Omaha and it's in a museum. I don't think it's lost forever. It was too special for that. I do think it will resurface.

(Comment by Garrick on Stone of Many Faces):

We got the tablet because of the corn. This story is really about the corn. The tablet is the connection between us and the Hopi legends. We got it after we planted the Hopi corn. The tablet became our connection with the Hopis. They told us that we had to show ourselves part of the Warriors of the Rainbow. Anyone can wave a palm frond and enter Jerusalem, but who can make peace among the nations?

They said we could show this by stopping the coal mining on Black Mesa. Some of our people who were in the circle in front of Grandfather David's house were part of the Black Mesa Trust that finally got the coal mining stopped there in December, 2007. This is the first time this part of the story has been told.

(Birdie's Story, continued):

I ended up by hooking up with Jack Rabbit. I traveled in his truck for about a year and when I found out I was pregnant, I settled down in Massachusetts and never traveled again.

I got back together with Biff, the guy I knew since I was a kid, a childhood sweetheart, and we started having a family. I have seven kids now, five girls, two boys. After I settled in Massachusetts, Moshe Blatt let me and Biff and some other people use this farm he had in Acton, Maine, and that's where I raised my kids.

We had pigs. My son entered a pig scramble at the county fair and caught the first pig. We got to keep the first pig and mated it. The result was that we had a hundred pigs on the farm.

We went to the Minnesota Gathering in 1990 in a bus with a bunch of STPers including my brother Cracker Jack and we went to the Vermont Gathering in 1991. This gathering - Wyoming 2008 - is the first one I've been to since then.

I have discovered that the Gathering has entered the hearts of the youth and many, many people from around the world that otherwise would not have wandered into the mountains in such a free movement. Many people open their hearts and come out of the box of normalcy.

## OUR UNITY IS IN DANGER

*- Reprinted from an earlier year's All Ways Free paper.*

The fact you are reading this means that, somehow, the Rainbow Vision has appeared in your life, and has changed you forever. At some point, probably on your second or third day at your first Gathering, your heart opened, and you saw the light. Love is the greatest Power. Pease is the Way. The world can work for all of Us. There is Hope. Mother Earth gives us all that we need, and all that we are comes from Her. The Great Spirit, in whatever form we wish to perceive, moves gracefully, elegantly, together and makes us a Family.

But we are humans, and we all have moments of greed, fear, envy, jealousy, pride, hatred, and anger. We will continue to make mistakes and to hurt each other, no matter how hard we try not to. The Rainbow Vision will not remove these flaws, because it is through these dark passages that we must travel, if we are to grow and become wise and compassionate beings. What the Rainbow Vision does is show us that we are indeed divine, in spite of these flaws; it also shows us that we all share these dark qualities together, equally, and that each of us deserves to be Loved and Embraced just as much as any other. And that, if we wish to grow and become wise, we must do it together, and show our Light and Dark sides to each other, and find a way to Love the Dark as vigorously as we celebrate the Light.

Many early-comers (elders, old-timers, old family, inner family) speak of many late-comers (new folks, young folks, local and regional focalizers) with suspicion and contempt. “Who are these people? They say they’re doing Gatherings... what do they know about Gatherings? They

have no idea how much of our blood, sweat and tears we’ve spent making Gatherings a tradition that they can now take for granted. They don’t know anything about being shot at, arrested, infiltrated, terrorized, smeared in the press. They treat the Gathering like a camp-out, and when the going gets tough, they turn tail and run.

Many late-comers are mystified by the callous and unfriendly attitudes of many early-comers. “They think they know everything and talk to me like I can’t be trusted. They speak of the importance of respect, but don’t give any. They’re obnoxious, rude and antagonistic. They drink alcohol and eat meat. Shanti Sena acts like the rainbow CIA; isn’t this supposed to be an open Council? How can they call themselves hippies? I don’t see what I have to learn from these people.”

These two patterns have been playing themselves out through all human history. It’s the difference between parent and teenager, labor and management, rich and poor, law and outlaw. Now that we are faced with the same dilemma that all human cultures have faced: How can we maintain our diversity without sacrificing our unity? We have such different perspectives within our Circle, and many of us are feeling that they don’t have to know, and don’t want to know those other people with whom they feel nothing in common.

Are we forgetting why we call ourselves Rainbow? The secret of balancing diversity and unity is revealed when sunlight passes through water – red and violet are as opposite as colors can get, yet they create the most beautiful harmony, cherished by all peoples of the Earth. They accept each other as essential, and let the other colors act as a bridge between them. No one color, or culture, or attitude,

can create harmony – it takes many different kinds, each knowing their place and accepting the others as they themselves wish to be accepted. Like the colors in the rainbow, find out what your role is and fill it; if you try to do everything, you will deprive others of their place in the spectrum, and your own life will feel like a crisis; if you do nothing, others will be forced to carry your load, and you will feel unfulfilled. If you see someone out of balance, it’s probably because they’re not sure where they belong; help them find their color, if you can.

It must have been frightening to do a Gathering when no one knew what it was, when there was no history of responsible cleanup, when people could say anything about us and have it taken as truth, when you could get busted just because your hair was long, when thousands of National Guard came out because The People had Gathered to Pray for Peace in the Forest. Many of those late-comers need to think about all of the problems that they will never have to face, because of all the groundwork that has already been done. The process of gaining the acceptance that we now enjoy was harsher than many of us could have endured; the folks who did it bear the scars, and some of those scars make them tough to deal with. If you work hard and are dependable, most of them will respect you and enjoy your company, though it may take time. If we are to be truly openhearted, we must acknowledge that many humans consider it normal to eat animals and drink alcohol; our roots may actually run deeper with these people than with vegetarians and other more temperate folks.

***CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE “UNITY IN DANGER”***

## A Very Black Sheep Xmas

by Finch

It was Christmas morning in Rainbowland and the presents were heaped in piles under the peace pole. Elves had been hard at work wrapping gifts in fresh pairs of socks to give to all the good little children and the MOSTLY good dirty kidz, and gift trolls had been dutifully shaking down the various campsites for shiny things to wrap. Over three hundred gifts had been collected, and they lay under a Yucca stalk that had been festooned with marti-gras beads, battery operated strings of lights, and green and red bullet casings found in the woods to be recycled at the end of the gathering. The sun had been up for a few early hours, and as the coffee brewed nonstop on the Rumorz Cafe kitchen fire, family were wandering over, blinking in the morning light, sparking their rolled cigarettes, and clustering together. Soon the children grew impatient. The half dozen or so little ones got together and hollered “Santa!” Soon other gatherers joined their manifestation, all crying “Santa! Santa!”

“Ho ho ho!” came the eventual shout from the woods. Santa Clause - made of all 300 pounds of Fat Boy, with a big red hat, uncomfortably tight red pants, and cotton balls glued to his beard - stumbled out of the woods, leading the last of the stragglers to the wide open area by the peace pole. Cries of “Hail Santa!” filled the air, as the crowd cheered his arrival. Before presents, however, it was time to celebrate the holiday the same way as all deep celebrations in rainbowland - with a circle.

Almost the whole gathering was there, maybe 110 or 120 people, who expanded and held hands in a wide circle around the pole. “Aummmmm” the circle rumbled, some pronouncing the syllable “hOmmmmme”. The rumble got louder and stronger. Some people dropped out. Some grew stronger. Other added harmonic and dissonant chords. As the

Om grew fainter, people started raising their clasped hands in the air. A moment of silence was followed by a whooping cheer as the kids, adults, dogs, and everyone screamed their joy.

Now the children could wait no longer. Time for gifts! One by one the children sat on Santa’s lap to coos of “aww” from their parents and the other hippies as Santa posed for a picture, like a department store, and handed each child a present. After this short show, the children took the lead role as gift-fairies. Grabbing armloads of socks and wrapped presents, they darted into the crowd, delivering gifts to one and all. Nobody was left out - everyone got two or three presents. The next few hours were a flurry of merriment, playing with toys, smoking with friends and family, and drinking from the ever-bottomless pot of coffee. Dirty kidz wandered the crowd with trash bags, collecting wrapping paper and scraps of plastic and pocket trash. By the time the merriment had mellowed, it was twilight. The mountains lit up pink and the smell of smoke crept in from the bliss fire.

The fire burned nearly all night long, as musicians, storytellers, and star-wars trivia experts all took their places around the bliss pit. As the night grew darker, people sat and watched the fire dance. Sometimes it looked like a dragon. Sometimes it looked like a burning bush. Hippie TV - a different channel every time.

In the morning the family awoke and began the task of cleaning up the woods and rounding up their things and road dogs in preparation for their journey to wherever the next place might be. “See you next year” people said to each other, embracing, laughing, clapping each other on the back. For the fourth year in a row, the Black Sheep of the family - any family - all families- had come together in peace at the Black Sheep Solstice Gathering, to make sure everyone had a place to go for the holidays.

Truth is Like a Torch that Passes Thru the Generations  
by Garrick Beck

Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations  
f g a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations  
f g a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru  
f g  
Truth is like a torch that passes to  
f g  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations. (softly) the generations. . .  
f g a  
Even the great and mighty oak  
f g  
Sprang from an acorn that's no joke  
f g  
Now is it?  
a  
Old man lying on his deathbed, pray  
f g  
Tell me, tell me, what did he say  
f g  
To you?  
a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations  
f g a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations  
f g a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru  
f g  
Truth is like a torch that passes to  
f g  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations. (softly) the generations. . .  
f g a  
All the trees in the forest stand  
f g  
Hand in hand with the sky and land  
f g  
Forever  
a  
Little bitty baby in your cradle bed  
f g  
Did you hear what the old man said  
f g  
Well, do you?  
a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations  
f g a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations  
f g a  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru  
f g  
Truth is like a torch that passes to  
f g  
Truth is like a torch that passes thru the generations. . .  
f g a  
(softly) the generations. . . the generations. . .  
a a

*CONTINUED* FROM PREVIOUS PAGE "UNITY IN DANGER"

Perhaps the early-comers feel pain when they meet someone relatively new and inexperienced, because they are reminded of themselves in ways they'd rather not think about. Maybe other people have asked the same question or made the same mistake 500 times already, and they're just sick of dealing with it. Be patient with them. Keep trying to be friends, even if they're old and burned-out—you'll be too, someday.

Likewise, many of the early-comers need to remember that these new folks are the future, whether we like it or not. If the traditions are not explained to them, they will be much more likely to give up or sell out. In many ways, the first-time gatherers are the ones that all of this is for, so that we can get that hit of enlightenment that carries us forward. Those of us with a knowledge

of our history should encourage these newcomers, and speak of the foundations of our traditions, why we do things the way we do, how to Council, what Shanti Sena means, how to take care of the Children. Show our best side, sparing them cynicism and bitterness so that they might have the greatest chance to build a Reality from the Vision. Listen, too, for their questions, and ask for stories about Gatherings in their area; many have been happening without any experienced people to guide them, and have been lacking unity or making dangerous mistakes.

Like most tribal cultures, the traditions of the Rainbow are passed on by word and example; if our generations are not doing things together, our culture will die out. The knowledge and experience we have gained is not ours to keep; it belongs to the People, and we all have an obligation to pass on as best we can.

~ Anonymous



# I Remember A

**Rainbow** / Sundog Circle  
Round the Sun / Refracted by  
the Feathers in the sky / It was  
seriously cirrus / On the road to  
the Skookum Meadow / Un arco  
de Iris circulo del sol / Like God's  
own Loving eye

I rememeber a Rainbow / Dancin  
on a Gossamer Thread / Watchin  
the Sunset, Through a Spider's  
Web / In the Forest they call  
Ochoco / On the Indian Prairie /  
Sitting next to the woman I love /  
At the Poet's Tree. That there  
song is the basis of my hipstory - it  
has all of the relevant elements of  
my heartsong

Like a mitzvah, my name is my  
gift for you, you may call me  
whatever you wish. I will learn



from you what God tells you to  
call me. That's right - I'm THAT  
guy, that troll, that "problem like  
Maria" ( will o the wisp, fliberty  
gibbet, clown ).

1st vs... A sundog is a type of rain-  
bow that only happens among the  
high, feathery clouds - a full circle  
around the sun when it is directly  
above. I dig on the SunDogs a lot.  
Sundogs happen pretty frequent-  
ly, but most folks don't notice  
because you have to look right up

at the sun and stuff. Cirrus is an  
old word that means feather.

The Skookum Meadow was the  
sight of the WA Nationals, in the  
Gifford Pinchot, 2011. I had just  
gotten new puppy at the Spring  
Council. Fearing the spread of  
disease during the big event I set  
up my camp ( the Poet's Tree ) as  
a sort of Rasta Fusion Niabingi/  
Library way station halfway up  
the mountain that was the road in  
from parking to the front gate.  
I was in the middle of the dusty  
road, trying to slow down the  
maniac shuttle runners by doing  
guerrilla street theater ( we had  
a gorilla mask ). Some folks  
came down the mountain on  
Horseback. I tried to point out a  
SunDog to them. They refused to  
tip their cowboy hats up and look.  
A week later they came back and  
said they had thought I was just  
some drugged out clown, until  
they got down the mountain and  
finally looked up and saw it.  
2nd vs is from the Poet's Tree I set  
up at a 2012 Regional Gathering  
in Oregon, at the site of my first  
National (98). I focalised a Shanti  
Sena Workshop ( ' Ima gonna try  
and pass this here feather around  
the circle, and hopefully get all  
y'all's ta give examples of your  
own experience with nonviolent  
intervention in crisis scenarios  
first, Ima gunna tell ya a lil about  
my own.' ) and had a Poet's Tree  
Library set up. There was also a  
Fire Ban on, so this Gathering  
had issues of its own - a lot of the

normal Gathering fire related  
stuff didn't happen.

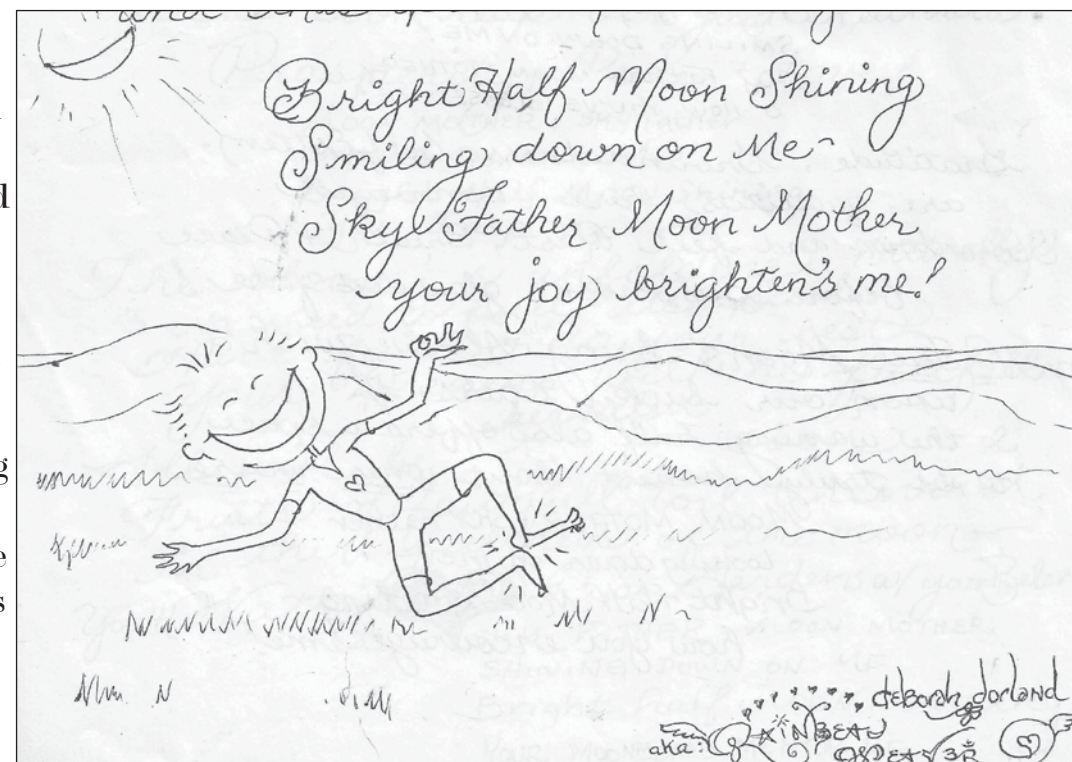
One of my favorite people (a  
banjo playin lady that I had  
travelled with before and would  
again after) was there with her  
new little dog. So she and her  
little dog & I with mine hung out;  
really enjoyed dusk as the light  
filtered through the strands of silk  
between the tree branches. When  
I asked her if she could see the  
light refracted by the moisture on  
the spider's web she said that she  
could.

Life is awkward, and so am I.  
One thing I have always found  
to be good about Rainbow Gath-  
erings is my insecurities and  
emotional defense mechanisms ( I  
become a loud, problem solving  
people pleaser to hide from my  
own emotional turmoil - helping  
others I hope that I might be  
helped my self - it's like creative  
procrastination ) don't seem to  
handicap me there as much as in  
other social environments. I used  
to be a heavy smoker (tobacco and  
marijuana) and had all kinds of  
issues that related to figuring our  
out how to drink responsibly. I  
no longer drink or smoke at all. I  
have been to one Regional Gath-  
ering since then quitting smoking  
and drinking. I have discovered  
that It is possible to be responsible  
for one's own attitude and actions  
while camping at a Rainbow  
Gathering

What do you do after taking off a hippie's skirt? Pull down her pants



What has two legs and three arms? One Legged Matt and Dice on a spange mission



## Back in the Day...

Back in the day when Thor was a young man, he left Asgard because he was tired of hearing all the old gods telling him “how to do” and “what to do” and even “why to do” things.

So he set out across the lands of the skies and kept on going past all the familiar places until he came to a great wide open uninhabited expanse. Still he continued onward and then he saw in the far distance a great castle-cabin-fortress-palace.

It was made of huge logs and gigantic hewn stones. The doors were immense and they opened in front of him.

Inside he was greeted and welcomed. He didn't know any of the people who were welcoming him, but they told him that the feast was about to begin and they brought him to a Great Hall filled with people and laughter and the smell of good cooking.

Tradition had it that at the start of the dinner there was a contest to pick a ‘champion’ who would then get the first (and probably best) portion of the meal.

A goblet was brought to the center table. It had a very wide top filled with water, and the challenge was for volunteers to come forward and see who could drink the goblet empty.

The first fellow up was huge, even bigger than Thor. He lifted the goblet and began to drink and drink and drink but when he finally set it down, Thor could see the level of the water in the cup had gone down very little.

The next contestant was so tall and very, very skinny and he lifted the vessel to his lips and began to drink and drink and drink, and when he set it back down Thor could see that the level of the water had dropped hardly at all.

Thor thought he could drink more than that fellow had, so he asked if he could give it a try. “Of, course,” they told him, cheering him on.

So he went forward and lifted the goblet up to his lips and began to drink and drink and drink. But when he set it down - having drunk till he thought he would burst - he could see that the water level had only gone down a tiny bit.

Even so, the people did admit he had drunk more than any others.

Next up came a little Old Lady. Moans rippled thru the room. “Oh no, not her again!” But up she came and with her frail arms lifted and tilted the goblet to drink from it.

She only took a couple of gulps and when she carefully set the big chalice down everyone could see that the level in the cup was waaaay down. “Bravo!, Bravo!” the people clapped hands and cheered.

The little Old Lady came forward to the feasting table, which was piled high with luscious foods, and filled

only a tiny plate for herself.

“Go ahead,” the people sitting next to Thor, told him. “Go ahead. You were second. Go get the second portion.” And he did, filling his big bowl high to overflowing.

When everyone had served themselves and the feasting began, Thor asked his new friends, “Who was that little Old Lady? And, How did she do that?”

“Oh,” they told him, “That's Ocean. She always wins that contest. In order to beat you, she had to drink an awful lot. Some of us had to run down to harbor to see that our boats weren't stranded on the rocks when she emptied the bay. That goblet, you know, it's connected to the Sea.”

Thor stayed on as a guest and made great lifelong friends.

Later, when he returned to his own home, he realized that he had now begun telling his younger siblings some of “what to do,” and “when to do,” and even “why to do” things.

- Garrick Beck

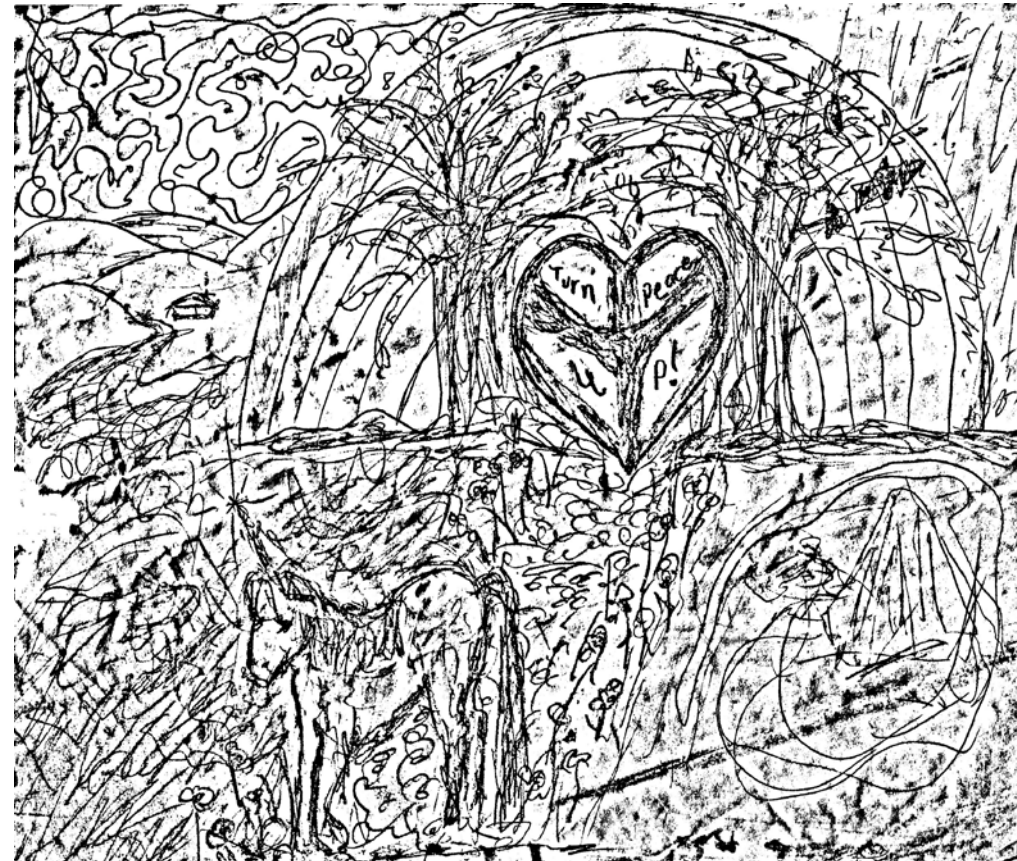


## 2014 ALTERNATE GATHERING WV RATIONALS HAPPENINGS

Due to Vision Council in 2013 choosing western location options for the 2014 national gathering, for two consecutive years... not following the ‘strongly encouraged’ consensus suggestion to alternate locations in order to make it more fair for people who live in different regions of the US... it was discussed by Eastern rainbow family at an Alabama regional gathering to hold an alternate gathering more convenient to anybody living on the

Eastern half of the country. The West Virginia “Rational” gathering is being held at the same time as the “National” gathering. In addition to being more convenient, the “Rational” gathering is less strict on the issue of discouraging alcohol consumption in the woods, but anticipates a non-violent peace loving reunion much like any other regional or national gathering. Family from a camp namely “Front Gate” are the main focalizers of the WV Rationals and eased restrictions on alcohol with little to no violence should demonstrate that it is not ‘alcohol’ causing violence, but violent people. Some are also responding to complaints their “ways” are discouraged at past National Gathering but believe without their experience parking cars and heading off trouble, as they have done for many years, they will likely be missed in Utah. Hopefully the rainbow family at large will ... 1 - Have Vision Council considering a site for next year more fairly placed for people not living west of the Mississippi and also 2 - remind all that “it takes ALL kinds” to make rainbow magic. and hope WE ALL just get along...

=ONE MEADOW 2015=



# PLEASE DON'T STEAL

Please don't steal. If there's one thing I learned on the road, it's that people will give you everything you need. You can get anything you want if you just ask enough people in the right way. Whenever we steal it reduces the level of trust amongst the human family. Corporations just pass the buck onto the consumers. It negatively affects our culture every year when there is theft in and around rainbow family gatherings. We struggle to trust each other, while wishing for the kind of unity that would enable us to overcome any obstacle. We live in such an abundant nation. There's enough of everything to go around when we live cooperatively, rather than in competition for an imagined scarcity. Lets work together for what we need and want. Nothing can block our way when we come together. -anonymous

**Rap 666:** Rainbow Cums 2 Fuckenberg ~ By Prana

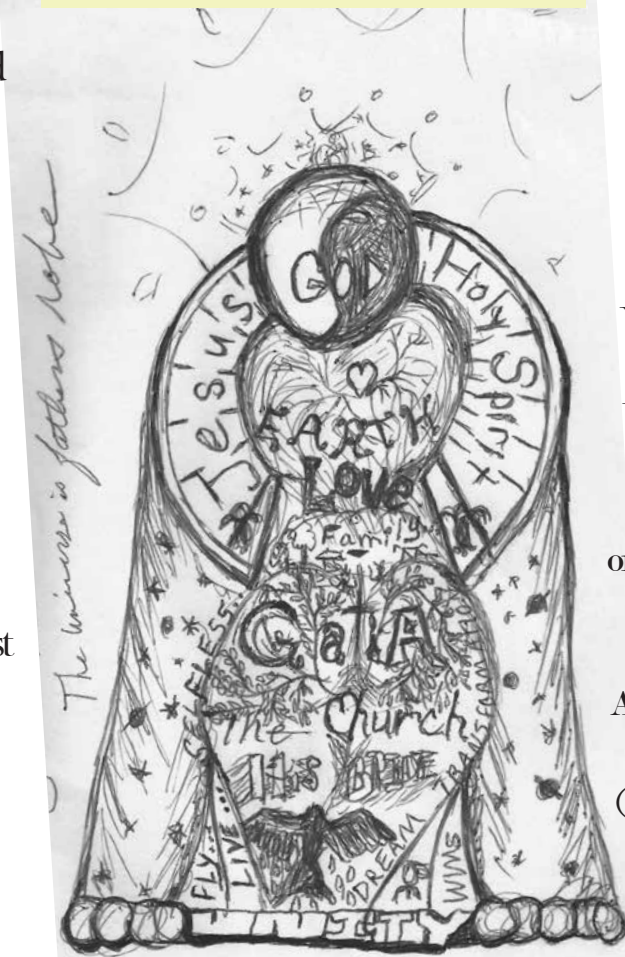
In the weeks before the Washington annual back in 2011, I noticed the proliferation of rainbow family related groups [online] with no way to really organize or navigate them... I resolved that after the gathering (tomorrow is always better) to start some kind of directory for it all... and by late July the rainbow family facebook links page was born... (the rainbow family directory page grew from this) the group grew quickly and I soon got tired of removing all the unrelated posts that family were posting... so to give them a place to post these things, I created ...The Bliss Pit...

Yes... that's how it all started since the RF FB links group was so restrictive , I went the complete opposite way with TBP... complete unedited free speech... nothing censored or deleted... no one banned... a wild west free for all... and what somehow developed, had in the end, no guidelines.. fuck... no theme... no topic, just whatever.... How we got to sporks, Oprah, and neck fucking still ponders my noggin... it has always been a free for all chat group... so having a right on day and now a **FUCK YOU DAY** – just seems natural.

The group has gone thru tribulations... the original group was deleted after being reported to facebook but a backup group revived it... now the admin pledge states that almost no one is banned after only four well known trolls and there fake accounts are banned... still no censorship takes place... even spam bots are allowed to post their ads for Raybans and sneakers... in fact we love this spam and usually ask them for more... So A Big Fuck You From The Bliss Pit... In Your Neckholz With A Dirty Plastic Taco Bell Spork!

**THE DIRTY KID COUCHSURFING COALITION GROUP** was started by Rebecca Powell on facebook, early on, when there were only a couple Rainbow groups. Now there are dozens. And where there was only Rebecca seeking couches- there are now many of us! She receives messages everyday now, from others who are reaching out ,on behalf of others. There are 45 truckers who are driving the country offering help to our family. There are posts every day offering love and support. Farms are springing up, farms that offer free food and a place to sleep in exchange for work on the land. Families are being created, babies being born, lives being saved and gardens springing up in vacant lots. "Squats are being revitalized by kids who aren't destroying but rebuilding! The world is changing for the better and I have never believed more." Said Rebecca. I thank God everyday for this mama and her vast love and wisdom, she's my mentor and hero.

~mama Cat



SING-CHILD-SING

You are my mother, you are my father  
 You are my lover, you are my friend  
 You're the beginning, you're the center  
 And you are beyond the end  
 You are the colors of the rainbow  
 You're the pure white light in me  
 You are the rivers, you are the mountain  
 You are the sky, you are the sea  
 Chorus

And I love you so, You help me see  
To see you in all is to see you in me  
I'm in you and you're in me

The branches of a tree, they may be many

But the tree, is one,

The petals of a lotus, are many

But the lotus, is one

Prophets and religions, are many,

But God is one

Teachers and teachings, are many

But the truth is on

## Chorus

I want to touch you, I want to feel you

I want to be right by your side

I want to know you, to love you

I want to serve you all the time

You are my mother, you are my father

You are my lover, you are my friend

You're the beginning, you're the center

And you are beyond the end.

ore about Rainbow, life adventures, Universal Lover and other music, coming up in my

Autobiography - stay connected through  
www.fantuzzimusic.com  
(CDs, newsletters, tour dates and more).

# I'VE LEARNED.... ‘

I've learned that you cannot make someone love you. All you can do is be someone who can be loved. The rest is up to them.

I've learned that no matter how much I care, some people just don't care back.

I've learned that it takes years to build up trust, and only seconds to destroy it.

I've learned that you can do something in an instant that will give you heartache for life.

I've learned that it's not what you have in life, but who you have in your life that counts.

I've learned that no matter how thin you slice it, there are always two sides.

I've learned that you should always leave loved ones with loving words. It may be the last time you see them. I

I've learned that we are responsible for what we do, no matter how we feel.

I've learned that there are people, who love you dearly, but just don't know how to show it.

I've learned that a true friendship continues to grow, even over the longest distance. Same goes for true love.

I've learned that just because someone doesn't love you the way you want them to, doesn't mean they don't love you with all they have. I've

learned that maturity has more to do with what types of experiences you've had and what you've learned from them and less to do with how many birthdays you've celebrated.

I've learned that no matter how good a friend someone is, they're going to hurt you once in a while and you must forgive them for that.

I've learned that no matter how bad your heart is broken, the world doesn't stop for your grief.

I've learned that just because two people argue, it doesn't mean they don't love each other. And just because they don't argue, it doesn't mean they do.

I've learned that we don't have to change friends if we understand that friends change.

I've learned that you shouldn't be so eager to find out a secret. It could change your life forever.

I've learned that there are so many ways of falling and staying in love.

I've learned that no matter how many friends you have, if you are their pillar, you will feel lonely and lost at the times you need them most.

I've learned that the people you care most in life are taken from you soon.

I've learned that although the word "love" can have many different meanings, it loses the value when overly used.

I've learned that love is not for me to keep, but to pass on to the next person I see.

I've learned that even when I have pains, I don't have to be one.

I've learned that everyday you should reach out and touch someone. People love that human touch - holding hands, a warm hug, or just a friendly pat on the back.

I've learned that I have a lot to learn. An more to learn as life runs its courses. To be continued as I-We-Us-They learn!!!!

Submitted by- Rev. Martin Paul Cheney

# COLORS OF ONE RAINBOW FAMILY, TRIBE, CLAN

Once upon a time the Great Colors Of The World started to quarrel. All claimed that they were the best, the most important, the most useful, or the favorite of Great Creator (God of many names in many religions and beliefs).

**GREEN** said: "Clearly I am the most important. I am the sign of life upon Mother Earth and of hope. I was chosen for grass, trees and leaves. Without me, all animals would die. Look over the countryside and you will see that I am in the majority."

**BLUE** interrupted: "You only think about the Mother Earth, but consider the sky and the sea. It is the water that is the basis of life and drawn up by the clouds from the deep sea. The sky gives space and peace and serenity. Without my peace, you would all be nothing."

**YELLOW** chuckled: "You are all so serious. I bring laughter, gaiety, and warmth into the world you speak of. The sun is yellow, the moon is yellow, the stars are yellow. Every time you look at a sunflower, the whole world starts to smile. Without me there would be no fun."

**ORANGE** started next to blow her trumpet: "I am the color of health and strength. I may be scarce, but I am precious for I serve the needs of human life. I carry the most important vitamins. Think of carrots, pumpkins, oranges, mangoes, and papayas. I don't hang around all the time, but when I fill the sky at sunrise or sunset, my beauty is so striking that no one gives another thought to any of you."

**RED** could stand it no longer he shouted out: "I am the ruler of all of you. I am blood(DNA) - life's blood! I am the color of danger and of bravery. I am willing to fight for a cause. I bring fire into the blood. Without me, the earth would be as empty as the moon. I am the color of passion and of love, the red rose, the poinsettia and the poppy."

**PURPLE** rose up to his full height: He was very tall and spoke with great pomp: "I am the color of royalty and power. Kings, chiefs, and bishops have always chosen me for I am the sign of authority, knowledge, and wisdom. People do not question me! They listen and obey."

At last, **INDIGO** spoke, much more quietly than all the others, but with just as much determination: "Think of me. I am the color of silence. You hardly notice me, but without me you all become superficial. I represent thought and reflection, twilight and deep water. You need me for balance and contrast, for prayer and inner peace."

AND SO THE COLORS WENT ON BOASTING... EACH CONVINCED OF HIS OR HER OWN SUPERIORITY! THEIR QUARRELING BECAME LOUDER AND LOUDER! SUDDENLY THERE WAS A STARTLING FLASH OF BRIGHT LIGHTENING! THUNDER ROLLED AND BOOMED! RAIN STARTED TO POUR DOWN RELENTLESSLY! THE COLORS CROUCHED DOWN IN FEAR, DRAWING CLOSE TO ONE ANOTHER FOR COMFORT...

**!!! IN THE MIDST OF THE CLAMOR, GREAT CREATOR, GOD OF MANY NAMES IN MANY RELIGIONS AND BELIEFS BEGAN TO SPEAK: "YOU FOOLISH COLORS, FIGHTING AMONGST YOURSELVES, EACH TRYING TO DOMINATE THE REST. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU WERE EACH MADE FOR A SPECIAL PURPOSE, UNIQUE AND DIFFERENT? JOIN HANDS WITH ONE ANOTHER AND COME TO ME." DOING AS THEY WERE TOLD, THE COLORS UNITED AND JOINED HANDS!!!**

GREAT CREATOR, GOD OF MANY NAMES IN MANY RELIGIONS & BELIEF'S CONTINUED: "FROM NOW ON, WHEN IT RAINS, EACH OF YOU WILL STRETCH ACROSS THE SKY IN A GREAT BOW OF COLOR AS A REMINDER THAT YOU CAN ALL LIVE IN PEACE. THE RAINBOW IS A SIGN OF HOPE FOR TOMORROW." AND SO, WHENEVER A GOOD RAIN WASHES THE WORLD, AND A RAINBOW APPEARS IN THE SKY, LET US REMEMBER TO LOVE & APPRECIATE ONE ANOTHER."

# THE SEVEN GARBAGE CHAKRAS

|        |              |                        |                  |                |                |          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                |           |
|--------|--------------|------------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------|-----------|
| VIOLET | SAHASHRARA   | TOP OF HEAD            | IMAGINATION      | FREE           | SPIRITUAL MIND | POLES... | GIFTS, GIVAWAYS, GLEANING<br>COMMUNITY NEEDS<br>USEFUL ITEMS                                                                                                                                                                  | HEADSTAND      | SUNDAY    |
| INDIGO | AJNA         | POINT BETWEEN THE EYES | INTUITION        | LOST 'N' FOUND | PHYSICAL MIND  | ...2     | PURSES, WALLETS<br>JEWELRY<br>CLOTHING<br>OTHER                                                                                                                                                                               | SHOULDER STAND | SATURDAY  |
| BLUE   | VISHUDDHA    | THROAT                 | CONCEPTUAL       | PLASTIC        | ETHER          | 1        | REUSABLE ITEMS   REPAIRABLE ITEMS<br>CONTAINERS, KITCHEN UTENSILS<br>WAX<br>TARPS; PLASTIC SHEETING<br>PLASTIC YUK-O                                                                                                          | LION           | FRIDAY    |
| GREEN  | ANAHATA      | HEART                  | SECURITY         | COMPOST        | AIR            | CITIES   | SEEDS<br>PLANTS<br>VALUABLE HERBS<br>KITCHEN REMAINS<br>MULCH                                                                                                                                                                 | LOCUST         | THURSDAY  |
| YELLOW | MANIPURA     | LUMBAR SOLAR PLEXUS    | INTELLECTUAL     | PAPER          | FIRE           | CTR      | USABLE SCRAP PAPER<br>USEFUL BAGS & BOXES<br>RECYCLABLE CARDBOARD FLATS<br>REUSABLE WOOD   BURNABLE WOOD<br>FIRESTARTER                                                                                                       | PEACOCK        | WEDNESDAY |
| ORANGE | SVADISHTHANA | SEX ORGANS<br>SPLEEN   | SOCIAL-EMOTIONAL | GLASS          | WATER          | ELE      | PANES-FOR WINDOWS, GREENHOUSES<br>CONTAINERS-CANNING JARS, WINE & STORAGE BOTTLES<br>DEPOSIT BOTTLES<br>CLEAR GLASS   BROWN GLASS   GREEN GLASS                                                                               | SPINAL TWIST   | TUESDAY   |
| RED    | MULADHARA    | COCYX<br>BASE OF SPINE | PHYSICAL         | METAL          | EARTH          | 1        | VALUABLE PARTS (LIGHT: NUTS, BOLTS, NAILS, ETC.)<br>VALUABLE PARTS (HEAVY: ANGLE IRON, CHAIN, ETC.)<br>REPAIRABLE ITEMS<br>CONTAINERS WITH LIDS<br>SIDE SEAM CANS<br>COPPER   BRASS   OTHER SEPARATE SCRAP METALS<br>ALUMINUM | BACKSTRETCH    | MONDAY    |

