

Grandmothers Circle of News

The Fruit of B's Loom - Greetings Grandmothers! from B Campbell



HO! Once again, I sit at my desk— seems this is always where I write; it's an old wooden oak student desk from my childhood bedroom and tends to give me a sense of comfort. This desk is more than just a desk and perhaps at a later time I shall write a story about it. Sitting at it also gives me the best view of the birdfeeder. No cardinals in sight today. Matter of fact, there are very few birds around it at all. It's cold at night for Arizona, or for anywhere! We had a "hard freeze" as my mama would say, as she would judge weather conditions. This meant getting out the gunny sacks to cover her plants susceptible to such conditions. So a couple of nights ago, my husband Stephen covered my poor lemon tree. It almost died last year from similar conditions. I recall Mama telling me, "I told you to get out there and cover it up."

My Mama, the farmer's wife living in the city, known as the one with the green thumb, could make anything grow. When I use to live near her in Houston, I would frequently get her advice on my plants and a zillion other things as well. I can remember as a kid and as an adult going with her to the horse lot nearby to collect what she considered the best fertilizer in the world. I had many lessons on judging the readiness of the various piles of fertilizer. "This is too green," she would say, or "this is too old," or "now this is just what we need." Geez, it sounded more like we were talking about porridge than horse poop.

My mother – Mama – Ma – matriarch. My brother Bud and I were considering some options a few months ago regarding her care. One was to move her out to live with me – but Mama was having no part of that. Her desire was to die at home in her own bed; and so she did. As promised Mama I would take care



Mama (Pearl Brewer)

soon as I arrived and assessed the things began to point towards the need for me to be there with her (I of her in the last days of her life just as I did for Dad in 1996), I Houston, knowing Stephen would follow by truck a few days later. As situation, I called her primary doctor and so hospice was set in place.

Mama didn't linger long once I was there with her...a week and a few more precious days. Then early in the morning of November 8, daylight just beginning to break, only Mama and me, while holding her hand, she drew in that last long breath, gave my hand an almost imperceptible squeeze, then away she went. I kissed her face, her lips, her eyes – then woke Stephen. About that time, Bud arrived and the rest is just a blur. When we left Houston in the back of the truck was the dresser that matches my desk. Its new home is right in my living room – silly, but that's where I want it. Once I left home to begin my own adult life, that dresser was adopted by Mama for all her things. That too is another story. Seems like everywhere I look, something reminds me of her or a story she told.

I'm sighing right now – Can you hear me? I'm sighing for many reasons; the obvious one, loss of my beloved Mama after she walked 95 years, 6 months and 5 days with Mother Earth around Grandfather Sun.

Another reason is that I still need a Grandmother to step forward to assume the responsibility as Weaver of the newsletter. So Grandmothers, dear to me, I ask once again that one or several consider my request and say "YES!" Look into your heart as I did and know the importance of the newsletter in staying connected to other Grandmothers. I tell you the connections are growing and growing, with leaps and bounds. As the stone in the lake sends out ripples, so are Grandmother Circles with Councils and Gatherings springing up everywhere, creating an even greater need for the newsletter to continue. If you want to discuss this with me or better yet, have decided to serve the Grandmothers in this loving and fulfilling way, contact me directly by phone, 520-572-1470. Many Blessings, Peace and Harmony be with you as look inward and ponder this message as **THIS SHALL BE MY LAST ISSUE AS NEWSLETTER WEAVER.** Please know that I truly am sad to relinquish something so near and dear to my heart but it is clear, having started this issue 5 months ago, it is time for me to retire. I will begin making subscription refunds first of May unless someone steps forward to continue the weaving of the newsletter.

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

REPORTS OF COUNCIL GATHERINGS

Aurora Borealis Gathering, Chaska, MN May 12-15, 2011

By Karen Chicone



Peer Spirit small circles provided the framework of the gathering. We also used as a guide the book, The Second Half of Life, Opening the Eight Gates of Wisdom, by Angeles Arrien to talk about transformational possibilities of the second half of life. Angeles' 'first gate', The Silver Gate, speaks of facing new experiences, the unknown, adventure, creativity and grace.

For many of the grandmothers (from five states) attending the gathering it was an adventure. One participant commented, "I got to grow a new heart, change my perspective, let go of the past and be around women who embrace change, who are modeling courage and authenticity and vulnerability and joy."

Comments from our 2011 Grandmothers:

~"I found the experience of the Grandmothers' weekend to be stimulating yet relaxing, informative and interesting. I felt effortlessly seen and heard and respected. The setting was top notch; the perfect blend of nature and nurture. And the food was a 'foodie's' delight."

~"My experience in May was exceptional and I am so grateful to the core team and to our small group in particular for the energy container that created the space for that to happen."

~"Unconditional acceptance (I'm usually shy in groups). All of the women were on the same page; same issues, same struggles. Loved the facility; felt pampered."

~ "First time I'd done something like that for myself. Always before it was just work and family. It changed my life."



Grandmothers of the Dream Weavers Council, Tucson, AZ, June 15-18, 2011

by Nonine Anderson



We 15 gathered at The Little Brown House, Tucson, Arizona. The Comfort Inn Suites, close by, afforded facilities with continental breakfast for our three days together. I had asked the Elemental Kingdom to bless us

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as The Dream Weavers planned and purposed these past months. They graced us with record hot days and lovely cool early mornings and evenings! Trees and the environment played an important part of our doings as we shed our shoes, smudged with sage and meditated, circled and emerged. The stretching of our personal comfort zones showed each other just how important, focused and dedicated we are to Mother Earth's cleansing and healing process. Our yin/yang circle symbolizes the blend and balance of moving into alignment. Each day brought new challenges, new awareness and new "A-HA" moments. We are remembering to learn from each other. Our two circles faithfully facilitated by the council brought enlightenment to the ceremonies. Grandmother moon rose in all her glory as we sat in circle around the fire in the backyard. We were joined by grandchildren this year and it was good to be together. Each morning we met for visual meditation to clear unnecessary baggage and find new Radiance within.

The pipe ceremony brought aspect to this Council we had not had in our previous five years. As the smoke curled skyward, we appreciated our connected moments of silence in a busy world. One of our afternoons was spent watching the DVD "The 13 Indigenous Grandmothers" and a film of the Lake Superior gathering. Our last evening together was celebrated with a buffet dinner honoring husbands, grandchildren and guests. We ate, we drummed, we shared.

At the completion of our gathering and symbolizing our merging back into the illusion of this reality, we bathed each other's feet in snow water collected from a home on the Navajo reservation, sending us out with clean feet on our individual paths, comforted in knowing our connection and acknowledgement of precious spiritual gifts deep within each one.

The days of the lone wolf are over...

The days of disharmony are over...

We are the heartbeat of Mother Earth and the example of NOW!

We are the example to humanity that the time is NOW.

We drew in ALL, we reflected on ALL, we wove gentleness for ALL.

May the Source of All Splendor encompass you this day and always...I am Nonine.

Grandmothers are speaking, Earth is healing!



Gathering for Gitchigaaming (Lake Superior) Madeline Island, LaPointe, WI August 11-14, 2011



Weaver's note: The following represents my own report of attendance.

Arriving at the island was no small task coming from Tucson. It culminated in Lorraine picking me up at the bus drop (I flew to Indianapolis and then a very pleasant, comfortable 2 hr ride in a van to Colquet which afforded wonderful scenic views.) GM Lorraine's hospitality (and husband Phil) could not have been surpassed by anyone on earth. The next day, we made our way on to Gitchigaaming – some several hours away. Two van loads of GM's from the directions carpooled to reach the ferry – the ride itself was wonderful. Once there...oh my! This was the start of a very profound experience. To this moment, I continue to be aware of the events of that gathering and I believe these will remain with me for a very long time. The many outstanding facets of the gathering made it difficult to pick one over another as the most impressive. I do think being allowed the

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honor of walking on the remaining sacred area of Lake Gitchigaaming of the Ojibei people gave me a connection that is difficult to describe. The Give-away was so sacred. We came to the lake; half of the women were given two willow branches with instructions to give the other one to a woman in the group she did not know. The two then went to the water's edge, each taking a turn to dip the branch in the sacred water, blessings and giving appreciation to the other. Afterwards, the two exchanged their gifts, sitting together, getting to know one another and discussing the importance of the chosen gift. There were other extraordinary experiences but this one held my heart and still does.



Arizona Gathering October 12, 2011 Kenyon Ranch



This report is a reflection from the Newsletter Weaver ("B"). Once again, Grandmothers from many directions gathered to share, to have prayer and be together. The elder circle was, for me, the highlight of the Gathering. It was a bit different this year as the planning circle was led by Spirit to make some changes. This year, eldest of the elders were asked to speak rather than all Grandmothers 70 years or older. As happen chance, the elders to speak were all eighty years and older. What a wonderful response given to us as each shared her wisdom, the luminous thread weaving their stories, adding yet more to the completion of our container. This year, in addition, the elders were videoed as they spoke. There will be additional information regarding obtaining a copy of this in DVD format at a later date. There were numerous other highlights but at the top, along with the elders, for me, was the small circle connection. There was evidence throughout the gathering, from small circles, to presentation to the large circle, of the presence of the thread holding us together, nurturing ours spirits one with another.



News from the Councils



Gulf Coast Gathering 2012

THEME: *"The Tree of Lifeas above.....so below...."*



We invite you to the 13th Gathering of the Gulf Coast Council of Grandmothers which will be held at the Visitation Monastery, Mobile, Alabama. **Contact: Carolyn Garbett, 19801 Co. Rd 9, Silverhill, AL. 36576**
Phone: 251-945-1295 for more information. email: msparis98@gmail.com

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Dreamweavers Council of Grandmothers Gathering June 2 - 5, 2012

THEME: Illumination (Radiance)

We have reserved 'Our Lady of the Desert', just 10 miles from Tucson city limits, nestled in the Tucson Mountains. The Redemptorist Renewal Center has a swimming pool (bring a swim suit!), cafeteria and twin bed rooms with a natural rock chapel overlooking the city. There is also an altar room which will be for our use only. The facility will furnish all of our meals, and they will include vegetarian as well as gluten free selections if necessary. The surroundings are quiet and will afford our grandmothers sacred space for circles and ceremonies (be sure to bring a drum and/or other percussion instrument). Also on property is a rock labyrinth which is a copy of the most well known circle of the Middle Ages found in the Cathedral of Notre Dame de Chartres, walkways to view petroglyphs on the red cliffs, and benches for meditation. Finding this retreat was magic indeed! **Nonine Anderson, 1315 W. Calle Arizona, 85705, phone: 520-888-1762 for more information.**

Arizona Gathering September 28 – October 1, 2011 Kenyon Ranch, Tumacacori, AZ

THEME: “The Mystery in the Mirror - Remembering Who We Are”



Dear Grandmothers,

The Arizona Council of Grandmothers is happy to tell you that we will again offer a Grandmother Gathering next Fall. This will be the nineteenth AZ Gathering.

Ten women on our Planning Circle met to begin the process of creating the container that will hold sacred space for Grandmothers to Gather and invite Spirit to manifest in, through and around us for the bringing in of greater Light for all.

After a beautiful process of sharing thoughts, visions, messages and insights we arrived at our topic: “Mystery in the Mirror – Remembering Who We Are”. We view this topic as an invitation to the Seen and the Unseen worlds to come and join us that we all may grow, receive and give.

We hope you feel called to join us. We will return to the beautiful, desert Kenyon Ranch in Southern AZ over the full moon weekend of September 28th – October 1, 2012.

Although this now seems far in the future, our past experience tells us that early registration is the only way to be sure that a place will be open. Please read the attached Registration form for details.

Blessings

Arizona Council of Grandmothers

If you have any questions feel free to contact our Weaver Shelly Jurmain (sjurmain@comcast.net, 520-730-1569) or our Treasurer Irene Walden (iwalden@cox.net, 520-795-0400).

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**Gathering for Gitchigaaming
(Lake Superior)
Madeline Island, LaPointe, WI**



To be announced soon. For more information contact Lorraine Norrgard, email ggg2010LN@yahoo.com or call 218-879-2288



AURORA BOREALIS GRANDMOTHERS GATHERING

From Nancy Garrity: For personal and numerous other reasons, the gathering for this year has been cancelled. However, we expect to begin planning for 2013. For more information call Nancy Garrity at 6612-889-0721 or Karen Chicone at 763-535-6991

Website: <http://auroraborealisgrandmothers.posterous.com>



Celebrations of Life



Grandmother Gwendolyn (Palmer) Hudetz

October 3, 1921 - May 31, 2011



Gracie Rogers, Denver, CO remembers GM Gwen

A Legacy

Gwen Hudetz was a member of the Heartland Council of GMs and dear friend of Sr. Virginia Mary Barta who helped Mary Diamond create the Council of Grandmothers in 1994. Gwen's life was a legacy of many things, but mostly of motherhood and God. Gwen had 12 children, 38 grandchildren, and 17 great grandchildren; the spiral of her love was and remains huge. She and Sr. Virginia took spiritual journeys together and Gwen, who was also a Wheaton Franciscan Covenant Member, supported and attended many events at The Christine Center in WI established by Sr. Virginia years ago.

I felt a special bond with Gwen because we shared the same maiden name, Palmer, and imagine if I did some genealogical research would find a common past ancestor. Gwen also passed away on my birthday; she was 89. The legacy Gwen leaves in my heart was formed over years of sitting in GM circles with her. When she was sad, she cried; when she was happy she made me laugh. Gwen taught me the simplicity of wisdom – acceptance and faith; and always to return to joy. When the light of a Spirit close to me goes out, my world often feels smaller. Gwen's light was so bright that my world continues to expand. Rest in peace dear Grandmother friend.



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Grandmother Marti Bedoe, Naperville, IL remembers GM Gwen

“Still water runs deep” is how Sr. Virginia Mary Barta described Gwen, her longtime friend and companion on the spiritual path. It was 2003 and we were on our way to meet Gwen for lunch and invite her to participate in the nascent Heartland Council of Grandmothers. Sr. Virginia Mary warned me not to be deceived by Gwen’s unassuming nature; that underneath was a powerhouse of a woman. At the end of lunch Gwen said, “I am hungry for something substantial and deep, something besides ‘table talk.’ This Grandmothers Circle sounds interesting to me.” Thus began a beautiful friendship with an extraordinary woman.

Between her birth on October 3, 1921 and her transitioning on May 31, 2011, Gwen lived an out-of-the-box life that reflected her commitment to follow her own inner guidance. Once she heard Spirit’s call, Gwen would change her direction despite the expectations of her culture. An only child who was devoted to the Blessed Mother, she was headed for the convent when she met John Hudetz who was headed to serve in the U.S. Coast Guard during World War II. John bombarded Gwen with ardent love letters, and succeeded in persuading her to change her plans and marry him. Their children still have the many love letters, censor’s marks and all, the two exchanged during the war. John and Gwen often said that God was at the center of their marriage. John and Gwen were the immensely proud parents of 10 sons and 2 daughters: John, Raymond, Joseph, Frank, Leo, Mary, Mike, Peter, Margie, Paul, Ben, and Bob. 37 grandchildren and 13 grandchildren also carry Gwen’s shining light forward. To meet any of these fine people is to feel the legacy of Gwen’s humor, grace, generosity and depth of spirit, huge heart and curious mind.

In an era when breast feeding was considered passé, Gwen was one of the first La Leche League leaders. She’d joined forces with her very good friend Mary White, the League’s co-founder and others in a mother’s support group. From that tiny circle of women grew an international organization that offered vital support to mothers who chose to provide their children with breast milk. What a paradigm shift about infant nutrition has grown because of these few women who chose to deviate from the social norm! Gwen happily reminisced about how she chose home birth, another resistance to the modern trend of hospital births. Each time she went into labor, her husband John would gather the children and they would make a birthday cake for the brand new sibling who they were about to meet.

Gwen’s quiet life as a devout Catholic woman was shaken to the core when her beloved second-born son Ray, a Vietnam-era West Point graduate, returned from his military service a changed and troubled man. His search for peace of mind and answers led him to explore other spiritual traditions including Buddhism. At the time, Gwen refused to discuss these other pathways, calling them heretical to his religion and his family’s way of life. Sadly, Raymond was unexpectedly called from this life at the age of 31 with questions of his mind and spirit seemingly still unanswered. A while after Ray’s death, Gwen sat in his room weeping. Her gaze fell upon his bookshelf full of many Buddhist texts. Gwen heard a message to pick one up and to pay attention. She spoke of that moment as one that changed her life forever as she began to open herself up and to consider these brand new thoughts that Ray had felt were so important to share. With Sr. Virginia Mary, Gwen went on to explore the traditions of mysticism and meditation, leading her family in embracing both spirituality and religion. As she aged, Gwen guarded her spiritual life more and more, making annual retreats to The Christine Center, a meditation retreat center Sr. Virginia helped found and the Hudetz family supported financially and spiritually. During Council time, everyone sat forward when Gwen held the talking piece. She was soft spoken and got right to the heart of the matter in any conversation. Her simple words and fierce integrity were a guiding force. It was a privilege for me to be one of the women of the Heartland Council of Grandmothers who were among so many souls whose lives were enriched, graced and blessed by the presence of Grandmother Gwen Hudetz. What a woman!



Edmey ("Temae") Ann Sonnier Theriot
February 16, 1930 – January 12, 2011



Weaver's note: *In May, I received a letter from Temae's daughter, Adrienne Monaghan, sharing with me that her mother had passed away. I contacted Adrienne to request a photo and to share the joy I had experience in phone conversations with "Edmey", telling Edmey I hoped some day we would meet. And so we shall, just at another time and place! I would share also that Adrienne signed her letter, "#5 daughter"; when we spoke on the phone, I could not resist asking about this. She said she had 4 sisters and one brother, she being the 5th daughter. How sweet is that? Next, is just a brief note from Adrienne that came with the email photo she provided:*

Adrienne Monaghan remembers her Mother

...The grandmother's group in this area was very good to my Mom. Two of my sisters with Mom really loved being able to experience the solstice ceremonies, the sweat lodges, and the crowning ceremony. Thanks to Mom's participation in the grandmothers, I have a much different perspective of the seasons.....

Grandmother Doris Robin Remembers Grandmother Temae

I remember her as a woman of pure passion for life in everything she chose to do. Like the time she saved all the chicken bones, washed them and sun-dried them to make (I think) dream-catchers for our individual zodiac signs. She and I traveled to Arizona together and was a pure joy to be with. Her sense of humor was spectacular! She was a very intelligent lady with a magnetic personality. Her Cajun accent just warmed your heart. I'm lucky to have known her and enjoyed the bond we shared as grandmothers. I miss her for the unique lady she was."

Grandmother Joanna Miller Remembers Grandmother Temae

Temae was our sparkle and catalyst of our GM circle. She spent a great deal of time planning our last gathering with her, a brunch, and we all enjoyed it tremendously. This was her last meal. It was such a gift to us that we had this time together, not even dreaming it would be our last. We miss that sparkle and are thankful for our time together.

Grandmother Mary Ann McClellan Remembers Grandmother Temae

Temae means so much to me on so many levels and I miss her terribly. She was my friend of 22 years, a role model of a mother (she would deny being a role model I know), someone I could talk to about anything and she'd understand, relate to it and give me her feedback ... the quintessential grandmother! She and I spent many hours talking, laughing and enjoying each other's company. When we formed our local Louisiana Grandmother Circle in 1996, Temae was the first one I wanted to invite into our circle. I just knew she had so much to contribute. And she did just that with her innate wisdom from the full life that she lived. We had a mutual love of all things Native American, nature, native plants, gardening and just being peers. I will always have the image of Temae with the sage smudging ceremony. She had such respect for the simplicity of the ceremony

and she told me the aroma of the sage seemed to bring her back to a familiar place she'd been before, something unexplainable. She really liked participating in the Sweat Lodge ceremony and could take more "heat" than most other women. I remember her croning ceremony when she cried and was so surprised because she said she wasn't one to cry often in life. She spoke so proudly of her wonderful children and family that day, and I'm sure those tears were of joy because we were celebrating the years of our accomplishments as older, wiser women. Temae had an unusually understanding heart and I will forever love her for who she was and for all the richness she brought to my life."

Grandmother Mary Frost Remembers Grandmother Temae

When I think about Temae, I smile, because she did. Her zest and enthusiasm for life was catching, and I was always uplifted in her presence. She also was a sweet teacher of wisdom, history, and love for the Earth. I particularly recall the last time that I was in her presence—we were at a Grandmothers group that she had organized to have a Christmas brunch at the Abita Cafe. We gathered at the time between breakfast and lunch so that we could order from either menu and have the huge biscuits that she so loved. And we all did! How could we not—she had us all so anticipating the experience! Her love ripples through us now and will continue as it was so freely given.



Grandmother Mary Ellen Rockwell

Transitioned March 15, 2010



Please Note: Grandmother Terry Bourne wants each to know that many grandmothers were in attendance with Mary Ellen, especially our dear Mazie Dalby, until time drew nigh for only family to be with her and assist her. She is at peace now and pain free.

Grandmother Helen Herring Remembers Grandmother Mary Ellen - My best memory of Mary Ellen is her seductive and sexy song and dance at the Grandmother's gathering in 2009 I think. She mouthed the words of a song I don't remember and wowed us with her glamorous and sexy movements. This from a shy, quiet woman who always stayed in the background and didn't usually put herself forward! She took on a new persona and made us all amazed and delighted with her. We'll miss her.

Grandmother Terry Bourne Remembers Grandmother Mary Ellen - Mary Ellen first came to the Gulf Coast Council in 2004. From then until two months before her death in 2011 she continued to be of service through the planning committees and participation in the Councils. She always gently reminded us of our responsibilities of practicing sustainable living habits for our Earth Mother and the future generations. Her creativity and profound sense of humor surfaced especially at the "fun & frolic" time slot on the last night of our Council. She maintained her commitment as a loyal member and contributor to a monthly grandmother circle. She bestowed unconditional love upon humans, animals, and all of Nature as well as being a woman of continual service through ceremony, prayer and care to the earth and its inhabitants. Mary Ellen was also

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recognized for her generosity in sharing her time and bounty of her organic gardens with family, friends and those in need. Her unfailing faith, strength, courage, and final surrender were exemplary to those of us who were honored to provide support during her time of transition. It was a joy to know her. Blessed be.



Virginia ("Ginny") Alfey
February 3, 1934 – June 8, 2012

Grandmother Kathy Murtey remembering her sister "Ginny"

It was Thanksgiving 2010, that my big sister Ginny found out she had stage 4 liver cancer. She started creating miracles right away. She is the mother of seven sons and she put out a request to have all seven boys/men get together while she was still in the hospital. They hadn't all been together for probably 30 years! It was no small task but they were rounded up from across the country and got to the hospital within a few of days. My younger sister reports that a couple of them needed to be run through the car wash before they were allowed to visit Ginny.

For those of you who don't know, Ginny lived in Illinois and I live in California. So I was getting the all the information long distance. Anyway, her oldest son who has been to Iraq a couple of times just 'happened' to run into a Chaplain he had met over there and told him what was happening. The Chaplain asked if he could visit Ginny in the hospital. He managed to show up just as all seven of the brothers gathered. When the time was right he asked all seven to step out of Ginny's room. He suggested that each go in one at a time, take Ginny's hand and tell her how he felt about her or share a favorite memory with her. Later Ginny told me how precious that experience was for her and that there were tears all around.

Ginny came home from the hospital having decided she was not going to fight the cancer. She returned to her one bedroom apartment and her usual routine. She joined the larger family for all the Christmas festivities. Christmas eve after a family gift exchange she returned home with another big decision. She loved her apartment and was not leaving it again until her life was over.

The next few months passed with Ginny receiving oodles of visits from friends and family. In March I went back, stayed with other sisters and visited her regularly for two weeks. We're a card playing family so there were lots of games and laughter.

In June I went back again for three weeks. By this time she was on Hospice and a family member or friend was staying with her 24/7. Ginny was not afraid to die. She didn't have a picture of what would happen after she died but she was sure that whatever it was our Dad would be there with her.

She showed me how a person dies with grace and ease. What a fabulous gift from a big sister. Interestingly enough shortly after Ginny died, my 97 year old Mom who lives in independent living also ended up in the hospital for several days. Family stayed round the clock with her too. She was scheduled to go to a skilled nursing facility upon discharge. That couldn't be worked out so we took her home staying with her. She said, "I'm not done yet." She began to exercise her arthritic knees while sitting on the edge of her bed. Soon she was walking around her apartment and then took to the hallways. Skilled nursing was no longer needed. Before I left for California a week later she was back up to her two miles a day using her walker. Mom showed me how to choose Life! How lucky I am to have two of my favorite women model so beautifully ways to live and die.





TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK

Well dear ones, looks like the clock has run down for this newsletter's Weaver. On the first page of the newsletter, I broke the news to you that this would be my last edition. And, yes, so it is. However, I could not say Ahoha without giving thanks and appreciation to all who have been a part of this wonderful journey. I give thanks to the many who have contributed to the various issues with poems, musings, stories, information and news and to you, the subscribers.

I would like to give a special appreciation to Eleanor Gallagher for her wonderful editing, to Joanne Reichlin for special assistance in the physical aspect of prepping and then mailing the hard copies to subscribers, to Kit Wilson and Robbie Lapp for encouragement and lastly to my dear husband Stephen who would bring coffee, tea or snacks to the computer or occasionally tap me on the shoulder indicating time to stop for the day!

I now leave this newsletter to the will of the Divine – as always, things shall happen as they should. Love, peace, blessings and Harmony to all,

B

PS. If you would rather not receive a refund, please let me know as this will be held as seed money for possible restart of the newsletter at a later date.

Looking Back...



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