

Circle of Grandmothers

Volume 8

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September 2002

Earthdance

by Eleanor Gallagher, Cottonwood, Arizona

On my 33rd birthday this year, May 22, I got in a van with three friends and headed to Tecate, Mexico for Earth Dance 2002. I had my camping gear, drinking water, my sweetgrass, a new journal, and no idea what I was in for, besides “an adventure.” The stories my friend Shayna told me created pictures of camping in the dirt, dancing & drumming, healers & elders from all over the world, a community fire. To many of my questions she would only say, “I don’t know. It’s Earth Dance. We’ll have to see.”

This was the fourth year Earth Dance was held on land owned by Grandmother Stephanie on the Kumei reservation in hill country outside Tecate. The wind often blew cold. The sun burned hot. I spent my first day sewing together burlap bags to cover the Earthlodge, a half-buried sweatlodge that had been dug the previous week as a central component of the ceremonies. Here the committed dancers would cleanse & pray & heal in the womb of Earth. The burlap would be used to hold together the mud roof. The bags were dusty & dirty; we slit them open with a dull machete. I sat for hours in the sun sewing, thinking how useful I was being, what an honor it was. My head was hot under my bandana and my face burned. I took a few shade and water breaks. My co-workers vanished. After about four hours, I got the news: the ceremony was being moved up unexpectedly and there was no time to finish the lodge the way it had been planned. It would be covered with tarps instead.

I wanted to cry, of course, but that passed and I just shook my head & laughed. It was a poignant lesson to begin the week, a clear message to check my ego. The incredible energy of Earth Dance was already playing in my life, and little did I know what beau-

tiful havoc it would create! This isn’t about my personal story, however; it is a story of a place where Grandmothers are speaking & healing the world.

First, a little background on Earth Dance:

Earth Dance was visioned during a Sun Dance by Adam Yellow Bird. On his website (www.earthdance8.org) he explains: “This is a dance for the unity of all creation. It is an honoring and time to bring together all the races, religions and tribes. The purpose is to dance with the Earth, the elements, sun and moon and the ancestors, to bring joy to the people and the Earth. This is a vision for the future of our children in the times to come. This is a time to unify the children, elders, leaders, medicine people, men and women, to bring equality and balance within our world. Time to let go of our egos and work together, knowing that we all have a piece that is just as special as any other’s. Let’s put our pieces together, working and praying collectively, clearing the slate of what has been done. Let’s do what is best for the highest good of humanity, pushing out the dark to make room for the light. Time to heal the wounds and move forward. It is time to end the pain and suffering of the world. We must first start with ourselves, then our families, moving onto all the people and

the world. Transforming the old energy into a new energy, only for the highest good. This is a time to remember how to come back and gather in Council Meetings with the people for the highest good of the people and come to good conclusions and decisions. The Earth Dance is a worldwide effort. We must do what is for the highest good for all the children of the world. Many things have to change so we can break through the stronghold that has bound the people and the world. It is time to be freed from the restrictions within!”

The ceremony in Mexico was quite elaborate, with 45 men & women committed to dance in rounds, day & night, for 4 days, within a sacred circle outlined in cornmeal and quartz gathered from the land, with buffalo hearts & prayer trees covered with tobacco ties in the four directions & the center. A sacred fire is kept burning the whole time, and its lighting begins the ceremony. Grandmother Theodora from southern Mexico had heard about Earth Dance but been unable to travel to Tecate the first three years the ceremony was held there. This year, Adam Yellow Bird & his partner Carmen went down to get her. Theodora felt a great desire to begin the ceremony—to light the sacred fire. Unfortunately, soon after arriving, she got the news of a death in the family. Adam Yellow Bird advanced the ceremony to accommodate this change of plans, and we gathered in the late afternoon wind to receive her blessings. We prayed for a brother on a Vision Quest nearby, for the dancers, the healers and all the people who would come for celebration and healing. Theodora saged the circle and the rocks and wood, then lit the fire. She prayed with us a few more minutes before leaving to attend her family.

—Earthdance cont’d on page 2



When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Earthdance cont'd from page 1

Theodora wasn't the only grandmother there, luckily! Abuela Margarita, from Jalisco also attended, leading a few of the dances and giving teachings nearly every day. The circle was informal, a ring of chairs just to the side of the main path. She spoke at length in Spanish; translators took turns. She gave many lessons. These stuck out to me:

She did a gorgeous, holy menstrual ceremony (with blood from one of the dancers), and spoke powerfully of the need for young women to give their blood to the Earth. She recommended that we use menstrual cups (similar to a diaphragm), and save our blood in a clear glass jar filled with water, that we appreciate the beautiful color. If the males in the home are willing, they can join the woman when she finishes bleeding and goes out to offer blood, gratitude & prayers to the Mother. She spoke to men & women, and chose one of each to pray with the bowl of blood, then led us to a small bush where she dug a small hole and poured in our offering.

Another time, she drew a medicine wheel on the ground, and placed children in the East, teens & 20s in the South, 30s-40s in the West, and

grandparents in the North. She then drew lines across the center, explaining that the parents in the West should care for the young children in the East, and the Grandparents had much to teach the teenagers.

I remember Abuela Margarita asking us, "Why do you have to say good or bad? Why not just say, 'I like this. I don't like this.' And go towards what you like, always, simply." Some of her teachings were echoed in the teachings of Tibetan Lama Norbu, another elder who attended.

Other Grandmothers lent their support and energy in silence: Stephanie, the owner of the land, and Juanita, a respected elder of the Yaquis in northern Baja. Juanita and her husband Yoremi take care of publicity and communication with the Tecate city government throughout the year to ensure Earth Dance's success. Stephanie offers her land not only for Earth Dance but for sweatlodges and women's gatherings throughout the year and always sits in silent support at the edge of the circle while the dancers dance.

At the close of Earth Dance, we had a pipe ceremony. Adam Yellow Bird with his pipe followed Abuela Margarita,

who also carried a pipe. It was a simple act of deference on the part of this 31-year-old man that spoke volumes to me—and is when I knew I would write this, to share with you the hope and healing of this ritual. I encourage you to follow up on any gratitude, prayers or impulse for action you feel from reading these words. Namaste. Mitakuye Oyasin.

Earth Dance is coming to Sedona (about 20 minutes from me, 2 hours north of Phoenix, 4 from Tucson) the weekend of October 18-20. So far the plans include a pipe ceremony on Friday and dancing/ceremony Saturday & Sunday. Generally there is camping available. Yellow Bird directs all inquiries to his cell phone: 775-781-1502, or e-mail address:

EarthDance8@yahoo.com.
(Website: www.earthdance8.org)

Abuela Margarite and Grandmother Angela, a Dine elder, will be traveling and speaking throughout October in California and Arizona. They will be speaking in Sedona Thursday evening, October 17. Contact me for details.



Editor's Corner

By Kit Wilson

September 10th. Tomorrow I will burn a candle, listen to the Mozart *Requiem*, and remember. Right now I'm wondering how to begin this column, given the significance of the date. And what to say about the year that has passed – in some ways it seems like the longest and shortest year of my life. There's no way I'll find words to express the enormity of our collective experience. So I am grateful for **Shirley Tassencourt's** anniversary poem, for all of you who contributed poetry for our December issue last year, and for the poets and writers and artists and musicians and photojournalists all over the world who have opened their hearts and used their talents to help us grieve and begin to rebuild.

In another month and a few days those of us who are attending the **ninth annual Council of Grandmothers** will

be greeting each other and settling in at the Rex Ranch. I can't wait to see all of you who will be there, and will miss those of you who can't make it this year. Incidentally, **as of today there are a few spaces left**. If you are wishing you had said **YES**. (Mary Diamond was always cheering us on to say YES), now's the time to do it. Contact Grasshopper at katherinelohr@hotmail.com or Judy O' at gmcouncil@aol.com. Or call Paula Olch at (520) 323-2502. We'd love to see your faces again.

I'll be leaving for **Iona** in a week to attend the Gathering of Circle Carriers who will be convening there. I'll be representing the Grandmother network in the United States and reconnecting with **Detta Lange** from Devon, England, who was one of the Grandmothers at the first Council called by **Mary Diamond**. I am very excited about the potential of this meeting of 70 women from 17 countries, all of whom work with circles

in one form or another. I go with an open heart and will tap into the wisdom of that ancient Scottish island and of the women gathered there. I'll be excited to share my experience at our Gathering next month and will also report on it in the December issue of this Newsletter.

And so for now, enjoy all the excellent articles in this issue. Blessings to all of us and to the earth and all who live here. May we know peace.



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When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

911 Anniversary (from the heartland)

the burrowing planes
the buckling buildings
the balls of fire
even here even now
astride one horse
leading another
crushing desert detritus underfoot
before me a mirage
I see the falling bodies
I run to catch each one

the day after – when “original nature”
life and death itself
took over the information highway
and shot digital-dinginess
into deep deep channels
web sites into web seeing
net-scapes multiplied
terror by flaming terror
net screens became
the Wailing Wall
of a grieving nation as
the electronic graffiti of keening
roared across
America the Beautiful
conscripted by the vivid nightmare
the tragic show and tell on tv
millions of hands reached out
to hold millions of hearts
this the greatest vascular
system of caring
our country has ever known
and it United the States of America

in the aftershock
soul antennae wave and weave
searching the Beyond for answers
for heavenly clues
for bodiless parts
hoping all the kings horses
all the kings men
could put their loved ones
their lives together again

did those passionate men
hiding soft hearts under hard hats
stalking the ash for flesh
Could they feel the golden exit
The twin Shine cutting the chaos,
Forgiving the dark
whose Light
seeks its impeccable forever?

Shirley Tassencourt

Poet's Corner

First Memory

Dusk near our new house.
Walking to explore an empty two lane road,
we stop on a low bridge
to look down.
A small sinuous waterbody.
surface a blazing sheen of last light
slides through dark bushes.
Magnetic!
Some compass inside me
swings True North.
Waves of silence
drive the scene deep.
And then my father speaking
“Tonight we will look at stars.”

Maybe it was the time of day
sounds dipping down to hush
soft luminescence spilling asphalt,
or my readiness at that age
to absorb the world.
But I think it was my father,
his presence there,
how he could show the earth
full of shrines.

All my life
creeks will speak to me.
And stars.

Barrie Ryan, Tucson, Arizona

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

"65 and Certified"

By Joyce A. Kovelman, Ph.D., © 2002

May is always a special month in my home. May is truly a time of celebration. May birthdays. There is always Mother's Day remembrances and Memorial Day weekend. And this May is also my 65th Birthday, which I share with my own twin sister, Alice. Yes, May is a month of Celebration in the Kovelman household.

As I approached 65, I looked around and realized how many friends had made their transition from the life plane since my big 60. I began to count my blessings. I decided becoming an Elder was just fine with me, but the Aging process I would gladly do without. Yet, upon second thought, I recognized that aging had brought some wisdom and was really what life was all about. The message is all too clear. Make peace with yourself and others - time is quickly moving and NOW is all we truly have.

Turning 65 is a momentous experience. What is still undone, unsaid, unfinished and waiting? Am I up to the task of a new stage of Life? What does Elderhood ask of me; what does it really promise? And how does one face mortality and still move forward? Who am I now that I am 65? Has anything changed or is it still me? 65 is a moment of destiny and confronts me with the final frontiers of life. It is not an insignificant event!

My family was all in favor of celebrating, and hosted a party overflowing with family and friends. Nearly 100 came forth to make my day most extraordinary. Weather was perfect, children shouted, played and went swimming. Food was scrumptious and abundant and there was a song in my heart. I felt truly loved and blessed.

The next week, I attended my last Coach's training session. By Saturday night, I was a fully certified Hudson Institute Coach and another celebration began with all my fellow graduates. Another pathway was opening before us—now one and all—we are Coaches, ready to guide, assist and help those who call upon us, and grant us the privilege and sacred responsibility of helping them give birth to dreams, visions, creativity and new yearnings eager to

be expressed.

Yet, the most heartfelt celebration was a "Croning ceremony" held before I returned home from Santa Barbara, California. One of my Coaching peers needed an "Elder" to assist her in this ancient, deeply moving ceremony. Since I had just turned 65, I was chosen to be Crone. I eagerly consented, having long wished to participate in this ritual of initiation. Carolyn decorated the room and me, and invited 20 women to honor the new Crone. The Crone is truly the achievement (Crown) of a lifetime. This ceremony acknowledges an Elder who has transformed her dreams, visions, and experiences into wisdom and compassion for all existence. She is definitely not the old hag of Patriarchy! Rather, she is truly at the Crowning stage of life; she is a woman of wisdom and compassion, respected and valued by all.

As the room slowly filled with women, each taking their seat in the circle forming around me, a silence grew to enfold us all. Carolyn explained all about the Crone and presented each woman with her own candle. During the ceremony, the Crone was blessed and asked to present her heritage from yesterday to today. I closed my eyes and with gratitude, recited my spiritual name, Naomi Hannah, and began to claim my heritage, beginning with my two Great Grandmothers, two Grandmothers, My mother Sara, my sister Alice, my daughter Gabrielle, my two daughter-in-laws-Noreen and Angela, and my two precious granddaughters—Breeana and Catie. I was deeply moved.

Next, Carolyn lit my candle and asked each woman sitting in the circle to one by one share their noble lineage, each lighting another's candle until all had spoken and all had shared their history. Thus, were our ancestors and our descendants brought into our circle and acknowledged. Final words of blessings, along with an invitation to walk across this wondrous threshold, were spoken and then festivities began. Laughter, dancing, singing, filled the room. Some-

My eldest son and my set of twins have how, being 65 felt as if we were sweet 16 once again, innocent, eager, joyful, and out to greet our world!

As we come to the close of May, 2002, I feel a different women emerging; one ready to make peace with all that has passed, eager to complete that which is yet unfinished, and remembering that all I hold dear will ever remain in my heart. Now I travel upon a path of integrity, truth, beauty and wisdom. I pray that I will bring honor to this newly bestowed role and that I will learn how to be Wise and Loving to you, you and you. I hold my head high, my eyes look forward, a surge of confidence arises, and yes, excitement too. I take a deep breath and begin walking along this gifted highway.

*I am 65 and Certified.
A Coach and a Crone.
A beloved Elder and Woman
Now belonging to the world.*

*What Joy, What hope....
Potential and possibility eagerly soar
ahead of me
Inviting me more deeply into the Dance
of Life,
Promising me joy, serenity, nobility and
grace.*

*Words whisper—May we always know
peace and plenty
May we always trust the process and
Let Love Be.*

*And so it is,
65 and Certified.*

Blessings, Joyce

Read Joyce's books:
*The Money Clinic, The
Reluctant Twin, Once Upon
ASOUL and Namaste*
<http://www.essentialsforasoul.com>



When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Wilma Huggett Profiled in Book

Excerpted with permission from The Oracle, February 2002

Wilma Huggett, an enthusiastic participant in Grandmother Gatherings and organizer of the recent Barn Dance at the C.O.D. Ranch, has been profiled in an Ariel Books edition entitled *Believing in Ourselves* by Nancy Carson. The book was published last spring and copyright 2002 by Armand Eisen. Photography is by Jen Jones of Tucson, Arizona.

The author says, "The women in the book have done different things, but they have all figured out who they were and lived their own lives despite what pressures there were or what anybody said."

Wilma's profile is entitled, "We need to make things right". The following information is taken from notes for the profile:

Wilma grew up on a 120-square-mile ranch. She learned to ride, rope, shoot, speak her mind, rely on herself, and love the Earth. In the '40s the 3C Ranch was a place of cattle drives, hired hands and generosity.

Wilma says, "Christmas lasted a month. We butchered two steers and five pigs and distributed food in town. My father brought home a truckload of nuts, oranges, apples, candy, Prince

Albert tobacco, clothing, whiskey and toys. Everyone at the ranch and their families got what was needed".

After her father's death, Wilma and her mother ran the 3C themselves. That was an uncommon choice for two women in those days.

Today Wilma lives on 18 acres. At



*Photo by Jen Jones of Tucson
(with permission of the publisher)*

70 she is still self-reliant, getting water and power from a windmill and planting vegetables. Her home is patterned after a Navajo Hogan. It is a hexagonal building, 30 feet across, flooded with sunlight.

She says, "This is the life that I know and it's good. I never thought of anything but ranching."

Wilma is completely at ease with wildlife and open places. She worries about the future. She says, "I have a strong intuition for what is out of sorts. These days I see a lot of things caused by people that are not good for the Earth. We need to do more to make things right." Wilma deeded 215 acres of land as a wildlife easement.

To help make things right Wilma joins with women from around the world in a Council of Grandmothers. She says about her experience with the Grandmothers, "Every year more women join us and our circle grows. The outer circle learns from the Elders, who are the inner circle." In another year Wilma will become an elder of the council. The values she learned at the 3C Ranch will pass on to generations helping to heal the earth.

As this newsletter goes to press, Wilma has been diagnosed with lung cancer. I asked her what she would like to share about that. She said "Tell them I've ridden tougher horses than this." She needs our prayers.



The Bullock Fire

by Grasshopper

June 2nd 1:30 A.M.

Why is my phone ringing at this hour?
It's got to be trouble.

Hello!

"Grasshopper?"

"Yes!"

"It's Wilma. What time do you have to go to work today?"

Noon. Why what's up?

"Do you think you could come up in the morning before you go to work?"

Sure, what's wrong?

"Oh, it's the fire. They started a control burn on the ridge over here and it's gotten out of control. It's headed toward my house!"

Do you want me to come up tonight?

"If you could that would be nice."

Okay, I'm on my way.

1:40 AM.

Driving up Oracle Road I see a ball of orange undulating along the side of the mountain. The moon overhead is blood red. The ball of orange gets larger, turns to red then gets smaller again. As I drive onto Wilma's property all is quiet. Ivan

greet me with his guard dog bark that turns into a smile when he recognizes my car. I find Wilma sitting in her living room pouring over topographical maps of the area.

"It's really close", she says.

We step out onto her porch. I can see the flames leaping up over the ridge. It burns brightly then dims and blazes again. I don't see any smoke but my throat and eyes burn. Wilma begins to think about what to try to save and what to let go of. We wrap her pictures and treasures and put them in the back

—Bullock Fire cont'd on page 6

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

Bullock Fire cont'd from page 5

of her Chevy station wagon. With each piece that is wrapped comes a story. Seventy years of memories. I suggest that we take a break and drum. It's 3:00 A.M. and we have been working for over an hour.

We sit side by side on her porch watching the fire blaze, drumming and praying. Great Spirit, in your wisdom, we ask that you protect your land and all that live on it. Aho.

We continue to drum, side by side, beat for beat. The fire blazes hotter, the drums beat faster, the wind begins to blow from all directions. We sit in silence watching as the flames begin to grow smaller. The color turns from red hot to light orange. The fire is getting smaller, disappearing behind the ridge.

4:00 AM.

The only remaining evidence of a fire are clouds of white smoke. Wilma says, "It looks like they have it under control. White smoke means the fire has been extinguished. Why don't we try to get some sleep?"

9:30 AM.

I awaken to a blue sky, birds are singing and Wilma is in her garden watering her plants. Ivan is asleep in the back of the Caddy. His night shift as guard dog is over. All is calm once again.

Thank you Great Spirit. Aho! 

From Joanne Reichlin in Tucson

Tuesday morning Grandmother Meditation 8 - 8:30 Tucson time. Greetings to each of you. Due to several personal circumstances I will not be attending our Council of Grandmothers this year. I'm sure that is one of the reasons why our Tuesday morning solid sense of connection with other Grandmothers, Wise Women, means so much to me. This past Tuesday I found my heart and soul deeply touched as I realized the diversity and expansiveness present for my enfoldment thru each and all of you. If it is right for you I would love to hear from you as to your experience.

Many Blessings. Joanne Reichlin..

We've Got Mail

(I received this note from Blossom last September; put it aside for the next Newsletter; and then neglected to look in the folder. Apologies Blossom et al. Ed.)

Dear Kit,

Today is September 30th and I was going through a stack of papers to discard when I found the September Newsletter inside an ad (I failed to look when my land mate brought the mail). With joy and pain and gratitude, I read every word. Although I have not been able to attend the last few Gatherings, I feel connected to the Circle of Grandmothers. This morning before I found the Newsletter I had put on my T-Shirt. It says "*When the Grandmothers Speak, the Earth will Heal*". When I shared time with Mary Diamond before the first Gathering, we talked about the Hopi prediction. After a few years earth changed to world. How, I don't know. Sometimes I don't like the change but today it seems right.

(After September 11th) it took me three days to reach my sister in Manhattan. We shared our feelings of caring and love and both of us are still trying to

understand. I send light and love to the Universe and all it enfolds.

I really like the interviews. Having been with Nancy Masland and Ruth Gardiner at two Gatherings brings back the wonderful connection. I particularly was touched by the e-mail from your 18 year old grandson. Would that everyone in the world would embrace his message and carry through with peace and caring.

I wish I could attend the Gathering (*last October*). Living here in the middle of the desert is a wonderful gift. With no electricity (solar only), no running water, no telephone, sawdust toilet, carry water and have cell phone, living simply, has its huge rewards. But there is not a way for me to financially be able to come to the Gathering. I would appreciate hearing from Grandmothers. Each Gathering has been important, but I think this one will have a special importance.

Thank you for the Newsletter. It always opens my mind and heart and reminds me that there are kindred souls.

Love, Blossom Saskill, Deming, New Mexico

Still Rooms At The Inn Ninth Annual Council of Grandmothers

Rex Ranch

Amado, Arizona

October 20 – 24, 2002

See the Editor's Corner for contact information.

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

More Mail

To the Circle of Grandmother's Newsletter:

Dear Kit,

Many years have passed since Mary Diamond's dream of a Grandmother's Circle became a reality in that first meeting in which I was privileged to participate. And I believe that I was the oldest one present, although I didn't feel that ancient. My current 92 and a half years convince me, however, that I am very definitely an Elder now in every sense of the word. However, the spirit and inspiration of that first meeting are vivid memories and with each year's announcement of gathering plans, I have wished it were possible to attend. That never happened

Though she was not present at the original gathering, Barbara had lived in Tucson for several years and could count among her friends Mary Diamond, Cora, Allegra, and others. She has always felt a part of the Circle and we definitely hoped to attend one of the gatherings together, an unrealized dream. I am now giving my place in the Circle to her, with the enclosed change of the Newsletter subscription to her. Also, for those who still remember me, a bit of current news.

For the past several years I have lived in Eugene, Oregon, now in a small retirement facility, active in the local Unitarian Universalist church, which provides longtime friends and many stimulating new ones of all ages. An unusual wealth of musical (for a city of this size) is one of the pleasures

here. The proximity to Portland makes it possible for me to keep in close touch with my daughter, three granddaughters and a great grandson. However, at this very crucial period of global change my principal objective is to do what I can in support of the United Nations. Since its inception in 1945 when the United States and Great Britain were the moving forces in the formation of the UN, I have believed in it as an achievable ideal.

It is a genuine pleasure, Kit, to remember you well, and to be able to express my gratitude to you for keeping this Newsletter the important connection it is. I will be able to keep in touch with the circle through Barbara's subscription, and I wish you well.

Florence Douglas, Eugene, Oregon

Dear Grandmothers,

I received my "Circle of Grandmothers" Newsletter and am always particularly glad to be included in this "Circle" for several reasons.

First, we are an "alliance" of healers, doers, and supporters of earth when the need is great to make a difference. Each of us in our own way is working towards a better understanding of ourselves and of our world. We are recognizing the importance of connections — with friends, family, neighbors and the big part they play in our everyday existence. While it may be difficult to accept help from others, receive it as a gift. Returning a kind word, an expression of love or a personal touch could mean so much to the other person.

I learned about receiving last January when I fell and broke my leg/ankle. I had been busy with frenzied activity and in a moment my activities stopped. My recovery has been steady with personal care and therapy; Taking care of myself

caused me to reflect on my goals and the direction I should take in my life. At this point, my lack of control over my life was a humbling experience. With the help of many friends, I was able to overcome this difficulty in my life. Certainly moving back to Tennessee to be close to my family appears to be the right choice for me at this time. I will put the house on the market probably in July and move by September.

Last year I was involved in providing publicity for the Sedona Chapter of Childhelp USA. Childhelp USA is one of the oldest non-profit organizations dedicated to the prevention and treatment of child abuse. Headquartered in Scottsdale, Arizona, the organization has advocacy centers, villages, which house abused children, a 24-hour hotline and educational programs. The 24-hour hotline 1-800-4-A-CHILD is used to report child abuse and also provides certified counselors who will answer any questions of child abuse.

with more than 3 million reports to authorities of abuse, which also includes neglect of children. Childhelp USA's National Day of Hope in April is congressionally mandated to observe child abuse. It is reported that three children a die in the US, killed primarily by family members. Visit WWW.childhelpusa.org for further information.

This temporary lull in my activities reminds me how important family and friends are in the scheme of life. We are all travelers in this land of wonderment, but we must try to keep our feet on the earth to know its magic. Time is speeding swiftly. I close with the Second Secret in Dr. Wayne Dyer's "10 Secrets for Success and Inner Peace", "Don't Die with Your Music Still In You." Find your passion and act on it.

Blessings to all,

Jeanette Rewalt, Sedona, Arizona

Child abuse in the USA is shocking

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