

# Grandmothers Circle of News

*Weaver's note: Grandmother Shirley Tassencourt was presented by Lorraine Norrgard during the ceremony honoring the Winds of Earth. "We are honored tonight by the presence of one of the our founding randmothers. She has a gift for us and we are grateful. Listen to her jeweled words as we prepare to give our gifts to Winds.*

## 16<sup>th</sup> Annual Arizona Grandmothers' Gathering 2009



Lorraine Norrgard and Shirley Tassencourt

"When we met last year there was a plunge of the Stock Markets which in wave-motion affected the whole world.

Like an Economic Tsunami—country after country was devastated.

Did we talk about it? No! It was so new, so fresh. They said, "A kin to the great depression." I could remember the men in line waiting for food. They all had hats on just like my father's hat. Some of us are old enough to remember those days. We just had less and less. Kids don't really mind if we had love and food and normalcy.

I had been forewarned for there were predictions in the Mayan Calendar, but as an adult, not as a child, I could see the endless upheaval around the world.

In the Mayan Calendar, each year is designated as either day or night. 2010 is a night year—not so good! It is very possible that the International Monetary System may collapse.

Astrologers predict, because of

the grand square of major alignments in 2010, a very serious 12 months ahead. This could be the end of the Greedy World as we know it—and permit it!

The Mayan Calendar stops at 2012, 3000 years before Christ, the Mayan Calendar was clueing events as they happened. It is based on cycles, yes, spiritual influences, themselves. Why does it stop at 2012? Perhaps the Global Monopoly Game will be over. It is not the end of the world, but the end of the world as we know it.

The coming of the Mayan Universal World in 2012 is what all of creation has been waiting for. Since 1960-70, the concept of unified consciousness began to creep into our conversations. 50 years later, we've done a whole lot of preparation with workshops, retreats, etc.—just to find out who we are!

Eckhart Tolle went public, (thanks to Oprah who promoted his books). "Just the NOW flowing through the NOW—a good way to start" said Tolle, - and actually, how to finish.

Valentine Tomberg, the Russian esotericist, gives notice. He says, "Three years will come during which nature will radiate goodness. For, when people are in despair, goodness will be felt in nature to such a degree that people will not forget it. It will really be the breath of Spirit moving over the face of the earth. Even trees will bend before the people in goodness and generosity for the short periods of 3 years of Christ's mission, beginning with Easter of 2009. For those who have eyes to see His etheric form that will be

that will be possible at this time.

It looks like we are ramping up for a new vision. The books, nine in all (and these yet by a confessed non-writer), have sold 10 million copies in 20 languages to date. These Russian books are called "The Ringing Cedars," series by Vladimir Megre. The heroine, Anastasia, is everything the 10 million people wanted her to be—purity, love, compassion, super sensible, knowledgeable, who grew up with bears, eagles and all the forest creatures.

What's really fascinating is the longing of the audience of 10 million to return to the simple life—Beauty, Harmony, Balance, maybe even, Cosmic Consciousness. After all, the Mayan Calendar begins in 2012 with Universal World.

The American Indians at first traded their land for beads. Are we any different? —Trading our beautiful blue planet for toys and radical comfort, as we deplete the air to breathe, the water to drink, the plants and animals who are our dear brothers and sisters.

I think we need a new vision, a new Gospel. In Olde English they said "Godspel". The Godspel of Oneness would be good—we could try?

I wrote a poem about Oneness. It is called "Holy Moly."

(cont'd page 2)

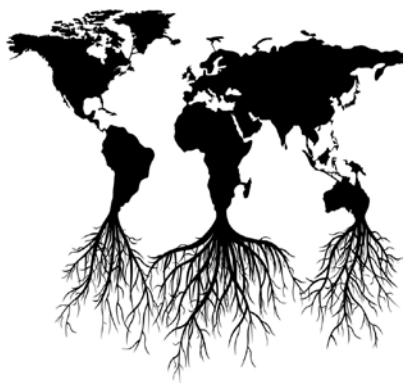


When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

**HOLY MOLY**

By Shirley Tassencourt

Holy moly, the ancestral tree  
 Overshadowed by karmic me  
 Incarnating helplessly  
 Row your boat most happily  
 Without objection through  
 eternity  
 Darwin's species all faces of thee  
 Sequentially  
 The goal, upward mobility.  
 Swallowing the One  
 Two Becomes Same  
 All running rivulets  
 Cascading or trickling  
 Oozing or freezing  
 All water by name'  
 Now a new game  
 No moving parts, no  
 loss and no gain  
 No you and no me  
 No achievements no  
 blame  
 Just row row row your boat  
 Tira tira lye-tira lee, tira  
 lee  
 Tira tira lye-tira lee.


**The 16th Arizona Council of  
 Grandmothers Gathering**  
 By Weaver Bobbie Goodman

 November 10, 2009  
 Bali, Indonesia

Dear Grandmothers,

I am writing to you from the magical, beautiful island of Bali where I have been for over three weeks.

It almost seems like a previous life when 49 of us were called into Sacred Circle at the 16<sup>th</sup> Annual Arizona Council of Grandmothers Gathering.. "Wind Dancing-Spiral to Awakening." With love and joy we answered the call and were magnetically drawn together. As each one of us brought our unique manifestations, we joined together to form the rim of the Circle. In deep gratitude we relaxed and sighed into our heart centers where together we honored the One Spirit from which we all emanate. We laughed, cried, danced, sang, sweated, soaked and connected on many levels. In Sacred Ceremony we honored the Wind with its nature of change and transformation. There too, we were awakened and reminded of these crucial times in which we are living as well as the need to assume our important roles as Grandmothers who can offer a calm presence during this time of dramatic change (see article by GM Shirley T.)

With all the Grandmother energy filling me, I left two days later with my husband and our spiritual brother to return for the twentieth time to our beloved Bali. It was, therefore, especially powerful to receive the same message here on the other side of the planet from an elder, Balinese holy man, Jero Mangku Glogor, whom we have known and valued for some years. He speaks in a very soft voice in

the Indonesian language while his eyes gaze beyond us or close to look deeply within. He spoke first of the generous Balinese heart which knows that everything comes from the Divine and wants only to give back to God and to other people. He spoke of how very important it is to keep this Circle of Offering flowing. However, he said that now we are living in the time of the "Changing of the Seasons" resulting in much confusion. It is more important than ever to continue our "Practices of Purification" avoiding taking sides or getting involved when conflicts arise.

Here in Bali, energy created by all the daily prayers, offerings and ceremonies preformed everywhere—from the smallest home or rice field shrine to the largest temple—are what create and sustain an energy field, like a Mandala, surrounding the entire island. (If you come here you will feel it the minute you step off the airplane!) These acts of Gratitude, combined with deep inner work, are very important at this time to help lessen the effects of what might happen during this time of Big Changes ahead of us.

Furthermore, Jero Mangku Glogor said fear and greed cause some people to try to hold on to all they have and obtain more in an ungenerous manner, but that it is important to keep the Circle of giving open and flowing but at the same time, we must be mindful of our resources and live within our means.

I am writing to you today because we were encouraged to share this information. He said, "Write not for the young but for the older people who will need this clarity in order to help others through these times." (cont'd page 3)

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When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

(cont'd from page 2)

All that he was transmitting was so similar to that which we received at the Grandmothers Gathering. Now it is the time for the Elders to "come out." Perhaps it is the vantage point from having fulfilled our life obligations and the freedom which enables us to support others through the coming changes.

Also, I wonder what are all the "Purifying Practices?" Perhaps it is any of our inner or outer work that helps bring in the Light and Peace so needed in these times. It may be helpful to all of us to share what practices we do to hold the Light and deepen the Peace. I invite you to write to me or to the newsletter and we share with each other about our Purifying Practices.

The time is now. We are called to help... to hold the Light.  
In Gratitude, I send you all love & Blessings from Bali,

Bobbie



## News from the Councils



### **Texoma Gathering, Lake Texoma, May 26-29, 2010**

Hello Texoma Grandmothers and Grandmothers-in-waiting! As we move into the spiral of our 25 years of Earth cleansing from 1987-2012, wonderful moments are crystallizing within our minds and bodies. It is our own crystallization activation... The challenge is everywhere. Our Council has participated in actively con-

necting Sod and Soul! Looking toward our 5th Gathering at Lake Texoma, our thoughts are transformed as **Blade and Chalice** forming a pentacle of balance. Contact Nonine Anderson (520)-888-1762 for more information.



### **Gulf Coast Gathering March 25 – 28, 2010 Theme: Dragonfly Medicine.... Celebrating Transformation**

The 11<sup>th</sup> Gathering of the Gulf Coast Council of Grandmothers will be held at a new location this year: Visitation Monastery, 2300 Spring Hill Ave, Mobile, Alabama 36607 (web site: [www.visitationmonasterymobile.org](http://www.visitationmonasterymobile.org))

The Gulf Coast Council of Grandmothers is an all volunteer, non-profit group of mature women who gather yearly with unconditional acceptance, to explore and fulfill the ancient prophecy.....

***"When the grandmothers speak the earth will heal".***

We invite you to come sit in circle and explore your wisdom, creativity and power.

For more info, contact Carolyn Garbett [paris98@gmail.com](mailto:paris98@gmail.com) or (251)0945-1295.



### **Get Ready! 2010 Arizona Gathering October 21-24**

The Arizona Council of Grandmothers Gathering will be held at Rex Ranch([www.rexranch.com](http://www.rexranch.com)). Theme to be announced in next Circle of News. It is an honor to announce that Shelly Jermain and Barb Nelson will be Co-Weavers for this 17<sup>th</sup> Gathering!

*Weaver's note: this is from the newsletter archives, Volume 4, Number 5, December 1997- I find myself singing it often and just wanted share with the new Grandmothers.*

### **From Terry Bourne in Alabama**

*Terry sang this wonderful "honoring" song as a part of the Full Moon performance and again during the closing ceremonies of the October '97 Gathering. She has responded to our many requests by sending it for inclusion in the new letter(as written by Kit Wilson)*

Grandmother, Grandmother  
In the ancient stones.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
Carried in my bones  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
Ancient, wise, and true.  
Grandmother, Grandmother,  
I honor you.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
Way up in the sky  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
Guide me while I fl y.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
In the sky above  
Grandmother, Grandmother,  
I can feel your love.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
You've kissed away my tears.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
You helped me face my fears  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
In the ancient stones.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
Carried in my bones.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
Ancient, wise, and true.  
Grandmother, Grandmother  
I honor you.



**GM's Joanne Reichlin & Marion Sinclair - Arizona COG 2009**

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.



## The Fruit of B's Loom

Greetings  
Grandmothers!  
from B Campbell



Since last sitting at my desk watching cardinals at the feeder, I continue to watch the array of birds as winter at last arrives in Tucson.

My daughter is a **cancer survivor** – life is good and the future is today. It is with many thanks I give for the prayers and support from Grandmothers near and far which lifted my spirits to see us through. Kelly is back to regularly running 10K's, the children are well and her job promotion materIALIZED!. My son, Van, and wife, Andree, will spend Christmas at our house – we have not seen them for two years! Blessings abound!

My attendance at the PeerSpirit Practicum with roomie Robbie Lapp was rich - deepening my understanding of the practices and principles of PeerSpirit. While there, I had a vision – needing to address an issue of Spirit within, the Great Mystery, something buried deep inside me. I saw myself at a sacred place, a cave, not easily accessed (particularly with the back problems constantly plaguing my physical being.)

When will this be? Where will it be? How will I know? Additional clues offered by Spirit remained unanswered.

Returning from the Practicum, I attended the 16<sup>th</sup> Arizona COG at Pocket Sanctuary. Oh my – how do I put words to my first small Circle facilitation with JudyO? It goes beyond description; the small Circle flowed as water from the headwaters of Spirit Spring.

Following rather quickly from the fantastic gathering, I went on to the 7<sup>th</sup> Council of the 7<sup>th</sup> Generation with the 13 Indigenous Grandmothers at Mago Retreat near Sedona, AZ. The entire event was dedicated to prayer at the Sacred Fire, Open Councils and speakers from all of the directions, just as the 13 Indigenous Grandmothers are from all of the directions, East, South, West and North. How full could this heart of mine become? The entire Mago Retreat is surrounded by at least 12 vortices. I made my way to all but one. The vision from PeerSpirit returned; I picked up my cane and headed to the area on my map of the vortex located past the Healing Garden and Lake – I followed the path, at first easy, then through a gate – on towards massive red rocks – some laid out as if to be natural steps; others requiring me to climb through small crevices, carefully picking my way amongst a variety of cactus and loose gravel - but the urge became intense – GO ON! Small stacks of rocks from previous travelers reassured me I was on the right path. I climbed to the first mesa, the view spectacular, but I could sense there was another spot to reach. I continued to the top of the final mesa and the Vortex – as in the vision, there was a cave. After reaching this sacred ground, drinking in the beauty of each direction, I reverently approached the cave. The opening was approximately 3 feet in diameter, the interior much larger than I expected, allowing me to stand fully erect. There was a small shelf in the rear. I had the urge to remove all my clothing but it was so very cold; I ceremoniously proceeded to make a circle in the soft earthen floor, placing rocks at the four directions, hud-

dled in the center, pulling my elk skin cape tightly around me. From my bag, I pulled out some white sage to burn and a rattle. I began to rattle, calling to the ancients. All I can tell you is that time passed, shadows fell across the cave entrance; my body stayed while my Spirit was with the ancients. I am filled now with only what I refer to from another teaching held dear to my heart – one that literally saved my life – I experienced a “Spiritual Awake-ning”. Now is not the time to write of this blessing, but be assured, I will share as it unfolds.



## Elders Wisdom Council of Grandmothers, 2009, 16<sup>th</sup> Arizona Gathering

*Weaver's note: As these words were given to us, I had several scribes assisting me to capture the words. Coyote plays with me. The folder, that beautiful folder with Alex's painting – dropped into some other dimension and is yet to be found. We are blessed GM Robbie Lapp had her original notes to share; and what follows are the Grandmother wisdom words!*



Wisdom Council 2009

The Wisdom Council sat semi-circle in the West of the Great Room according to birth order, youngest to eldest with JudyO as facilitator. The Grandmothers were given two questions; the following represents a synopsis of the answers beginning with the eldest Grandmother: (cont'd page 5)

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

***\*What are the most important principles for living you have learned? \*\*“If I met my higher self on a mountain in the form of a wise sage what would that being teach me?***



\* Laugh! It's the greatest medicine---or groan. Contests of groaning although most pitiful, can help! \*\* I am not who I think I am and no one else is either! Remember, there is only this moment. The only thing that never ends is now.

\* From the Buddhist, Impermanence and getting rid of suffering which wants other than what is. Forgiving and letting go, non-violent communication, speaking not judgments but needs. No one can hurt you. It is always about them.\*\*One, You have no control over any one. Two, Believe Out Loud. Let you light speak.Three, keep learning something new every day. Try, but not too hard. Keep Breathing.



\* Instill self-esteem in kids and in our lives. Learn and teach how to rebel and stay within the system. \*\*Remember who you are.

\* To love the world, begin with the self, others will follow. \*\*Forgive, dance. YELL. When you need, become that which you need.

\* Always have a four-legged teacher in your life.\*\* I am not perfect and no one is. Accept and forgive.

\* Keep listening. This is my eightieth re-birth day. I renew, I affirm the wisdom of love.\*\*My big 80th birthday is within 10 days

and I will celebrate it as my "rebirth-day"...I read that 98% of the atoms in my body are replaced yearly so I AM a new person from the one I was!! I may celebrate the renewing of my body by saying "Happy Birthday"...Being on a spiritual path, there is a renewing of my soul constantly taking place. Just as my body is growing stronger so too is my faith. I am renewed in body AND soul. As I express the Christ Spirit within, I become a new person. Christ in me is wisdom, life and love.\*\* I name and claim the Joy and grace that is mine and I am FULL of gratitude.



\* Live, love, listen and be thankful. I've lived eight decades and know that this is all an illusion. \*\*Radiant spirit is drawing me back to a home I never left.

\* Cultivate the attitude of gratitude. It is easy if you do it. Work with fear. Learn to recognize and work with Self. Disease can take you over. Want to ONTROL? Look closer at things in your own life. \*\* "You did all right."

\* Establish a practice and practice it. The hardest and most important is to serve. Visualize/pray/ask/open and receive.\*\* Get down, sit on the earth, "Ohm" as she does. Using Don Miquel Ruiz's "Four Agreements," I relaxed.

\* Sing, dance, laugh, play, serve. KINDNESS poem and SORROW, the other deepest thing. Book, EXIT GRACEFULLY for its qualities.\*\*Shadow is a friend.

\* Recognizing the everyday sacred. In me is a pot of beans. We have everything in our hands. Go within, be still. Stillness speaks.

\*\*Be full and empty.



\*\*Whither the Wind-poem

\* Listen to your little voice within. Shake your legs. Every plant, stone, all are created equal. \*\*Be quiet, slow down, silence.

\*I've created this box, Words of Wisdom for Women. My life began anew in 1981 with breast cancer and I've collected wisdom words.\*\* If it is going to be, it's up to me. When you are out on a limb, the world is at your feet. Do it while you can. Forsake inhibitions and pursue thy dreams.

\* Accept yourself. Polarity of right-wrong; good-bad. Remove them. Surrender, synchronicity, release, let go. Gratitude is the mother of Joy.\*\* Please do not expect pearls of wisdom to drip from my lips, as this oyster is still working on the grit.

\* Search out all the wonders of the ocean. "I can't." But you can.\*\* And get off this mountain. The air is too thin, no one else is here, and you are needed down there-



**A notation from JudyO – this was the 16th Gathering, there were 16 Elders present and the number 16 in astrology:**

### **ASTROLOGY:**

# 16 **UPHEAVAL, unusual occurrences, difficult relationships.** Number 16 brings sudden,. This number disruptive change into the life in order to awaken the soul to its path encourages the

*(cont'd page 6)*

(cont'd from page 5)

person to be true to the authentic self -- the whole self and its aspirations. Mysteries are revealed, and emotions are stirred at the deepest level such as betrayal, abandonment, and loss of property are not unusual. Often the passage of this influence clears the way for increased attainment. Personal connections are often at a deep level and feel "karmic."



### Council of Grandmother's -a New Grandmother's View from an Ancient Calling

by Kathryn Twinfeathers

*Weaver's Note: Kathryn's way touched me deeply – as if a Grandmother I had long known. So I was interested to hear her story of coming to the Grandmothers.*

You have been waiting for me, this I know. I knew Mary Diamond many years ago and sat in circle at her home before the Council of Grandmothers started. Years later I heard of the COG, but it wasn't time. Three years ago I was on retreat at Rex Ranch, when a couple of Grandmothers joined our opening circle, right before they prepared to leave at the end of the COG weekend. I was taken by their deep spirit and Light nature and knew I would gather with them in the future.

Fast forward three years. I arrived back in Tucson in late January 09 and somewhere along my early travels found a flyer for the October Gathering. I posted it on my bulletin board and said, "Ok Spirit, if you want me to go, you make it so," as I have so many times in the past with many big and little things. In mid-September I called and was told there were

about six people ahead of me on the waiting list. I cleared my calendar...just in case. Two weeks before the gathering, Bobbie called me and said there was a lot...Yay! Spirit does it again.

The moment I arrived, I sensed familiar ground. I hadn't been in circle with women in many years, due to child raising and living in rural Patagonia, AZ for nine years. The women's faces, hearts and presence were all familiar, like sisters I was re-uniting with. I am grateful to be back and look forward to sharing even deeper at the next Gathering. There's no place like H... OM. Aho. ☯

### Peace Across the Planet Lingam Listening

*Weaver's note: this peace movement activity was introduced in the last newsletter and is a follow-up. For new readers, go to*

[www.peaceacrosstheplanet.org](http://www.peaceacrosstheplanet.org)

November 2009 -with gratitude, joy and love. This was held at the home of Karleena Ravenwood

Relax

Take this moment.

Grasp it with all of your wondrous body.

Hold it warmly with your wide OPEN

and foreverblossoming heart.

Be here

Be now

That's where you will  
always  
all ways  
find

me.

As an ancient Stonebeing  
I live

I breathe  
pure life force  
right here  
right now.

I own no distractions  
and nothing owns me.  
I thrive in the clarity of Freedom  
and the love of Spirit.

I am here.

I am now.

Join me.

Join us.

LFIE invites you.

I welcome you here  
and now  
because I freely choose to co-create  
peace  
with us  
here  
and now.

Peace lives  
and breathes  
here and Now.



Karleena and the Shiva Lingam at her home in Tucson – 2009

### TICK TOCK, TICK TOCK



Date for submitting materials for the next issue is **March 30, 2010.**

(cont'd page7)

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.



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Please attempt to limit articles to approximately **500** words. If your article exceeds this amount, contact me ("B") directly. Articles may be sent to : B Campbell, 735 W. Annandale Way, Oro Valley, AZ 85737; however, my preference when possible is by E-mail to: [bluechablis@comcast.net](mailto:bluechablis@comcast.net)



*Weaver's Note: The intention of this column sharing information regarding the whereabouts of Grandmothers, events or general happenings. If you have something to share, send to B Campbell, 735 W Annandale Way, Oro Valley, 8573 OR email, [tobluechablis@comcast.net](mailto:tobluechablis@comcast.net) OR better yet, call me, (520) 572-1470 – I so love talking to Grandmothers!*

**Here's the latest:**

**GM Kathy Murtey** attended the Parliament of World Religions in Auckland NZ – and represented the Arizona Council of Grandmothers at this auspicious conference. Her report will be in the next newsletter.

**GM Bobbie Goodman** will be returning to Bali in June 2010...if interested in more details about this Sacred Pilgrimage, she invites you to contact her at 520-751-3879 or [allang97@hotmail.com](mailto:allang97@hotmail.com)

**GM Robbie Lapp** attended the August 2009 PeerSpirit Practicum with Ann Linnea and Christina Balwin stating, " Being in the PeerSpirit Circle Practicum on Whidbey Island was and is a creative, deep stretch for me, a tonic, and a tool kit in my circle bag. Openness to the now, leaning into the circle as soon as I felt the slightest tension instead of pulling back, coming to calm and on to stillness has been easier since the practi-

cum. Many blessings to all who have sat in circle with me and those who have taken the Circle Practicum and enriched themselves and the Grandmother Gatherings and the circles in which they sit. **In addition, GM Robbie** recently attended training in Reconnective Therapy held at Widbey Island and stayed at the lovely Marsh House where she and I were roomies for the PeerSpirit Practicum! Go Robbie!

**GM Viola Crowder-Moger** recently contacted me with news regarding GM Megan Garcia who attended as a presenter at the first or second GM gathering; the presentation was Grandmother Cards about false faces. GM Megan was in hospice and far past the dates originally given for her departure from Earth when Viola contacted me. Megan did transition on 11/15/09. If you are interested in her fantastic and inspirational journal as well as a wonderful website, go to

[caringbridge.org/visit/butterflymeg](http://caringbridge.org/visit/butterflymeg)

**GM Taylor Flournoy** reports : I am sincerely thankful to those grandmothers at the AZ Gathering who contributed to the video I'm putting together about our Council. It truly has a healing effect on me when I listen to your stories and wise words. I am currently working on logging the footage and transcribing the interviews. I look forward to making available to all of you a final video that captures the special fondness we feel towards having our gatherings and community, while also sharing helpful insights for those who seek healing. I really appreciate the support, enthusiasm, and encouragement I continually receive regarding collaborative project.

**GM Kit Wilson** says to tell every one she is very grateful for all of

the Grandmother energy coming her way and appreciates it. She says nothing has changed in her condition other than the "unwanted visitor" continues to grow. Kit has returned to her work, seeing clients as before, goes to the gym regularly and continues to travel (I received these words from Kit 10/09/09 and the next day she was leaving for Widbey Island!) Kit does appreciate the Grandmother energy but asks to please limit contact via cards and E-mail - [kitw@cox.net](mailto:kitw@cox.net) or 3907 E Campbell, Phoenix, AZ 85018

**GM Crystal Johnson** underwent surgery for lung cancer in October – the original diagnosis was late stage but with much healing energy and circling from Grandmothers around her, the surgery was successful - a simple lobectomy, diagnosis early stage cancer; and she is **cancer free** – no radiation, no chemo! Blessings abound! Crystal says to tell all that she felt the Grandmother energy and believes in the power that it creates!

**GM Gracie Rogers** reports the Heartland Council gathered in circle on November 8<sup>th</sup> having agreed in October to wear their Halloween costumes. Gracie Rogers, who is undergoing chemo for lymphoma, chose to be her Spirit name, Butterfly Woman. Gracie says that her journey right now is much like a metamorphosis; she feels a lot of internal shifting taking place and is doing her best to make it all come out beautiful. She deeply appreciates the love and prayers she receives from the Grandmothers and sends peace and joy back to each one. Gracie will have follow-up - radiation in the spring. She is open to whatever communication you

(cont'd page 8)

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

(cont'd from page 7)

may like: 630-510-8940,  
E: [rogersmg@sbcglobal.net](mailto:rogersmg@sbcglobal.net) or  
2320Westminster St, Wheaton, IL  
60189



**GM Gracie – Butterfly Woman 2009**

**GM Joanne Reichlin** gives this message: Marti Beddoe and her husband Harry visited our home and shared an evening of dinner, enjoyment of beautiful Arizona weather and the full moon rising over the Catalina Mountains. Marti came back a few days later and she and I had quiet and personal conversation and lunch. Barrie Ryan joined us and while I took a nap Barrie and Marti shared time together. Special times for each of us. A later note included a card regarding her new venture called "Designs for Peace" offering Meditation, Soul Collage, Spiritual Guidance. Marti is a special friend and I'm grateful that we had time together here in Tucson.

I would express Gratitude that because of assistance, both large and small, I was able to attend our recent Gathering. I hold in mind and heart those women who chose to attend and bring their worlds, their strengths, their meditations, their problems to join together with other women in supporting our world and times with continued uplifting. I consider myself extremely fortunate to have been part of our Gathering and in the presence of each one of you.

*(Anyone wonder where that delightful packet of tea came from in our folders? Thank you dear Joanne for gifting us each with the tea!-"B")*

**GM Caroline Kane Krause** has moved into her new home on her own land! Update your info:4172 S. Draper Rd, Tucson, AZ 85735, 520-578-3388; Email and CF remain same. Congrats Caroline!

**GM Judith Moore's** new E address is:  
[judithkmoore@recordsofcreation.com](mailto:judithkmoore@recordsofcreation.com)

**GM Terry Bourne** reports that she is doing very well and her unexpected absence to the gathering was not associated to the brain aneurysm but a severe case of food poisoning. . Additionally, she sends her thanks and gratitude for all the Grandmother energy sent her way and felt it surround her in a way as never before. Go Terry! **Last but not least**, I recently had contact with our **GM May Lockwood** across the great pond in the UK; more to follow in next issue.



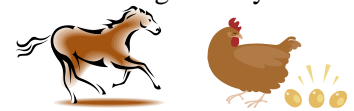
### From Eggs to Horses

by Betsy Sise

At the 2009 Grandmothers Gathering I received a marvelous gift in the small circle giveaway. It was a beautiful stone hen's egg. JudyO had saved it from Cielo en Terra – Mary Diamond's ranch. The caretaker there used to put it in the hens' nests to give them the suggestion to lay eggs. Funny how one thing connects to another? I remembered that as a pre-teen the thing I wanted most was a horse, but we lived in a suburb of Boston and had a summer place in Vermont, so keeping a horse year round was out of the question. However, I ignored that and began to invent ways to earn money to buy a horse. I got the idea to raise chickens and sell the eggs. My dad, being a frustrated farmer at heart, went along with my ruse.

We raised baby chicks in the basement until we had a bunch of young pullets, and then finally laying hens which we graduated into a pen and shed in the backyard. My mom was very accommodating, even though feathers and an occasional chicken smell came up through the heating registers. So I collected and washed and weighed the eggs from my hens and went door-to-door in the neighborhood to sell them.

My dad took pity on me (it would have taken a whole chicken farm to sell enough eggs to buy a horse) and he arranged for our Vermont neighbors to let me have their horse like it was mine for the summers if I would provide its winter hay. My dad and I did the haying ourselves on our land with an old Ford, first pulled a funky cutter bar which I rode, then a dump hay rake, and then a little red trailer. We hand-pitched the hay into the little red trailer and took it to the barn where it was later baled – 90 bales! And then I had my horse! It was a dream come true and the coolest thing my dad ever did for me. This wonderful memory came to me from receiving that little stone egg at the small circle giveaway.



### GRAMOTHER JOURNEYS

*Weaver's Note: Ah, sisters – yet another idea for Grandmother expression. In having the humble experience to speak with so many Grandmothers and hearing their stories, I am encouraging you to write these stories – the column is to be "Grandmother Journeys"- these may be serious, fun, mysterious, or just aday in one's life. To begin this series, is the following story by*

(cont'd page 9)



(cont'd from page 8)

*Grandmother Connie Spittler -sent to me this spring while I was with my daughter, Kelly, as she underwent treatment for breast cancer. GM Connie said, "I thought of Kelly as I wrote this piece." GM Connie is also a breast cancer survivor.*

## LOQUAT

By Connie Spittler


As I walk out into the patio, I see the old loquat tree clinging to the high edge of the desert gulch, entrenched in rocky earth. November's mid-day light pours down its heat, heavy syrup from above. Pausing under the tree's dome of leaves, I take a moment of retreat from the world. In the shadow of its limbs, a cool veil washes over my face and arms. I climb up low branches, seeking a brief resting place, to consider the recent diagnosis that threatens to change my life forever. Breast cancer. Above my head, interwoven thick greenery hides grey branches. Peeling. Twisted. Aged. Below, lumpy roots rise above the ground, like those of mangrove trees tangled in the swamp. Caught in that trap of leafiness, I'm lost in thought, devoured by dappled beauty. Illness and disease fade away, as time escapes into an unknown universe. Forces move on without me. Matter. Energy. Momentum. Much later, soul expanded, I descend.

This loquat is only a tree, I tell myself, planted around 1972 by the original homeowners. But it survived and became surprisingly lush for the Sonoran Desert. It bends around the patio edge to shelter other survivors from the pounding Arizona sun, me included. Displaying the stamina of nature's intention, it's lived through Tucson's -record shattering elements: wind gusts that reached 84 mph in 1987,


114 degrees temperature in 1989 and 10.55 inches of heavy rain in a 2000 millennium downpour. The tree's cycle of seasons kept tempo, despite every trick tossed down from the skies. The loquat stands benevolent, a lesson in hope, after my surgery and during my course of radiation.

As the days go by, I find myself pausing more often under its glossy parasol of leathery leaves. In February, I feel the sap in tree and me rising, as insignificant clusters of creamy white flowers breathe out a soft fragrance. Bees, now officially the  Africanized killer kind, suck honey from the blossoms, while humming in the early spring-time. I stand back, lest the bees anger at my presence. Their constant, low buzzing might signal contentment or irritation. I'll never know.

In brief turns of sun and moon, the flowers change to yellow nests of fruit and their ripening scent attracts others. Spirals of winged beings descend. Yellow headed tanagers disappear into bunches of foliage to peck out summer's sweet breakfast. Flocks of Mexican house finches chatter in the mesquite, then swoop down, gobbling loquat flesh until sated. In the afternoons, male quail hop on the patio wall before flying up into the loquat's welcoming bower, followed by other large family members. They skip about the branches, loosening and nudging the juicy fruit until gravity complies. Their little brood waits beneath. Feathers flutter. Wings bump. Topknot plumes tremble.

Quail babies  scramble to retrieve the bouncing yellow globes drop-ped from a roof of overhead bounty.

After my radiation is ended, I spend more time outdoors,

waiting to hear the raspy notes of the de-sert wren rack the air from deep within the tree's realm of greenery. Sounding a desert drum, the wood-pecker knocks repeatedly on the trunk, while cadence calls from cicadas drone on to attract mates. Occasionally, a long chain of me-lodious call ends in definite type-writer clacking, erupting from a catbird perched on a low limb. And more. Toward twilight, white winged doves woo flaming sunsets with seductive notes. Overwhelm-ed by distant stars, crickets add a final coda, as they leap over the worn knees of roots. I sense the planets turning, as I listen to the pitch and tune of medleys issuing from deep within the secret place of trees. 

Later in the season, fruit resounds against the patio floor, thumping and rolling after the birds have had their way. Black collared lizards sneak in for a chomp or two of the leftovers. Even the gnats whiz in to nibble at the fallen treasure. Sometimes, only seedy pits remain after elaborate quail feasts. Before I can sweep them up, ground squirrels scurry in to carry all the evidence away. The little creatures slide under the wooden gate, and disappear into prickly pear hideaways. Finally, ants and flies mop up any syrup and dried fruit fragments stuck to our patio stone. The harvest is over. The cosmos spins. I sigh.

One tree, holding firmly to its quiet power, follows a stellar plan of existence. In the scheme of things, it's only a loquat, but it pulled me into its orbit, like a space traveler, to watch wondrous things happen. Holding my breath,

I've seen galaxies of speckled birds careen into its space of

( cont'd page 10)

(cont'd from page 9)  
rippled leaf. Weightlessness  
dances deep within me, as I'm  
lifted to high places of saturated  
emerald, fern, viridian, forest and  
jungle shades. Below, insects  
circle and mark the old, scabbed  
trunk, with quivering antennae. I  
vibrate too, with new-found  
gratitude, as I make it through  
radiation, then make it through my  
first mammogram with flying  
colors.

As chronicler of one tree, now I  
know one thing for sure. For this  
growing thing, every particle of its  
being evolves from the innate grace  
of nature. And as I've watched, the  
underlying principle that makes it  
all possible, looms as large as the  
clouds that bring the monsoon  
rains, the revelation that nothing is  
ever wasted in this leafy universe.  
How simple, how vastly improved  
life might be, if only we had the  
wisdom of one loquat tree, to use  
everything we learn and know. The  
learning has not been hard. I've  
found contentment. And deep in  
my heart, I am healed.



Connie Spittler's writing about nature and life appears in several award-winning publications. *The Desert Eternal*, her book of nature illustrated with her husband Bob's photography, won a Glyph award this year from Arizona Publishers Association. One of her essays appears in *What Wildness is This, Women Write About the Southwest*, U of Texas Press, an anthology that captured the Willa Award for Non-fiction in 2008 and includes such well known writers as Barbara Kingsolver and Terry Tempest Williams. Just released this fall in the U.S. is *The Art of Living, A Practical Guide to Being Alive*, Editorial Kairos, that features an essay by such well known persons as the Dalai Lama, Desmond Tutu, Mikhail Gorbachev, Deepak Chopra, Jean S. Bolen, including

one by Connie and other authors from around the world. She has a story in the bestseller *Cup of Comfort for Cat Lovers* and the NY Times bestseller, *Chicken Soup for the Grandparent's Soul*, that contains her piece that won the EPA Rachel Carson Environmental Essay award.

Contact [ConSpittler@comcast.net](mailto:ConSpittler@comcast.net), 5525 N. Via Entrada, Tucson, AZ 85718, for further information.

## Celebration of Life



### "B" Campbell, Tucson, AZ Remembers Jessie Crosby

As readers may recall, word of Jessie Crosby's transition came just as the last issue was being printed. I spoke with GM Jessie at the time I became the new Weaver of the Grandmothers Circle of News. I recall her vibrant voice and encouraging words of the importance of the newsletter and how she so loved receiving it in the mail. Thank you Jessie.

### Nancy P. Masland, Tucson AZ Remembers Jessie Crosby

Miss Jessie...

Your Southern grace and charm leave a lasting impression: from Grandmothers, St. Francis Church, Southside Shower Program, the Divas, and Gospel Choir. Your willingness to go anywhere and do anything asked for continued to the very last. O blithe spirit, whose love of movement, song, life and service permeate our hearts! You are the model for transcending limitations of the aging body and mind, and for saying 'Yes!' to adventure. Fiercely independent to the last, fragility and frailty never stopped you. We will miss your

humility and modesty as Spirit spirits you away.

### Mary Lundeen and Irene Walker, Tucson, AZ Remember Jessie Crosby

Jessie, how we miss you Southern charm, your excitement about your two children who we did not know were adopted until we heard it at your Memorial Service, your love for your Grandchildren, your excitement about singing with the Tucson Gospel Choir and all the other fun things you enjoyed so very much. You were such a presence in so many lives. Mary remembers picking Jessie up to take her to the Jazz Service that St. Mark's Presbyterian Church has every year where Lisa Otey was participating. As they were leaving, a woman waved to Jessie and said, "Goodbye Jessie. I love you!" Mary asked her who that was and Jessie answered, "I don't know—she's somebody I just met today." This is the effect that Jessie had on people. Jessie, we all love you!



### A LETTER TO THE GRANDMOTHERS FROM MARTI BEDDOE December 2009

Dearest Grandmother,

As the end of the year approaches and the season's delights and challenges intensify, I invite you to pause for a moment and receive a gift, from my heart to your heart. I offer this gift to you in appreciation of how you have enriched my life. (cont'd page 11)

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

(cont'd from page 10)

The gift is a spiritual practice that helps me remember what is most essential in my life—the mindful cultivation of gratitude, joy, lovingkindness, compassion, and wisdom. The practice of Okagesamade (*oh-caw-caw-saw-ma-day*) often brings tears of joy and wonder, reminding me of my place in Indra's Net, the Web of Life. In the ancient Japanese mystical tradition, *okagesamade* means "thank you; because of you this moment exists."

The practice is quite simple and especially useful when I find myself in an unlovely setting or state of mind, the times when I lose sight of what is truly important. It is best done as an inner ritual, silently. No one need know what you are doing.

Settle into a comfortable position, tune into your breathing and slow it down some. Let yourself quiet down, relaxing into the Now of the present moment. Your intention is to observe the environment, becoming mindful of your connection to the invisible net of The Many, *those known and anonymous people who have made it possible for you to experience this specific moment.* You are realizing that this present moment would not exist without these many known and anonymous ones. You are becoming aware of what native people call "All my relations."

To help you remember all those relations, you might ask the questions below or experiment with your own. Notice the images that arise in response to your own questions:

- *Who built the buildings/structures around me? Who designed, built, and delivered the furniture I sit upon?*

- *Who gathered and delivered the materials for the buildings and furniture? Who built the roads I traveled on to be here I am in this moment?*
- *Before that, who*
- *pioneered and cared for the land around me?*
- *What other sentient beings am I connected to in this moment?*
- *Who grew, delivered, cooked and served my last meal?*
- *Who invented, built, and delivered the myriad technologies I use?*
- *Who cleaned and beautified this environment?*
- *Who designed, made, and sold my clothing?*
- *Who nurtured, educated and inspired my body, mind and soul?*
- *Whose thoughts, words or deeds may have saved my life--physically, emotionally, or spiritually?*
- *Who befriends, encourages and loves me despite my shortcomings?*
- *Who gave me life, starting with my parents and including the thousands of love stories before them? As you connect with the images of The Many who have made it possible for you to be in this specific moment, mentally offer each one a gesture of gratitude and silently say,*

*"Thank you. Because of you, this moment exists."* Regardless of current challenges, it soon becomes apparent how incredibly blessed each of us has been, *and is,*

in our lives.

As I write this note to you, the sun has interrupted the normal gloom of an Illinois winter day. I look out and see milky light illuminating the pale blue sky, the bare limbs of the red maple, and its skirt of crisp leaves. I pause and mentally bow deeply to you, Bringer of Peace, beloved Grandmother, friend of my heart. Thanks to you for inspiring me to discover the beautiful depth and wholeness of Life. *Because of you,* this precious moment of remembering what is essential in life, this moment of deep gratitude, exists.

May any merit that comes from sharing this practice of Okagesamade go to my teachers in the Kriya Yoga lineage, particularly Swami Pranananda. Because of her, this moment exists.

All my purple love and gratitude,  
**Marti Beddoe**, Naperville, IL

AZ Gathering 2009



Nonine, Allegra, Robbie, Ilsa, Karleena



Small Group Faciliator?



Small Circle Member?

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.



More from the AZ 2009 Gathering



Barb Nelson, Ilsa, Irene Walden



The Shields



Large Circle



Marion's infamous brown bag hats!



The wonderful choir led by Karleena



Wise Sage GM Shirley T?? (responsibility of the goofy glasses rest with GM Eleanor)



Weaver Bobbie?



Ummmm..good food, good friends, and good memories.



Our beautiful alter prepared by Judith Billings and Jackie Blue



Shelly Joseph, Betsy Hensley, Del Jones and Judie Garnet



Betsy Sise tuning in from outer space



GM Allegra?



Shelly Jermain – outstanding performance



Again in Large Circle



Kit and "B"



Kathy Murtey Joyce with paper hat

When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.

## FROM THE PAST – Circle of News, Vol.5, #4, December 1998 and Present

### Let the Grandmothers Start

By Florence Douglas in Eugene, Oregon, 1998

Greetings. As a grandmother approaching the end of her eighth decade I celebrate a wealth of experiences, one of the significant ones being participation in the first of the Grandmother Gatherings in 1998 at Cielo in Tierra. Mary Diamond had shared with me earlier her hope for just such a council, and it was wonderful to see how she had brought that dream to fruition.

My plan to attend the gathering this year has not worked out, but if I were there, this is what I would say: let the Grandmothers gathered here bring forth the message that will truly lead to healing the world. From the first gathering, we have proclaimed that:

**“When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.”**

And I believe that is possible; our collective wisdom and experience should give us that power. However, I feel that we have not fulfilled our promise...we have not, as a group, spoken the words, led the way.

In the May-June issue of the *Circle of Grandmothers Newsletter*, Deena Metzger’s article, “Call to Council,” expressed the despair, frustration and apprehension most of us feel about the present state of the world, and that of our government in particular. As I re-read the article, I am touched by the similarity of Metzger’s individual searching for a way to heal the world and the Grandmother’s

searching as a group. I would urge that at this gathering (and in your small circles) Metzger’s article be thoughtfully read and discussed and used as an incentive for specification, be it ever so apparently small. **We need some action that proves the Grandmothers are ready to speak.**

My suggestion for a focus of how to heal the world is something as simple as *speaking for peace*. This would mean not only using words but also *living peace*. Remember the prophetic words of the song, “Let there be peace on earth and let it begin *with me*”? There are many precedents for the effectiveness of practicing peace ...like the simple Peace Pilgrim, a woman who walked more than 25,000 miles in three decades, Mother Theresa, and many other women awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, and Gandhi, who accomplished the “impossible”...these and so many others. That these people did not change the whole world does not indicate failure. It shows what *can* be done by talking and living peace, and if a whole people were doing it, the world would heal! **Let the Grandmothers Start!** ☉

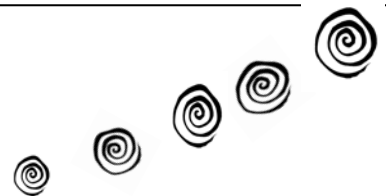


Florence Douglas 2009

### Original Grandmother

#### Florence Douglas turns 100!

She is well and sends loving greetings to all. Any messages can be sent c/o Sophia Douglas, 1824 Cal Young Rd #154, Eugene OR 97401 or email [nvcmediator@copper.net](mailto:nvcmediator@copper.net). (Florence can no longer read or handle her phone calls due to macular degeneration.) GM Florence loves to receive cards and letters from Grandmothers! In 1992-93 she lived in Tucson AZ with her daughter Sophia, who introduced her to Grandmothers Mary Diamond, Allegra Ahlquist, Shirely Tassencourt, Sister Virginia Barta, and Cora. During a visit to Flo after she returned to Oregon, Mary shared her vision for the Grandmothers Circle, and Florence attended the original circle that year. Florence continued to be in Circle with other GM’s in her area through the many years! Blessings Flo!



When the Grandmothers speak, the world will heal.