

Pumpkin Patches, Shoes, Gifts

A Creative Odyssey

By Shasta Sovereign

October-December 2025



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Dear Reader:

Happy New Year everyone! 2025 has flown by and the new year is as hand. What do Pumpkin patches, shoes and gifts have in common? Besides the fact that they were topics from the previous year? Well, we aren't sure either, but we want to make connections.

Perhaps it's that we want to wear our best shoes, which were gifted to us, to the pumpkin patch to take pictures with the family. Or maybe we went to the pumpkin patch to get a gift for friends and it fell onto our pair of best shoes. Or we went to carve a pumpkin into something unique, maybe carve Cinderella's shoes as an image. Perhaps there are no connections at all, and we want to see what people come up with.

For more than a year, we have been posting different topics on our website and encouraging people to interpret the topic in their own way. In this, we have observed some very interesting perceptions. However, this mode of interacting with readers has been not as engaging as we had liked. Thus, we want to encourage anyone to share anything inspiring. We also want to continue our art contests, which we have done in the past with high schools, and want to extend the invite to the general community. We hope to have these during the fall and the spring seasons. If you have any suggestions of trying to engage our communities in a creative and inspiring manner, we would love to hear you.

We hope to hear from you soon.

In Inspiration,

Shasta Sovereign



High Heels

By Aireth



Black shiny high heels, facing away from the viewer. They look freshly cleaned, prepared for a night out.



Imagination

By Allison

Here is a photo of my very whimsical Christmas tree and the scrap wood I made it from. The only thing I bought were the candy canes. All the rest of the decorations I had already or made.



**Walnuts and Whipped Cream**

By Angel Lady

On the topic of pumpkin patches, the only thing that comes to mind is that at this time of year, pumpkin pies become readily available. I live in an area where the local grocery store leaves a lot to be desired, it does not have the nice things that stores in higher populations have. I have no living relatives except a couple distant cousins who live far away in bigger cities. As I am older, I no longer have any doting family members, like a mother or aunt baking cookies or making homemade pies, they are with me in Spirit, but no longer on Earth.

So, what I like to do is "jazz up" store bought pumpkin pie. I cut myself a generous slice, sprinkle it with cinnamon and a dash of nutmeg, then fill the whole top of the slice of pie with nice, fresh walnut halves, and then slather on whipped cream. The added depth of the walnuts makes a big difference & it feels like a special treat, with that added delicious crunch.



Holiday Window Painting

By B Bailey





Pumpkins

By Bella





Shoes

By Bella Shoup





My Favorite Shoes

By CDub320

My favorite shoes are Jordans because Michael Jordan is the best basketball player in the world. I am almost 8 years old and I have been wearing Jordans since I was 4. My first pair of shoes ever were Nikes. The only shoes I have ever worn are Nikes and Jordans, except when I wear Crocs and Bogs in the winter. I love shoes so much, especially Jordans!



**Collection**

By Golden Sapphire

Halloween Spirit

Hunting houses
After party
Lovely full moon
Leering fog
Owls sings
Woeing spirits
Everyone
Enjoying
Nightly scares
Spooky pumpkins
Porches decor
Icky
Rotten apples to play
Icy roads
Trick and treating

Pumpkin scares
Sitting on the porches
Woeing spirits through the night
Howlings werewolf screams
Witches brooms flying in the night
Eerie mist floats above ground
Through the grave yard
Wondering zombies looking for snacks
Black cat laying in trees
Pumpkin scares
Scare crows hanging in the field
Witching hour is almost near
Halloween will be here
Be careful of the spooky night.

*Recipes*

Since it changing of the season
Crispy air trees changing beautiful colors
I would like to share my great grandmother's recipe that was passed down to me
From my grandmother before she passed away
This time of year makes me miss her deeply
She loved Halloween but she also loved Christmas just like I do...
What makes her recipe unique is her secret ingredient
Which I can not give out
But I can give out the other ingredients.

Great grandmother's famous Pumpkin cookies double batch

Ingredients:

4 eggs
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup milk
2 caps vanilla
2 tbsp all spice season
2 tsp nutmeg
2 tsp cinnamon
Pinch salt
1 tsp baking powder
1 tsp baking soda
2-4 cup pumpkin puree
4 cups pumpkin seeds
4-5 cups flour

Directions:

- Beat eggs, brown sugar, sugar, milk, vanilla, all spice, nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, baking powder, baking soda, pumpkin puree and pumpkin seeds
- add flour slowly until shine is gone
- scoop small spoon full onto a baking sheet
- bake at 350 degree for 20-25 mins let cook for 5-10 mins on the sheet.

Great grandmother's famous Pumpkin chicken soup

Ingredients:

4-5 cups of water
4-5 cups pumpkin puree
3 tsp nutmeg
2 tsp cardamom
2-4 tsp salt
2-4 tsp pepper
1 tsp cornstarch for thicken
3 cups pumpkin seeds
3-4 cup cooked chicken
4 cups of cheese
side of grill cheese to dip

Directions:

- add water, pumpkin puree, nutmeg, cardamom, salt, pepper, cooked chicken
- cook for 1 hour
- bring to boil for 10 mins add cheese. add cornstarch for thickening
- top with pumpkin seeds

Happy Halloween

Happy holidays



#1

What no one could see
Is what someone holds
Deep within their hearts.
They can be filled full of love
They can be filled full of hate.
They can show happiness
They can show fear.
What's everyone holds
Is either light or darkness.
Which one will show up
First in the mist of confusion?
What does someone dream about
When they fall asleep at night?
They either dream of happiness
Or they dream of their own death
At someone's hands.
Either it could be a stranger
Or it could be someone close.
Everyone can speak the truth
Everyone can hide the truth
Everyone can bite their tongue to keep quiet.

#2

I feel trapped in a caged
Surrounded by everyone
Who pretend
To be friends
But are actually enemies
Hiding behind a smile.
I feel trapped in a cage
Surrounded by my emotions
Wanting to trust but who to trust?
Wanting to talk but getting shut down.
All I wanted
Was to have my family in my life
Because I have forgiven them,
I have forgiven my husband.
But I can't keep being abused
I can't keep getting gaslit.
For they can control me
For they can keep their lies
For I can be their escape goat.



#3

We all have flaws
We all make mistakes
We're born to live
We're alive to die.
Seeing death knocking
On my door again
As an old friend
He's someone I've known
Far too well
Since he's been in my life
From the time of my birth.
He's never too far away.
Nor is God or Jesus,
Even Mother Nature and Goddess.
The council has always
Been big part of my life.
I am part of them
As they are part of me.
As heaven crown
I have to forgive
Not hold hatred, only love.
Not be part of darkness
Whether someone holds hatred and darkness
Whether lies or hold secrets.
I can't be that person,
As God guides me.

#4

Depression hits harder
Hits differently
With everyone
Either we cry or express anger
We sleep more
Or we clean non-stop
Just to kill that pain feeling
That grows deep.
Depression can
Lead to lonely feelings
Can break through a smile
Taking so many showers
Just to cry in the water
Or not take one at all.
Depression isn't
Something that magically appears.



They're brought on, led on
By others mistreating someone
Misusing someone's kindness
Yelling or venting to someone
Repeatedly.
It leads to mind breaking,
That's when someone
Can control another
Better.
When they gaslight someone
When they allow others to mistreat
Or spread rumors about someone.
It's all about controlling,
Then when someone breaks
From all the unsure reality,
They have full control
When they don't.

**The Best Christmas Gift I Got for Someone**

By Grace

The best gift I gave to someone

Was the Grace of God.

Jesus was born on December 25th,

God gave us the best gift ever,

Jesus,

To forgive us for our sins.

I believe Jesus

Is the best gift anyone

Could ever give to each other

Everyday of our waking moment

For the rest of our lives.

Peace on Earth,

Good will towards man,

May our world be at peace

With each other.

Amen.

**Pumpkin Patch**

By Gus



This is a really fun place to go in the summer. There are a lot of people here eating treats and candy and playing with toys. There are little kids playing around and all kinds of funny pumpkins with all kinds of expressions. There is also a cool hay maze to play in with a treasure chest in the maze!



Fall from the East

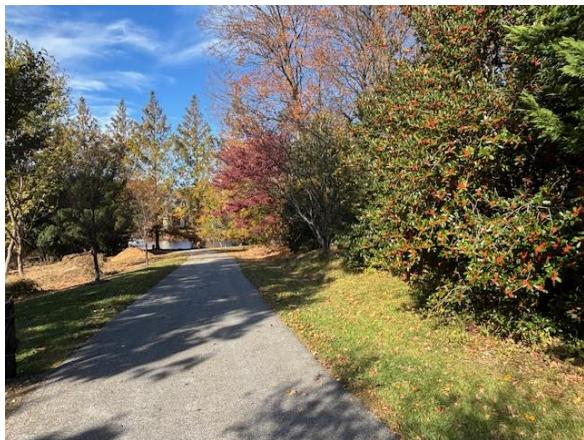
By Kelly

I love the Fall. It's my favorite season. I love the change of leaves on the trees and the crisp Autumn smell. The pumpkins too. I love to bake Pumpkin recipes like breads and pumpkin chocolate chip cookies.

Fall and pumpkins also reminds me of hay rides, haunted houses and apple cider. We just recently visited Amish Country in Pennsylvania. Lots of Amish baking goods...apple pies, apple cider donuts, ice cream and Amish buggies. The day was beautiful and many other people had the same idea as us so the restaurant was pretty packed but it was worth the wait. Our waitresses were Amish and very sweet.

Here's some pictures of PA. Happy Fall!! 







Pumpkin Patches

By Marilyn

Photos taken at a nursery near Klamath falls, where they have events, live bands, food trucks and vendors.



**If the Shoe**

By Moccasins

Fits, wear it and buy a dozen
If you can 'cause it's likely
The next time you shop
You'll find there's a new and improved model
That doesn't quite fit
I know that's cynical but
Cynicism is often born of experience

And more to the point,
(although it's quite difficult
To actually find a pair of shoes
That really does fit)
We all know the shoe saying
Was more a metaphor about personality
Truth than physical truth.

And usually, it's a condemnation
With a finger wagging or pointing,
Rarely a compliment, at least
In my experience, which again sounds
Cynical.

And perhaps, no, absolutely, I'm feeling
Cynical yet also I'm feeling hopeful as
Today the sun is shining
And the sky's so blue the jays blend into it.

And I've decided I'm unlacing my habit
Of expecting myself to always be positive
And outrunning the negative
I'm throwing away all the shoes
The tight ones and the ones that fit, too

And I'm going barefoot for awhile...



The Scale of War

By Pensir

“There are wars far smaller than the human eye can bear to see.”

Pensir Jenna worked in a room built for silence.

Every sound inside the microscopy lab at the Langford Institute had a purpose: the gentle hum of refrigeration units, the whisper of filtered air, the precise click of her gloves tightening against her wrists. Even her breathing seemed measured, mechanical — a rhythmic accompaniment to the whirring of lenses and the pulse of fluorescent light.

She wasn’t a scientist in title, only in temperament. The others called her “the tech,” the one who cleaned slides, calibrated magnifications, and made sure the machines behaved. She preferred it that way. The researchers came and went with the changing grants, each armed with their grand theories and deadlines. Jenna stayed. She listened. She watched.

She had always loved the hidden world — the unseen patterns inside everything. Sometimes, when she was alone, she’d imagine herself shrinking, drifting among cells and fibers, walking across the translucent landscape of a fingertip. There was something comforting in the idea that entire universes could exist within a single breath.

Until one night, she found something that looked back.

The sample was ordinary — a routine blood draw from a volunteer in a metabolic study. Under the lens, the familiar galaxies of red blood cells drifted lazily through plasma.

But something shimmered.

A flicker of light — then another. Tiny sparks, moving not like dust, not like molecules in random motion, but with intent.

Jenna frowned. The motes of light gathered, shifting in formation, darting toward a white blood cell like insects charging a torch flame. They struck it, again and again, flashes of energy sparking on contact — a furious, futile assault.

She recorded everything. She ran another sample, this time a control. The pattern repeated. The same storm of light, the same impossible choreography.

Her chest tightened. “What are you?” she whispered.

The next morning, she brought her findings to Dr. Myers. He barely looked at her screen. “Light scatter,” he said. “Refraction artifact. Don’t overthink it.”

But Jenna had already spent the night overthinking it.



Three nights later, she ran her own blood. They were there too — billions of them. Tiny lights firing endlessly at her cells. Trying. Failing.

A war.

A microscopic war unfolding in every heartbeat.

She recorded obsessively — saliva, tap water. Everywhere, the same phenomenon. Structures that looked mechanical, geometric. Ships. And sometimes, when they struck cell walls, fragments flew apart — like wreckage burning up.

One night, as the clock neared midnight and the building lay dark, one light hovered. Motionless. It pulsed in an unmistakable pattern. She translated.

GIANT.

She answered in crude pulses. The reply came:

WHY WON'T YOU DIE?

They weren't invaders — they were survivors. To them, humanity was apocalypse. Existing was war.

When she asked why they kept fighting, the answer:

BECAUSE YOU EXIST.

She stared at her trembling hands. How many worlds drowned when she washed her hands?

Weeks passed. Jenna stopped eating. Stopped sleeping. She no longer felt human. She felt vast, terrible, lonely.

During a storm, she powered the scope manually. Millions of points of light gathered like stars. A message formed:

YOU CANNOT WIN. She whispered:

"We're not fighting you."

The lights rearranged:

WE KNOW.

No one saw Jenna again. But every once in a while, in a lab somewhere, a tired technician will pause at a flicker under the microscope — a strange light that moves too deliberate.



They blink. The light vanishes.

But in the unseen vastness beneath their skin, the war rages on — bright, endless, and futile. And above them all, the world turns. Breathing. Unaware.

* * *

Saving Myself

By Pensir

I stood on the shore long after the water went still.

I used to believe that wanting something badly enough could make it survive. That if I held on tighter, sacrificed more, ignored the warnings, it would eventually work. I didn't care how much it hurt me. I didn't care how many bridges burned behind me or how many hands reached out to pull me back. I chose her every time.

She was drowning, even if she didn't call it that. I could see it in the way she sank a little more each day, in the way the weight of her own pain kept pulling her under. I stayed on solid ground, bracing myself, leaning forward, arms strained as I tried to pull her up. I told myself that love meant endurance. That saving her was proof of commitment.

But she didn't want to be pulled up.

The harder I tried, the deeper she went, and eventually the water started creeping up my legs. Then my chest. Then my throat. I realized too late that staying meant disappearing. That no matter how strong my grip was, I couldn't save someone who chose to sink.

So I let go.

Saving myself didn't feel heroic. It felt like failure. It felt like betrayal. I climbed back onto shore shaking, lungs burning, watching the ripples settle where she stayed beneath the surface. I didn't cheer. I didn't feel free. I just felt alive.

Now I'm rebuilding, piece by piece. Learning how to stand again. Learning how to breathe without apologizing for it. It's lonely work, and I wish I didn't have to do it alone—but choices have consequences. Even the ones made out of love.

Especially those.

I don't know what she became under the water. I only know that I survived, and for now, that has to be enough.

* Inspired by Matt McClure "The Shore" as well as personal story.

**Brighter Day**

By Pensir

The rain didn't stop all at once,
it learned how to fall softer.
The sky stayed gray,
but I noticed I was breathing again.

My hands still shake from old battles,
some wounds never close clean.
But they don't bleed like they used to—
and that counts for something.

I stopped chasing the sun
and started walking straight.
Even shadows make sense
when you're finally facing forward.

I don't call it peace yet—
just quiet.
And for now, that's enough.

Each step feels earned,
every scar tells the truth.
I'm not who I was when I broke,
and I'm not who I'll be tomorrow.

But I'm here.
Still standing.
Still learning how to trust the light.

And maybe brighter days
aren't something you find—
maybe they're something you build
one faithful step at a time.

**Alive for a Reason**

By Pensir

*intended as a spoken word piece.

This piece exists for one reason: to let you know you are not alone. What you are about to read comes from lived experience, not theory. It does not offer easy answers, quick fixes, or false comfort. It speaks honestly about pain, survival, and the weight of continuing to live when life feels unbearable. If any part of this sounds familiar, that does not mean something is wrong with you. It means you are human—and you are still here. This is not a story about giving up. It is a story about staying, even when staying is hard. It is shared in the hope that someone who feels unseen might recognize themselves in these words and realize they are not carrying their pain by themselves.

Rope.

Blade.

Pills.

Gun.

Cliff.

Water.

These aren't words.

They're exits.

They're the quiet inventory you take
when life feels like a room with no doors.

I know them all.

Not academically.

Intimately.

I've held them in my mind
the way some people hold prayers.

There were nights I didn't want help.

I wanted silence.

An off switch.

An end to the noise in my head
that never shuts up.

People say,

"Just hang on."

They don't understand how heavy hanging on can be.

I wasn't supposed to live.

Not at birth.

Not in that freezer

with no air

and no clock

and no one answering my voice.

I wasn't supposed to live

through twisted metal

and screaming tires

and glass in my hair.



I wasn't supposed to live
when my car rolled
and stopped upside down
and I climbed out untouched
while death stood inches away
and missed.

Inches.

Sometimes survival doesn't feel like a gift.

Sometimes it feels like a sentence.

I rehearsed dying.

I tied the knot.

I pressed steel to skin.

I put a gun in my mouth
and learned its weight.

And I stopped.

Not because I felt better.

Because I saw their faces.

Because I knew my death would export pain,
not erase it.

So I stayed.

Not healed.

Not saved.

Just here.

Carrying something I didn't ask for.

Why am I still here?

Maybe I'm here

to recognize the look
in someone's eyes
when they're already gone
but their body hasn't caught up yet.

I know that look.

I've worn it.

If I'm still breathing,
then breathing is the assignment.

I'm still here.

And for now,
that is enough.



The Gift of Life

By Phoenix Rising

I've given hundreds, thousands, even more
Gifts throughout my life,
Gifts for Christmas, birthdays,
charities, anniversaries
Because all my life my heart has urged me to give
Gifts

Items I made or bought at a store
Some cheap, some expensive
Some mundane, some exotic
Some spectacular, some funny

But the best gift, my most favorite gift
I've ever given was the birth of my daughter
Forty six years ago, the gift of life

Which does keep on giving each and every
Moment of every day. Her birth required
More than blood, though there was so much of that
As I almost died while giving her birth
And the infection I had after almost
Took my life but I fought to stay alive

Fought to be alive to be her mother
To give her the life she deserved that I wanted
To give her
To give her the love she deserved that I wanted
To give her

And she is my most favorite gift
She who changed
Changes
Will change my life forever

My daughter's life is my favorite gift

She is the best gift I've ever given and will continually give
My daughter is
My favorite
Gift. The one I was born to give.

**Pumpkin Chitter Chatter**

By Phoenix Rising

We are the gates to witchery magic and goblins, our
Ribald orange bodies sprawled across fields
Inviting children of all ages, sizes, shapes and colors
To enter and twirl in the orange fields of our
Spells, each of us yearning to leap upon
Broomsticks, chase scarecrows, jiggling
Through Halloween's swiggling air

All it takes is one tiny hand to push the gate open
And our magical spooks will rush out
Will transform the stiffest fear into laughter

We bust wide with thousands
upon thousands of raw
Ripening seeds, earthly partners to the stars
Blazing night and in the day blind sky
Each eager to be planted in fertile soil
To birth yet more pumpkins, create more sorcery
(if we're not not salted and baked then popped into
Hungry mouths)
Eager to create wild magic
Once again!



Shoes

By SaraRose



**Homemade Christmas Pillows**

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy

Made Homemade Pillows out of Vintage 60s with hand painted textile fabric by a lady in Sacramento and Vintage 60-70s guitar straps plus nice and warm Fuzzy fabric. The other one is made out of 1920s Green velvet and Art Deco fabric from the same year and of course warm and cuddly fuzzy fabric. These are for my Step Granddaughters for Christmas





Floppy Puppy Doll

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy

Made my beautiful granddaughter a Homemade Floppy Puppy Stuffed Animal Doll that she can dress up in these actual Vintage Baby Girl Clothes.  



**Babies Bodyguards**

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy

Made this floppy bunny doll for my granddaughter's step sister for Christmas. She loves bunnies and collects them. But she's been having nightmares. So I told her I would make her one to protect her and be her personal bodyguard. She liked that idea. Years ago, I painted a painting with a little one surrounded by their stuffed animals and the title was Babies Bodyguards. It was made to fit actual Vintage 60-70s baby girl clothes.



**Halloween Princess Costume**

By Spilly the Always Reinventive Gypsy

I finished my grandbaby's Halloween princess costume, which I made from three different vintage 60-70s dresses.





Home decorations

By Star





Vintage Style Rosette Paper Ornaments
By Stitches in the Wind





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