

# **Shasta Sovereign**

A Creative Collaboration  
November 2022



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Dear Reader:

We are honored to present you a collection of works by our friends, who come from all paths of life. They are courageous yet vulnerable enough to share a piece of themselves on the following pages. Different aspects of the human experience can be seen here, varying from hopes and dreams to fears and angst. By making sense of our lives, we can help inspire others start to do the same. It is our hope to create a community to help one another along the path of self-knowledge and self-betterment. Please be witness to our friends. If you are moved by these pieces to share your experiences, please visit our website at [shastasovereign.com](http://shastasovereign.com).

In Inspiration,

Shasta Sovereign



## Ready for a change

Author: Erika Rae

Im done being miserable and constantly home sick  
and controlled by these two small words “dope sick”  
and a heroin addiction that I just cant seem to kick.

A marionette tied to the strings of heroin  
while I lost walk in circles,  
inside you’re brain screaming  
you are a fucking lunatic!

Im tired of crying and yelling for help  
only to end up  
yet again feeling empty alone  
in my room with a foil all by myself.

With each passing day I feel more alone,  
and I’ve searched high and low  
but I still can’t find “home,”  
so broken and empty I’ll continue to roam.

I pray to my God for a miracle or a friend...  
or some kind of answer on how to make this end.

\* \* \*

## Addicted

Author: Erika Rae

As I stare into the mirror no longer recognizing my own  
reflection,



A lonely lost soul trapped in a cycle of depression.

A once beautiful bright girl who has now lost all hope  
And why is that, you ask?  
She hawked it for dope, that's what it costs to get on this ride  
But the next time you blink, you'll be dead inside.

Society labels you a lost cause  
And you'll spend every minute in fear of withdrawal.  
You will cheat and you will steal just to get your next fix  
Because, shit, getting high is the number one thing on your  
list.

Your morals are lost and self respect long forgotten,  
You'd about sell your own soul to the devil just for one small  
Oxycontin.

I feel so alone accompanied only by addiction,  
All because I thought I'd find peace in a foil or prescription.

I was sure that I had it all under control,  
But before that I knew it,  
This addiction had complete grip of my soul.

I remember it started off only for fun and on special  
occasions, But now, everyday, my soul screams and longs  
For eternal salvation.

Dreamed to be freed from this awful nightmare before,  
It becomes absolutely too much to bear.



Because this is it, I fear. Lord, my last chance,  
I plead out for an answer to this prayer.

\* \* \*

## Passion Guide

Author: Golden Sapphire

Don't be pessimistic  
Don't be passionless  
Don't bottle up your emotions  
Not everyone could read a closed book  
Stand up when you fall  
Be everything your heart desires  
Fine the drive within yourself  
Fine the power  
that moves you everyday  
Be inspired by others  
Be the inspiration guide  
for others to follow  
Be the voice for the quiet  
Be each other ground to stand on

\* \* \*

## Clouds

Author: Golden Sapphire

Even when clouds are grey in the sky  
Guide each other paths  
Lay down each other stepping stones  
Light each other tunnels  
Guide each other out of darkness



be each other ladders  
Show love towards others  
Always wear a bright smile on a rainy day  
Always be there for one another  
Because by the end of the day  
We're all only humans  
Be brave to try new things  
Be brave to express yourselves  
Be brave to chase after your dreams

\* \* \*

## **A Thousand Gratitudes**

Author: Phoenix

A thousand gratitudes  
Pour from the sky-

Now a million times  
A million

Infinity

Pours from the sky-  
Spirit  
Made, felt visible  
Let us pray and dance  
The dance of gratitude,

Giving thanks for blessings  
Freely given, freely poured  
Upon us.



Amazing, amazing grace.

Let us pray  
For the end of this drought,  
For our parched souls  
Thirsty, so thirst,  
Now quenched.

Let us pray.

Amen

\* \* \*

## **Out of the Pumpkin Patch**

Author: Phoenix

Don't look for me  
In the pumpkin patch anymore.  
I've quit  
My Jack-o-Lantern ways-  
No more  
Gouging my guts  
Carving my face  
Throwing my seeds into an oven  
to salt and bake  
To feed whoever passes by

No more lighted candle planted inside  
to show my face  
Then melted





Burned to my belly  
No more decorating my shell  
For one day  
Changed the next

No!  
I am the candle-  
My light springs from  
The smoldering ashes of my soul  
I am a flame  
inextinguishable  
The face you see now  
Is mine, all mine-

Free yourself from your patch  
If you dare  
Let us leave our pumpkin patch days behind.

\* \* \*

## **Spirit**

Author: Phoenix  
May all beings  
Drink at your fountain  
May our thirst be satiated,  
Quenched

May you always be ready  
For our return for

we will always forget you



And seek again  
To return, dry and thirsty,  
Again and again

Doubting you,  
Wondering where we are  
Still seeking you  
Thirsty

\* \* \*

### **A Logger's Life**

Author: Mooga (written circa 1986)

Every day,  
He does as much as he can.  
But no one knows how  
Lonely a man.  
He falls another tree,  
making sure it doesn't bust.  
He knows there aren't many  
Left he can trust.  
Some say life in the brush  
Is an easy one.  
But it seems like it takes a certain breed...  
So, who's to say a logger's true need?

Often, as the day finally comes to an end,  
The logger realizes all he needs are his few True friends.

\* \* \*



## The Hard Road

Author: Mooga

Anybody out there  
who's been alone like this for so long,  
They understand the way I'm feeling  
the same pattern...  
No friends, just alone all the time.

After a while you just give in.  
I don't want to keep going through this...  
For what?!

My, I don't know if my kids even respected me, then or now.  
Really.  
To keep going through this destruction.

It's got to stop!  
O, but I can't by myself

\* \* \*

## "How do you feel today on a scale of 1-10?"

Author: TLC

As if a single number could define the ranges of emotion,  
I need to know if there's some Greek alphabetical symbol  
for not feeling anything at all,  
Maybe n for nothing could replace n for number,  
Maybe d for distant could replace d for distance,  
Maybe i have to de-simplify the answer and make it hard for  
everyone to solve,



Because I don't know how I'm feeling today,  
1 turns to 10 with the addition of a place holder,  
Nonexistence that's essential for the rules of existence,  
If I told them 0 they would take it as extremely low,

But 0 isn't a low number,  
It's not a high number,  
It's nothing,  
It's absence,  
It's unknown,  
Yet completely

\* \* \*

## Feeling

Author: TLC

I can feel something coming,  
Poems of the past manifesting onto the hearts I see  
on the sidewalk,  
The muttering of my name by some clairvoyant ghost,  
I heard it coming from near him but I can't be sure,  
After all we live two different lives,  
Two different views of something may fester within  
him,  
And absolutely radiates from me,  
But forget about the unpredictability of someone who  
could certainly rule over my emotions with nothing  
more than a smirk,  
Forget about the rest of those unfinished equations  
that eventually fall apart as I change my



dimensions,  
They are dealing with their own mathematics,  
Ones of which have no mention of the y that resides  
in my dna,  
Only the x's they have been strictly taught to  
evaluate,  
Though it may be the other way around,  
He distracted me in biology too.

\* \* \*

## Dear Children

Author: Ms. M

I guess I was luckier than most...my Mama was a good one. She always understood me and my faults, and she loved me anyways. So, even as I have tried and failed miserably to be like her, I know somewhere at sometime I have done wrong.

I know this, that ALL my children, ALL 4 of them, I have hurt, disappointed or embarrassed at one point or another. I can't change the past, I can't erase what's been done. I have said I am sorry and it seems to fall on deaf ears. I say I love you, and no response. Just because I am not, nor was the perfect Mom, it will NEVER EVER change the fact that I LOVE YOU. I saw this poem and it just hit me hard. It made me realize I've screwed up, and I'm sorry. I hope someday your children will not be disappointed in the choices or mistakes you've made. If you think you haven't made mistakes yet...trust me you will. But there is one thing I know stronger than any unbroken promise made, stronger than a BonBon promise: I LOVE MY KIDS. ALL OF YOU.



We all make mistakes, some bigger than others. Some should be forgiven, but I guess not ALL forgotten. A mother tries, sometimes more than others. Mothers are not perfect, we cry, we get sad, we hurt and no one understands. Their children grow up and they remember those mistakes, all of them big or small, and they remember them ALL.

We embarrass our children and we don't see. We disappoint our children, and we don't realize just how badly. They are afraid they will grow up to be "Just like me." They are worried that someday their children will say hateful awful things to them, like they have to us. About mistakes they made, the mistakes no one talks about.

They worry that their children will someday talk to them the way they heard them talk to us, and they will be ashamed. The pain they will cause their own children someday, and they will, and get no reply when they say I'm sorry. They fear this the most because they know they have done the same to their parents before.

We all make mistakes, some should be forgiven, but not ALL will be forgotten. So when you look at your children, be they big or small, remember you too were once that size and they remember ALL.

\* \* \*



## Letter of Hope to my younger self

Author: Ms. M

Let me tell you it's going to be ok.

I wish I could tell you it was all rainbows and unicorns, but it's not gonna be. Don't misunderstand me though. There will be times in your life when JOY will overtake anything you can possibly imagine. Unfortunately, there will also be scars and bruises, aches so deep, and mistakes from the past that will haunt you. All on the inside so no one else can see them. So here are 3 things that I hope will help you.

**#1: Keep your faith.**

Do your best to keep on your path of faith. You will need this as a constant in your life to be able to celebrate and understand the JOY I promised. Don't give up, it will haunt you.

**#2: ALWAYS trust Mama.**

Even when you don't think she will understand, SHE WILL. She will always be there for you and the loudest cheerleader you can ever ask for. She loves you unconditionally, forever. Even after she has gone Home, you will still feel her guidance, whenever you are unsure of a choice to make. Always trust Mama.

**#3: Choose your "tribe" wisely.**

These are the people you can trust, not just people you happen to know. You will pick some that don't deserve you. You ARE worth having goodness in your life. These are people



who will follow you into battle without ever asking why. They will also hold your hand when times are dark and you're afraid. So choose wisely. Choose your medical advisors as you would also choose your other tribe members. They will guide you on your journey. If you aren't comfortable with them, look for someone else.

That's all I can share without telling you the end of the book. I guess one more thing. Dance in the rain, enjoy rainbows, love deeply, have good friends, and let your whole body feel the sound of the ocean.

\* \* \*

### **I'm heavy on I love you...**

Author: Mrs. S

I'm heavy on I love you.

I'm heavy on I love you because it feels good to hear

I'm heavy on I love you because shoulders are heavy without site

I'm heavy on I love you because I'll never know what you bear

I'm heavy on I love you because it makes you smile

I'm heavy on I love you because you never know when it was heard last

I'm heavy on I love you because maybe it's been a while

I'm heavy on I love you because I want you to know I care

I'm heavy on I love you because that could be what's keeping you here

I'm heavy on I love you because I want you to know I'll always be there.

\* \* \*





## The Harmony of Existence

Author: Sim

The fire of the East, burns through the West,  
The snake of desire is laid to rest.

The bird of pleasure, in a sky of sheer pain,  
Falls from the sky – it is slain.

The comfort of solitude, the agony of relationship,  
Both fall from one's weary grip.

The harmony of existence, the contradiction of the mind,  
The open hand, the empty heart do find!

\* \* \*

## What is real?

Author: Susan Williams

Since the age of 12, my father did not live with us. Mother moved to a place where we could get education. Father had just retired and wished to be a farmer. Mother took care of everything. She was proud. She tended to us 3 children when we would get sick. She fed us, helped with homework to her best abilities, took us for prayers. She made clothes (including sweaters) and hand washed them. No refrigerator, no television, no phone, no washers, no dryers. I was so much into my studies that I didn't help at all. She would draw birds on school project margins for esthetics. We didn't have a car or scooter. She would get food by putting the heavy load on the bicycle and walking the bicycle home, which was easier



than carrying bags for miles. She even hand made our school bags to carry our heavy books to school.

I have a few memories of my father. One was when he made me sit on his lap and he fed me warm milk with Bournvita when I was sick. Another, when he got upset with me for having motion sickness on a moving boat. One time he was away for work and he came home with bracelet. It was purple with golden specks. I would wrap it around my tiny wrist. I also remember the time when he brought home oranges. He carried them on his head in a basket. One time, my siblings and father were playing outside while mother cooked. Another time, I grabbed onto his calf in an attempt to block his crossing to the other side in a friendly game. He dragged me with his leg and I skinned my knees. After the incident, I had pus filled bubbles on my knees. Mother was upset as we were just playing and father needed to be more gentle with us. Most of childhood, father was just into himself. He would go to work, come home to rest. He would then go out every evening to the mess hall where he would drink and eat dinner. We went occasionally with him as a family. They had games, television and food. Mother did her best with what money he gave her. Father was a very angry person. When he would call my name loudly, I would shiver like a leaf. It was usually when we got report cards and I did not do good or when we did homework together. He had no patience. Mother pulled us away when father got angry. She wasn't educated and could not help us with some things. Father was a bit educated. When leaving for school outside the fenced area in which we lived, I saw his photo at the entrance gate.



Despite what he was, I still thought he was the most handsome man, and a very smart man.

Was there trauma in my childhood? Perhaps. Now in my 50s, I look back to conclude that it was life. I was learning about others and myself through all the experiences. Did I dislike my father? Perhaps. I was just afraid of him and knew not to mess up. Was it a bad thing? Perhaps. But he didn't know better. Did it mess me up? Perhaps. But I didn't know any better either. He could have loved me a little more. Be more kind to mother and all of us. But he wasn't. Did it hinder me in living my life to its highest potential? Perhaps. But what guarantee is there for life to be perfect when you come from a loving home. There isn't. I thought I was providing it for my children. When one of my children left me for a lover, my world came crashing down. I was shattered and the shards went deep into my heart - a pain that let me know I was still alive.

Now I sit and review myself in how I became who I am today. I could be bitter. I could be sick. I could be stinking up the entire planet with my negativity. But I chose not to do so. I have a healthy body. My basic needs to live a good life are met. I have a person to hug, talk to, and to go on walks with. A peaceful existence to connect with my Creator. I have a beautiful home. Nice neighbors, Many friends. I have eyes to see, ears to hear, feet to walk with, hands to care of myself and hug others with. I have so much goodness in life that I refuse to give my mind-space to things that are irrelevant to how joyous I feel in this moment.

To the reader:



When you think you have lost it all, start focusing on your breath. Sit and just feel the air coming into your nostrils. Your belly moving in and out, up and down. Start focusing on where you have created tension, blocks, obstructions. Allow the breath to flow and bring life into the parts of you that you don't tend to. Bring light into darkness. We all have corners stacked with emotions, put away to be dealt with later. Life passes us by and we never sit to clean house. Start today, right now. Bring the breath into that place and feel alive. Ask for guidance from within to clean and clear all stuck emotions within you. So you can be more living, kind, gentler and fun to be around. See how life will be full of goodness. Cherish each breath! Accept life as it is. Observe your story. Don't label and constrict your experiences. They are what they are, now what?! Be strong and take full responsibility for who you are, where you are, and what you have done to be here. From there, be hopeful that you can become better. One breath at a time. One moment at a time. One day at a time. One week, one month... The final destination is the same for all of us. It is the journey in which we can be more...be more...good!

\* \* \*

### **Life, take me into your arms.**

Author: Sri

I had such tremendous realizations just now.

And I see that I was choosing death.

But now I'm choosing life.

That's all I can say.

Life hurts sometimes but it also feels really good sometimes.

I choose all of it.



I will let myself be moved.

I will stop guarding myself as a fragile, breakable, thin-skinned egg.

No crypt for me yet.

\* \* \*

**Perhaps the Universe wants an empty bowl from me.**

Author: Sri

I held onto magical believing for so long.

Each day, as I see nothing changing internally and externally, as I see myself shutting off anything that makes me feel too much, I let go of more.

I don't even listen to music unless it's played by my kids in the car from their playlists or CDs. It is new, unfamiliar; it has no memory associated. It doesn't make me start tightening up my whole being in protection.

I think I just became filled to the brim and overflowing of others' concepts. I gave them all a chance to heal or create change in me. But I don't have the attention span for any of them anymore. They just start grooving into the rut that PTSD creates in me relentlessly now.

I'm not sure where this all leads. We'll just have to see. I never intended to let go of everything. It just happens now. Something in me tosses it aside.



But I do hold onto people (especially ones who do not want to be held onto) even though it ties me in knots and worse.

What mechanism will free me of that?

\* \* \*

## **An attempt at peace by the queen of unrequited love.**

Author: Sri

Breaking attachment to unavailable humans:

1. Stay 100% in each moment.
2. Don't let fantasy or imagination embellish whatever interaction I've had with the person.
3. Do not expect anything, not even acknowledgment, from that person.
4. Do not think of them at all. Block or stop thoughts as I would a harmful thought that I don't want to see come true.
5. Know that I and my life matter, no matter what.
6. Know that I may not necessarily ever heal from losing my family as a small child, and I may never be able to break the pattern of looking for my people, my place of belonging, my identity, in others. But I can be aware of it and not go habitually, blindly forward.
7. Rejoice for all the times I have finally come to a point with a particular person where it no longer hurts to think of them.
8. Look for reasons to be happy.
9. Appreciate all the people who are in my life.



10. Affirm: Let Go and Let God (God just meaning a Higher, Well-Meaning, Unconditionally Caring about me, Force).
11. Have faith that the right people will come into my life.

\* \* \*

**“Healing doesn’t mean the damage never existed. It means the damage no longer controls your life.”**

Author: Sri

The above is a quote by a famous Bollywood (India's version of Hollywood) actor Shah Rukh Khan.

I know by now that not everything heals. Things in the body heal.

I have experienced that uncountable times.

But heartache and the pain from loss never heals.

If a person I fell in love with and who then disappeared came back

it’s not like all the agony I went through while they were gone, for whatever amount of time, would just vanish.

It would certainly feel so in the joy and surprise

And relief of the moment of their return.

But the grooves left from loss

which have now turned into mistrust and fear

will not fill in, will not heal. They’re there to stay.

When people suggest to me healing

from the PTSD and anxiety and deep fear and sorrow and

heartbreak and fearful outlook on the world

I wait for them to be done talking.



It is not something I strive for any longer.  
It's about learning to co-exist,  
To cope with what has moved in to stay.

Peace

\* \* \*

## Unlearning Love

Author: Sri

I think I'm figuring out a way to not let myself fall in love,  
Become infatuated, what-have-you,  
and hopefully avoid more unnecessary stress in my life.

First off, I stop making it the goal of my existence  
to find my soul-mate or other half,  
the one who completes me.

When I think of how,  
no matter how many People surround us and physically hold  
us,

as we're dying, we take that journey alone,  
it's easy to let go of that as a goal.

I got through many years of my life by living in a state of  
fantasy.

It's probably how I survived the unique punishments  
of my childhood, as well as not having any parents  
and just being raised as one tiny one in a herd,  
competing for acknowledgement.

Many years later, I held onto one man, purely in my fantasies,  
For 12 plus years, with no reciprocation.

I found that my fantasies were far superior to any real  
relationship

because they were what made that relationship possible,





in its impossibility.

I can control what I fantasize about

or I can just shut it down,

In an attempt to not build up expectations, dreams, hopes,  
infatuations,

for or about a particular person.

Self-discipline.

And not going to a place where I can escape from the stress  
Of events and imagine someone actually wanting to rescue  
me

Or just accompany me or be of support through life's  
occurrences.

Not being dependent for my happiness or feelings of okay-  
ness on a man.

Because all he's really offering is a distraction from  
Inner discontent temporarily.

No one can save me.

No one can fill the emptiness.

No one can love me.

Not forever.

It all ends one way

That is an unarguable with fact, across the board.

It is sobering.

It is the reality of life, not this illusory idea of a life full of bliss

And ecstasy which a connection with God and one other is

Supposed to guarantee, as the religion of my childhood

Conditioned me to believe and strive for.

\* \* \*



## Ratha Yatra

Author: Sri

Preface: I wrote this upon awakening, walking up and down Mill St. (in Weed, CA) to feel calm and less trapped. First thing in the morning is when I feel that separation from my roots and aloneness not belonging to this religion and people.

So I am not in Los Angeles getting ready for Ratha yatra the Festival of the Chariots put on annually by the Hare Krishnas, the people of my upbringing, my former family. I won't be wrapping myself in a beautiful sari and jewelry in order to walk in the parade and show that I am a part of these people, this culture, this event. I won't be running into numerous friends who have known me since we were children together. I won't be feasting on delicious prasadam. I won't be watching performances of Indian Bharatnatyam and Odissi dance. I won't be walking down to the beach or to the local markets in Venice, California.

But can I still happy and excited where I am walking right now here in Weed, California in the mountains and the green trees? A fresh cool breeze is blowing, moving the branches and leaves of the trees much like it would be down at the beach in Venice, swaying the palm trees, creating crests on the waves of the ocean. Here there are no friends to impress or attract to me. It's just me. And that is okay.

In my dream last night, which inspired this writing, it was the day of Ratha yatra. I was all adorned for it. I was so excited. The dream ended with me crying because I was afraid I wasn't going to make it to any part of the parade. A baby, out of fear,



even while being held by its mother, was blocking the elevator doors from closing so we couldn't proceed on down. I was then lost in the city, the buildings, the streets, the scores of people. I'm amazed that I even dreamed about Ratha yatra because I have not been talking to any Hare Krishna friends online or elsewhere, who would normally be reminding me of the upcoming annual festival tomorrow. It is usually preceded the day before by our huge gurukuli reunion which I have not been able to attend in many years. So I'm tuned into something. Which gives me comfort. Does it mean that Lord Jagannatha is calling to me to come back? Or is it that He is a symbol of something that meant safety to me and whatever that energy is is calling me to let me know that even though I'm not at the temple doing the rituals and living the devotional, religious life I'm still very much in God's radar.

The same cool breeze that forever etched in my memory grooves of my brain good feelings and sensation when I was a child and growing up within the excitement of the movement the Hare Krishna movement, with all of its festivals and daily dancing and singing and feasting, that same breeze is blowing here. That sensation is here now without having to be around people that are watching me all the time, possibly judging me, making me exhausted emotionally physically spiritually. I can just be here dressed in sweats and a t-shirt walking anyway I want and still feel like I am part of something where God (a loving and protective presence) is aware of me.

\* \* \*



## Holy Smokes- Movie Review

Author: Sri

Holy Smoke Is a 1999 movie starring Kate Winslet as Ruth and Harvey Keitel as a cult exit counselor/ deprogrammer. It is directed by New Zealand filmmaker Jane Campion and filmed in India and Australia. This is not going to be the traditional movie review as I'm also going to share how it made me feel. Being raised in a religion from India here in United States I recognized, almost nostalgically, the sari wearing and the chanting (although they used a Buddhist chant "om mani padme ham," whereas the Maha mantra we chanted was Hare Krsna and numerous other Sanskrit and Bengali songs, bhajans, verses, shlokas, prayers.)

The part in the movie that was really different from my reality and always irks me when people talk about religions from India is the so-called high, like a psychedelic drug high, when a spiritual insight or awakening that was shown to take place in Ruth. First off, the religion in which I was raised and most traditional religions from India are highly against the use of intoxicants and stimulants. I would say any spiritual bliss that is promised or experienced is simply from group enthusiasm at the concept of connecting to God. And it is quite commonly known that religious fervor can be a drug in itself. I can't say how many former users of meth I've met who are now so high from being Christians and how they hold on to that! Karl Marx's famous words about religion being the opium of the people has much truth to it.



People gave up so much, wealth, family, friends, material positions to become devotees in the Hare Krsna movement. And I and my childhood friends were indoctrinated very strongly with the precepts of the religion, we are not these bodies, we are fallen from the spiritual world due to envy of God and are here to suffer in this prison and that suffering can be relieved by realizing our eternal positions as servants of God (Krsna). This world and any happiness in it is all illusion. Chanting God's names will bring all good and some even promise an ecstatic feeling from it. I never felt that. It was used as a punishment and it was a drudgery. I was 7 years old. I wanted to be outside playing. But the festivals we had with singing and dancing, the music and instruments from India, the plays, the feasting, getting to get dressed up so beautifully, that was fun as heck. It was party time. But no artificial stimulants were ever used.

So in the movie Ruth's mom is asking if she's been drugged. There is a strange trippy scene after she's been touched by the guru. I've never done drugs but assume that's what is being implied. When people seem so happy and have shed conventional societal norms, brainwashing/mind control and drug use are suspected.

When the deprogrammer/cult exit counselor (P.J.-Harvey Keitel) enters the movie I started to panic. I was about 8 years old when I was first told about the deprogrammers. We were threatened with them. They were the boogie monster. We were told that they would kidnap us and actually my best friend was kidnapped when we were eight years old right in front of me, the kidnappers maced my teacher in the face



while she was trying to grab my friend back. I never saw that friend again until we were adults. The kidnappers, we were told, would torture us to undo the brainwashing that had been done to us. So I was always afraid of being kidnapped, as I didn't have parents in the movement and maybe they wanted me back? But I was told that if I showed any sadness or attachment towards my parents that God or Krishna would kick me away and then I would be prey to kidnappers. Thus whenever the harinam or singing and dancing in public happened I always tried to hide behind other devotees.

I panicked while watching the movie because that brought back memories and then I had the fear that the movie was going to show that the deprogrammers won, that they were the heroes in the movie. So I was feeling defensive towards the religion in the movie and the one in my life. But I kept watching.

In the end, he's begging to go be in the religion with her in India.

\* \* \*

## **Confusion**

Author: Catherine

I feel so angry. I know I'm grieving a loss and I'm dealing with contact from an Estranged parent but it's eating me alive.

I feel like I'm drowning.

My relationships are suffering, I'm dissociating and not feeling pain again.

I talk and talk and clean until my nails crack but honestly,



At the end of the day I'm just seething.  
Seething pain and hatred for a mother  
That could just abandon me so many times in my life  
And just think she can pick me up anytime she wants?  
How am I not supposed to be stuck in a trauma that won't  
stop?!

No matter what she always finds an outlet to reach me.  
Her husband left so we can have a relationship again?  
If I haven't been good enough the last 32 years of my life  
Why all of a sudden am I needed for support?  
It's infuriating. It's distracting. It's reverting.

\* \* \*

### **Struggling for air**

Author: Catherine

Sitting here alone day after day I feel myself retreat within  
myself more.

I tell myself it's just a phase, But the hours just get longer.  
Darkness creeps into my thoughts like dark shadow that's  
been cast upon and I can't escape.

Hope is but a faint glimmer.

I had you for a moment, like a shallow breath of air.

I struggle for air like I struggle for hope, How I would love to  
laugh without sobbing.

I plaster on a smile for my kids but they see through my  
facade, they hold me and comfort me giving momma love.

Again I feel hope but only a second.

Ripped away by the feeling of worthlessness that I can't give  
them the childhood they deserve.



How do I escape my demons before they destroy me? Will I ever figure it out?

I can't even hide my anxiety, it's like a neon sign across my whole body covered in stress rashes and eczema.... My hands are in a constant tremor.

I feel like I'm just waiting for the never ending days to suffocate me as I struggle for air.

\* \* \*

## **Fear**

Author: Catherine

I've lost so many people over the span of my life that I'm afraid it's just numbed me to feeling anything. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'll get little moments or brief seconds but nothing that really lasts. It's always as soon as my laugh starts to fade and my eyes relax that a black ooouz kind of creeps over my being again. Clouding my heart chakra.

As a child I was never really in one place, I was just with whoever would take care of me or could take me for my parents until one of them was capable. Then we'd be with them for a few months and dropped off at another relative's house, so on and so forth. The sad thing is I never knew one day from the next who was picking me up or where I was going. I guess Ding Ding Ding that's where my anxiety started to kick in.

Or maybe my anxiety started kicking in when my dad pointed a shotgun barrel down at my face when I was 4? Or maybe when he flung me across the room for offering him my





chocolate milk that same year. I remember so many horrific nights just running and hiding in my closet and holding my sister's head in my lap telling her everything would be okay. My mom would come and find us covered in blood and take us somewhere safe for a few weeks. But we'd always go back. Maybe my panic attacks started when someone pulled up next to us, shot my dad in the leg with me in the back seat, and I had to drive us home from there. I have lived through so many drug raids and horrific scenes that it's no wonder I feel numb constantly.

I want to move on, I want to let go, I want to feel joy. But all I feel is nothing. Unless it's fear.

\* \* \*

## Trauma

Author: Catherine

Every day that I wake up is a struggle. A struggle to keep my breath steady. My hands from trembling, my voice from raising.

Everyday I am defending myself just to be okay. Something that is hard for a lot of people to grasp is I have no support system. No one to fall on but myself when my knees are trembling and my breath is catching and my mind is telling me it's done. There's no home base, no one to hug me. No one to call. I have to wait for Monday Wednesday Friday during business hours and hope to God that someone that gets paid to care can call me back.



Recently I have not been able to give freely to those that have always needed me and that has left me isolated. When I moved up here I was recovering from a recent trauma with my father trying to kill me (again) undoing years of therapy that I had already done. When I moved here I lived in a house with my ex and his wife for three months and then moved into a house with my daughters and tried to rebuild a life. It was there in that house living alone and trying to understand how my dad could do that to me again as I was a grown adult in front of my children that my depression really got worse.

I live in a really small community where if you're an outsider you really don't belong unless they like you. Thankfully, when I'm bubbly it's hard not to like me, but my personality has been so drained lately. When I go to work, I am constantly defending my health and mental illness and it just makes me that much closer to "being done" every day. I'm berated daily and looked down upon and talked about. The saving grace is that they need me, they need my manic episodes and my work ethic. But heaven forbid if my stomach pains are severe I've been throwing up all morning. What do you do when no one listens to how much pain you are in physically and emotionally? Are they tied together? Do I need a fuzzy sock vacation? Is it all just in my head? All I know is that I'm done. I'm done being discounted. I'm done being disrespected. I'm done being not listened to.

\* \* \*



## True Story

Author: Dee

\*This is a true story. I am giving background information. Names have been changed to protect the boy's privacy and others.

One day a man named George got custody of his 2-year-old boy named Billy. Billy's mom left him alone to care for a baby when Billy was 2 child protective services removed Billy from his mother's Michelle's custody. George's family kind of forced George to take his son Billy and raise him. George lived his life just scraping by but once he got Billy, we went to raising him on public assistance. George was not able to read, and he could barely write.

We moved in next door to George and Billy when Billy was about six years old. Billy was in school and was not doing well since George was not able to help Billy with his schoolwork when he was in second grade.

By the time Billy went into the third grade George had a girlfriend named Sarah, and her mother named Lisa moved in with them (this was before Billy left second grade). Billy was acting out due to the fact his life was turned upside down since it was just him and George for a long time. Billy ended up having to share a room with Lisa since there was not much



room where they were living. Sarah did do some good next door as she forced George to get and keep a job. Sarah and Lisa stayed with George and Billy until Billy was almost out of third grade.

Billy went into the fourth grade and my son named Chris and I were watching Billy. We were making sure that Billy had clean clothes, he had showers, he was fed, he did his schoolwork. When Billy needed things for football, my son and I bought what Billy needed. George went to two of Billy's football games. One of which he slept through the other all George did was talk on his phone. Billy was playing football that year so most of his games were out of state. My son and I took Billy to all his games. Billy's team went to what would be considered the Super Bowl for kids. Chris and I took Billy to his super bowl paid for gas, food, and hotel for the weekend of the kid's super bowl.

After Sarah and Lisa left, George kept working and moved another woman named Sally into the house. The only thing is that she did not want to be responsible for George's son Billy.

During this time George and Sally were drinking very heavily. Billy would come next door and hang out play game and watch tv during this time. At some point George and Sally started using drugs and George lost his job. Chris and I kept



taking care of Billy. George lost his place next door to us. George moved in with another woman and then he and Billy stayed in a small travel trailer. Chris and I were still caring for Billy. Billy finished the fourth grade. The summer happened and George once again didn't have a place to live. Billy was staying with Chris and me.

Billy's great aunt and cousin called and asked if Billy could spend the fourth of July weekend with them. Billy's great aunt and cousin informed me that they were going to keep Billy instead of sending him back to Chris and me.

For the next two years Billy had been with 2 different family members for a few months at a time. The last family member that had Billy only kept him for 19 months.

Until a week ago this family member sent me a message asking if Chris and I would take Billy. Billy's family member had other family issues that she was dealing with and caring for Billy was harming her mental health. I told Billy's family member that if we take Billy, it would not be where his is with us for a month or two and then they want him back with them. I informed them that if we have Billy, it would be until either until his father George gets his shit together and can properly care for Billy or Billy turns 18.



Chris and I talked about having Billy again. We decided to take Billy since we didn't want to see him in the foster care system. So now Chris and I are working on guardianship of Billy. Chris and I have decided to take care of Billy. Billy seems to be adjusting well. Billy does have a wonderful group of people to help with his homework and help pay for some of the activities that he may want to do. Billy is happy here. He told us that he didn't want to leave 2 years ago when his great aunt took him to live with her.

Having Billy back will mean stability for Billy, routine for him and a supportive family, love, and compassion. Billy will start going to mental health so that way he can talk to someone about any feelings he may have of being left by both of his parents. How he felt about being bounced around from family member to family member.

\* \* \*

## **Reflections on the past**

Author: Dee

### Part 1

My mother (Karen) met my father (Mervin) in school. My mother was not a popular child in school; she was born with a physical disability. My father was one of the school's "bad boys." My parents met through my father's younger sister Anita, who is the same age as my mother.



My mother got pregnant with me one of the times my father came to visit her from the Vietnam war. There was a party and I was conceived in one of the bedrooms. My father left to finish his time in Vietnam. He came home and was dishonorably discharged from the Army. A few months after he came home, I was born. I grew up with my parents during my infancy and my toddler years as well.

One of my memories of my early childhood was when I was 2 years old and we went to visit my grandfather David and his girlfriend Peggy. While we were visiting, my parents, grandfather and Peggy started drinking. They were sitting at the kitchen table. When someone finished the drink, grandfather got up to refill their drink. I walked up to the table, grabbed grandfather's drink and emptied his glass. He would get mad at Peggy because he thought she was drinking his drink when he had walked away from the table. This happened a few times before my parents finally got my grandfather to watch what was happening. He saw that I was drinking his drink. When we got ready to leave his house, I would take a few steps and fall on my face. I would get up and do it all over again...

## Part 2

I was about 3 years old when my father wanted to get someone a fur coat of Christmas and did not have the money to buy the coat. He broke into the store with me. When the police came, they let him go because I was with him. Not sure what story he told them to not go to jail.



The next thing that I remember was when I was about 3 years old and in preschool. I happened to be the only white child in an all African American school. My grandmother Emma (father's mother) was not happy about this and told my parents to get her granddaughter out of that "porch monkeys" school.

The next few memories that I have are from when I was 4 years old. These are the ones that I remember. They may not be in the correct order in which they really happened.

The first memory from that year is when my grandmother Emma took me to Washington for a week so that I could see where my father was born. During this trip, I just wanted to go home so I could take care of my father. I was so much a daddy's girl at the time. So, in-between the time I went to bed and when grandmother came to bed, grandmother said I was all over the bed and even tried to kick her out of bed many times...

### Part 3

Another memory from that same year was when I was sent outside to play. I always had to play by myself since I was an only child. So while playing, I saw an old dining room chair that had a broken seat on it. I somehow managed to take the broken seat off by playing on it. Then I started to jump through the chair with no seat on it. This chair had a couple of metal brackets to hold the screws for the seat. While jumping through the chair, my leg hit the bracket and was sliced open. I screamed in pain and my parents came running out of the house. My mother grabbed a kitchen towel to apply pressure on the wound. My father had my mother and I get into the car. He drove to the hospital like a mad man on a mission. I





remember him running red lights, and he was laying on his horn while going through intersections. The entire time that we were going to the hospital the only concern that I had was that I was getting blood all over my white bobby socks. When we arrived at the hospital, I was taken into the emergency room. My father blocked my view of what the doctors were doing. My mother was at my head, having me recite as many nursery rhymes to all the nurses who were in the room. I impressed the nurses with all the nursery rhymes that I know. It took the doctor 13 stitches for my leg and one of those stitches was close to an artery I had nicked.

The next memory I have is of when my great grandfather Lilienthal (mother's grandfather) passed away. I don't remember much about the man. I do remember when we went to his house, it always smelled of boiled liver and whiskey of some sort. I also remember that he always had candy corn and some kind of soft dog food for his dog Alfie. After my great grandfather passed, Alfie came to live with my mother and me.

I remember when my older cousin Michael was going to the first grade and I wanted to go with him but was obviously not able to go. This is the same year I got chicken pox just before my mother was to start college.

That year, I was in the hospital to have my tonsils and adenoids removed. I wanted to take my favorite blanket but my parents would not let me due to the fact that there was a large hole in the middle. They allowed me to take my bean bag doll. My grandfather David's girlfriend Peggy gave me this doll and I named the doll after Peggy. My parents promised to



buy me a new Winnie the Pooh blanket after I was released from the hospital. They kept their promise, took me to Sears and bought me that new blanket.

\* \* \*

## Many faces

Author: Ms H

I may have just one face  
but deep inside there's many.  
I live inside a world  
that nobody gets hurt.  
I live inside a world  
where love is all we feel.

The world outside is bad.  
It's made of hate,  
and lord,  
it's rotten to the core,  
where people hurt others,  
and people seem to not care,  
and hate is everywhere.

Inside my world,  
there is no hate, there is no killing,  
there is no rape, there is no bad.  
Only love is in my world,  
and that is how it should be.

In everybody's world.

\* \* \*



## Loneliness

Author: Ms H

Loneliness, it takes a toll  
Making mountains that seem to grow  
Everyday I feel alone, sad and lonely  
All alone  
Someday, when I grow old  
And look back on the lonely hole  
That I buried myself in,  
Because of all the hurt within

I sooner be all alone.

That way I am safe within myself  
That I will never be a little part of me  
That will always be lonely

\* \* \*

## Letter to my daughter

Author: Grace d'Shasta

Beloved daughter,

If I told you that in three months, close to your birthday, a life awaits that you've always dreamed of since you were very little...do you think you are ready for it? A partner who has all the desired traits and you fit like a hand in glove? He is already living in the home of your dreams. His family is the most kind, loving group who deeply care for each other. There is an energy that bonds them, which could be described as "other worldly." There is peace, abundance, sacred bond, fun,



laughter and deep belonging. Children respect their elders and elders are wise in giving guidance, which is delivered with love so as to not take away the free will experiences of their children. There is an unspoken deeper knowing in the hearts of this group that they are to learn from each other to become better. There is peace in their existence. They have all they need to exist on earth. They love each other and look up to one another. Everyone is equal. There are flowers, trees, birds, and animals around their homes...a picture perfect heaven descended upon earth.

After knowing this, do you see yourself meeting this man who lives likes this? How do you meet him? Where do you meet him? How do you interact with his family? How is his mother? His father? Does he have siblings? Can you see yourself in a relationship with him? And with his family? Now that you have met him, he doesn't want to wait longer than 3-4 months to marry you because he knows you are both meant to be together. He already has my blessings. Your brother, your father and the rest of your family adore him. We are all the happiest. He is a rare find. I can't find, feel or sense any flaws in him. The decision is yours.

So, by next spring, in the month of April, do you see yourself in a marriage? Where all of your wishes come true. Do you see yourself in a wedding dress? Surrounded by family and all those who love and cherish you in a room where you can see him in his wedding attire. There is so much love that our hearts are overflowing to bless this union. Everyone is so happy to be there and to witness this truly epic union of two



people who love, cherish, and adore each other. The families are also a match made in heaven.

If you can't see what I am seeing for you, sit with yourself and your blockages. Where in your life you have put obstacles to not experience this, which you hold deep in your heart? If you are not making room for this to happen within a few months, what are you waiting for? Time is of essence, yet time is an artificial construct of being here on earth. Can you be ready in April for this?

After our meeting yesterday, I noticed so many contradictions in your thoughts, actions and words. If you do not steer yourself in the direction which you hold as a dream close to your heart, it will remain a dream. You blame me for all the things that are not going for you. When will you shut down that narrative? False stories, projections, where you hold me responsible and turn it around against me. Why can't you take full responsibility that you are here mostly due to all the decisions YOU have made to get here. Now that you are here, how long do you want to hold on to the story in your head? I will tell you up front, the story is not 100% true. You hold a false narrative and are attached to it so much so that if you were given blessings to fulfill your wishes, you won't be able to receive this gift.

You can think all you want, but a particle will remain a particle until it is given momentum/action to become a wave. Are you willing to bring your thought train to a full stop while releasing all the negativity of the past? What you call "trauma" is an unpleasant experience. You needed to appreciate love, and give gratitude for all good things in life. If you start braking



now, it may take a few minutes to stop your "train of thought." Don't wait to meet your "perfect life" and then make changes to fully enjoy it. Given the stories you tell yourself, you may miss that train which takes you to that destination. What changes do you need to make now to get to that what I describe above? What do you need to let go?

Sit down today (not tomorrow or next month) and make a list of things you need to change. Then let go and start releasing it all. Become aware of invisible hooks that emotionally charge you negatively. Start a new story to allow creation of your dreams. The longer you wait, the longer it will take you to get there. Why wait for goodness?

As far as I am concerned, forgive me for my shortcomings. I wasn't given instructions to be a good mother. I was providing shelter, food and protection - basic needs for my family. We learn each time we find obstacles on our path. I was always there despite getting little sleep, rest or calmness. Families are put together by God to learn from each other and love one another. I am not perfect. I have made mistakes in the past and I will also continue in the future. I am learning as we walk together on this path.

Families are God's gift on this journey. They need to be taken care of, like the most exquisite plant which blooms only a couple of times. But the flower is the breathtakingly beautiful that one never forgets the beauty it holds. A mother-child relationship is the most sacred, pure relationship which is truly blessed by our Creator. Mothers hold that special "spark" from God, as they are blessed to hold God's creation in their



bodies to bring life on this Earth. I cherish you. I adore you. I bless you for all that your heart's desires be fulfilled. I know you have to let go and let in and I trust with all of my heart you can. I will await excitedly for that moment when I see you there...I am more excited to meet my son and grandchildren...

In love with you and always will be,

\* \* \*

### **Late night ramblings**

Author: Deb

The opposite of love is indifference.

I feel angry, cruel and vicious  
But that's not really me, I'm drunk  
I don't dare text my children  
To tell them how I really fell.

Their indifference will kill you.

I called my family and they were busy  
I have to stop drinking for them to speak to me  
But how do they even know what I do?  
So when I reach out and they don't respond  
I think, what is it?

The opposite of love is indifference.

What on earth have I done  
To make them not



love me?

I can't comprehend it  
I have been a good mother.

Their indifference is rubbing off of me,  
one drink at a time.

\* \* \*

## **Knittia**

Author: Mimi Bear

Knittia got drunk on a daily basis. Every morning she came to and said, "I'm not going to drink again today." Every afternoon by 5 pm Knittia was counting the lines in the sidewalk as she walked to the liquor store, absolutely bewildered that she was going to do it yet again. Her life had become extremely small, lonely, and hopeless. Knittia was dying of the disease of alcoholism. Dinah, a big old Rottweiler, had become Knittia's only friend. One day Dinah said to her "if your life is so miserable, why not see if getting sober might help?" Knittia couldn't imagine life without alcohol, the thought terrified her, but the thought of continuing on this way was terrifying too. She told herself, "I have to do something to get out of this hell." She had a moment of clarity and got help.

Knittia threw herself into sobriety. She didn't know her brain was foggy until it started to clear. Knittia learned that she needed to unravel herself at a core level, and so she began to do that. Once unraveled, she began to remake herself, she





began to knit together a new self. The thing was, because she didn't have a pattern to follow she had to knit part of her new self, stuff it to see what she'd created, and then if that wasn't what she was looking for, un-stuff herself, unravel her work, ask Sweet Spirit for direction, and start again. After a few years of working hard, making and remaking herself, her hair began to turn bright colors. Every day she'd wake up and a new color would appear. Knittia learned that in between black and white are all the colors of the Rainbow!

\* \* \*

## Invisible Mother

Author: Invisible Mother

Hi there! I'm just another mother (living with intractable pain), underappreciated, undervalued and taken for granted... Hence, "The Invisible Mom." A little about myself... I'm dedicated an introvert, mother of 4. Oldest is my son who is a Police officer. Next is my other son who has had multiple run-ins with the law. My 3rd is my only girl- a nurse who has become a very successful nail tech. Last is my amazing twelve-year-old autistic son. I am also a grandmother of 2 beautiful granddaughters, which makes up for my having only one of my own.

I don't go out very much and my family is my life. I have no other identity. I'm invisible to the world and I don't mind it one bit. I prefer to minimize socialization because I have found that it brings unnecessary problems when I have plenty of my own to contend with. I avoid gossip, other people's problems and drama like the plague by keeping well to myself.



Do I get lonely? Absolutely!!! But it's a sacrifice I make in order to live in peace. Being an empath, I absorb others energy effortlessly, which can consume me if I let it. I get easily overstimulated. Lately, I usually leave my home to go grocery shopping, to go to Dr's appointments and for medical procedures (of which I've had several lately). A trip to town always takes me a day or two to shake off because of all the energy I absorb. It can be debilitating. That said....

I live with severe intractable pain. I rarely have a good day, and by good day I mean having a low pain day. A day where I feel like I can do all the things I want to do. Mind you I said "feel"... I don't ever get to see all my desires through. Pain that no one can seem to solve. I've been to multiple specialists. Either they are not fully honest about the cause of my debilitating pain or they are not convinced of the severity of my pain. I have been made to feel like I'm crazy. I've been told multiple times that it's depression, that it's anxiety, that it's a mental thing. One Dr. will say it's one thing and the next will say it's another. I hate being made to feel that I'm a junky/drug seeker when what I am truly seeking is relief and respite from the pain. It has gotten to the point where I have considered "unaliving" myself to escape multiple times. No one who lives in such pain should be made to go through what I have gone through, and I know I am NOT alone!

If I'm depressed, it's because no one wants to treat pain with proper pain medications (opioids/opiates) or with enough to give you quality of life. When you by pure luck find a Dr that IS willing to treat your pain, you are prescribed just enough to



Maybe help you get through a night of sleep. You have to figure out how to split your life and medications up to where you can have some sense of quality of life. Do I enjoy a productive day or do I enjoy a decent night's sleep? What can I actually do? To make matters a little more humiliating, you'll most likely be asked to sign a pain contract which in and submit yourself to regular drug tests. What if instead of 1 dose a day you find yourself needing 2 or 3 because activity could not be avoided? Whose pain is the same every day? Is yours? Whose pain stays level? Does yours? Who can live a life of doing nothing all day to spare themselves any further pain? Can you? Why are pain patients denied quality of life and judged? Why does it feel as if I (as pain patient) am punished? Pain has Got to STOP being punished!

Pain patients are made to suffer both physically and mentally. We need to stop been pawned off to specialists who are quick to offer up Excruciating shots, which run a high risk of further injury, adding further irreversible pain to the list. Painful, Shots with low success rates, have a high rate of failure and are NOT FDA approved.

I have to pick my battles carefully. After making my bed and having some coffee, I usually tidy my house up... I'm a "germaphobe" so my house is never really messy. If I'm feeling a little bold, I'll even throw in some laundry and then I go on to put together a late lunch/dinner for my family.

Please share your story with me. Let's share some laughs when we can, and tears when needed. Let's Stop Suffering in Silence and let's put our stories out there for others to see.



I'm here to be of any support I can be to my fellow pain warriors. To all who live with pain or struggle with mental health issues and find themselves feeling alone, You aren't alone. WE aren't alone. Let's lean on one another, help each other out even if just by sharing our experiences.

\* \* \*

## Wonderful coffee in a Beautiful Place

Author: Krissy

Blog Site: <https://krissymurnin.wixsite.com/website>

Just want to say first that ever since I moved to the Intermountain area over 6 years ago I longed for good coffee/espresso nearby. Burney has been the only drive up/thru coffee place nearby and that is too far to go if you don't pass thru there on your way to work. However, there is now a "Hidden Gem" in Fall River Mills, CA. It has been here at least 3+ years, but I didn't start benefitting from it until recently. A colleague and friend has been promoting this business and now I know why! Fall River Coffee Company is housed in this vary quaint little black trailer off the side of CA-299 East in Fall River Mills, nestled between the old car wash near the hardware store, across from the "Sportsman " gas station.

You walk up and smell the sweet aroma of local brewed beans from Mt. Shasta, CA. She has a cute table set up next to the coffee stand where you can sit, an impressive selection of drinks made to order, adorable decore to admire while waiting, and the most pleasant demeanor. One thing I really love about the owner is that she has a passion and mission for



supporting local business! She also sells these amazing fresh pastries from a bakery out of McCloud, CA. I can't remember the name of the bakery off the top of my head, but the pastries I won't forget, neither will my co-workers! I know for sure that one of the lemon bars is what helped one of my coworkers through her shift.

What a delightful experience. I went to order drinks (coffee and tea orders) for my work crew and try this little place out. The owner gave me the inside scoop on when her next pick up of baked goods would be, so I got first pick of the best of it the vary next morning. If you are interested or tempted to stop at her little black trailer with pretty floral accents in baskets on the side of 299 for a pick-me up, **DON'T HESITATE ONE MINUTE!**

\* \* \*

### **Lassen RV Resort: Once called it Home and would do it AGAIN**

Author: Krissy, The Frontier Nurse

Blog site: <https://krissymurnin.wixsite.com/website>

Talk about a hidden gem in the North State! I first learned about Lassen RV Resort nestled in the woods outside McArthur, CA a little over 6 years ago when my young family and I were moving to the area. We didn't have what we needed to be ready to buy right away and finding a rental in the Intermountain area is a challenge, particularly if you don't intend it to be long term.

So my husband, who is a local to the area, and I, with our new born, needed to be creative and were exploring every housing option available. What we determined to be most affordable



for the time was to borrow his grandparents 20 ft trailer and take up residence at Lassen RV Resort.

We lived there 4 months, from the time our first born was 4-8 months old, before we were able to buy our current home. The now former owners were extremely accommodating considering our circumstances. They gave us an affordable monthly rent and a premium spot at the park near the restroom and laundry facility, despite it being peak season.

They have a beautiful outdoor underground pool, accessible to the park guests and public. Their office is large, offering many convenient and desirable commodities, and the grounds are well maintained, peaceful, covered in creative spaces, and serene.

I had the pleasure of meeting the new owners a couple years ago when I popped in hoping to see the previous owners and catch up on life. I was pleasantly surprised by the unexpected encounter despite being sad to see the prior owners and friends move on.

This past weekend I was invited to revisit the resort again to go swimming with my friend and our children at the pool. My last prior visit was during the peak of the pandemic so they weren't able to offer much at the resort for a time. But things are back in full swing this season and will continue to grow.

I was so impressed with some of their improvements. They offer day passes to the pool that give you access to a variety of activities now available at the resort. They have an



awesome rock pit for the kids that's like an oversized sand box with toys (without the mess of the sand). We have plans to go back to explore the multiple trails (that have unique art displayed along them) which they've developed through the trees and scenery of the 60+ acre park.

They hosted a beer garden and BBQ on Saturday night throughout the summer season which I unfortunately missed out on by one weekend this year. The wife of the couple that owns it is extremely creative and artistic, and they are continuously looking for new ways to connect their mission of EARTH, ART AND EACHOTHER!

I love this and would highly recommend it to anyone looking for a new camping get away by RV or tent, to any local looking for an affordable day adventure, or anyone looking for their next outdoor venue for a gathering or special event. They have great covered outdoor seating too.

They do it all and are so friendly. You won't regret putting this place on your destination list. I, personally, am trying to figure out a good reason to need to spend another season of life living out of an RV from their location!

\* \* \*

## **Age of Adaline- Movie Review**

Author: Mary Nelson

The Age of Adaline. Very good movie. Well done and great acting. Story was good and kept you wondering and interested in what the outcome was going to be. Adeline was



married and had a child. Her husband was killed in a work related accident. A few years later she was driving her car and ran off the road. She landed in ice cold water which stopped her heart. Then she was struck by lightning which revived her and was brought back to life. The trauma caused her to live a rare illness in which she never aged from that day. Adeline continued to live her life but had to change her identity every decade. She continued to see her daughter whom aged and she never did. Sixty years later she got into another car wreck which stopped her heart again. They revived her with paddles. After that she went back to a normal life and started aging from that time. She gained sixty years but finally got into a relationship. From that day she lived, loved and aged.





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