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TRADITIONS REBORN

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

When The Children Of Spirit form their first nation, and their first soldiers don their earth-brown uniforms they'll bear on their left shoulder a round, darker brown patch, with a Hashon numeral one in the center, and the words surrounding it "Rally To The Drummer." Their battle flag shall be a brown pennant bearing the words "Rally To The Drummer, He Musn't Stand Alone."

This is from an old Hashon legend recorded in The Spiritist History, and also told in a late period Hymn, which follows.

DRUMMING, DRUMMING, DRUMMING!

Now, in the days of long ago,
on Hades far away,
a wicked battle raged
one dark and fearful day.
The Children Of Spirit
outnumbered and outgunned,
began to turn Their backs,
yes, they turned to run.
But one valiant drummer,
there, he held his ground,
one valiant drummer,
proud and brave and strong.
Again and again
he played the rally call,
again and again
he called them one and all.

Drummin', drummin', drummin',
though the enemy was comin',
he just kept on a drummin',
he played the rally call.
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
though bullets 'round him hummin',
he just kept on drummin'
he would not yield at all.

First one fighter joined him,
and then another came,
until a ragged line
met that enemy.
The Warlock drew them out,
they fired with his time,
again and again,
into the enemy's lines.

Drummin', drummin', drummin',
though the enemy was comin',
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
he played the steady call,
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
though bullets 'round him hummin',
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
he would not yield at all.

Through the smoke
and through the fire,
the enemy they poured,

(Cont'd Middle, Column 2, Pg. 2)



AN OPEN LETTER TO THE WORLD By; Mohammed, Who Is Called The Prophet

I, Mohammed, speak through my friend who has come from the stars, and who hears his Fathers' message to Their children.

I speak especially to the Muslims of Bosnia, but I speak also, to other Muslims throughout the world. For evil men, in their lust for power and land, have deceived them, have twisted the Teachings I have given them from Allah for their own evil purposes.

I taught you, and it is true, a warrior who gives his life honorably in battle against his peoples' enemies will win a place in Paradise and be honored by his Ancestors and glorified by Allah.

The sons of Bosnia-Hercegovina have a just cause. Their land is being stolen, their wives and daughters violated, their mothers and fathers murdered. They have a right to rise up, they have a right to take back what is theirs. They have a right to demand the surrender of those who have murdered their kin and violated their kin. But I give them dire and severe warning that they have NO RIGHT to be as their enemy. If they begin to do the same things their enemy does, then they shall lose their place in Paradise. The honor of Their Fathers shall be taken from them, and when they enter into The Land Of The Dead they shall be cast out and Allah shall not bless them, and they shall wander forever among the Children Of The Stars, never able to enter into the lands of their People, never able to share the hospitality of their Beloved, for because they have turned to evil their Beloved will know them not, for they are not Their sons.

The blood of women and children will be forever on their hands. And do not think that it can ever be washed away with water, or with prayer. For Allah is powerful and just and no evil can He bear.

Fight with honor, my children. Never surrender when your cause is just, and win Paradise. But remember Allah's Way is Truth and Justice, Fair Play and Kindness. Any who go outside of Allah's Way will know no Eternal Peace.

I condemn also, the leaders of the Arab world who have planes and tanks and guns and sit by while the lazy and cowardly leaders of Europe allow their brothers and sisters to be murdered. Their shame is as great as the shame of the conquerors. And when their Hour comes there shall be no place for them, either in any part of the Paradise of Their Fathers, for they stood by while their brothers were murdered fighting the enemy with their bare hands, while they had the means to defend them, but were too afraid to do so.

Long ago they should have told the cowards of Europe "Act now, or we will act." But they do not love their brothers and sisters, they love only their wealth, and, themselves. And for these things they give up the Glories of Paradise. How ignorant can a man be, to throw away the joys of Eternity, the Praise of his Beloved, for a soft bed, a full belly, and the pleasures of a short and worthless life.

May Allah NEVER praise men such as these.

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THE SPIRITS SPEAK

This is an interview with the mischievous Aesir God, Loki. The questions were provided by Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley. His answers were channeled through Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley.

1. Where did you originate from, and what is your family ancestry?
A. I originate from the Aesir who were the second generation of the Olympian Gods, and moved to the northwest to establish their own Dynasty. My Father was Odin, and my mother was a Giantess Queen.
2. How many shapes could you change into?
A. I could become any living thing. I could not, however, become an inanimate object.
3. Was this by actual transformation or by some sort of telepathic trick?
A. There was no trick about it. I took on the shape of whatever I wanted to become.
4. What did you look like, and how old were you at Ragnarok?
A. In my natural form I stood about 5'5", was well proportioned. I usually had a neatly clipped beard and moustache and shoulder length hair, lightly red in color, a trait I gave to many of my Irish descendants, especially the women. They also got my temperament. I was about 500 years old at Ragnarok.
5. Why did you like to play tricks on everyone?
A. Jealousy. I was always jealous of the rest of the gods.
6. How did you acquire the magical horse you brought back to Odin as a peace offering?
A. I'd rather not go into that!
7. Why did you decide to come back after a whole year?
A. I got lonesome, and missed my Father.
8. What is the truth behind the story that you swallowed the heart of your second wife who was a Giantess, and one of their evil agents, and became more evil?
A. I could absorb any body. This helped recharge my shape-changing capabilities. As to becoming more evil, this just gave me another reason to hate the gods.
9. Why did you lead the horse away from the wall construction site, anyway?
A. Because I wasn't looking forward to what Thor would do to me if I didn't solve the problem, and I thought it a way to gain my Father's praise. I was always looking for such opportunities.
10. Why did you marry again a third time, against everyone's wishes?
A. Because it was against everyone's wishes!
11. Why were your three children monsters? I've heard Hela is very beautiful.
A. I found my children quite beautiful. And you are right- Hela IS fair, by anyone's standards.
12. What is the truth about Fenrir your wolf child?
A. My children tended to take on the character-

(Cont'd Top, Next Column)

istics of the form I was in when I mated with their mother. In Fenrir's case I used the form of a great wolf, and he got some of his mother's traits besides, making him a little much, even for the gods to handle. Ha, ha!

13. What is the truth behind the woman Idhum, Keeper of the Golden Apples of Immortality?
A. She was the Aesir's physician. She also produced the rejuvenating fluid that kept them young. To make it more palatable she put it in a fruit when she distributed it to the Aesir. Natives, seeing her handing it out, carried the legend to the outside world.
14. Did the elves really sew your mouth shut?
A. Miserable rotten little-----!
15. Who were the Giants?
A. They were another group of the Olympians' descendants who moved further north of the Aesir. There were constant rivalries between the two groups over territories. There were actually three groups of Giants, depending on how cold they liked their climate, and, their size. The Southern Giants were the smallest, standing anywhere from 7- 10 feet, The Frost Giants were bigger, standing 10 - 12 feet, and The Ice Giants were the biggest of all, standing anywhere from 11 - 12 feet. There was also vast differences in temperament. The Southern Giants were rather easy going, The Frost Giants were cranky, and The Ice Giants were downright mean.
16. Why did you always desire Giantesses?
A. Because the goddesses and humans were a little small for me, especially when I became aroused, as I tended to take on a larger form. That's why I was in such favor with the Giantesses.
17. How were your people chosen to be gods of certain things?
A. Mainly because of our characteristics, and the services we provided the natives both while we were alive, and later in our spiritual forms.
18. Why were runes of eloquence engraved on Balder's tongue?
A. I never did figure out how he did that! But he'd often do it with the natives to impress them- say, "This is my judgment!" and stick out his tongue and the answer would appear there. I do not know if it was telepathic, or rather he would actually make the letters rise on his tongue. Good trick, either way! Impressive!
19. Why did you want to kill Balder?
A. Well, I didn't actually intend to kill him, it was just a prank, a joke. It just went a little too far.
20. Why didn't you want to give Balder a second chance to live?
A. Well, actually I could've cared less. I wasn't the old hag that refused to cry for him. She had a grievance against Thor for killing her sons and refused to add her tears to the potion.
21. What is the true story behind your imprisonment on the island with your son Fenrir, and, torture?

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A. Well, actually the imprisonment part is true, but not the torture. My Father Odin was not a cruel being. This was a story man made up to explain earthquakes. Kind of cute!

22. Why did you, Hela, and Fenrir want to kill the gods?

A. Well, Hela wasn't exactly fond of the idea. She liked most of the gods, especially Thor. EVERYBODY likes Thor! I could never understand why. All he'd have to say to any woman, was "Do you want to?" It just wasn't fair! Fenrir and I, however, weren't as kindly inclined towards them. We had a few scores to settle.

23. Did you and Garn, Tyr, and Heimdall destroy each other?

A. Along with a few others, besides. It took us a while to get to each other.

24. Some say Ragnarok is a prophecy about the end of Earth. Is this true?

A. No. Ragnarok is a tale of how the Aesir and the Giants destroyed each other. For the people living in the area it certainly could have been considered the end of the world! There certainly wasn't much left when we were done.

25. What do you do now in Asgard, and, is it the same as The Spirit World?

A. I serve my Father, Odin, and protect his interests, causing difficulty for those who defile his name and dishonor the blood that flows in their veins. Asgard is separate from The Spirit World- a dimension within a dimension, set aside by my Father Odin for those who honor him, and are of his blood. It is open for visitation, however, to the brave, the courageous, and the honorable.

26. Do you get along better with the other gods now?

A. Somewhat. Now that Thor lives among men, things go better for me in Asgard.

27. Why did you want this interview?

A. Well, our kinsman asked for more visitations from the Asgard, and I DO owe your people a favor, because I once interfered with you, and even aided your enemies when I did not fully understand your nature. Now that The Bearers Of Light, The Teachers Of Truth, accept my Father Odin as one of their own, and welcome him to the Alliance I thought it only good to honor my kinsman's request.

28. What do you do for entertainment in Asgard?

A. We feast, we have singers, dancers, storytellers, we have enjoyed your visits tremendously and the tales of your People, and we hope you will have time to put down our adventures or add the existing tales to your Peoples' History.

29. Do you have a message for our readers?

A. Yes. Remember my Father Odin's Way, and it will do you well, always. The greatest thing to a man is his honor. Always speak the truth, fight for what is right, and be merciful to your enemies. It is the great man that spares his foes. It is the coward that murders them. Let no innocent man's blood be on your hands.

30. Will you be available for more questions

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later?

A. If they are asked, yes. My Father, Odin bids I be His Messenger, a position of great honor. So I will be more than glad to answer any questions asked by man concerning the Aesir and Their Way.

* * *

Our November interview will be with the Spirit of movie great Cecil B. DeMille, one of the best directors in American history. Feel free to send any questions for him in anytime, and also questions for Spirits we've previously interviewed. A list of these is available from the publisher. Just send return postage.

but they met a wall
like they'd never seen before!
With rifle and with bayonet,
they turned them
right around,
Then they chased them back across
that holy,
sacred ground!

Drummin', drummin', drummin',
now the enemy was runnin',
drummin', drummin', drummin',
he played the forward roll,
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
though the bullets 'round him hummin',
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
he would not wait at all.

Now, not one foot
it waited,
Everyone did go
Across the field
and up the hill,
in a mighty wave they rolled.
The enemy's final bullet
cut the Drummer down,
but he keeps on drummin',
all the world around.

Drummin', drummin', drummin',
wherever evil's comin',
drummin', drummin', drummin',
you hear the rally call,
Drummin' drummin', drummin',
he just keeps on drummin',
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
he calls us one and all.

From mountain and from valley,
from village and from town,
you can hear us rally,
we gather all around.
Drummin', drummin', drummin',
we can hear him drummin',
drummin', drummin', drummin',
He'll never stand alone.



Where there are flowers
there always must be
a few weeds.

Not all flowers
need be beautiful
to serve
a useful purpose
in the world.
Remember this
and always look
Within before
making judgment.

IMAGINATION'S PLACE
FICTION

SLOW DANCING
By; Joel Bjorling

It was Friday night. The local Boy Scout Troup was sponsoring a "Back To School" dance at the High School gym, and I was getting ready to go. I took a bath, put on clean clothes, and made sure my hair was combed (at my mother's urging.) Mom and Dad were dropping me off at the dance, then were going to play cards with some friends. After the dance, I was to walk to their house. As I piled into our Ford LTD, I wondered if this dance was worth the bother. In fact, I really didn't enjoy dances--I wasn't a very accomplished dancer, and if I managed to generate the courage to ask a girl to dance, she'd usually wrinkle up her nose and exclaim, "Dance with you? Get real!" I usually sat on the bleachers; often singing along with the records, my eyes yearning for a pretty face with whom I could share a pleasant evening of memories.

The doors opened at 6:30 p.m.. I paid my dollar and a heavy-set, grandmotherly-type lady stamped the top of my hand "PAID," and then urged me to "Have fun!" The Gym was dark. It was filled with a dazzling array of red, blue, purple and yellow lights which were intermixed in a mind-bending, psychedelic electric rainbow. The gym was full of kids, both from the high school, and from the junior high. For a moment, I felt lost in the crowd. They were my class mates, but most walked past me in laughing conversation, and a group of girls were dancing in the center of the floor to the song "All My Loving" by the Beatles.

I sat down on the bleachers. Some junior high girls came in, wearing glossy, red lipstick and make-up (maybe for the first time in public,) with short skirts and leather boots. Their large hoop earrings bounced as they walked.

The music was loud. Ronnie Halprin was seated on the east side of the gym at a card table, near the shower entrance, manning the record player. The music was played over the gym's PA system.

As I looked about the room, I saw Jennifer Smalley enter the gym. She was with her friend Heather Look. Jennifer had long, brown hair, which reached to the middle of her back. She was wearing a red, turtle-neck top and a plaid skirt. Her red lips were luscious and inviting. How I wished I could steal a few moments with her under the moonlight. I often fantasized about walking home with her, holding hands. She lived down the street from my parent's friends. Tonight, under the full moon, would be fantastic for a moonlight walk.

"Hey, what's up?" It was my friend Steve Marshall. He sat down beside me. He noticed that I was staring at Jennifer. "Lusting after Jennifer Smalley again, huh? She likes Brad Wilcox. I think he's going to ask her to go steady."

Brad Wilcox was captain of the football team and of the basketball team. He set records for free-throws and for touch-downs. He got his picture in the paper with bold headlines every season. Photographers always caught in in action shots, leaping gracefully at the basket, placing one more ball through the hoop. Jennifer was a cheerleader. Cheerleaders wore gold sweatshirts and navy blue skirts. Jennifer had an enthusiastic smile when she led cheers. I always dreamed that she would be smiling at me.

Tommy Lufkin, a team-mate of Brad Wilcox,

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passed by me with his girlfriend Christine Wright.

"Are you going to ask Jennifer to dance?" he asked, half chuckling. "I think she wants you to ask her."

Christine raised her eyebrows at his suggestion, and she muffled her giggles with her hand.

"What about Brad Wilcox?" I asked. "I heard they were going steady."

"Nope," Tommy announced. "They broke up. So, now's your chance at Jennifer."

They walked away, laughing as they went. I didn't hear their laughter because I so much wanted Jennifer to like me. Did she want ME to dance with her? The very thought blazed through my body.

"Aw, go ask her," Steve said. "I wouldn't get my hopes up, but maybe it'll help you get her out of your system."

I stood up. I walked a few paces down the bleachers, then sat down. Was I playing the fool? Was Tommy just kidding around, or did Jennifer REALLY want to dance with me? I walked past a couple kissing passionately on the top of the bleachers, hidden by the darkness. Jennifer was dancing with Heather and several other girls. I walked a few more paces, getting closer to her. I sat down again. I looked back toward Steve. He had gone to the refreshment table for a Pepsi. Tommy and Christine were dancing.

The song stopped. Jennifer and her friends quit dancing and started toward where I was sitting. Could Jennifer be coming to see me, I wondered? My heart started pounding. Ronnie put on a slow dance. It was Johnny Rivers singing "Poor Side Of Town." I got up and walked toward Jennifer, who was now alone because her friends had gone for refreshments.

"Hi," I said.

"What do you want?" she asked, coolly.

"I was wondering if you'd like to dance."

"I don't dance with nerds. Besides, I'm going steady with Brad Wilcox. He's meeting me here after football practice. Go away, you're embarrassing me--before my friends get back."

I walked away, not even looking at her. I felt like I was hemorrhaging inside, as if my life was draining from a deep, inner wound. Jennifer was so beautiful, but she made me feel so ugly, like I was nothing.

As I returned to the bleachers, a girl was sitting there who I had not seen before. She wore glasses and had long, dark hair that reached to her shoulders. There was a large red ribbon in her hair. She was wearing a blue print dress, which reached below her knees. Her face was plain, and she smiled as I walked by.

"Hi," she said. "Nice dance."

"Hi," I answered. I often stammered when I talked to girls, but I felt very comfortable with her, not nervous or tense as I did around Jennifer.

"My name's Atisha. I'm new here. My parents just moved in from Bloomington."

I introduced myself. I found that we were both in the eighth grade; that we both had Mr. Taggart for English (her in the morning and me in the afternoon,) and we both hated his jokes. She liked Science, and I said that I liked History best. Atisha said that she had signed up for Art class. At her other school, she had won first prize in an Art contest. She liked watercolors and making handicrafts.

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We talked and laughed and were unaware of the passage of time. She had a small, round face, and a tiny nose. I loved the way her hair curled at her ears. Her smile never seemed to fade, and it punctuated her every word. Her eyes sparkled.

Ronnie Halprin announced the last dance. It was a song called "Touch Me With Your Love." It was my favorite song, and I could tell that Atisha liked it, too.

"Do you want to dance?" I asked.

"Sure," she answered, taking my hand.

"Touch Me With Your Love" was a soft, rhythmic melody. I held Atisha close, and I felt her arms hugging tightly around my waist. She laid her head on my shoulder, and her hair gently touched my cheek. As the music played, it was only us in the room. I forgot Jennifer Smalley's cold rejection, and Tommy Lufkin's cruel joke. Atisha clung to me, and I clung to her. I had dreamed of this moment all my life. I was afraid that I may wake up and it'd be all over.

The song ended. We left the gym together, holding hands as we walked. Atisha pointed out the stars, the Big and Little Dipper, Orion, and the North Star. She said her Dad had a big telescope, and they spent long hours looking at the heavens. The town was quiet. We walked past dark storefronts. Across the street, a few late-night shoppers carried bags of groceries from the local supermarket.

"I'd love to be an astronaut," she said, gazing at the sky. They say there are millions of stars up there. Each one is like a new world."

We got to her house. It was on Mill Street, a couple blocks from where my parents were playing cards.

"I had a great time," she said. "I really enjoyed meeting you."

"Me, too," I said. With Atisha I felt I could say anything that I could be totally honest. "I've never met anyone like you, Atisha. A lot of girls won't even talk to me, but you DO. It makes me feel good."

"Those girls haven't seen you as you really are," she said. "They don't see the beauty that is in your heart."

In the sky, there were some flashes of lightning on the horizon.

"Looks like it might rain," I said. "See you at school?"

I kissed her lightly on the lips as we said "good-night."

I didn't see Atisha at school that Monday. I had hoped to sit with her in the cafeteria at lunchtime, but I didn't see her anywhere. That afternoon, Steve Marshall came home with me after school.

"Did you boys enjoy the dance?" my mother asked.

"Did you tell her about Atisha?" he asked me ribbingly.

"Who's Atisha?" My mother was curious.

"She's a girl I met at the dance," I said.

"They even danced together," Steve informed her.

"Does she live in town?" mother asked.

"She lives on Mill Street," I said. "Her parents just moved here from Bloomington."

"I don't know any new families on Mill Street." Mother sold real estate and was secretary of the PTA. She knew all the families that moved to town. "What is her last name?"

"Wyatt," I said. "Atisha Wyatt."

"You know, that name sounds familiar," she

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said, "but I can't place it. It'll come to me. Now, you boys go and play. I have to get supper ready."

I still didn't see Atisha at school. Had she moved again? Was she sick? Why wasn't she at school? I looked all over for her. I asked around, but nobody knew of her.

I checked the newspaper and saw that "Invaders From Outer Space" was playing at the local theater. I wanted to ask Atisha. I had not gotten her phone number, and I couldn't find her parents' name in the phone book; as a matter of fact, there were no Wyatts listed at all.

I was doing my homework, and Mother came into the room.

"Did you say your little girlfriend's name is ATISHA WYATT?"

"Yes."

"That's strange. I was talking to Gladys Holcomb at work, and she said that there was a Wyatt family that lived here a couple years ago. They lived on Mill Street."

"So, what's strange about that?" I asked.

"Well, what's strange is, Gladys said they had a daughter, but she was hit by a car and killed. She was their only daughter. They moved away after her death."

"But it can't be Atisha!" I exclaimed. "She can't be dead. I saw her at the dance. I swear it!"

"Well, Gladys may be mistaken. She's such a busybody. I think she starts most of the rumors she repeats."

I had a sinking feeling in my stomach. Atisha was probably the first close friend I ever had. I wanted to see her, to prove that Mrs. Holcomb was wrong. I told myself that Atisha must be sick. Those who are sick get better, right? I had to know if I'd ever see Atisha again.

The next day after school, I went to the cemetery. I don't even remember walking there, and it was a good mile from school. All I remember is walking through the cemetery gate, into the new section of the cemetery. I walked amidst the graves, passing by familiar names, past statues of lambs, war veterans, crosses, and praying hands. Then I came to a small white stone. My mouth went dry. I felt as if someone had smacked me in the chest with an iron mallet. On it was written "Atisha Wyatt, Born May 4, 1950, Died September 10, 1964." I knelt beside the stone and wept.

Suddenly I knew that I was not alone. I stood up, and Atisha was standing next to me. She was wearing the same blue print dress and the same red bow in her hair as at the dance. She was staring down at her tombstone.

"I never liked dances, either," she said, not looking up. "The boys thought I was fat, and they never asked girls with glasses to dance. Then one day Todd Dunham asked me to the dance after a football game on Friday night. I couldn't believe that he'd ask me--fat, ugly Atisha--to be his date. I was SO nervous. My Mom made me this dress. She was always making dresses, usually out of old rags or cloth. I really loved this dress, and I hoped that Todd would be pleased with it."

She turned and looked at me, and tears began to flow down her cheeks.

"Todd wanted me to meet him at the dance. I sat there on the bleachers, waiting for him, feeling so lucky that he even NOTICED me, and

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that he may want ME to be his girlfriend. I watched the kids as they came in. Todd was late. Oh, they were probably playing overtime, I thought. He'll be here. HE HAD TO BE HERE. I waited and waited. Finally, after about an hour, I saw Todd come into the gym, only he had Lisa Howell with him. She was the head cheerleader. They were arm-in-arm."

Atisha covered her face with her hands, re-living her pain.

"I really thought he liked me," she wept. "He and Lisa walked by me. He said, 'Hey, squirt! Oh, did we have a date? These women just can't keep their hands off me! See you around!'"

I wanted to scream at him. How could he do this to me? We had a date! I couldn't say anything. I was so embarrassed....so humiliated! I ran out of the gym as fast as I could. I ran through the parking lot and started across the street. I didn't see the car coming. The driver screeched the brakes, but he could not stop. He hit me and I was killed."

She stood silently beside me. I put my arm across her back, and she drew close to me. Her body was warm and solid. So alive.

"You were so nice to me," she said. "I knew you were alone, too."

"Will I ever see you again?" I asked.

Atisha shook her head. "Maybe our loneliness brought us together. I loved dancing with you. I always wanted someone to dance with me."

"Atisha, I wish I could be with you forever."

She smiled meekly. "My life is over. There's a girl who needs the love that you can give her. she's waiting for you."

"Can we dance? One more time?"

"Sure," she beamed. I put my arms around her neck, and she put hers around my waist. And we danced, right there in the cemetery. The music was not from a record player, but it was the rhythm of two souls harmonizing together.

"I'd love to have been your girlfriend," she said.

We continued dancing until evening fell. As I walked home, I looked up at the stars, and I knew that she was smiling down at me.

THE END

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BOOK & MUSIC REVIEWS

By; Rev. Speaker Linda J. Polley

LUCAS & COMPANY By; Nancy Northrop, From; LNR Publications, P.O. Box 3305, Windsor Locks, CT 06096. Phone- (203) 627-6553. \$3.95. Soft cover. ISBN 0-9627894.

A fascinating little book for children which channels through the author the story of Nature Spirits on her farm, how she met them, and how they help things grow. Unique illustrations add to the understanding of The Spirit World. This is the perfect book for all ages interested in the metaphysical. Easy to understand, and FUN! Highly recommended.

ANOTHER WORLD- Contemporary audio tape from; Evergreen Music, P.O. Box 862, Islington, MA 02090. Phone (617) 320-9542. Write for price and other tapes available.

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OF A LIKE MIND- AN INTERNATIONAL NETWORK OF SPIRITUAL WOMEN- Dedicated to bringing together women following positive paths through this women's spiritual newspaper and network. One year subscription \$13-\$33 (sliding scale based on how much you wish to contribute). Sample copy, \$4. Please make checks payable (US funds only, please,) to OALM, BOX 6021, Madison, WI 53716.

THE STAR CONNECTION NEWSLETTER P.O. Box 547, Miami, AZ 85539. Phone- 1 (602) 425-4109. A wonderful collection of articles on ghosts, UFOs and the unexplained. Reincarnation is also included. Write for more info.

WE ARE SORRY TO HEAR THAT JOHN KURLUK WILL NO LONGER BE OFFERING HIS WONDERFUL "THE SILVER SPIRIT AUDIO LETTER", But wish him all success in his new career as film director. May he continue to be blessed for his good works!

Also we have heard THE RAVEN'S CRY TEMPLE and Newsletter have shut down. Another great loss for the metaphysical community. Bright blessings to them and Blessed Be!