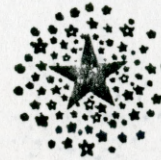


Music of the Winds  
Wildwood Refuge News  
Summer Edition-1993



Venus rises to dominate the dawn, and each night will change in appearance during the month of June, from a crescent to a half, then almost full. June 16 shows the crescent moon close by-- a pretty sight, while Saturn, with its slightly tilted 33' thick rings moves into the early daybreak sky. Remember, as above, so below, and within. From stone to star, we are related to all.

Star Lady has journeyed to the spirit world, giving up the battle for continued physical life on a Friday nite in May, at 5:58 P.M. It was swift, and in one deep breath she was gone. My arms cradled her, and she clung to my finger, with her small paw, until life ebbed in one last outward flow. She lived her life with grace, and a purr. She died the same way. My little rainbow warrior, battled feline aids, as did friend Carol's little "Billy"--an adorable tabby, who departed his earth scene in June.

Neither wished to depart, and both are missed. I still hear, and feel Star Lady's presence in the quiet hours after midnite. She was the only feline at Wildwood that enjoyed "holding hands".

Cats are great emotional buffers. They are balancers, perching lightly between the doorway to other worlds, and this world. Their eyes (with the elliptical shape) see, and feel things that only a few mortals can fathom. Their perception is keen. Don't ignore their warnings if they occur.

There will be memorials held worldwide on June 19 for Sun Bear, the visionary, who contributed much in his sojourn on earth. A good time to remember other departed friends as well.

The Great Spirit gives us life. It is his/her gift to us. What we do with that life is our gift to the Great Spirit.

I have recently parted with two friends. One lived in my county, yet was well traveled, and educated in the literal sense. One lived in another state, and was self educated, traveling only recently. One attained a position of wealth, and prestige. One did not. One died a quiet death after a lengthy illness. One died a violent slow death. Both suffered the trials of general living, although in different ways. Both contributed to the world around them. One was a southern Lady in every sense of the word. One was a native american Holy man. Mary Elenore, and Black Shining Eagle.

Each new dawn begins a completely new day. Nothing ever remains the same. So, begin each new dawn of your life in grace and beauty.

I am now awakened each morn by mockingbird song. This vocalist sits in the walnut tree outside my window, and serenades until I arise to open the shade, and say "thanks". He is a father now--proud of the role--proud of life--proud of the moment of "Now", in which he lives. If only people would pay more attention to nature. She has all the answers we could possibly desire. Yet, it is too simple for the left brain social structure. Society shuns the dreamer, and idolizes those that possess money, and misused power.