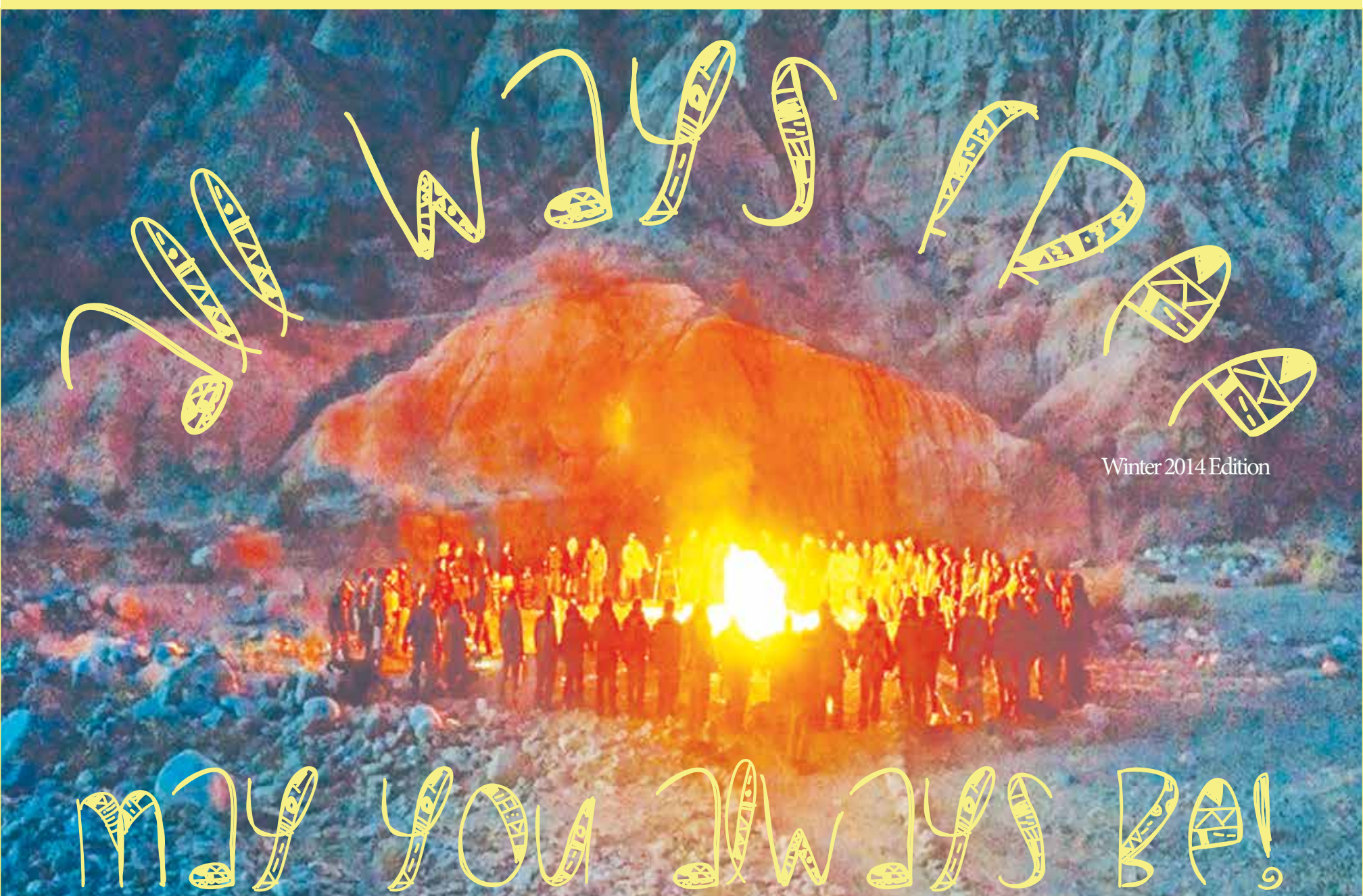


" ~ Only Through Love " song written by Spring Blossom ~ In 10,000 lifetimes does a love come along to last us forever and keep our souls strong I have searched this whole life through, I never imagined that I would find you ~ I'm thankful to know you and the beauty we share where the ~ Goddess surrounds us and the joy's in the air ~ Now that I have you here by my side, we'll roll with the wind, we'll turn with the tides ~ You and I were meant to be and healing is our destiny ~



Winter 2014 Edition

One day soon, they ALL shall see, that only through love, can we be free ~ Teaching our children through thought word and deed to honor the power and the hour of need ~ The leaders, the builders, and the heroes of old, reviving the Earth as the stories foretold ~ You and I were meant to be and healing is our destiny ~ One day soon, they ALL shall see, that only through love, can we be free ~ You and I were meant to be and healing is our destiny ~ One day soon, they ALL shall see, that only through love, ~ only through love, ~ ONLY THROUGH LOVE, ~ can we be free ~

Thanksgiving Council 2013

Consensus #1: "Thanksgiving council for the 2014 Rainbow gathering reaffirms the spiritual nature of the 2014 Rainbow Gathering"

Consensus #2: Thanksgiving Council for the 2014 Rainbow gathering reaffirms the consensus: the 2014 rainbow family of living light world peace and healing gathering will take place on July 1-7th, 2014 in Nevada or Utah. The gathering will not take place at the 2003 site."

Consensus #3: "Thanksgiving Council consenses that scout renezvous will be May 10"

Consensus #4: "Thanksgiving Council consensus that Spring Council for the 2014 annual rainbow gathering to be held in Nevada or Utah will be June 14, 2014, general location to be announced no earlier than June 11, and specific Spring Council site directions to be announced no earlier than June 13"

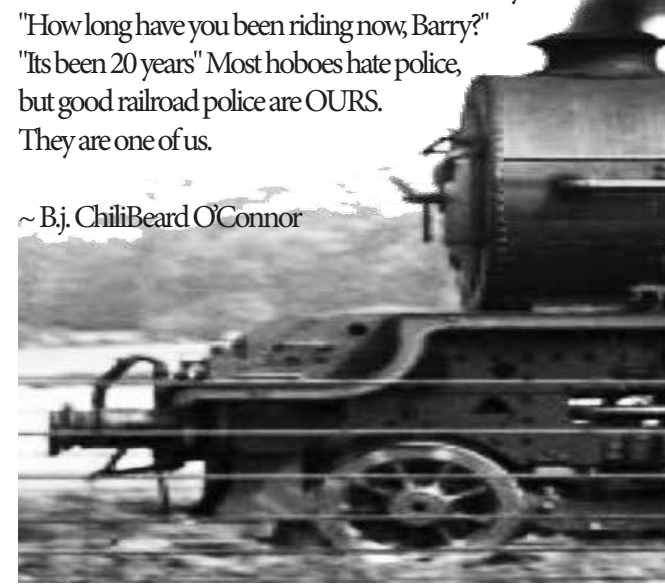
Consensus #5: "Thanksgiving Council reaffirms Consensus #5 from the 1996 Thanksgiving Council: Have 'morphun"
Consensus # 5B: Good pranks are merry and cause no harm.

Consensus #6: "Rainbow gatherings are universal, non-sectarian, peace and healing free speech assemblies, held on the land, and dedicated to the principals of inclusion, love, and non-aggressive self expression. Welcome home. "



Woke up at the hop-out this morning and there is old Railroad Police Officer "Silver Fox" Morrison parked next to me! I haven't seen him in 16 years. He is the second greatest RR bull there is after old Roger Dodger (rest in peace, Roger) who worked southern Oregon. They were best friends, and they were even jollier guys when they worked together. They both have an affinity and affection for riders theyve befriended for years. We hashed over old FTRA stories and rr killers he collared in the 1990's. A bull and hobo know the same legends, the same heroes, and speak the same language. I remarked how many FTRA characters are now old and retired, but he just waved it off. That was his heyday, if they're getting old, HE'S getting old HAHA! After a laugh we fell into RR codespeak; "So you ride trains?" he asked me. "Of course not, Morrison, you know me!" "How long have you been riding now, Barry?" "Its been 20 years" Most hoboos hate police, but good railroad police are OURS. They are one of us.

~ B.j. ChiliBeard O'Connor



Hey Family,
Cat, here...
~glad to be on board the AWF crew.

I offered to help Finch with a Winter issue this year and as life would have it, many lessons, blessings, struggles and celebrations surround the holidays, making it challenging.

I have some content that did not make it into this issue and if you sent content but do not see it, please contact me so I can make sure I have it.

US Post Mail:
All Ways Free
c/o Cat Rightsell
112 Ed Davis Blvd
Toccoa, GA 30577

NEXT: AWF Council
July 5th - Hippy Noon
Check with INFO



PM me on facebook /catonines OR (Cat Rightsell)
or email catrightsell@gmail.com.

Contact me to submit content, make suggestions, receive a copy by mail, make announcements, or interest to join the AWF crew.

I hope you enjoy this issue and find it at least to be informative and entertaining...

Hopefully the Summer issue we'll have more content, creativity and time to produce it.

I hope everybelly is safe, fed and healthy w/Love. ~Cat

Rainbow family ideology is a "trickle up" project . Why not an aquifer of Love and magic rainbow steam?

The Night Before Blacksheep

By kyle smith

Twas the night before blacksheep, and all thru the woods,

The hippies were blissing as much as they could.

Their hands all palm open, up in the air,
Hoping the mad doser soon would be there.

The bugs that are living down deep in their dreads...

At least kind of scare off the asshole prick feds.

Then up to my bus arose such a scatter,
I fell off the bed and landed in puppy shit spatter.

I raced to the bliss pit, and fell in the fire,
In the background I heard an off-key rainbow choir.

The sight of the distant and frozen-ass snow, reminded me of why I came to another rainbow.

When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
A whole mess of red-necks who dont like us here.

That old beat-up truck, all loud and annoying,
I knew exactly where these pissed of locals were going.

More rapid than eagles, the hippies they came,
And one of the dumb-asses even brought up their name.

"Welcome home.... this is my kitchen...
Your vibe is un-kind and why are you bitching?
From the gate to the woods, from the road and from town,
We are bowl fishing weirdos that are throwing this down!"

The red-necks just laughed and opened their drinks, while making obvious comments on how much rainbow trash stinks.

They pulled out their guns, motives fueled by hate, when up to the camp came some fam from front gate.

Their demeanor was calm, they'd done this before, "The hippies didn't rob your farm, and don't pan-handle at your store."

The rednecks, confused and jaded at this point, Couldn't turn down a hit when a bro lit a joint. "You hippies have good weed, I guess you're all right,

So Jerry xmas to all, and to all a good night."

NOT A FUCKING STORY

...the hipstory of Not a Fucking Kitchen reprinted from An Encyclopedia of Rainbow Camps & Kitchens at <http://www.bliss-fire.com/Kitchens.htm>

Not a Fucking Kitchen is a travelling kitchen that began in 2010. With a rotating cast of characters as crew, Not A Dave is the kitchen ogre. The crew mainly consists of folks many would call “dirty kids” and has included people who also plug in at Nic@Nite, Projex, GOAT Camp, and Front Gate. The crew changes frequently because the Not A Fucking Kitchen vehicles tend to be willing to pick up any travelling kids along the way that need a ride, no matter where they are or how full the vehicle.

The kitchen was born at the 2010 Shawnee regional gathering, but the seed began in June of 2010, when Not A Dave took a beat up '99 Honda, picked up five travelling rainbows in the Alleghany area of PA, and took them to the 2010 Annual Rainbow Gathering in the Alleghany forest. By the end of the gathering, their camp had lost one member and picked up two more, and the Honda rolled out as a team of seven to the Eastern Washington regional gathering in August of 2010. At that gathering, three rainbows got off the ride, and four more got on. They headed off to Illinois for the Shawnee Gathering in October, dropping one more passenger off along the way.

The crew was the very first vehicle on site. Setting up a camp in the parking lot, they started cooking and feeding people. When asked if they were a kitchen, the response was “We’re not a fucking kitchen, but we’ll feed you until one gets here.” After a few days, other camps had lent or donated their cooking gear and food, the crew were serving hundreds, and no kitchens had set up yet. When other kitchens finally arrived, the crew of “not a fucking kitchen” had planned on donating the gifted kitchen gear to the crew that was working the Front Gate. However, several people appealed to the crew, asking if they would continue serving food if their equipment was moved into the woods and set up. Not A Dave and the kids said okay, and so about thirty dirty kids hauled the kitchen into the woods and set it up, and helped run it as well.

The kitchen specialized in dirty kid recipes- chili dogs, cheeseburgers, deep-fried zuzus wrapped in bacon, fatty sugary and greasy goodness. One night they emptied out the entire supply tent to cook a feast for everyone. Finally there were no

supplies left but some sugar and cooking oil and things of that nature. About that time, a pizza delivery worker arrived at the kitchen with a hundred pound donation of pizza dough. The kitchen was back in action - they made donuts with the sugar and oil, and when more food appeared they wrapped everything in pizza dough and fried it.

On the last day of the Shawnee Gathering, a group of kitchen workers had a powwow and wanted to keep the kitchen going, so they convinced Not A Dave to promise to buy a bus and take it on the road. After asking around, Dave found a long-time rainbow in Illinois with just the bus he needed - it had already been on the rainbow trail before and used to carry tipis into the gatherings in the '80s. The asking price was \$1500, but after getting better to know the crew of Not A Fucking Kitchen and their vision of feeding the homeless nonstop around the country, the asking price was generously reduced to \$500. After the crew got rid of the Honda and manifested the rest of the money, the man with the bus decided to simply donate it for free after all. The bus, named Not A Fucking Bus, which some said was short for “Not A Fucking Bus (It’s A Fucking Spaceship)”, and its crew headed towards New Orleans by the end of October.

In New Orleans, the bus served food daily on the streets during a Halloween celebration called Voodoo Fest. Because of the influx of craziness and strange people, it tended to be difficult for travelers to be able to get out of New Orleans after this celebration - all the gas stations were unfriendly to juggers, all the cops were wary of spangers, and there were too many kids trying to find the same few rides out of town. As a result, the Not a Fucking Bus ended up picking up a huge number of youth trying to leave. By the time it left, the bus contained 47 kids, 20 dogs, 3 cats and a ferret.

On the way out of Louisiana, the bus had a transmission breakdown and managed to roll into a Target parking lot in Lake Charles, LA, before completely dying, on November 11, 2010. In a strange turn of events, the manager of the Target gave the crew his - and Corporate’s - permission to stay there until the bus could be fixed. The bus family -which had now dwindled to 33, and added 8 new puppies - immediately set up a campsite and full-fledged kitchen in the parking lot, and thus began one of the most unusual six-day gatherings ever seen in the rainbow tribes. Word got around town that a free food kitchen bus had broken down, and suddenly kind people and food and supply donations started rolling in. By the second day, the Target manager’s mother was bringing the

kitchen fresh hot donuts each morning, another local couple was bringing them handmade lunch each day, and local charities and families were going into the Target and Walmart and coming out with things for the bus and kitchen - the kitchen fed each other and the community nonstop with the food coming in. On November 12, the local news also covered the story, leading to an even more massive outpouring of generosity from the city of Lake Charles, and a viral interest in the bus family on facebook.

By the sixth day, a stranger came up to the bus, had a look under the hood, and told Not A Dave, “You don’t need a new tranny. You need a new bus!” He drove some of the kitchen crew to his nearby property, waved his hand at a whole row of school busses in a field, and said to pick any one they liked. With a new bus, 4700 pairs of fresh socks, and dog food lining the floor three bags deep from the driver’s side to the back door, along with cases and cases of food and drink donations, the crew was ready to head out - but first, the Mayor of Lake Charles came by and presented the kitchen with an official commendation from the city for outstanding work with the homeless, and the key to the city. Triumphant, the crew headed toward Texas.

In November 2010, the new bus, Not Another Fucking Bus, used its donated food and supplies to help feed at a small regional gathering in Texas, and then went to Austin, TX and fed on thanksgiving at the Church Under the Bridge Thanksgiving Feed.

At the end of November, the bus and crew headed to Hippie Hill, in Tennessee, where the crew agreed to part ways. The bus was given to the family at Hippie Hill, and soon passed hands to the Shut Up and Eat It kitchen, which took the bus to regional gatherings until its eventual demise at the end of summer 2012.

In May, 2011, a Southern Michigan Gathering resulted in a revival of the kitchen with a skeleton crew and no vehicle, and the crew reunited at the Annual Gathering in Washington and served at its first and only Annual Gathering to date as Not a Fucking Kitchen. Since the kitchen maintained that it was Not a Fucking Kitchen, it refused to take food from Main Supply, and refrained from serving Main Circle, preferring to simply cook on its own and feed whoever was hungry in the vicinity. At the end of this gathering, the kitchen took a leave of absence for over a year.

Continued on inside back cover...

“A River of Dirt and Love”

by Spring Blossom

Running through the forest ~

Firefest! Mudfest! Beerfest! Rumfest!

Wandering this trail, tiptoe over rocks

Sliding through a river of dirt and love

The sparkles in the corners of my eyes begin

To find a dance of their own

Shifting from pale violet to bright white

Mingling in the auras of both seen, and unseen

I find myself smiling, carried from the broken world

To a Mother Earth Fully transformed into beauty once again.

Awake, awakened, even with my eyes closed

I am ALIVE!

The sounds of drumming to my left, to my right

Flowing from between my fingers

and my thighs ~

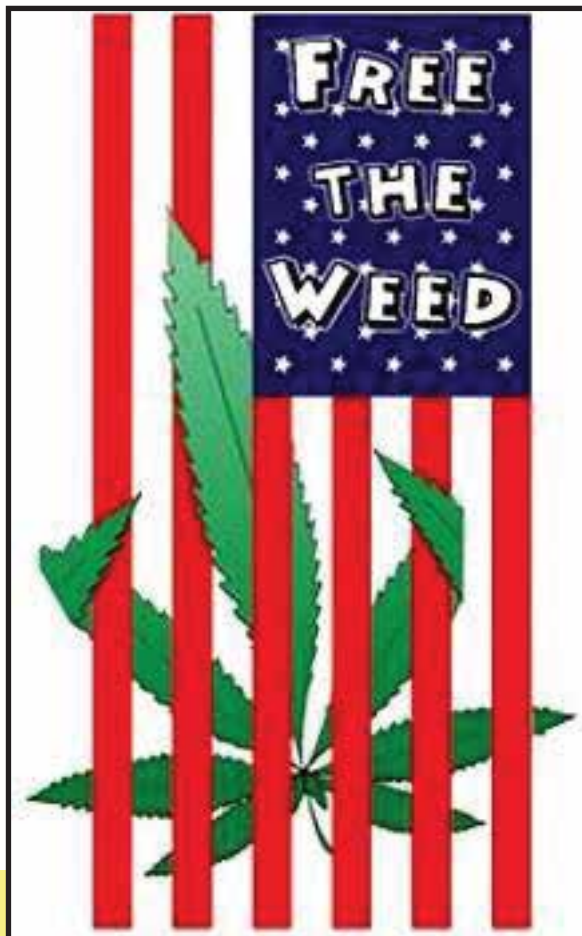
The taste of sweet ecstasy drips down his chin

and fills me with the seeds of life

Only to come full circle, back to the trail

Tiptoeing over rocks,

Sliding through a river of dirt and love.

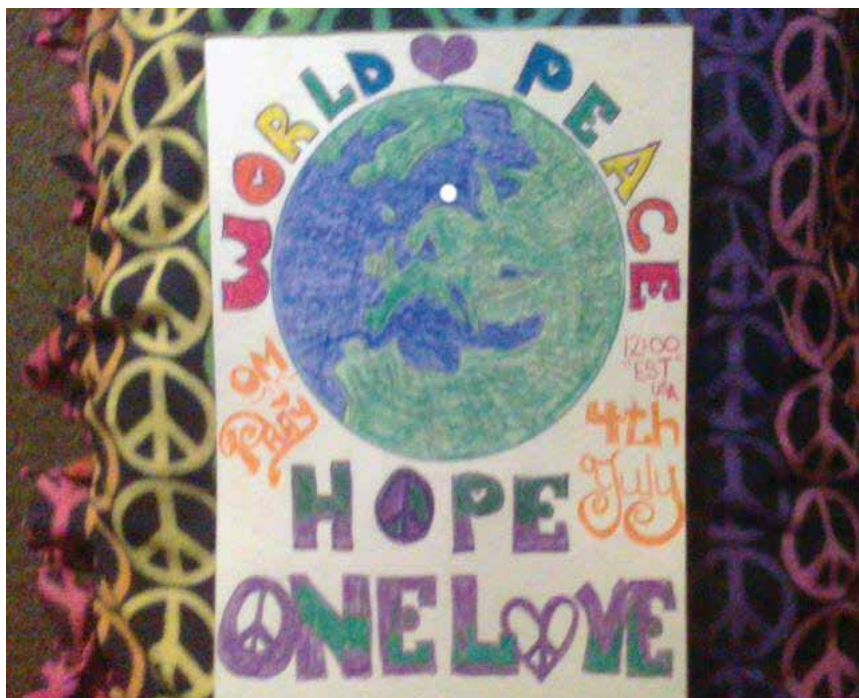




~RainbowSky



~Roadrunner



~RainbowSky



Northwest Montana Wildflowers - Shooting Star, Yellow Bell, Lark Spur ~ Ripple Ranch

A Rainbow Farm Story

By Museman

The first 'Rainbow Farm' (as far as I know, though I am sure there were others with similar names as time progressed) originally belonged to the Beck family. Some folks might recognize the names of Julian Beck, and Judith Malina. Julian was the author, director and promoter of "The Living Theatre" which was quite controversial. Julian spent some time in prison for it. They were the first nuclear protesters in history -they chained themselves to a nuclear submarine. These two were the parents of Garrick Beck. Garrick, along with six other folks essentially had a visionary experience at Woodstock, and those seven were the 'founders' of "The International Gathering of The Tribes" which became known as "The Rainbow Gathering." Garrick inherited the farm from his grandmother, and in the spirit of the times, attempted to set up a commune. The first attempt was a disaster - a rugged militant, albeit 'alternative' group of survivalists took over the farm, and with threat of violence and at gun point, Garrick was literally forced off his own land. Garrick's solution was to appeal to the alternative community, who all got together, bought some land in Washington state, and gave it to these folks. That was the beginning of wisdom for Garrick, and though nothing like it ever happened again, Garrick worried about it for years. My friendship with Garrick started with a conversation about that event.

When I met the Rainbow in 1978 -which is the another part of the story- I had occasion to visit the farm and council with Garrick. A good friend and I had somehow found ourselves in the lead of a group of people. We were all trying to figure out how to 'make the rainbow last', and keep that feeling that only one who has experienced the Rainbow can understand, alive. We went to Garrick for advice and he told us this story as well as others. I have loved that brother ever since. The farm at that time was a hustling bustling hive of activity. Many hundreds of hippy pilgrims would show up weekly seeking more of what they had found at the gathering. Some stayed and helped with the main focus, which was food production because it was a working farm, while many were turned away for the simple fact that there was not enough space. I arrived in the middle of controversy, having been invited by one faction -they knowing full well that our presence would exacerbate the situation. The whole experience was a debacle. My nice MASH tent burned up. My first son was born during a Hepatitis epidemic amongst the alternative communities, and

because he was a little jaundiced every one freaked and thought we'd 'brought it in.' When we left, because the one who invited us left, we were asked to pick up a small lodge (TeePee) that was in the woodshed. Turns out that the lodge didn't belong to the person who asked us to get it, so essentially we 'stole' (in all innocence I assure you) the lodge. We didn't make it back to the farm for another 2 years, until the West Virginia Gathering, when I met Garrick for the second time, and he gave me his personal invitation to come live at the farm.

The farm had a distinct hierarchy; the peasants and the overseers -just like so many other communes of the day. Actually modelled after Steve Gaskins farm in Tennessee. That hierarchy, as you might imagine did not sit well with me, and I challenged it from the very beginning. That challenge was answered in the form of a council (everything was done by consensus council) which was called to 'deal with' me and my 'subversive attitude.' I was called lazy, inadequate, a 'number 4 person' and numerous other insulting and degrading adjectives. It looked like my time at the farm was at an end, but Garrick passed the feather to me, and asked me what I thought. I made a statement that in retrospect seems a bit ego-centered, and arrogant, though for the most part I still believe it to be true, I said: "If you take all the labor, of sowing, and harvesting all the food that was grown on the farm since the whole effort began, and compare it to just one of my songs, it doesn't measure up."

Well I didn't expect to last the night after that statement, so I was astounded when Garrick agreed with me. The ones who had tried to throw me and my family out, ended up leaving, and we were given their house 'The Dome' to live in. I delivered two of my children in that dome. The farm, and the "Rainbow Family of Living Light" (of which there is to this day still some debate as to what the hell that actually means) were, though distinctly related, as Garrick used to put it "Two completely different situations." The farm had rules, and deadlines because you can't put off irrigating the field just because you didn't feel like it that day, whereas, the Rainbow Gathering, and the Rainbow Family were essentially free - in many many ways. As I said before, many hundreds of pilgrims would come there seeking answers to the magical things they had experienced at the Gatherings. Ma Carla (as we called her) was the 'front gate.' She was cold, and to the point. It was her job to inform people that they had to leave. It was mine to 'soften the blow.' My title and job on the farm -given by Garrick was "The Keeper of the Vibe."

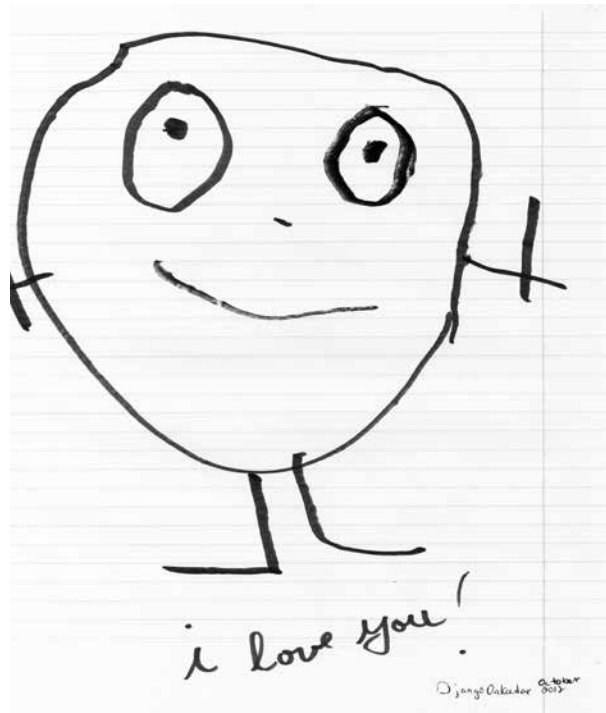
For several years it was wonderful. We all worked and played together, prayed together, and did magical things every full moon under the 'pyramid' (a huge pole construction that was never finished.) One of the rules on the farm was 'no growing (herb)' on the property. After a few years we got lax and one cold morning before dawn in August 1983 I was awakened by a sister who stuck her head in my door and informed me that "The cops are busting the farm!" Though we had no contingency plan, everyone knew what to do. The sisters led the kids into the woods to hide, and the brothers attempted to remove the 'evidence.' I had already sent a friend who was staying with me into the woods with a huge bundle of bud, when the armed rednecks came over the hill. The posse that Sheriff Virgil Knight had gathered for this bust (just before the DEA and Reagans little war) was a collection of local loggers who hated us with a passion. They were armed with shotguns. To this day I can see so clearly the twitching of those fingers on their triggers, and am so glad that the folks on that farm were predisposed to non-violent resistance. There was only one gun on the property, a 30/30 which was occasionally used by it's owner to hunt deer.

At the moment of confrontation on 'my little hill' and at the sight of those twitching fingers, I threw myself on the ground and spoke quite loudly; "How long Oh God are we going to have to suffer for these oppression?" "How long?" (the fingers twitched even more at that). Then I got up and truly confronted them being very careful to cross no lines that could be construed as 'insulting' or 'resisting arrest.' This is what I told them; "One day, you and I are going to be standing before the REAL judge, and on that day it will be my duty to testify to the crime that is being committed against my family and my friends." And that day will come. There were no shots fired though there were about a dozen armed idiots waiting for the excuse. They got 60+ plants from 8 different grows, though at one point our more radical neighbors stole the whole bundle out of the back of the cops truck and led them a merry chase through the woods. One of my sons stood bravely in the parking lot telling the cops in no uncertain terms just what he thought. Seeing a 3 year old standing up to those twerps was both scary and powerful. We hustled him inside the main house afraid for his safety.

We weren't arrested, but told to report for booking, to be released on our own cognizance. I made a mistake, and put my wife down as my next of kin, whereby three days later they came and arrested her. That was the end of paradise folks.

A Rainbow Farm Story, Continued...

One of the residents (who actually was mostly responsible-through irresponsibility-for the bust) got a bit twisted and started up that old peasant-overseer thing again. There were things done which should remain private, but suffice to say that war had come to Rainbow Farm. There came a point where I realized that if we stayed on the farm that someone was liable to get hurt in the battles that seemed to be happening on a daily basis, and that I would certainly have been one of the ones responsible, because the conflict centered around myself and that other brother. Because I had to leave, I 'copped a plea' to have the charges against my wife dropped, and accepted two felony charges for 'possession' and 'manufacture' of a 'controlled



substance.' The story might end there, but to illustrate the further difference between acting in faith, and acting in fear, I continue. After the 1984 Rainbow Gathering in California, we found ourselves camped on the beach in north California. I knew that I had to go back up to Oregon to be sentenced, so I began to sweat it. I got hives, I couldn't sleep, and I seriously considered just going across the border to Mexico. So I prayed. I prayed a lot. One night, just a day before I was due to hitch-hike back to Oregon to get to my sentencing, my prayer was answered. Sometimes, contrary to stupid beliefs that one cannot converse with God without some kind of special dispensation or 'qualification of the church' The Supreme Father in Heaven answered me, by (as is usually the case) asking me the question. "Where is your faith? Do you believe

that I have given you all these wonderful spiritual experiences and understandings just to have you languish in a jail cell somewhere?"

I was uplifted by that, and the next day went north to confront my accusers one last time, fully expecting to walk out a free man. When I arrived I called my lawyer, and he informed me that I had missed my date, and that there was a warrant out for my arrest. He told me not to worry, but 'lay low' for the weekend, so I did. I went to the Rainbow Farm, and experienced a making of peace and some healing with the faction that had caused me to leave. When I got to the court the next Monday, my lawyer was waiting for me at the courtroom doors. He said, "Oh! I forgot to tell you that the DA has recommended you for a year in the penitentiary." Too late to run. So I went in to deal. Well, come to find out, that the very night that God had answered my prayer, the judge who had presided (a 'good 'ol boy' from way back) had a stroke and was removed from the bench. A younger circuit judge was called in from Portland to sentence me. The DA blathered about how because I was 'indigent' and 'had no income' as well as currently being out of state, that the only way they could possibly get any 'justice' was to put me behind bars. The judge heard the DA, and asked me if there was anything I had to say before he passed sentence.

*While I was speaking,
my lawyer whispered in my ear,
"Tell him about your kids."*

"I sure do sir!" I said, whereupon I gave a lengthy dissertation on the evils of cannabis prohibition, and my adamant, unshakeable belief in my God-Given Right to partake of an herb which is referred to in Sacred Scripture. While I was speaking, my lawyer whispered in my ear, "Tell him about your kids." So without skipping a beat I said, "...and furthermore Your Honor, I have tried with diligence to instill a sense of right and wrong in my children, and to teach them to uphold the principles of 'law and order' (though my concept of that phrase has different meaning than the system) and there is just no way that they are going to believe that this oppression of me, them, and my friends is in any way resembling 'justice,' 'fairness' or even common sense, if you put me in prison for growing 12 plants." The judge then took off his glasses, looked squarely at the DA, and said, "You don't se-

riously expect me to send this man to prison for a year do you?" The DA, who had by that time gone from several shades of blushing pink to deathly white, stammered, "Uh...no..uh, I can suspend all but 30 days."

"Not good enough!" the judge stated. He then addressed me. "Mr. Hubbard, you are the most articulate person I have heard yet in this courtroom. If it had been my case I would have let you walk a long time ago." He explained that though he believed that cannabis should remain a controlled substance, he agreed that the prohibition laws were draconian, and certainly not fitting to the 'crime.' He further explained that because I had come to this point having pled guilty, that his hands were effectively tied to the law, and he had to "sentence me to something." He was silent for a moment, then said he was going to check on something in his chambers. He came back a few minutes later with an apology that the best he could come up with - for two felonies - (possession and manufacture of a controlled substance) was ten days in jail, no fine, no probation. He told me to take all the time I needed to get my affairs in order, but I was ready, so I went in that day. I spent a week in jail holding what I have come to refer to as an 'Academy of High Converse' with the inmates. The jailers could not wait to kick me out, and like they do to so many, tried to release me at midnight, knowing full well I had nowhere to go. I refused, saying "What are you going to do, put me in jail?" We all got a good laugh out of that. On the morning I left the jail, every single inmate (in my cell) stood in line to shake my hand to the witnessed disgust of the jailers. So that was how that battle was won. No one was shot, and only one did any time (the one who got us busted).

The score; 8 free rainbows, one dead sheriff -by his own karma (see "The Ballad of Virgil Knight"), and a brain dead judge (an 'Act of God').

Am I free to go?

When the police want to talk with you, confirm if you are being detained. Just ask, "Am I free to go?"

If the police refuse to answer or say they just want to ask a few questions, repeat the question until you get a direct answer. If they still do not answer, verbally inform them that you have to leave and slowly walk away.



If you are being detained, the police will let you know. It's their job to make arrests and issue citations. The more you talk, the more information they have to use against you.

Previously posted in Summer 2013 Issue:

Births and Unions:

3/11/2013 - Baby Bear and Tig brought Baby Magnolia into the world.

3/12/2013 - Turtle and Arkansas had a sunset wedding on the beach at A Cola 2013

3/17/2013 - Giovanni was born to happy parents Eve and EJ

3/20/2013 - Robert Patrick O'Kelly and Derbyshire were joined by the Constable of Cascadia

3/30/2013 - Alexander Dean Richard was born to Alexander Rhodes & Samantha Richards

4/20/2013 - Easton Scott Fink was born to David Andrew Fink, aka 'Castle' and Katie Frost

5/3/2013 - Not a Dave King and Cindy White were wed by the Constable of Cascadia (Patrick Pinkerton) at the Spring All California Gathering.

5/13/2013 - Karma Cherise was born to Samantha and AU

7/2/2013 - Tammy Vaughan and Randall Rube were married by Vermin Supreme

Behind the Walls:

Steven Garner #302118

Bellamy Creek Dormitory

801 Wall Street

Linia, Michigan 48846

Please send letters and reading material

Caleb McGillvary

Inmate # 210329

Union County Jail

15 Elizabethtown Plaza

Elizabeth, NJ 07207-3480

Alexander Rhodes adc #262021

ASPC - Yuma Dakota Unit

P.O. Box 8909

San Luis, AZ 85349

Michael Allen Smith #180700 Aug 30th, 1987

PSC

PO Box 2419

Raleigh, NC 27602

Gone to the Circlce in the Sky: R.I.P

New York Steve

Owl

David Light

Coco Oudom

Sparrow

Space

Penny

Llama

Andrew Penaluna

Andrew James Hurst

Doc Beaton

Brad

Elijah Bonnet, Victor Buxbaum, Wayne David Richardson, Abraham, Bald Hawk



UPCOMING REGIONAL GATHERINGS AND FREE EVENTS:

Ocala Family Gathering: February 1-16, Ocala National Forest, Florida

A-Cola Family Gathering: March 1-17, Apalachicola National Forest, Florida

Cumberland Regional Rainbow Gathering: May, Cumberland region (Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia tri-state area)

Katuah Regional Rainbow Gathering: Summer Solstice (June), Katuah region (TN/NC/SC)

Annual Rainbow Gathering of the Tribes: July 1-7, Nevada or Utah

Heartland Regional Rainbow Gathering: September, Cumberland/Katuah region

Shawnee Regional Rainbow Gathering: October 2-13, Shawnee National Forest, Illinois

Thanksgiving Council: November, Thanksgiving weekend, in the 2015 consensed region

Black Sheep Solstice Gathering: December, Southern California

FEEDING THE FAMILY

Just a reminder to all our beautiful wonderful family that we need to take responsibility for feeding and healing each other. Going to local food banks in the gathering area ain't cool. We generally gather in rural areas and with things they way they are, the people who have lived in these areas for generations are struggling to take care of their families and communities. They didn't invite us to come so we have to be extra considerate guests. We have plenty of wealth in our own family that we need to be sharing with each other. Our vision of a co-operative future needs to be one in which we create our own resources, not bum resources from other people.

Rainbow Lightlines

Usually these phone numbers have recorded messages that let you know about Rainbow activities in the local region. Often you can leave a message and get a call back as well, connecting you with a real live human.

DreamerNine (928)636-6742 - Arizona Rainbow Family

Jesus Camp (877)566-7264 - Florida Region

California Rainbow (916)747-6269 - Sacramento, CA

Midwest Rainbow Family (314)301-9468

S.C.R.O.L.L. (619)677-0882 - Southern Cali No collect calls!

Colorado Lightline (303)471-4469 Denver/Boulder

Mid-Atlantic Rainbow Lightline (202)797-3625 - Washington, DC

HO! Lightline (770)662-6112 Atlanta, GA

Upper Applegate Ministries (417)938-4606 Southern Missouri

New York Rainbow (718)208-4543 New York City

Black Swamp Tribe (Now Great Lakes) (419)435-4444 NW Ohio

Cincinatti / Cleveland Hotline (888)511-4783 Ohio

OM Valley Rainbow (513)727-2498 Portland, OR

Philadelphia Rainbow Family (215)701-7233 Philadelphia, PA

Texas Drums Community (214)823-DRUM Dallas, TX

Ripple Ranch (406)826-0015 Plains, Montana

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/EuropeanRainbowGatherings/>
update from 3rd January 2014

2014

1st January - 30th January, Rainbow Gathering in Tenerife
1st January - 30th January, HEALING Rainbow Gathering in Morocco

27th June - 26th July, Peace in the Middle East Rainbow Gathering in Turkey
27th June - 26th July, Belarusian Gathering
27th June - 26th July, Russian Gathering

unsure - an update will follow, Czech Gathering
unsure - an update will follow, Ukrainian Gathering
unsure - an update will follow, World Gathering in Hungary

26th July - 25th August, European Gathering in Romania

2015

16th July - 13th August, Carpathian (Middle European) Love Healing Gathering in Czech
14th August - 13th September, EuroAsia Gathering in Ukraine

Not a Fucking Story ~ Continued

In September of 2012, Not a Dave procured a new travel vehicle, an RV. He took it to Morrison Colorado for the Furthur shows at Red Rocks and he and his girlfriend Cindy and his dog Not A Dog began amassing a new crew. The RV slowly made its way to California where it plugged into the Black Sheep Solstice Gathering. Dave and his crew then took the RV to San Francisco to the Furthur New Years Eve shows. From the start of January onward, Dave and his crew plugged into the scouting and early focalizing movies for the All-California Spring Regional Rainbow Gathering 2013. At a Groundhog's Day council in Mendocino, the RV crew met Travis Trip for the first time and helped him and his friends learn how to manage a kitchen. After that weekend's council came to a consensus to gather in California in May, the RV headed out to Colorado again, to rendezvous with more family at the winter Furthur shows. From Colorado, the RV headed towards Oregon to borrow water pipes from the Northwest Tribes. With nearly no brakes left, the fully loaded RV returned south with water pipes sticking out of its rear end and landed at the Scout Rendezvous/Holding Camp near Fresno.

After unloading the water pipes and strapping them onto the bus of some local family in Fresno, the RV did a town run in which its brakes finally gave out. The bus zoomed down the mountain road in freefall mode, and finally went off a cliff. 40 feet down, the RV landed on a road and drove up the side of a steep hill to come to a rest. After putting brake fluid and gas into the RV, Dave and the several shaken passengers were able to limp it back into the woods. After this incident, the RV was dubbed "The Flying Dutch Oven".

The RV was repaired, and when it returned to the woods for the regional gathering the crew set up Not a Fucking Kitchen in all its previous glory. By the end of the gathering, the crew had begun setting up the meals buffet style so hungry hippies would go down the line to eat - the kitchen was renamed "Not a Fucking Drive-Thru". Travis Trip was also at this gathering, and he and his friends set up kitchen they called NEU (New Earth Union). On May 3rd, at NEU Kitchen, Not-a-Dave and Cindy were married. The ceremony was officiated by the Constable of Cascadia, Patrick Pinkerton, and the couple were surrounded by a small semicircle of their closest family and friends, and then a larger circle of everybody else. In an act of spontaneous enthusiasm, after the vows the crowd christened Cindy: "Not a Cindy".

At the end of the California gathering, Not a Fucking Kitchen combined gear and crew with NEU and the whole group caravanned to the 2013 annual gathering in Montana, where the combined crews formed the new kitchen Mudd N' Butts. Since the word had gone out in 2013 that Useless had passed on the Montana Mud name and there would likely be no Montana Mud kitchen, the Mudd 'n' Butts crew founded their kitchen to fill the potential coffee vacuum they foresaw. Mudd 'n' Butts served coffee and tobacco 24/7, all gathering long. It was one of the first kitchens on site at Seed Camp, and fed from the very first day onward. Once food supplies starting coming in, the kitchen added zuzus and a constant stream of pancakes to its repertoire. Mudd 'n' Butts served pancakes to Main Circle for most of Seed Camp all the way through July 6, and fed Breakfast Circle during the gathering as well.

After the Montana Gathering, the Flying Dutch Oven had one more mishap which sent it off another cliff. It is currently out of commission but there are eventual plans to rebuild it. Mud N' Butts, in the meantime, will continue to feed and caffeinate the masses.

Warriors of the Rainbow by Lelanie Anderson

There was an old lady, from the "Cree" tribe, named "Eyes of Fire", who prophesied that one day, because of the white mans' or 'Uc-ne-gis' greed, there would come a time, when the fish would die in the streams, the birds would fall from the air, the waters would be blackened, and the trees would no longer be, mankind as we would know it would all but cease to exist.

There would come a time when the "keepers of the legend, stories, culture rituals, and myths, and all the Ancient Tribal Customs" would be needed to restore us to health. They would be mankind's key to survival, they were the "Warriors of the Rainbow". There would come a day of awakening when all the peoples of all the tribes would form a New World of Justice, Peace, Freedom and recognition of the Great Spirit.

The "Warriors of the Rainbow" would spread these messages and teach all peoples of the Earth or "Elohi". They would teach them how to live the "Way of the Great Spirit". They would tell them of how the world today has turned away from the Great Spirit and that is why our Earth is "Sick".

The "Warriors of the Rainbow" would show the peoples that this "Ancient Being" (the Great Spirit), is full of love and understanding, and teach them how to make the "Earth or Elohi" beautiful again. These Warriors would give the people principles or rules to follow to make their path right with the world. These principles would be those of the Ancient Tribes. The Warriors of the Rainbow would teach the people of the ancient practices of Unity, Love and Understanding. They would teach of Harmony among people in all four corners of the Earth.

Like the Ancient Tribes, they would teach the peoples how to pray to the Great Spirit with love that flows like the beautiful mountain stream, and flows along the path to the ocean of life. Once again, they would be able to feel joy in solitude and in councils. They would be free of petty jealousies and love all mankind as their brothers, regardless of color, race or religion. They would feel happiness enter their hearts, and become as one with the entire human race. Their hearts would be pure and

radiate warmth, understanding and respect for all mankind, Nature, and the Great Spirit. They would once again fill their minds, hearts, souls, and deeds with the purest of thoughts. They would seek the beauty of the Master of Life - the Great Spirit! They would find strength and beauty in prayer and the solitudes of life.

Their children would once again be able to run free and enjoy the

The poor, sick and needy would be cared for by their brothers and sisters of the Earth. These practices would again become a part of their daily lives.

The leaders of the people would be chosen in the old way - not by their political party, or who could speak the loudest, boast the most, or by name calling or mud slinging, but by those whose actions spoke the loudest. Those who demonstrated their love, wisdom, and courage and those who showed that they could and did work for the good of all, would be chosen as the leaders or Chiefs. They would be chosen by their "quality" and not the amount of money they had obtained. Like the thoughtful and devoted "Ancient Chiefs", they would understand the people with love, and see that their young were educated with the love and wisdom of their surroundings. They would show them that miracles can be accomplished to heal this world of its ills, and restore it to health and beauty.

The tasks of these "Warriors of the Rainbow" are many and great. There will be terrifying mountains of ignorance to conquer and they shall find prejudice and hatred. They must be dedicated, unwavering in their strength, and strong of heart. They will find willing hearts and minds that will follow them on this road of returning "Mother Earth" to beauty and plenty - once more.

The day will come, it is not far away. The day that we shall see how we owe our very existence to the people of all tribes that have maintained their culture and heritage. Those that have kept the rituals, stories, legends, and myths alive. It will be with this knowledge, the knowledge that they have preserved, that we shall once again return to "harmony" with Nature, Mother Earth, and mankind. It will be with this knowledge that we shall find our "Key to our Survival".

This is the story of the "Warriors of the Rainbow" and this is my reason for protecting the culture, heritage, and knowledge of my ancestors. I know that the day "Eyes of Fire" spoke of will come! I want my children and grandchildren to be prepared to accept this task. The task of being one of the..... "Warriors of the Rainbow".

treasures of Nature and Mother Earth. Free from the fears of toxins and destruction, wrought by the Uc-ne-gi and his practices of greed. The rivers would again run clear, the forests be abundant and beautiful, the animals and birds would be replenished. The powers of the plants and animals would again be respected and conservation of all that is beautiful would become a way of life.

