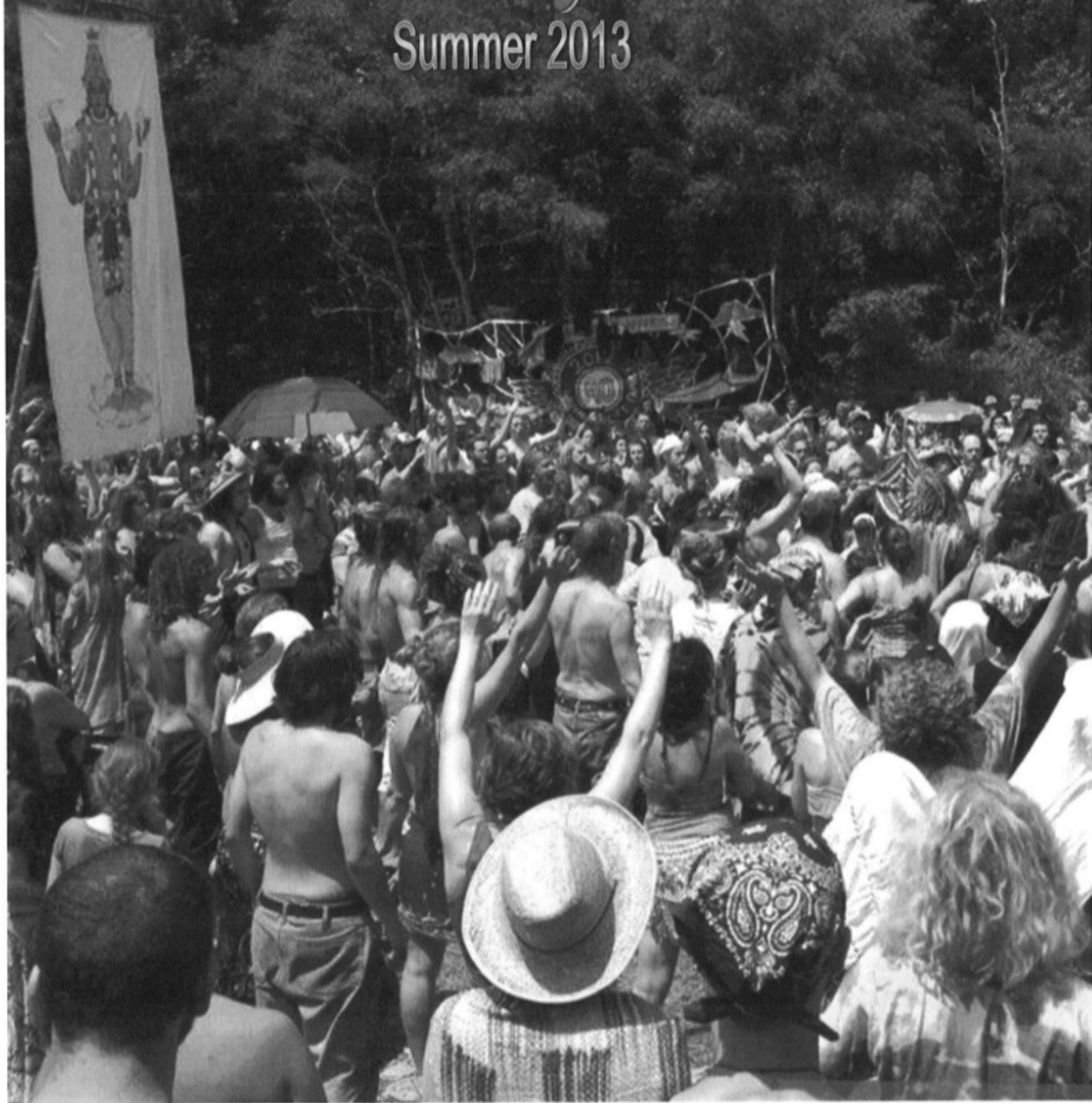


May You Always Be...

# All Ways Free

Summer 2013



www.all-ways-free.org

Copy and distribute freely.  
Ignore all rumors of cancellation.

Dear Family,

Welcome home! In your hands is the Summer 2013 edition of ALL WAYS FREE, a newspaper for, by, and about people that like to attend Rainbow Gatherings. This edition has some submissions that were unable to make it into last year's newspaper, as well as many new and timely pieces. We tried to include the full spectrum of the rainbow in this issue, including material from our older family and our younger family as well, including entries from some of the folks that call themselves "Dirty Kids," or "Krusty Kidz". We have also tried to include entries about upcoming Rainbow events, and ways to get in touch with regional rainbow communities (see the Lightlines page). A full set of notes from Montana's Thanksgiving Council is included. We hope that it sheds light on some of the deeper processes that happen before each Annual Rainbow Gathering. This issue also includes sections for Births/Deaths/Wedding, and Behind The Walls, where family can write to our brothers and sisters who are incarcerated. Any additional entries for those sections for the next issue should be emailed to [rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com](mailto:rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com) for inclusion. Many Rainbow chants were included in this edition, with thanks to Butterfly Bill for transcribing the music and chords! Also, many thanks to the Posties from TN, who submitted many pieces of found and recovered artwork from the gathering.

At Thanksgiving Council we discussed a potential new route for the All Ways Free cycle. Traditionally the newspaper has changed hands every two years so as to avoid becoming a single voice. The difficulty is that with each 'changing of the guard', a new family has to learn to write and publish a newspaper from scratch. The new idea proposed is this: After this gathering, a new focalizer(s) (and circle) and the current focalizer(s) (and circle) work together on the next issue. Next time, the new crew shoulders the full responsibility for the paper. The following year they collaborate with the next focalizing circle. This perpetuates a cycle of learning/teaching that builds family while not overwhelming new focalizers. Anyone that cares to discuss this idea, or wants to get involved in next year's All Ways Free, please come to the All Ways Free council on July 5, at info booth, 2:00 PM.

This newspaper has a lot of content that displays a wide range of opinions, some of which you may disagree with. As always, the All Ways Free does not speak for the Rainbow Family of Living Light, if such a Family were to exist at all. If you vehemently disagree with something in this paper—write to us about it! Continued conversation is the fruit of a good public dialogue.

Last year, after the Tennessee Gathering, there was a call from some folks to focus on Shanti Sena awareness this year. As a result, Shanti Sena workshops and circles have been focalized at the various regional gatherings that have occurred over the past year. In this issue of All Ways Free, we have dedicated a full ten pages of material on the subject, from lots of experienced heads, about what "Shanti Sena" means to them, and how to keep the peace in an effective and calm way. Remember: We are all Shanti Sena!

This newspaper is, as-always, completely noncommercial, and always, all ways, free. That truth leads to the unfortunate additional truth that THIS STUFF IS EXPENSIVE! If you have any money to donate for All Ways Free, please stop by the Info Booth and put it in the AWF Magic Hat. If you aren't at the gathering, or want to donate through other means, email [rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com](mailto:rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com) for information on how to contribute to printing costs via paypal, check, or cash. This edition will probably end up costing around \$2,000 for the 2,000 copies printed, and the crew will need to recoup the costs. So far the AWF Magic Hat holds \$1077.50. If you are in touch with a local Rainbow Community, a great way to help would be to focalize a pot luck or party as a benefit for AWF, and pass the magic hat around!

AWF always need letters and articles from family like you! Though I won't be the sole focalizer for AWF next year, I will be in touch with the new crew, and can pass on any articles, letters, recipes, jokes, drawings, etc. that are sent to [editor@all-ways-free.org](mailto:editor@all-ways-free.org)

Loving you, family!

Finch

## Rainbow Lightlines

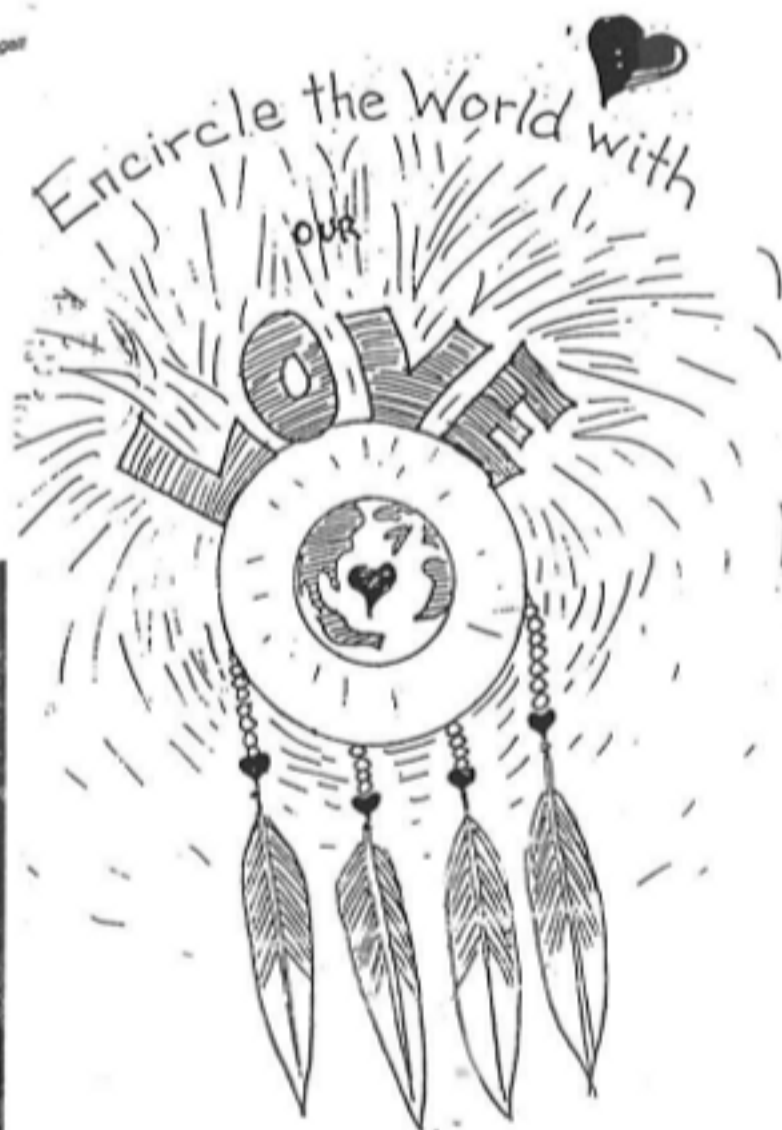
Usually these phone numbers have recorded messages that let you know about Rainbow activities in the local region. Often you can leave a message and get a call back as well, connecting you with a real live human.

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  
Cincinnati / Cleveland Hotline (888) 511-4783 Ohio  
OM Valley Rainbow (513) 956-1675 Kentucky  
North West Tribes Hotline (503) 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

*Namasté* I honor the place in you  
in which the entire universe dwells. I honor  
the place in you which is of love, of truth,  
of light, and of peace. When you are in that place  
in you, and I am in that place in me,  
*We are one.*



drive legal



tra la lee tra la la



Above: Naked painting party at the 2012 Cascadian Rainbow Solstice Celebration in Oregon

## Statement of Intent

*All Ways Free* is an actualization of a need to expand communication among the people of the planet.

We offer a forum for:

- ...Sharing Heartsongs, Dreams, Visions and the realization of Peace.
- ...Updates on the events of the world and those in our own backyards.
- ...Expressing creativity in poetry, cartoons, short stories and artwork.
- ...Bringing increased awareness to the difficulties and problems facing us, as well as potential solutions, our progress and accomplishments.
- ...Most importantly, sharing of love for one another and our Mother Earth.

*All Ways Free* is an inclusive experience, with input from any and all. A volunteer staff meets before each edition to combine the collective effort into a polished product. We chose not to sell *The All Ways Free* or any space within it. Instead, *All Ways Free* thrives from joy, energy, money and materials freely given. With this process we hope to bring about a shared vision of love, peace, justice, healing and freedom through a strong common unity of like-minded individuals.

## Editorial Policy

All decisions regarding this publication are made by consensus council. We proofread all submitted materials. We seek the agreement of the author prior to editing, if possible. We will strive to create a realistic publication date. We will make copies of *The All Ways Free* available online for those who can't obtain a hard copy.

The views expressed in this publication are not necessarily the views of the "Rainbow Family", if such a group did, in fact, exist. *The All Ways Free* is produced independently in an attempt to provide a means of expression for anyone and everyone.

*The Always Free* is **FREE!**

May You Always Be All Ways Free!



### List of Some Upcoming Rainbow Gatherings and Related Events (United States)

*(Dates, locations, and events subject to change. This list is based on currently available information.)*

Heartland Regional Rainbow Gathering—West Virginia, August 2-11, 2013

Nebraska Regional Rainbow Gathering—George Syas WMA, Nebraska, August 28-September 3, 2013

Shawnee Regional Rainbow Gathering— Shawnee National Forest, Illinois, October 3-14, 2013

Fall Ocala Family Campout—Ocala National Forest, Florida, late October 2013

Thanksgiving Council— The weekend of Thanksgiving, November 28th 2013, in the region or state of the upcoming 2014 Annual Rainbow Gathering

Black Sheep Solstice Gathering—Southern California or Arizona, around the week of and preceding December 25th, 2014

Big Island Regional Rainbow Gathering— The Big Island, Hawaii, Mid January 2014

A-Cola Family Gathering— Apalachicola National Forest, Florida, March 2014

Arizona Earthday Regional Rainbow Gathering— Arizona, April 2014

Cumberland Regional Rainbow Gathering— Kentucky, May 2014

Katuah Regional Rainbow Gathering— Katuah Region, June 2014 (around Summer Solstice)

*(There are more regional gatherings than this in the works; these are only the ones confirmed at the time of this publication. Keep your ears to the ground!)*

### List of Some Upcoming Rainbow Gatherings and Related Events (International)

*(Dates, locations, and events subject to change. This list is based on currently available information. More information on many of these gatherings can be found at <http://rainbow-gatherings.blogspot.com/>)*

European Rainbow Gathering—Helas, Greece, July 8-August 6, 2013

W.I.S.E. Isles European Rainbow Gathering—Cymru, Wales August 6-September 6, 2013

World Rainbow Gathering—British Columbia, Canada, August 6-September 5, 2013

Netherlands/Belgium Rainbow Gathering—Belgium, August 6-September 5, 2013

Belarus Rainbow Gathering—Belarus, August 7-September 5, 2013

Raw Food Gathering ("The idea of this Gathering is to eat fruits, herbs, flowers, seeds, nuts and roots just as mother earth gives them to us - thus without changing them by cooking")—South Germany, August 7-September 5, 2013

**Donate to the magic hat! Give early, and give until it hurts! Your evil capitalistic corruption paper will experience SPIRITUAL MONEY LAUNDERING and get turned into good healthy food and supplies for the family!**

**World Rainbow Family Visions from Guatemala / Palenque 2012** *(Editor's note: These announcements came to us anonymously, so take them with as much gravity as you wish. Additional verification through friends or family circles is always advised. No one may speak for the Rainbow Family.)*

- According to the consensus from Misiones, Argentina, 2011, the world family is now making consensuses for locations of world rainbow gatherings two years ahead.
- As was already consensed by the vision council in Caparao, Brazil, in January 2012, we will go to West Coast Canada (Yukon or BC) from new moon August to new moon September 2013.
- At the Guatemala gathering in November 2012 we reached consensus that the world rainbow gathering and the world family vision council would continue at the gathering in Palenque, Mexico.
- Consensed visions from the Palenque gathering in December 2012:
  - The next world rainbow gathering after Canada will be held in Hungary in the summer of 2014. The exact dates of the gathering will be decided by the European vision council in Greece 2013. The vision includes a three-month gardening seed camp to make the gathering more sustainable.
  - From Hungary, the world rainbow caravan will travel across Europe in the direction of Portugal. This caravan will accommodate all modes of transport, including walkers.
  - On new moon January 2015 the world rainbow caravan will meet the Rainbow Fleet of sailboats for a Rainbow Fleet circle in a suitable Portuguese port. This is an open invitation for all boats to join forces and focus on the manifestation of a Rainbow Mothership (a large ship).
  - After Portugal, the world rainbow caravan and the Rainbow Fleet will head to Africa, in view to scout for a possible world rainbow gathering in Africa in 2015 if so consensed in Canada.
  - Our long-envisioned dream to create permanent homes for our family around the world is becoming reality. Rainbow Crystal Land is a separate off-shoot but will remain closely linked to our world rainbow gatherings. The project includes a Declaration of Common Intention for a global network of open, sustainable rainbow communities and a legal structure to hold lands in common ownership. Rainbow Crystal Gatherings is a new type of rainbow gathering which aims to leave behind permanent communities. The first Rainbow Crystal Gathering started new moon March 2013 in Costa Rica. For more info on Rainbow Crystal Land, visit our temporary home on the internet: [thealternativenow.wordpress.com](http://thealternativenow.wordpress.com)

**Q: What do Rainbow Coffee, Rainbow Cigarettes, and Rainbow Sex Have in Common**

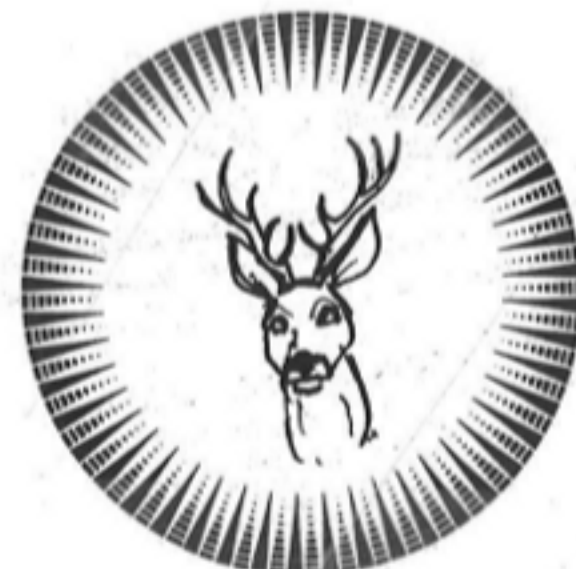
**A: PFFFT, PFFFT, PFFFT**

## The WeSolution.

WE, the people of the Whole Earth, West, East, realize WE have WEone Eternal source. Earth is our common mother and WE all share Wone H.O.M.E., Here On Mother Earth. WEall need to be WE minded of this WE oneness by WEvising and WE naming the way WE think, the way WE speak, the way WE write and the way WE act. By sharing a common WE vision and working together through a peaceful WEvolution and WEformation, WEall will WE unite the planet and provide one WE solution to the concerns of all the WE members of our earth-WE familWE. There is but one world ecology, the WE ecology. Earth is a living organism and is affected by the actions of all inhabitants. WEall are WEsponsible for preserving and WE storing our natural WE sources. WE all must WEduce the amount, WEuse same products and WEcycle whenever possible. We have to WEforest and WEgenerate this beautiful planet. WE should "think globalWE and act localWE," to WEplenish and WEvitalize our natural environment. WEall share a world economy, the WE economy. WE need to eliminate all economic barriers and allow the WE market system to work. The world will become one huge WE trading zone with one universal monetarWE system called monWE. A world treasurWE will establish a WE fund to provide WE relief to the money challenged and homeless. "There is enough for the world's needs but not the world's greed." All people will be provided with adequate food, clothing, shelter and medical services. The WE alignment of the world's WEalth will stimulate the WE economy and create a worldwide WEcovery. A positive WE session of full employment, increase production and stable economic conditions will WEsult. The only true way for lasting peace on this planet is to WE unite all the countries of Earth through a peaceful WEvolution. This new combiNation will be called the WEpublic of Earth and these WE united Nations will be governed by a democratic system. All people are WE members and will have WEpresentation in the government. Nationalistic pride will be WE placed with the universal pride on WEone World WEpublic. The only enemies will be hunger, violence, scarcity, pollution and disease. All the people on Earth can concentrate on creating a H.E.A.V.E.N.(Having Each Attain Various Eternal Nows) on Earth and eliminating the need for competition or useless defense expenditures. WE all will be busy WE renewing, WE constructing and WEjuvenating the planet. Without the need for military expenditures, there will be plenty of monWE for social needs such as food, clothing, housing and medical needs. The only sure way to eliminate war and strife is to establish the Wone World WEgime. There can be only WEone True WElegion of Love with all huebeings as WE members. This WEalization of universal awareness of our WE oneness will cause a WEbirth, WEsurrection and WEvival of our spiritual unity. The WEone WEall WElegion of love will WEsurrect and WEform a WEincarnation of the universal and eternal WEssiah that includes the totality of all the earthly souls called WEisus. The WEone pure light of love is WEflected into the full spectrum of the "hue"being rainbow. Therefore, WE all will see the light, because WE O.U.R. all WEflections of the WEone Light. WE have no choice, so WEjoice, life will truly be WEonderful for AllWEs, All ways, Always. Working together, WEall will WEplace nuclear reaction and nuclear fission with new clear WEaction and new clear WEvision. Huge solar space panels can provide an abundance of inexpensive energy. WE cycling and conservation can decrease excessive energy demands. The application of modern agricultural techniques, the WE distribution of necessary WE sources and the WE creation of millions of small gardens all over the planet will provide peace and plenty for posterity. WEall can cut down on the excesses of life and concentrate on the basic human needs. WE will use computers and modern communications to interconnect the "global village." Earth is our "spaceship" and only through combining and WE minding ourselves of our common WE relationship can WE solve all of our concerns. WE O.U.R. WEone and through peace and unity and sharing a common WE vision WE can create the beautiful paradise WEall know is possible on Earth. WE member, WE O.U.R. the WE ones WE have been waiting for and if WE don't do (IT), (IT) won't get done. "Where there is no WE vision the people perish" WE love and WEspeak AllWEs, All Ways, Always. Go to [wesolution.org](http://wesolution.org)

The ri - ver is flow - ing flow - ing and grow - ing The  
ri - ver is flow - ing down to the sea Mo - ther car - ry me a  
child I will al - ways be Fa - ther car - ry me down to the sea

Chords: Em, D, Em, Em, D, Bm, Em, Bm, Em, D, Bm, Em



## If You Can't Make It to the Gathering, Send a Representative!

by Stephen Wing

All the way from Atlanta, three thousand miles away, I heard the 40th annual Rainbow Gathering in Washington state calling me home. Thirty years before, in the summer of 1981, I had hitchhiked across the country on an epic pilgrimage from Georgia to Washington for my first Gathering. Like so many newbies before and since, I had no idea how profoundly that week in the woods would change me. Not that I became a different person; I felt that I had finally become myself. The "culture shock" I felt was not that of plunging into a foreign culture; it was the shock of discovering my own culture for the first time.

Afterward, waiting with the other outbound hitchhikers in the parking lot, I fell into conversation with a brother sorting trash who drew me a map to my first Katuah regional. Later that summer I stuck out my thumb once more for a much shorter journey, and my transformation was complete.

But of course my pilgrimage had only begun.

For the next decade I hitchhiked faithfully to whatever state had been chosen by the previous year's Vision Council. Gradually, year by year, I began to see the Vision more and more clearly for myself as I grasped the deeper significance of what we were doing out there in the woods. And I began to notice something else: each year the journey to and from the Gathering was in fact an extension of the Gathering. As soon as I set my heart on that distant village my Family was building in the forest and held out my thumb, I was already home. The people I met along the way who gave me rides, meals, occasionally a night's rest or a little cash – they were my Family, too.

I hitchhiked anywhere I wanted to go in those days, and it taught me most of what I know. The free, boundless feeling of depending on the universe to take me where I needed to go – or where it decided I should go instead – gave me a better high than any chemical euphoria. And the mysterious synchronicities that got me there gave me a sense of the intelligent purpose hidden within all life, including mine. Wherever I went, I told people about the Rainbow, and they welcomed me home. I soon discovered that I didn't have to be on my way to or from a Gathering to find myself surrounded by relatives who share the Vision.

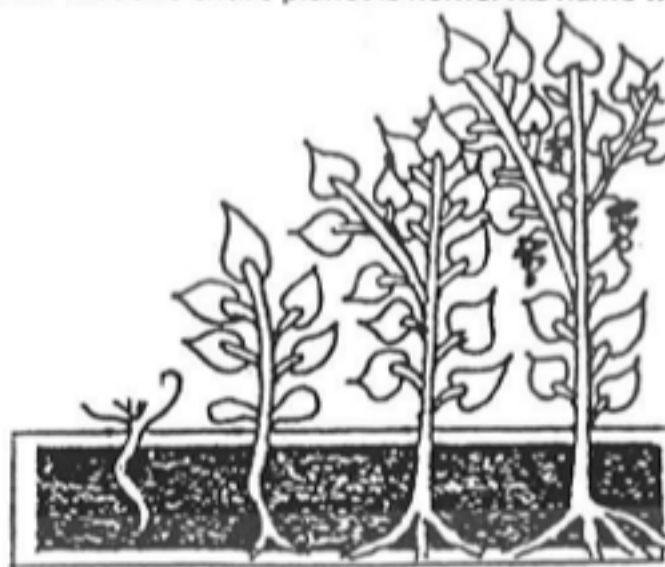
Eventually I recognized the obvious: there is in fact no boundary at all to this magical Family of ours. Bellybuttons are everywhere. When I met my wife Dawn Aura and settled here in Atlanta, we found the other Rainbow gatherers in town and started potlucks and picnics and a drum circle. The Atlanta Rainbow Circle has since fallen apart and faded away more than once. But "Rainbow" turned out to be only a name. I have no lack of Family here in the heart of the city.

I still faithfully make all the Katuah regionals, though I no longer have the luxury of hitchhiking; in order to pay my mortgage, I have to squeeze all my traveling into narrow slots of paid vacation. But for years I still went home for the Fourth of July more often than not, traveling by air and renting a car at the airport or driving in with friends.

Then I read something in a magazine that made me stop and think. Oddly enough, it was an in-flight magazine that my parents left behind at my house after I'd picked them up at the Atlanta airport. I read that a jet engine produces about the same amount of greenhouse gases as other types of fuel combustion. But because it burns its fuel high up in the atmosphere, jet exhaust has a vastly greater impact on the acceleration of climate change. I decided I had to give up flying.

As soon as I'd made that decision, I found myself boarding two different jets within a couple of months: my nephew's wedding in Colorado, a family reunion in Minnesota. My resolution became a little more specific. For a rare family occasion, I will compromise. But I can no longer justify flying in to circle with my Family every Fourth of July. After all, I have Family everywhere. If I want to pray on Interdependence Day, I can do it here in Atlanta as well as anywhere.

Naturally I was overjoyed when the Vision Council sent the Family to West Virginia in 2005 and to Pennsylvania in 2010. I eagerly loaded up my station wagon with passengers and hit the road. But when the Gathering called to me from Washington last summer, I had to regretfully decline. And once again the universe sent me one of those mysterious synchronicities that remind me that this entire planet is home. His name was Michael.



There are NO ground scores at Rainbow! If you find something clearly lost, either hang it from a tree at eye-level near where you found it, or bring it to Lost and Found at the Info Booth.

"I can walk around naked and people look me in the eyes!"  
-A first time gatherer at the Hipstory, TN, 2012

Brother Nature brought him by the house one afternoon. Michael was 19 or so, broke, hungry, and homeless. Well, not exactly homeless; he was on the road, which is a far different thing, and he was on his way to his first Rainbow Gathering, which I had learned was the exact opposite of homeless.

But Michael had never hitchhiked, and had no idea how to find the Gathering. He'd arrived in Atlanta a few days before with his girlfriend, traveling in his girlfriend's car with two underage girls they'd picked up, trying to track down a lead on the Gathering. Someone had told them about the Katuah Solstice gathering, but they'd missed it by about a week.

Almost as soon as they got here, Michael's girlfriend took off with the car and the two girls, leaving him stranded. His clothes, money, and a couple hundred dollars worth of blown glass he'd intended to sell were in the car. Michael found himself on the streets. A homeless fellow let him share an open-air shelter under a bridge, then robbed him of the remaining cash in his pockets. He met Brother Nature in a food line, and Brother Nature knew exactly what to do.

Dawn, my beloved, has met enough Rainbow travelers to be wary of the Drainbows. But without hesitation she took Michael in, fed him, gave him a shower, washed his clothes, and packed him a lunch to go. He tried to refuse a gift of cash, but he didn't have a chance against Dawnie. I gave him a travel bag, some warm clothes for Washington, an old sleeping bag, maps and directions to the Gathering.

Most importantly, I passed on to him some well-tested instructions. Stick to the Interstates. Ignore the signs and walk down the ramps. Don't bother thumbing after dark. Sleep under a bridge if you see no stars. Don't let someone drop you off in the middle of a city; get off at the bypass, or ride public transportation clear through to the other side. And always carry a sign.

The sign, I told him, should not bear the name of your ultimate destination, if it's a long way off. But it also should not name a place too close. The right sign can get you through the next big city, where you might otherwise get bogged down for hours. I made Michael a sturdy sign for Dallas, due west on I-20, and gave him a fat marker to make the next one himself.

Dawn thought surely he should spend the night with us. But I knew better. The Gathering was starting in a couple of days. If he was going to get there by the Fourth, he needed to wake up the next day already out past the western edge of Atlanta. I loaded him in my station wagon and dropped him off on I-20 Westbound just after dark.

When he borrowed a phone to call us a day later we missed the call, but got an exuberant voicemail. Michael was already in Arkansas.

We missed the next call too. Michael was in Dallas, but sounded down. "Everything is going all wrong," he said on the recording, almost in tears. The money we'd given him was gone, though he didn't say where or how.

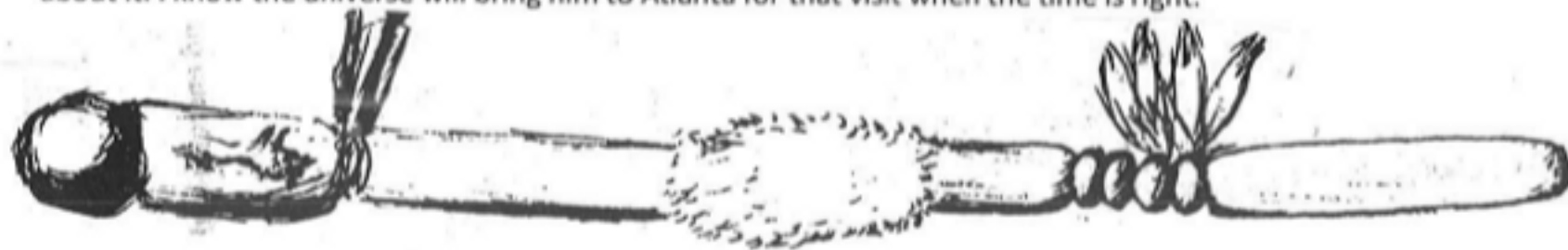
After that we didn't hear from him for a while. Dawnie fretted; Michael was about the age our child would have been if her pregnancy hadn't ended in a miscarriage. But I'm an old hitchhiker. Trusting the universe taught me not to worry.

Finally he called again, bursting with incredulous joy. He was in a bus station in Denton, waiting to board the Greyhound. In Dallas, it seems, instead of following my advice he had ended up downtown after dark. He'd spent the night in a shelter, where he'd been able to use a phone. Somehow the next day he'd made it forty miles north to Denton, where he walked into a restaurant and pleaded for a little work in exchange for food.

The people who owned the place had fed him for nothing, then took him home and gave him a shower, better clothes, and an actual backpack. Then they went one step further: they bought him a bus ticket to Spokane. They also gave him a Bible – a little heavier to carry than a map and a hitchhiking sign, but surely in the same spirit.

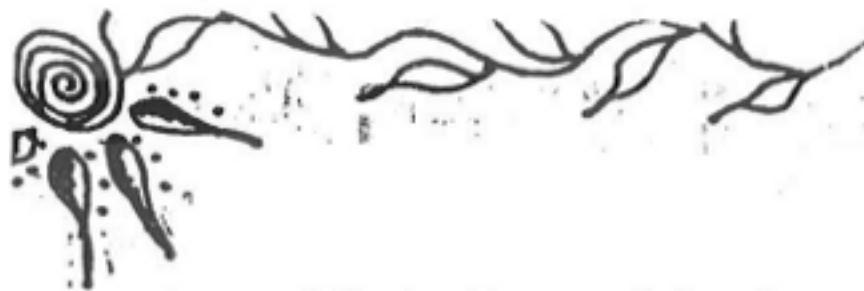
We didn't hear from Michael again till after the Gathering, but he made it all right. Like me and so many others before and since, he had a life-changing experience at his first Rainbow Gathering. But I could tell that the transformation had begun well before he made it out to the woods.

We still get occasional calls from Michael. As I'd predicted, he met some people at the Gathering who took him home afterward, gave him work and helped him get back on his feet. He's still out west, but swears he's going to come back east and visit us by and by. Right now, of course, he's having way too much fun. But I'm not worried about it. I know the universe will bring him to Atlanta for that visit when the time is right.



## SCOUTING VEHICLE CHECKLIST

By Jules, Team H2O



As sacred as the scouting process is itself it would be much more difficult without our beloved scouting vehicles. In addition to having the vehicle in good working order, with no major looming mechanical issues, there are some items you'll want along for the ride. The following is a suggested checklist of stuff to have on-board before you set out for the woods.

1. Spare tire. In good condition, properly inflated to your vehicle manufacturer's specifications.
2. Spare gas can. Filled with fresh fuel. Gas can go bad, so make sure your spare gas tank is filled with nice fresh fuel (and/or use a gas stabilizer additive).
3. Maps. Compass(es). Don't leave home without a scout's most important tools! GPS is nice but nothing beats the reliability of paper maps and a compass.
4. Shovels, tow rope, come-along (hand winch). For extricating yourself from the occasional mud-pit or snow bank.
5. Chain saw. You probably only need one of these for the entire scouting party to remove fallen trees from forest roads. A come-along can sometimes suffice in a pinch for pulling fallen trees out of the road.
6. Food. Water. You might be out there a while. Plan for the unexpected, like the possibility of getting trapped in the woods by snow or floods. It happens. Really. A good water filter is nice, though a cooking pot for boiling whatever water is available will get you by in a worst case scenario.
7. Tools, repair manuals. For the occasional roadside repair. Scout vehicles take a hard beating!
8. Secondary vehicles. Nothing works quite like the buddy system. Don't go out alone if you can avoid it, if you're not looking for the solitude why be stuck out in the middle of nowhere alone? If you must go venturing out on your own let the rest of your expedition know your travel plans: where you're heading and when you plan on returning.
9. Communications devices. Cell phones, CB, Walkie-Talkies and internet devices are all good ways of staying in touch with the rest of the expedition. Redundancy is good because it's likely that some of these won't work in remote locations.
10. Common sense. Don't drive down a road you can't navigate safely with your vehicle. Don't go up roads if you not sure that you'll be able to safely turn around. Don't set out if the weather is hazardous. Just because a map says something is a road doesn't make it so in the real world. Always get out and actually look at the path of travel before driving it if you're not sure.
11. Your sense of adventure. Get out there and discover our forests! If you feel a calling to drive down a particular road, go ahead and do it, you may never make it back that way again.





## Scouting - A primer!!

**Scouting** - (verb) A process that includes spirituality, magic, and science. Among the sciences that apply are hydrology, geology, botany, biology, sociology, ecology, anthropology, archeology, topography, scatology, and unfortunately, political science.

No experience is necessary to participate and new blood is always needed. Be self-sufficient. Have dependable auto and/or gas money to donate. Be ready for harsh conditions. Be ready to hike in the rain uphill for hours. And (disclaimer) this is not the only way to do scouting!

Historically, the annual gathering July 1-7 and most regional rainbow gatherings have been held on public land in US National Forest system, never National Parks nor State Parks due to legal issues. US Bureau of Land Management (BLM) land is also public land and could be an option for gatherings.

### Map Work

Remember, things aren't always as they appear on the maps.

What type of maps to look at :

- Topo Map of the Entire State aka Gazetteer
- Forest Service map that shows all 15 Minute Series Quadrangle (quads) in specific National Forest
- USGS Quads for each potential site

Where to get maps:

- Copy maps at libraries
- Internet use AcmeMapper (uses Google Earth and USGS maps together)
- purchase quads at hiking/outdoor stores, Forest Service office or online.

### Site Criteria

A good site will have meet most of these criteria:

- Elevation - below 8,000 feet
- Water Look for enough for drinking, cooking and washing needs of thousands of people.
- Best drinking - Water that comes from a spring that can be tapped and piped then filtered or boiled. Away from the potential site with nothing to contaminated it from above - livestock runoff, mining, buildings, road runoff, etc. Rule of thumb: One gallon a minute per 1,000 people.
- Open Meadows - One large open enough for daily dinner away from parking, vehicle access and camp/tent sites. Other meadows for councils, pageants, tipis, etc.
- Camping Area - Plenty of flat spaces, preferably in the trees, for setting up camps. At least 100 feet away from surface water.
- Plenty of Firewood and Wood for building kitchens - only dead and down firewood may be used. No cutting of green vegetation.
- Parking lot and parking - Large open space with suitable access in and out for thousands of cars. Vehicles parked along the side of roads, where parking is allowed, must be pulled off as far as possible. At a minimum, there must be one and half car widths (approx. 10-12 feet) of clearance.
- Roads - Look for safety issues: room to pass, clearance, parking for thousands, safe for busses, etc. Ideally two roads into site - front and back entrance. Desirable: no road access into the site, not able to see site from roads.
- Accessibility Issues - Walk into site from parking lot - consider the youngers and the olders, and alter-able people. Look for a way for everyone to get into the gathering easily.



Every safe fire needs three things: A five gallon bucket of water, a shovel, and an awake person. If you pass a fire, make sure it has all three of these safety factors nearby! If the fire is missing even one element, help remedy it quick, or protect the forest by putting the fire out.

**(Scouting continued)**

**More things to keep in mind:**

- Finding a Spring council site , site to be found by those who go scouting!
- Other forest uses in the area - livestock grazing, logging, off-road vehicles
- finding a good spot for bus village
- watch out for buildings/structures that could be damaged
- be attentive to fragile wildlife
- research archeological issues
- beware of private lands embedded in public land

**Beyond the site:**

- nearby hospitals
- local farmers markets
- cheap gasoline
- closest grocer, etc.

Just notice and remember things; be ready to share what you have seen.

**Gimme Shelter**

by Syreeta

I enjoy your warm embrace  
no negative thoughts cross your face.  
you gimme shelter from bad times.  
you even slake my thirst when I am dry.  
your leaves cover me to make me warm  
keep my safe from storms.  
your beautiful lite sets my path  
I love all that nature has.  
the rain is my sometimes tune  
but the sweetest music is made under  
the moon.

I love to dance and make my season in  
the sun last!

Love you Rainbow family!!!!!!



**Verse 1**

Em

The Earth\_ is our Mo\_ ther\_ we must take

Em

care of her. The Earth\_ is our Mo\_ ther\_

Em G D Em

we must take care of her.

**Chorus**

Em D Em

he\_ ya na he\_ ya na he\_ ya na

Em D Em

He\_ ya na he\_ ya na he\_ ya na

**Verse 2**

Em

The sa - cred ground we walk u - pon\_ with eve - ry

Em

step we take. The sa - cred ground we walk u - pon\_

Em C D Em

with eve - ry step we ta\_ ke.

**Prayer of the Lightning Pearls**  
by Serenity Madrone (Sweets)

The sincerity of spontaneous prayer,  
hours after ohming,  
dancers pressed mud-feet to the  
meadow,  
drums and shell-net shakers,  
wooden spoon cracked  
on a steel cup, making music,  
thunder rumbling and a crack of blue,  
a rift like the cosmic Mother  
giving birth to the storm,  
teasing sun,  
bodies thrown in to the  
rhythm of  
feet, naked percussion,  
celebrating life,  
pausing to build up energy  
under hair heavy with  
lightening pearls,  
suddenly one man, a young girl  
pulled to their knees  
by their gratitude,  
almost weeping,  
and the ohm built high  
again,  
more dancers bowing,  
my knees in the cold mud,  
the ohm carried  
in thoughts harmonized as angels,  
unwilling to trail off,  
hands in the soil,  
making a circle with Mother,  
rain beading up,  
and bodies steaming as rain  
tickled bare backs,  
beaded heads and instruments.

July 4, 2009  
Santa Fe Nat'I Forest, New Mexico

A poem by Django Lawrence

It slows down thought they say,  
But that does not mean you think less:  
Rather, you have a single thought and  
examine its details from childhood's per-  
spective;  
Everything you see as if for the first time  
and the thoughts that lay dormant in  
your mind as an infrastructure for how  
you view the world, the thoughts that  
are unthought but present, become lucid  
and graceful.  
Yet the tragedy is that no one else can  
see the perfection of these thoughts:  
they brush them off with the arrogance  
of a misconception.  
"Everybody knows that"  
Yet they know not they know.

## "Who Are They And What Is This We Shit"

by Fidgety Stickler

The plight of humanity has never been a simple matter. Rather, it has always been of great importance how we care for each other, our animal friends, and our loving mother earth. It seems that many of our brothers and sisters have found occasions to make their lives seem better to them by utilizing our own kindnesses and naiveties against us. Claiming land and resources as their own while leaving others to be fostered by Babylon has changed our world from the paradise it once was into what we now see before us. It is called by many, progress, but a rising number of folks are conscious enough to feel the imbalance. What I want to address here today is the need for love.

It is not the love of money, or of acquisition, or even of thy self. It is the love for our fellow humans, and for the collective. Ancestors from every corner have had to stand by and see their tribes displaced by wars. They had to die watching loveless leaders shoo their descendants out of their homelands like birds from their nests. With no right, righteous reason, or care for life itself; our brothers and sisters have taken from not one of us, but all of us, and from themselves. We were all born here, where ever here is, and we all have the right to be here. That right has been systematically taken, along with the right to the resources we all depend on to live. Not only has it been taken from us, but also our animal friends, and the ability to give life taken from our mother.

There has never been a stronger need to address this than now. Twenty-five thousand people a day die from hunger. North America, Europe, and China make up 30% of the worlds' population and use 80% of the worlds' resources. We sustain ourselves on the backs of others' labor. Even the poorest of these larger countries is spoiled by the conveniences of Babylon culture. My heartfelt concern here is for our mental health. Are we unaware of our impact? Do we just not care? Or have we set ourselves on auto pilot on the trip of our lives?

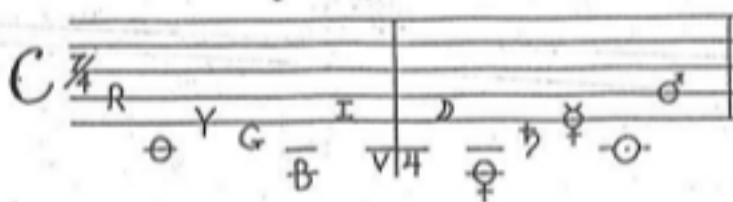
Is it possible even that our higher selves know what harm we are doing and setting ourselves up for a meeting with our karmic twin? It's as if we know we know this road leads to the cliff, but we won't stop, slow down, or even acknowledge it because deep down we feel like we deserve it. Well, I want off the bus!

They have taken the land. They have taken the water. They have taken the food. They have taken the animals. They have taken most of us. In doing so, they have taken part of us all. It hurts us to feel like we have not the power to engage an enemy. It makes us feel like we have not a choice. But, that is their power, and we are here to overcome all things. Imagine also, that they feel like this: overpowered, unable to have ideals to live up to, unable to have a righteous world to be righteous in. Think of them, if not yourself. Like children they are, in a world without elders. Love them, give us your light, and let us all be free.

It is my opinion that humanity is like a child reaching out to find the boundaries it should not cross, experimenting to find the limits of its' self. We have found those boundaries and now it is time to pull in the reigns. I urge you to be a strong pillar in your community, and to make a commitment towards self-sustainability and towards being a working part of the governing processes in your region. Our capacities for working together, problem solving, logic, and love are infinite.

WE LOVE YOU

Sing We a Rainbow



Scene from the 2012 Annual Gathering: One afternoon around the 27th, three Forest Service agents were walking into the gathering through Trail 50. Squirrel, being a super diligent Rainbow, starts following them around the trails, walking behind them and shouting "seven up!" every minute. After half an hour of this, he gets kinda exhausted from the hike. He calls ahead to the FS agents, "Hey ... I gotta stop, I gotta go head back to my camp. Would yall mind just yellin 'seven up' once every couple minutes while you're walking through here?" The agent . nearest him turns around, gives a little suppressed smile, and continues walking. Squirrel heads back in the opposite direction back towards his camp. As he walks away, we hear a pretty emphatic "SEVEN UUUUPI!" It was the FS agent.

## WOLVES AND THE EVOLUTION OF CIVILIZATION

Once upon a time a spirited pack of wolves ranged freely through the forests and valleys of a beautiful land. They were beautiful animals, strong and fleet, but proud. They lived in harmony with the land, eating moose, deer, bison, whatever the land provided. They spent their days sniffing and snuffing, wrestling, running, romping and rutting. Life was good.

Occasionally, less occasionally for some, never, almost never, or "not anymore" for many, wolves would roll in loco weed, for no good reason, but just to "get a buzz."

There were different clans among the pack, and, although their motto was, "We Are Wolves," because they were proud there was rivalry both within and among the clans. Then, of course, there were the lone wolves, always on the fringe of the pack, snapping, snarling and rolling in loco weed more often than decent wolves thought proper. The loners were neither fully acceptant of, nor accepted by the pack, but tolerated under the "We Are Wolves" theory of tolerance.

One day men came into the land of the wolves, and the men had flintlock rifles, and they shot a few wolves. The men built houses, raised cattle and sheep. Not particularly anxious to be around the men, the wolf pack moved deeper into the forest. The men prospered, their cattle and sheep herds grew.

From time to time a loner or two or three might get together and snatch a cow or ewe. Usually the culprits were shot, poisoned or captured by the men.

More men came to occupy more land, and the wolves moved deeper into their beloved forest.

The men started shooting moose, deer and bison, in ever greater numbers -- to eat, or just for fun -- making life a little more difficult for the wolves.

That's Karma for you," many wolves resolutely agreed, and moved a little deeper into the forest.

As moose, deer and bison became less and less plentiful, lone wolves snatched a few more cattle and sheep, but seldom managed to escape the wrath of man.

After some years the pack found itself pushed almost entirely out of their land.

As life became more and more difficult, it came to pass that the pack received word that the men had decided to eliminate all wolves from the land. The clans gathered to council on the situation.

"We are part of this land, and this land is part of us," Sagewolf, a respected elder of the pack, began the council, speaking with the authority of the moose antler.

"This land brought forth our ancestors, their ancestors, and the ancestors of our ancestor's ancestors back to the beginning. And to this land our ancestors have always returned. Forever we have roamed our land with the blessing of the great Spirit.

"Our Clan has counceled on the threat of man, and devised a plan. We agree this plan is our best hope, I will share it with you.

"We are closer to the Creator than are the men. Our bond to the land is closer than that of the men. The men can learn much from our understanding. We can teach them respect for the land and lead them in the way of the Creator.

"Our clan proposes that the pack send a delegation to the men. Our delegation will explain to the men how our traditions and spiritual suggest the men declare our land a sacred site."

"I get it." Lobowolf interjected. "The men will laugh themselves to death, right?"

"Respect the antler! Respect the antler!" Several wolves howled at Lobowolf's interjection.

Sagewolf continued his presentation -- which amounted to a history of the pack, and the strength of their spiritual beliefs -- to the council.

Sagewolf finished, and passed the moose antler to Skywolf.

"She-wolves aren't given proper respect," she began. "If the pack would learn greater respect for she-wolf energy we would be more in harmony with the Spirit."

"Ho." "Ho, sister." Several wolves howled agreement, encouraging Skywolf to continue her long heartsong.

"Are we here to talk about the problem with men, or to bay at the moon?" Lobowolf asked.

"Will you never learn our process, Lobowolf?" Dreamweaverwolf sighed, and Skywolf passed her the moose antler. "We have been on this land forever. The men have always tried to alter our way of life, but they cannot. The Spirit guides us. We have endured, and we will always endure, for we are strong."

"Ho." "Ho!" "Ho!!!!" Many wolves howled. And Dreamweaverwolf was encouraged to continue to sing the pack's praises.

The moose antler next passed to Dogoodwolf. "Our problem has come from Loner-clan. Those lone wolves, stealing cattle and sheep, snapping and snarling, have given our pack a bad image. We must stop the loners from rolling in loco weed."

"Ho!" "Ho!!!!" Some wolves howled.

"Give me a break, the men are trying to eliminate us, and you want to stop the loners from rolling in loco weed?" Lobowolf, couldn't help himself.

"Respect for the antler! Respect for the antler!" Several wolves chorused, and Dogoodwolf continued explaining the need to reform the loners.

The image shows four staves of musical notation in a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The notes are simple, mostly quarter and eighth notes. Above the staves are chord symbols: Em, D, Em, G, D, Em, Em, D, Em, G, D, Em. The lyrics are written below the notes.

We are one with the in-fi-nite sun for-  
e - ver and e - ver and e - ver  
Ki - ya - wa - te le - no le - no ma - ho - te  
hey - no hey - no hey - no

The antler was passed, different wolves added comments about the sacred nature of their bond to the land, the traditions of their ancestors, the heroic feats of their pack, and personal experiences with the behavior of lone wolves, and the need to respect the wolf energy.

"We have a problem here," Lobowolf said, after the antler had been passed to him. "The men are going to eliminate us, we need a practical plan to meet the threat. Unless we can act in unison our way of life will end."

"Sagewolf has given us a plan. We will ask the men to declare our land sacred," Shantawolf reminded.

"We're counciling about fantasy. We need a practical plan."

"What? What can we do?"

"We must put our minds together, and we must learn to act together. I'm not sure if there's anything we can do that will be successful, but we must try. Right now, the men are on our borders, they are planning to shoot us, we need to do something to deter them.

"Do you know of the green pieces of paper which the men love so much? Well, I have found a sack of those green papers. I can take a mouthful of those papers, run down among the men and scatter the papers about. While the men are running about, trying to grab the pieces of paper, in the confusion the pack can sneak in and piss on their gunpowder. This probably won't solve our problem, but at least will delay their plans, giving us time to come up with more ideas."

"We have no leaders, Lobowolf," Generalwolf growled. "You speak as if you were in league with the men. You would put the pack in a situation where the safety of the pack would be greatly threatened.

"We have nothing to fear. We are absolutely protected by Natural Law. We were here before the men, we will be here after the men. Our power and our confidence is in the power of Natural Law."

"Ho!" howled Littlewhitewolf. "You sound like an agent of the men, Lobowolf."

The council continued, consenting to declare that Lobowolf did not speak for the pack, and agreeing that each would work or pray in each individual's way to keep the men at bay.

Several days later groups of men invaded, killing most of the pack, trapping others. The survivors were shipped to zoos in San Francisco, San Diego, New York and Atlanta, or sent to obedience schools where they learned to be sheepdogs. A couple of loners were lucky enough to find work as junkyard dogs.



Howdy Folks!

The Shawnee Gathering is a favorite among The Family. It was created in the early 80's in conjunction with West-Coast Family and locals to Shawnee as well as Chicago Family. It is located in Southern Illinois.

This Gathering always ends on Columbus Day and begins eleven days before. The Fall season is beautiful in Shawnee, warm dry days and nice cool nights.

The Shawnee has been frequented by such kitchens as Tea Time, Oz, Fat Kids, Green and Purple, and also Granola Funk; to name a few. The beautiful thing about this Gathering is that everyone has always worked together to make it a magical Gathering.

My first was in 1992. We had a great seed camp, around 75 people all working hard for the arrival of the 'masses' on Friday night. We all decided to light the trail from the parking lot to the main circle with candles and spread out along the trail to Welcome Home our Family. This was truly a magical experience. That year we reached almost 2000 people in attendance.

The Shawnee Forest itself is primarily Oak and Hickory canopy, although some Pine and Poplar plantations exist. There are seven different bio-spheres within the forest creating a very diverse amount of Flora and Fauna. There are many rock out cropping features also. The people in Southern Illinois are equally diverse, from Hippies to Hillbillys. Folks live simply here. We have had a great response from the country people who were unaware of The Family prior.

Many people from all over frequent this Gathering. I have met folks that have been coming for 30 years. In fact 99% of those I talk to have come again and again and profess that it is their favorite Gathering. In recent years the numbers have dwindled, although the magic is still there. We here in Shawnee plan to continue and improve Shawnee as much and as long as we can.

We have a Facebook page called Shawnee Regional Rainbow Gathering for info on the Gathering in October. Please come and help us continue this wonderful Gathering. This year will be the 33rd Annual. We would love to see you there.

We are a cir\_ cle wi- thin a cir\_ cle  
with no be- gin\_ ning and ne- ver end\_ ing

An old Grandfather said to his grandson, who came to him with anger at a friend who had done him an injustice, "Let me tell you a story.

I too, at times, have felt a great hate for those that have taken so much, with no sorrow for what they do.

But hate wears you down, and does not hurt your enemy. It is like taking poison and wishing your enemy would die. I have struggled with these feelings many times." He continued, "It is as if there are two wolves inside me. One is good and does no harm. He lives in harmony with all around him, and does not take offense when no offense was intended. He will only fight when it is right to do so, and in the right way.

But the other wolf, ah! He is full of anger. The littlest thing will set him into a fit of temper. He fights everyone, all the time, for no reason. He cannot think because his anger and hate are so great. It is helpless anger, for his anger will change nothing.

Sometimes, it is hard to live with these two wolves inside me, for both of them try to dominate my spirit."

The boy looked intently into his Grandfather's eyes and asked, "Which one wins, Grandfather?"

The Grandfather smiled and quietly said, "The one I feed."

## Rainbow Tenerife and the White Indians of Nivaria

by *Tatiana Sunsister*

This is a story from the Tenerife Gathering, and the year was in the early 1990's, but they had so many it's hard to say which year it was, and many of them were near these beaches below the Anaga mountains, and still are.

We came from all parts of the planet, rolling in on magic buses down the winding forested canyon Rainbow roads in the Anaga mountains, coasting to the tropical Atlantic shores of Nivaria. When at last the deep blue waters came into view we all knew that someone had selected a beautiful spot for a Gathering.

I took off my threads and dove headfirst into the aquamarine waters of this awesome north shore cove. I looked back towards the beach and as the cresting lip of a thin wave broke over my head then closed itself in front of my face...it was as if I were looking through an aquatic window pane and seeing the jagged green peaks above the beach with their deep palm filled barrancas and yawning cliff-side caves. Wave after slow-motion wave repeated this prism-like view in a magical almost hallucinogenic display. The warm water and sunshine, blue sky, off-shore winds and the ebb and flow of mother ocean smashing her force against some forgotten island once known as Nivaria to the ancient Greeks, but now popularly called Tenerife, somewhere in the Atlantic ocean off the coast of Africa. Farther in the distance the peak of her 12,200 foot volcano was covered with snow, but these tepid waters were bathing me in their ancient memories.

This was the ancestral home of an indigenous tribe known as Guanches, and when these 7 islands were "rediscovered" by Europeans in the Middle Ages their 150,000 inhabitants were still living in the Stone Age. In 1341 an Italian artist named Boccaccio on a Portugese expedition recorded seeing 4 handsome young natives, naked on a Gran Canary beach...

"Their long light hair veiled their bodies down to the waist and they went bare-footed." So this lost tribe of blond Indios were European looking in appearance but strictly indigenous for the last 2500 years on these forgotten islands, thought by Columbus to be the beginning of the "Indies", hence the name Indios, or Indians in English, for the tribes on both sides of the Atlantic. The archetypes are powerful and resonate deep within me like some missing link to my own aboriginal past and heritage, and that's the whole reason I have always been drawn to Rainbow. Of all the attempts I ever made for a vision quest, this was the only one that really worked, and it opened a multitude of doors for me. I have always honored the Hopi, Lakota, Navajo, etc...but here I discovered some other drum....I had tapped into an ancient Rainbow archetype from the motherland.

I first heard of the concept of "white Indians" from Rainbow elder Alberto Ruz Buenfil's 1991 book "Rainbow Nation Without Borders", but he did not have any photos of them or much descriptive text, though he had lived in these islands as well as in Mexico, and was born of a Mayan Indian mother, and had many amazing stories to tell. But since then I have discovered numerous pictures, legends and actually seen mummies in museums on Tenerife, as well as their native artifacts, including cave paintings of sun-symbols that look identical to those created by American Indians in New Mexico. So thus began my Rainbow awakening, an anthropological odyssey and true story of white natives living primitive on 7 African islands for many thousands of years, a forgotten chapter in European pre-history that reveals a rare Western model on an eden-like volcanic archipelago, the Canary Islands, once inhabited by a female friendly indigenous population of cave-dwelling Caucasoids. Guanche Indians mummified their dead, constructed ceremonial pyramids, and were custodians of an ancient spiritual legacy and solar cosmology that lingers deep within the recesses of my consciousness. For the first time I felt like I'd uncovered the missing link between the so-called white-man's world and all other indigenous tribes of the earth, be they Amer-Indian, Pacific Islander, African, etc. Scientific hippiedom.

I had been to many Rainbow Gatherings in the states, so I knew that the spirit of Rainbow was a universal vibe and the strong connection Rainbow folks feel with native people is powerful and always honored. But this trip to Nivaria was an overload on my third eye... east meets west, palm trees meet pine forests, volcanos meet tidepools, cactus meet clouds, dragon tree meets flower power, eagles meet sea turtles, Africans meets Europoids, Aztecs meet Teutons, Greeks meet Romans, gutter punks meet reggae-martyrs, surfers meet islenos, troglodytes meet Corporate Cro-Magnons, Volkswagons meet banana gardens, and naked Rainbow navels meet each other to perpetuate their tribe where the Guanche Indians left off.

As it turns out the hippies have known about the Canary Islands for a long time. One local surfer named Julian from Socorro, told me that the first "hippie" they had ever met arrived in 1965, a Spanish teacher from the University of California in Santa Cruz. He had long hair and a surfboard, and according to Julian that was the beginning of surfing and hippies in the Canary Islands. By the end of the sixties there were thousands of German & British hippies who had lived in caves on all 7 islands, including Valle Gran Rey on Gomera island, just like the Guanche Indians had before them since the dawn of history, and these caves are some of the oldest continuously inhabited dwellings in the world.

This was the only Rainbow gathering I'd ever been to where I never set up a tent or tarp, because I slept in a cave each night, and what's more I slept in a different cave every night of the gathering, some on the shore, some on a cliffs, but always waking up to that incessant roar of breakers on the sand and the resplendent sunshine replacing the Saharan moon. It wasn't long before every Rainbow was in a cave somewhere in those coastal barrancas. As for the presence of L.E.O's, the Guardia Seville had been informed of our hippie fiesta on the Anaga coastline, but they never even showed up. The closest thing we had to any external presence was an occasional fishing boat cruising by with the crew applauding all the naked hippie chicks on the beach. The rule in the Canaries seems to be that if you are willing to walk down some remote beach at low tide, eventually you will come to a cave filled barranca, sometimes with water flowing but always with lovely shoreline and mountains. Welcome Home Rainbow Indians.

European Rainbow Gatherings are a bit different from their U.S. counterparts. Fewer people overall, fewer dogs and they tend to be the friendly types of pups. European countries as a rule take better care of their Bohemian offspring, with free health care, cheap education, affordable housing, assistance for single mommies and such. All the sisters and brothers I met were much more likely to invite me to their home for a long visit, and they all had more free time to enjoy artistic expression. While Americans tend to move around more and relocate periodically, some people I met from Austria, Norway, Denmark and U.K had the same home in their families for a few hundred years. Overall there seem to be far fewer people living on the streets or living homeless in European cities, and the presence of guns, overt violence television addiction and mistreatment of women was dramatically less. Public transportation is great and hitchhiking is safer and easier in many parts of Europe compared to America.

I met one British fellow named Robert who had backpacked all over the world, and he told me about a 6 month long spontaneous Rainbow Gathering he helped organize. While trekking in Italy he befriended some fellow nomadic Rainbow wandervogels, so as a group of 4 they hiked through many remote mountain villages and one day happened upon an abandoned farm with most of the buildings in a state of minor ruin. They set about rebuilding the place, all the while networking with other Rainbows who arrived from near & far. After not too long they had gardens, pit latrines, fire circles, compost and enough habitations to keep 20 dedicated folks in comfort for half a year in this magic Rainbow village. It worked.

On Rainbow beach in Nivaria, the barter circle reminded me of a backdrop from the British movie "One Million Years B.C." starring Raquel Welch, which was actually filmed on Tenerife, both on the beach and the volcanic valley's near the peak of Teide, and included a haunting psychedelic soundtrack. The Rainbows bartered seashells, rocks, walking poles, dates, bananas, drums, oranges, books, music, surfboards, flutes...as well as the regular assortment of contemporary hippie artifacts from post-Neolithic Babylon.

One unforgettable moment I can't forget was when a brother named Antonio from the famed commune in mainland Spain called Beneficio, played a lovely Spanish rendition of the psychedelic anthem "El Brillo De Tu Amor" (Sunshine of Your Love) on a box guitar no less. I wish Clapton could have seen that. There was a nice fire on the beach all night and the water temperature in the ocean felt about 70 f. (22c.), so there were naked bodies swimming and dancing all night. Not since the Guanche days had Tenerife seen so many long-haired bare bodies covered with paint and mud.

Speaking of Guanches. On the north side of Tenerife there's a town called "Matanza" (massacre) which is what the Spanish conquistadores often named a place once they had wiped out the local Indians and then bragged about it forever, such as in Cuba & Mexico. But on Tenerife, Earth First must have had an earlier incarnation, as told by Friar Alonso Espinosa in 1594: "Nearly 900 (Spanish) men were killed at the hands of their enemies. This was the greatest loss that was suffered in these islands, whereby God saw fit to chastise the haughtiness and pride of the Spaniards, exceeding that of all other nations. For only 300 Guanches, naked men without iron or defensive arms gave them such an assault that they abandoned their camp to the assailants." Don't fuck with those white Indians senior conquistador. Leave paradise to the cave dwellers and their Rainbow descendants. Those memories can't be destroyed, and ancient Nivarian archetypes are imbedded into our Rainbow genetic code.

Something like only 5% to 8% of Americans even have a valid passport, which is the same as saying that well over 90% never leave the U.S...save for military tourism and business travel. But Rainbow is serious business too so checking out the many other Rainbow tribes in the world makes for a stronger sense of solidarity and purpose.

Tenerife was by far my all-time favorite Rainbow Gathering, followed by the Nevada National in 1989 up in the Jarbidge Wilderness. Location, location, location as they often say in the pressed society, but hey, those Rainbow scouts sometimes get it so right. The Canary Islands have had hundreds of impromptu regional gatherings through the decades on all their islands, so go find an empty cave and occupy Tenerife and Nevada again someday like the white Indians and cave-hippies of the Rainbow Nation and Welcome Home to the 3000 year-old Trogg village in the mid-Atlantic under the incandescent African sun.



"We're all here because we're not all there"

## The Evolving July 4th Rainbow Gatherings

By Allen Butcher

The Rainbow Family has gone through many changes in the past. There was a time when people said that short-wave radios were not Rainbow, and that they destroyed the back-to-nature simplicity of the Gathering. Now radios at Rainbow are accepted. Use of the Internet also took years to be generally accepted. Remember our 17th Rainbow region, "Cyberspace?" Now, use of the Internet by Rainbow folks is an important method for us to stay in touch, using it more than ever to communicate.

I once saw a list of such changes in how the Family Gathers, although I can't remember any others right now. Some of those who held to the "old ways" or to the traditional Rainbow way of doing things said that people who wanted to do things in a new way were not Rainbow. Of course, those who wanted the change affirmed that they were Rainbow, just with different views. So instead of saying that those who wanted things to stay the same were true Rainbows and those who wanted things to change were not Rainbow, we can simply say that the two are different forms of Rainbow, and give them names, like: Orthodox Rainbow for those who are against any particular change, and Radical Rainbow for those who are for a change.

At times when the Family Council could not agree on a change, those Radical Rainbows who wanted the change simply did it anyway, in true social-anarchist or tribal style (a "tribal style" example would be where some in a Native American tribe would choose to follow their peace chiefs while others would choose to follow their war chiefs). Sometimes people quit Rainbow when they didn't like the changes, while other people joined, and some who didn't like the changes simply tolerated them.

Today, as it seems that law enforcement is being more accepting of Rainbow Operating Plans, we are freer to organize multiple, concurrent, July 4th Rainbow Gatherings. As many Rainbows may not have the money to travel far, local and regional July 4th Gatherings would help some in the Family to attend a Rainbow event when otherwise they would not be able to do so. Gas is under \$4 a gallon most places now, yet it is not likely to stay that way through the future.

If we are truly Family, then our major concern should be to help each other to attend Rainbow Gatherings on the 4th of July, and the biggest problem with doing that is the idea that we must have only one National Gathering on July 4th. That idea limits what the Family could be, compared to the number of people who could attend July 4th Gatherings in the three regions of the country: East, West, and Central. It is a fiction that all Rainbows could ever attend any one Gathering; it never happens. So the best thing to do to help Family come together on July 4th is to have at least three Regional Gatherings on the 4th of July.

Some people suggest that Regional Gatherings be held on the summer solstice, in late June, and keep July 4th for the one big National. There are two problems with that idea. First, those who do work are likely to have the 4th of July off, while they may not be able to take off summer solstice. Second, the point of the 7/4 Gathering is to provide an alternative to the militaristic, nationalistic holiday. Rather than attend parades and watch fireworks, Rainbows choose to Gather in the "Cathedral of Nature" and pray for peace. Therefore, the issue is how to provide for more Family to Gather on 7/4, while what Rainbows do on summer solstice is a different issue.

In the spring of 2011, the Denver Rainbow Family took a collection for a fund to help send someone new to the National in Washington state. We collected \$50 and gave it to a woman of our local Family who had never been to a National, and when she returned she wrote a "First Time" report and shared it via the Internet. Other local Families could create such a fund as well, taking collections for a "Travel Fund for the National" through the year and making grants in June. Those not attending the National may instead attend a local or July 4th "Left Behind" Gathering, knowing that even though they could not "Rapture to Rainbow Paradise at the National," they at least helped someone of the local Family make the trip.

Nothing is lost by opening the Family to an acceptance of local and regional July 4th Rainbow Gatherings. It is only the transition from an old tradition to a new way of doing things that some people have a hard time accepting.

There is no reason to fear that more local and regional July 4th Rainbow Gatherings will reduce the number of people who attend the National Rainbow Gathering. If we help each other and work as a Family, as in the Denver Family example explained above, more people will be able to attend a National Rainbow Gathering, not less!

There is no reason to think that the Eastern Rainbow Family needs folks from the West to help them organize Eastern July 4th Gatherings. Rainbow Gatherings happen all over the world, in Australia, Asia, Africa, Europe, the Middle East, and Latin America, and they don't rely upon Rainbows from the American West to organize for them. For many of these, they learned how to do Rainbow by attending Gatherings in the USA, then went home and grew their own.

It is self-limiting to think that three regional July 4th Gatherings (East, Central, West) spreads too thin the existing number of Rainbow folk and available resources. Instead, consider that by having multiple Gatherings on July 4th in different regions, more people can attend.

National Rainbow Gatherings in the West will always attract tens-of-thousands of people, in the past 30,000 to sometimes 40,000 people, while Nationals in the Central States typically attract 20,000 people, and Nationals in the East 10,000 people. There is no reason to expect that attendance at Western Nationals would be less, no matter how many people attend concurrent local and regional Rainbow Gatherings in the Eastern and Central states, because in the West the land can accommodate large numbers of people, while in the East there are no comparable sites.

There has been a reduction in attendance at some Nationals since the onset of the Great Recession, particularly Wyoming in 2008. Surely this is not because of a lack of interest in Rainbow Gatherings, yet due to the lack of money to travel, which would be addressed by the Family if it were to provide for more regional 4th of July Gatherings.



Q: What's the difference between a high holy and a bliss ninny?

A(1): Bliss ninnies don't try to tell you what to do.

A(2): Twenty years and a chair

*(Evolving, continued)*

The Western Gatherings will always be the largest Gatherings. As people new to the Family all over the country fall in love with Rainbow, they will want to experience the wonder and excitement of Rainbow in the West! As now, the Family could always choose to designate any regional 7/4 Gathering as the "National," or the one Gathering where people from all over the country assemble to see each other. Yet it is more likely that the Family would always choose the largest Gathering as the one where long-time Rainbows come together every year, as long as they want to, and can afford to do so. To attend the largest 7/4 Rainbow Gathering in the country would then be, for the person who is new to the Rainbow Family or who has only attended local or regional Gatherings, like the pilgrimage that all of us made to our first National Gathering.

History of IRIS Kitchen  
by OverBoard & Heather  
History of IRIS Kitchen

Iris Kitchen began at the Ocala regional gathering in 2004, from some of the gear, energy and crew of Ananda, Morningstar, Persimmon and Co-op and kitchens.

During that very first gathering we had a great time building the 'Om Dome'; a bamboo and tarp geodesic dome, 20 feet high and 30 feet in diameter. It seated several hundred people during the talent show, poetry night and improv comedy show. Later that year, many of the same people that came together in Ocala, met again in California for the annual gathering. The kitchen was not set up in California, but a smaller dome and group camp were built, which further forged some lasting friendships.

In 2005 Iris began to really come together as a kitchen. Not only did we set up in Ocala, grouping with Sprout Kitchen and Kiddie Village on a secluded peninsula, but also a few months later, we decided to attempt an annual gathering in West Virginia. We arrived just as the gathering had to move to a new site, Cranberry Glade, on June 20th. Nearly a thousand people arrived at that new site the first day. Most of the other kitchens were exhausted from breaking down at the first site, and so our ability to begin serving immediately, as well as, our placement between Granola Funk and Trade Circle, made our kitchen as busy as a subway station. This kind of excitement remained constant all gathering long. We were well stocked by Main Supply, private Rainbow donors and interested, friendly locals. We had no shortage of eager volunteers either.

For the next four years, Iris rocked the Ocala regional gatherings. We often served as a kids camp, attracting families. In 2006 we were pleased to set up with Granola Funk, a perfect setting for the leopard print, upright piano. Yes, you read that correctly; a classically trained pianist rocked the shores of Lake Mary on a leopard print, upright piano.

In 2010, Iris went on the road, setting up the kitchen at regional gatherings in Ocala, Maine, and Shawnee, in addition to the annual in Pennsylvania. We also contributed in the kitchens of the Apalachicola, Cumberland, Frog Level, Katuah and Indiana gatherings, often on site from seed camp through cleanup. It was a busy travel year for the kitchen as we made our way up and down the east coast.

Due to vehicle issues, we only built the kitchen in Ocala and Georgia in 2011, but our cooks and crew helped out with kitchens in Apalachicola, Cumberland, Washington (annual), Colorado and Heartland.

Last year, Iris served the family at regional gatherings in Ocala and Georgia. We put in a huge effort at the annual gathering in Tennessee, which included our gluten/allergen-free side kitchen, multiple stoves and prep stations, as well as an oven. We even managed a 12 item Indian buffet that served over 400 folks on a rainy night. We had a wonderful family scene for many weeks in Tennessee, beginning at the Katuah Solstice Gathering taking place in the same forest a week before seed camp, all the way through clean-up. Family from many different kitchens made guest appearances at Iris this summer, strengthening our abilities to cook and serve delicious and nutritious, amazing food. Additionally, Iris crew also helped out at regional gatherings in Cumberland and Northern California this year.

Ocala 2013 marked the beginning of our 10th year as a kitchen. It was a lively celebration with music and food around the clock for days on end. Many of our very first Iris friends were there, and plenty more from those first years are still in close contact. Ocala was a beautiful experience; some of our more seasoned members took to creating living room type furniture out of downed logs, and setting them up throughout the kitchen. We had a heart-shaped bliss pit that everyone at the gathering came to know and love because the music was amazing every single night, even into the wee hours of the morning. Some of the highlights include the day Fat Kids Kitchen joined us to make 100 sushi rolls (no meat of course), which included a huge tray that went to main circle, Greek Salad night, and a nine course Indian meal. And of course, no one can forget the amazing music and the beautiful scene we had on Valentine's Day, despite the weather trying to rain on our parade, literally.

We are very much looking forward to the annual in Montana this July, and we anxious to reconnect with our old friends, and meet many new ones. Iris has always tried to be a very open kitchen, friendly to families and folks new to Rainbow, so if you want somewhere to plug in, host a show or focalize a workshop? Come find us!

*"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to be free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore. Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me, I lift my lamp beside the golden door." -written by Emma Lazarus and inscribed on The Statue of Liberty.*

**Scavenger Hunt item #803: The Feather**

## Shanti Sena Hipstory

By Barry Plunker



Howdy,

every once in awhile i see an interpretation of the words "Shanti Sena", as being "Peace Army", i want to re-state something i have written and said hundreds of times over the years. in the HipStory of the Gatherings particularly... in my book "Where Have All the Flower Children Gone":...etc...

After Vortex I, in 1970, folks who wore the Rainbow "colors" and were wanting to be 'peacemakers' were called the Tactical Love Force... then because "we" didn't like the name "force"... it being too aggressive "we" took up the name and started using the name "Shanti Sena", which is words that come from Hindu -- Shanti meaning Peace and the word -- Sena, for "scene" i.e. hippie language for a cool scene...

(it is my understanding that Ghandi or someone used the concept "Sena" to mean 'army'.. and somewhere this got attached to "shanti sena" of the gatherings...no one thought of Ghandi's "army" - 'sena', in 1970... which if i were translating i would have translated as "peace people" from the Hindu - i can't imagine Ghandi expressing the concept of what he was doing as being an 'army" on the move... english translations tend toward more aggressive translations..)

so Shanti Sena meant/means: "Peace Scenes" and "we" started using it first at the Eugene Renaissance Faires... and on the streets of Eugene, Oregon, outa "Rainbow House" where volunteers became Shanti Sena i.e. a form of "security ways"

the idea being.. in an assembly of folks if a not-cool scene starts happening, that folks, anyone, someone, everyone will stand up; out of the folks in the community, commune, crash pad, festival, gathering, volunteers will step up and try to "cool the scene" ..

amongst the "carnies" they use the words "'Hey, Rube!" and folks come running to help knowing that this is a way of calling for help...

anyone/Everyone is "shanti sena" if they choose to step up when help is needed... and ideally, if everyone understands this, then the scene remains cool.

many early folks in the Gatherings were/are military Veterans and the last thing we had any interest in, is/was being part of an "Army".

(there was a poster of a picture taken on Haight Street in November 1966, in front of the Print Mint poster shop - of some "hippies".. underneath the picture on the poster it said "Join the Army!" - the Army of the people - so this might have contributed to the cross-translation)

Shanti Sena is not some particular people... it is a signal for folks needing help... and anyone who answers a call for help becomes Shanti Sena... if you word Front Gate, you become Front Gate etc..

over the years, people attach to the name i.e. become or call themselves Shanti Sena - meaning volunteers who will help - and "outside" people, like the Feds want very much to have some organized group to deal with, want Shanti Sena to ONLY certain people, but all folks who volunteer become Shanti Sena..

by the way, "Rainbow Family" has never placed anyone under arrest or taken them out of the Gathering.. the way it works is AN individual makes a "citizens arrest" and a person gets escorted to outside 'authority" if there is an actual crime and actual victim ...

over the years, less than 50 persons have been escorted in this way to either jail or to a mental institution... out of millions who have gathered throughout all the years, in all the world... an amazing record statistically...

hopefully, if such happens, there is a clear charge, clear victim, and clear evidence.. "supporting the victim" is an important part...

over the years, it has been a generally held agreement "consensus" that a circle of folks will sit with 'victim" and "victimizer" and try to work things out internally, within the "commune" of the "gathering"... and if after this process.. i.e. shanti sena circle, then other processes come into play..

sometimes, in some instances, before shanti sena process has a chance to come into play, there have been scenes where victim calls outside authority directly...

though folks hear of or even are part of actions called 'shanti sena' actions where peoples acted like 'vigilantes' and became more "mob mentality" - these incidents do not reflect "shanti sena" which is a different concept...

some folks volunteer for shanti sena as one of their main focus activities at gatherings... and some folks have become experienced at "working" shanti sena styles... and sometimes this helps in situations...

but a cool, level head with a strong heart and a peace vibration is the hallmark of someone who is realizing "shanti sena" in its ideal process.

if a person "loses it" and gets 'off the wall" then they are not acting in the best form of "shanti sena"... other folks ideally step up and help to 'cool the scene'... be 'shanti sena'... and the actual activity that helps to 'cool the scene" is the 'shanti sena' action... i.e. truly a peace scene...

there is not ideally worked out shanti sena... like everything else in Gathering it is an on-going learning process...

this original definition may not help or be listened to or even understood, but for those of us who left the military, and took up seeking another path i.e. Gathering and recognizing all people to be "family" and 'equal' etc...Peace - the word "Army" conjures up a distorted image...

the concept that there are certain people who are "shanti sena" also negates the concept, and if there is a group Shanti Sena: from this aspect comes mis-interpretations by others:

At a meeting held in Wisdom, Mt. once, one of the folks who came out from the Gathering to speak up for the Gathering, mentioned the "Shanti Sena" (in terms of gatherings, being self-sufficient dealing with problems...)

Incident Commander Bill Fox of the Forest Service Incident Management Team, stood up and said, in a very derisive tone, as a "put-down"... "The Rainbow's Sheriff, of the Shanti Sena, was arrested in Arizona 1998, at the Gathering, for heroin possession"

just like as if there was an organized group called Shanti Sena, and that it had a real live Sheriff...

For years Dusty Rainbow called himself Sheriff and acted liked a Rainbow "Sheriff"... part show, part comedy, part fantasy, part wearing on his sleeve his dedication to the 'family"... Dusty loved acting out in this way...

and yes, Dusty had a 'problem" with some drugs, and yes, he did get out of a rig in Arizona, walked up to the Feds Special Agents and said, "Hi, I am Sheriff Dusty Rainbow of the Shanti Sena" in his normal gathering mode, enjoying himself... wanting to help keep things cool..

and the Fed spotted a pipe, with marijuana resin, in his coat pocket and they arrested Dusty on the spot and he had a "kit" with him..

in some ways Dusty carried his problem to the Gathering.. however, Dusty loved the "family" loved the Gatherings, loved doing what he considered sacred service, acting out like he was a Rainbow Sheriff, and it was alright with me, he WAS being peaceful and cool and i liked and loved him besides and i done what i could to help him gain strength to overcome his problems, just like he done with me, we was brothers... still are and like most folks, Dusty warn't perfect, he was a 'good heart'... and Fox was making his statement about Dusty only shortly after his 'death' caused by his "problems"

Dusty came Home where he knew folks cared about him and would help him deal with his problems, where he wouldn't be condemned because he had problems, where his brothers and sisters loved him for being him... and Dusty came Home, even when he was with problems and did his best for the 'family", for the Gatherings... not perfect, but wanting to share.

But Fox and the Feds think there is a group - "Shanti Sena" and some peoples who come to the Gathering think there is a group Shanti Sena and some folks in the Gathering even believe there is some secret 'army" or official 'army" called the Shanti Sena... but it ain't a group, and it ain't an army... just folks acting out care and concern of others..

On Wheeler's Ranch in California, the call was 'Gedabah!" .. at times, at Gatherings the call becomes "Babylon" or "6-up, guns in church"... "alerts" of one kind or another, and folks become alerted and concerned and watch out and look out for one another...

Shanti Sena is a Signal that concerned, aware people outa tune-in and relate to some situations...

And some folks do... and in only very few instances is it only experienced Shanti Sena volunteers who are on the scene...

As long as someone will answer the call of disturbance, stand up and help to cool the scene then Shanti Sena concept is realized and enjoyed..

if not, and Shanti Sena becomes some certain peoples within the Gathering or family then this becomes not neighborhood watching out for neighbors but a "cop on the beat"...

to me, Gatherings can only work out iff each and every person realizes they are Shanti Sena, and Council, and shitter digger, and seed encampment people, and Scout and Clean-up/restoration people and cook and water bearer...

Experience is gained in all these aspects through working at it...

(hipstory, continued) if every person tunes into the entire Gathering and takes a turn at the functional spaces i.e. Front Gate, working parking etc.. then every person learns what working Front Gate is about, or Shanti Sena... and in this way learns how to communicate with all facets of the Gathering...

if a person works through all these various positions/concepts, and experiences the whole of a Gathering, from scouting to clean-up, thanksgiving circle etc... works in a kitchen, supply, water etc... then they become, more or less, one of the few thousand folks who have similarly experienced Gathering in a Full Way... which gives them the experiences associated with Gathering in Full.

Doing Full Gathering experience, in this way, to me, is one of the Greatest Rides ever on Planet Earth... and i encourage each and every person to do the Full Ride sometime, from Scouting to Clean-up... and work around, volunteer in all the various spaces and places... it is a wonderful, enjoyable way to Gather at a Gathering....

And when you hear someone call for help or Shanti Sena... "it is you they are talking to now" (Bob Marley)

For those who can hear, listen and keep the Scene Cool... when everybody else is losing their heads, and you are keeping your cool - you are Shanti Sena

there are workshops at Gatherings of Shanti Sena and Shanti Sena processes, experienced folks, in keeping scenes cool, share what they know, for new folks, learning Gathering ways, it is a good thing to tune into... plus you meet folks who understand the concept; "everybody is Shanti Sena"



What is Shanti Sena?

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia



The **Shanti Sena** or "Peace army" was made up of Gandhi's followers in India. Its non-violent methods have been adopted by other movements such as the World Peace Brigade, Nonviolent Peaceforce, Swaraj Peeth and the Rainbow Family of Living Light.

"Shanti Sena" is a term first coined by Gandhi when he conceptualized a nonviolent volunteer peacekeeping program dedicated to minimizing communal violence within the Indian populace. The words "Shanti" and "Sena" both come from Sanskrit. Shanti means peace and Sena means army, or a drilled band of men. The word "Sena" has been criticized for its connection to militarism, but for Gandhi, it had strong metaphorical and spiritual qualities connected to its use in the Hindu vedas.

In the aftermath of the Gandhian era, Shanti Sena has appeared in various incarnations. Two Gandhian followers developed separate groups based on their interpretations of it: Vinoba Bhave established a Shanti Sena that prioritized Gandhi's spiritual approach towards the program, while JP established a program that focused more on the political motivations of the program. The Shanti Sena program also became institutionalized into India's Gandhigram Rural University, where it was incorporated into the university's constitution. Currently Shanti Sena is also very active in Sri Lanka as a part of the organization Sarvodaya.

The Rainbow Family of Living Light and The Rainbow Gatherings were introduced to the Shanti Sena concept by Portland, Oregon, peace activist Glen Swift who helped organize the Vortex One festival over Labor Day weekend in 1970 at McIver Park outside Clackamas, Oregon. That free, community-based festival attracted about 50,000 people and was one of several places where the Rainbow Family first came together - before the first Rainbow Gathering in 1972. Swift described Shanti Sena as a way that attendees could self-police in a manner that was consistent with non-violent practices. He also helped set up a Shanti Sena tipi at the Vortex festival where the Shanti Sena people could meet or be contacted for help. Because of the successful use of these non-violent techniques, the Shanti Sena teachings and processes were adopted permanently into the Rainbow Family's Gatherings.

### Shanti Sena (From the Mini-Manual) *the peace keepers*

We call our security system Shanti Sena. *This means "peace army" in Sanskrit.* If problems erupt, calling "Shanti Sena!" loudly will bring assistance.

We respond with **non-violent methods only** to conflict. Talking is tried before physical restraint. This talking is with compassion and respect. If physical intervention can't be avoided, it is done gently without inflicting injury.

There is a crew of people experienced in non-violent, peaceful intervention who devote most of their time to Shanti Sena, but *everybody* is a peacekeeper at a Gathering. We are secure because we all watch out for each other. If we don't stay aware of what is going on with people around us, and don't offer aid, trouble can erupt into violence and injury. Often a group can prevail where a single person can't. Offer your help in easing conflict.

We lighten the burden on Shanti Sena by: watching out for our own valuables, camping in groups with others, and watching the camps of our neighbors when they are away.

We are **all** Shanti Sena

## Thoughts on Shanti Sena by Medicine Socks

it's been a while, i'm too old, poor and crippled to involve myself in rainbow gatherings nowadays, so this qualifies as something like armchair quarterbacking...

but i was once all gung ho, a regular local folkializer and all about dealing with the some major instances of weirded out shit that sometimes came up at the gatherings i was part of...especially around kid village... so here's some shanti sena lessons i learned in the trenches

first of all, it means, translated literally, something like peaceful scene. at a gathering, if everything's mellow, if everyone is feeling alright and nothing much is going on, that is shanti sena. there is a marked absence of drama. no one has to do anything in particular about anyone except mingle and enjoy.

shanti sena also became a term for a clique of people who, at gatherings, styled themselves a kind of affiliated crew of plain-clothes, radio toting, duct tape wielding rainbow hippie police force. some of these guys and gals do a great job, others, well.... these people may have sincerely thought of themselves as peacekeepers, but some of their attitudes, imho were pretty obnoxious, kind of a weird mix of biker/hobo/ dope dealer/ ex marine/cop-brotherhood and some of em drank heavily and lived in hotels off campus somewhere... whatevah...they had dramas of their own, but at times they did deal with flarings of violence inside or dangerous situations with the LEO at the gates effectively enough...

then there's the people at gatherings who put their energy into constantly teaching & lovingly demonstrating basic rainbow, at councils, at dinner circles, in workshops and ongoing conversations with the newbies. if no one around seems to know what shanti sena is, or how to shit in the woods, or build a proper campfire, or help in a kitchen or where to put the "garbage".. to paraphrase mother jones, who said, "don't mourn, organize!"...don't bitch; teach teach teach

teach teach! \*that\* is true shanti sena, in my book, or what i like to call pre-traumatic stress prevention. the more you get these teaching memes out and get conversations going among gatherers about how to deal with a crisis if it arises, the more peaceful and calm the response will be whenever somebody yells shanti sena!

shanti sena is like that kipling poem, "if" If you can keep your head while all around you others are losing theirs... \*that\* is shanti sena. it involves remembering to breathe, and slow your heart rate down. it involves knowing how to get, and stay, clear headed in a crisis. and knowing how not to do \*anything\* until and unless you have effectively calmed and centered your own damn self, until you know as much about the situation you're addressing as it is possible to quickly assess,& until you're sure that you're coming from a place of alert, calm strength and compassion, and a fair degree of certainty that you can handle whatever's happening when something out of hand and really threatening is potentially unfolding. if you can't calm down, if you feel at all overwhelmed by the swiftness with which a violent situation is escalating... then it is quintessential shanti sena to get your overwhelmed ass out of the way... but if you're cool, and you decide to stay.... it helps if there's more than one of you, best if there are enough strong people to contain a really violent individual without hurting him (or her). once contained, you need enough gentle people to keep the vibe around such an action as calm as possible. not too many people, at that point!

people who can stay cool and focused are key.

then you have some decisions to make. is this someone who can be reasoned with, talked down, who may, once their grievance is understood and addressed, be willing to calm down and stay peaceful of his own volition? if that's the case, peer counseling can do wonders to diffuse a tense, angry, but essentially rational human being who actually \*wants\* to find a solution to whatever set him off. or are you dealing with a crazy? i'm sorry to be so blunt, but often shanti sena situations arise when someone at the gathering is, for one reason or another, experiencing a psychotic break, is operating on aggravated sleep dep, rampant ptsd and/or spasms of pure inexplicable violent impulse...& i've seen sad, bad things happen under these conditions... people trying to trail a raging psychotic & discretely babysit him without impinging on that person's freedoms get to watch a terrified, often violent and frighteningly delusional poor soul battle his demons for days on end, becoming weirder and more at risk as the days tick by of hurting himself or others... i know this seems like a cop out, but in my experience, i feel to this day we might have spared many a poor psycho and all those who got caught up in the babysitting movies a lot of anguish if we had just quickly secured em, got to phone quick and got a parent or sibling or someone to come get their sick puppy & take him home or some other mellower place than a gathering for a real crack up...

that said i know a few gifted healers who really do know how to help a body navigate the terrifying inner landscape of psychosis. there are shanti sena shamans, soul retrievers, spirit world energy workers, who understand intuitively what it's going to take to get a freaked out freak through the worst of it, how to help him break down the old dysfunctional precepts of his consciousness, how to guide lost souls till they break on through to the healing side of their nervous breakdowns. if you can do that, boy... that's great... more power to you. you know who you are, and you are a boon and a blessing to any gathering. then again..

if you're one of those sorts who merely wishes you were an aikido master or a cop or a magical healer, please take your woo woo bullshit as far from the crisis as possible and go chant and shake your fake honky indian yaya sticks over there... please! shanti sena! keep the scene peaceful over that-a-way!

## Shanti Sena Musings

by Karin Zirk

Some would say the phrase "Shanti Sena" means "peace army" from Sanskrit and has its roots in Gandhi's concept of non-violent volunteer based peace keepers. While in gathering lore, some would translate the phrase as peace scene. No matter the logical translation you wish to put on it, I translate it as being part of a family and looking out for my family in peaceful ways.

In the years of *the strife* between gatherers and the United States Forest Service Law Enforcement Officers (USFS LEOs), the phrase came to spell trouble for the LEOs and by 2008/2009 many gatherers actually thought the cops were the Shanti Sena (so not true). Because of the many misconceptions floating around, I thought I would take the time to rap about my perspective on keeping the peace at a gathering.

As many of my friends point out, "Shanti Sena" is a verb not a noun. In other words, no one "is" Shanti Sena, but many people "do" Shanti Sena. Most functions at the gathering are verb rather than noun based.

In a culture where individual liberty and communal needs often clash, countless opportunities arise to "do" Shanti Sena and keep the peace.

Before we worry about keeping the peace, we need to define "peace." For different people, "peace" takes on different connotations. For some, acting peacefully precludes any acts of physical violence, but yelling is considered peaceful. For others, cussing is not peaceful. For every one hundred gatherers, there are probably ninety different perspectives on what "peace" means. When we gather, I believe that 99.999% of gatherers have every intention of creating peace. We'll get back to the 0.001% later. So how then do we create and increase the peace at the gathering and take those skills into the world at large.

In my perspective, the single most important aspect to "doing" Shanti Sena is to be observant. Sure there are big movies that happen and lots of gray haired folks get involved with radios, but most of the time when a big movie happens, the root cause was a failure of each and every one of us to pay attention to the hurt, suffering, pain and/or stress building up around us. (*As an aside, not everyone with a radio has a clue.*)

**Reality check!** Going to a gathering, especially for the first time, can be very stressful. It's a crash course in a brand new culture. Access to food and filtered drinking water can be haphazardous. Being unprepared for the conditions can leave people cold and wet or sitting up by a fire all night to stay warm instead of sleeping. Many people who take medications for chronic conditions often seem to space out on taking their meds, leaving their health further compromised. Dehydration, low blood sugar, and lack of sleep are just a few of the stressors gatherers experience -- add to that doing activities or substances that are new to you. When one small thing goes wrong, people who are stressed out can explode.

Being observant means noticing that some belly is having a hard time or a bad day. Allowing each of us to be our own unique self means not telling other people what to do. Telling people to eat or drink can backfire. So what's a kind loving brother or sister to do?

Pay attention to the people around you. Notice if they seem to be struggling, are confused or look disoriented. Offer to share your water or an energy bar you might have on you (*always good to bring lots of these*). Introduce yourself and make a friend. Usually people are more willing to share their troubles with a friend, than someone just trying to fix a problem. Share a song or a joke if the vibe feels right. Sometimes people are in their own head space and don't want to interact. That's OK. You can still stay near them (but not too near) just in case they need help. If it's two am, please don't walk away from someone. If someone wants to wander the woods all night, grab a couple of friends and trail after them just in case they need your assistance.

If someone doesn't have a safe place to sleep, try to hook them up with a camp that can help. If they have small children, Kid Village is a great place. But there are lots of other kind loving camps at the gathering that have the space to squeeze another body into a crowded tent or provide emotional support. If you yourself are new to the gathering (*blessings to you for helping others*), you can stop by INFO and ask for some advice.

If you find a lost kid, you and a couple of friends should **escort the child to Kid Village**. Make sure to take the child up to the kitchen and announce very loudly that you have a lost child. **DO NOT JUST DROP THE CHILD OFF AT KID VILLAGE.**

If someone is having a health crisis and is willing, take her/him to CALM. Most of the larger kitchens/camps like Fat Kids, Montana Mud, Loven Ovens, and Kid Village (*to name just a few*) have medical people as well. If the person isn't willing to move, find someone with a radio and medical people will come to your location. If that doesn't work, send a runner to INFO or CALM with as much information as you have about the situation. By taking care of people's critical needs before people reach the point of explosion, we create the peace we want to see in the world.

Other times we have conflicts that arise from differing lifestyles. For example in 2002, the gathering site was small and we ended up with Tea Time and Yoga Space next to each other. Talk about a mismatch in energies. Tea Time likes to stay up all night, serve tea and make raucous noise at 3 AM. The Yoga folks are more into silent mediation and mellow energy. Two distinct energies colliding is a classic gathering issue. If we want each camp to be free to express their own vision of peace and love, what to do? When space permits, it's always best to camp in an area that meets your vision of what comprises peace and love. So don't be expecting to sleep in silence until noon every day if you're camped in Kid Village as kids wake up early. But ....

As to the 0.001%, when the situation gets a bit crazy, yell "Shanti Sena" and other people will come and assist. With a circle of people, we can try to get a council going where the parties' involved and random **calm and centered** gatherers can sit down and listen to each other. Keep in mind that sometimes people's emotions are volatile and getting a council going is difficult at best. Then what?

**SITTING** down on the sidelines and **oming** tends to help ground energies. If nothing else, it makes misbehaving people feel a bit silly and often times that breaks up the situation. This doesn't mean the root cause of the problem is solved, but at least it buys some time and space to work on the issues. I've experienced a beautiful voice singing appropriate song calm everyone down as well. Peaceful, mellow music helps everyone feel better.

*(Musings, continued)* Sometimes problems don't seem resolved at the time. That's OK. Rainbow magic takes time to work. I've sat in circles with people who were full of anger. At some point the primary people stomped out of the circle and didn't return. Then a day or two or three later, I ran into those same people again, very happy and peaceful. Rainbow magic doesn't always have a logical cause and effect. Sometimes, just hanging out with someone for six hours prevents someone from getting lost in the woods (**yes it really happens and if it's cold out can be a cause of death**), drowning in a lake (**yes this has happened multiple times at gatherings**) or wandering up to the road and getting arrested (**you know this happens**). Plus you've just made a new friend. The more we get to know each other, the more we create community. The more we actively work on creating community, the more we increase the peace.

If you are not able to help when the universe calls you, **please, please, please, make sure someone else helps**. Ask others for assistance, guide the person to one of the larger kitchens, go to INFO or CALM and let them know what's going on. Be the change you want to see in the world.

Many years, we have Shanti Sena councils or workshops at the gathering where people who have "done" more Shanti Sena share the lessons they've learned with those who have "done" less or no Shanti Sena. As with everything gathering related, we are all of us teachers and all of us students.



Some topics covered in recent workshops:

Q. How high is too high?

A. We need to look out for our family who may be high and wandering about alone. The Wyoming Gathering was cold at night and it was easy to get lost in the woods. A high lost person can get hypothermia easily and die. So when you see someone who seems to be too high and unable to make good decisions about their safety, either hang with them or get them to a kitchen where the person can hang around a campfire until they are a bit more focused.

Sometimes people need to be restrained lovingly so they don't dance in the fire, jump off boulders and crash through people's tarps, or harm themselves in some way. NEVER DUCT TAPE ANYONE. Hold people down with strong and loving arms in the least restrictive manner possible.

Q. Neighborhood disputes

A. When you're camped in your camp and you notice some of your neighbors not getting along, take the time to talk to first one and then the other separately, find out what the issues are and see if you can come up with a solution that meets the needs of everyone. Don't wait until the screaming and yelling starts. However, once that happens, trying Oming. Oming is a general purpose calmer for a variety of situations. I have been in many situations where Oming made the yellers realize how silly they were being. When in doubt, Om. The more people who Om the better. Sitting down and Oming is less confrontational.

Q. Radios

A. Having a radio doesn't mean a person has a clue. Don't put all your trust in people with radios just because they have a radio. Some people with radios are experienced in Shanti Sena, some are not. If in doubt, go to INFO or CALM with a major problem.

Q. Cop Watch

A. NEVER CIRCLE THE COPS. Give them a way out of every situation. A scared cop shoots. Get people to sit down and OM. Oming de-escalates the situation. Keep your back to the cops and back our family up (some of us aren't as good at the peace vibe as others). DON'T YELL! Keep the video cameras rolling. Be the peace we want to see in this world. Don't interfere with their arrests. One or two people taken to jail can be dealt with by lawyers. Keeping the peace will minimize the arrests.

Q. Lost Kids

A. If your kid is lost, get to a person with a radio and get a description out ASAP. If you find a lost kid, take her/him to Kid Village.

Q. Keeping the Peace

A. Walking. Walk the gathering every day and observe what is where, stop at all the camps and kitchens and talk to people. Get to know what areas may be a bit sketchy before a problem erupts. Prevention is the best medicine. Walk the gathering at night looking for family who may need some gentle nudging to get them to a kitchen with a campfire and some good music. Come to Shanti Sena Councils/Circles/Workshops so you can meet other people. When a situation erupts, it's awesome to know who you're working with.

## What is a Shanti Sena?

By Carla

In addition to the vibe that we are \*all\* responsible for keeping the peace, and the encouragement for everyone to be involved in what we Rainbows see as a community responsibility, it's important to know that there is also a Shanti Sena Clan that sees peacekeeping as being their primary volunteer service at a gathering. There is some consistency in networking and communications for more serious or ongoing situations, as well.

Just as with any volunteer service, some people don't want to do it at all. Others are happy to help out when the need arises. Others, such as myself, consider ourselves on duty 24 hours a day. Naturally, the degree of experience and competence varies, as does the degree to which people communicate with others about day-to-day or ongoing situations.

Many of the folks at the gathering carry radios. Not all of them are Shanti Sena. And not all Shanti Sena clan carry radios at all times. But if there is a serious situation that needs more than an on-the-spot intervention, anyone can go up to anyone with a radio and ask them to call for a major Shanti Sena effort or a Shanti Sena council.

Examples of when to put out the word gathering-wide that Shanti Sena help is needed would be an instance of a lost child, or a violent person who is out of control. Examples of when a Shanti Sena Council might be called is an occurrence of sexual assault or the consideration of what to do with a mentally ill person who is a danger to self or others.

As with any other function of the gathering, there is no real organization, but there is a lot of co-ordination and cooperation. And as with any other function of the gathering, sometimes it runs very smoothly and sometimes there are problems. Sometimes the people involved are wonderful, and sometimes they are assholes.

A general word of caution: if someone tells you something that doesn't sound or feel right, like "You should give me all your money to hold because I'm Shanti Sena," they are lying. I've heard stories over time of abuses committed in the name of Shanti Sena. This really upsets me.

No one has authority over anyone else at a gathering. Shanti Sena are peace-keepers, mediators, diplomats, crisis counselors, and so forth. They are \*not\* cops, and have no right to violate anyone's rights. The only time there is a moral or legal right to detain or restrain someone or instruct them to do something they would otherwise not do, is when there is imminent danger to self or others. If you see someone doing something in the name of Shanti Sena and have questions about whether or not it is righteous, please ask for a full Shanti Sena council immediately. Ask someone to put the word out on the radio that others should come join in. We are each other's best checks and balances.

Most of the instances where I have heard of questionable actions taken in the name of Shanti Sena have occurred at Regionals. This I believe to be due to lack of experience and/or communication. Any mistakes in this direction can be avoided by following some general guidelines. The following guidelines are a working definition only - formulated by me as I write - and are open to additions, corrections, and whatever discussion or argumentation we wish to enter into.

1. Safety is the primary consideration of any Shanti Sena action - safety for both the person acting out and for the people around them.
2. Whenever possible, interventions should be non-physical. Any physical intervention should be as brief and as gentle as possible, and then only if someone is harming themselves or others.
3. If any decision needs to be made about what to do about an ongoing situation, or about an instance in which violence has occurred, it should never be made by one or two people, and it should not be made in the heat of the moment. Folks need to chill, sit down with each other in a circle, OM to bring in Spirit, and then discuss the issue calmly.
4. Whenever possible, we try to deal with the situation in camp. If someone is a clear and imminent danger to self or others, however, it is appropriate to turn them over to the police if no other solution can be arrived at to insure the safety of other gatherers; or if the person is mentally ill and is clearly a threat due to their disorientation, it is appropriate to turn them over to the local mental health system. Many people may question whether this is the best thing to do, and questioning is a good thing; but there comes a time when all other options for safety have been exhausted and our only resort is the system. Sad but true.
5. The purpose of Shanti Sena is not to determine guilt or innocence, or to mete out justice or punishment. If someone has been injured and wishes to press charges, they have the right to do so and to turn it over to the criminal justice system. It is not Shanti Sena's place to decide that this should not be done. There may also be instances in which an injured person may not wish to press charges, but a Shanti Sena council determines that the perpetrator presents an ongoing threat to safety, and in that case might fall back on point #4.
6. There are times when someone just doesn't get that their behavior is not acceptable, but it is not appropriate to turn them over to the system. Yet, we may not feel that they are safe to remain at the gathering. At that point, a Shanti Sena council may determine that the best course of action is to ask the person to leave the gathering. This option should never be taken lightly, and only in instances where safety cannot be insured by any other means. It should be carried out gently and respectfully, the person being escorted to the highway or to the bus station. The "banishment" stays in effect for that gathering only. There is no such thing as permanent exile from the gathering. All people are capable of change, and hopefully they will get the message the first time they are not allowed to stay.

Finally, I would like to say that by and large, I have seen this informal system work very well. Fortunately, we don't have to take drastic action very often, having found more creative and effective ways of communicating and teaching people what is necessary to live healthy and safe in a community without rules or laws. It's amazing, but we really do maintain functional, peaceful anarchy at the gatherings. Nothing short of a miracle, in fact. I guess we're back to giving God/dess credit - with a little help from our friends, naturally! Call it voluntary compliance with common sense, temporary insanity, or whatever, but somehow, we do it.





The Shanta Sena Process  
by Amazing Dave

This outline is prepared from one semi-experienced individual's perspective. Repeating the mistakes we made should be avoided by the next generation(s) or security personnel. Obviously, many of our veterans are socially or physically limited by time or mileage or age. A young, dedicated, altruistic cadre needs to step forward. The goal of this is to help that step be sure and safe for all concerned!

Peace Scenes

Some of us are "on call" 24/7. Naturally, rest is necessary. When "burn out" is reached, or a temporary break opportunity asserts itself, allowances must be made. We watch each other and have the right and obligation to declare each other as "off duty" when circumstances warrant! We can not allow ego to place at risk a operation that requires 100% of focus and attention when objectivity is happered by unavoidable events.

Remember you are Shanta Sena, Not Rainbow Cops

We arrive at a scene to restore harmony, not to create it's opposite. So all need to know federal statues concerning civic rights. Strive to remain objective and non-judgmental to the parties involved. Always clearly explain reasons and procedures in the context of fairness and equanimity. Remember you are

Preserve physical evidence when the events warrant. If forensics is possibly called for, isolate the scene with tape/string, post info, post guards, and sign the area. A tainted scene destroys a prosecution, and in cases, obstruction of justice questions to the forefront!

Conflict Situations vary greatly. Each set of variables intrinsic to a site calls for a modified response. Prior to offering the parties the usual options to resolve the conflict, it is imperative that the option be explored concerning formal legal charges. Explain that the offended party(s) retain that right. At any point in the time they have the option to go to the police and file. If this option is opted for, we should aid in the retention of physical evidence, film, photo(s), tape recordings etc... Extract all parties and transport to protect the right of both parties.

The possibility exists that the fugitives with outstanding warrants will come to us to facilitate their surrender. If this occurs, document the events, prepare individual statements of witnesses and protect the civic rights of the accused. If a confession is offered, Mirandize and document fully!

Events occasionally occur which fall into the category of Medical/Psychological. Erratic behavior predicated by misplaced medications which result in situations of varying degrees of seriousness. As lay people we need to know our limitations and respond by soliciting opinions from available medical personnel. Transfer the patient and all available material and possessions in a safe and expedient manner.

When individuals are suspected of transport, trade and/or obtain by stealth property whose ownership is disputed. A record of their witnesses should be obtained. Remember, this is certainly a situation of two individuals word at odds. Stabilize the scene and call for witnesses to corroborate the stories. In all cases, the option to file charges must be verbalized.

In all events, situations involving minors must involve input from adult guardians. Their presence is mandatory prior to convening meetings.

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Hello  
out  
there!



next?

Chorus G F G  
We are o - pe - ning we are o - pe - ning

Verse 1 G  
We are o - pe - ning up in sweet sur - ren - der to the

Verse 2 F G  
lu - mi - nous love light of the One We are

G  
ri - sing up like a phoe - nix from the fi - re

F G  
Bro - thers and sis - ters spread your wings and fly high - er

## Workshop: Keeping it Chill: Camp Security 101

By Vermin Supreme

This is the outline of a workshop I developed for Occupy camps in regards to encampment security.

### Peace and Security Maintenance. A Prophylactic Proposal.

1) **Introduction:** Premise: We must train as many of our staff and volunteers in the techniques of non-violent communications and coordinated crisis response. If we do, we can minimize and prevent potential conflict, and increase the effectiveness of actual interventions.

2) **Introductions :** go round, meet and greet.

3) **Discussion :** Defining/Redefining Safety :  
What makes us feel safe. What makes us actually safe.

[https://www.facebook.com/note.php?note\\_id=297403263616833](https://www.facebook.com/note.php?note_id=297403263616833)

4) **Exercise:** Observation and Assumption: Making an ass of u and me.

In this exercise we try and break the automatic tendency to project, or read, more than we should, based on limited observations.

Example: "I observe X is wearing a Seattle Seahawks tee shirt.

"I assume s/he is from Seattle and is a sports fan."

Actuality: X is from NYC and found shirt in free box.

Have a go round all the way around circle (time permitting)

5) **Exercise:** Boundaries and Personal Space: Please Get Out of my Face.

In this exercise we try and instill awareness of personal space.

Ask the group to observe and note the subjects' physical reactions.

Have the subject sit down. A volunteer quietly walks toward the sitting subject from behind.

Have the subject say "Stop" when s/he believes approaching figure is close enuf, thank you .

Repeat the exercise standing up. Repeat with the subject and the approacher face to face.

Ask the group what they observed. Ask the subject what they felt.

6) **Discussion:** Previous exercise can segue into a brief overview of body language. Discuss which postures/attitudes/facial expressions can evoke confrontational reactions. How to convey non threatening strength. Command Posture. Non verbal speech demonstration can segue into brief exploration of the most effective tone and volume of verbal speech for achieving cooperation. Using volunteers from the class, demonstrate how different combinations ; dropping an octave , whispering, yelling (properly, and when appropriate) can invoke differing reactions.

7) **Discussion :** Skill Listing. Listing off a list of skills useful in peace keeping and security. Discuss how and under what circumstances they may come into play.

8) **Non Violent Communication (NVC):** Review/overview. An NVC workshop should ideally be a prerequisite for this workshop. I include this review of NVC in this workshop, in order to reinforce these critical skills.

[http://www.baynvc.org/assumptions\\_and\\_intentions.php](http://www.baynvc.org/assumptions_and_intentions.php)

Empathetic Listening.

OFNR [http://www.baynvc.org/documents/quick\\_reference\\_guide.pdf](http://www.baynvc.org/documents/quick_reference_guide.pdf)

9) **Warm up Exercise: Grounding and Centering for Activists**

<http://www.starhawk.org/activism/trainer-resources/groundcenter.html>

"In an action, in any potentially tense or dangerous situation, we need to be able to stay calm, to feel our fear without letting it overrun us or turn into panic. Grounding is a technique that can help us stay both alert and relaxed when all hell is breaking loose around us."



(Workshop, continued)

### 10) Roleplay

<http://www.trainingforchange.org/es/roleplays>

Go round : ask for examples of security concerns participants may have witnessed or experienced on site or in their past personal experience. Take notes.

Ask the group for any other scenarios they would might encounter.

Some examples, if not offered by the group, might include:

Mentally ill person, late at night, moving random items around.

Agitated spouse wanting to look for mate in volunteer camp zone.

A suspected thief.

An intoxicated and belligerent individual.

A line jumper creating a scene.

Suspected domestic or child abuse.

Aggressive police wanting to enter the camp in a threatening manner.

Please stress to the participants, and observers that role plays can be strongly emotional. Should a participant have personal experience with a scenario to be roleplayed, and a likely hood of creating negative emotional reactions exists, please discourage their direct 'acting' participation.

### 11) Debriefings

<http://www.aacts.org/article89.htm>

Debriefing is a critical practice after any 'crisis event' is resolved. Here we acquaint participants with the concept.

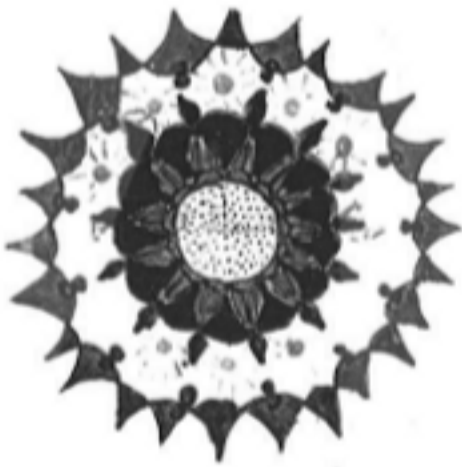
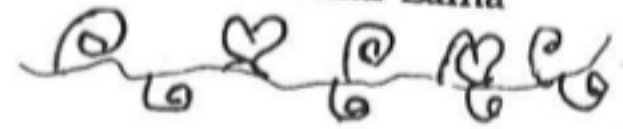
We debrief the participants of the role plays.

Group debrief. Include round robin sharing of how people are doing. Validate and affirm that role-plays can be challenging and confronting.



*"Wars arise from a failure to understand one another's humanness. Instead of summit meetings, why not have families meet for a picnic and get to know other while the children play together!"*

— the Dalai Lama



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Em G D Em  
 Spread - ing our long tail fea - thers as we fly

Em G D Em  
 Spread - ing our long tail fea - thers as we fly We

Em  
 cir - cle a - round we cir - cle a - round the

G D Em  
 bound' - ries of the earth the

G D Em  
 bound - less u - ni - verse

*kind hearts are the gardens  
 kind thots are the roots  
 kind words are the blossoms  
 kind deeds are the fruits* ♥

# 2013 Texas Spring Regional Rainbow Gathering

And if this invisible thread that holds us together were to sever, to cease, what then? What would become of billions of lone, disconnected souls? Therein lies the great quest of our lives, to find, to connect, to hold on. For when our hearts are pure, and our thoughts in line, we are all truly one, capable of repairing our fragile world, and creating a universe of infinite possibilities."

-Tim Kring



**Left:** It's about 11am, in the "parking lot" at the Forest Service gate. Just came back with a few young brothers, to get some things to take back down to the lake. I see ten regular vehicles, counting ours, the truck and camper by the gate, and two motorbikes. Two or three more parked behind us later in the day. The couple on the motorbikes was at the prayer circle later. They were on their own adventure, biking from California to Florida, and had just happened by.

**Right:** Leigha Hughes from KTRE-TV channel 9 was out for some pictures and an interview. Why me for the interview? I said okay, and after that, no one else volunteered. Rainbow consensus so far, is I did okay.

Mz. Leigha (pronounced as in "Princess Leia") seemed accustomed to toting her camera gear around; we went up and down a mile and a half of somewhat hilly trails. We had a normal hiking type conversation, brief exchanges and silences. We spoke of Rainbow things, some of which came out in the interview, and we spoke of media things, like being short on staff. It was news to me how small the staff is at KTRE.



**Right:** Just like any other family reunion you've ever been to, you'll see elders sharing with youngers. In this case, some photos. Distant family from around the world shows up - Family from France and Spain were at Sunday's circle, and Uri, who was born in the Soviet Union.

Uri told us how at Rainbow gatherings in Russia, they don't have to deal with the police. They have to deal with the army, which is "not so nice".

We have our versions of various in-laws and crazy cousins, too. And there's always new arrivals - newborn babies, and all ages of newborns in spirit.



**Below:** Main Circle is where we pray together, eat together, council, and generally catch up with things. This young man was telling of events at a gathering in Costa Rica. It had something to do with some possible extra-terrestrials, and a girl-friend who was actually from California, not outer space. Later, he said he'd never told that story to so many all at once before. (Kinda like me, earlier, with Mz. Leigha!)



**Above:** Angelina County Sheriff's Office had already impressed me earlier this week, while I was camped out here by myself, in the quiet. I didn't notice them coming until I heard them talking to each other in normal voices. Four of them! Most people talk a little loud in the woods, crunch the ground and swish the brush, disturb the little birds and things - even the local country folk do it. Thought they might be Rainbow folk out to visit, 'til I caught sight of the uniforms.

**Below:** The lake shore. Some in swimwear, some in jackets. It's about 70°F, but the wind is whipping up white-caps on the lake.

The way to the lake was interesting. No trail, just a general direction. Near the shore, I had to pass through a thicket of pine saplings, like the way into Narnia. Emerging from the thicket, there was an open meadow of knee-high dry grass, and the lake. About a hundred yards to the right was a place where the grass was thin, and the water came in close to the trees - and people swimming! Not me. I need summer for that.



Video-cam totin' young ladies just be all through the woods! Love'n'Light to all, and hearty

**"WE-E-E LO-O-OVE YOU-U-U!"**

FireStarter James

"We are all connected, joined together by an invisible thread, infinite in its potential and fragile in its design. Yet while connected, we are also merely individuals, empty vessels to be filled with infinite possibilities, an assortment of thoughts, beliefs, a collection of disjointed memories and experiences... Can I be me without these? Can you be you?"



**Four Days in the Forest**  
**Notes from the East Texas Regional Rainbow Gathering Seed Camp, by Fire-Starter James**  
**Day One- A Bad Start**

*[Author's note: I wish in no way to imply any law enforcement officers did anything unlawful to me. My bad day belongs to me, – not them, nor anyone else.]*

On the day I'm going to the woods to stay, I have a short list of goals in mind to complete as early as possible.

1. Find a campsite good for at least one night. I can find a better one the next day, and move there.
2. Get the tent set up, all the stuff inside or dried in somewhere, and the bedroll laid out – just in case I come home late that evening.
3. Get that latrine ready to use. My system likes to wake up in the dark of the morning, and that's no time to be digging holes in the woods.

I like to get to the general region I'm camping in as early in the day as possible.

I'm guessing we (Hope and I) got to the gate at the end of the Forest Service road around 2:30 pm. Hope was driving, of course, since I don't have a license. Hemiplegic migraines associated with fibromyalgia. (Asthma is part of fibromyalgia, too, along with the semi-chronic pain it's named for. It's sometimes called "muscular rheumatism".)

So we're kinda late, but it's okay, because we've been here before many times – even just a year ago, just to walk the dogs and take pictures. (I saw two bald eagles that day, one at a time. Both of them flew out to across the cove from north of the old Duck Kitchen.)

We have a system for moving our camping gear down the trail by ourselves. We do it in stages. The first stage is Hope unloads the – luggage? Gear? I got pillows, and I got post-hole diggers. Let's go with baggage. Hope unloads the baggage, and I tote it all down the trail to a point out of sight from the road. Then we tote the pile piece by piece down the trail, one short length at a time.

After four or five of these tote steps, we came to the hilltop overlooking the old crossroads, and we could see the lake through the trees past there. We sat for a little breather, and took in the view.

When I got up to go get more baggage, I heard an engine coming from behind us. I thought it could be our friend Wayne from Zavalla, who might have driven through the unlocked gate. I was going to tell him not to drive down here, but when I stepped out into the road, I saw two Forest Service jeeps.

I had a brief conversation with the guy in the first jeep. He asked and I identified myself, and we talked mostly about fire hazards and dead tree hazards, and about whose baggage it was on the road (ours). As we parted, I noticed they stopped behind me to talk to Hope. It was only a few minutes before I got back with an armload of tools, so I wasn't really surprised they were still there. Hope likes to talk. So I just walked up, put down my machete and saws and what-not, and turned around to see what the conversation was about.

"Mr. Hallmark, would you step this way just a little, please?"

If I'd had animal ears, they would have perked up and swiveled. I think I said something like, "Hunh?"

"Just step over here away from the knives and things." That's when the fight-or-flight response rushed through me. Suddenly, these two armed men didn't seem to be forest rangers any more, and they had their dog out, too.

I stepped away from the knives and things.

The next few or many minutes are a little fuzzy to me. I'm not sure I've got this all in order. They wanted to search all our bags and I told them no. Then they told me their drug dog had hit on my personal bag (lying on the ground), and wanted to search it. I really didn't want them to search *all* our stuff, because I've seen what can happen – so I said okay, search it.

So they did. Pulled out my spare flannel shirt and socks, flipped through the leaves of the little pocket Bible, checked out all the little flaps on my camera. Had me show them how to open the battery compartment. Found my lost fingernail file I hadn't seen for a while.

No drugs other than some antacids.

They wanted to hear me say I didn't have any drugs on me – so I said it – but ended up turning out all my pockets for them anyway. Then they explained to me how suspicious it was that I would allow them to search one bag, but no others. Guess I walked into that one. They said either I could consent to another dog-search, or they would detain us while getting a real search warrant – from Zavalla nearly 10 miles away.

I started to lose my wits about then. Of course. Dog-search it all again. How ironic it is that I came to the woods to *dry out!* They scoffed at that because they knew I had beer in the cooler. That's when I heard Hope.

"That's all he's got! Tomorrow he won't have any!" I love her so! She knew I wanted to get that latrine done *before* starting to dry out.

They started the second dog-search while I was still picking up my pocket stuff. At one point, the dog put his head up inside a bag of my clothes and started to shake it around, and I hollered "Aw, my *clothes!*", and it was suddenly all over. They let us put our stuff back in our bags ourselves. Then they left, and I was kinda wishing I still liked cigarettes.

We waited until they were all the way gone before starting to move the baggage again. We got it all past the crossroads, past a tree fallen across the old road to the lake. Our friend Wayne did come out to visit – he met those officers on his way out. They told him they were out looking for two lost teenage boys. We told him about our encounter, too.

Hope helped me get the tent popped up stake-less, and my bedroll out, before she left. It was starting to get dark by then. Never did get that latrine done that night. I'm drawing a curtain over the next twelve hours after that.



## Four Days in the Forest Day Two—Almost Alone

I left the fly off the tent overnight. So it was basically a big mosquito net with a door in it. I wanted to be able to see out by just sitting up. There had been some rapid gunfire back up the trail after dark. They quit after I prayed out loud to be left alone. Real loud.

I remember it being too cold, but just scrunching up under my blanket and trying to sleep. Had the usual one trip outside; I remember being glad that I had seen the water moccasin earlier (because he was leaving, toward the lake). Stayed in bed late, waiting for it to get light.

It's really just Day One of drying out, and I decided early that making coffee would use too much drinking water (didn't feel like doing it). So I'm cutting off alcohol and caffeine at the same time. I was expecting this. Good time to be alone. Managed to get a latrine done, enough for three or four days. Gotta have those post-hole diggers!

I walked around some. My tent was by a little slough into a north-pointing peninsula into Lake Sam Rayburn. The narrow end of the cove was just west, in front of the tent, with the little slough just north, to the right. I walked east until I got near the next cove, a bigger one. I couldn't see the shore – it was brushy all along the shore – but I saw ducks swimming and flying, and could hear them splashing in the water. I also found a nice huckleberry grove just big enough to put my tent under.

I don't remember what I ate when. I had a jar of dry-roasted peanuts, sandwich crackers, cheese sticks, and water – enough to get to Tuesday, when Hope would be back.

At some point – some time before noon, I think – my activity became just sitting in my chair in front of my tent. The old unused forest service road was maybe fifty feet from the front of the tent, ending a little way to my right, near the lake shore just south of the slough. I could see the lake water over that direction. In front of me, the lake was hidden by brush, but I knew that somewhere there it narrowed to a point, a trickle into the lake – the same trickle that starts up by the Forest Service gate, about a half-mile uphill to the south.

The crossroads I came across yesterday was at the base of that hill, maybe a hundred yards to my left. The crossroads was really more like a 'T', because a recent tree-fall had hidden the road north to my tent. I credit Providence for that. Perfect tree placement – uprooted still alive, right across the roadway, with no way around.

The pain was starting to take me, and I had to let it. When it gets like this, everything hurts. It hurts to lie down, and it hurts to get up. I can't sleep, can't work, can't play. So I let go.

I sat in my chair, and thought of times I had been to this part of the woods before. I was sitting in the site of my first Rainbow gathering. Just across the old FS road, was where I had helped Taco Mike build a kitchen in the fall of '92. He's the one who showed me how a little dirt can help scrub out a skillet. Back then, anyone could drive all the way down here, so we blocked the road up at the crossroads, *right where the new tree-fall is now*. Forest Service made us un-block it, but we would always block it again as soon as they left. Not much different for them, from the gate they have now a half-mile back up the road (even better!).

I also thought of the last kitchen we had had out there, just across the cove from me under a big willow tree. One night we got tired of having no guitars or drums, and started a semi-musical jam with the kitchen equipment. I remembered Mr. Natural giving me pointers on how to play the 55-gallon drum. (The drum was for a mud oven.)

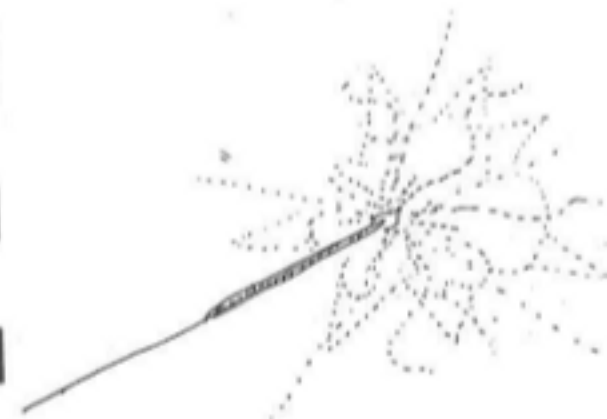
My favorite gathering out there was farther west along the shore, out on a point. Lots of sun, swimming beaches on three sides, and plenty of room for a boogie fire and main circle. Some stormy nights too. One night nearly everything blew off into the lake. I got my name Fire-Starter at that gathering, keeping the fires going through the rainstorms.

Some time around mid-afternoon, something roused me from my daydreams. Looking back over my left shoulder, I saw three forest service jeeps parked up at the crossroads, and some officers and a dog walking up and down the east-west road. I'm not sure how long it was before they walked down to where I was. They were the two officers I had met the day before, plus a third.

They walked on past the tent at first, but soon found the end of the road. On their way back, the K129 officer "parked" his dog and came over to talk to me about the two missing boys they were looking for. He seemed to think he had told Hope or me about it the day before, so I reminded him he had only told our friend Wayne. I told him where I had been walking, and that I hadn't seen anyone but people fishing from boats. (His dog kept creeping up little by little while we were talking, until he was sitting right by my tent.) Hope called me around that time about our computer, so they looked around a little more.

On their way out, they reminded me to call the Sheriff's Office if I saw the two teen-agers. The K129 officer "parked" his dog again while they were leaving. The dog sat still until he got the signal, this time. I guess he wanted to show off the dog a little.

After a while, I got up and moved the tent to the other side of the little slough, under the huckleberry bushes. This time I put the fly on.



## Four Days in the Forest

### Day 3—Two if by Land, Three if by Sea.

I didn't start taking notes until Day 3. I got through the worst of the alcohol deprivation the day before. Maybe I should explain better about needing to "dry out". I'm an alcoholic with fibromyalgia.

Fibromyalgia is named for its chronic full-body muscle pain (which has peculiar pain patterns). Symptoms include asthma, migraines, extreme sensitivity to cold (it hurts!), and a host of others that not all have.

I've been done with trying new drugs, for a long time now. They either don't work, or they keep me from working – and half of them make me sick in some new, unexpected way. Beer and caffeine works best for me. The caffeine is important, but not liquor (doesn't work as well), and not wine (migraines!).

The only problem is that both of these drugs are ones that the body builds a tolerance to. They quit working, unless I take a week off from them – which pretty much means taking a week off from work, too, if I've let it go too long. It's also a good time to park myself behind a "no alcohol" sign somewhere, which is what I expect, if any Rainbow Family were to show up.

I liked getting up in the morning under my little huckleberry grove. It was cool, with that low-level overcast that's really an upper-level fog. I walked the half-mile or so back up the hill to the Forest Service gate. It's a daily habit I picked up long ago, especially when camping in a public place. Kinda like checking the mail, only there's no mail-box. I took the time to stamp out some of the old tracks in the road, on my way up and down. On my way back, I put up piece of blue tape by the tree-fall that was across the trail to the cove (that I was now camped across the slough from).

About 10am, I pulled out my yellow legal pad and sat in a chair in front of my tent, tucked in a huckleberry grove near the lake shore, behind a pine thicket and a muddy slough that would deter most of any curious wanderers.

I wrote, "The Sun is starting to burn off the overcast, and the breeze is picking up. Each new ripple in the tree-tops thickens the air below with pollen. It went from clear to smoky in seconds. Must have been the first breeze of the morning."

Then I thought I saw smoke in the east, and went to check it out. Turned out to be pollen clouds, blowing across the cove from the peninsula to the east. While I was out there, I went north to explore the rest of "my" peninsula. I worked my way around just inside the tree-line from the shore, looking for convenient ways to get to the water. Not much, with the lake level up into the brush as it was. Didn't take long – I was back at my "Huckleberry Hideaway" behind the slough inside an hour.

That's about when the migraine hit. Along with my other "meds", I hadn't brought any migraine or asthma meds, either. Still kinda glad of it, too, considering all the law presence and dog searches. I sure didn't need the stress of any more "splainin' to do"! On 'Day One' their dog had actually "hit" on my dispatch bag – the one I've been carrying around on my bike rides the past three years. Any suspicious elements have to have been in there before then. They did find a lost fingernail file we hadn't seen for months.

The migraine only lasted a few hours. I was up walking around again by 1 o'clock. I thought I had heard motors while I was laying in the tent, so I decided to go back up to the gate again. Exploring the west peninsula would have to wait another day.

So I went back south past the tree-fall to the crossroads, where I found turn-around tire tracks, at least two sets. I followed the tracks back up the hill to the gate. Found it still locked, no tracks around it. I walked out past the gate a little down the Forest Service road, and on my way back, I saw they had put up a post by the gate, and nailed a sign to it. The sign said it was illegal for more than 75 people to assemble in one place in the National Forest without a permit.

I figured I was just one guy, and if 74 other people decided to collect themselves up behind my little slough, I was gonna move, anyway. Really. So I erased parts of their tire tracks again.

When I got back to the crossroads, I found another sign by the trail to my tent. It was nailed to a tree, which I thought was really ranger-like. Same sign. Now I'm seriously thinking of going home with Hope when she brings me supplies in the morning. This is all a little weird to me, and I'm not getting the peaceful nature experience I was looking for.

Later in the evening, I was sitting outside my tent at Huckleberry Hideaway, when a boat caught my ear. Fishing boats had been passing by all day, but this one was coming all the way in with its engine on. When I stood to look through the bushes behind the tent, I saw three men in FS LEO uniforms standing in the front of the boat, one scanning the woods with field glasses.

I imagine they were looking for a landing spot, and didn't want to drive through the tall dead grass to get to the shore – because the next thing they did was drive that boat right up the little slough behind my tent. They weren't expecting to lurch to a stop in deep mud.

I had one of those spontaneous prayers just then. Like an involuntary reflex, "Dear God, PLEASE don't let them be stuck!" They managed to back out in reverse without a lot of trouble, and then left.

Left me with a present. The stagnant mud they turned up was now emitting an odor much like sewage. I spent a little time trying to get a look at what they had done, but I couldn't find a place on the land that I could even see it from.

While I was back on the trail side of the slough, I heard someone calling from the main trail up the hill, so I went over to the crossroads to meet whoever it was. There was a young man with a backpack, so I asked if he was looking for a Rainbow gathering. He said yes, and I said, "Welcome Home!" That's how I met Keith.

It was getting dark, so we both turned in pretty soon after that.



## Four Days in the Forest

### Day 4—The Final Four

It was cold when I woke up, so I spent my minimum necessary time outside the tent in the dark, and got back in under my blanket. This is unpleasant, because cold makes me hurt, and staying in bed late makes me hurt any time, even when I have more than a quilt to lie on.

When daylight came, it was 55 degrees. I called Hope to add a jacket and a blanket to the supplies she would be bringing me today (nuts, cheese, crackers, water & ice). Then I started my usual "morning rounds" thing, which on this day meant walking the half-mile or so up to the Forest Service gate and back.

When I came around from behind my little slough and thicket, I saw Keith; we had just met the evening before, just before dark. He was still in his hammock/sleeping-bag thing, strung between two trees, completely cloaked. I couldn't help but envy him that, a little bit. I'd feel blinded and trapped and out of air.

Nobody was up at the gate, no vehicles. By the time I got back down the hill, Keith was coming out of his tree-cocoon thing. His first order of business was to head back to Zavalla for supplies. He said he thought it was five miles, I said I thought it was closer to ten or more, and he said, "Whatever". We laughed. What else ya gonna do?

Keith left for Zavalla with the advantage of an empty pack, and I went back to my Huckleberry Hide-Away behind the slough.

After a while, I heard people around Keith's campsite, so I went back for a look. There I found the Sheriff and three deputies (of Angelina County). I said something like, "Hi there! Y'all find anything on those missing teen-agers?"

They hadn't heard of any missing teen-agers.

One of them asked if I had heard anything about a Rainbow gathering, and I said yes, I had, and added that I thought it would be a good place to quit drinking for a while.

"Shouldn't there be some more people here by now?" he asked.

"I thought so too, but you never know on these things." I said with a shrug. Which is a true thing that I know well. Sometimes what feels like the Spirit is really just wishful thinking – and sometimes it's just the right thing to do, to be there for something that might happen, even when it doesn't. Which was where I thought I was again now, except for Keith showing up.

They asked me about Keith's gear there, which I told them wasn't mine, but belonged to this guy I had just met when he arrived late last evening. Life in the wild is like that (sometimes). As they were leaving, I was telling them how I was thinking of staying the rest of the week.

"You know it's gonna rain." one of them said.

"I'm ready for that." I said.

"It's also gonna be in the 30s"

...

"That I'm *not* ready for!" I said. "Thanks for telling me. I gotta get on the phone. Bye y'all!"

I had to tell Hope I had to come to the house. There's not enough blankets for this. It's not just the pain thing any more, it's the asthma. Air that cold could cause an attack, and I wouldn't be able to avoid the cold air during the attack.

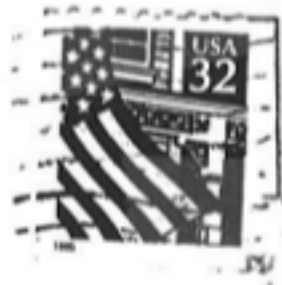
So Hope was ready for me to be packing out by the time she got there, and I had my camp mostly disappeared, and the gear lumped out to the trail near Keith's campsite. We used a simpler method this time. Hope moved most of our stuff the hundred yards or so to the crossroads at the bottom of the half-mile hill, while I started toting everything up to the top of the hill. When she had nothing left to take to the crossroads, she took one load to the top of the hill, and started taking the stuff from the top of the hill to the Jeep. It worked out really well, with me getting everything to the top about the same time she was getting it all packed in the Jeep.

Keith came back sometime while we were doing this, and he wished I didn't have to go. I told him about the Sheriff's Office, and what I had talked about with them.

Then we had to leave, leaving just one guy to take my place, a guy I just met less than 24 hours before.

As it turned out, that was the beginning of a Rainbow gathering. Hope and I and an elder friend went out to visit the next Sunday. Ms. Leigha Hughes of KTRE-TV was coming out, too – she had asked for a guide to the gathering, and I was it.

But that's another story.



Hoof and horn hoof and horn all that dies shall be re-born

Corn and grain corn and grain all that falls shall rise a-gain



An open letter to all my relations...

Tim DeChristopher is my mind a lot lately. He said something that just keeps coming back to me, in waking and in dream time. Though Tim is currently locked behind bars for trying to defend public land, simply by placing a bid on it in an auction, he doesn't want our pity or their mercy for his trials and prison sentence. Instead, he wants us to join him in this struggle to protect the Earth from the wholesale destruction which is bearing down upon this beautiful planet relentlessly, with no sign of letting up anytime soon.

There have been many Brothers and Sisters who have fought to pave the way for us through civil disobedience, direct action, and heroic true justice for the Earth. I realize that, though I have my reservations about standing up to the madness that is engulfing this planet, I must not fear becoming involved. To do so would certainly be a great disrespect to all of those who stood strong for all of US! Just as Dr. King did for the civil rights movement, these brave pioneers for eco-sanity have done for the green resistance. We have brave souls to thank for showing us their own inner strength and perseverance in the face of such powerful, destructive forces. By doing so, they have shined a light on our own pathway of inner power and truth. They have shown us examples of how to be "David" standing before "Goliath". We have people to thank and look to. People like Tim, who by acting on his inner knowing, peacefully, I may add, received a steep and unjust punishment to be "made an example of". People like Winona LaDuke, who work tirelessly to educate others about the importance of our living earth, and how and why we should protect her. People like David Gypsy Chain, who died for us, and for the future generations. His death is not in vain. So many others have lost their freedom or lives defending this beautiful round Earth we call home. So many countless indigenous people have fought for their homelands, the water that sustains them, and the beauty that surrounds them.

We have people to honor, like Julia Butterfly Hill, who, through sheer force of will...and a force even stronger, that of love...kept her feet from touching the ground for two long years, to save an old growth stand of Redwoods. Julia, and the massive redwood she called home for those years, Luna, have come to represent something so profound in my life and my search for truth. They have shown me what one person can do when the vast, pure energy of Mother Earth is running through their veins, and a love of the sacred Earth fuels the soul-fire.

The Native American teaching of honoring this Earth and thinking forward to the seventh generation in our actions and ways of living is a cornerstone of my outlook on the life we should be living. And, if only this civilization functioned in the way of mutual respect with this Earth, as did the people native to this occupied land did, then we wouldn't be in this disastrous mess that we all can clearly see we are in. If only all major decisions that involved the use of Earth resources and human relations had to be approved by a circle of wise Grandmothers!

We are the Grandmothers and Grandfathers of the future. I will not, can not, look my future Grandchildren in the eyes and say "I did nothing when something could have been done". Rather, I will muster up every ounce of courage within me, and I will stand up to the corporate, all-consuming Goliath that is pursuing my Mother Earth, wounding her, shaming her beauty, and threatening the very existence of the seventh generation. I will ready and take aim carefully. And I know I am not doing it alone. There are many already on the front lines. And, I know that you will join me. I know the flame grows brighter. We are many Davids...multiplying by the moment, awakening from our slumber, sharpening our skills, holding our stance, staring this monster down without fear. And our weapon is love.

As Tim said..."Join me".

In love and Solidarity, Earthdancer

One pla - net is tur - ning,  
 Light is re - tur - ning,  
 Let's keep it bur - ning,  
 - cir - cle on our path a - round the  
 - e - ven tho this is the dar - kest  
 - Let us keep the flame of hope a -  
 sun. Earth Mo - ther is cal - ling  
 hour. No one can hold  
 live. Make safe our jour - ney  
 - her chil - dren home.  
 - back the dawn.  
 - thru the storm.



## Vision for a Free Hospital Based on Fun and Friendship

By Patch Adams, MD

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I entered medical school in 1967 to use medicine as a vehicle for social change.

I used my free time to study the history of health care delivery around the world and to look at contemporary models with the idea of creating a medical model that would address all the problems of the way care is delivered. I didn't intend to create a model that would be THE answer to the problems; but to model creative problem solving, and to spark each medical facility to design their own ideal rather than succumb to the garbage of managed care, or a resignation to the impossibility of humanistic care.

The original vision has all the principles we have maintained all these years. **There is no charge for the care. We want to eliminate the idea of debt in the medical interaction as a way to begin recreating human community.** We don't want people to think they owe something; we want them to think they belong to something. We cannot not conceive of a community which does not care for its people.

**We do not accept third party reimbursement,** both in order to refuse payment and to sever the stranglehold that insurance companies now have on how medicine was practiced.

**We have nothing to do with malpractice insurance,** which forces fear and mistrust into every medical interaction. We espouse the politics of vulnerability and are clearly aware that we can only offer caring and never promise curing. In such a flagrantly imperfect science, we need the right to make mistakes.

The loudest cry of patients is for compassion and attention, which is a call for time. So initial interviews with patients are three to four hours long, so that we can fall in love with each other. Intimacy is the greatest gift we can give patients, especially at a death bed, with intractable pain or chronic, unsolved medical problems.

A secret in the practice of medicine (so easily forgotten when business is the context) is how care is bidirectional—meaning, intimacy is as important for the care giver as it is the patient. In such a context, **the well-being of the staff is as important as the well-being of the patients.** The bidirectionality of healing is at the core of preventing burnout. The business of medicine has connected the word care with the concept "burden," to describe all who need care, who are not wealthy. But we found the unencumbered practice of medicine is an ecstatic experience for patient and care-giver alike.

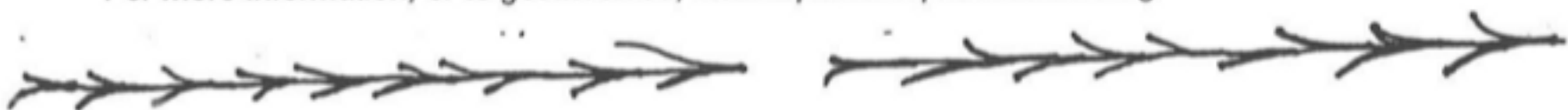
In spending this amount of time with patients, we found that the vast majority of our adult population do not have a day to day vitality for life (which we would define as good health). What the majority need is an engagement with life. **This is why we fully integrate medicine with performing arts, arts and crafts, agriculture, nature, education, recreation and social service, as essential parts of health care delivery.** This is a major reason that the staff's home will be the hospital. We insist on friendships with our patients (made easy by not charging, and giving them our lives).

**The ideal staff people we look for are, by intention, happy, funny, loving, cooperative, thoughtful and creative.** I know the key to the creation of this beautiful model is in people deciding and choosing to live there; because it is people who really make a model. Ideas can only be as real as the people living them. Politically, our most potent wedge for change would be living happily together, in constant, joyful service, fully expressing our creative selves at extremely low salaries. The point is not to try to teach a staff this, but to find people for whom this was their way of life.

We plan to build a forty-bed rural community hospital—what we call Phase 6. There will be sixty beds for staff and beds for their families in a creative, comfortable communal hospital. There will be 30,000 square feet devoted to the arts in a fully arts-centered hospital. There will be a school for social change and in-depth agricultural programs. It will be funny looking, full of surprises and magic. In a context of service driven care, we aim to operate this hospital on 10% of the national average.

At the urging of friends in the US, given the collapse of health care systems in our country, we decided to fundraise for phases 4 and 5, the teaching center and clinic, which will provide the indispensable minimum of our hospital vision.

For more information, or to get involved, visit <http://www.patchadams.org/>



One Style of Herbalism, and How to Make Desert Forest Mountain Salve  
by Otter of North West Montana

This healing salve is very versatile, and quickly heals many, many topical maladies. Its been in (very small) production since 2005 and has been successfully used for cuts from mild to severe with excellent, speedy results. Cracked heels fuse together with about a week of twice daily applications. Rashes are eased. Sunburns and other burns are gentled. Just about anything wrong with skin : bites, stings, bruises, abrasions, and many other (but of course not all) problems can be treated and cured more quickly with Desert Forest Mountain Salve. Diaper Rash, too. Also, wounded cats, dogs, and horses have been greatly aided with daily applications of this soothing stuff.

The recipe was named from where the three green herbs in it grow. I was introduced to herbs, and especially chaparral, by Sheila, one of rainbow's most dedicated healers. Chaparral is the desert herb. On an herb walk long ago, Green Light introduced me to Plantain. Comfrey, I found in my own studies after being sparked by these two "earliers" and others. An "earlier" is another more equal term for a rainbow "elder". I am no expert at this herb stuff. I was just taught a thing or two by a few.

So, tea, infusion, and salve. Three things you can do with herbs to help your spirit ride around in that body of yours. Sheila taught me, try one herb at a time. See how it effects you. Most herbs are mild enough to learn and use without harsh side effects. Those that are not .. good workshop, eh? Merely steep a pinch or three of herbs in water just off the boil, in a cup. For tea steep five minutes. Longer for the stronger infusion. Sun Tea is fun tea, and has a different type of potency. Experiment for yourself. Try chamomile, try mint, try rose hips .. one at a time .. THEN combine. This is how YOU discover earth's bounty for yourself, and how it can work for and with you. Try wildcrafting, mint grows everywhere, and you can find some not on a road. Ask for help identifying, and look in books in libraries or online. Never take all the plants growing, give thanks and offerings, and then YOU are working for mama earth.

O.K., salve. This kind uses grapeseed oil. It is scentless, light, carries the properties and the smells of the herbs marvelously, (yes, this healing can be aromatherapy, too), and grapeseed oil is uniquely absorbent. Grapeseed oil carries the herbs to and through the skin and delivers the properties to the blood stream efficiently. I know, you cannot wildcraft that, and olive oil is o.k. too, just not as good. Way Not.

It is good to go with the moon. You are wanting full potency, so assemble your ingredients and begin near a new moon. It takes four weeks of shaking for this kind of salve, so the potency grows with the moon's fullness. I've used salves made in a day by heating the herbs, and found them weak. Same with those started randomly. And I'll speak for a second on how and when the herbs are grown and harvested. Also with the moon increases potency. Plant at new moon, harvest at full.

A glass quart jar with a lid is preferred. Put a handful each of plantain, chaparral, and comfrey in this jar. Next, pour grapeseed oil over top. Fill jar 2/3 full, leaving room for shaking. Store jar as dark and as cool as possible. Shake the oil and the herbs daily for four weeks. Shake 'em up good. Strain the herbs out of the oil after four weeks. Add a few big ole drops of lavender essential oil for extra preservation, scent and extra healing power. Lavender is also a mild anodyne / painkiller. Heat the oil gently, DO NOT BOIL. When heated, scrape beeswax shavings into the oil until it is saturated. You'll have to experiment, here. Too much wax diminishes potency and harms absorption. Not enough wax harms preservation and consistency and storage ability. Balance in all things. Pour off warm, herby, waxy oil into smaller jars with lids. Store cool, dry and dark. It is o.k. if the salve gets hot and turns to liquid, or freezes. Return salve to room temperature and it'll go back to its original form and retain potency. The oil CAN go bad, you will smell it if it is bad. It will smell like herbs if it is good. Only light application is needed for small cuts and abrasions. Deeper cuts may be packed with salve. And remember, never take ANY one person's word for law. It's Your Body, and your loved ones bodies you'd like to heal. Do your research, experiment yourself, ask many different types of people for their experiences and HEAL! Peace out , I love you . For further study, try these words, anodyne, refrigerant, vulnerary (that which heals wounds), mucilaginous. Learn what these each mean and which herbs have these properties. LOVE! AND MORE LOVE! May our work and our play and our rest be blessed.



Em G Em D

Earth my bo - dy Wa - ter my blood

Em C G Em

Air my breath and Fire my spi - rit



## The Deep Roots of the Regeneration - by Temeluch

Why have a lot of the people lost their Homes, and their Lands, and their Jobs, and even their Families? Liquification.

Some of it may have been the fault, of those who came before us, and who may have left some of us with nothing but money, which is not enough, since it might well be that many of us have let go of that place of belonging, within the community, which was once there, for us, and for all of our own Tribal People, from ancient times, who probably did have that sense of community, which had a lot to do with a healthy and workable balance, between rights and responsibilities, as being a fully functioning, and fully integrated family member of our Tribal Community was our main job. We once had something which now we have lost, because we sold out on that, and we did walk away.

We had a Job, a Home, and Land, with Our Own People, in Community, but then we lost that job, or that house, or that land, or those people, by not valuing it highly enough, and by not hanging on to what had been left to us, from older generations, and we did not hang on, to what we had been given, or had inherited, or whatever it was, which had all been earned, or at least secured, and was defended, and held on to for over 100 years.

A lot of people, just cashed in on it, before they came here, and they sold everything they owned, and they sold out on all the structural components of the community, meaning the Homes, and the Farms, and the Animals, and the Tools, and the Wagons, as well as the invisible structural components, of a working community, which can be very fragile, like the EcoSystem, itself, which only works when it is all kept intact.

To just walk away from home, is a way of disregarding all that we have been given, and forsaking and betraying all that we have been given, such as these fragile Components of Life, and all the linking inter-relationships, which are like the network of the brain, and you know that once you rip those connections up, it is very difficult for it to function as well as it had before, because all those connections cannot be reconnected up again, once the integrity of the whole network of inter-connection has been destroyed.

Maybe they sold out on the community, thinking that they did not need to bother, to hang onto that land, or to retain that deep sense of total integration, into the community spirit, of oneness, in the Tribal Unity, on the Land, with the others, who are always there, and ready to be counted on.

We may have even discarded the very spirit of our ancient tribal roots, and the Wisdom of the Elders, who should have been honored, but that was all disregarded, which might have been crucial, in order to be able to do our part, to sustain our share, of a natural and healthy food and water supply, which is all based on sound Eco-Logical Principles, and a Healthy Planet, with natural flows, and real working relationships, which need to be protected, real things that are of life, and that support the continuation of the Tribe, and the passing on of ancient knowledge, not things that are just easy to grab, and to sell, or to cash in on it all, and to cut off all ones ties, and to run from ones Tribal Responsibilities, to the family, and to the land, and to spend it all while you can, or to gut, and run, and to cash out, just to keep up appearances.

It might have been important, for our spiritual well being, to have a sense of belonging, as a member of a Family Tribe, who has a real place in that Tribal Community, with all the rights and privileges that rightly would correspond to ones actual place in the tribe, as someone who is known, as a result of good works, as a contributing member, and with a certain degree of honor, and respect, for being there in this relationship, along with a corresponding amount of power, and with changing responsibilities, as we grow, as no one is born with everything, equally endowed, at birth, as equals.

Notice that even long established Farming Families, who have inherited the Family Farm, will often choose to sell that land, just to Liquify those Assets, so it can be divided up, among the children, who are through with that land, and they will exchange that Farm, which is something of real value, and was meant to be taken care of, and would normally be passed on down to future generations, where they would have some place to live, as a people, with a tradition of their own.

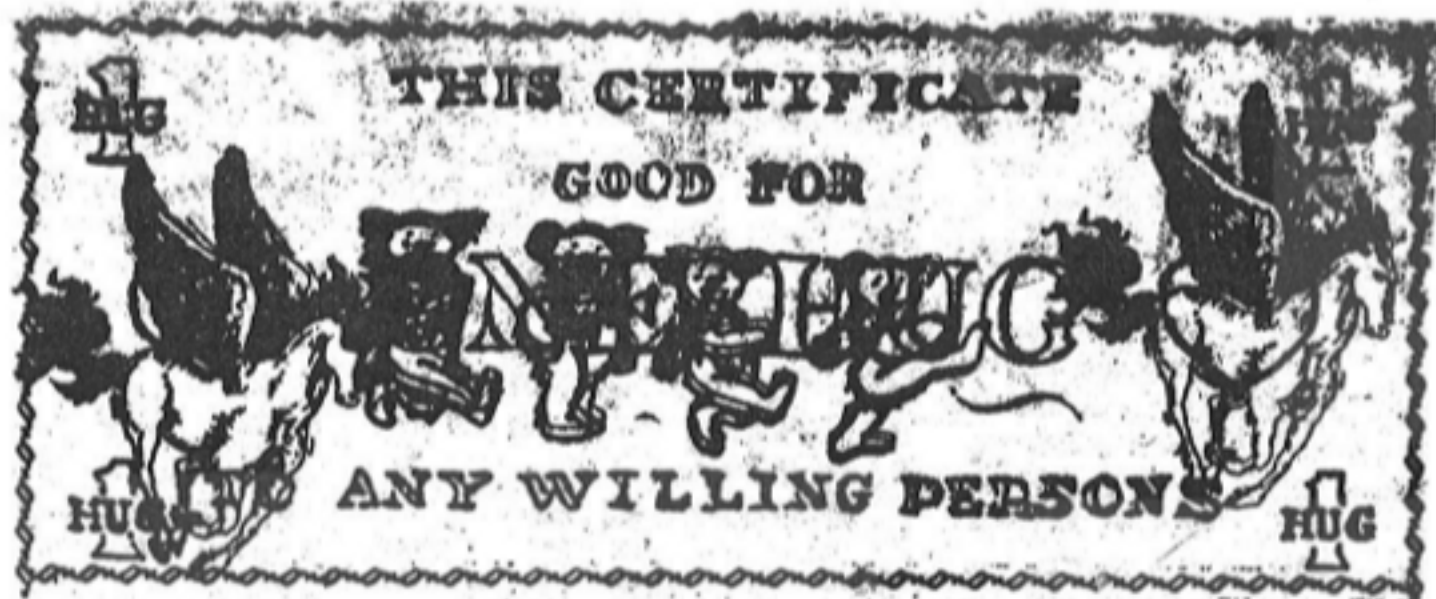
We Sold Out on our People, and we Sold Out on the Earth, and this process of Liquification continues on to this day, with the Liquification of the Earths Assets, and the Liquification of all the inter-connecting connectors of our lives, which is what happens when everything gets assigned a market value, even when these are the Assets of our People, and our Families, and our Farms, and our Jobs, and our Homes, and Our Lands.

Our jobs have now been shipped overseas, as we continue on with the complete Liquidation of all of the Assets of our Lives, until it has all dissolved. And that High Liquidity, which Wall Street is so proud of, that the constant electronic trading by computerized robotics creates a state of high liquidity, which is supported by the Fed, at our expense, as well.



I am not a writer but I do have wonderful stories. I have been very blessed in this life, filled with adversity, growth, and always love. It is through adversity I grow. While hitchhiking across the country back in 1975 I met wonderful people who shared rides, food, even a few days in their homes. In west Texas I walked for days without being given a ride. I had drank the last of my water earlier in the day when a cop drove by then turned around and stopped. After talking to me, he was apologetic he could not give me a ride but he did give me water. Over the next 2 days this same cop brought water until I reached a town. About a week after this I was picked up by Melanie who was in the air force, she not only fed me but insisted I stay with her for a few days. When I left on my journey my weight was 105 lbs when Melanie picked me up my weight was 85 lbs. The first meal she and I made, made me sick it was so rich, so she made me jello. I could go on and on about the love and kindness from brothers and sisters along my path, but my point in this story is that it started me on my path. I share food to those in need, I pick up hitchhikers, if I feel a loving heart I invite them to stay a few days. Create a ripple it will spread.

-Dot Schwartz



Regeneration (continued)

High Liquidity is the one thing, which is the biggest danger to us all, because it is so highly unstable that it could cause a Meltdown, into a Deep and long lasting Depression.

Every liquid needs to be contained, or it will run all over the place.

We can not help but to sit by and watch, as our Jobs continue to flow overseas, where they can be taken away from us, and sold to someone else, precisely because they have been liquified, and the same thing is happening to our Families, and our Homes, and our Farms. The reason our lives are slipping through our fingers like this, is because the Assets of the Community have been liquified, and the Integrity has been lost, but as a result of that Liquification, we are probably heading into a Disintegrated Society of Self Centric Individuals in Anonymous Isolation kept in confinement, by the Patriot Act, and being taken care of, like Feedlot Cattle.

The creation of a new sense of Tribal Community, might be one way, to reverse that dangerously destabilizing process, of the Liquification of the Earth, and our Families, and our Homes, and our Lands, and our Jobs, and the Whole Web of Life, which is now for sale, and this would be beautifully effective, in restabilizing some of this dissolving material, before it is all lost, while containing some of the excess fluidity, whose integrity has already been lost, and which cannot ever be reintegrated back, into what it once was, unlike merely trying to "Occupy Wall Street", which would be even easier, but less effective. But Both can be combined to greaten the effect

FROM THE POINT OF LIGHT  
WITHIN THE MIND OF GOD  
LET LIGHT STREAM FORTH  
INTO THE MINDS OF ALL  
BROTHERS AND SISTERS  
LET LIGHT DESCEND  
ON EARTH

FROM THE POINT OF LOVE  
WITHIN THE HEART OF GOD  
LET LOVE STREAM FORTH  
INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL  
SISTERS AND BROTHERS  
MAY CHRIST RETURN  
TO EARTH

FROM THE CENTER WHERE  
THE WILL OF GOD IS KNOWN  
LET PURPOSE GUIDE THE  
LITTLE WILLS OF ALL  
THE CHILDREN - THE  
PURPOSE WHICH THE  
MASTER KNOWS AND SERVES  
AND SHARES

FROM THE CENTER WHICH WE  
CALL THE FAMILY  
THE RACE OF HUMANKIND  
LET THE PLAN OF LOVE  
AND LIGHT WORK OUT  
AND MAY IT SEAL THE  
DOOR WHERE IGNORANCE  
AND EVIL DWELL

LET LOVE AND LIFE AND  
LIGHT AND THE POWER  
OF LIVING AND LOVING  
AND SHARING- RESTORE  
THE PLAN ON EARTH



## Thanksgiving Council Notes/Minutes

as scribbled by Finch

November 21, 2012:

-We dug and lit the heartfire in the space given to us across the street from the Tribal Nutrition center. Dug in the shape of a heart, and fed by huge bundles of wood donated by local family.

-Lots of food was arriving and being sorted.

-There were 30 people present at the OM circle for dinner, and about 35 total on site for the day.

-There was snowfall overnight.

November 22, 2012 (Thanksgiving Day):

-All morning and early afternoon was spent cooking and preparing for our thanksgiving day feast.

-The Thanksgiving meal's OM circle was at 2:50 pm and contained 71 people.

-At 3:15 we were informed that while we had been saying OM, a baby had been born to our Rainbow Family in another part of the country, after twelve hours of complications. Our new arrival weighed in at 5 pounds 6 ounces, and was 19 inches tall.

-Thanksgiving dinner was sweet, over 100 total people were present over the course of the day, and we had something on the magnitude of 96 prepared food dishes. There were meat options, but the majority was vegetarian with several vegan options as well.

November 23, 2012:

-We began circling at around noon and began with a discussion on whether we should council inside or outside. Though there was enthusiasm for going outside and reserving the tribal center as a refuge for children to play, many of the family felt it would be too cold outside, and might make counciling difficult for any elderly or infirmed family present. The council ended up staying inside, though on principle, a few folks went outside to do an OM around the heartfire before the council circle began.

-We had a brief recounting of some of the hipstory of rainbow gatherings and Thanksgiving Council. Stories included

\*The first TGC in 1972

\*The story of the 1972 Gathering, and the police roadblock. This came with a video passed around the circle with footage from the 1972 Gathering. It was mentioned that the video had an incorrect portion in it. The video contained a portion that claimed that a judge eventually removed the police roadblock. This was false; the courts upheld the roadblock, but it was dissolved by necessity in the face of the veritable sea of hippies that stormed the entrance.

\*Anecdotes about the white buffalo seen in both the clouds and the snow on the mountains at the 1972 Gathering.

\*Showing of a scanned and reprinted copy of the Rainbow Oracle,

penned in 1970 by early gatherers. Both a work of art and an instruction manual for intentional community, the Oracle featured poems, stories, and the blueprint for the early gatherers' vision of a PEACE Village.

-At 12:30 PM, everyone assembled indoors circled and said OM. 35 were present. We began with a pass of the feather and introduced ourselves and brought up agenda points to write down, or things we would like to discuss or focus our energy on this council or at the 2013 Montana Gathering. Items and points raised included

\*Consensus means coming to KNOW decisions rather than make them. Actions make consensus, not just words. If we agree to do something and I actually DO it, I am living the consensus. The circle is always open, so each of us can place our own god or goddesses in if we wish, or each of us can be in the center of the circle ourselves if we so choose.

\*Unite the divisions in the family between the young and the old.

\*Establish Spring Council dates.

\*All Ways Free newspaper

\*Here to move mountains. Discuss firewatch, security, tools.

\*Be here now

\*Discuss Magic Hat, scout dates, our relationship with government (including Montana Government), shanti sena. Water is our most important priority. Would like to see a Montana gathering that isn't just rock and sagebrush.

\*A local 10-acre farm was offered as a site to hold Spring Council or for people to land at on the way to Spring Council.

-We began discussion on item 1: Spring Circle dates.

\*Some family felt that an earlier start would be better. Washington was difficult because of the late announcement leaving us with a shorter schedule. Additionally, with more people in solidarity in the woods sooner, it would be less likely that family would be targeted by LEOs with harassment or arrest. We were reminded that last TGC we agreed to start Spring Circle on the 10th of June, but family agreed to start informally on the 2nd. Consensus was finally reached on June 16th that year. A 2013 Spring Council meeting date of June 7-8 was floated.

\*Other family suggested that later might be better. Early in June means that the snow won't be melted and those out scouting will still have to wait before reporting back to Spring Council. Those of us who work in kitchens (about 15 of the 42 assembled) were reminded not to exhaust ourselves too early and burn out. A June 7-8 beginning of council was floated, with the intent to take care of other business like banking and cooperations first while waiting for folks out scouting to arrive, and then discuss site selection on June 14-15

\*It was suggested that we allow the weather to determine the time of the Spring Circle rather than planning this far ahead.

\*Anecdote told about the 2000 Montana Gathering... we had no consensus about which site to use, for days and days. The Forest Service had people present as well and they kept objecting. Finally some of the kitchens got fed up and went to their favorite site. The masses of people followed the food and people voted with their feet, and the Montana Gathering happened at that site.

-Language for the consensus was proposed, including the phrase "BEGINS on June 7-9", to allow time for folks out scouting to arrive, and for the council to take as long as needed.

-Consensus #1 was reached at 1:40 PM.

CONSENSUS #1: SPRING CIRCLE BEGINS ON THE WEEKEND OF JUNE 7-9 LOCATION TO BE ANNOUNCED.

-We took a smoke break.

-Circle reconvened at 2:34 PM. We did another OM, with 35 present.

-We began discussion on item 2, date of scout council, with some touching on site criteria. Here's a summary of the comments as the feather passed from hand to hand.

\*Must try to avoid private land, gather in a space with water, meadows, a parking lot close by. We have to look at sites in the spring, even if we know in the winter where we'd LIKE to go. The Big Hole site from the 2000 Gathering is not usable. The land is not yet ready, and shitters and compost pits are not all gone yet. Additionally, Cheney and Rumsfeld own land there, so it would be a big battle.

\*At the Prineville regional we held this summer at the 1997 site. some camps set up on little inclines. When folks dug 3 feet deep, it was 90 degrees down there - still a compost pit working its way into the earth from 1997. It takes a long time for land to recover.

\*Suggested: May 1. But we still have snowdrifts and fallen trees to consider.

\*First weekend of May is May 3-5

\*Mid-April suggested. By May you only have a solid month to find a site for Spring Council

\*May is wet and muddy and cold. But if young folks out scouting want to tough it out, right on!

\*How about an announced and memed council, and if we want to informally meet up before then, thats fine too.

\*This is similar to New Mexico '09 when three young dedicated folks who planned to scout weren't at TGC. I see lots of the more experienced family aren't here.

\*Regardless of when we meet, anyone can get together and scout and look at maps.

\*Every couple weeks the folks scouting should touch base.

\*We have lots of young energy but they are green and will look up to our older experienced family for scouting help. I request that some of these folks be at the scout council to bounce ideas off of.

\*Remember that sisters scout too, and are welcome and encouraged to join the effort. Remember to background check the land - no private land, wil-

derness, etc. Don't let ego make you too attached to one site.

\*We should aim for a tentative April date

\*Be self-sufficient if you scout!

\*We can stay connected and look at maps on the computer.

\*Proposed dates: April 12-14

\*Dates can be limiting, why not let weather conditions determine dates and aim for mid-April?

\*Even if it's just a meeting in the map room of a university, we should set a date so people can plan for it.

\*Mid-April sounds good. There are four good sites to look at near Livingstone. We can talk locations around the fire tonight.

\*We should set a date so folks not plugged in will know how to get in touch

\*Consensus language proposed, consensus was called for.

-Consensus #2 was reached at 3:50 PM

CONSENSUS #2: THERE WILL BE AN INITIAL SCOUT RENDEZVOUS TO TAKE PLACE IN MID APRIL, ON THE 12-14 WITH A LOCATION & A MEANS OF CONTACT TBA

-We began discussion on item 3, site criteria:

\*Be mindful of threatened ecological plants and animals.

\*Quality and placement of water, and a peaceful site

\*Swimming hole

\*Nice locals, accessibility for elders and youngers

\*Suggested: Town hall meetings for sharing our information and criteria with locals, including any necessary councils with natives. Find out which local ma and pa stores we could make wealthy.

\*The land resource allocation website is our greatest resource on what resources are allocated to natives and when in the year. Also, nearly every community has a web page about local land use. Finally, sites for hunters and 4-wheel drivers can give good info about places not to go.

\*Easier to define what we DON'T want, watch out for dealbreakers.

\*Elevation can prevent some folks from gathering safely. Low elevation could be better. Water still the most important thing. On delicate areas: In 1997 we had a rare plant in Oregon...we roped off a huge area, and folks stayed away. In 2001 Idaho, there were salmon 6 miles away, and local tribes wanted to ensure we were cool people.

-At 4:10 we took a smoke break.

-5:00 PM we reconvened and said OM with 29 present.

-Proposed agenda item #4: TGC Magic Hat. Began discussion on agenda item.

\*We have paid for this tribal nutrition building from 11/21-25. We also have to cover any coffee cups etc. that go missing. We have to consider our relationship with the tribe. Pick up all our cigarettes, clean up properly. Let's pass the hat to pay for cups, napkins, trash bags, and the rental of the building.

-Hat was passed, collected \$121.44

-We began discussion on the agenda item #5, Firewatch

\*Once the snow dries, it dries fast. Empty fire extinguishers can be filled with water.

\*I recommend carrying a five-gallon "shooter" filled with water. Each kitchen should have a filter and a shooter. Please don't have personal fires! The Okanogan Barter Faire this year managed without any fires and 19,000 people attended.

\*Suggest to each kitchen to have one male/female pair doing all night firewatch and hug patrol.

-Story about the '84 Gathering, and adventures at the councils.

-5:45 PM Held hands and closed the circle with an OM with 26 present.

November 24th, 2012

-Before the OM, a young boy at the council who was from Idaho was invited to draw a Tarot Card to set the tone for the morning. He drew the card "Openness," which said "I am open. When we open ourselves to truth then the real miracle happen."

12:25 We open the circle with an OM, 25 people present.

-The Magic Hat money was counted, all the money was still accounted for. The hat was passed again.

-Begin discussion on item #6, Banking Council

\*Hipstory of banking council. 1978 Oregon was the first one. Calling it a 'banking' council may have been a poor choice of words. The word 'bank' gives people on the bank a feeling of power/ownership.

\*We need volunteers to hold the bank until Spring Circle. Asked for volunteers, and called for consensus after all the names were written down.

-Consensus #3 was reached at 1:00 PM

CONSENSUS #3: THE BANKING COUNCIL (UNTIL SPRING CIRCLE) SHALL BE: BRI, COREY, DENISE, FEATHER, GARY, KAYLEIGH AND OTTER.

-Magic Hat was recounted. New amount in the hat: \$197.86. Banking council called for later in the evening to discuss disbursement.

-Returned to firewatch conversation.

\*If you see a water tank in a local's yard, couldn't hurt to ask if we can borrow it - same as a truck - or ask to rent it.

\*Suggest that Nik@Nite be walking firewatch and shanti sena. People are offended by overauthoritarian fire watch.

\*I agree, I've been hooking up road warriors with walkie-talkies.

\*We should have brother/sister pairs, as many sisters as possible for firewatch.

\*Remember, we can't appoint anyone.

\*Suggest one pair from each kitchen do firewatch gathering-wide.

\*Need more in-depth firewatch training...most people only know the standard wisdom "5 gallon bucket and a shovel"

\*Don't build fires on roots, keep a safe perimeter around the pit clear of brush.

\*Community fires tradition began after a six year old child came to council in 1972 complaining "The smoke is burning my eyes! Too many fires!"

\*More signage is good. We can all make at least 3 signs each with stuff from Rap 107.

\*Craft Share camp will be near Welcome Home, will have a Sign Facilitation Station.

\*We need to meme and spread the raps as far and wide as possible ahead of time.

\*Bring extra buckets!

\*This will be more extreme fire danger, unlike the last few years - must reconcentrate the effort for educating new gatherers.

\*Every day we should have shanti-sena/firewatch training, announced each dinner the night before, starting at Spring Council. I think we should consense on it.

\*A call for the feather to go around once before calling for a consensus.

\*Encourage talking in your own private camps about firewatch

\*Breakfast circles will be back this year with morning workshops including firewatch.

\*We should craft a consensus about firewatch/shanti sena workshops

\*Suggest breaking into two consenses to address each issue.

\*Language for consensus #4 proposed

-Consensus #4 reached at 2:13 PM

CONSENSUS #4: THANKSGIVING COUNCIL FOR THE MONTANA 2013 ANNUAL RAINBOW GATHERING OF THE TRIBES RECOMMENDS THAT BEGINNING ON THE FIRST DAY OF SEED CAMP AND CONTINUING THROUGH JULY 7, 2013, THERE WILL BE DAILY SHANTI-SENA/FIREWATCH TRAINING CIRCLES EACH MORNING, LOCATIONS TO BE ANNOUNCED.

-Language for consensus #5 proposed and discussed

Consensus #5 reached at 2:50 PM



CONSENSUS #5: FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR FAMILY AND THE SAFETY OF THE SACRED GROUND WE GATHER ON, THANKSGIVING COUNCIL FOR THE MONTANA 2013 ANNUAL RAINBOW GATHERING OF THE TRIBES RECOMMENDS AND HUMBL Y ASKS THAT EVERY KITCHEN WHO IS ABLE, PROVIDE 24/7 ROAMING FIREWATCH TO PROVIDE MUTUAL SUPPORT FOR ALL THE FIREWATCH WORKERS.

-Smoke Break.

-Reconvene at 3:25 PM, circle and say OM with 21 present.

-Begin discussion on item #7: Shanti Sena

\*For some time, the Rainbows have been dealing with the government so much that they lost focus on teaching 'being rainbow'. I heard about at least 3 beatdowns @ the Tennessee Gathering. We need to meme or spread the RAP that we are all shanti sena.

\*Shanti sena can be viewed as a loosely affiliated series of affinity groups created on the spot, more efficient and useful the more the people working together already know and trust one another. Remember to call "Shanti Sena Fire" in case of a fire, so people will know to start grabbing buckets and water. Good to walk anyone new you bring into the woods around and talk nonstop for at least a full day, teach them the basics. Remember that pre-deescalation can be more useful than conflict resolution, it nips problems in the bud. Be ready with a joke or a smoke or a hug if you see someone looking sad or irritated or about to start getting angry. After a shanti sena movie, stop and get to know the folks you have just worked with in the heat of the moment. These are the family you will know better as you work with them again and again.

\*Occupy has caused a shift, lots of new faces that want to plug in, keep meme-ing peace, it's a self-selective filter for the Gathering.

\*Shanti Sena is not "Peace Army", in Rainbow language it means "Peace Scene". In 2011, Marie Hanson went missing after the Gathering. She was found, dead, months later. She went to pee in the dark, fell 20 feet, crawled over toward the river and died. Awful cooperation with cops and searching. They wasted time searching for 8 hours in A-Camp 14 miles away. When she went missing, instead of sounding the alarm, people spread rumors that they thought they saw her leaving with somebody. If there is a report that anyone is missing, every kitchen and camp should raise a red flag until the person is found.

\*In dealing with serious shanti sena movies: Always try to resolve it on site. Support the victim. If necessary, an individual might make a citizen's arrest on another individual. If this happens, be careful. Forcing someone to go somewhere by touching them can be considered assault and kidnapping. Know all the ramifications of any action you take.

\*Suggest each kitchen have a spot with a sign for shanti sena and firewatch issues.

\*Michael Niman's website has the Freedom of Information Act on the Rainbow FBI file, it contains references in 1986 of "child selling". I suspect this was Jose Antonio Ramos, a dangerous predator who has plagued our family for years and has recently been released

from incarceration.

\*No alcohol should be on the front gate!

\*Suggest each kitchen have a spot with a sign for shanti sena and firewatch issues.

\*Michael Niman's website has the Freedom of Information Act on the Rainbow FBI file, it contains references in 1986 of "child selling". I suspect this was Jose Antonio Ramos, a dangerous predator who has plagued our family for years and has recently been released from incarceration.

\*No alcohol should be on the front gate!

\*Ideally every kitchen should send one rep at all times to the front gate.

\*How to do shanti sena workshops- suggestion of circles about personal shanti sena experience, with 6 points to discuss.

1. Work together
2. Pre-deescalation
3. Be calm
4. Be unbiased
5. Be nonviolent
6. Aim for peaceful solution



\*Discussion of the front gate versus the tribe that calls itself "Front Gate": 12-14 years ago, about 15 people got tired of pacifist responses to things like attempted murder, molestation, and rape. Originally called UPO, this group will not change its name from Front Gate.

\*Discussion aimed to reaffirm the safety of the parking lot, and promote safe spaces throughout the whole gathering. Wording for a consensus discussed, altered, proposed.

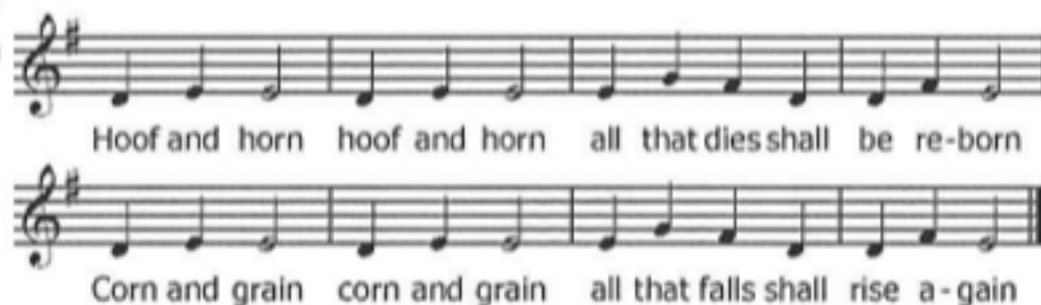
-Consensus #6 reached (with one abstention) at 6:00 PM

CONSENSUS #6: FOR THE SAFETY OF OUR FAMILY AND THE SAFETY OF THE SACRED GROUND WE GATHER ON, THANKSGIVING COUNCIL FOR THE MONTANA 2013 ANNUAL RAINBOW GATHERING OF THE TRIBES REAFFIRMS THAT WE ARE ALL SHANTI SENA, AND THAT ALL GATES AND PLACES IN THE RAINBOW GATHERING ARE SAFE, HEALTHY, AND FAMILY-FRIENDLY SPACES.

\*Reminder that Rainbow Warriors do not SEEK conflict.

\*Please have no visible alcohol.

Closed the circle at 6:05 PM with and OM and 18 present.



November 25th, 2012

-Opened the circle at 10:45 AM with an OM, 18 were present.

-Report back from banking council. Now there is \$248.54 in the magic hat. Breakdown as follows:

\$68.54 to Tribal Center

\$40 to reimburse one brother's expenditures for the council

\$40 to reimburse another brother's expenditures for the council

\$45 to the community member who donated her land for the firepit

\$10 to the ranch that provided wood for the heartfire

\$35 to the Symes Hotel

\$10 toward a water filter for deserving community members

-Discussion on item #8, All Ways Free newspaper

\*All Ways Free is an independant newspaper with a rainbow theme. It was brought back after a several-year hiatus.

\*Hopefully there will be a spring issue, a run of about 500 copies, followed by a summer issue of 2,000 copies.

\*Looking for new family to do the paper after this summer.

\*Idea proposed for All Ways Free cycle: Traditionally, AWF has changed hands every two years. Unfortunately, this results in new focalizers learning to publish an independant publication from scratch every two years. Proposed change: A three year cycle. Year one: Previous focalizer(s) and new focalizer(s) work together on an issue. Year two: Previously new focalizer takes on AWF alone. Year three: Focalizer takes on new focalizer and works with them. This way there would be a constant cycle of mentorship and skillshare.

\*Suggestion to have a birth, death, and ceremonies/unions section, rather than spending multiple pages on long obituaries.

\*Request for names and addresses of incarcerated family who would like to receive letters from rainbows. These addresses will go in the Behind the Walls section (to email names and addresses for incarcerated family, email rainbowtopkat@yahoo.com and make sure to check with the inmate first, and mention any restrictions on letters imposed by the jail or prison)

\*Request for donations to help publish the paper

\*For all inquiries related to AWF, email rainbowtopat@yahoo.com

-At 12:15 PM we took a smoke break

-At 12:45 PM we reconvened, said an OM with 14 present.

-Opened discussion on item #9, Government

\*Some hipstory on rainbows and the government. In 1991, the Rainbow Family was listed at the #1 terrorist group. In 1993 Texas took everyone to court; US vs. Barry Adams. They entered a document from another brother in his Idaho case, calling the brother

"Keeper of holy water, eagle feather, fiduciary officer for rainbow". In 1993, a quarter pound of contraband seized from a brother was enough to put the Rainbow Family at #1 on the International Drug Cult Watchlist. In Washington, 2011, we refused to sign a permit. The cops then insisted, "We have to set up informational stations". One long-time gatherer saw these as blockades and responded by threatening to shut down the I-5 from Portland to Tijuana. That was the first year since 1987 that we haven't had cops with visible guns at Main Meadow. That year, Obama administration sent an emissary, Ranger Bob, who has been working favorably with us since 1981. Ranger Bob was with NY Steve when he passed away at Lovin' Oven in WA, and gave him CPR for over an hour to try to save his life. He unfortunately was not assigned to Tennessee in 2012. In 2011, Billy Ball (ICT Commander from Texas '88) was actually on our side. He sent the message that he respects us, and the feds backed off considerably. Dave Ferrel, who started in 1987, is now director of Law Enforcement of Forest Service. There used to be an Incident Command Study Team, which set policy for the ICT. It has gone underground. In 1976, the first permit was signed. In 1984 was the first 36CFR Permit Request for a gathering of 9 or more. In 1996 a brother got consensus in a silent circle with the Forest Service and signed the permit. In 2003 Utah, the permit was signed as an experiment, to try and get evidence against the permit. In 2004 California, there was a ghost signer - a secretary signed from offsite. After the permit was signed, the FS fenced off main meadow, brought the Indian tribes to complain about the land use, ticketed a kitchen for "being too close to a spring". In 2005 Michigan, a signer tried to sign a permit on the 4th of July from a hotel room, the application was rejected.

\*At the Oregon Cascadia gathering, working with the FS was helpful. We had them warn us about protected wildlife and plants, and they respectfully met us on the bridge outside of the gathering boundary each day of the gathering and did not come inside.

-Smoke break at 2:30 PM

-Reconvened at 2:56 PM, said an OM with 13 present.

-Back to Rainbows and Government discussion

\*We used to do peaceful stuff with the FS, we would avoid labeling 'organizers' by sending them to a PLACE, not a person. In 2009, New Mexico, 2 new folks signed a permit. It was the last straw. There was a lawsuit against the signer. There was a lot of discovery and a lot of subpoenas - The Forest Service, their Internet Service Provider... it was enough information to put several Forest Service officers to jail and expose a real mess - which was not the intent of the discovery. The ruling had an effect in the FS the following year in 2010, thought he case was still pending. It influenced the new woman in charge to write an order to keep forest service in vehicles out. In the New Mexico email discovery was found premeditated orchestrated illegal actions by members of the forest service. 1995 was when the new permit regulations began, and the first crackdown was in the Florida federal court. Regarding this gathering - We cannot have a year of stupidity or a "last stand" scenario. 2010 was the first truly peaceful Gathering I have ever attended. I can rest easy now, knowing the vision is being carried on.

\*Discussion of a consensus wording, consensus proposed.

-Consensus #7 reached at 4:55 PM

-CONSENSUS #7: WE, THE INDIVIDUALS ASSEMBLED AS THANKSGIVING COUNCIL FOR THE MONTANA 2013 ANNUAL RAINBOW GATHERING OF THE TRIBES REQUEST THAT ALL RELEVANT GOVERNMENT ENTITIES CONTINUE TO WORK WITH GATHERERS IN ORDER TO FIND A SOLUTION TO THE NONCOMMERCIAL GROUP USE REGULATIONS THAT DOES NOT ERODE OR INFRINGE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

-Consensus #8 reached at 5:05 PM

CONSENSUS #8: WE, THE INDIVIDUALS ASSEMBLED AS THANKSGIVING COUNCIL FOR THE MONTANA 2013 ANNUAL RAINBOW GATHERING OF THE TRIBES REAFFIRM THAT A PERMIT IS UNNECESSARY FOR INDIVIDUALS TO PEACEABLY ASSEMBLE, AND THAT THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IS ALL THAT IS NECESSARY, AND WE REMIND ALL INDIVIDUALS THAT IT IS UNLAWFUL TO SIGN A NONCOMMERCIAL GROUP USE PERMIT APPLICATION UNLESS EVERY SINGLE INDIVIDUAL ASSEMBLED GIVES EXPLICIT CONSENT.

-Opened discussion on item #10, second scouting circle.

\*Some older rainbows who couldn't attend TGC requested that there be a second scouting council that would allow newer folks doing scouting to have access to the words and experience of folks who have done lots of scouting.

\*Consensus wording discussed, consensus proposed.

-Consensus #9 reached at 5:55

CONSENSUS #9: THE SECOND SCOUT COUNCIL WILL BE MAY 10-15 OR THEREABOUTS, AND HOPES THAT THE EARLY SCOUTS WILL RECOMMEND LOCATIONS AND SEND REPRESENTATIVES TO ADVISE THEM WHAT HAS BEEN SCOUTED AND WHERE THEY SHOULD SCOUT.

Circle closed with an OM at 6:00 PM.

Musical score for the song "Fly like an eagle". The score is written on three systems of two staves each. The lyrics are: "Fly like an eag - le fly - ing so high", "Fly like an eag - le", "cir - cl - ing the u - ni - verse", "fly - ing so high", "cir - cl - ing the", "on wings of pure light", "u - ni - verse", "on wings of pure light".



## A Useless Speech

*(Delivered at Thanksgiving Council in Plains, Montana, 2012)*

Hello family. We're gonna get right back to this agenda, but first I have something to say. My name is Corey. A lot of you guys have known me as Useless over the years and I've been very proud all my life of my name, much less when I met this family and they gave me that name, "Useless." It's now apparent to me in myself the things that I need to do for my family and for myself as a rainbow of this tribe, and to be able to continue doing the things I love to be doing so much for this family.

I was blessed when I first got to rainbow family to be able to bounce around a little bit, check out the different kitchens, the different styles and integrity and morals of the people around me, and I found Montana Mudd and it changed my life. Jimbo, our founding forefather passed the kitchen down to a person named Heybob, that's no longer doing Rainbow Gatherings, he's raising a beautiful baby boy, and Heybob, when he went off the road, he passed the kitchen down to me.

The reason I found Montana Mudd is because they were a group of hard-headed independent assholes that said it the way they felt it no matter who was standing in front of them or beside them. And they wouldn't say anything behind their brother or sister's back that they wouldn't say to their face. And the old biker in me loved that.

But on that note, for what I need to do for my own personal family, on this day in 2012 at this Thanksgiving Council I'd like to pass this kitchen back down to Jimbo. The original equipment that I have in my kitchen as Montana Mudd is a bear box and a plaque that Jimbo gave me years ago that said "Mudders" on it. Those two items I'm gonna return to Jimbo. And then from there, Jim and Corey can sit down at any point in time and have great conversations. But Useless and Jimbo can't both be coddling this same baby, Montana Mudd, that's been here for such a phenomenally long time, 22 years, and I'm very proud of my last 6 years of participation in this kitchen.

This does not mean I'm not doing rainbow. This does not mean I'm not being Useless. Useless is gonna be doing Welcome Home, treating it like a three to five year sentence cause that's what I know our family needs, is information for all of our young folks, our Occupy, and everything else that's coming in. Jimbo, I love and respect you and I honor you with all my heart. Thank you for the times, and trials and tribulations of Montana Mudd. I love you. The kitchen is yours, the name is yours, and if at any point in time a crew of Mudders come up and they say they want it to live on, I'm gonna ask them to respectfully go to you, and at this point in time, the same way you handed down the kitchen in Michigan, when all that controversy came down, on moving our family all through that dry lands and into those swamps, and your young, hard-headed crews said "No, this isn't right we're not moving," and at that point in time you passed it down to Heybob. -and the way this story is, is the way I'm used to thinking of the way the history of Mudd went- as Heybob told it to me when he passed me the kitchen down, and I tattooed this on myself- as of today, I would like to pass this kitchen back to you. Last year will be the last year you'll see Montana Mudd on the maps, at least with Useless as the Focalizer. I love you family, and am still here, but I have to balance my personal life and my Rainbow life.

(The speech was concluded with the announcement in the back of the room, "Mud's ready!")

# The Hopi, the Hippies, the Missing Tablet and the Hopi Corn

By Garrick Beck

## Part 1

Over the hilltop and down into our almost-hidden valley in the winter of early 1971 rolled a deep-purple square-backed truck containing a small clan on their way north. They had been on the road trading. They said they didn't want to use any money so they had adopted the trading lifestyle. They had a truckful of good stuff: tools, blankets, books, toys, candles, rope, clothes, stuff we could use. It was fun to go to their big purple truck and trade.

Right before they departed they gave us a pouch of Hopi corn seed. They said it was a gift really for the nice welcome they'd been given. And with the seed they gave us planting instructions for the traditional way to plant the corn.

A few months later spring sprang, the soggy Oregon ground dried out, and we turned the soil in the lower field. First we planted the frost hardy greens, then the transplants from the cold frame greenhouses we'd built, followed a few weeks later by plantings of corn and beans.

We brought everyone together by blowing the conch shell. We re-told about the way of planting where the man with a stick goes ahead, poking the holes and the woman follows behind planting the seeds, dropping them into the holes the man has made. But in the discussion, seeking balance, people wanted to do it both ways, with both men and women each taking turns with the sticks and the seeds.

It was beautiful. All done in silence. The corn pouch was passed with reverence for the life inside it. As we planted, the afternoon began to cloud over and a light rain started to fall. In the end we held hands in our OM circle as the clouds burst over us and wetted down the valley. The sun dipped under the clouds filling the forested hills with golden misty light and a rainbow rose up from the river and arked down -- I thought it was going to land on where we'd just planted the corn. But no, it touched instead on the godseye standing in the center of the garden. The whole scene was dazzling. The sun, the mist, the rainbow, the new planted deep brown earth, us a part of it all.

Then someone's small voice said, "Why don't we go up the hill to the meditation place to take this all in?" Single file we went up the trail, a flute casting slow notes across the valley. As we get to the prayer platform -- a wood platform we'd built - overlooking the valley, someone notices a rock nestled in the decay of a giant cedar stump. But it's only after we've risen from sitting in meditation that we look it over, passing the carved stone among us. We leave it setting in the stump as it was.

Over a joyful, noisy dinner, amid many other topics, the rock is mentioned, "Hey, did anybody see that carved rock out by the prayer platform?"

Nobody seemed to know anything about it.

For most of the next year the stone sat where it was. The rock itself was carved on one side with images that were themselves made up of smaller images, figures and faces, and within those smaller signs, figures, designs, until smaller than that it was hard to tell where the carving left off and the natural pattern of the rock began.

The following winter I left Oregon for the East Coast and holiday visiting. But along the route Karen McPherson and I made stops passing out invitations to The Gathering next July. The invitations were printed and posted, but wherever possible it was given by word of mouth, in coffee houses, yoga centers, community newspapers, laundromats, street corners, on campuses, at rock 'n roll shows, places of worship...wherever, whenever. And myself and Karen were not the only ones out doing this. There were other carfulls traveling criss-cross the countryside meeting people and spreading the invitation.

One set of travelers went through the American Southwest and then eastward and up the coast to where we met up in New York. We were planning a trip to Washington, D.C. to distribute invitations and we traded tales of where we'd been. One of their stops had been in the Hopi Lands where they'd heard the yearly ceremonial telling of the Hopi histories and prophecies. Our southern traveling companions, Michael 'Bear' Pizer and Barry 'Plunker' Adams retold the part of the story about the times yet to be, where people called the Warriors of the Rainbow would come and somehow set things right in this troubled world...and they would come bearing a rock, a carved rock that would signal to the Hopi that these were the people of their prophecies.

A rock? A carved, inscribed-type tablet rock? I recounted the tale of our corn-planting and we made plans to go back to Oregon and bring this stone down to the Hopi for their examination. First I got on the phone to Kaushal Yellin back in Oregon and asked him to go get the rock and hold onto it, protect it. Returning west later that spring, we found the tablet now in Kaushal and his partner Sihu's care, wrapped up in a soft white woven baby blanket and tied with a coiled cord.

We loaded up two cars and a van with fourteen of us and headed toward the southwest. Close to our destination we stopped at Jacques Seronde's place on a remote mesa. He'd been living there for years, acquainted with the Hopi and Navaho peoples. "You gotta purify yourselves, make yourselves ready," he told us. And we followed his advice, taking time to fast, bathe ourselves, meditate and wrap up our hair as a sign of respect.

Then we went, early in the morning, to the Hopi village where Mary, Skyblue Fiedler's friend, knew there was a Kiva, a prayer space that was open and where we could sit and meditate before going on. An older woman met us at the door and explained that this Kiva used to be open but that too many people had come and abused the space so the Kiva wasn't open to the public anymore. On we went to the well-known Hopi Interpreter Thomas Banyaca's house. He wasn't home.

Our next stop was David Monongye's house. Already the sun was starting to bake us. People were home there, and I and Rome (the one Native American among our group of travelers) and Barry went inside. The radio was blaring loud tinny music. A woman was feeding young children. An old woman sat still on a bench at the side of the room. There were buckets of fried chicken on the table. An old man sat eating, "Come in, c'mon in boys," said the man, gesturing toward us at the door. This was David.

And in we went. "What do you want? What brings you here?" he asked over the din of the radio and the children.

"We...we bought you a stone tablet which we found," I began, getting right to the point.

"You brought a what?" he said, trying to hear over the lunchtime noise.

For a moment the possible foolishness of this whole journey flashed thru my brain. "We brought you a stone tablet," I went on slowly and clearly this time, "which we found."

The younger woman's hand switched off the radio.

"Do you have it with you?" asked David.

"Yes, it's outside in one of the vans."

"Well go and get it and bring it in."

Like a curtain rising on a whole different scene the place transformed. The food was swept off the table. The children ushered out another door to play. The old woman had lit a candle and was sitting by it at an altar in the corner when we returned inside with the wrapped up stone tablet.

"Open it up," David encouraged.

We did, and he ran his fingers over it, almost more to be touching it, feeling it, than looking at it. "Well, how did you get this?" he wanted to know. And I recounted, in brief, the story I have told you here. Barry spoke about the planned Gathering that we were all working on, and Rome, as a Native American, spoke to David about the respect we young people had for the Native American ways.

David asked a few specific questions about where and when we got the rock. Then without further to-do, he wrapped it back up and getting up, said "We'll just have to see who's here to take a look at it."

He went and spoke with his neighbor, then told us they were going to round up some of the others, that he thought there were "enough of us here to have a good look together," and that we should go to this house he gave us directions to.

We followed the directions he'd given us, which took us back to the very same place, right next to the Kiva, where we had been earlier that morning.

It was Mina Lansa's house. She was head of the Hopi Bluebird Clan and she met us at the door once again, and invited us inside. The entryway opened to a larger room and there were assembled a group of older Hopi. Seventeen I counted. I was nervous as could be. It was a humbling experience just standing there and feeling the combined weight of thousands of years of the tribe's culture.

David motioned for us to come up closer and tell our tale. As we spoke, he translated into Hopi, and there was another man there who translated. Sometimes the translation process was simple; other times the Hopi would all speak among themselves in this wonderful song-like language. David was encouraging us not to leave out details. Things that were small to us, might be important to them.

We spoke also about the vision of this Gathering, and how this was the spiritual quest that had brought us together as a clan. They talked again for a bit among themselves, and then asked a series of questions: What were the colors of the godseye in the garden? How much corn did we plant? What direction was the tablet facing when we found it? How many people had handled it, carried it since then? and so on.

In all this telling we were clear, very clear, that we made no claims whatever about what this tablet was or was not, only that all things considered it seemed that the right thing to do was to bring this stone to them.

At last, their glances turned to Mina. And she came forward and asked us - her eyes as piercing as a great night bird's eyes in the dark of the desert - she asked us to show them the rock. Without any further fuss I unwrapped it held it toward her.

She looked and spoke with clarity and to the point. "It is not the same color, it is not of the same type of rock, nor the right shape to match the piece missing from the tablet that I have."

She turned now and was addressing not just we rainbows, but all the people in the room. "However," she went on, "when my father gave me that tablet, and left me his instructions he told me that this world is full of illusions and we must not let our eyes be fooled. He told me then, that in a time like this I should take the rock and place it near to the tablet itself to see edge to edge if the pieces fit."

"Can you give it to me?" she asked, and without a word I held the stone out to her.

She took the rock and moved thru the bunches of people toward the rear of the room and out a door at the back.

Perhaps ten minutes later she was back. When she spoke her quiet voice had a strength like the Grand Canyon, "It is as I thought, your rock is the wrong shape, color and size." She was shaking her head, "It does not fit as the missing piece of our tablet."

David took it from her and handed it back to us. "This is your tablet," he said as he passed it back to us.

I spoke, feeling honor at having been thoughtfully received at all by these real elders of an enduring tribe, "We are a very young tribe, like a grandchild tribe. You are a very old tribe like a grandparent tribe. We need all the help and advice we can get from you...and if there is anything we could do for you, let us know and we will do what we can. At least we will try."

David again translated, and from the eager responses, it seemed there was a lot to be told to us. "It is clear," he began, "that you and we are working for the same Great Spirit. We all desire Peace in our lives, for our children and for everyone. Because this is what you are working for, we know that you are warriors of the rainbow, but whether you are the Warriors of the Rainbow that have been foretold, well that is another matter, but you are young and full of hope and there is much life stretching out in front of you."

Then the other Hopi man was translating, "If you want to know a task that we believe The Rainbow Warriors will accomplish, it is to rid the Black Mesa of the demon machines that the coal companies have put there. These are sacred lands for us and they are being destroyed for coal and the smoke in the sky that the coals brings."

Several Hopi were talking in the old tongue now all at once and the translator was trying to keep up with it. They were telling us about the strip mining. I felt in awe of their serious wisdom and their passion not for the money coal and uranium could bring, but for the safety and security of the children of our world.

Then the conversation changed tone, and now they were giving us instructions on Care of Sacred Tablets. A number of the old Hopi spoke, and they were telling us of their traditions, several of them speaking up in modern English.

"Don't take any photographs of it."

"Don't make any rubbings of it, or draw a picture of the pictures on it."

"This way, the only way to see what it looks like is to see it with your own eyes."

"Keep it wrapped up. Don't keep it open all the time on display. That way when you do open it up it is a special moment to pay attention to. Otherwise if it's open all the time on your shelf, then people will forget, and they will argue and do foolish things in front of it."

And with glad hands and many thanks we wrapped up our tablet and departed from Mina's house out under the now darkening sunset sky.

Later, back in Oregon we included accounts of this meeting with the Hopi in the collectively-edited and collectively-written booklet, "The Rainbow Oracle", and also an article about the coal company diggings at Black Mesa. Rainbow people have been volunteers trying to keep destructive forces of profitgreed from damaging Native sacred lands ever since. We may not have made a lot of headway but we do keep trying.



## Part 2

In "The Rainbow Oracle," the booklet printed just before the first Rainbow Gathering, we asked people to bring a stone from their own home turf and put these in a pile at the site of the July Fourth meditation, a kind of representation of the earth. And people actually did this. Sky-blue carried our carved rock – the one we'd brought to the Hopi to Mina and David's houses- up Table Mountain and set it on the pile of stones that was heaped there. It sat there all day. But in the evening, with the cool Colorado wind beginning to blow she brought it back down the mountain-side.

The carved rock continued along an odyssey. It was carried and cared for by many different people. It went to the Native American Museum in Minneapolis where a petroglyph expert pronounced it "at least 100 years old." It was brought to a psychic reader in Northern Arizona who made taped readings about its connection to the great pyramids of mythic Lemuria. It was brought back to the Hopi lands and someone there saw a bear claw sign on it and remarked that was like marker stones left behind during the bear clan migrations long ago. Feather and Jason Hammond kept it for a while at their cabin Lindrith, New Mexico. It traveled with the hard-drinking, spliff-smokin' warrior hippie named Kilo until Red David took it from him. Chuck Windsong received it and gave it to Youth Phil Halfhill. Phil brought it back to New Mexico and used it for a pillow. It was wrapped and re-wrapped with each keeper adding perhaps another layer until after five years of travel a smiling, bar-band guitarist named Pip got it from Phil and brought it in 1977 to the New Mexico Rainbow Gathering alongside the Gila River.

That year Grandfather David Monongye from Old Oraibi, the ancient Hopi village, came to the Gathering. I remember him riding down the Gila Valley on a burro, pack baskets loaded on behind him. One day, while the council was taking place, Jimmer took out the stone tablet and opened it on top of the blankets and cloths it had been wrapped in. Then Grandfather David came to speak in the council. He had someone draw out the symbols of the prophecy rock - the Hopi's prophecy rock - and slowly in the center of the tipi village under the midday sun, he retold the story of the Hopi people and the four worlds, full of detail and spoken slowly and carefully as from long memory. Then he was done and he returned to his lodge and the council continued. Later that same day, after dinner and dark, the drums started up, the fire threw sparks into the desert sky, and in one of those quiet places between the drummings someone's voice said David would like to speak to the circle. So he came out from his lodge and by the evening firelight spoke to us again.

"It is not by accident that the words 'Hopi' and 'Hippie' sound alike. We are all people of Peace, we are all working for the same Great Spirit.

"You cannot rely on the banks, or the corporations or the government. They will never give you anything. They will never respect you unless you hold territory. You must take back the Earth, peacefully, one piece at a time. Plant seeds, and water them, and make the Earth beautiful again."

This time when he spoke he was not repeating the old stories of his people, he was speaking directly to us, with a passion and a purpose: "You must take back the Earth, peacefully, one piece at a time. Plant seeds, and water them, and make the Earth beautiful again...."

From there the tablet was brought back to the farm in Oregon. We kept it under wraps except for full moon celebrations or when someone came who expressed a desire to see it.

In 1978 at the Oregon Gathering, on the sixth of July, Harold and Jeannie Williams suggested we bring it out and re-share the story.

As each blanket and cloth was unfolded, revealing its own hidden shells or feathers or beadwork, people began to gather 'round, straining to get a view of the rock. At the outside of the crowd people were trying to tell people what was going on and to relay the parts of the story being told. It was almost too much because everyone wanted a chance to see this thing with their own eyes – make sense or no sense of it themselves – and that meant there was jostling and a little bit of pressing forward at the outside of the circle which meant that people were stumbling forward pushing in and being pushed closer and closer into the circle's center. Don Freedom said, "Y'all finish this story up fast before anyone gets hurt." So finish it up we did, and the stone was re-wrapped in all its stuff, and that was the last time I saw it.

It went from the Oregon Gathering up and down the west coast, and then to Mexico where it was brought to Palenque, under the full moon to the top of the Jaguar Pyramid and then to the Huichol lands. It passed as we pass things among ourselves with love and delight and it went with Birdie Guzman on her way hitch-hiking to a bluegrass festival outside of Winfield, Kansas. In Birdie's own words, transcribed from Jodey Bateman's "Life Stories of the Rainbows," "I got picked up by two hippies from Omaha, Nebraska. It was very hot and we stopped at a quarry full of water to go for a swim. We all got out. I left my bedroll in their vehicle. It had my huge leather skirt wrapped in it and inside that, wrapped in swaddling clothes, was the Stone of Many Faces. I got out of the water and put on my clothes and they were gone. I walked over to where their vehicle had been and there was no vehicle there. I had nothing. I had lost everything. All my gear was in my bedroll."

That was in 1979. But this was no rock in a bag. This was an elaborate bundle, inside her belongings, containing something carved and beautiful and mysterious. I do not believe that it has been "thrown away." I believe that it is somewhere waiting to be re-found.

Is there a Tablet that is somehow Our Tablet? Or, are we just trying to mimic other tribes who have a tablet, or several tablets, or a lost tablet? And does this tablet have some meaning more than its mysterious carvings?

I can tell you what we do have. We have a social program that cares for our young, our weak, our sick, our old, and as best as we can for ourselves and each other. We have an evolving culture that cares about the Earth and all its inhabitants. We have a growing community that respects the land, the water, the sky. And I know that when we live in conscious awareness of doing good for each other and the earth, that the signs are everywhere along the way; that omens spring up at each turn; that there are natural wonders and mythical symbols that appears as markers, as if to guide us, every day of our lives...but usually our eyes are closed to such things, and our minds occupied with just getting by.

Is the Lost Tablet of the Hippies ever going to be found? Does whoever has it know what it is? Perhaps hearing this story someone will come upon it and recognize it for what it is. Could it be brought back to The Gathering? And....what would we ever do with it then?!

In the decades-long cycle of this story, it must be told that some of the rainbows who lived with or travelled with that carved rock became committed activist supporters of The Black Mesa Trust whose efforts finally got the destructive coal mining there stopped in December of 2007.

And the Hopi corn whose planting led us to the rock in the first place? This is the all-time great drought-resistant corn. It can produce even in the driest and harshest of climates. If we are really facing climactic climate changes that will dry up aquifers and irrigation waters sources, then maybe, just maybe, this Hopi corn will be one of the things that can help save us and tide us thru times of a great drought. Corn from the seed of that seed is still alive and still being grown today. It can be super productive even in parched environments. Each single kernel yields 200 kernels – or more - every season. It may be that the missing stone tablet is simply a symbol of the real gift we were given: the beautiful, beautiful, blue Hopi corn.



www.all-ways-free.org



Em

We are an old — fam'-ly we are a new fam'-ly

Em D G Em

We are the same fam'-ly stron-ger than be - fore We

**Chorus**

Em D G Em

ho - nor you and em - po - wer you to be who you are We

Em D G Em

ho - nor you and em - po - wer you to be who you are



LOVE CAN BUILD A BRIDGE



Above: Grandfather David addressing the '77 Gathering

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Em D Em  
 We are cir-cl-ing cir-cl-ing to gē-ther

Em C D Em  
 We are sing-ing sing-ing our heart-song

Em D Em  
 This is u-ni-ty This is fa-mi-ly

Em D Em  
 This is ce-le-bration This is sa-cred



## Right To Share Food

At Right To Share Food, we believe that sharing food with our brothers and sisters is a fundamental human right. We believe that sharing food is a constitutionally protected activity, guaranteed under the freedom of association clause of the first amendment of The Constitution of the United States of America . We believe that sharing food outside and in public is an equally protected activity. Our goal is to promote cooperation among people in order to exercise and defend this right.

Hello; let me introduce myself. My name is Michael "Waterman" Hubman. I am the founder and the facilitator of Right To Share Food and a member of the Right TO Share Food Coalition. Since 2007 I have been lobbying on behalf of the human and civil rights of homeless people. I operate Watercorps, a charity that gives bulk drinking water to the homeless people living on the streets of Skid Row Los Angeles.

You might ask; why do we feel the need to organize and lobby to protect and exercise our right to share food? The answer is, that it is a common occurrence in contemporary society, for those who are morally and spiritually motivated, to want to help others who find themselves in a state of need. This state of need is often manifested by poverty, homelessness and destitution. Those who desire to come to the aid of their less fortunate brothers and sisters, commonly express this aid by sharing food.

Conflict occurs when government, most often municipalities, attempt to effect social engineering by restricting or forbidding the sharing of food on public property, the commons and even private property. I liken this kind of social engineering by cities to wild-life management. The problem is, we are talking about our human brothers and sisters, and not unwanted pigeons or other pesky wild life.

Why?

I can't speak for these municipal wild life managers. I can only guess. My guess as to why the sovereign would act in such a selfish and mean spirited manner is greed. Poverty and homelessness are commonly viewed by some who are not similarly afflicted as messy and unsightly. The sight of homeless and poor people lining up to receive a charitable meal makes it hard to convince oneself and others that all is well in their area of interest. When poverty and homelessness are not sufficiently hidden and dispersed, it tends to raise concerns among some who would worry about depressed commerce and property values.

When homeless people gather in public, especially in numbers, they often generate a response by government to harass them with the goal of dispersing them. The dispersing of the homeless to make them less visible robs them of community and society and denies them their right to associate. Harassing the people who want to share food and aid the homeless and poor is just another tactic to disperse them and deny them the right to associate and assemble.

Michael "Waterman" Hubman

714-746-1203

waterman@watercorps.net



Mo-ther I feel you un-der my feet  
Mo-ther I feel your Heart - bea - t  
He ya he ya he ya ya he ya he ya ho  
he ya he ya he ya he ya he ya ho

## Gorilla Gardening for Travelers



1. Choose a spot next to a triple digit mile marker. ie: 111, 222, 333, etc.
2. Mark your spot with a rock cairn for others to recognize. Immediately behind said mile marker, place a flat rock over a buried container that contains a map to your garden/camp area, including water sources nearby.
3. Using downed branches, make a raised planting bed (Hugelkultur), filling it in with dirt and leaves, which allows moisture to be held during dry times.
4. Create as much comfort as you can for the next traveler. Wood, water, a kitchen area, etc.
5. Plant whatever you can that will regrow, either by reseeding, spreading, or continuing to grow, like a fruit or nut tree. Find wild edibles that can be transplanted to your food forest: mushrooms, berry bushes, nuts. Keep a journal in a jar to tell others what you've done.

I asked my mother for fifty cents  
to see the elephant jump the fence  
He jumped so high  
he reached the sky  
And.. never came back- until  
THE FOURTH OF JULY.

**Come to the hipstory at this gathering if you would like to experience and participate in the retelling of the oral history of the rainbow gatherings, from 1970 onwards.**

I'd like to tell this story of my travels because it has a great ending. We were in Roseburg, Oregon in 2011 on our way to the Rainbow Gathering in Washington State. We were travelling with an RV named Wynona and a Dodge Ram bus named Beula, with a bunch of hippies in tow. We happen by 2 kids with long hair and tie-dyed headbands walking down the road, clearly peeved and steaming about something. We pull over and ask him if he needs a ride somewhere. He says, "Hell yeah, I do," and gets in the van. We are camped down the road in Glide, and he decides to come with us there.

He tells us that he's just had an argument with his roommates. We pull into the campground and it's been taken over by Frisbee golfers and there is sort of a circuslike atmosphere as we drive to our site at the very end of the campground where they like to put the hippies so we don't bother the other guests ...like anything can bother Frisbee golfers at a Frisbee golfing tournament. They are a very happy lot and for whatever reason they like to get naked. Throw in the hippies, a campfire, good food and wine, and this kid was on the bus.

So over the campfire he tells us his story: his name is Matt, he plays guitar, he wants to hatch a plan to move out of his apartment, he'd like to travel, he's never been to a Rainbow Gathering, but he's heard of them. We plan to get some of his belongings in the morning and move some of his stuff to another place for safekeeping.

The next day, he loads a buttload of CDs, an electric guitar, a hard drive, and a laundry basket of clothes into Beula & hops in. We continue our journey north to Washington. We stop at a Walmart parking lot because we are broke and both vehicles are out of gas. We send hippies out to fly signs, gas jug, busk, and sell or trade jewelry. Two older guys stop by the RV to smoke everyone out. They like us for whatever reason, and invite us out to their place. Turns out they've got barns of antiques and collectibles and they need some help moving the stuff out to a flea market type setup in town at a parade. The hippies need some supplies for the woods & these guys, Bob and Mike, have all the stuff everyone needs in the barns. So we make a deal with them. We help them set up this sale & they let the hippies have what they need from the barns. We got good stuff too. Everyone got their blissware, pocket knives, jackets, boots, all the necessities for the forest. After a crazy weekend we were back on the road to the gathering.

We arrive on July 2nd. The height of the gathering is July 4th, when we all pray for peace (that is why we gather, to pray for peace). Matt has brought his dog Ringo, who is a big shaggy golden retriever mix who fits right in with our dogs. By the way, we have 3 full grown shepherd mixes and a litter of pups along. A pack of sorts.

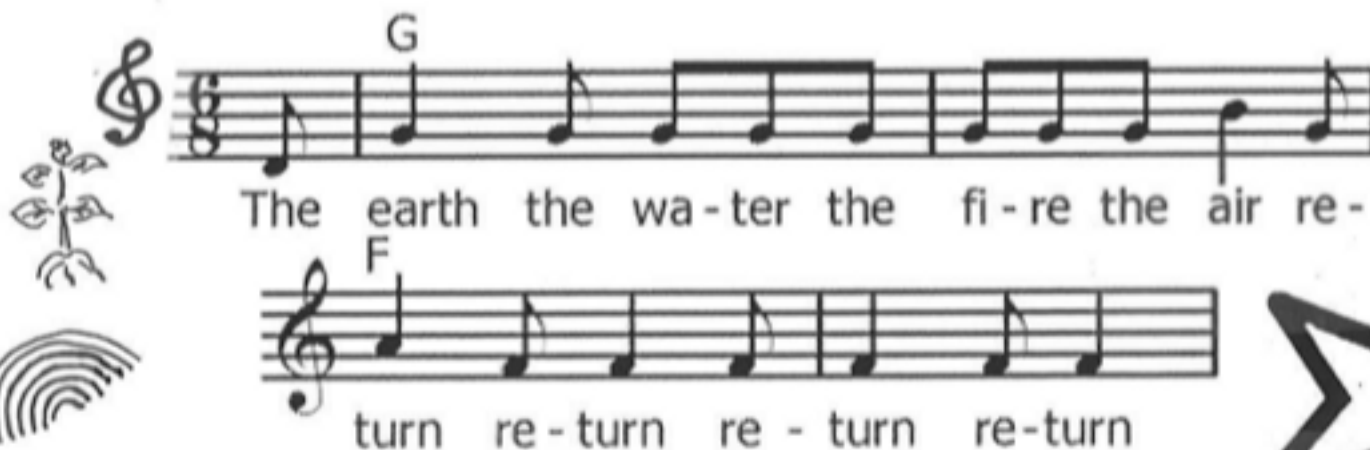
Nearly as soon as we get there Matt disappears, but Ringo stays with the pack. He joins rank with Brownie, the mama of the pups, to be centurion to let all the hippies know that we have puppies at camp. He also is very shaggy and problems begin to ensue due to him sitting his fuzzy butt cheeks on people's belongings. First, we had a pipe go missing, in the morning, only to find it under Ringo's fuzzy butt cheeks. Second, in the afternoon, two random hippies come to camp for coffee & start to argue, one accusing the other of stealing his pipe. I say, "Wait, we had a problem this morning with a missing pipe and it was under Ringo's fuzzy butt cheeks. Ringo, get up, hippie! Are you hiding that pipe under your fuzzy butt cheeks?" And sure enough, there it was under Ringo's fuzzy butt cheeks.

Matt checked in and let us know he was startin' dreadies because he'd lost his hairbrush, played some guitar, said he'd been having a blast, and then was off again into the forest. Before I knew it I heard a rumor that he'd left the gathering, and Ringo wasn't at camp anymore—but we still had all of his other stuff. Someone told me that he told them that we could keep all his CD's, his guitar and his hard drive. I was kind of in disbelief and a bit confused. We helped clean up the forest, so as to leave only footprints, and left the woods, taking the last of the hippies with us... so rumor confirmed.

About a month later we happen through Bob and Mike's place again on our way back down to California. I go with them out to the Cascade Mountains for a Hemp Festival. I run into Matt and Ringo. I say, "Hey, you left all your stuff with us, you left the gathering & didn't even say goodbye. Do you want your stuff back? We still have it."

"No way," he says. "Consider it room and board. You guys picked me up and took me out to the woods to live like an animal. AND IT WAS GREAT!

Lovin' you family!  
Beth Gayda Greenlee



*\*~Magical Creatures Story~\**

*This was a story I heard from a Native American Lakota Elder once at clean up after the Rainbow Family gathering At the 2002 - Upper Peninsula, Michigan Near the town of Bruce Crossing in Ottawa National Forest, and after dinner in a circle of kind folks hope you enjoy it as much as I do and from my memory of this story as it changed the way I look at those I meet.*

*And the story goes:*

*The Great Creator one-day came to the Indians and asked them to help with teaching some Magical Creatures how to live one with Mother Earth as the Indians have mastered and to protect them till they were all able to live as one with Mother Earth. The Indians were more than honored to do such a great deed for the Great Creator and agreed to do so. And the Great Creator being so pleased with the Indians for doing so that a promise was made between the Indians and Great Creator that the Indians would always be protected and one day sit with the Great Creator in the home of the Great Creator in the stars forever.*

*The day came when the Great Creator brought the Magical Creatures to the Indians, they were of all sizes and shapes, there were big ones, tall ones, short ones, long ones, and of many colors. The Indians did protect and teach the Magical Creatures for many of season, and learn much they did till the one day when the Great Creator came back to see how the Indians had done with what was asked of them. The Great Creator was very pleased with what the Magical Creatures had learned what the Indians had taught them and vowed then that the one day would come when the Indians would surely sit in the Great Creators home in the stars forever. And the Great Creator told the Magical Creatures to go live as One with Mother Earth with warnings to only show themselves to the Indians, which all the Magical Creatures agreed to.*

*They went to live in the valleys, the hills, the mountains, and the sea shores and would be seen from time to time by the Indians. But then one day the Evil White-man came to their lands and the Magical Creatures went into hiding and weren't even seen by the Indians. But the Magical Creatures were watching the White-man, and were sad of what White-man were doing to the Indians. As the Magical Creatures seen that the Indians were being killed at a alarming rate and less and less of the Indians the Magical Creatures so Loved for how the Indians had treated them and taught them all they needed to live as one with Mother Earth. So the Magical Creatures mated with the Indians and it was said that the off spring were like both the Indian in living one with Mother Earth and in looks, but also had the magic of the Magical Creatures.*

*And these off spring of the Magical Creatures, Indians, also went into hiding from the White-man and seen from time to time by the Indians And over time these Magical Off Spring seen that not all White-man were bad and mated with the White-man. It is said that these off spring of Magical Creatures, Indians, and White-man also were like all three, the Magical Creatures, the Indians, and White-man. In Indian & the White-man way they lived one with Mother Earth & in looks, and the magic of the Magical Creatures. So be very, very careful when reading things on the internet groups, forms, posting, comments of myspace, facebook, and myyearbook and when traveling down the Highway, BI-ways, cities and towns, of America for you never know who you may be meeting or the magic they may hold.....*

*Makes you think don't it?????*

*"Everything that I understand, I understand only because I love." By- Leo Tolstoy [1828-1910]*

*Life's Over Venturing Enlightenment - LOVE!*

*Ecclesiology/Ecclesiastic/Ecclesiastical Rev.Of Love Martin-Paul Cheney I.*



**Rainbow Peace Fleet ~ Water Tribes – Rainbow Family of Living Light** who live and travel on boats powered by wind – gathering to help w/humanitarian aid, disaster relief, environmental protection, acquiring and refitting vessels to provide homes for seafaring family, sharing resources to keep our vessels afloat and seaworthy. Sharing across all cultures—uniting with the purpose of inspiring a care for our oceans and promoting global unity, volunteerism and peace on earth. Future projects and gatherings can be followed on our website and online group below. Also below is contact information for focalizers and participants of the Rainbow Peace Fleet.

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*(Fleet, continued)*

Projects Peace Fleet is associated with:

Dieter Paulmann

Traditional Pacific Seafaring

South Pacific Voyagers Foundation

PO Box 301-772, Albany, Auckland 0752, New Zealand

<http://pacificvoyagers.org/the-cause>

Musafir is building a Vessel from traditional materials in Kenya.

Rainbow Peace Fleet plans to join them in Peace Passage, Africa 2015

Kipini, Kenya, Africa

<http://musafir.org/>

Fabien Cousteau

Nautical Tribe/Ocean Story are ocean advocates we are connected with.

<http://www.nauticaltribe.com/>

<http://oceanstory.org/>

Peace Fleet has joined Green Peace in Marine Protection Projects

The Baltic Sea Initiative & future projects.

[www.greenpeace.org](http://www.greenpeace.org)

Captain Paul Watson

Marine Protection Activists

Sea Shepard

[www.seashepard.org](http://www.seashepard.org)

Reef Relief protects Global Coral Reef Ecosystems

Peace Fleeters have volunteered over the years.

Bob Weir, honorary board member

Reef Relief Headquarters

& Environmental Center

631 Greene Street

Key West, FL 33040

[www.reefrelief.org](http://www.reefrelief.org)

All love surrounding, we are the change, now is the time~\* if you have a vessel or wish to crew/work on refitting a vessel please contact us or find your nearest Rainbow Peace Fleet Focalizer, We Love You~\*



*Above: Rainbow Peace Fleet 32' seafarer at Indian River, Florida*

#### BREEZES OF AETHER

Come to the source of the light tonight.

See the people dancing together in the path of life,  
With flowers in their hair and love in their hearts,  
With light in their eyes, with songs from their harps,  
That play in the way of the spirit.

Say hello to sister and brother.

Join in the dance of loving each other,  
Set in the way of changes forever,  
Dimensions apart, extensions together.

Onward spirals time and space,  
Throughout, through intuition's grace,  
Creation abounds with the likes of these,  
No more, no less than these Adams, these Eves.  
Join in this celebration, please.

Draw your circles, another to build.

Envelop your planet. Sow the vast fields,  
For life is a gift. that must be revealed,  
And each is an answer to questions unsealed.

Children in heaven do speak in rhyme,  
And do dance the dances and dance them in time,  
And do carry messages on wings we can find,  
On Breezes Of Aether we form with our minds.

2009 -Bill Wayne Boxell-



*Left: Mirno More Peace Fleet in the year 2000 in Croatia, including members of more than 15 nations*

# Births, Deaths, Unions

On June 19, 2012, Serenity was born to proud mama Paradox.

On July 4, 2012, Rainbow Kat and Ezza Happy Hippie said hello to their new baby, Locksley Souljourney Bowen.

On October 5, 2012 Rev. Victoria Ariel Wolven and Rev. Martin Paul Cheney welcomed Iris Athena Cheney-Wolven into the world at 11:34 PM.

On October 23, 2012, Maddagyn Eamon Conlaoch Flynn was born to Kayleigh and Jerome Flynn.

On December 6, 2012, Amber Waves and Grimm became the proud parents of Silas Aven Gerdes.

On March 11, 2013, Baby Bear and Tig brought Baby Magnolia into the world.

On March 12, 2013, under a sunset on the beach, Turtle and Arkansas were married at the 2013 A-Cola Regional Gathering in Florida. Rogue officiated the ceremony. Everyone stood in a circle around the wedding party during the ceremony and the reception was held by Why Knot kitchen.

On March 17, 2013, Giovanni was born to happy parents Eve and EJ.

On March 20, 2013, in Monmouth, Oregon, Robert Patrick O'Kelly and Shannon Derbyshire were hand-fastened by the Constable of Cascadia—Patrick Pinkerton. They performed a modified version of the wedding ceremony of the roses, and called it the ceremony of the daffodils. They proclaimed/explained, out loud, before witnesses, their intentions toward each other, then a green ribbon was first tied around their clasped hands, then cut length-wise and half was tied around each of their left wrists.

On March 30, 2013 Alexander Dean Richard was born to delighted parents Alexander Rhodes and Samantha Richards

On April 20, 2013 in Pocatello, Idaho, David Andrew Fink, a/k/a "Castle" and Katie Frost became the proud and ecstatic parents of Easton Scott Fink. Easton's grandparents are Rickey and Cheryl Gardner, a/k/a Raven and Summer Breeze.

On May 3, 2013, Not-a-Dave King and Cindy White were wed by the Constable of Cascadia (Patrick Pinkerton) under an arch of branches, surrounded by their friends and family at the 2013 Spring All-California Regional Rainbow Gathering.

On May 13, 2013, Karma Cherise was born to Samantha and A.U., weighing in at 7lbs 11oz and 19in long.

On July 2, 2013, a Rainbow Wedding! Tammy Vaughan will marry Randall Ruble on July 2nd, 3pm at Musical Veggie Cafe. Officiating at their wedding will be Vermin Supreme. Reception at 4:20!

On July 7, 2013 THE FUTURE MR. & MRS. CAUTION (Hennings) want to celebrate their commitment to life long togetherness at the Rainbow Gathering in Montana. We are Jeremie and Briana and we would love to see you all there at our wedding. Lots a love family!

The following individuals have recently passed on to the next world. We hope that they remembered to pack out their things, and know that they are joining us in a big circle in the sky, praying for peace.

New York Steve

Owl

David Lescht (David Light)

Coco Oudom

Sarah (Sparrow)

Space

Penny

Llama

Andrew Penaluna

Andrew James Hurst

Doc Beaton

The Green and Purple bus crash:

Sparrow and I had been off the bus for weeks. But as life happens we were in Arcata and they were coming through. Coco's dog had died days before of parvo and to say the least she was raging. Jangle, Sparrow and I jumped on and we headed down the 299 to a rest area outside Willow Creek. We met Rainbow Preacher there and forced the our drivers to switch. The driver was not drunk when we left that rest area and he didn't drink anything while he drove. We didn't make it five miles and the brakes and steering failed. We weren't speeding or swerving drunkenly. We were driving a fucked up bus on a mountain pass in the rain. Blame God, blame the bus, blame JB Weld. Alcohol has no blame here. Coco is gone, and now Sparrow is, too. But I know they would want you to know., Please come talk to me about it if you would like.

Savage Jane

# 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

Also known as Kai the Home Free Hitchhiker, Caleb is on trial for murder. Though he has never been to a Rainbow Gathering, he has travelled with family and had been looking forward to coming Home. He would love to receive letters from family.

Alexander Rhodes adc #262021  
 ASPC - Yuma Dakota unit  
 P.O. Box 8909  
 San Luis, AZ 85349

Sideshow (Alexander) will be released on August 14, 2013. He would love to hear from family who can write to him.

Michael Allen Smith #180700 Aug 30th, 1987  
 P.S.C.  
 PO Box 2419  
 Raleigh, NC 27602

---Hello everyone! If you haven't heard, I'm back in NC. It has been almost a year since I left my probation here for a new way of living. Whatever happens here is miniscule. Every one of you has touched my heart and has given me an experience of a lifetime. I love you as another myself. I want you all to know that even though I'm in here, I feel freer than 90% of the people out there. I'm choosing to own this experience to the fullest. I consider this cell to be my cocoon and this "time" as my incubation. I'm excited to begin another chapter of my adventure, and I'm thrilled to be here because I get to watch who I become because of this. I'm looking at 1 to 2 years, but anything could happen. Only ONE knows. So, I want none of you to feel sorry for me and every one of you to support me in your heart! If you wish to stay connected with me throughout my time, please do. I would love to hear from you and any support you have to offer is greatly appreciated. Please spread this email to others that may be wondering my whereabouts. I love you all and someday we will meet anew! Until then, BE YOUR SELF! Love & Light, Duscuit

I want to know where free-dom is I want to know where  
 free-dom lives I want to know why free-dom died  
 I want to know why no one cried Cry free-dom for my  
 bro - thers free-dom for my sis - ters  
 free-dom for my bo - dy and free-dom for my mind

UPON THOSE WHO DEFY  
 AUTHORITY IT SHALL BE  
 VISITED,  
 BUT NOT BEHIND PRISON  
 WALLS NOR THROUGH  
 OPPRESSION OF THEIR KIN  
 MEN SONLY led  
 ARE NOT LEAD BY DURESS



- Sweet & Sour Spread  
 2 Soups (Ramen)  
 1 bag fried out pork skin (spicy or not)  
 2oz powdered lemonade mix  
 1 Cheetos Flaming Hot w/lime  
 Combine all ingredients in plastic bag with  
 Hot Water (only enough to hydrate everything - this  
 is spread not soup.) Season to Taste... Enjoy!





# ICRUSTY KIDZ KORNER

(Editor's warning: This section is hidden in the back of the newspaper for a reason. The content in the following six pages is intended for road dogs, parking lot trolls, dirty kids and the like. It is NOT intended for children, high-holies, the politically correct, or the easily offended.)

Q: What's the difference between a pirate girl and a dumpster?  
A: You'd eat out the dumpster if you had to  
(This page be pirateable. YARRRRGH!)



Q: How do you know if a dirty kid just got lucky?  
A: Two of his fingers are clean  
Q: How do you know if he liked her?  
A: His mustache is clean too.



"Pick up your cigarette butts, trash, and poop. And donate!"



"ALL HAIL JOE C-" "BLOCK!"



"Im lovin you all! And dirty kids do it better!" -Giggles the Mo'fucking Squirrel

Q: How many Death Campers does it take to start a fire?  
A: "Who's got the fireworks?"  
Q: How many Projex kids does it take to start a fire?  
A: "Who's got the tire?"  
Q: How many GOAT campers does it take to start a fire?  
A: "Who's got the bag of pocket trash?"  
Q: How many Mudders does it take to start a fire?  
A: Only one, but it takes the whole woods to put it out!

## WAKE UP AND RAGE!

Q: What do ya call a hippie that just got dumped by his old lady?  
A: Homeless.  
Q: What do ya call a hippie that just got dumped by her old man?  
A: Stranded.

AWKWARD AT NIGHT! The mysterious extra leg in the cuddle puddle!

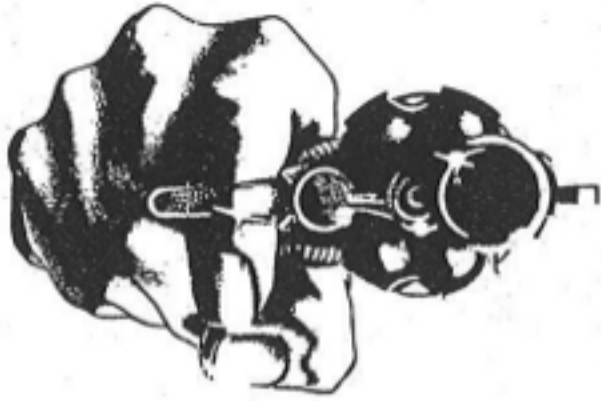
Q: How do you get a hippie pregnant?  
A: Cum in the shitter and let the flies do the rest.



FUCK MONSANTO!

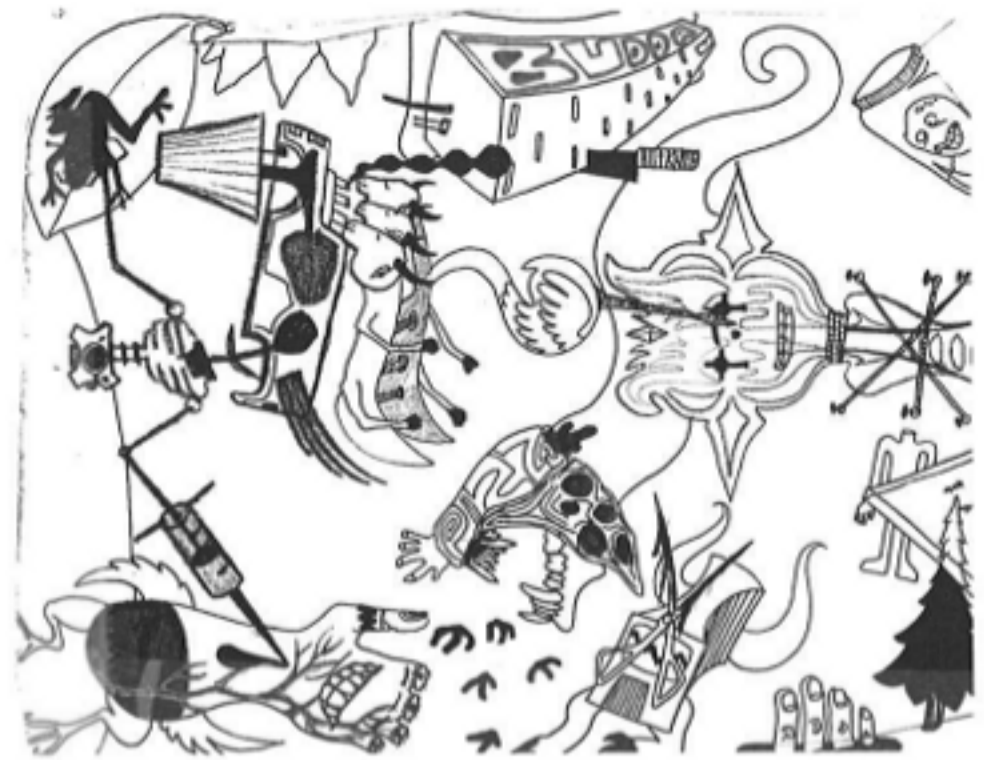


I'm here to help you."



"I'm from the government..."

Scavenger hunt item #42: A Nic@Niter's basket



"Apathy kills!" -Novel

Q: What's the difference between train hoppers and hitchhikers?  
A: I'm better than you!

Q: How do you know when a krusty mama is on the rag?  
A: She's only wearing one sock.  
Q: How do you know when a krusty mama is OFF the rag?  
A: One of her socks is brown

**AWKWARD AT NIGHT!** You wake up next to us and we weren't there when you went to sleep!

**Scavenger Hunt item #69:**  
**Fairy Camp's lube**



AWKWARD AT NIGHT! Hey there sister! ...I mean brother.

Q: How many Fat Kids does it take to change a lightbulb?  
A: "Fat Kids needs a lightbulb change!"



Q: What's the best part about the end of a gathering?  
A: Getting your old lady back

Scavenger hunt item #294: Grandpa Woodstock's Pants (50 points)

"As long as camp "GO FUCK YOURSELF" is around nobodys flags arrr safe.....sorry but I'm not sorry! pirates arr never sorry"

-Tig



www.all-ways-free.org



Q: What's the fastest way to the shitters?

A: Piss off Teatime



**I may be ragged, but I'm real.**  
—Tony Angel

Scavenger Hunt Item #40: Bob Weir's Ambien

A Parable  
by Gabriel Thomas

The fire was burning low and the night was getting late. One brother threw another log on and sat back down. It seemed it would be a quiet rest of the night. Earlier the drums and guitars had been good and loud but like everything, it all must ebb and flow. Another brother was rolling a cigarette while a sister was laying down next to the fire enjoying the warmth. Soon enough it seemed that people would be crashing out and the fire would probably die down and turn to coals.

The first brother looked up as a man stumbled out of the dark and practically fell towards the fire. He caught himself and stood there a minute swaying, he was obviously intoxicated.

"Hey, bro. can I get a cigarette," he slurred to the roller.

"You're drunk! Don't you have any respect! This is a peaceful fire and your negative energy is really not welcome here!" the brother said as he finished rolling a cigarette and lit it.

"Come on, man. Can I just get a cigarette?"

"NO! I will not support your fuckin bliss-ninny drunk non-cigarette ass!"

The first brother, who had been sittin quietly enjoying the fire looked up, there was a slight frown on his face. "Hey, brother! I got a cigarette for ya. come over here and sit down with me."

"Thanks, bro." the drunk guy said as he slithered closer and took a seat.

"Hey, you wanna little schwill," he said as the brother passed him a smoke. He pulled out a fifth with a bit left in the bottom. "Kill schwill."

"Sure." He took the offered bottle and tilted it on end to drink the last shot.

"I can't believe you're drinking in Rainbow, that's so swag!" the one brother said as he stood up. He walked over to the intoxicated brother and glared down at him. "It's not cool, you need to leave."

The intoxicated brother moved to get up but the first brother was quicker. "NO, have a seat brother. You're welcome here." He stood up and faced the only person who was causing a problem.

"Please, brother. You've been nothing but agro while this brother here has done nothing to provoke. You have been negative and mean to someone who has been calm and peaceful. You should be ashamed of yourself. This is your brother and you have treated him with nothing but disrespect...."

"But you're not supposed to drink in Rainbow and that brother walked in here drunk...."

"That doesn't matter! You started in on him just because you don't like that he's been drinking. You didn't even give him a chance. Come on, man. It doesn't matter what some High-Holy said 40 years ago. What matters is Respect, how you treat people. What about it, man? Can you chill out? You're sober and caused more of a problem than the drunk guy."

"You're right, I'm sorry."

"It's really not me you should say you're sorry to."

They both turned to the drunk brother sitting by the fire. He was snoring, passed out with his chin on his chest. If you looked close you could see the slight smile on the corners of his mouth.

The End

Here's one old story of the flag wars (counting coups) that seems somewhat to no longer be true today.

It supposedly was designed for kitchens as a social event. As we all know kitchen focalisers are usually so preoccupied or obsessed with serving the family they'd get stressed, burnt out, argumentative, and problematic. This became a way to get them out. Someone would take their pride/flag with the msg. you (focal kitchen guy) come and get it. This forced them to take a day off visit all the kitchens till they found it. They'd be encouraged to eat, drink, hang out, smell the flowers so to speak and discover there are other fine kitchens. This was done so kitchen slaves would see the gathering. If that didn't work they'd be told it will be at main circle on the Fourth or the Parade on the fifth. So now they'd be encouraged to participate on our celebration days. I remember once long ago that's how I got our SCROLL popcorn banner back one year. It arrived to Main Meadow on the Fourth.



Scaveenger Hunt Item #7113: Timmy Time



Q: What do krusty mamas have in common with rice and beans?  
A: The closer it gets to the end of the gathering, the harder they are to eat.

Scavenger hunt item #4999: An undercover LEO's wire

Scavenger hunt item #26: Chu Bhakka's bus



Scavenger Hunt Item #641 Krishna Kitchen's Elephant

An Announcement  
By Gabriel Thomas

*(Note: The following is not true, rather it is a satirical examination of the alcohol situation in Rainbow)*

"I want to address the issue at the next rainbow gathering regarding changes that will effect some people more than others. For years now We have had a growing concern due to certain health risks and have decided to inform you at the next council of the changes that are being made. Our children deserve a clean, healthy place to gather therefore We can no longer allow people with dreadlocks at the rainbow gathering. Dreadlocks are unhealthy and dirty, they spread lice and are homes for ticks and fleas also. I know some of you wish to keep your dreads for spiritual reasons but we can no longer allow it. You can go have your own dreadlocks gathering somewhere else. We informed the Health Department of our decision and they will support us with police presence if necessary. Front Gate will now be supplied with scissors and razors for those of you who wish to heal yourself of this terrible and nasty affliction. Please don't kill the messenger. This was decided by family that shall go unnamed and I am just relaying the message to you so you are not surprised when you are turned away or forced to shave your head in order to remain with your family. EVERYONE is STILL Welcome as long as they come without their nappy dreadheads. Namaste!"

Q: What do you call a dirty kid in a suit?  
A: The defendant.

Q: What's the best part about having sex with a homeless person?  
A: You can drop them off anywhere!



A crusty message to our Elders

aka: "I've been doin' this way too long."

"So 'ya wanna be a Rainbow....." -thanks Little Hawk

Look, there's always a silver lining. Instead of bitching about what's not getting done, I would rather have the Silver Backs (elders), or anyone-any age, for that matter, (yes-you too!) help me show 'em how it's done.

Remember all the dumb stuff you used to do until someone finally took the time & way too much effort to show you what's up....huh? Simply not showing up or those boy-cotts of certain Gatherings do more harm to your grandchildren's-grandchildren than good. I probably like you more than you like me and I, for one, can safely say I wouldn't be here today if it wasn't for all those grumpy old coots schooling me! What's important isn't whether you didn't like me or love me. I still want to hear & see what grumpy 'ol coot camp is complaining about! After 40 times around the sun (years), I'm still gleaning new knowledge that I'm passing on, whether ya' realize it or not.

Besides, y'all ain't done anyway.....Carrying on tried & true traditions is one thing; but, WHAT DID YOU THINK FULFILLING THESE KIND OF PROPHECIES WOULD BE LIKE? Seriously. Giving a dying Earth, in her time of need, a "pat on the back" ain't gonna cut it.

WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN, MAN !!

Honestly, a generation, from one to the other, is to the tune of 50 to 80 years. As youngsters & mid-steppers, the Silver Backs brought the first waves of our Brothers & Sisters out of Babylon. These first four decades of our family is heralding in the truly first "generation" of what we're beginning to see lately at the gatherings, coming outside of Babylon into the Light of a Rainbow.

Like it or not, we have been getting our prayers answered...These loud, busted-up, dirty, homeless, nomadic bastard children of God-these "kids"are your kids, they're my kids. That wing-nut they put up with because he/she translates "hippie" to & for them...yea, they're his & her kids too.

I've even caught some of 'em, afterwards, showing others what to do; even though they gave you way too much attitude (trying to save face) to hide their embarrassment for not really knowing what's up, until you showed them how it's done at the shitters, wood piles & kitchens, ect.

Though it can be very hard to endure (even taking 5 years or more-ugh) before they figure it out & express their gratefulness & gratitude-the importance of these "sacred changes" remains nonetheless. Frankly, I'm more excited than hell to see the next few waves of the "First Gen.'s" outside. These are the ones who will be teaching our Family's grandchildren to come as Babylon continues to fall.

Now don't let all these grandiose words lead you astray. We need the knowledge of the practical applications that have kept us alive for eons. I love you all so very much, but those who'll just complain without offering at least one solution can kick rocks! Hearing some old timer always complain about the same thing is to me just as annoying as the squatters screaming "nick at night" over & over, every day & night! I've got no time to waste on anyone's lack of consideration. CRITICISM PROMOTES CONFUSION AS ENCOURAGEMENT CREATES SOLUTIONS.(I always say)

As Always,  
Lots of Love & Light to You & Yours,  
world



So my buddy finch wanted me to write a artical about a game we started in dirty kids corner. This is a honest game and funny game and some people say a creepy game. So show me ur butthole is a game that was started around a fire and a kid screamed out show me ur butthole and they did. And don't be afraid to ask them that back. Its a game that makes u more open with urself. It make u happy. It makes me happy. It's not creepy. It's just a game we play in the woods. So If someone asks u to show them u butthole just do it.  
Fat Boy



Show Me Your Butthole is a game played by some dirty kids, with the object of the game being to see (or "collect") the most buttholes during the length of time they are in the woods. Usually collected by hollering "Show me your butthole!" the game straddles the line between humor and discomfort. Some general customs and rules of conduct have evolved. Don't harass someone about their butthole-if they refuse to show you the first time, don't ask again. Obviously, don't demand to see underage buttholes. Don't be a sourpuss-if someone wants to see your butthole then show them! If someone gets you to look at a *dog's* butthole, you lose a point on your butthole count. If a cat, untouched by people, lifts up its tail and shows you *its* butthole, you get three buttholes added to your count. If you get an LEO to show you their butthole, you automatically win.

Scavenger hunt item #496: A bag of GOAT Camp's pocket trash



Huffing glue!  
Spanging you!  
Smell my shoe!

Scavenger hunt item #70: The Lost Tablet of the Hippie (over 9000 points)

"Oh he of the boot head, I brush my teeth and I want my pony" -An ode to the greatest and most sacred member of the rainbow family, Vermin Supreme  
by Greg Handley

www.all-ways-free.org

AWKWARD AT NIGHT! WE CHEER WHEN YOU CUM IN YOUR TENT!

Q: What do you get when you line up twenty A-Campers?  
A: A full set of teeth

## YOU JUST MIGHT BE...

### A High Holy:

- If you have ever told someone how to OM...you just might be a high holy.
- If you carry a giant carved staff, and dirty kids keep stealing it from you...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have a copy of the Rainbow Oracle but don't let anyone look at it...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever refused to go to a gathering because of an argument over a decade old...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have strong opinions about what the big rainbow gathering is called, and have lost friends over the argument....you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever accused someone of being a "bliss ninny" - while sitting in a chair...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever told a council not to start until you arrive...you just might be a high holy.
- If your current business card says RETIRED and you have never had a job...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever enforced "rainbow rules" by calling them "long-standing consensus"...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever used the term "drainbow"...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever 'shushed' someone on July 4, louder than they were talking...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever referred to yourself as 'elder'...you just might be a high holy.
- If you have ever hollered "respect the feather!" when the feather was not in your hand...you just might be a high holy.
- If you were at the first gathering and you make sure everyone knows it... you just might be a high holy

### A Road Dog:

- If you've gone 50,000 miles on the road in the last year - and have no idea what the price of gas is...you just might be a road dog.
- If you have mastered the art of turning one empty seat into room for two more hippies and a dog and a backpack...you just might be a road dog.
- If your credit card is made of cardboard...you just might be a road dog.
- If your bed is also made of cardboard more often than not...you just might be a road dog.
- If you've ever been 'kidnapped' by your own friends, in your own car ...you might be a road dog.
- If you go somewhere to fly - and you aren't getting on a plane...you just might be a road dog.
- If you have ever travelled over a thousand miles for a booty call...you just might be a road dog.
- If you're 3 or more states away from where you were yesterday and you don't remember how you got there, you might be a road dog
- If you have ever gone on tour and woken up several years later...you just might be a road dog.
- If you pick up riders to see if they have any pot... you just might be a road dog.
- If packing a car is your way of playing tetris ...you might be a road dog.
- If your travelling schedule is intimately connected to the whims of Vision Council—and Bob Weir...you just might be a road dog.

### A Front Gater:

- If you have ever demanded someone give you a black eye, because it makes for better spanging...you just might be from Front Gate.
- If your favorite blissware is a sawed-off half gallon...you just might be from Front Gate.
- If your favorite stories from Rainbow are ones you CAN'T TELL...you just might be from Front Gate.
- If you and your best friend can't hang out, because of your dogs...you just might be from Front Gate.
- If you have attended the gathering for over ten years and still don't know about Main Circle...you just might be from Front Gate.
- If you ever had to bounce a car so that your RV could squeeze by...you just might be from Front Gate.
- If everyone blames you for everything bad that happens at a regional gathering...you just might be from Front Gate.

### An A-Camper

- If your favorite memories from Rainbow were retold to you secondhand...you just might be an A-Camper
- If you have ever woken up with a tattoo you don't remember getting the night before...you just might be an A-Camper
- If you have ever knocked someone out—to prevent a fight...you just might be an A-Camper
- If "Wrecking Crew" means more to you than a construction team...you just might be an A-Camper
- If you have ever thrown a kegger at Main Circle...you just might be an A-Camper
- If everyone blames you for everything bad that happens at the National Gathering...you just might be an A-Camper

### A Dirty Kid

- If your version of a postcoital shower is the ol' spitshine...you just might be a dirty kid
- If you name the lice in your dreads....you just might be a dirty kid
- If none of your closest friends have ever witnessed you brush your teeth, you might be a dirty kid
- If you cant read this...you just might be a dirty kid
- If your 3 year old child knows how to trim pot...you just might be a dirty kid
- If you have ever held a regional gathering at a Wal-mart parking lot...you just might be a dirty kid
- If the only flag you pledge allegiance to involves a skull and crossbones...you just might be a dirty kid
- If you refuse to shower when the opportunity presents itself...you just might be a dirty kid



Scavenger hunt item #928: A-Camp's Flag

Q: A dirty kid, a deadhead, and a hippie are all in a car. Who's driving?  
A: The cop.



Scavenger hunt item #48: Plunker's Plunker



Fire danger in the Western states is always high in the summertime. This year in particular, the drought has left the woods tinder dry, and extreme caution should be used.

● **Be Aware of Basic Fire Dangers**

- 1. **Root fires.** What are they? They happen when the end of a small root which may not even be visible catches fire in an unlined fire pit. The fire smolders and can break out its flames several hours or even days later.
- 2. **Wind.** Why? Because it spreads sparks and feeds fires with oxygen.
- 3. **Duff.** What is duff? It is organic matter made out of dried plant material. It looks like regular ground, but is highly flammable. It can cover the ground up to 12 inches deep.
- 4. **Smoking.** Please sit down while smoking, making sure you put your cigarette out where no spark can set grasses or duff on fire. Field strip your butts and put the remains in your pocket.

5. Fireworks. Ah!  
Campfires



- **Please, no personal fires. Community fires only.** Why? To keep the number of fire pits to a minimum and to make it easier for Firewatch to spot an unsafe fire and put it out before it endangers anyone. What is a community? You and your neighbors. If there are twenty or more of you, that's reason to have your own firepit. It's also lots cozier to share. Magical music scenes happen around firepits with plenty of room.

● **Practice basic firepit safety rules**

- 1. Choose a spot away from tents, trees and brush. Why? Because sparks fly and land on things.
- 2. Dig out the soil at least a foot deep, and line with rock. Why? To avoid root fires.
- 3. Rake back the ground for several feet around the pit. Why? Because sparks fly.
- 4. Have a shovel and a five gallon bucket full of water next to your firepit. Why? Because even with the best of intentions, campfires can get out of control.
- 5. Never leave a firepit unattended even for a few minutes unless you put the fire out with water first. Why? Because a gust of wind can whip up sparks. Why not use dirt? Because it could actually be duff.

**WE ARE ALL FIREWATCH!! Please! Talk to your neighbors if you see an unsafe campfire, and teach them how to do it right!!!**

**COMMUNITY FIRES ONLY! PLEASE  
RESPECT THE LAND & EACH OTHER!  
WE LOOOOVE YOU!**



# Welcome Home!

## A DRINK OF WATER CAN MAKE YOU SICK.

Boil stream water for at least 10 min. before you drink it, or ask at the kitchen for water from marked containers.

Carry your own cup, water bottle, bowl and spoon; wash them after eating and rinse in bleach-water. Soap does not belong in streams; borrow a bucket from the kitchen to take your bath. Do it at least 60 ft. from any surface water, well downstream from camp. Keep pets leashed and away from water at all times!

## RECKLESS SHITTING CAN MAKE EVERYBODY SICK.

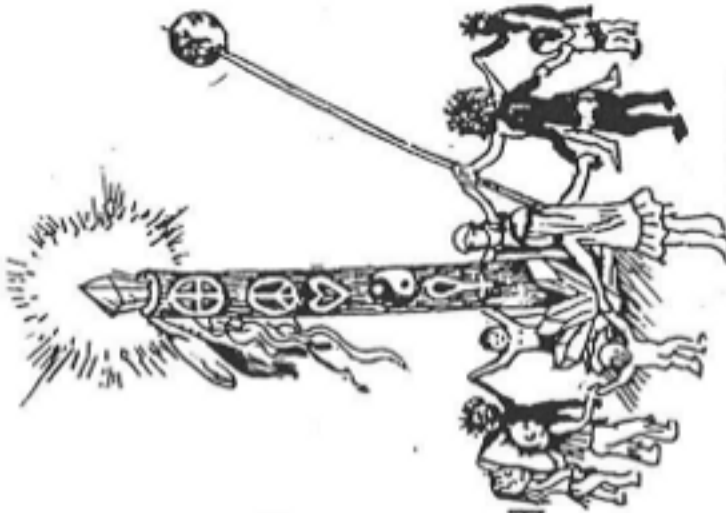
Dysentery and other diseases spread quickly here. Ask anyone where the nearest latrine is. If it's too far, too full, or too crowded, ask at the kitchen for a pick and shovel and a jug of handwash. Scoop a can of ashes from a dead fire. Find a spot at least 100 feet from surface water, downhill, and dig a slit trench about 4 ft. deep. Plywood covers make it flyproof (*shit-fly-food-YOU*). Always wash hands and cover your shit! If handwash or ash containers are empty— it's your turn!

## PERSONAL CAMPFIRES CAN BURN DOWN THE WOODS.

Our community campfires are where we get to know our neighbors and share our stories and songs. Burning your own personal fire will deplete the forest of its down wood, put more soot in the air we breathe, and multiply the risk of a forest fire. **If you're the last to leave a fire, put it out.** Never cut down live wood!

## IF THIS IS YOUR FIRST RAINBOW GATHERING,

it's not like anyplace you've ever been. This rap has evolved over twenty years of gatherings to introduce newcomers to how it works. It only works if each of us takes responsibility for the welfare of the whole camp. This means doing your share of the daily work. It means dealing with the realities of sanitation and fire hazard, healing and feeding each other. Cooperation, respect, listening to the experience of our elders and watching the ways of nature keep us alive out here. If you are here to work, learn, share, and give what you can, you're in the right place.



## Rap 107, or

# REALITY in the WOODS

## BUYING OR SELLING ENDANGERS OUR LEGAL RIGHT TO BE HERE.

We are a spiritual family: our gatherings are totally free and non-commercial. Our Constitutional right to gather in the National Forest depends on it. Share, trade, give-away, volunteer your skills and talents and energy. Help out with our daily meals, with firewood, water-run, clean-up. Offer money only to the Magic Hat which goes around at meal circles to pay for the next supply run. Beware of anyone asking for money at any other time!

## WHEN IN DOUBT, ASK. IF YOU NEED HELP, ASK FOR IT.

The way we live back in Babylon is poisoning us all. We come to the woods to find a new way—by returning to the oldest ways on the planet. We are here to learn how to live respectfully in God's creation as an ecological community, a cooperative tribe. Keep an eye on your neighbor's well-being and belongings as well as your own. Communication is crucial. Attend the daily circles before meals for announcements, prayers and songs. If you see something that needs to be addressed, bring it up at circle or in council. If it can't wait, call a council on the spot. Three or more people holding hands can work anything out. Love is all you need, give peace a chance.

## WE ARE ALL THE CLEAN-UP CREW.

Clean-up is ongoing, from Seed Camp through the gathering until this place is as clean again as we found it. Separate your trash at the recycling stations; carry a full bag out whenever you hike to the parking lot. Cigarette butts belong in your pocket, along with any litter that crosses your path. **When you leave, disappear every trace of your campsite.** If you carried it in, carry it out! (and haul a few bags home to your local recycler.) Join the crew that stays to disappear trails and kitchens if you can.

Editor's note: This graphic was taken from the Incident Information System web site. The map was made by the Forest Service. As campsites are dynamic, some of these sites may have moved during the Gathering, but this is a snapshot of what the basic layout looked like. The FS also misspelled a few camp and kitchen names, but all-in-all they produced a pretty useful document! More detailed FS maps of the 2012 gathering can be found at <http://inciweb.org/incident/maps/2950/>.

