

The *Update* WOODREW

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AIDS: "A MAN-MADE PHENOMENON?"

How do you feel when lightning strikes twice? Bewildered! That's how we felt after phone calls from two Updaters, one on the East coast and one on the West. The subject of both calls was the AIDS virus, "a man-made phenomenon." The first call from our stringer, Cheryl Ackerman, told of overhearing a conversation of a group of scientists who appeared on a WORS-TV AIDS program. They were eating after the program, bemoaning the fact that the AIDS virus was the result of a chemical warfare development and, as such, defied all 'normal' medical approaches to containment. Cheryl wanted someone to talk with about what she heard, and I'm glad she chose us.

The second conversation, several nights later, continued the subject of man's creation of the AIDS virus. The Updater, a prominent public figure on the West coast, is very knowledgeable in the way information is made available to the public or suppressed. He, too, asserted that the AIDS virus was man-made, and he added two new claims: 1- The East-West bloc confrontation triggered the AIDS virus development; and 2- The virus had now reached the point that it was "being carried and dispersed by the air we breathe." His very dire conclusion was that because of the genesis of the AIDS virus and the way it has already dispersed itself, a large part of the population would be decimated before it would/could be brought under control. Was it fact or fiction? Both Updaters are dear friends and very reliable reporters. This was not a figment of their imaginations. But were their sources accurate? Did Man actually create the AIDS virus? What would the 'downside' be before a man-made AIDS virus could be brought under control?

Every situation has its black humor, if you dig deeply enough. We had just completed the final touches on THUNDER ON A CLEAR

DAY for Doubleday. Greta had said, "We took the 'plagues' out of the Scenario when we wrote ON A SLIDE OF LIGHT because it sounded so biblical, so archaic; but in light of the AIDS virus I think we ought to put the word back in. It was part of the Scenario as given to me but I just couldn't relate it to modern times." We talked some about it and went with her instincts to put it back in. After all, the media started using the word 'plague' when describing the possibilities of the AIDS calamity. The word itself was no longer so out-of-date as to be a total turn-off. Within the week of our decision, both phone calls came in.

We sat in our den in a stunned daze, trying to make sense from the pieces of the two conversations. What could we believe? My thought waves must have carried a sense of urgency...confusion...despair...because Tauri joined us.

Dick: We were talking about...

Tauri: No need, my dear Dick. I know of what you were speaking. Let me bring you to what you both write about in your letter: Man's Inhumanity to Man...and Nature's Plan. You both speak it and write it with pauses or funny little dots between the two. As separate subjects. Are they really separate, Dick? Or is it one thought? Take the Love Canal. Take the results of Chernobyl. Were they Man's Inhumanity to Man or Nature's Plan?

Dick: When you put it that way the initial problem was man-made but it was nature that picked up the harmful radiations and moved them around.

Tauri: Yes. I think you can remove those little dots and pauses between the two. You put them there! The problems are not one or the other, but both. The changes that are occurring on your little planet combine Man's Inhumanity to Man and Nature's Plan. And now I say goodnight to you both.

Tauri never spelled out the specifics of the AIDS virus as a man-made biological

aberration or as a natural virus. But she did point the way for some perceptive thinking. It is this thrust requiring constant appraisal on our part that keeps the relationship so exciting. It sets the tone for our approach when we point out the awesome possibilities to others. The Ogatta group won't do our thinking for us, and we can't do it for others. How do we appraise the two phone calls? We just don't know! What's your reaction? It's as valid as ours.

Here's another person's published opinion:

"AIDS: A LINKAGE TO SMALLPOX VACCINE"

This was the headline which opened Dr. Robert Mendelsohn's medical newsletter, The People's Doctor, in September. While he doesn't relate the AIDS epidemic to chemical warfare or the East-West confrontation, he does relate it to a program sponsored and implemented by the World Health Organization (WHO). In light of our two phone calls, we will quote liberally from this newsletter:

"Government scientists have been quick to point the finger at peoples' lifestyles, but nowhere on the front pages of the U.S. newspapers has there been a hint that the doctors may have played at least as important a role in spreading AIDS as have the people. Dr. Robert Gallo, the U.S. expert who first identified the AIDS virus, told the London Times (5/11/87): 'The link between the WHO programme effort to eradicate smallpox in Third World countries and the AIDS epidemic in Africa is an interesting and important hypothesis. I have been saying for some years that the use of live vaccine such as that used for smallpox can activate a dormant infection such as HIV (AIDS virus).'

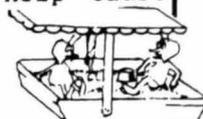
In the recent WHO smallpox vaccination campaign, needles were re-used 40 to 60 times. The main method of sterilization was waving the needle across a flame. Doctors are quick to play the game of 'blame the victim,' but what if it turns out to be our plight? WHO information indicates that the AIDS table of Central Africa matches the concentration of smallpox vaccinations, i.e., the greatest spread of HIV infection coincides with the most intense immunization programs. Thus, Zaire, at the top of the AIDS list, had 36 million people immunized with the smallpox vaccine. Next is Zambia, with 19 million, followed by Tanzania with 15 million,

Uganda with 11 million, Malawai with 8 million, Ruanda with 3.3 million and Burundi with 3.2 million. Brazil, the only South American country covered by the smallpox eradication campaign, has the highest incidence of AIDS in that part of the world."

Here's what the unnamed WHO advisor who disclosed the problem to the London Times had to say: "I thought it was just a coincidence until we studied the latest findings about the reactions which can be caused by vaccinia. Now I believe the smallpox vaccine theory is the explanation of the explosion of AIDS." An urgent call for evidence to support the idea has been demanded by the World Health Organization.

Dr. Mendelsohn concluded this portion of his newsletter this way: "While in no way dimishing the role certain lifestyles play in AIDS causation, isn't it high time that we turn the spotlight on the possibility that the modern medical miracles... immunizations included...can help cause modern medical plagues?"

In the **SANDBOX**



The Rev. Robert Fulghum in Edmonds, Washington writes: "Most of what I really need to know about how to live and what to do, and how to be, I learned in kindergarten. Wisdom was not at the top of the graduate school mountain, but in the sandbox at nursery school.

These are the things I learned: Share everything. Play fair. Don't hit people. Clean up your own mess. Don't take things that aren't yours. Say you're sorry when you hurt somebody. Wash your hands before you eat. Warm cookies and cold milk are good for you. Learn some and think some, and draw and paint and sing and dance and play and work some every day. Take a nap every afternoon. When you go out into the world, watch out for traffic, hold hands and stick together. Be aware of wonder.

Think of what a better world it would be, if we all - the whole world - had cookies and milk about three o'clock every afternoon, and then lay down with our blankets for a nap. Or if we had a basic policy in our nation...and other nations... to always put things back where we found them, and cleaned up our own messes. And it is still true, no matter how old you are, when you go out into the world, it is best to hold hands and stick together."



MOUNTAIN MUSINGS

The mountain has many lessons to teach, some easy and joyful, others traumatic and heartwrenching. I recently learned that fear is not the exclusive realm of the human species. All species participate in and are shaped by their fears. The physical event doesn't cause the end result; it is the interpretation of the physical event that produces the bottom line.

The day started like most Autumn Saturdays, crisp and sunny. A neighbor arrived to see the S.T.A.R. House and he and I, followed by our Golden Retrievers and Labrador, drove to the barn. A stray dog - unkempt, thin and collarless - romped over. He charged the chickens in our "Chicken Hilton Coop" and I shooed him away. I gave our guest the grand tour of the root cellars and facility and when we got back to Reisha Way, the stray dog (Malumet? Husky?) was lying under the truck. I again chased him, rejoined Greta in the house, and an hour passed. During that hour, our own dogs created a commotion, barking and racing up and down the mountain path. Greta said they were "trying to tell us something," but I couldn't see anyone outside. MY mistake was to ignore them.

After our guest left, Greta and I started for the mailbox and on the way we noticed that our littlest sheep, Blessing, wasn't with the llamas and the other sheep. Greta went on for the mail, urging me to cut back to investigate. It's not like sheep to separate one from the other. Blessing wasn't in the upper pasture and I walked through the gate and down the hill to the lower pasture. There, lying in the bed of a dry pond, bleeding profusely and guarded by the stray dog, was Blessing. I charged the dog, intent on driving him off. Now I realized what our own dogs had been barking about. Why hadn't they attacked the stray and protected Blessing? I turned on the three friendly creatures in a questioning manner as they licked the sheep. They seemed embarrassed...or was it just my imagination?

I turned Blessing over to examine her wounds. The stray had ripped large chunks of meat away from her front legs and had exposed her tendons and muscles. Blood flowed freely and the sheep was in shock. I knew I had to use an antiseptic and anesthetic spray on the wounds to relieve

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her pain, discourage infection, and remove the possibility of flies and wasps gathering and laying eggs in the wound. I was unable to determine if her front leg or legs were broken. So, after going up to the house for the sprays and making sure the stray was gone, I asked a farmer neighbor to come. He examined her and assured me that the legs were not broken, and together we carried the sheep to the truck, drove her back up the hill, and put her out into the animal shed. With the other sheep and llamas nearby, she seemed to perk up. I checked her two more times that day, sprayed her with the antiseptic, gave her water, comforted her. She appeared to be headed for a speedy recovery.

The next morning I rushed out to check her and she had moved herself from inside the shed into the open pasture. Her wounds looked 100% better than the night before. I sprayed them and went in to tell Greta of her progress. "You're my Dr. Doolittle!" she joked. We were both delighted. When we went back two hours later, Blessing was dead. We were unprepared for this turn of events. She had weathered the physical attack. She had built up enough strength to move herself from shed to pasture. Her wounds had begun to heal. It was not the physical attack that had caused her death. I believe it was the fear engendered by the attack.

Greta tells the story of an Arab Chieftan meeting Pestilence on his way to Baghdad "to claim 5,000 lives." Two weeks later their paths cross again and the Chieftan angrily says, "You lied! You said you would claim 5,000 lives and 50,000 died!" Pestilence responds, "Nay, not so. I took not one more and not one less than 5,000. It was fear that claimed the rest."

Blessing's heart gave out from her own interpretation of the physical event. Fear of the dog so tortured her that the ensuing stress carried her to her death. Greta and I will not soon forget this gentle little creature, nor the lesson she taught us.

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Yes, Doubleday is bringing our book out in the Spring and no, it will not be called "Thunder On A Clear Day." The new and now-definite title will be MEMORIES OF TOMORROW. I am very happy with it since it does 'tell it like it is,' and sharing my memories of tomorrow is really my life.



"It will be a Great Moment!"

It is an impossibility and contradiction in terms to write an obituary for our special friend, Harold Sherman. During his 89 years he authored over 100 books, and his keen mind, fabulous sense of humor and extra sensory insights are to be found between their covers in many languages.

I quote from his wife Martha's letter to us: "Harold and I shared 67 years together, but we also shared a great faith in the continuity and purpose of life, here and hereafter; so I have tried to let him go freely -as much as is humanly possible- and feel that he is no doubt busy in that mysterious next dimension for which we are all destined, sooner or later. I have made no effort what-so-ever to make contact as I want him to be free and not hold him back in any way to this earth. I have confidence that when the time is right, we will again be together.

Harold dictated a little message to be sent to very special friends (like you). The message reads, 'I EXPECT IT WILL BE A GREAT MOMENT WHEN I GREET YOU IN THE NEXT DIMENSION!' Can't you hear him saying it? I feel he may be looking over my shoulder as I write, and sending you his love and appreciation along with mine!"

God bless you, Harold. Taking the wise lead and counsel from darling Martha, I will not attempt to pull you back in any way and I will hold you to "greeting me in the next dimension" when my time comes. May your soul soar to the furthest reaches of the Cosmos of which we spoke so many times. And may you watch the Earth's changes which so concerned you from 'the other side' with the benign wisdom and compassion for which you were so dearly loved and for which you will long be remembered.



Reminder: The Six Year Special on Updates ends on Jan. 1st. If you want the entire series for your files at the supersaver price, (\$115, tax deductible), this is the time to order them. Please remember to give autographed books and newsletters as Christmas gifts which are lasting and appreciated by both the recipients & S.T.A.R.



Dick and I had a wonderful night with a very special human being, Dr. Elisabeth Kubler-Ross. World reknown authority on death and dying - mother of the worldwide Hospice movement - firmest voice on the treatment of AIDS babies - psychiatrist, author, lecturer. Our friend.

We toured her astounding Healing Waters Farm near the West Virginia border, admired her herd of sheep, watched her spin their wool, saw her tend her cattle and feed her ducks and chickens. We bowed in admiration of the vast job of canning her own fruits and vegetables. For a leader on the subject of the dying, she showed us how to be survivors in the troubled times ahead. (She shares our Scenario and its timetable.)

We spoke of her work: "Don't let the families of the dying have any unfinished business!" "Allow the patients to give vent to their feelings of anger, frustration, fear, and above all - love." "How dare hospitals keep AIDS babies locked away so that they never see a butterfly?"

We told her what we had been doing at S.T.A.R. since her last visit, and then we got down to the private business of sharing our cosmic connections. Elisabeth has been in contact with "her spooks" for many decades. A closet psychic!! A new dimension has opened up to her recently. She called us late one night last spring to tell us of an extraordinary nocturnal experience with a spacecraft. "Who else can I tell it to?" Now the time was right to talk the night away about her ongoing contact with the Pleiades. In high spirits we wined and dined, communicated with the contacts from the Ogatta group and the Pleiades, laughed about ourselves, cried for humanity, and finally hugged our goodbyes.

An Updater herself, she agreed to my sharing our mutual experience and her broadening horizons. Wonderful Elisabeth. Selfless. Dedicated to helping humanity on so many levels. A resource for our SLIDE OF LIGHT CONFERENCE, 1989.



A big 1987-thank you goes to our editor, Jill Smolowe...our cartoonist, Rich McGuire... our computer-labeler, Jonathan Andron...and our top two stringers, Donahue and Ackerman!



WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

Folks always smile when we try to explain to them that we really are very private people. We have turned down all television offers from "60 Minutes" in the past to "Geraldo" in the present. Our objective is to send out a consistent message on change...and what we all can do to prepare for it. We do not concern ourselves with groups or communities, although we are sympathetic and encouraging to those who are.

"Why aren't you interested in becoming a member of our UFO group?" asked a man rather testily. Well, most UFO groups are concerned with proving that UFOs actually exist. We know they exist. Why spin wheels? "Don't you want to affiliate with our village when we are so close by?" phoned another. "There is safety in numbers and we have a large group of people moving here from all over the country." Well, you see, we are doing our own 'thing' at S.T.A.R. and preparing others to help themselves with our help if and when needed. We have no need to join with others whose aim is equally important, but different.

We live here. We have a home and a facility, two separate entities. We share both with all who the Ogatta group assured us will "come and go...but not stay." Just this morning, "You could benefit from advertising in our magazine!" We don't advertise, proselytize, or try to convince anyone of anything. In short, we are here for you, and through our research and writings we hope to send out an echo which will reverberate through you. We are "trumpeting the voice and scribing the pen" as promised. It may have put us into a more public posture than we would have elected, but we are content that our private lives are still our own. We shun media exposure and are 'doing' rather than 'proving.' We know that you Updaters and S.T.A.R. supporters understand. And that's what we are about.

Inhumanity & Nature's Plan:

NO DOTS



How does Tauri's 'no-pause, no-dot' combination work? Let's view the story of a milk shipment that fallout from Chernobyl contaminated. It contains all the elements to run Man's Inhumanity and Nature's Plan

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without a pause. The Chernobyl disaster provided the radiations that Nature carried through Europe. Man's Inhumanity took back over in Bavaria, West Germany.

The story involves 252 railcar-loads of dry milk given by Bavarian cows in May, June and July of last year. The Bavarian government sold the milk, 18 times above the legal maximum radioactive levels, to a West German company which has gone bankrupt and disappeared. The milk was on its way to unsuspecting customers in Nigeria and Egypt when it was intercepted by officers at the ports of Bremen and Cologne. It now sits behind barbed wire on a West German military base. Incinerating companies say it is too dangerous to burn. The Bavarian Green Party estimates about 8,000 tons of 1986 milk remain unaccounted for and presumably has been consumed in foreign markets.

Acres, USA provided some other examples: A Brazilian court found imported food contaminated up to 10 times the European limits. But Brazil, protecting its own nuclear power industry and planning to develop its own weapons capability with the help of West German technology, quietly **raised** its food radiation limits from 1,300 to 3,700 Bq/kg.

In France officials refused to admit high radiation levels for a week after the Chernobyl accident. Remy Clarle, director of French Electrical, commented, "You don't tell the frogs when you are draining the marsh."



Are we ready to welcome in a New Age? Bishop E.A. Fitzgerald of the United Methodist Church quoted some statistics that show it can't get here fast enough: "In the last 5,600 years there have been only 292 years of general peace in the world. Since 3600 BC, 14,513 wars of major or minor importance have been fought. During these wars one billion, two hundred and forty million people have died. In the past 3,200 years, 4,700 treaties have been made. Of these, 4,687 have been broken. The accuracy of these figures may be open to debate. If, however, they are reasonably correct, one thing is clear: our search for world peace has not been an outstanding success. The fact is, we have known astonishingly little of it."



"Man's Inhumanity to Man and Nature's Plan"

MONSOON FAILURE

You've read the name Iben Browning in the Update many times because we respect him as a knowledgeable and courageous climatologist. He is not afraid to make predictions based on historical records which he studies. In May, 1977, in Sydney, Australia, we recorded a Browning prediction about India: "The monsoon failures should not start until around 1983; loss of one-third of the crops predicted; may lose 25% of 700 million population in one year."

Browning missed the loosely pinpointed year, 1983, but consider substituting the year 1987. After weeks of false hopes that the summer monsoon rains would come, India faces the prospect of devastation in the national economy and the need for a huge relief effort to distribute drinking water and prevent starvation. The drought, which Government officials say is unprecedented in intensity, has already spread through most of the country, hitting hardest in the northern grain belts where wells, reservoirs and water tanks are running at dangerously low levels (or are already dry.) Less than a third of India has received normal rainfall this year.

Though monsoon floods cause many deaths, the rains are one of the great life-giving forces in India. They are central to its culture and to the expectations of its people. The monsoon failure is a severe blow to morale and to the survival of its people. The actual reason for the failure of the monsoon is unclear, although meteorologists say it appears to be part of odd global weather patterns this year. The weather anomalies include unusually hot weather in Europe and the United States.



We read ACRES USA, the excellent monthly farm journal dedicated to growing foods the natural way. From its pages we became aware of some of the farming horrors we are perpetrating on ourselves: Farming, once a healthy occupation, is now inherently suspect as a health reducer. Farm wives handle contaminated laundry, and often pay the hardest price. Lymphatic cancer is a risk farmers face each time they handle toxic chemicals. According to

a study by National Cancer Institute and University of Kansas, farmers exposed to herbicides 20 days a year are 600% more likely to contract lymphatic cancer than people who do not expose themselves to such chemicals. Protective equipment cuts the risk about 40%, but those who do their own mixing and application work can expect the risk to be eight times higher than the general population.



In the last Update we touched on the economic incentives many nations have for selling weapons. On the underdeveloped continent of Africa alone between 1975 and 1985 total arms imports exceeded \$52 billion, money that would have been better spent containing famine and fostering education. Now let's talk about the insidious economic hold that **drugs** can have on a nation.

In Bolivia, cocaine is a part of the economy with solid bases in agriculture, commerce, and finance. The newsmagazine VEJA of Sao Paulo, Brazil, reports that the industry employs about 300,000 people, or 15% of the nation's work force. In 1964 Bolivia had 9800 acres planted in coca. Today the figure is 325,000 acres, almost as many as Brazil devotes to tomatoes, onions, and pineapples combined. At La Paz, the capital of the country, tourists are offered "coca tea."

Spectacular raids on plantations and coke labs are good for show but do very little good. According to government officials, corruption is so pervasive that young officers and civil servants pay their superiors as much as \$3000 to be assigned to regions where coca is grown: "A lieutenant can earn as much as \$100,000 a month just by pretending not to see what is happening right under his nose." The arms and drug industries offer prima facie evidence of MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.



The United States has 50 potentially active volcanoes located in the states of Hawaii, Alaska, Washington, Oregon and California. This makes the U.S.A. the third most active country in the world from the point of view of potential volcanism.

Reflections on Indian Summer

The mountains are ablaze with color and people come from far and wide to wile away happy hours and play in the Maggie Valley during Indian Summer. They buy all of the area's local crafts: quilts, dolls, carvings, ceramics, stained glass, weaving, and of course, the sourwood honey. We 'natives' know that it probably contains corn nectar since both are clear and golden and impossible to distinguish, but that's okay. Sourwood has the dominant flavor and the corn nectar may be absorbed as a filler. Only the bees know for sure, and they're not talking. And the tourists aren't really defrauded because the flavor is delicious.

Our views are spectacular and ever changing. As Updater-octogenarian Beatrice Stubbs wrote in her VIEWS FROM VALLEY FRONT, "The view's the thing, and rightly so because a panorama of thousands of acres upon which one pays no taxes is unearned wealth indeed!" From the windows and decks of Reisha Way and S.T.A.R. House the mountains are awesome to behold. Our precious hummingbirds have migrated, but other birds are profuse and their chatter is deliciously endless.

Our steady stream of S.T.A.R. visitors have enjoyed it all, from visiting nearby Okonoluftee Cherokee Village and the Vanderbilt Biltmore House to Ghost Town and the Folkmoot Festival. Some saw Baryshnikov dance and others heard Tony Bennett sing. But what they **really** took home with them wasn't packed into their luggage. It was the memory of the mountains with their cloud cover in all manner of weather. It was the sight of star-studded unpolluted skies. It was the sound of clogging and the aroma of freshly baked pies and breads. It was the petting of a llama or a lamb. It was the toasting of marshmallows at the Boma.

Now the smell of Fall is in the air, and we are privy to the spectacular beauty of the turning of the leaves, '87. What will Indian Summer '88 be, I wonder? Childhood memories of a fearsome 1988 haunt me. I am conscious of enjoying each day to the fullest as never before. I talk to the mountains...but they are silent in their colorful majesty.

Those who have read ON A SLIDE OF LIGHT, been to our Conferences or seminars, come to Reisha Way, are usually struck with the closeness of our family unit. Our children and their mates are supportive of our message and research, and we consider ourselves extremely fortunate.

That said, I want to bounce an idea around with you on the subject of grown children. I do not "know where my children are"...what they are thinking...what makes up their entanglements in the sturm and drang of daily living. I consider it a sign of my own growth that I don't even want to know! Our family ties now rest on loving exchanges -not dependencies- and I am daring to be free. The precious part of my life that spelled day-by-day, step-by-step interactions with my kids is over.

Rarely does a day pass that we do not speak to one or more of them on the phone. We engage in the predictable dialogues of one adult to another; but we do not pry. We do not offer advice. In fact, we "keep it light," as Tauri would say. Generalities, pleasantries, hi-there conversations that warm the heart but don't have to say much. If and when there are problems, if they choose to share them with us, we are there for them. We are happy to listen, to offer opinions if not solutions. But we don't ask about the moment-to-moment minutia. Maybe that's why they call us as often as they do. They are not threatened by their parents. They are each his or her own person. And they know we love them and will help them, **but only if asked.**

We have many, many friends who live through their children and grandchildren. So doing, they are happy and self gratified, and that is fine. But that is not our style or desire. We expect our children to "be there" for us as we are for them if and when the occasion arises. But in the normal course of living, we are observers, not participants, in their lives. So no, we don't know where our children are. But we know that they are very safe, very productive, very happy (or unhappy on a given day) and very much a part of their own special family units.



"I did not arrive at my understanding of the fundamental laws of the universe through my rational mind." -Albert Einstein



Good Vibes on Iffy Topics

We are very much in synch with the power of positive thinking and the rejection of negative thoughts. The conscious mind unfortunately will rarely accept all suggestions that come into it, so being able to rid oneself of negative thoughts is vital for a happy life. There is a difference, however, between never allowing yourself to dwell on negative things and preparing for possibilities which are not positive.

Now and then someone will write and rather righteously proclaim that by even writing about the need for food storage (or medical supplies or clothing or a safe location) we "make it come to pass." We disagree. As with any knotty problem, we look at it, evaluate it, make a decision to do - or not do - something about it, then move along to the next problem. We believe that to take action today (storing) is to avoid panic tomorrow (hoarding). But we do not swell on negatives. We take action against their probability and/or possibility. This is positive thinking followed by positive action.

When someone tells us that they "meditate for peace because of all the harm others are doing to the planet in sending out negative thoughts," we smile. We are all for meditating for peace or any other worthy cause. But let it be a good action in and of itself, and not a counter to what is subjectively viewed as 'wrong.'



We will be in the Galapagos Islands off Equador for Christmas and our 35th Anniversary. We take this opportunity to wish for you a balanced, safe, healthy, happy 1988. **Be on the lookout** for the "Happy Holidays" greetings from S.T.A.R. and remember that your SLIDE OF LIGHT CONFERENCE III forms will be enclosed in that mailing. Please respond immediately and avoid the Christmas-mailing crunch. Everyone's chances to attend in April are **equal** this time, and Conference plans are shaping up beautifully with a fabulous faculty on board to stimulate and titillate you. The Lottery will take place on January 3rd.

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S.T.A.R. Activities

Mea culpa, RVers! Computers drop lines, printers reverse numbers, and proofreaders goof! Sorry for the omission of the Central time zone and for the incorrect hours listed for Eastern in the experiment in Remote Viewing. Not to worry: once a thought is put into the cosmos, it is there for all to grasp. You did beautifully!

So . . . Where was I?

Blue skies, fluffy clouds, sun shining, I SAT UNDER A CHAIR LIFT AT "GHOST TOWN" FOR THE RV SESSION, looking up the mountain at the moving yellow chairs with red bars. Behind me was a huge parking lot filled with cars, and 51 flags flying from tall posts. To my right was a stone & wood ticket booth. To my left was a billboard with a picture of a Cherokee Indian, arms spread, and another of Ghost Town. My concentration was on the chairlifts moving up and down the steep mountainside. Congratulations to the hundreds who participated! An amazing number of you did extremely well! The final tally shows that although we had a 65-35% split of female/male participants, the **men** came closer in describing the site. One Floridian wrote: "Chains... wooden bench seats...flags" (Wonderful, Harry!) An accurate drawing from Virginia depicted 10 parked cars behind which was a cluster of tall flagpoles. (Terrific, Margaret!) You can judge your own results: Hit, Miss, Near-Hit, Near-Miss. But the important thing is that such an incredible number of you zeroed in on something accurate. The secret is to put down what you SEE, not what you SENSE. The perfect example came from Mark in Colorado who wrote, "I got lots of skiers on a mountain." When asked, he admitted to only seeing the mountain and lifts, but he INTERPRETED and hence had a miss instead of a hit. Laura McW. in Texas, however, wrote "SKI LIFT" and drew the definitive lines of the mountain and trees. Way to go! But... the A-#1 prize was Brad's in Iowa who wrote "chairlift," drew flags, and described what I was wearing to a T: "Jeans and teddy bears, Greta?" Yes, my shirt had an overall teddy-bear print. Love RVs!

Happy Holidays from S.T.A.R.! May 1988 be very gentle with you . . .