



## Celebrating Old Friends and ALL The Lovely New Ones...

It's been awhile since we put 'the nest' on page 2, the reason being, something usually comes in after our article deadline that is just 'too timely' and I simply HAVE

to get it in. So 'borrowing' the nest page is the way to do it. Also it seems to me that the ramblings of the editor are often times not necessary at all. In addition it was a place to print letters to the editor and brief reminders about 'events' there wasn't room for in the main pages. However I found that the letters were generally positive (yeah team,) so printing words of praise about ourselves seemed a little ridiculous when I could use that space to inspire you with something new instead.

This issue is different. You'll see a photo of a woman some of you may recognise as Wendie Webber (Burrows). She was the original owner of Spiritwood Books in Nanaimo, one of the first Metaphysical shops on the Island in the late 80's. I always loved the way she treated people who walked through her doors-**EVERYONE WAS EQUAL** and she displayed a loving concern for her patrons that was brighter than the goods on her shelves. I admired her quick wit, kindness and intelligence, topped off with a genuine attempt to serve with integrity. She was truly the instigator for many of you taking bold new steps forward. What most of you don't know is you would not be reading this page right now if it were not for her. In those days I wondered why there wasn't a magazine like this one on the island. I even went so far as to say I thought she should expand her store newsletter that had become a mini spiritual adhesive for many people. She laughed as she lovingly stared me down and said 'Gabriole...I think that's 'your' job. I immediately said 'absolutely not'. One must be careful using that absolutely word, it always comes back! She smiled and said: "one of these days, you'll get it". As you can see, eventually I did. 'One of those days' the 'lights went on and I gave in to my mission... creating a tool where amazing people could come together under one bannerhead and support others who were looking for 'something', even if they didn't know what it was yet. A safe place to learn new things... a testing ground for the ever illusive spiritual gem hiding out as an

ordinary word. A place where strangers could become 'families-by-choice' and remember to love again through the power of the written word. I believed the (w)holy-vibration that radiated even from a distance could bridge the gap from one heart to another and leap from a page as a spark of loving-light as the letters met the reader's eye. I imagined pages, not just for adults, but that included the critters and the children (or perhaps the child within; a place where dreaming was the order of the day, but where it was not an excuse to do nothing. 'Dreaming' sparked with a healthy dash of Action-to set the wheels in motion. Funny thing is, I still believe it...and it all comes back



to Wendie nudging me to get clear about my true path.

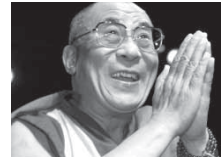
She eventually retired from the bookshop and went on to pursue a facination in hypnotherapy and other things. Always a sponge for information, she travelled, studied, prac-

ticed, 'earning' her titles and credibility. Well, they say things come full circle and since this is THE YEAR for people to rise up and share with everyone else around them. I'm chuckling as I announce that Wendie IS BACK, inspired to step into the center ring again... assisting people to find the clarity in their own path. No Accidents. In a moment of brilliance she 'got it' too, that lots of people could benefit from her unique approach to assisting them to heal themselves, just like the old days...simply using a different medium. See page 36 to find out what she is doing now.

As for the letters, bless your hearts, they do come in and we love them all. The good ones and the 'shaker-upper' ones, they inspire me to think of ways to make things better. Your opinions are important. There have been many times that your letters were the reason I went back to the computer to create another issue, when it would have been easier to give it up.

This issue, I wish to acknowlede a letter from Stan S. (no room to print its 3 pages). I am grateful to this man who kindly made the effort to compose- and then actually got up and went to the post office. The letter was complimentary and questioning at the same time. It addressed a topic due to be reiterated on our part.

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So hats off for the nudge. Stan obviously inspected every word and commented on the absence of the word Christian in our pages, although he noted words of a parallel nature were evident. I was pleased he felt a resonance of similarity, because LOVE as we see it, is not specific to a single religion. I do believe it is at the heart of every one. It appears, it is the frills/bells/and whistles they each offer that causes dissention in the ranks of the various pews. We'd like to believe that over the years, our readers have settled into a common courtesy with each others respecting different beliefs and accepting that ONE is really all we are, although the pages seldom look the same. In some issues, you might find the word God or Jesus rubbing shoulders with the doves and crystals. I was brought up Christian myself and although I do not frequent the alters anymore, I do give some credit to my early training for who I AM today. I know I am not alone.

Stan wrote: "May I as an independent Chistian offer a few words: The God in whom I believe pays no attention to belief systems (religious or atheist), loving all unconditionally. All that matters is growing in love from conception to death and beyond death, and living the Golden Rule."

I'm actually pleased to print his thoughts for you as it is a fine example of bringing the best of the past forward to create a new living tapestry. A cloth of many colours where the threads are: Loving gratitude; an ability to say you are sorry-even if you don't have to; kindness for each other, respect for a source beyond your earthy self; and all the little stitches made of things like...don't take what isn't yours...lying doesn't work long term, ask for some loving guidance when you need it; resonnate with good people, feed the poor and take note in matters of the spirit, they might have an edge on you when you arrive at heaven's door. Accept other's beliefs but don't be swayed away from the ones dear to your own heart. Together, the threads will weave a new picture, to share peacefully with each other, whatever our colour, whatever our sacred design.

Much love to you all, it's a good day to be part of 'the one' that makes a difference! Gabriole!\*