



Passing The Wand

BIRTHS ARE DIFFICULT at any age. At 72 they are almost impossible—well, for a flesh-and-blood baby I'd say *clearly* impossible. For a "magical" birth, well, that's another story. For me, the birth of Priestess leadership training has been and will be a most arduous, exhausting and difficult process.

In the fall of 2007, after the *final* Urban Shaman Mysteries track I will begin a priestess training journey (see the Bulletin Board for more information) culminating with certification, an initiation ceremony and all the help you need to create your own programs. This very exciting journey will end around my 75th birthday, my time to step away into a council of elders supporting spiritual development programs led by younger women.

I am grateful to all who have journeyed with me so far and bid welcome to the new women who decide to journey with me and the Mystery women who feel called to be spiritual teachers in their own right.

In the path of the Goddess,
Blessed be,

Sara

Final Urban Shaman Journey Set

BEGINNING NOVEMBER 2, 2006, the final year-long Urban Shaman Mysteries journey will be for seven women who want to bring spiritual and creative dimensions into their everyday lives. We will meet in monthly circles (6:00-10:00 p.m.; evening to be decided upon by the group), and two weekend retreats at Wildberry at The Sea Ranch. The journey is also a prerequisite to Priestess training beginning in the fall of 2007. If you are interested in participating in this final journey, call Sara at (707) 578-7272, ext. 2, to set up an interview.

Schedule of Events

New Urban Shaman Group, 1st meeting:
November 2, 2006, 6:00 p.m.-10:00 p.m., 818
Cherry Street, Santa Rosa.

Spiritual Passport Workshop, Saturday,
November 18, 10:00-4:00 p.m., 818 Cherry
Street, Santa Rosa.

Winterfest, Sunday, December 17, 2006, 6:00
p.m.-10:00 p.m., 818 Cherry Street, Santa Rosa.

7th Mysteries Group Coming to a Close

THE URBAN SHAMAN GROUP that formed last year will be completing its year's cycle at the end of this September, and we would all agree that it has been an amazing journey. Meeting once a month on a Thursday, Friday or Sunday evening from 6:00 to 10:00, we have experienced together a rich feast of learning, from creating magical tools and Journey books, soul cards and magic bags, to an introduction the chakra system of energy in which we applied each energy point to our own life's experiences and a myriad of other spiritual explorations. Through all this we have created a close-knit group of seven women full of honesty, authenticity, transparent sharing, support and prayer.

"I never knew that I would enjoy sacred art as I have and come away feeling talented."—R.L.

"I couldn't have gotten through my health crisis without the support of this loving, caring group."—J.H.

"You have been an amazingly present and wise and knowledgeable leader, and I have been so glad you've been willing to share so deeply and so personally."—C.L.

"I have deepened my commitment to bringing the spiritual dimension into my everyday life."—D.S.

Thanks to all of you dedicated women who have shared yourselves and offered your own wisdoms. No one of us knows as much as all of us!

Blessed be,

Sara

Entering Hawaii

WOMEN'S WISDOM WEEK, APRIL, 2006

THE FABLE OF the rainmaker is an old one. A village is suffering from a year of drought. Their crops have dried up, people are starving and the old, young and weak are dying. Finally, the village shaman calls in the rainmaker.

The rainmaker, an unassuming personage, is given a house in the middle of the village. He moves in quietly and begins his modest daily routine. He performs simple, everyday tasks, carries water from the center of the village, makes his simple food and walks around the village, speaking politely to everyone. He goes to sleep and wakes up at the first light of day.

This goes on for almost a week, but there is still no rain. The villagers become restless, wanting results from this highly-paid rainmaker. He reassures them, tells them to be patient and goes about his business.

Finally, the rainmaker packs up his few possessions and moves from his humble abode. The villagers are outraged! They follow him out of the village, yelling,

Spiritual Passport Workshop

Saturday, November 18, 10:00-4:00 p.m.
818 Cherry Street, Santa Rosa

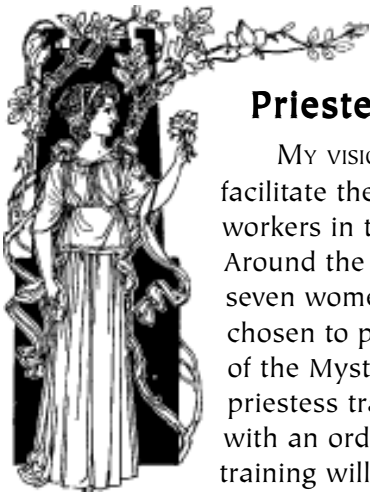
CREATE YOUR OWN spiritual passport/journal/art gallery to help you focus on your dreams and intentions for the upcoming New Year or to commemorate a real or symbolic spiritual journey upon which you are about to embark. It's great fun to spend a day being creative with like-minded individuals!

All supplies except your passport photo are included. These popular workshops fill fast, so call for more information or to sign up soon. Workshop is limited to 10 participants. Fee is \$55 (Mystery students and alumnae receive a discount).

Winterfest

Sunday, December 17, 2006, 6:00-10:00 p.m.
818 Cherry Street, Santa Rosa

WHILE WE HAD a wonderful time observing Winterfest at Wischemann Hall in Sebastopol last year, the space was a rather dark and gloomy setting for a group of women determined to celebrate the return of the light. This year, then, I've decided to return our merrymaking to the warmth and intimacy of my Cherry Street office. If you'd like to come, I'd appreciate a call beforehand (578-7272, ext. 2) so I'll know generally how many to plan for. Hope you can make it!—Sara



Priestess Training, 2007

MY VISION HAS ALWAYS been to facilitate the training of other spiritual workers in the Goddess tradition. Around the first of November, 2007, seven women will choose and be chosen to participate in the next phase of the Mysteries journey: a year-long priestess training with certification with an ordination at the end. The training will include group process communication skills, work with the

shadow to become sensitive to the group unconscious, group and circle work, as well as experience in a variety of sacred art, music and movement modalities. The only prerequisite is that you have been through one of my Mystery tracks and have an active spiritual practice (art, writing, meditation, yoga, tai chi, singing, etc.).

You will be well trained by the time you are ordained in all the magical tools, practices, leadership skills and in publicity and advertising should you wish to form your own group. A brochure with more details will be available in January, 2007. Call me if you are interested: (707) 578-7272, ext. 2.



"Orange You Glad?"

September 7-October 5, 2006
Sprint Copy Center, 175 N. Main Street
Sebastopol, CA

"ORANGE YOU GLAD?" is the theme of the Art Heaven painters' show to run through the dates noted above. Sara, aka "Sarita," will be hanging her series of shaman healers, all in vivid color. The artists' reception is Thursday, September 7, 6:00-7:00 p.m., and everyone is invited!

Retreat to Wildberry

WILDBERRY, SARA'S MAGICAL retreat center at The Sea Ranch, is available for rent beginning in September, 2006. Those of you who have spent time-out-of-time there know what a special place Wildberry is. Consider it for a romantic getaway for you and your partner or for a special group of friends or family. While it is designed to sleep four, six would be the maximum allowed. For more information or a brochure, call property manager Gail Smith at (707) 888-3895.



IMAGINE OUR TRIBE around a fire on a dark night and ask yourself: do stories matter?

—David Guterson, author of *Snow Falling on Cedars*

Altared Images to Save Black Sands Beach

AFTER OUR BIG ISLAND workshop, I decided I needed to take a stand for Punaluu Black Sands Beach. I created, then sold about 100 greeting cards under the name Altared Images. With the profit from those cards, I had prints made from the originals into 200 more cards that I have sent to Auntie Pélé to sell. All of the proceeds from these cards will go to the Kau Preservation Fund to carry out the work that Keola Hanoa began to save Black Sands Beach from development. If you would like to purchase any of the originals to fund this project, call me at 707-538-3998 or go on my website, www.saraspaulingphillips.com—Sara

Stretch Your Writing Muscle

Interested in joining a writing practice? Call Margaret Caminsky-Shapiro at (707) 578-7272, ext. 4, to hear about her exciting fall offerings, all located in Santa Rosa.

(cont'd from page 1, "Entering Hawaii")

"Fake! Charlatan! Fraud!" But he reassures them: "Be patient; all is well now."

As they watch his form disappear over the horizon, they feel first a few drops of rain on their faces, then many drops. Soon the sky loses a torrent of life-giving rain, and the villagers cry with relief and joy.

What the rainmaker did was an act of "setting things right." With his quiet presence and his daily routine, he performed a million unseen acts that put the village back into balance. Only then did the rain come, almost divinely, magically.

Ho'oponopono is the Hawaiians spiritual means of setting things right. Disagreements, misunderstandings, hard feelings and dissension can be dissolved through the *ho'oponopono* ritual.

In this way Linda began our Hawaiian Women's Wisdom Week. She picked me up from the airport in Kona, Kailua. Linda, a sweet shaman herself, said little as she put my things into her white rental car. We spoke little as we drove to a café overlooking the bay. There we had local Hawaiian *ono* fish sandwiches and stimulating Kona coffee for lunch while we caught up on local gossip about mutual friends and chatted about Mua (Linda's daughter and my goddessdaughter), her six-month-old baby, Grace Pono, Mua's sweetheart, Bollo and his musician's career, Jessie and Hale Kai where we would hold the workshop.

After lunch she went to the black sands beach next to the Keahou Hotel, a landmark on sacred ground where the *alii*, or royalty, used to vacation. We donned our swimsuits and dove into the bay to swim with the turtles and schools of colorful fish and say hello to Mother Ocean. That evening Mua prepared a special



birthday dinner for me, with fresh *ono poki* salad and a lime and avocado pie, one of her luscious specialties.

The next day Linda and Mua (with Grace in tow) took me to a spectacular cave formed by Pélé's lava flows thousands of years ago, with a lava tunnel deep in the earth where, sitting in absolute darkness, I could feel the heartbeat of the great Goddess and experience her power.

Over the following days we visited Hale Kai ("house by the ocean") to check out the space and familiarize ourselves with the retreat site. Satisfied, we bid farewell to Mua and her sweet family and left to meet Jessie Hillinger, our guest of honor, *kumu* (head teacher) and *kapuna* (wise elder) at our favorite watering hole, the Café Pesto. That night we attended the first evening of the Merrie Monarchs festival, a performance free for all attendees. There we witnessed some of the best *hula halaus* in the world and immersed ourselves in Hawaiian culture. Oh, what an immersion it was! Bright colors and undulating bodies of all sizes and beauty surrounded us. Hawaiians of all ages were decked out in their best muumuus, aloha shirts, leis and the most elaborate and exotic of necklaces. Each lei maker used flowers from their district or island.

Despite her best efforts, Jessie had only been able to get hold of a single ticket for entry to the rest of the festival, so the three of us took turns attending on our own. One night featured the ancient dances, the next, the contemporary dances and the last, the big competition for the best individual hula dancer and the crown of Miss Aloha. It was breathtaking—the pageantry, the food, the clothes and the many booths filled with Hawaiian crafts.

Deeply saturated with *aloha*, we returned each evening to our cottage in Volcano on the slopes of Kilauea, Pélé's home, to inhale her heavy sulphur breath and luxuriate in cool evenings surrounded by lush greenness. We walked Kailua's crater walk on the last morning before the workshop began, meditating on a single phrase each of us proposed, and our walk became the deepest zazen I had experienced in a long time, a walking meditation which finally grounded me in the depth of this magical land. We carried our *ho okupus*, or offerings, to a crack in the earth, a steam vent deep in the crater floor, where we asked for permission to work on Pélé's land and for her blessings on our workshop.

I had "set things right" and come into balance with the land. Now I was ready to begin the workshop!



—Sara Spaulding-Phillips



Ku: Stand

IN THE '60's my dear friend Lucia gave me a wonderful poster she had illustrated in reds, blacks, whites and grays. On it was a popular saying of the times from John Cage, "Don't just do something, stand there." It was a tumultuous time. It was the time of protests against the Vietnam War, the upheaval in the ghettos of Los Angeles, warring arising from racism, poverty and unemployment.

I was a *malama*, or care worker then; an activist, they called us. It seems as if "activist" was an appropriate term. We needed action, but first we needed to take a stand. John and Bobby Kennedy, Malcolm and Martin had all been killed. It was a desperate time, like now perhaps. I marched in a huge rally in Los Angeles after the Watts riots. We marched right down Martin Luther King Blvd. We were pushing our babies in strollers and carrying signs saying, "Stop the Bloodshed, Stop the Violence."

I marched with members of the Unitarian Church to which I belonged at the time. It wasn't clear exactly why we were doing this potentially dangerous act, but we were sincere, we believed we could affect change, we felt empowered. We felt hopeful that we could change the world. We were showing solidarity. We were taking a stand.

In Hawaiian legend there was a warrior named Ku who now stands with strong feet in the Place of Refuge and in holy, sacred places saying, this is where I draw my line. This is where I say *no more*.

I wonder how Ku is manifesting in Hawaii now. Certainly they need to take many stands. Jean Shinoda Bolen, a wise woman, says that this is what we wise women, crones, grandmothers do: We stand for things. Grandmothers and crones all over are gathering in places and silently standing for what they believe in. It is the same as it has ever been: Stop the Killing, Stop the Violence, Stop the Bloodshed, Stop the War.

I see us women now, on the volcano doing our *pono* chant with our legs firm, knees bent and our strong hands across our chests, elbows up (no wimpy, sagging-elbow style here), saying, this is where I will stand for my values, my family, my community, my world and my life. Life is trying to push me around, yet my warrior Ku is just standing, not doing anything in particular. Just taking a stand.

—Sara Spaulding-Phillips

Magic Is Afoot

BIG MAGIC HAPPENS to me in Hawaii. Swimming with the dolphins was magic. Listening to Diana Aki at Jessie's big birthday party was magic. It is a shaman's world here. The *kahunas*, or priests, were shape-shifters, too, like, something is something and then it is something else. For instance, Auntie Jessie was trying to get in touch with Mahelani Henry, a *kumu* (teacher), but to no avail. So finding a teacher fell to Linda. After exhausting what she thought were all possibilities of finding someone else who would lead us in *ho'oponopono*, Linda tried to reach Mahelani one last time, and this time she found her. Would she teach a bunch of *haoles* the deep philosophy of *ho'oponopono*? After a fair amount of negotiations, she agreed to come.

Mahelani not only and very subtly illustrated to us many of the *ho'oponopono* concepts, she embodied the idea as well. She also said many things that elaborated on much of what we had written and tearfully shared that morning before her arrival. It was uncanny, but a good example of the magic that happens a lot if you slow down and are awake enough to experience it.

I listened to her talk about the lei being a circle that encompasses the world. I thought wistfully of my Hawaiian name, Leiana e Kamekane o Puna, and I became terribly sad. In April, 1997, at one of our most memorable retreats at Papaya's in the Kona district, magic happened. Auntie Nona Beamer, the matriarch of the Beamer family, gifted us with her presence for an evening of hula and story and singing. Keola Beamer is a well-known slack-key guitar player who, with his wife and other Hawaiian musicians, performs all over the world. Auntie Nona herself is a hula *kumu* and has written many songs and stories about Hawaii.

At one point in the evening, Auntie turned to Jessie and said, "I think Auntie Sara should have a Hawaiian name. Do you think she would like that?" Jessie enthusiastically agreed. She knew how many years I had patiently waited for one. Hawaiian names are very special and can only be given freely, never by request.

It is a high honor to be given a name by Auntie Nona, and what had I done with this precious gift? "Leiana e Kamekane o Puna" lay unused in my workshop memories for almost ten years, and always a little guilt nagged at me. I felt I had wasted a special magical night so long ago. I was disappointed. I didn't want to be a "lei" and have the winds of Puna blow *aloha* all over. I couldn't pronounce my name; I didn't understand why she had given me this particular name. I never used it.

Thanks to Mehealani Henry, I now understand the broader brush stroke of its meaning. It is a beautiful and powerful name. It means one who emanates *aloha* and has brought *aloha* to many people by gathering circles of people together. The winds of Puna are not just any old winds; they are Pélé's breath, Pélé's winds. How fitting a name for this old firewoman who has worked in spiritual circles half her life!

Auntie Nona is an honored *kapuna* (wise elder) who is now old and ill. I will never see her again. Yet while she used to haunt me as a lost chance in life, I see her now as a new and magical opportunity. I can use my name now. I can come from my Leiana e Kamekane o Puna self and fulfill its promise—or perhaps without knowing it, I have lived into the meaning of my name already. And that is magic.

—Sara Spaulding-Phillips

Red Thread

I hold the red thread.
It connects me to You.
I feel You in the spaces
as arms open and close,
as toes walk with their feet's rhythm . . .
turning, turning, turning.
Electricity in the spine
moving up and down and rounding over and back,
over and back . . .
purity of movement,
purity of color,
purity of heart.
It is not dark here when
You are everywhere
in the spaces amidst heaven and earth . . .
catching the joys, sorrows and everything
in between.
The red thread touched the flame
and there You were—illuminated.

—Lizbeth Hamlin 

Finishing Hawaii

WOMEN'S WISDOM WEEK, APRIL, 2006

PICTURE YOURSELF standing on the rim of Kilauea crater carrying the *ho okupu* offering that you have assembled from ti leaves and special objects from nature symbolizing what you wish Pélé to transform. Picture Auntie Jessie, my greatest Hawaiian teacher and friend of forty years, her generous form dressed in a bright red and gold pareo and waving a giant ti leaf, praying to Madam Pélé and chanting a grateful blessing that bounces around the crater and back to us again. Picture all of you performing a newly-learned hula and a chant affirming our wisdom as women.

For 23 years I and a fantastic team of women have produced spiritual and creative workshops on Big Island, Hawaii, my spiritual home for so long. I was always confident that others would be able to find the healing they desired through this special island and culture. This last year as we produced our final workshop, the months were so full of magic and anticipation that they flew by.

Many wonderful *wahines* who showed up had participated in previous Hawaiian workshops, a fact that honored me, each other and the wisdom in each of us. It was also the seventieth birthday of Auntie Jessie, whom I credit for luring me to Big Island in the first place and who is certainly one of our most inspiring and humorous teachers. Renewing our friendships with Auntie Pélé Honoa, the mother of one of our first teachers, Keolani Hanoa, who had suddenly passed away this year, was both poignant and celebratory. As a master lei-maker, Keola had taught us how to make the famous *haiku* head leis.

During the week we were inspired by other Hawaiian teachers who worked with us both at our retreat center, Hale Kai, and at the Place of Refuge. We immersed ourselves not only in the island's mythology and spiritual practices, but discovered as well the plight of the Hawaiian people and their land in the face of development. We donated generously and came away better informed. Several of us were galvanized by the scope of the problems and determined to take small actions on the Hawaiians' behalf.

I was forever changed by the week's retreat. I had prayed for radical change, and I received it. Now I am home and spending endless days in "temple time," as I have often referred to that time-out-of-time, to moodily meditate, do sacred art and contemplate the Mysteries.

Now my path ahead is clearer, and I have fresh resources, renewed inspiration and greater energy to share with my Mysteries community and those attracted to the Mysteries. Thank you to all who participated in Hawaiian Wisdom Week and to the great Fire Goddess, Pélé.

Blessed be,

