

Heartsong News



From Bette...

I can't even remember the last time I wrote a newsletter so guess it is overdue. We, Skye Stern (my God-gran) and Leslie Lopez (whom I have loved since she began as one of my mentor children 8 years ago), my old girl, Grace-Marie, and I, are at the farm in the rolling hills and deep gullies of south central Kentucky. We have been

blessed with good weather, but I bought a window air-conditioner for Gracie since she is 14 and has a bad heart. It seems odd for this house to be cool in the summer - almost sacrilegious.

Things at Heartsong continue to evolve. Most every month of this year I have given a weekend workshop in some aspect of self-realization or hypnotherapy. I love teaching and especially those weekends because the interaction is always rewarding. I have more of them planned for the fall, including Timothy Trujillo, who will do an expanded version of his Hypnosis for Auto-Immune diseases. I have so many recently created and powerful techniques to teach that it is difficult for me to pick a subject. If you have a request, please let me know and if it is not on my list of things to do, I will create something for you. I need to keep the classes small so that I feel I can actually mentor you as you go on and do your own work with these things.

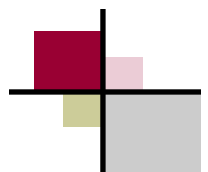
The second Saturday in October, I will begin the first of three nine-day classes for Certification as a Clinical Hypnotherapist. I will also teach one in November and December. So by the end of this year the students will be trained and certified by the American Council of Hypnotist Examiners and ready to go out there and do some extraordinary healings. Feel free to call or write to me if you have any questions about this course. And remember, we have a residence program for those of you who are out of town. We are still recognized by the Department of

Assistive and Rehabilitative Services for those of you needing financial assistance in being re-trained for a new career. I presented a workshop on hypnosis with children recently and I'm happy to report that all of the volunteer children have been successful with ridding themselves of the issues they brought to us. My own work as a hypnotherapist has evolved somewhat into seeing mostly mid-life crisis folks with sex or relationship or health issues, even though they usually come in with addiction concerns.

My "gratitude" journal is filled with entries regarding my work and how blessed I am to make a living doing my dream job. I was crushed that Gil Boyne had to cancel the ACHE conference in Glendale this past May. Not just because I will miss the family reunion, but because it makes me nervous about the state of this organization. No one in the office seems to be concerned. So maybe I won't be neither. Sure did miss my friends.

On a more personal note, my kids (who are those old people and why are they calling me "mom"), and grans are doing really well. But I'm not going to bore you with stories of how amazing they are. My young love, Jake, has stopped eating the furniture and ripping up the pillows and he loves his crate. My close call with depleted funds seems to be turning around and I'm getting more and more calls to speak and teach away from Heartsong. I just made ticket reservations to go to San Francisco in October for the Bluegrass Festival at Golden Gate Park where I will be meeting dowser friends there. I can't wait. I went to Philo, California in March for the final daffodil labyrinth walk at the home of Alex Champion (earthworks.com) and felt my heart break again as we said goodbye to my dear girlfriend, Joan Champion, who crossed last year. About 40 friends there to walk the daffodil covered labyrinths and talk together and weep.

I'm speaking at the Vermont Dowsing Conference in Killington, the 8th of August. It will be my first time to visit there since I met Joey Korn at that conference in 1996. Their location has just made it financially impossible to make the trip.



News from Bette Cont'd...

Speaking of the CURIOUS/DOWSERS in Dallas, we are taking a sabbatical until ??? someone comes up with an idea that will pull an audience. The ten or so of us who always attend have just run out of juice. Help!!!

Since my last newsletter, two more of my (formerly 9) siblings have crossed over and gone to that big party somewhere. Now we are faced with one more, Connie, (fifty something) whose heart is about to give up because of taking FenFen years ago. She is being told by her cardiologist not to buy any green bananas. (He really intended to be clever.) Then there will be only three of us, which seems like such a small family. I'm going to officiate at the wedding of Connie and her sweetie, Rudy, this coming up Saturday evening in Indiana. It will be a sweet reunion with all of my own children and at least a dozen nieces and nephews and their families. We are creating a chupa inside my brothers grape arbor and the weather is supposed to be low 80's. On the drive up there I will take the girls through French Lick and West Baden to see two of the most fabulous hotel/spas anywhere. These hotels were built in the mid-1800's because of healing spring waters and now have been restored as a resorts.

Another sad note: In the 70's and 80's in Dallas there was a sub-culture community of iconoclastic artists, writers and politicians who were speaking up outside the "box." This week we mourn the passing of one of the bravest of these, Buffalo George Toomer. One of the great characters of my generation has left the planet and hundreds of us who loved this difficult/wonderful man will weep.

Here at the farm, I'm up at six and out on the front porch swing where my summer reading so far is: Eckhart Tolle's, *The New Earth* (read it slowly with a highlighter); Re-reading *My Voice Will Go With You*, Milton Erickson; Re-reading Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is A Lonely Hunter* (ah!); And I continue to relish Anais Nin's journals from 1937 to 1939; and a little of this, a little of that.

My novel, *The Jews Harp*, is just about to go to the publisher. Watch for an announcement and sharpen up your PayPal. It's about women, but not really.

I love to answer questions and give resource information on anything I can ... so don't hesitate to call, email, come by or as we say in texas, HONK.

Love, roses, and many blessings.

