

KLJ e-Mag Vol. I

Issue #4

## - Apostrophe -

### Special dedication to Evolution.

Like the seasons I to will rejoice in an ever celebrated new dawn.

Author: Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

Muse: Amy Mielke

Publisher: KLJ

*Apostrophe-* (as defined by Webster's Dictionary) 1. *n*, a sudden turning away from the ordinary course of a speech to address some absent person or personified object. 2. *n*, a mark (') showing the omission of a letter or letters in a word; also a sign of the possessive case.

[Gr: *apostrophos*, turned away]

*Other Apostrophe's-* A clothing line from Sears, a 1974 Frank Zappa album, a high-end commercial still photography company in New York & San Francisco.

### From the author-

Welcome! KLJ's enlightenment magazine, - Apostrophe -, brings light to life again. Collective consciousness is the caterer. Let -Apostrophe- be a tool to which we exercise and express Love.

*Its aim:* To inform, to create and, most of all- inspire beauty, cultivate joy, give thanks and celebrate love.

*Its content:* Ought to be taken literally, ought to be taken will a grain of salt and, most of all, ought to be taken with a sense of humor and an open mind. It will cover the gamut of thought and action; all topics in prose and written lyric. Truth is its ultimate purpose and direction.

*Its tone & tamber:* Will flux in all. It will be soft. It will be hard. It will be just what is necessary.

*Its form:* Conversational. Mostly direct dialog with the reader, whether speaking to, of, or with.

*"another brick in the wall..."- PF*



*Photo courtesy of Kurt Uccello*

--

## **Bragging rights:**

Let the record reflect

- My congratulations go out to my best friend, Amy Mielke on the manifestation of a dynamic present reality. Magnanimous AmyLa!
- My congratulations and support go out to delightful weddings I attended during these past months. I wish the deepest of Love and the tenderest of Joy to all.
- My congratulations go out to all that have celebrated their birthdays recently. "Keep on keepin' on!"
- My congratulations to my 1999 Acura Integra for becoming my new car.
- My congratulations go out to Peter & me on our 1+ year anniversary of being together. Love just gets richer and more sweet with each passing moment. I am honored to experience it with Peter.
- My congratulations go out to *KLJ* for its continued evolution.

--

## **Suppose in Prose:**

Organic Poetry

### *Consumption*

I, the zealot, illuminate-  
Dominant in characterization,  
Obvious hamarita alludes fashion,  
Odium endowed to vivid observation.  
Expostulation jettisoned for propensity,  
Shrouded in eulogical possibility,  
Juxtapositioned to perplexity.  
Exuding in callowness,  
Repetition of boorishness,  
Schematic of licentiousness.  
Relished to be a Wanton!  
Gratified to be a Sponge!  
Enthralled to be a Minion!  
Sphinx scale bewilderment,  
Clues to the rune in puzzlement,  
Absolute substratum is principal element.  
Pastoral association to ostracize,  
Transience absent to fraternize,  
Oblivion to materialize.  
Brilliance of luster rusted,  
Essence of vice quadruped,  
Carcass in contempt diseased.  
Saturnalain!

### *Ecliptic*

In a battle of screeching terror,  
A Hawk being roused by four,  
Crows, who in black deliver,  
The sentence of evolution more,  
Than nature had done before.  
A beast so mighty in strength,  
A beloved so mighty in truth.  
A beauty so mighty in wonder,  
A bird so mighty, I ponder-  
How hath nature become less fonder  
Of a creature winged by the Creator?  
Why hath this Hawk walked to the undertaker?  
Perched low, the Hawk bewildered by the blows,  
Beseeched- Who are the souls in these crows?  
As it stares into the sky from which it came,  
An eclipse of the Moon pours just the same,  
The noise of morn to silence renders it lame.  
A brief measure of the poet to exclaim it fame-  
'Tis the time for rebalancing by nature,  
Stress in settlement gives path to fracture.

### *Trans-Neptunian Obligation*

Under the new moon a scene in still frame-  
Debunked from the neighborhood with evermore fame,  
A Plutonian wanderer becomes a sibling for the same  
Celestial family to which it originally from came.  
And in sequestered assembly on a planet far away,  
A count of conspirers drops one from play,  
Decided in human discovery, mark the day!  
The Universal landscape with children in bay.  
A Leo influenced resolution illuminates a discrimination,  
Amongst this Virgo involvement, Pallas makes a determination-  
That classical term shall be subject to modernization,  
The Solar System overcomes rigidity toward a new definition.  
Eight bodies in destinational orbit around the Sun  
The future of Space dwarfed in hydrostatic equilibrium.

### *Weeds*

Goldenrod and ragweed,  
Moss and tumbleweed,  
Marjoram and dill weed,  
Oregano and devil weed.

To some an allergy,  
To others an ecstasy.  
Eleven Eleven- the time,  
The clock begins to chime,  
Sounding to heaven as a prime,  
Spirit seven to potent a crime.  
Temptation thick and fine,  
Urge and relief are mine.  
On angel clouds I ride,  
Tightly gripped with pride,  
In the wind I confide,  
A secret no longer can I hide.  
As if I have died,  
High on number nine I cried.  
Save me! Save me!  
How can it be?  
Like a bee forced to honey,  
The world we know so free,  
Soon to be free of glee-  
Dark with judgment, a faint light to see.  
Fading quick and ever dim,  
Joy and Love are more than whim,  
Celebrate in them with thought of Him,  
And like a rock to a lake you would skim,  
Currency in gold, silver, or tin-  
Is loss in a battle of the heart to win.  
The garden is fresh and ripe,  
Fill with God your pipe,  
Breathe in this wisdom of type,  
A rejuvenating blend of hype.  
Choice and contemplation the might,  
Of a journey, of a magical flight.

*A December Thought*

I, for the first time, experienced-  
What one truly thinks,  
And say,  
What one truly says,  
And do,  
What one truly does-  
I'm finding it hard to breathe.  
My heart is beating so,  
And the tea is to boil!

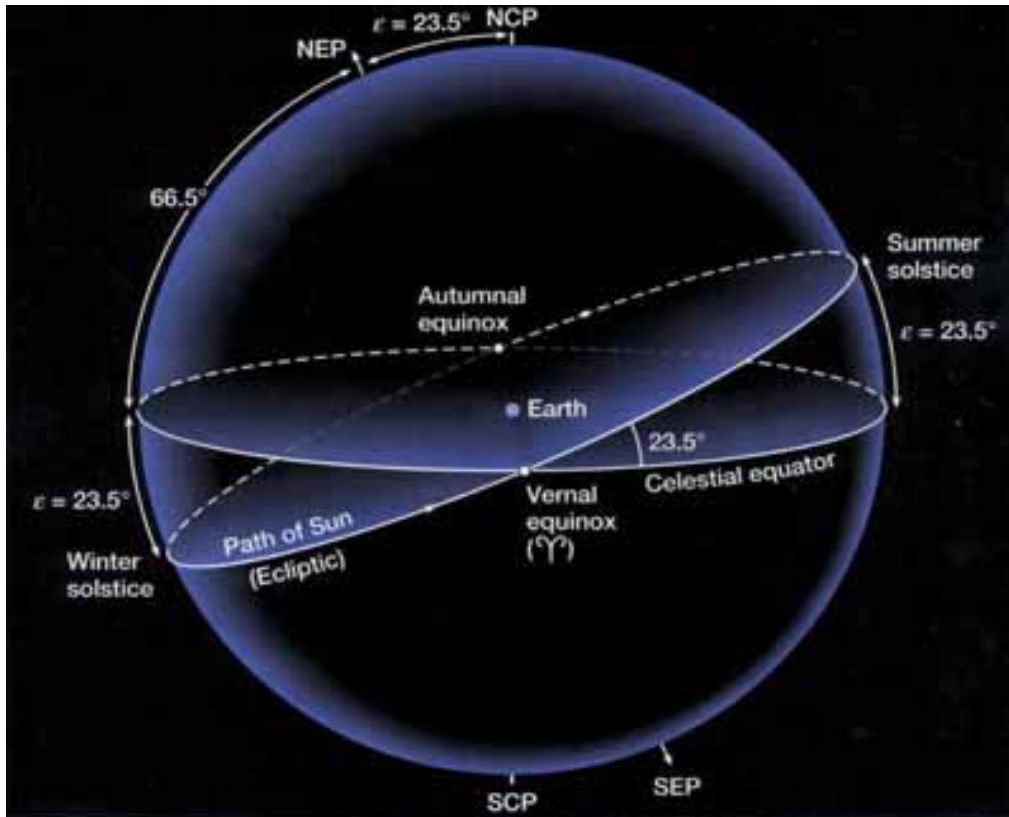
Holiday music truly is,  
A testament to Godliness.

--

### Seasonal Sector:

The Close of 2006

A Lunar eclipse, a total Solar eclipse, the Autumnal equinox, the Winter solstice, massive planet rearrangements and alignments, collective consciousness, all the holidays, and the close of the year are very powerful events for all.



Graphic courtesy of cainer.com

As indicated in the chart above, it is the "Universal Rebalancing". Now is the time for an "across the board" reconciliation before the years end. Now is the time for Karma. Now is the time for awareness. Now is the time for gratitude. Now is the time for trust & faith. Now is the time for peace. 'Tis the season that represents a time for transformation; it is looking within, it is considering the present Universe, it is creating and experiencing what you wish. Make 2007 something fabulous! Collective consciousness is the key!

--

### Essay:

Inspiration and Perspective

A reader who has been anonymously mailing clippings of a new age column has inspired this entry-

Princeton's 'WordNet' defines *Inspiration* as a noun- 1: arousal of the mind to special unusual activity or creativity, 2: a product of your creative thinking and work, 3: a sudden intuition as part of solving a problem, 4: (theology) a special influence of a divinity on the minds of human beings, 5: arousing to a particular emotion or action 6: the act of inhaling; the drawing in of air (or other gases) as in breathing; and *Perspective* as a noun- 1: a way of regarding situations or topics, 2: the appearance of things relative to one another as determined by their distance from the viewer.

To helix these experiences, one must consider creativity. To *create* as defined by WordNet is a verb- 1: make or cause to be or to become, 2: bring into existence, 3: create by artistic means.

Beware; the principles of perception and opinion do not apply whatsoever to either of the above experiences. They require judgment to stand tall, therefore excommunicating purity.

These articles I've received are centered within the acceptance of the Divine, and ourselves as soulful beings in a physical body. They recognize these points as the ultimate in inspiration and perspective and use them as the driver for the topics discussed. Whatever the motive, this creation is sound for its inspiration is the Divine, its perspective is Love. Such is the theme for this article, and for that matter all that –Apostrophe- is.

In order to create there must be inspiration, and inspiration is gained from perspective. Everyone and everything has the capability to create, it is destiny. Create in order to experience- the *modus operandi* of existence. In creation, quality derives from its sources. The best can only manifest from the best. Therefore when creating we must look to our sources. What are our inspirations? What is our perspective?

Let's explore some examples-

A young couple, recently married learns their newly created family has another growing member. This child is welcomed warmly and openly by the parents. It is part of their plan, their dream. It is an opportunity for these once children to become adults. But what is it to create another? Is it the soul collective of the couple to fulfill themselves in ways they usually deny? Is it the completion of a formula they recognize as a societal fix to tremendous personal void?

A pharmaceutical company creates a new drug that greatly diminishes the strength of the HIV virus. This drug is herald in the medical community as a miracle, immediately distributed to patients, and is a success. Though unmentioned and realized by the producing company, and participating doctors; the drug has tremendous, life altering side effects. Granted the virus is at bay, but the daily life of the patient is stunned. One can argue that a clear choice is made, in most cases, at the contraction of the HIV virus. Shouldn't that person simply live with the consequences of that decision? Why should their livelihood, a retreating commodity, be threatened by a drug?

A 60 year old man learns he has lung cancer. He smoked for about 25 years but has remained smoke free for about 11 years prior to this diagnosis. He immediately begins treatment. After just about a year worth of treatment and optimism, he learns that the cancer has spread to his brain. Treatment is loaded and heightened. Soon, his quality of life suffers dramatically; due to treatment and the

adverse effects of such, as well as the progression of the cancer. He doesn't recognize his own grandson, catches imaginary balls in the air, and constantly complains of beetles climbing the walls. Most of his time is spent sleeping. Isn't cancer a deflection in character? A repression of joy and satisfaction? A build up of resentment, hatred, & self-induced hell? An excuse? After all, it's the body attacking itself- the ultimate in self destruction.

A nation spends 47% of its yearly total expenditure on war to garner control on the world economy of oil. This nation being the largest contributor to the pollution causing global warming. This nation being the richest in the world community at its time. Is gold the inspiration? Power? Is there a perspective for the future?

At what cost do we wish fulfillment? Why must we constantly be consuming? Why do we make humanity our vanity? Creation is the only process to fulfillment, and when considering inspiration and perspective there can be nothing else. It is imperative that as a soulful being in a physical body we realize all our creations have a direct 'bottom line' effect in our destinies and destinies at large. We must consider our sources of inspiration and perspective in order for our creations to be sound. And for us to truly accomplish this, we must look within ourselves for the faith in that principle and believe the Universality of choice. Look to the Divine; just as simple as looking to a mirror or the sky- both of which reflect that which is most precious- to reveal the soul of ourselves and our collective selves. Like the HAL-9000, a misrepresentation resulted in a defect in its logic, causing the death of humans and the unauthorized abortion of its direct mission. All beings, everything, has the power to create! Therefore the tri-helix experience discussed here is a true testimonial to all that is life; apply it!

--

**Celebrity** the state or quality of being widely honored and acclaimed:

Prince

With a name like *Prince*, I believe the cards are dealt from the beginning. His recent induction in the United Kingdom's Music Hall of Fame, is proof positive why 'Celebrity' is crowned *Prince*.

I, myself, having much exposure to royal court member allows me the distinct pleasure of finding my own funk. Since 1978 *Prince* has created 40 albums, 3 motion pictures, and countless other materials. I hold 24 albums, 2 never-released, unlawfully sound-board recorded concerts, 3 promotional LPs, 4 singles LPs, 4 singles 45s, 2 motion pictures, & 2 biographical magazines of his "purple revolution, & beginning NPG" years. I also have 1 album & 1 single LP of his protégé group, *The Time*, and have read and researched nearly everything about and of *Prince* himself and all his creation. This vast collection is held in all medias, and spans his entire career. Needless to say, I can intelligently comment on his work and presentations.

Many recognize *Prince's* musical and artistic genius, but are ignorant to his creative intentions. They see only a culturally and sexually blurred person, hoped up on himself; hypnotizing the public with his suggestive phrase, masturbatory nature, driving beats, choral extensions, divine melodies and harmonies, respect, truth, and overall funk. Especially when Warner Brothers Corporation refused him his name in brand sake in a contact buy out; he was forced to identify with an unpronounceable glyph; O(+>. From a marketing and brand recognition perspective, it's murder! But of course, this did

nothing but free *Prince* to an existence of complete control of all his creative outputs. From an artist and creationist perspective, it's rebirth!

Besides the best grooves I have ever experienced and the most dynamic showcase of creation, his affinity with and awareness of God, and the understanding of positive existence- is the root of my attraction to this particular artistic figure. Like he says- "repeat after me, 1+1+1 is 3."

--

### **About Ken:**

Present reality of my choice

As you can image, I have been much occupied with the goings-on of life. I have recently, released a 10 page manuscript of my poetry to the Connecticut Commission of Culture and Tourism for a fellowship. The purpose of the fellowship is to continue the creation of Art, therefore allowing me to publish my work, and facilitate the further creation of more work.

I've recently concluded a CT tour as Dr. Frank'n'Furter in the Rocky Horror Show for *Phoenix Production Company* for which I've been nominated for *best actor in a musical*, cameoed in an independent film, 'Rita the mind reader' starring Amy Mielke as Rita, and have created- through divinity- more lexicological work.

I have left behind all expenditures of energy that result in frustration; therefore reducing stress dramatically. I currently am consulting for a high-end fashion/lifestyle magazine, *hipStyle*, in lead generation & cultivation for advertising, and for a business to business advertising agency creating direct mail distribution list through market research done on my part. Pretty exciting stuff when considering that fact I work from home; just a matter of steps from bed to office. Plus there is Score, whom I love to have with me all day. This causing tremendous thanks & joy within me.

A poem of mine, *Route 106*, is being published in a compilation called Immortal Verses.

In February '07, I'll be a featured instructor of poetry for two semesters at the accredited continuing education program in Ridgefield, CT. In June '07, KLJ and KLJ Gourmet come together with ARCS (AIDS related community services) of Westchester at the Paramount Center in NY for a dynamic music and cuisine twined event. Details to follow in succeeding editions of -Apostrophe-

In July '07, Peter and I will be traveling to Europe by invitation of Peter's father, David, who through his magnanimous success as a liturgical musician for one of Greenwich, CT's finest congregations, was awarded his own proclamation of David Johnson Day in Greenwich and more than a month sabbatical. We'll be invading Paris and Prague for a combination of 10 days. Thanks David!

I ask you, and all readers, to think of these opportunities with positive energy and wish their manifestation if they prove to be a true fit. Your collective consciousness is much appreciated.

--

### **A Brief Commercial Break:**

Ah, breathe.

Da Vinci hardly finished what he started, Louis XIV, through war and tax, created Versailles, Nero played his violin while he watched Troy burn, and Oscar Wilde was sent to jail for love.

Gee, what hope do I have?

--

## **A MIGHTY WINK: *Profiling something special***

*Loveartcards.com*

A true Renaissance woman, Amy Mielke is a soul of the rarest form. Her knowledge of the Universe is insurmountable; her intuition is flawless. She has created in this vain, *loveartcards.com*, and has redefined the ultimate in couture gift giving.

As she states on the homepage of the site- "Open your eyes; open your heart. Create life, create art!" She does just that. Simply email a question, any question you so desire and a response from the Universe comes channeled through AmyLa to a psychic, karma-based communication in the form of a greeting card.

Having been the multiple-times recipient of these cards, I can attest to their originality, beauty, and poignancy and personally encourage anyone and everyone to experience the *loveartcards.com* experience. *Loveartcards.com* most certainly is a divine intervention in the existence of spirituality.

--

## ***Adventures of the Scouch:***

Realization

Being the first entry in this chronicle, allow me to introduce myself- I am the Scouch. I inhabit a domain called La Casa Grotto, exist on all possible levels and planes of time, and am an Egyptian, Siamese, black short haired, cat demi-God.

It is a recent addition to my abode that causes this entry and the subsequent catalyst for bringing my life to the page. A new comfort has been afforded to me via my keeper's bed. This comfort, as I understand it, is a temper-pedic pad that is applied to the bed. It forms without pressure to my body, and is tremendously comfortable. I find myself sleeping more than usual, and dreaming even more lucidly. I recognize this as a direct beneficiary to my health and am so very grateful to my keeper. Living here at the Grotto is a distinct pleasure. Interacting with my keeper everyday keeps me on my toes as he is alittle crazy. We have fun playing and frolicking around. I like most playing string or palm frawn. I really love sitting in my bed and watching the sun rise and all the birds. The top is listening to my keeper play the piano. He's very original and it's refreshing to experience his creativity. It is also a pleasure to encounter my keeper's friend. He likes me, and I him.

What is most defining for me in my life is my keeper. He loves me so much, and I him. He rescued me from a shelter about five years ago, on Halloween I believe; therefore making me approximately seven and a half, or 45 in my scale of age. Still a spring chicken as far as I'm concerned. The couch stands as nothing to my leap! Aha! Indeed, this pad proves most effective, for I'm becoming rather sleepy. A cat nap sounds intensely exciting. I shall retire...



--

## A Recipe for Success by Chef KLJ of KLJ Gourmet:

### Beef, Mushroom, and Asparagus Soup with Pasta

*Boeuf, Champignon, aux Asperges Soupe avec Milannaise*

Serves 4 – as the 3<sup>rd</sup> course

½ lb of Shoulder steak, 'London Broil' cut  
4 Portabella Caps  
20 thin stalks Asparagus  
½ lb Mostaccioli Pasta  
Mirepoix of 2 medium carrots, 1 parsnip, 2 stalks celery  
1 large shallot  
3 cloves garlic  
3-4 leaves fresh Sorrel  
1c French red wine (Bordeaux)  
¾c Extra Virgin Olive Oil (EVOO)  
½ stick salted butter  
5c water (filtered or Perrier)  
1 lime, juice of  
½ tsp dried Tarragon  
¼ tsp Cinnamon  
¼ tsp Cardamom  
¼ tsp Cayenne pepper  
¼ tsp Roasted red pepper flakes  
Kosher salt  
Fresh ground black pepper

Wash and trim carrots, celery & asparagus.

Clean mushrooms with dry cloth, wiping from center of cap to end- removing dirt.

Mince garlic & shallots, set aside.

Create mirepoix

Cube mushrooms.

Cut asparagus in to two sections. Leave tops with 2 inches of stalk. Chop rest of stalk into slices.

Chiffonade Sorrel, set aside.

Slice beef into 1 inch cubes, set aside.

In a large stock pot heat over medium-high ½ c EVOO & ¼ stick of butter.

Once butter is melted, add shallot and sauté until semi-soft- kosher salt and fresh ground pepper.

Add mirepoix & 1c of water, sauté of 4 minutes.

Add asparagus slices, beef, ½ cup wine, 1/3 of the garlic, dried tarragon, cinnamon, cardamom, roasted red pepper flakes, ½ c of water & ½ of the lime juice; sauté until reduced by half.

Add mushrooms, ¾ of the sorrel, 1/3 of the garlic, kosher salt and fresh ground pepper; and sauté until mushrooms begin to soften.

Add ¼ c of water as it continues to reduce, adding no more than 2 ½ cups- cook for 40 mins.

Add pasta, 1c of water, cayenne pepper, ¼ c EVOO- cook for 15 minutes.

Add asparagus tips, rest of the garlic, rest of the sorrel, rest of lime juice, ½ c red wine, ¼ stick of butter- cook for 5 minutes.

Remove from heat, kosher salt and fresh ground pepper to taste, cover and let rest for 5 minutes.

Serve in deep bowls, placing asparagus tips on top.

**Bon Appetit!**

*KLJ Gourmet* is world class. *KLJ Gourmet* is style that attracts.

To contact *KLJ Gourmet* call: 203.731.2773 or email: [kljgourmet@yahoo.com](mailto:kljgourmet@yahoo.com)

--

## Short Stories:

### A trip to Lincoln Center

Impromptu and donated by a family of Peter's we ready ourselves. He dresses in his purple button down and coordinated blazer, flipped-tongue K-Swiss, and blue jeans; I in a blue, horizontal striped button down and Versace velvet sport coat, Steve Maddens, and fashionista jeans- the perfect costumes for the legions we were to encounter. With a full tank in the Acura, we're off to the opening night performance of a new concert series at Lincoln Center.

The lights, the cheer, the mild weather; the city is magnificent! A dynamic setting for an evening of culture and society. The traffic is light, and we arrive with time for an espresso and dinner. The Starbucks at Columbus circle was teeming, and Damo, the wonderful sushi place across from the Time Warner building, was delightful. During our consumption of espresso and Nat Shermans, standing admiring Columbus circle, before dinner, I spotted a vagrant. He is without shoes, sparse of clothing, dragging a postal box filled with his belongings. His gaze is vacant, his hair done in twists. We watch him meander by, then cross the avenue with no regard for the whizzing and beeping vehicles in his path. I comment to Peter how disgusted I was with the situation. For this man to be in the state he is in, both literally and metaphorically, passing the new shops at Columbus circle with its Coach and Boss outlets, among other premium retailers, Starbucks flanking both blocks, people in their designer threads and bags, arms loaded with gifts, 5 NYPD's and us; is ludicrous! Did Peter or I, or anyone else for that matter, give him any money? No. Peter played devil's advocate to my disdain, the others, I'm sure, caught up in their own personal dramas. I summoned his soul and read him, then wished him the best. We finished our indulgences and made way for dinner.

As we peered to the street through the window at our table, we witnessed numerous horse drawn carriages gallop by; even more luxury cars. We stare at the shimmering sidewalks, and watch attractive passer-bys. We gladly enjoy some amazing cuisine and well prepared top-shelf spirits. Our conversation is light and funny, the service is attentive, the décor poignant. Thoroughly contented, we journey to Lincoln Center.

As we crest the avenue, the façade of the largest performing arts center in the world glistens with the lights of the decorated trees and fountains. It is breath taking. It is beautiful. It is moving. We stand stationary in the midst of all this opulence, in the center of the main court, absorbing the surroundings while the city and the wispy clouds bustle by. After a full dose of the main court, we stroll to Alice Tully Hall, before stopping at the second court juxtapositioned to The Juilliard School to stare into the reflecting pool and comment to each other at the walls outlaying the future modernizing plans of Lincoln Center. I fancy out loud the projected inspiration of viewing this site from one of the many practice studios on the overhanging wing of Juilliard. Again, we stand to comprehend the architecture and the very moment we were experiencing.

Our destinational reason is but two flights of marble stairs in front of us. We descend and approach the crowd gathered at the glass portals of the concert hall. This performance is the debut of the Asian Artists & Concerts. The program is of the Dvorak cello concerto, Mahler's symphony #1 and an opening overture by Carl von Weber. The halls' lobby is wonderfully carpeted in red and hangs a life-size portrait of Alice Tully, dead center.

Once Peter and I relieved ourselves, I garnered two glasses of Tattinger with brief banter and we

sipped and laughed on the tufted bench against the glass partition. Conductor Yamada led a gripping showcase of powerful literature and cellist, Yves Dharamraj presented a rousing rendition of the concerto. Overall, the performance, I thought, lacked energy; though the third movement of the Mahler was provoking. Just after the overture, I had to pass the champagne and bolted for the men's room. By the time I emerged the concerto was beginning. I quickened to the passage and was stunted by a volunteer. She says: "40 minutes 'till seating, sir." and stands in my path. I halt and notice the door I passed through is closed. "I'm in H, right on the edge." I say. She persists. Needless to say I pressured the volunteer to seat me during the first break in movements. She snuck me into a box on the top level and I witnessed the rest of the concerto from there. It was a brilliant vantage point and fun to watch Peter watch the performance. He later said to me that the cellist was making tonal mistakes by improperly bowing; however I deciphered no disruptions of structure in the piece. Once rejoined with him in our seats- third row, right orchestra- we held each other for the Mahler. I commented to Peter on our exit that I noticed much more of the piece in its live performance compared to the LP recording we listened to the other evening. We stand at the curb and drug ourselves with nicotine; pontificating the next leg of our journey.

To Splash we venture. By his cell phone, satellite guided directions we navigate down 7<sup>th</sup> avenue and enter Times Square. It is a vortex of energy. I opened all my windows and cranked a commanding blues rip by Prince; we both rocked out. That experience alone is one I can check off on my list of things to do in a lifetime. Amazingly, I scoop a parking spot just outside the club. We replace our jackets and strut to the door. We're greeted by a tremendously soulful guard and, door held and black-light stamped, enter the smoky, pounding front room. Immediately we're immersed in a sea of streaming testosterone, and we tour ourselves to the under level for a pitstop and cocktail. The light displays, beats, flat image screens, and go-go boys are intoxicating. The attendance and the vibe we scan and align. Shoting from a bartender all too anxious to show his dick, we groove alittle, and pose for a couple of pictures. After sewing our oats for some time, we take up and trek back to Connecticut. Our conversation is depth defying on the way home, but still giving room for absorption and contemplation of the evenings' events.

My thoughts collect in a pool of gratitude. How abundant and blessed my life is? Consciously Divine.

--

### **A Healthy Alternative:**

Be One with Organic

The mounting evidence that "business as usual" concerning our global behaviors says- "Our children are born with a deposit of pesticides and other foreign chemicals in their bodies, caused by a shift of maternal pesticide 'body burden' through the placenta; after birth, children 'inherit' further load through breastfeeding. Pesticides have a cumulative multigenerational destructive impact on human health, especially behavior. Pesticides are a serious threat to the physical, emotional and mental development of children and future generations," and "has the potential to have massive, irreversible environmental impacts." - OTA.com

The principal guidelines for organic production are to use materials and practices that enhance the ecological balance of natural systems and that integrate the parts of the farming system into an ecological whole. It is based on minimal use of off-farm inputs and on management practices that

restore, maintain and enhance ecological harmony. An ecological production management system that promotes and enhances biodiversity, biological cycles and soil biological activity- the primary goal is to optimize the health and productivity of interdependent communities of soil life, plants, animals and people. Growing crops in healthy soils results in food products offers more healthy nutrients than other standardized items.

WOW! Do yourself the favor, consider the source. Procure only organic items for consumption and use. Support organic and fair trade.

--

### **Wish List:**

Please, thank you

Further & Continued Enlightenment

Inner & World Peace for All

Exposure & Support

Validation

Anything Prince

A recording avenue

A G5 Powerbook by Mac (my current computer is a dinosaur)

Music notation & mixing/sampling software

Lyrics

Any and all vinyl records

Capital

--

### **In Closing:**

Thank you for reading

I trust a twinkle of enlightenment has been passed your way and smile donned your face. If you wish to unsubscribe to this e-Mag, simply reply with 'Unsubscribe' in the subject line and your address will be removed from the list. If anyone would like to contribute articles, prose, essays, or any other submission please send it directly to KLJ for consideration.

**I encourage any and all to voice their opinions or comments about this publication.**

Wishing all the best in life and LOVE!

Peace,

Rev. Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

Universal Philosopher of Absolute Reality

"Faith, trust, peace, joy & gratitude equal Love. Love is our destiny." –KLJ

All material is authored by Kenneth Lundquist, Jr. of KLJ, unless otherwise noted. Complete ownership control, and copyright is held by Kenneth Lundquist, Jr. and/or KLJ. Any reproduction or public performance of this material without prior consent of Kenneth Lundquist, Jr. and/or KLJ is unlawful and violators will be prosecuted.

To obtain additional copies or permission, write to: Kenneth Lundquist, Jr. and/or KLJ @ 1B South Cove Rd Danbury, CT 06811