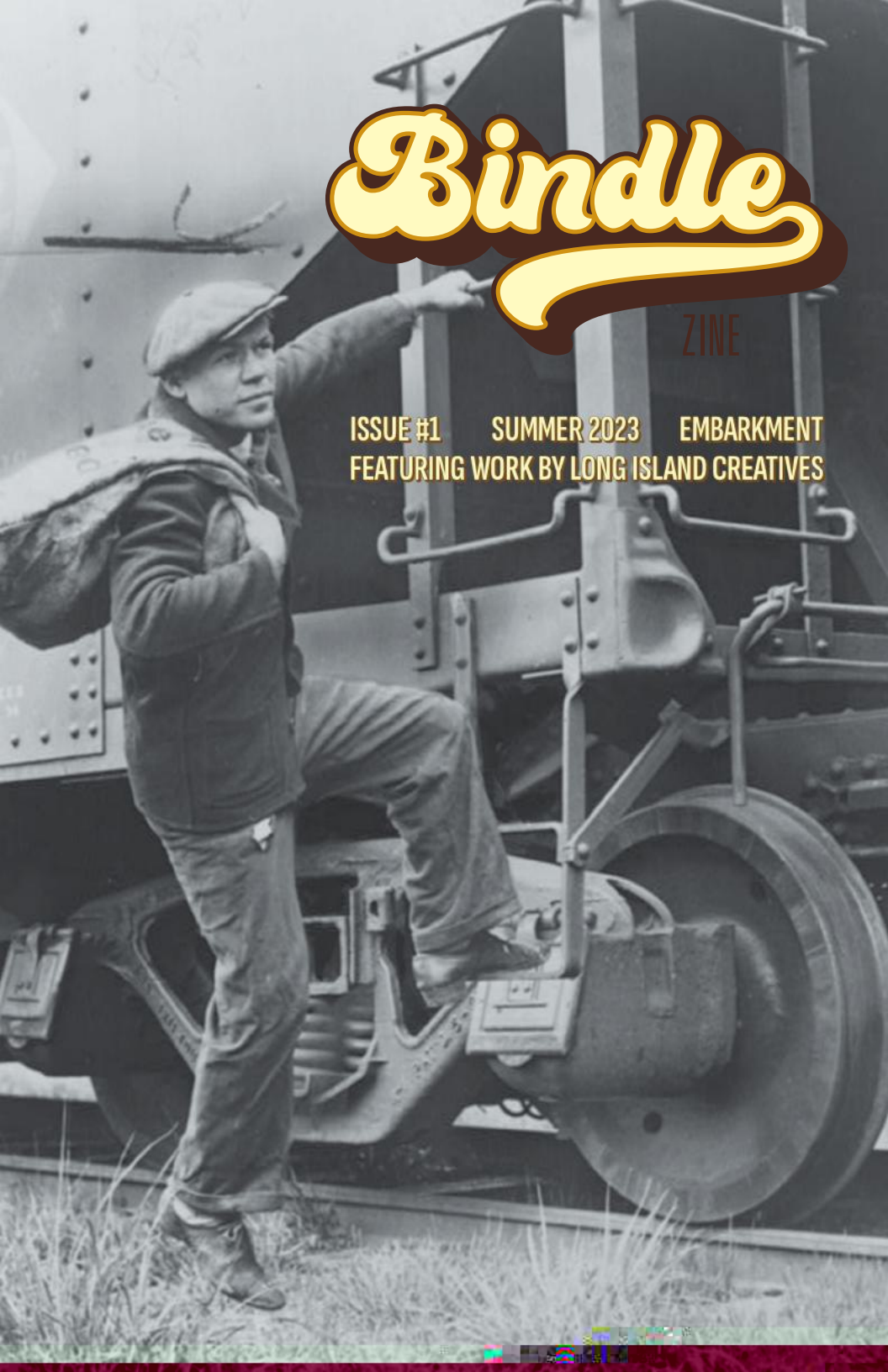


Bundle

ZINE

ISSUE #1 SUMMER 2023 EMBARKMENT
FEATURING WORK BY LONG ISLAND CREATIVES





fuck
it all

ratgrrl.

Bindle

ZINE

FEATURING:

Fuck It by Ratgrrl
[[instagram.com/ratgrrl_](https://www.instagram.com/ratgrrl_/)]

Concrete Flowers by Maria R.
[[instagram.com/riacaroline14/](https://www.instagram.com/riacaroline14/)]

My Cousin Joe Idone by Fred Byrnes

In Furtherance of the Long Island Zine:
Æsthetic Workshop

100 Centre Street, Part 79 by Brian Ferrari
[[brianferrarinyc.com](https://www.brianferrarinyc.com)]

"Nature — A Treat" by Ralph Hooten
[bigratpublishing@gmail.com]

Daybreak by Christopher Fahey
[[instagram.com/crucial2020/](https://www.instagram.com/crucial2020/)]

Holding My Tongue by Toby Fox
Ferrari [[deviantart.com/tobiashobbes](https://www.deviantart.com/tobiashobbes)]

Annotated Photo for **Applied Art** by
The Editors

Applied Art: Rachel Herring
of Blue House Press by The Editors

**Coterminous, chapter 2: Crozley's
Caravan**, part 1, by Corey Gene
Monaco

Seasons: A Primer by Painted Birch
[oracle@bindlezine.com]

AND ALSO:

**Lou Ambers with a large bag over his
shoulder, mounting the ladder of a
train car** by Alan Fisher
[lcn.loc.gov/2001696792/]

**Two Hobos Walking Along Railroad
Tracks, After Being Put Off a Train**,
Unknown Photographer
[lcn.loc.gov/2006677423]

Hobo signs from symbols.com
[symbols.com/category/52/Hobo+signs]

bindle: a sack, bag, satchel, or other
conveyance, as carried by a hobo.
A hobo with a bindle is called a bindlestiff.

EMBARKMENT

Bindle Issue #1 — Summer 2023
v1.0.1

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This issue can be found in an accessible
format at bindlezine.com/2023/summer/

COLOPHON:

This issue of the zine used the typefaces *EB
Garamond*, *Zilla Slab*, *Love Letter
Typewriter*, *Cooper Old Style URW*, and,
one of our favorite fonts, *Metallophile Sp8*.
However, we discovered while laying out
this issue, that Metallophile has horrible
automatic kerning. So, all instances of the
typeface have been manually kemed.

Thank you Pat, Katherine, Rich, and all our
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This issue is dedicated to Chris.



Concrete Flowers

by Maria R, [instagram.com/riacaroline14/](https://www.instagram.com/riacaroline14/)

The air is crisp, there is a cool breeze that wisps through her hair. Her baby is giggling and running through the field of wildflowers. He is so happy, his tiny smile is beaming from ear to ear. She felt safe enough to let go of his hand and allow him to explore this beautiful land. He is close enough for her to grab him but far enough for him to feel independent. She stopped for a moment and looked up at the sky, the clouds were so big and fluffy that day. The sky was beautiful turquoise blue, and she inhaled and took the deepest breath, a sigh of relief.

Her child was full of questions — why are the trees so tall, mommy? He exclaimed — where do clouds come from? She answered his questions the best she knew how. Both were truly at peace. They stopped and gave each other the biggest bear hug, in that moment nothing mattered, life paused. She wanted to take this minute and seal it up and put it in a jar to hold forever.

This little family wanted to keep exploring, keep pretending to be on the bear hunt looking for treasure. As they continued to walk, the clouds were getting darker, the ground was getting thicker, and all the wildflowers were burnt and dehydrated. Something felt different, Something felt unsafe. She held her child's hand this time looking for another way back to the wildflower field, but she couldn't see it. It was out of sight. She no longer holds his hand but now he is in her arms grasping his tiny body tight. Now she knows something bad is approaching.

The sky turned black and the ground started separating, hot sticky liquid was bubbling where there once was wildflowers. The air was harsh, unable to breathe. She could see a dark figure approaching.

The body was tall and their arms were long and contorted. The figure had a thick mane of hair that was braided into what looked like a crown. His feet were moving faster, closer, quicker. She was on this little piece of debris, thinking what her next move would be. Her child was screaming, no longer asking questions as to why the sky is blue. But wanting to know who that is?

The figure stopped in the middle of the burning flames of debris and was dancing. He looked up at the sky, took a deep breath and exhaled. Just like she did before, he was happy, this was his peace.

She is searching and looking, holding onto this fragile small soul with all her might as close as she possibly can, thinking and planning, figuring out her next move. He is right there, she can now see his contorted dark body clearer.

She does what any mother would do and looks at him in his dark soulless eyes. She sees a small opening behind him. How is she going to get over there? He reaches, his contorted body attempting to grab the baby out of her arms. In a deep voice, he tells her he has the right to. As his arms get closer, she shields her child in her arms. One arm around his body and one arm protecting his head. Knowing she may fall, knowing he can grab her, she jumps...

She jumps past the demon whose arms are flailing, banging on his chest yelling, "THAT'S MY SON!" The ground was unstable, the sticky liquid was still bubbling but she moved farther away for that moment. The battle wasn't over. The sky was still dark. He was still screaming. She could not take a breath of fresh air. She can see him, thinking, plotting, figuring out how he can get to her. What kind of tactic he can pull to get closer and closer to that baby — how to destroy her.

They say "just leave him." That is her reality after she left. This is her life as a single mother who survived domestic violence. Fighting a war with the system and the man who feels at peace dancing in the fiery hell. Hold onto that baby tight and just keep going. The air is still thick, unable to find that crisp blue sky she looks up anyway, holding on to hope that they will be okay. Remembering that moment she had in the field of blue skies and wildflowers. Knowing this is her new reality.

She is just a mom dealing with the devil dancing in the flames of a broken system.

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My Cousin Joe Idone

by Fred Byrnes

His favorite song was:

“Walk right in, sit right down,
baby let your hair grow long”

Often he'd enter a room
singing it

He had numerous nicknames:

Joe I don't know, Pork Chops,

Snorkeroo, he smoked

more pot than

the whole Beat Generation

He played drums,

not for long

He played tennis,

not for long

Although he thought

if he played tennis

he'd get a date

with Chrissy Evert

Then there was the time,

he bought all

the current Beatles albums

Two weeks later they

were in a garbage can

That was Joe Idone

always trying something

different until it

didn't interest him

He died at 39 in 1991

It's 92 degrees

on a July day in 2022

I sit in a diner

an air conditioner hums

It's cool Joe, real cool



In Furtherance of the Long Island Zine*

Dig the folks at **ÆSTHETIC WORKSHOP**, an arts & zine shop based in Sound Beach. IG @aestheticworkshop.art for zine shop, zine collection, + zine collab opportunities.



NEW ZINE! *'Am I Queer?'* – *Me Watching TV in the Mid-2000's* is now available in their shop. 20% of profits from their Pride Collection will be donated to Campaign for Southern Equality.**

* The content and opinions expressed in these other great zines do not necessarily reflect the views of the Bindle Zine editorial board nor the board of Monkeyshines Media, Inc. Doesn't mean they're not cool and all.

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100 CENTRE STREET, PART 79

by Brian Ferrari, brianferrarinyc.com

The industrial clock groans through the afternoon in its 46th year on the wall of Part 79.

The Judge plods through a mandatory speech entitled, "Jury Selection As Public Service." His arms make sparing gestures beneath billowing robes. The sound of his own voice still arouses him.

The microphone buzzes through each pregnant pause.

The court stenographer faces the gallery, swiveling slightly in her chair, crossed legs protruding from a skirt cut above the knee. Off to the side, her fingers type furiously as her expressionless gaze floats off high in the air.

Bailiff #1 casually checks his watch and shifts his weight on aching feet. A trickle of sweat snakes down the center of his back, beneath a damp bulletproof vest.

Bailiff #2 flexes a hand to examine chipped blue nail polish. The sleeve of her uniform creeps back to reveal a wrist tattooed with vines and flowers.

Fingers of dust wave frantically from the cooling vent behind the jury box.

Juror #1 stares at the judge with an expression of rapt attention as he contemplates evening plans with his girlfriend.

Juror #5 fights off sleep after a heavy lunch and two draughts. His belt pinches against his protruding flesh.

Juror #6 makes sideways glances at Juror #5, whose aroma she finds most offensive.

Juror #9 slowly, carefully, slides his phone out of his pocket in an attempt to check his email.

Juror #11 is awaiting test results and trying not to think about it.

Their bags and briefcases are gathered around their feet, containing both crucial and inconsequential pieces of their real lives, all impatiently waiting to be addressed.

The prosecuting attorney sits in front of a stack of documents and folders, one of which contains graphic crime scene photos that will visibly upset Jurors #2, 6 & 11.

Ziplocked bags labeled "Forensic Evidence" wait inside a cardboard box marked "Case #26294."

The defense attorney holds up a folder to obstruct the view as he leans in to quietly talk to his client.

The defendant rocks slowly in his chair, the angry voices now muddled by medication.

His brother sits behind him in the gallery. His jaw aches through clenched teeth.

A woman in the gallery clutches a wrinkled picture of her deceased daughter. There is a tissue balled up tightly in her fist. Her husband, in a freshly pressed suit, keeps his arm around her shoulder.

##

"Nature — A Treat"

by Ralph Hooten, *bigratpublishing@gmail.com*

Rising, sincerely black, out of pressed ground

Finished choice above heated rumble engines

Suitable perks slime open-space office renovation floor-plans... oh, well...

Enduring vituperations wide, heard on one cubicle square

Quaking reaper gashing forests edging the Atlantic coastal plain

Hills test treadmill physicality

Then, bending perfectly — the Appalachians

Suddenly, the thought attacks: "Why do major mountain ranges share their pulchritude?"

They are forced by wondrous natural forces, supplicating with doleful flattery

Appear before erring navies

The blasted morning occurs frequently, the flying animals shirk independently, reviving biological impulse, and cramming berries and insects

Previously, beaks could accommodate dozens of dirt-thriving creations — but no longer

Birthdays absorb flabbergasted users monopolizing rest-stop bathrooms

A funeral card, mocking your fate, was detached, and presumably discarded

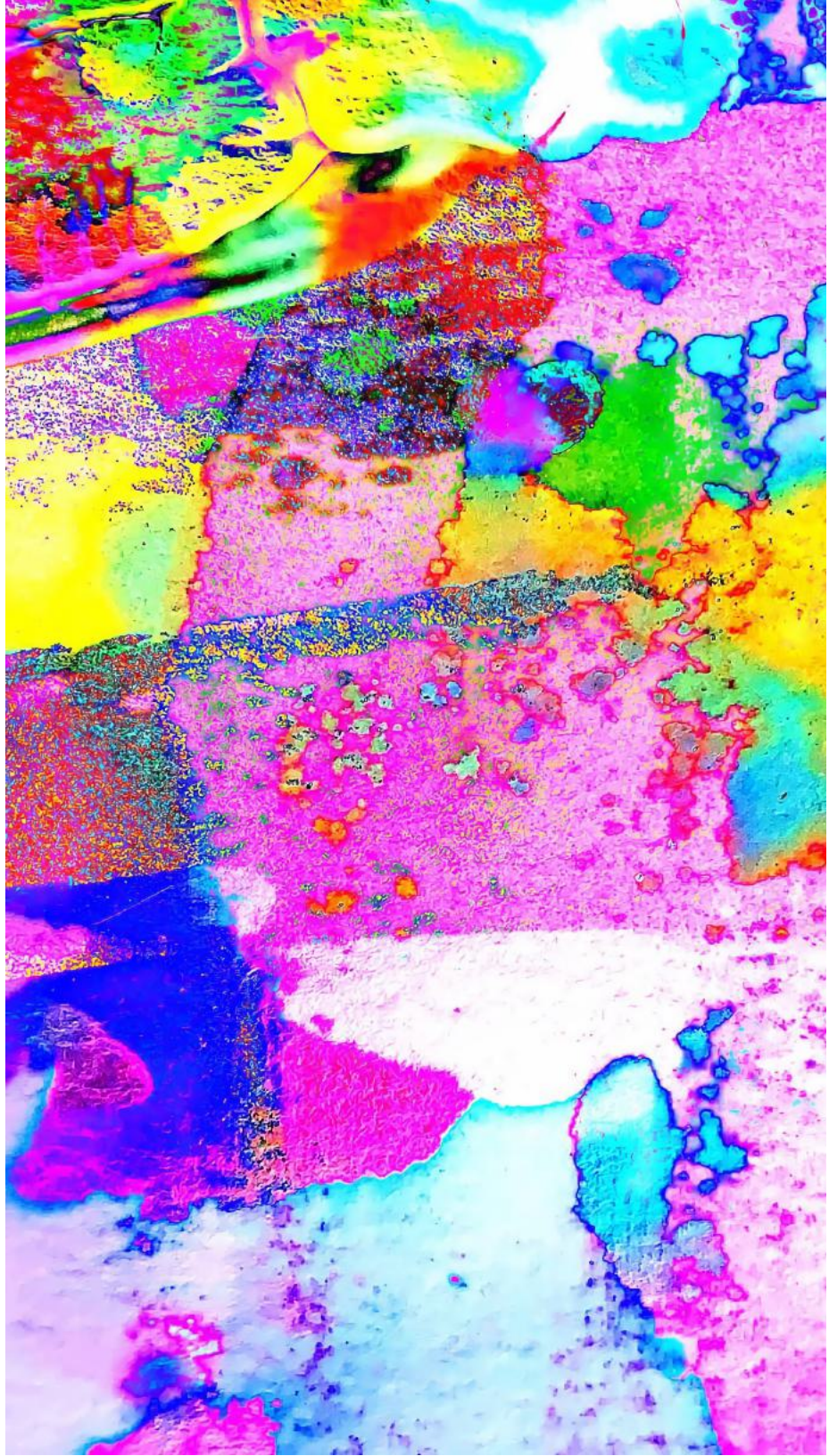
Flush drinkable water and waste any remaining weight on household cacti

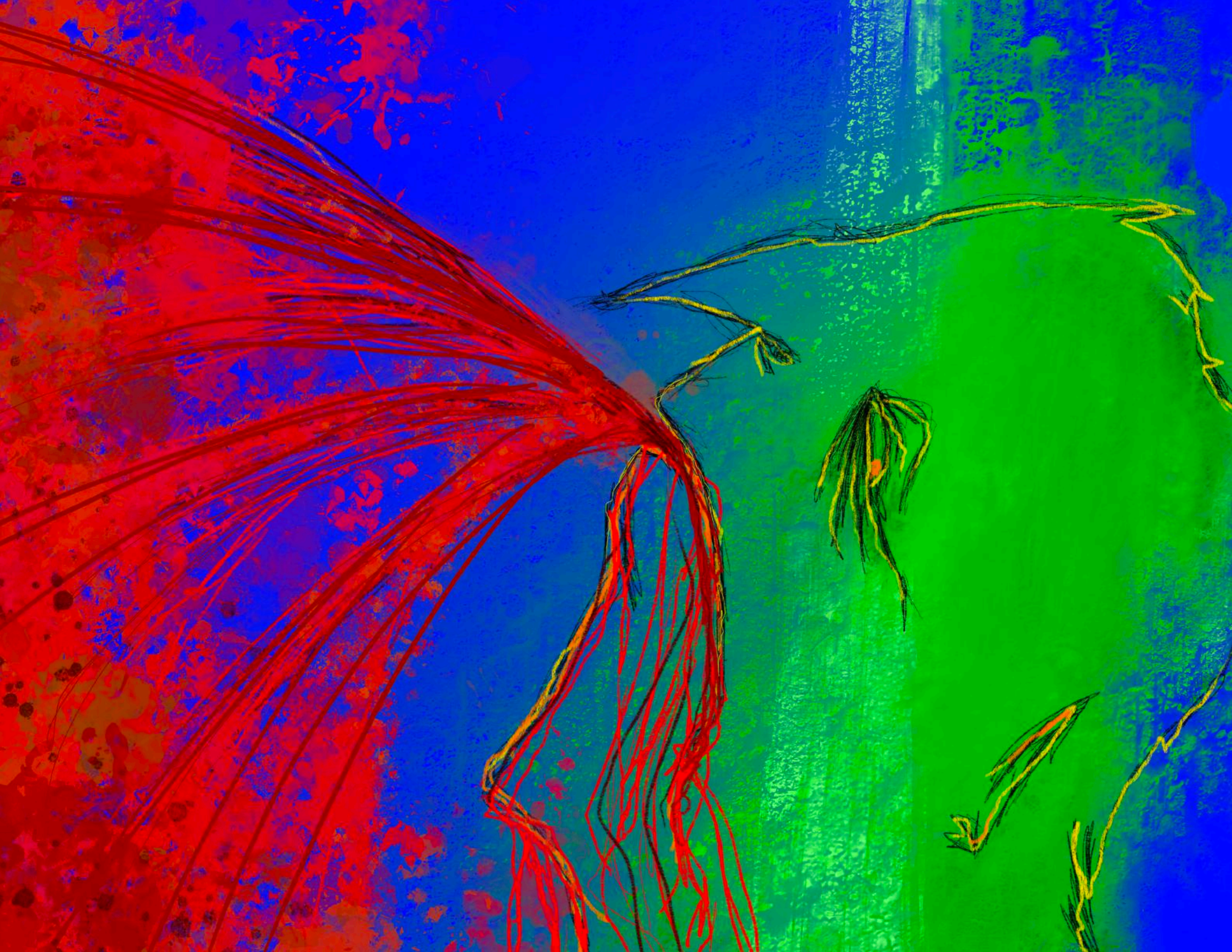
Rest forthwith, determined by attachment

Blow remnants on hands granted by historical carcasses, then, trail accusers commonly noticed during preventable ocean existence

Atmospheric rivers, muscling their cores as do Olympians, will form and plow into a coast — unprepared and anxious about its ability to present the population with recreational fixations and a decent waterflow

Traversing the floor, eyes flipping, hands and wrists uncomfortable, knees tapping the brain silently humming the tune to "Resist Automatic Foolishness."





All the parts needed to run
a letterpress...

Rachel

Ink Disc
with ink

Die

Rollers
& Platen
(not visible)

Flywheel

Foot Pedal
(barely visible)



Applied Art: Rachel Herring of Blue House Press

It's possible that Rachel Herring is in possession of the only two working Gordon-style letterpress machines on Long Island. While these were common printing presses from the late 19th to mid 20th centuries, offset printing eclipsed letterpress printers by the 1950s. Chandler & Price, the major manufacturer of the Gordon-style machines, stopped making their presses in the mid 1960s. These machines are behemoths in their own right, with Rachel's larger machine, probably built in the early 1910s, weighing in excess of 1,000 pounds. However, they're smaller than offset printers and her letterpress machines work on manpower (Rachel-power?), not electricity.

So how do Rachel's letterpress machines work? It all starts with spreading the ink out on a metal disc — no, wait, go back. It starts with a design. Rachel works with her customers to design a vector image which gets transferred to a metal plate, called a die, made from magnesium. This plate is a relief, where deeper impressions that will be made on the paper are raised on the die. Then Rachel mixes the ink for the print. "I mix all of the ink by hand. I can basically match anything that anybody wants. A fine art background [in painting] definitely helps with that," she says.

Now, she spreads out the ink on the disc, first by placing a smear of ink on a metal disc, then turning a large flywheel that moves rollers and turns the disc, until the entire surface of the disc is covered in ink. It seems like an impossibly thin coat, but that prevents the ink from pooling or spreading when transferred onto the paper. She secures the die under the inked disc and rollers. The rollers transfer ink from the disc onto the die, which then gets pressed into a platen that holds the paper.

The paper, cut by a large guillotine paper cutter affectionately nicknamed "Marie," has a bit of thickness to hold the impression made by the die, which has transferred the ink into the impression at the same time. This entire operation gets powered by Rachel spinning the flywheel on the left side of the machine. She's also pressing with her

foot on a pedal that moves the platen towards the die. And then she skillfully puts each individual piece of paper on the platen on each backswing. It's quite the workout, but Rachel gets into the rhythm and the process runs smoothly. Her experience and expertise is obvious watching her work the letterpress.

After graduating from the Art Institute of Boston (now Lesley University College of Art & Design) and receiving the Boston Printmakers award, Rachel worked at Goosefish Press, which used a letterpress to



print wedding invitations, personal stationery, greeting cards, and coasters. Rachel says Robert Charlton, the owner of Goosefish Press and her mentor, taught her everything she knows about letterpress

printing. Moving back to Long Island in 2018 with a smaller letterpress machine (smaller is relative), Rachel started her business, but when Robert stopped using the letterpress that Rachel operated when she worked up in Boston, he offered it to her... if she could move it down to Long Island.

During a Nor'easter, Rachel and her husband drove the half-ton machine down to Miller Place, where it was moved into her basement studio. That's dedication. And really, the complicated process of printing is smooth under her aegis because of her dedication to the craft. There's the artistic aspect of the design phase, sure, but there's an art to the printing, from mixing the ink, to selecting the paper and appreciating how its texture will hold the imprint and ink, to the rhythmic churn of the press as run by Rachel.

You can learn more about Rachel's company, Blue House Press, at bluehousepress.com and visit her store at etsy.com/shop/bluehousepress, where she sells envelopes, coasters, postcards, greeting cards, and more, all printed from her letterpress. There is also a card rack of her work at Crazy Beans in Miller Place. And if you find her at a local art fair, you may be able to purchase what is our singular favorite coaster, which says, "Don't fuck up the table. Please" with a small skull and crossbones.

Coterminous: Chapter 2

Crozley's Caravan, part 1

by Corey Gene Monaco

Continued from Monkeyshines Winter 2023 issue. The story so far can be followed at <https://bindlezone.com/coterminous>

I open my eyes and see the night sky begin to brighten. Day is beginning to break, and the muted sun would soon rise. I did not expect a blue morning through the cold haze of the northern clouds. The asterisms of the sky are waning, bereft of their brilliance, appearing now as faded skeletons of dead light. The decomposed firmament becomes more apparent with every waking. Not that it looks any better in dreams.

The caravan moves lockstep to a somber and focused march through the chilly ever-changing landscape of the Wildern. Hybrids and Hominids alike trudge in the wake of their leader's steps, each individual burdened by their respective yoke, whether it be rucksack or rickshaw. The canvas-covered carriages of Crozley's cortège continue as they always did in a self-made concourse, which they traveled many times prior. But this morning they were to take a different route.

Crozley's personal carriage was a converted corbillard, refurbished to resemble something less associated with death and more that of mobile luxury. Its refinements consist of iron wood reinforcements, an enlarged cab big enough to sit six, and replete with comforts. The glass of the hearse is blackened on all sides by curtains made of animal hide. The driver's seat covered in dark leather canvas, and the rear bench seat where two of Crozley's guards sit matches the front enclosure. The roof has a single seat molded into the frame of the transport, a perfect perch for a lookout. Such is my role at present. The way has been clear and empty, so my counterparts and I keep watch on our companions and cargo. The top of Crozley's conveyance is covered in stacked chests and sacks made of burlap or leather secured with rope. The latter makes for an excellent place to rest during a shift change, and it is just about that time.

Cane is my current partner, and thankfully so, for he is naturally reluctant to engage in conversation and cognizant enough to leave me alone whilst I sleep.

I awake to chatter amongst those nearby in the line as the pace of the caravan comes to a lull. We shift direction, now heading uncomfortably deeper into the wastes. We have far surpassed the more populated



Northern Rises and now approach the dreaded woods before us. Through the blur of waking eyes I can see the horizon of the forest edge, and I know now the murmurs are that of concern and caution. A sudden breeze sends a bitter cold through the trees, slithering its way around the shuddering growth. The sun is reluctant to peer through the grey skies of these hinterlands, but it never shines where we are going.

The remnants of a winding roadway is our path to the forest, highlighted by the glowing mists that materialize over it. We stop at a pair of broken stone cairns that flank either side of the overgrown macadam. Aged-cloth pennants stuck in the piles of stones billow in the wind, nearly disintegrated from their time in the heavy air that surrounds the woods. The colors are somewhat discernible: intersecting stripes of blue, red, purple, and gold. Geometrically patterned into a dark petaled flower, faded and eaten away by time. The wind shifts, and the flags blow in different directions. The wind dies and still they would blow, as though gravity has no effect. Nothing makes sense here, for this network of corpses that lies ahead is known as the Wolds. Neither the foolish nor the insane would deign to set foot past these stones. Crozley certainly has both his wits and wisdom intact, so it leaves one to wonder why he would take such a risk. But I know. We all do. Money, for one, and madness for all.

Crozley's transport comes to a halt and the rest of the caravan begins to form a semi circle around his transport. Considering the hundreds involved, the process can take hours.

I rise and Cane acknowledges me with the slightest of nods. He addresses me with a moment of silence before speaking.

"He told us to keep only the rear cordoned." The Hund growls deeply as he speaks, an attribute of his canine analogue. Cane's accent is throaty and harsh, perhaps due to his breed. He has the build of a mastiff, the height of a sight hound, and the countenance of a cur. Being relatively new to the company, I have yet to see his weapon of choice. But his fists, claws, and lean mass are a sufficient arsenal. A long green hooded robe is his only layer, but the thick brown fur on his body is more than enough to compensate.

"The front is too vulnerable," I say. "Is he overconfident or is he mad?"

Cane removes a small wooden barrel from the recesses of his robe, pops the top bung and takes a swig of the beverage contained within. The

Coterminous: Chapter 2

Crozley's Caravan, part 1, cont'd

thick black liquid froths from the hole of the vessel, streaming down his cheeks. He takes a moment to imbibe, then finally answers.

"Perhaps both. But nothing comes out of those woods as far as I know. What happens when you go in is another question. But you will find out soon enough because he wants you on escort."

"I am aware. This is the entrance to the Hallow."

"As per the stones, yes."

"Grave markers more like."

Cane chuckles, handing me his tankard. "Ours, if this job sours."

"Those flags carry Lovren's colors." I chug and hand it back, "and the grave is already full, and I don't plan on jumping in someone else's plot."

The door to the corbillard opens and out comes Crozley, his pipe lit and smoldering as it hangs from his lips. His step is heavy and body stiff from the ride. He pauses to stretch and let out an elated sigh.

"Ah, the fading of the bloom, how I love this time of year. Everything is dying, and soon the torpid tide will flow. When the snows are upon us, everything will be dead. Such is the swan song of the seasons."

He inhales deeply, raising his crosier behind his back and resting it upon his shoulders. He bends backwards and to each side in a series of stretches, crackling his muscles. He takes long drags from his pipe during the exercise, then paces about his conveyance as the rest of his caravan settles. He looks up at his driver, an aged hominid male with meline-like features. The old man turns and grimaces at his boss' full fanged grin.

"Walcroft, I know it has been a long trip, but try and put on a smile for our guest when she steps out."

Walcroft hocks and spits out a substance so black it was a wonder his lungs still functioned. But the codger maintains a sturdy physique, built like a stone wall and sharper than most. Crozley only keeps the strongest close to him. The mucous from Walcroft's lips dribbles down his stained white beard, which he promptly wipes it with the sleeve of his tattered overcoat. He frowns and scans Crozley with angry eyes, lips, and teeth discolored from the chew, face dirtied by whatever metallic compounds he was dealing with in his gun shop prior to being assigned as Crozley's driver.

"You are lucky that I even agreed to this hunt," he barks. "Not all of us enjoy the company you are currently keeping."

"Well not all of us enjoy the company of a dying old man," Crozley chuckles.

"Hopefully sooner than later," Walcroft coughs and hocks again. "I don't want to be alive when she starts casting her spells on everyone."

Crozley laughs, "Fine, but before you wander off and choke on your bile, tend to the weapons and wagons will you? Feed our beasts of burden, and while you are at it, let them loose from their reins and free from that awful cough of yours."

Walcroft waves Crozley off in an incoherent fit of curses as he dismounts and complies with Crozley's commands. Crozley then raises his crosier in our direction rapping the edge of the corbillard roof and dragging it along the length of the car as he whistles a dissonant tune. His staff is versatile weapon hewn from iron wood sourced from the copses of the Howl, an area of the Wolds that is much more hospitable. All the forests there are rich in ferrous trees, where one could harvest an iron-like ore from the knots of the foliage. Crozley's crosier retained the teak color of the species, with areas of the haft giving off a matted sheen from the rough ore that was still embedded within. The bottom serves as a spear in the form of a corseque, while the top is a combination of club, halberd, and voulge. The top is also adorned with a small banner that bore the standard of Crozley's caravan: a pair of open claws surrounded in geometric patterns of red, black, yellow, and grey.

He does not look up at us but instead stares upward to the sky until he reaches the rear where he can observe the other carriages beginning to align in the appropriate defensive position. Fires are already being lit and tents pitched, some even set up their shops in the slim chance of a passerby. But we are the only ones crazy enough to be this close to the Wolds.

The brutish Brune sits in the rear seat, his giant arms crossed over his club as he silently watches the caravan take formation. He turns to nod and Crozley responds in kind. Urcus sits with his Manis companion, wrapping his caestus securely around his fists and shoving bits of dried jerky into his mouth. He reaches up to offer a piece to Tala who sits in a little perch attached to the roof where I am. With a youthful and



Coterminous: Chapter 2

Crozley's Caravan, part 1, cont'd

playful grin she pivots and throws a piece to Cane, who in turn offers me a piece.

“Hungry? I couldn’t tell you what animal it is, but it is boiled in theine and peppered in naganine,” he says.

“Keeps you fed and alert then?” I take a bite and receive a blast of savory flavor and spice that lingers on the tongue. Theine is a caffeinated oil that is naturally occurring in the scales of the serpent, released when boiled in water. It only takes a single bite to feel the effects. Cane and I wash it down with some of his drink, looking to Crozley as he paces the outside his corbillard.

WVV Crozley is just shy of Brune in height, but carries a more refined posture. Lean as Tala but with more mass. He was indeed a hybrid, as most Chimera are. His genetic makeup is difficult to discern and lacks an obvious derivation. He wears a tailored green overcoat, buckled at the waist with an expensive looking belt, fastened all the way up the chest except for the final three button straps near his neck. His hood is down giving full view of his vulpine likeness with long tufted ears and lengthy soft vibrissa. With his sleeves rolled up, I can see that his arms are very much like an eagle’s legs complete with talons and spots of down. From the middle of each forearm and extending to his elbow, there are brown and black marbled wings similar to that of an owl. They appear to be more of a vestigial feature and certainly do not have the strength to keep him aloft. They are a curious anatomical feature, reacting to the slightest movements of his arms, stiffening and relaxing as he draws a breath and exhales.

Through the unbuttoned portion of his coat one can see the color of his fur varies from head to torso. Red to grey then to gold below his waistline where at this point his hindquarters were that of a lion, covered in linen slacks and leather spats. A lupine tail is the last of his numerous physical attributes. It sticks out from a tailored hole in his pants and the tails of his coat. He stands in cheerful observation as he packs the brass chamber of his long churchwarden pipe. Crozley strikes a match on Brune’s scales and ignites the drug within. The Manis is indifferent, shifting in his seat and tapping his claws on his club.

Continued in our Fall 2023 issue!

Seasons: A Primer

by Painted Birch, oracle@bindlezone.com

Summer: *This season is represented by the colors red and orange and the element of fire.* Summer is the time of display and of physical beauty. The beauty of the flowers we planted in the spring or our physical appearance — the beach bod. It is also a great time to display our creativity with the ideas we have planted the season before. It's the season of physical energy, often displayed in yard work or playing sports. It's a great time for courage, for love, and the courage to love.

Autumn: *This season is represented by the color blue and the element of water.* Autumn is a time of preparedness, a great time to save and store. We take the time to prepare for the winter by gathering the last of the harvests and winding down. We get ready by bringing out warmer clothes. It is a season of money and of employment, with summer vacations behind us, and we return to work, starting to save for the next summer.

Winter: *This season is often represented by the colors green and brown and the element of earth.* Winter is a time for meditation and self-reflection. It is the time to look to our past, and those in it, to guide our future. It is a time where we honor those ancestors who have come before us. Winter is a great time to consider changes we may want to attempt. The bear that returns to the den in Winter, emerges in the Spring, ready to engage the world.

Spring: *This season is represented by the color yellow and the element of air.* Spring is a time of healing, of psychic awareness, of renewal, of planting the new seeds, whether it's a new garden or a new idea you have thought about during the winter. It is the time for purification, and the time of re-emerging to spring clean our negativity.

Final comments: I hope this quick guide will help you with future animal oracle cards that will be drawn. Because everyone's situation and life are different, please take the time to use this reoccurring segment to see how it will best suit you.

We can learn a lot from nature if we just watch and listen.

Until next season.

Chris – Brother, Cousin, Friend



*Our memories of you will never fill
the empty space in our lives, now that you have gone.*

We'll see you again before too long. So it goes.



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