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TRIBUTE ISSUE

ALL NATURAL

BODY * MIND * SPIRIT

1951–2019

Farewell

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Our Tribute Edition to

William Michael Abedin

William Michael Abedin was a true Renaissance Man: the owner/editor/publisher of *Austin All Natural* Magazine since 2006, Reiki Master Teacher, Bach Flower Remedies expert, amateur actor, Fifth Degree Kenpo Karate black belt and instructor for decades, head of security, disc jockey, Eagle Scout, and Cherokee Tribal Member.

Michael was a larger-than-life personality, a one-of-a-kind soul, teacher, mentor, brother, and friend, who impacted every person he met. He was witty, intelligent, charismatic, kind, gentle, patient, strong, confident, and handsome. He was graceful, flexible, stunningly fast, ferociously skilled and spontaneous in martial arts combat. Above all, he was a teacher, a gifted writer and mesmerizing storyteller, whose life was an interesting and compelling story itself.



1951-2019

Michael was born February 12, 1951 in Biloxi, Mississippi to Samuel Albert Abedin and Joan Scott Audrain. Michael's father was a decorated Air Force pilot who served in World War II, the Korean War, the Vietnam War, and the Cold War. As a result, Michael moved around in his childhood, including living in Puerto Rico and growing up in Abilene, Texas. His career goal was attending the Air Force Academy. However, when his father advised him to avoid the Vietnam War, he instead moved to Austin after graduating at the top of his class in high school.

He was the coolest, most genuinely interesting guy you'd ever meet. He was a "Cowboy Bootist," as he called himself, with a vast, eclectic vintage collection. He fancied himself a "Style Icon," with nearly every article of his clothing discovered on the racks at Goodwill. He loved Dallas Cowboys football, a good IPA beer, and living life at his own pace, in his own creative way. He often said, "I have no obligation to Keep Austin Weird. I am one of the ones who made it that way," and, he had the stories to prove it.

Most of us thought he was ten-feet tall and bulletproof, an immortal that would out-live us all. He took care of himself, having a generally healthy diet including daily vitamins and supplements, and a daily discipline of martial arts, yoga, meditation, and Reiki. As Michael's body got sicker and weaker with cancer since February, losing 45 pounds and becoming unable to eat, he felt betrayed by the body he had taken such careful care of his whole life. He endured medical testing and procedures all summer followed by being in the hospital for 2 months, but did not get a diagnosis of Stage 4 colorectal cancer until 4 ½ weeks before he passed. The hospital's only offering was palliative chemo, which Michael declined. The hospital would not allow any alternative therapies, as they were not "hospital approved." Michael wanted to get out of the hospital to try all of the alternative cancer therapies he had learned about and written about in the magazine over the years. Unfortunately, he was not released from the hospital until 5 days before he passed on October 13, 2019. By then, it was tragically too late for the alternative therapies that could have helped, although he still tried them over those 5 days.

He is survived by his siblings Patric Abedin, Haven Abedin (Wes), Samantha "Sammie" Abedin (Chris), Karen Fetter (Scott), his nephew Cooper Abedin, his nieces Lily Abedin and Natalie Fetter, his girlfriend and soulmate, Karen Hayden, and her children Kira and Evan, his *Austin All Natural* magazine and Kenpo Karate families, and many dear friends in the holistic and metaphysical community.

There's More to the Story . . .

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1951-2019

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who made this
tribute issue possible.*



Lately it occurs to me,

door at bars in South Austin and even on Sixth Street. (When people asked me what I did, I said I worked with emotionally disturbed young people.) It was a laboratory, one in which we learned as much about self-defense and how to read energy as we ever learned in karate schools – pretty high-stress, needless to say.

In fact, between 1974-1985 I had roles as Security Director for Castle Creek, the Austin Opera House, Backstage Bar, and several other venues, including backstage security for a couple of the infamous Willie Nelson picnics. Also booked bands, dealt with concessionaires and managers, and provided personal security during shows for everyone from Waylon Jennings to Joe Cocker.

Tony kept trying to get me to take these little dropper bottles of Bach Flower Remedies, which I thought was some kind of aromatherapy and

seemed kind of, well – *flowery*, for a tough martial artist. Years later, though, in the early nineties, I got myself a bottle of Rescue Remedy and a book, and started playing around with a few other remedies. Since then, I studied how each deal with the mental, emotional, and spiritual issues behind physical disease and started offering custom consultations and workups for clients ever since.

After 11 years of instructing karate, I opened up my own Austin Kenpo Karate School in 1984 and retired from the bouncer biz. Over my active karate career (1973-2004), I instructed countless students, promoting nine to the rank of Black Belt in my school. I was the Producer of the top state-ranked Austin Open Karate Championships and a member of the Executive Committee of the Amateur Organization of Karate, the governing body for martial arts tournaments in Texas. Created and published *The Sidekick*, the quarterly newsletter of the AOK, and also created and published a quarterly newsletter for the National Chinese Kenpo Karate Association.

In 1996, I met a woman named Laurie Grant, a professional psychic from Boulder, Colorado who also happened to be a Reiki Master Teacher. I took her Reiki class in October 1996, and it was immediately followed by a series of life-changing events. An on-again off-again relationship went off (with a bang). I tested for Fifth Degree Black Belt at a karate training camp in November, the first such test I'd taken in eight years. In December, my mother passed away unexpectedly, days before I was supposed to host and direct the annual State Karate Championships in Austin.

Almost two years to the day after I took Laurie's class, I called her to see if there was any space left in her next Austin class, coming up in a matter of days. I ended up becoming her assistant, traveling with her teaching classes around the country. Eventually, I began teaching Reiki classes myself in Austin.

The next several years were a transition. My plans didn't include running away from home, but it worked out that way. I'd been teaching karate for almost twenty-five years, and was burned out. I went to a seminar where a couple of guys who'd been circus acrobats were teaching what might be considered

Following is an autobiography of Michael's life, compiled from different articles he wrote over the years:

I've been a teacher and been involved in communicating with people most of my life. When my younger brother started school and was having trouble learning to read, my parents said they'd pay me fifty dollars to tutor him – pretty big bucks when you're eleven or twelve. Seemed like an easy gig, and I liked it.

My first real paying job was as a counselor at a summer Boy Scout camp in Abilene, Texas, when I was a sixteen-year-old Eagle Scout. I taught camp craft skills at Camp Tonkawa for six weeks – actually, for one week six times in a row, since it was the same routine every week and we only got Saturday night off. We got a little primitive by the sixth week, but it was a good experience.

I was a disc jockey at a Top 40 station in Abilene and started my martial arts training there (Abilene, not the radio station), and moved to Austin in 1969 to go to UT and work at another station. I lasted about half a semester in the RTF department, worked a string of radio and recording studio jobs through 1977. I was a radio announcer for Top 40, easy listening, and progressive rock stations, including KTAP, KTBC-FM (now KLBJ), and K-98. Had the distinction of being the first person in Austin to play Led Zeppelin's *Whole Lotta Love* on the air.

I returned to both of my first loves in 1973 – teaching and the martial arts. I started studying and teaching Chinese Kenpo, a martial arts system that combines both hard and soft elements – a traditional and yet very innovative system that had its roots in the southern Chinese systems of what's popularly referred to as *kung fu* nowadays. (In Chinese, kung fu actually means *to be skilled* – in any endeavor.)

Around this same time, I worked at several locations of The Good Food Store, Austin's original string of health food stores and predecessor to Whole Foods. I became a Black Belt in Kenpo in 1978, and became good friends with Tony Martinez, who also trained under Mr. Swan and had a Kenpo school in North Austin. He introduced me to basic yoga and massage techniques, and we actually became bouncers, working the

what a long, strange trip it's been. Truckin' – The Grateful Dead

a rather unique massage system, one that involves holding people upside down with your feet and massaging them with your hands (really), and decided to go to their ten-day certification course on the Big Island of Hawaii.

The next thing I knew, I was lighting a fuse and blowing up my life. (Go ahead and laugh – you've done it, too. You know you have.)

I decided to sell my school, move to Hawaii, and start a gallery specializing in Native American art – a decision that turned out to be not unlike opening up a surfboard shop in Tucson. I had a vision of sitting around in a rumpled linen suit sipping a gin and tonic under a five-bladed ceiling fan and dealing in antiquities – sort of Humphrey Bogart by way of Joseph Conrad. It took almost a year on the Big Island and a few months on Maui to realize that there was no money to be made running a gallery in Hawaii.

Once I returned from Hawaii, I needed an income, having sold my karate school. So, I reinvented myself in 2004 as the lead sales guy and feature writer for *Natural Awakenings Austin*, a franchised monthly magazine.

By 2006, I thought, "Heck, I can do this myself, better..." and started *Austin All Natural* magazine. The first issue of *Austin All Natural* hit the stands June 2006, with homeboy Willie Nelson on the cover in a vintage hot-rod pickup truck that ran on straight biodiesel. I got it from Kinky Friedman's campaign manager after I did some good interviews with Kinky during his Gubernatorial run, and posed as his bodyguard at a couple of benefits.

By December of 2006, *The Secret* had taken the

metaphysical, alternative, spiritual, holistic community by storm, and everyone vaguely knew that one of the teachers/philosophers/visionaries in the film lived somewhere around here. Turned out to be "The Buddha of the Internet", Mr. Fire his own self – Wimberley's Joe Vitale. He became a monthly feature in the magazine since that December issue, and a personal friend. Beth Carpenter, ND was also an original advertiser that remained in the magazine ever since.

The original intent was to be a bi-monthly publication, but I have been cranking it out monthly ever since as publisher, editor, sales manager, and janitor, along with a good art director, cover artist, and distribution staff. Our magazine is unique in its partnership program that gives clients the opportunity to write articles within a framework of editorial guidelines that encourage creativity instead of advertorials. As a result, our readers have been educated on a wide variety of holistic and metaphysical topics. A whole community is networked by this homegrown, locally supported, unique resource that is *Austin All Natural*.

I am proud that we are a monthly free publication, full-color glossy, with a peak of 12,000-15,000 copies available at over 300 sites from Georgetown to San Antonio, New Braunfels, San Marcos, Dripping Springs, Wimberley, Westlake, Lakeway, and all points in Austin, including all Whole Foods and Central Markets, fitness centers, practitioner offices, restaurants, and entertainment venues. I am grateful for the very loyal monthly readership estimated at 35,000 to 45,000 in print and online.



Michael was my Angel, a gift from God, the answer to my most heartfelt prayers. He showed up when I wasn't looking for him, but at a point in my life when I needed a strong, wise, gentle, kind, and patient person to love me unconditionally, hold space for me, and allow me just to be who I was and where I was in my life at that time. Each day with Michael was to live in a bubble of love and peace. We adored, respected, accepted, and loved each other unconditionally. We never missed an opportunity to tell each other how grateful we were for the things we did for each other or meant to each other. To look into his eyes or hold his hand was to remember and recognize the Soul I've loved and traveled with for hundreds of lifetimes. He wasn't just the love of my life, he was the love of all my lifetimes.

I had the honor of being Michael's love but also had the privilege of assisting and supporting his career. He affectionately referred to me as his "Left Brain." We were a perfect balance of fire and air – he was an Aquarius and I a Leo. It was a joy to work with him on the magazine and with Reiki classes.

My daughter ribbed him about the magazine website being out of date. Michael countered with, "well, you're hired." For a few months, he paid her to update the website until her teenager attention span got bored with it. I took over the website, started managing the Facebook page, and created a website and Facebook pages for Austin Reiki Master. He allowed



me to add a more professional touch to his expo booth presentations. I was happy to staff the booth so he could do what he did best – schmooze with people. Earlier this year, when he started feeling ill, I took over coordinating with the press and delivery team for magazine deliveries and helped with invoicing.

I attended and helped with nearly all of his Reiki classes since we met, rewrote the Reiki class manual, and over time we developed a co-teaching style. While Michael was in the hospital, he was confident I could lead the entire Weekend Intensive class, having been fully coached and taught well by him over the last two years. We planned to start teaching classes together in other cities. I look forward to continuing his Reiki legacy and lineage by continuing to teach classes.

I happily did all the "left brain" things I could, freeing up his "right brain" to be creative. We brought out the best in each other. I was grateful to love and support Michael with my time and skills and the best part was that I got paid in hugs and kisses.

Karen Hayden





EARLY YEARS

The Most Interesting [Young] Man in the World (sorry *Dos Equis*)



“OMG!!” the text began. It was from Michael. He continued, “Don Draper created the famous Coke ad!”

I'd never heard Michael say OMG before, but I loved this text. Michael and I were excited. The last episode of our favorite show, *Mad Men*, had just ended, and now we could discuss it. After we stopped texting, he replayed the episode while he worked on the latest *Austin All Natural*. Writing beautifully came so easily to him that he could multi-task like that.

When my younger sister Sammie and I were kids during the seventies, Michael, already an adult, was a glamorous figure to us. He had long chestnut hair and a black belt in karate, and he worked security at Willie Nelson's Fourth of July picnics. He'd visit every Christmas night, bringing gifts for all of us; my dad's was always a bottle of Crown Royal (Sammie and I would later use the velvet bags to store Legos). My sister and I would arrange Michael's hair into various styles while chattering at

him about God knows what. After she and I went to bed, Daddy and Michael would stay up late drinking and talking.

At around ten years old, I learned something that everyone who was close to Michael knows: He was entirely unfazed, *always*, by attempts to rush him. That year someone had given me a board game for Christmas. The goal was to put together puzzle pieces on a tray before a timer ran out. If you failed, a buzzer shrieked and the parts you'd already placed flew up at your face. It was meant to be suspenseful and exciting; I found it stressful. Good sport Michael took a turn. As the timer frantically ticked, he slowly picked up a piece and examined it from different angles, making contemplative faces. He carefully set it down and selected other parts, putting on different pensive expressions for each one. He rubbed his chin while tilting his head. He squinted skeptically at two shapes that refused to fit together. Right before the buzzer screamed, he deadpanned in his Texas drawl, “I feel like I'm failing some kind of intelligence test.” Sammie and I fell over laughing. This is the first time I remember noticing Michael's gifts for physical comedy and saying something hilarious with perfect timing.

After I grew up, Michael and I started seeing each other more than just on holidays. We discovered we had similar tastes in stories, so giving each other books for Christmases and birthdays became a fun tradition. In both our towns, we'd go out for Tex-Mex, browse vintage stores, and try on cowboy boots. “When you become a Bootist,” Michael assured me after a gorgeous pair didn't fit me, “the boots will find you.” Before GPSes were a thing, he drew me a map to find my way through Austin that included a

sea monster in Town Lake. When a pair of cool boots finally found me, he instructed me on how take care of them (if he never told you, Bick 4 is the way to go). He told me some stories he couldn't tell Sammie and me when we were kids. I learned about a Willie Nelson show when blotto guest star, Waylon Jennings, kept tripping over and unplugging his electric guitar, so Michael's job was to crawl around on stage and plug him back in.

In his memoir *Life*, Keith Richards said, “True friends. Hardest thing to find, but you never look for them – they found you; you just grow into each other.” Keith's right, just like Michael was right that my boots would find me. Michael and I started out as an extremely cool guy and an admiring, awkward little sister. But as we got older, we grew into each other. I started calling him just because I missed him and felt like laughing, had had a bad day, or just wondered what he was up to (it was always something interesting). And every year, rain or shine, he drove all the way from Austin to Dallas to attend my birthday party. Michael was an amazing friend not only because he was the smartest, wittiest guy imaginable, but also because he truly showed up for others. No wonder that when he became ill, so many people showed up for him.

Appreciating and telling great stories; mastering karate, teaching, writing, Reiki, and acting; nurturing his close relationships, seeing the Rolling Stones about a thousand times: Michael pursued all of his interests passionately. His spirit inspires me to try to live as wholeheartedly and fearlessly as he did. I'll miss him every day, but more than anything else, I'm so grateful and proud he was my brother and my true friend.

Haven Abedin



Memories of Michael

I crashed back in to all the Abedins' lives in October 2013 after discovering my half-brother Patric's whereabouts from a news article. That eventually led me to his Nick Beef website which then led to the other siblings. I had the advantage of having known about Michael and Patric for almost 40 years by then, but they had no idea I existed. (And I had no idea that Haven and Sammie existed, so it balanced out. Right?) We shared a father (literally for over 3 years of the beginning of my life – he flew in and out of our lives courtesy of the US Air Force), but it wasn't until April 13, 2014 that I met my brother, Michael, the first time. He picked Matt's El Rancho, which was his favorite restaurant, so that in case I was a total dud he would at least enjoy his meal!

My husband, Scott, and I had volunteered for the DI State Tournament, which was serendipitously held in Pflugerville (a pfine place indeed) the day before. Michael called and gave me a heads up he was running late to meet us (no surprise to those who knew and loved him) and that we should get a table outside. I asked what he was wearing and he told me to look for the Handsome Devil. I had seen some pictures of him, but he was all gussied up for a party and was indeed looking quite handsome and devilish.

Hugs and copies of *Austin All Natural* were exchanged and we chatted while Michael was not so secretly evaluating me. All of a sudden, he said, "I see it now, you have Dad's jawline!" (Michael's soulmate, Karen, said he told her he knew immediately I was related because I had our father's eyes in brown.) Then Michael told me about his life and I marveled at the various things he had done. By the time we all had to leave, Michael and I walked out arm-in-arm and I felt like I was the luckiest person in the world to have found him.

We continued to have visits over meals at various places as the years went by, but our visit in April 2018 was different – except for his being late. Some traditions must be observed – and Austin traffic has become more ensnarled and made it harder to get to anything on time! Michael was bouncy and happy and he told us he was now taking acting classes and trying out for various parts and had met somebody new. He was beaming, relaxed, animated, and unmistakably happy. I sent Michael a text the next day telling him he must be on the right path, because he was much happier. He texted that the new relationship had indeed made him much more relaxed.

We did a lot of communication through texts since I knew he was busy with the magazine, Reiki classes, emceeing events, and karate lessons. When I was traveling, Michael sent me juju for a safe trip. When I texted that my friend's truck was having brake issues during a 1600-mile trip, his brotherly advice was to "stick your foot out the door and dig your heel in." (Seems like good advice for anytime your life is going in the wrong direction or careening out of control!) I sent Michael a picture of the Ronald McDonald hot air balloon and he joked it was Trump since it was a big bag of hot air with a weird-colored face. He always made me laugh!

I visited Michael and met Karen in March and he told me he hadn't been feeling up to his usual self since February. His face lit up as he talked about Kira and Evan (Karen's daughter and son) and I was so happy that he was clearly enjoying his life. Several months later I was shocked to discover Michael's



Healing Page. The pictures of Michael made me cry, but I could also see the determination in his eyes and that gave me hope.

At Karen's request, I found a hospital bed in College Station to set up for Michael in her house. When I visited Michael at the hospital he was very sick, but he joked that he heard I had gotten him an Aggie bed. I confirmed that it was and he would probably feel the need to Gig something when he got to use it. When it came time to leave and let Michael rest, I told him I knew I hadn't been in his life very long, but he was important to me and I would do anything to help him. We hugged goodbye, I told him I loved him and we both teared up. Sadly, that was the last time I saw him. I am so thankful for the time I did get with him and feel he gifted me with Karen's family. I feel like I must have done something right to have been blessed with Michael. Lucky, lucky indeed!

Karen Kowalski Fetter



MARTIAL ARTS TO METAPHYSICAL

Burnt Orange to Black Belt

MICHAEL'S OWN WORDS...

Over my active karate career (1973-2004), I instructed countless students, promoting nine to the rank of Black Belt in my school. I was the Producer of the top state-ranked Austin Open Karate Championships, member of the Executive Committee of the Amateur Organization of Karate, the governing body for martial arts tournaments in Texas. Created and published *The Sidekick*, the quarterly newsletter of the AOK, and also created and published a quarterly newsletter for the National Chinese Kenpo Karate Association.



I first met Michael Abedin as a Kenpo student 22 years ago when I was 17. He was intense with his martial arts but always had a good sense of humor. His basics were strong and his technique was impeccable. He was a major influence on my development as both a martial artist and a person.

My career decisions to work in a healing profession were influenced significantly by working with him and also influenced by his instructor Gary Swan who was one of the first licensed acupuncturists in Texas. I have lived in NC for the past 7 years but stayed in contact and enjoyed catching up with him when visiting Austin. He was a mentor to me and a good friend. I truly miss him. Rest In peace, Sifu. See you on the other side.

Thanks, Karen for all you have done. I am truly sorry for your loss. Take care,

Chris Zoch

Where to start? There are a hundred stories spinning around in my head. I hear his voice so clearly (I hope that never goes away... what a great voice he had) and I can see him walking through my house as he changes clothes for another photo or video session. We are reading scripts at the table. Standing in the backyard with a beer and pulling meat right off the grill while telling crazy stories of younger days and yesterdays. I'm calling him and say, hey Michael... meet Michelle and me at Flores for food and drinks. Hey, there is swing dancing at Pioneer Farms want to see what's going on? I'm working a closing shift at Central Market, he comes around the corner at 9PM and sparks some energetic, cosmically witty conversation and makes my night. He was part of our family. He was a true friend who practiced unconditional love.

I am finding it difficult to pick one story that stands out. Every minute with Michael was full, even if we were just watching a movie. It was late 80's or early 90's when we met. I was working at Whole Foods Market and we had mutual friends. I won't be the only person to say, that when Michael and I met, we were kindred spirits. He was a person who could connect and find the positive vibrations. Our first in depth conversation was classic Michael. We were sitting around his dinner table talking about hobbies and talents and someone brings up his Kenpo practice. I say, "do you know Brian Duffy?" (not knowing where Michael was in his Kenpo practice) Michael looks at me and squints his eyes. Then the closed-teeth eat-to-ear giant grin... he says, "how do you know Duffy?" I say, "I teach his family guitar for karate lessons." From then on, we were cosmic brothers. Later I would learn that my brother-in-law was his youngest blackbelt student. I could go on about how, knowing people like Michael, (and there aren't many) you realize how small the world is... but how infinite the universe is.

When a man like Michael passes, you feel it. You feel it for yourself. You feel it for the others who loved him. On a selfish level, I feel the emptiness of things we will never get to do together. And from that same place, the guilt of not doing more while he was here. I have tried many times over the week to sit down and collect my thoughts into a coherent, humorous and witty piece of prose. It's midnight. It's raining tonight. I should have had something finished two days ago. I just want people to know that I love Michael and I miss him. We have lost a mighty force, here in this physical realm of being.

Phillip Patterson



I remember Michael walking thru our doors and into ours lives before we were ever open for business. He has a certain flare with his elegant boots, nicely tailored shirts and long unabashedly beautiful grey hair... the ultimate Cosmic Cowboy! Michael did everything he could to help spread the word about Zero Gravity Institute and the many benefits of floating from day one until his untimely death. Along the way, he also became my teacher and attuned me to Reiki Master. Michael is the reason we offer Reiki at Zero Gravity. Over the years, Michael has been a constant... constant supporter, teacher, and great personal friend. Michael, we love you and we miss you. Until we meet again, my brother...

Carol Johnson, Zero Gravity Institute



I first met Michael in 1989 when I was looking for a martial arts school, and through the power of the Yellow Pages, I centered on Austin Kenpo Karate. I was young and did not have much money, but signed up for the \$25 introductory lesson. I walked in and met a man who immediately I could tell was someone different. While not tall or large in stature, he had a bearing about him that led me to believe that I had found the right place. For the next 6 years, I found a home, a surrogate father, lifelong friends and a family. To this day some (ahem) 30 years later, we all stay in contact and have come together to honor the man that led us through those years.

Like any family we had our ups and downs but through it all we always came home. Michael (or Sifu as his students know him) had a charisma about him, but also a look that could stop you cold. I remember a time, when after a rough day, several of us came into the school to practice. We started a sparring match, which was fairly normal, but that day we were all feeling a bit more zealous than usual. Sifu was in the office handling daily business and the sparring match turned into a bit of a brawl (understatement—still have scars!) Gloves were flying, feet were flying, and students were flying. Several of us were bleeding from various “miscalculations,” because we always trained as if we were fighting in the street.

During the sparring session a prospective student walked in, looked at us in the midst of a brawl and quietly turned around walking out of the school. All of a sudden we felt a chill in the air, which stopped us in mid strike/block. We turned, and there was Sifu staring at us with a look that would stop a Mack truck. He looked at us for a moment and then turned away, walking back into his office. We immediately stopped, putting away our gear and proceeded to bandage up our various “miscalculations”. We lined up for class and waited. He never said a word, not one. The funny thing is he did not need to. Just the look was all we needed to understand.

A few years later, I earned my black belt under Sifu. I met a woman in the class, we married and Sifu was part of my wedding party. While she and I are no longer married, we had two great kids that I am extremely proud of. Years after I left Austin and my kids were nine or ten; they were acting up in a store. I remember turning around giving them the same look that Sifu had given us, stopping both boys cold in their tracks. They straightened up and stood there looking at me. My oldest, Daniel, said, “I hate that look because you know it will make us behave.” I just turned away and smiled, time- travelling back to a moment in Austin Kenpo Karate, when my surrogate father had given me the same look. It straightened me up and made me behave. As I walked away I told my sons, “I learned from the best.”

This is just one story in the myriad of others, and we all have our endearing stories that could fill volumes from just the short time we knew Michael. I wish there was a book of life that could hold them all, as I am sure it would be some very interesting reading.



Charles Hooks

It leaves a hole in my heart to hear this sad news, Michael was so young, both chronologically and at-heart I still remember him at my wedding wearing that ridiculous “tuxedo” tee shirt under his jacket!

Spending so many days at the school with him, Charles Hooks, Stephen Finos, Renee, and Ken - they really became family. I'm so sorry for the loss of Michael and hope that he has found a more peaceful place to rest. He was truly one of a kind.

Ido Dubrawsky

I met Michael Abedin in the fall of 1992. My girlfriend at the time lived one block south of his school, Austin Kenpo Karate, on North Loop Blvd. in Austin, and I had seen a sign that said, “\$29.95 for 5 half -hour lessons”. I was interested, as my stepdad had studied a little Kenpo and also I had seen the movie *The Perfect Weapon* with Jeff Speakman the year before that spread the “gospel” of Kenpo Karate. The movie featured amazing action sequences that were choreographed to demonstrate the power of applied Kenpo on the unfortunate bad guys in the movie.

I had taken some Okinawan karate when I was younger, so when Sifu Abedin introduced me to Chinese Kenpo Karate basics, I informed him that I was familiar “with all of this.” We met four times, and I barely practiced, thinking, “I know this stuff, no need for me to practice.”

At the end of the fifth lesson, Sifu Abedin told me, “Now that you have learned the basics, I am going to teach you an application of what you have just learned. Reach up and grab my [karate] uniform”. I remember thinking, “What is this guy going to do? I am 6’ 4 1/2” tall, and I outweigh this guy.” I forcefully grabbed his uniform with my left hand, and the next thing I knew, I was hit five times faster than you can say, “What are you doing?”

The only thing I could blurt out in my shock was, “Sir!” His final strike was a rear kick from his right heel to my solar plexus that knocked me back slightly yet forcefully, These strikes were executed with such speed and control that no pain registered on my body. I could not believe what had just happened!

After executing the technique, he took two steps away from me, with his hands up. “Now,” he replied, “let’s step into my office and talk about getting you signed up for some more lessons.” I blurted out a surprised, “Okay!”

I had to learn what he had just done to me—I had to know more. I had to learn the “What,” the “Why,” and the “How” of Kenpo Karate.

Thus began my instruction with Michael Abedin for nearly 27 years.

He became my teacher, my dear friend, and mentor.

Stephen Finos



THE SECRET TO AUSTIN ALL NATURAL

Willie and Groover's Paradise

MICHAEL'S OWN WORDS. . .

By 2006, I thought, "Heck, I can do this myself, better..." and started *Austin All Natural* magazine. The first issue of *Austin All Natural* hit the stands June 2006, with homeboy Willie Nelson on the cover in a vintage hot-rod pickup truck that ran on straight biodiesel. I got it from Kinky Friedman's campaign manager after I did some good interviews with Kinky during his Gubernatorial run, and posed as his bodyguard at a couple of benefits.

By December of 2006, *The Secret* had taken the metaphysical, alternative, spiritual, holistic community by storm, and everyone vaguely knew that one of the teachers/philosophers/visionaries in the film lived somewhere around here. Turned out to be "The Buddha of the Internet", Mr. Fire his own self – Wimberley's Joe Vitale. He became a monthly feature in the magazine since that December issue, and a personal friend. Beth Carpenter, ND was also an original advertiser that remained in the magazine since.

Before Michael began *Austin All Natural* magazine, he was a sales rep for another magazine, where I met him. When they began having some challenges during their growth, Michael decided to start his own publication.

Michael's approach was to jump in with both feet knowing he could figure the details out while in motion. Within no time, *Austin All Natural* was up and running.

I was writing articles almost monthly to help. We always enjoyed talking no matter the topic. Michael maintained a constant presence and light within the community and he was always at the fairs and expos spreading his joy. I expect to see him walking around from time to time making sure our beautiful and weird community remains so uniquely special.

Over the decades that I've known Michael, he always had a mischievous glint in his eye, a smile on his face and a story or joke to share. Thank you, Michael for your beautiful and quirky presence, I know you'll keep them entertained on the other side. You will be missed by many. Know you made a difference, my friend.

Beth Carpenter, HealthyHelp4U.com



Michael Abedin was an amazing man-- creative, funny, witty, handsome, classy and perpetually young at heart. I loved to meet him at Cherrywood Cafe for Burgers and Beers...we always laughed and had such a great time, frequently reflecting on our youth as children of military fathers. I loved, respected, and admired him. Now, what is left is the most sincere gratitude and appreciation for the memories and time I had with him.

Michael played a large part in the evolution of the alternative medicine culture in Austin, and his articles made a big difference in my business and the lives and health of my patients. His impact in this way is immeasurable... and he blessed the entire city with his passion for truth and freedom.

Even with all the pressure he had around his magazine deadlines, he was always so gracious to assist me with my articles and never let on like it burdened him. He helped me professionally as an advertiser and writer, and personally as a mentor. Michael generously made Bach Flower Remedies for me to help me through difficult personal times. Michael had ghost written about half of a book for me when he went to be with the Lord, and I don't intend to let his final work go unpublished. He was and still is an angel in my life.

Michael suffered terribly in the final weeks and months of his life, surviving as long as he did because of Karen and her stubborn, untiring, supernatural love and support. I've never known such a tenacious, strong-willed, loyal woman. I'm so grateful to God for the person He sent to make Michael feel loved, supported, honored, and encouraged at the end of his time here on Earth. She gave him dignity at the least dignified time of his life. Karen deserves the highest love, respect and appreciation from anyone who cared for or loved Michael. Thank you Karen, I'll never forget what you did for Michael!!

Matthew F. Carpenter, Transcend Dental Health





13 years of

ALL NATURAL

Who is Skip Looper? And where did Don Draper sit?
For 10+ years, Michael kept me in stitches and stress every month, herding cats to deadlines. What a visionary, what a guy!
Always accessible, always optimistic we'd make it. I give you a multitude of gratitude Michael. —*Pun Nio*, Art Director

I could tell a story about every one of the 100+ covers I did with Michael. He granted me a lot of creative freedom, and I kept him from using animals in sunglasses more than once a year (mostly). I'll miss so much about the last 10 years. I have always felt honored to be part of his orbit. —*Leslie Kell*, Cover Designer







CUT TO ACTING

"Take Your Time in a Hurry"

Or, As Fast as Wayne Newton, As Slow as Wyatt Earp Dr. Joe Vitale

"Can I see the revolver?"

I've known Michael over ten years, sharing everything from Cuban cigars to old Scotch, fast cars to books, spirituality to marketing, Reiki to Bach Flower Remedies, to life's personal ups and downs. He was the greatest storyteller I ever knew. I had him MC my events, like *Attract Money Now Live*, the Advanced Ho'oponopono retreat, and when I performed on stage at The Townsend in Austin with my Band of Legends. He published my feature articles for over ten years, putting me on the cover many times. We got together often, sharing our struggles and triumphs, usually over a bottle of aged Scotch.

Once Michael visited my home and wanted to see my old Colt six-shooter and leather belt. It belonged to actor and bodybuilder Steve Reeves, who wore it in spaghetti western movies like *A Long Ride from Hell*. Michael knew it and was eager to see it.

Michael put on the belt and the gun in the holster. It fit his tiny waist. He looked ready to be in a Quentin Tarantino movie or about to step into the O.K. Corral. He walked around with attitude, the leather gun belt low on his hip. With his long hair, boots, and jeans, he fit the part of old cowboy. Or an eccentric modern one. Being Michael, he repeated advice from Wyatt Earp. "Fast is fine but accuracy is everything," Michael said, quoting the famous gunslinging sheriff. "In a gun fight, you need to take your time in a hurry."

"Take your time in a hurry." We loved the phrase. It was a Zen-like reminder for every aspect of life: slow down but be aware. Act but be present. We both had a drink of Scotch to toast the old lawman and his wisdom.

Michael stood and practiced his fast draw. While he convincingly looked the part, he wasn't ready to be in a duel. He looked frustrated. He really wanted to get it right.

I began filming him with my phone, making him even more self-conscious. He tried a few more times, willing himself to be calm, using decades of martial arts training to center himself, to "take his time in a hurry." But he still withdrew the revolver too slow or fumbling. In a real gunfight, he'd be smoked.

"Pretend you're Wayne," I suggested. "Wayne who?" he asked, his hand on the pistol.

"Wayne Newton," I replied. Michael stopped, his mouth agape, his eyes searching mine for meaning. "Wayne Newton?" he repeated, baffled. "I mean Wyatt Earp." "How did you get Wayne Newton out of Wyatt Earp?" he asked. I shrugged. I didn't really know. I was just trying to get him to loosen up. I pointed to the now half empty bottle of Scotch.

Michael shook his head, took a deep breath, calmed himself, and pulled the gun out of the holster. It was smooth. Fast. Easy. He did it again. And again.

Once he had the maneuver down pat, we sat at the kitchen table, finishing our bottle of Scotch and talking, all with the gun on his hip. On one level, it was surreal. On another, it was simply Michael being Michael.

I loved him. I miss him. I comfort myself thinking Wyatt Earp, Steve Reeves and a long line of other greats, are gathered around Michael and listening to his stories. Maybe even watching him practice his quick draw. And him reminding them, "Take your time in a hurry."



Years ago, before the 3rd season of *Twin Peaks*, I decided to make one-minute fan-fiction videos based on the *Twin Peaks* world, but set in Texas. My wife and I immediately saw Michael as TEXAS BOB. He was over within an hour of my call and we began setting up lights and camera. These were one-minute videos with no budget and a crew of about 10, produced weekly as the day jobs allowed. Michael was a natural and I had told him he should do extra work as an actor, as he had the look and many

skills that productions look for in extras. The thing was... he was GOOD. He lit up every time we talked about the crew doing another video. I wrote scripts and whoever showed up dictated how the story line moved. Michael was always there, even just to experiment with lights and camera angles.

Michael eventually took acting classes with Mona Lee Fultz. He loved her and the experience. Michael was a natural teacher, but also a gifted student. He listened and took it all in. He had the imagination and life experience it

takes to draw from, bringing it back to the surface so we could partake. As he continued the acting path, I did headshots and video auditions for him. I believe he was on the cusp of making the next breakthrough in his career. He landed a lead role in a small local film called "Blood Oath," yet to be released. One of the last times we talked about acting was in the hospital. He asked, "do you have a part for a sick guy?" I said, we will wait until you get better, Sir.

Phillip Patterson



Dear Ashtara:

Messages from Your Angels and Master Teachers

A Tribute



Dear Ashtara,

I seem to be hanging out on another side. I can see you but evidentially, you do not see me. It is friendly here. I am in love for love is abounding, grace is affluent, there is boundless energy. I have never been so alive. I feel transparent and yet, fabulous. My body is stronger than it used to be, my hair is long, curly and thick. I get to feel it. Thank you, my angel Karen for helping me. Thank you everybody who visited, and I have been shown visitations from those on the other side that have been with us/me for eternity. You better believe it we are never alone while we remain on earth! My journey, thus far, is greater than I would imagine. Help me, Ashtara, to understand where I go from here. I look forward to it because my light experience and x-calibur brain has helped me get through your tears.

From Michael Abedin

Dear Michael,

Thank you for your tremendous evolvement, for if you weren't completely ascended, it would be difficult to hear you. You are coming through loud and very clear. I could hear you from the beginning when you said you were sitting in my living room. Thank you for your question, it is my pleasure to help you. When you were born, Gabriel said that he would be there near the close of this incarnation. I can see that it was him who took you through the veil. Lord Maitreya then took your hand and guided you through other lives you have spent on earth so you would understand the meaning of lifetimes bound together. Yesterday, when you were "dreaming" of the hereafter, God, Gabriel, Maitreya and many others began to show you who you are and always have been on the other side. Last lifetime so congratulations. And, now you are able to attend to the billions of Commands who have waited your return since the beginning. As you now know, you were one of the first souls developed from God's hand, then from Lord Maitreya 1st in command with you. Maitreya is known as Lord of the World, highest teacher from the other side. You now know him again.

When you cross over, you will get a newer body than you even have now. Next, you will be celebrated, greeted and applauded by many high rank people that you will recognize. Your "real" family that you have not seen for a billion of our years will throw you a fabulous party as each one welcomes you, finally back Home. Everyone on earth who "gets to go home" receives various presents. Yours are the highest. You will see. Mansions 20,000 times bigger than on earth are ready for you and yours. Maitreya, himself, has 500 with your name on them. Visitations from Quan Yin, your real mom when you were first born, not on earth, but back in the beginning has been seen with you every day since you have

been over here. Your real father, God, wrapped you in his arms for the first 9 days and that is how you felt the powerful love. By the way, you are still on earth. On day 30, your MOTHERSHIP via Lord Sandalfon, Gabriel, Maitreya, et. al. will be picking you up for your Trip to Paradise. The grand plan is all of us you have left behind will join you as soon as we can because we are all family!!! Oneness is blessing you now.

As soon as you reach the other side, day 40+, you will be able to be with many of us, as some people live in both worlds. I assure you that I, Ashtara, will be there and a sequence of about 100 people you have been with and loved. Time does not completely stand still. Actually, it speeds up to the sound of light, making it so swift that you can't feel the frequency. By the way, your mothership is yours for the keeping. Commander and X-Caliber, King Michael, step into your huge craft and let's take the first trip to STARGATE, which you helped to build, where the colors cannot ever be the same, nor the music. Don't worry about it, there are restaurants and bars where, when you have totally evolved, transformed/ascended, you get to wine and dine, toast with God and his A Team, Jet Travel, bike and hike if you care to or just bask for a while with Jesus, Sandalfon, et. al. within pools everlasting. You'll never be tired of it, bored is unheard of. You will shine the brightest of any star you have ever been shown on earth. You will get to go to Heaven's Gate where God and 1st born, Gabriel, live. Oh yes, you will re-learn your own code which opens the gate. Few travel through there, only those who have WON THEIR ASCENSION. By the way, you will have 90 homes there and you will eventually use them all because remember, THIS PARTICULAR JOURNEY HOME LASTS FOREVER.

I love you my sweet brother, Michael Abedin.

Via, Archangel Gabriel, Michael's Angel

Ashtara Sasha White - www.AshtaraSashaWhite.com - 512-278-0559



Say What You Mean, and Mean What You Say

I really liked that Michael would help me whenever I had a headache, popped my rib, or really injured something. He would find a way to fix it or make it better with one of his tricks. I would not have thought of anything that he did—he was a genius!

Evan Hayden (Karen's son)

Michael was really cool. The day I met him, we played mini golf, walked around South Congress, and ate at Hopdoddy. He told us some really crazy stories, like how he was picking up pizza one day and a truck drove into the restaurant and pinned him against the counter. He always had really cool stories like that. It was nice having someone around who was so optimistic and creative. Michael also taught me how to change light bulbs. I'm really thankful for Michael because he made my mom truly happy, and it was nice seeing her so happy. Michael also had a really good fashion sense—he had like a lot of boots and really cool jackets. Our dogs liked him too, he taught Maisie how to sit. He did a lot for us, and I'm really grateful. I'll miss him.

Kira Hayden (Karen's daughter)



Michael, thank you for everything you offered the greater Austin community: for your strength, boldness, and dedication to the *All Natural Magazine*. May you continue to live in the hearts and minds of all of those who love you. Namaste

20% of proceeds for Emotional Clearing services in November will be donated in Michael's memory to his favorite charity.

Lina Navar,

www.AustinSpiritHeartMindBody.com

Melodie Greider, Reader

I'm trying to remember when Pun and I first met, but know it was that Debbie Peel introduced us. We quickly discovered that we both had boys of the same age, then we found ourselves going to Europe together with those boys. Getting to know Pun was a highlight of that trip!

At some point I learned she was the art director at *Austin All Natural*, so I picked up a copy somewhere. What I first connected with in flipping through that first copy was her beautiful ad for Nio Graphics. It was so peaceful, a calm place amidst a myriad of grab-your-attention screaming ads. Then I started reading the magazine, and wanted more.

I noticed *Austin All Natural* in my chiropractor's office, then at my

psychiatrist's office, and at Whole Foods, and at a place that sold ear candles (which I learned about, I think, in *Austin All Natural*, and swear by!), After that, I devoured the feast of alternatives—love at first bite. Placed in places where I place my trust.

I quickly figured out that Michael Abedin was the tongue-in-cheek hand at the helm. The gentle elbow to the ribs saying, "pay attention". Pay attention to the cover, it speaks volumes; to the contributors, who just might have a message they labored over that was meant for you. His challenge to us was to *PLEASE PAY ATTENTION*. And now I am, thanks in part to that elbow in my ribs, the shared joke of this crazy world we live in, and the possibility that there's so much more to it all, if we would just pay attention.



Life is made up of many connections—our lives are like threads in a tapestry, where the bigger picture and purpose may not be grasped for many years, if ever.. Sometimes we meet people that make an immediate change in our lives, as Michael did for me this past spring. I had seen him in an advanced Ho'oponopono workshop video, and I finally got up the courage to call him about running an ad for my energy healing business. Michael answered the phone, of course. He was down to earth and practical about how to advertise in his magazine.. I was so nervous and excited to talk to him, but he put me at ease. He and his team created some beautiful artwork for me, and he helped edit an article for the magazine in later months.

At that time, I did not know why our paths had crossed, but a few months later he told me he was sick and had been in the hospital. I am also a nurse so I listened very carefully to what he said. I felt a connection to send him an energy session and remind him he was connected to many healers, and told him to take advantage of that fact.

He later told me he was back in the hospital. I did not know what was transpiring, but the length of stay was very concerning. I was able to be with him and Karen towards the end, and this was one of the reasons we were brought together. We were to be of service to each other. Helping others is our highest calling.

His magazine was all about connecting healers with people who need them, so that we can fulfill the purpose of helping others. I did not know him for long, but he had a tremendous affect on my life. He allowed me to realize a part of myself that I did not know was there—I am in his debt. Thank you, Michael.

Janel Lemons, alovingenergy.com



David FAVOR

April 7th 2011 was when I met Michael. I was giving a talk to the BLEND Connection group in a dark, dingy, Mexican food dive, talking about Online Ecosystem Design. I flatly stated that Social Media + SEO + almost all other online marketing was nonsense, almost 100% useless for generating income into bank accounts. Good only for the agency hucksters/charlatans selling these services and rarely of any use to clients buying these services.

Michael dragged in late, emitting a profoundly curmudgeonly vibe and paying very little attention. Rudely working on something through my entire talk. Now I'm a professional grumpy hermit by trade, so Michael's vibe was a breath of fresh air. Afterwards, Michael walked up to me... got in my face... said... "You're the only guy I've ever heard tell the truth about online anything." That was it—we were fast friends forever.

Over the years we shared many a long talk in my backyard sipping Chocolate Bliss + other wild Super Food brews filled with rare Rainforest herbs best not mentioned in public. Our conversations were diverse, ranging across practical applications of Martial Arts in daily life, consciousness enhancement (by any means), health, love, future trends in America and our world. He loved publishing and editing *Austin All Natural*, his beloved child, and we often talked of his publishing plans for it.

For many years we engaged in a fun project: we'd attend Meetup groups, running an ongoing competition. We'd sit in the back of the room, so that we were always last to give our group introductions. Then we'd count the number of people who mobbed each of us after the meeting wrapped up. The winner was the person having the biggest mob.

What I valued most about Michael was his intelligence, vast terrain of interests, huge heart, brutal honesty, and his requirement for making every activity interesting by infusing mischief at every

turn. I grew up Redneck. (Never knew there was such a thing as a Redneck, because everyone around me was a Redneck). Where I grew up, all the buses were short buses. Growing up Redneck, I integrated the "Redneck Credo" early in life: minimum effort, maximum effect equals massive entertainment. Like digging a hole for a septic tank with dynamite, rather than a backhoe, which left my grandfather, father, me deaf for many hours. To me, Michael embodied the Redneck Credo with emphasis on massive entertainment whether talking with him in person, by phone or Skype.

With Michael, I always felt at peace, highly entertained, and at home with my kin. Michael, I love you and miss you. Every day since we met, you've been in my heart. You will remain in my heart till my last breath. Fair winds. Following seas. Good journey. See you soon.



I worked with Michael for over a decade; he placed many of my author's articles in *Austin All Natural*. I always looked forward to calling him — we had lovely warm conversations about life and he always sought to find the funny side of things. I will miss his cheery ways and receiving my copy of *Austin All Natural* through the mail.

May your love and light go on forever.

Gail Torr, Galaxy Media & Literary Management

Michael Abedin provided a voice for the metaphysical community. Practitioners are often isolated and his *Austin All Natural* magazine gave us a place to advertise and to see who else was out there.

When I first met Michael years ago, I thought he was annoyingly cocky. As I got to know him, I found that was a façade. Michael was loving, passionate about ideas, witty, intelligent and kind. His wit could be ascerbic but he was never mean spirited.

The metaphysical community needed a voice to inform people of the "other" modalities of healing and his timing was perfect. His influence in creating a forum for alternative healing has helped create an environment, where the alternative is accepted and sought out. What a gift, he brought to this community.

I will miss seeing him, popping up in various spaces and will just miss him. Michael, you laughed, you loved and you lived. Share your cockiness with the Light Beings.

Karen Hutchins, MA, Trauma Specialist, Shamanic Practitioner, Reiki Master, Cicada Recovery Services,

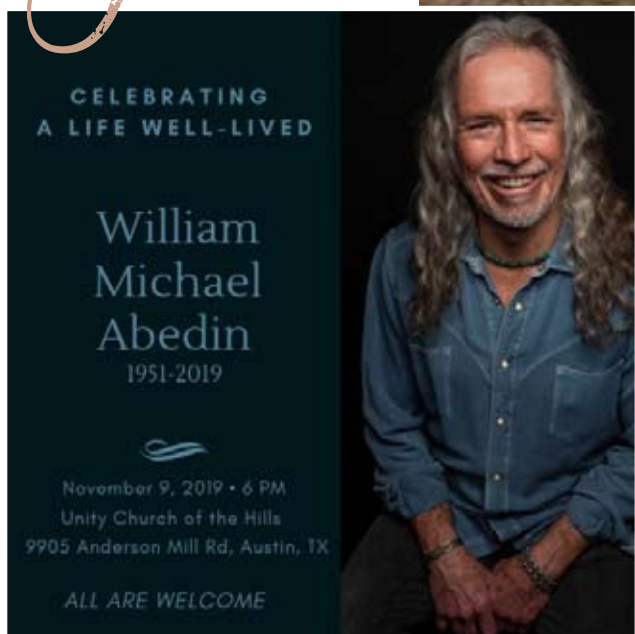


'Infinite Potential' acrylic, casein & oil on canvas

I was honored to have been invited by Michael to share my artwork in his magazine. His vision of connecting people and projects for healing has sent ripples of effect, deeply touching his local community and beyond. May his legacy continue to inspire conscious action through regenerative initiatives, and his journey home be filled with light.

With love, *Amanda Sage*,
www.amandasage.com

TRAILS



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MICHAEL ABEDIN

WAS A FELLOW WRITER, EDITOR, COLLABORATOR, FRIEND, AND SERVANT IN THE LIGHT. HE WAS GENEROUS, HAD AN EYE FOR EXCELLENCE AND WORKED TIRELESSLY TO PROMOTE COMMUNITY AND ACCEPTANCE FOR OUR METAPHYSICAL/HOLISTIC COMMUNITY. MAY OUR COLLECTIVE REMEMBER HIS EXAMPLE AND CONTINUE TO FLOURISH IN KINDNESS, FRIENDSHIP AND CONSCIOUS UNITY. HE WILL BE MISSED.

Gratefully, Julia M. Chambers



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Rest in Peace, Michael



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I met Michael Abedin a few years before he started Austin All Natural. He was writing articles and selling ads for another magazine, and we would sit and talk about his idea of starting a magazine of his own for the metaphysical community. I got to watch Michael grow and develop as his life ebbed and flowed. (Because we all know he communicated where he was in life through his magazine.) The magazine was him!

Natures Treasure's was nothing more than a one room set-up sharing space on the east side of Austin when it all began, but we have treasured our time in Austin All Natural and thus our time with Michael.

We will miss you silver-haired warrior, but know we will meet again.

In loving memory,
Karen Richards
& the Nature's Treasures Family.



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VISIONS OF REALITY PRESENTS

Intuitive Awareness

Ascension Class

Winter 2020

With Elizabeth Joyce

For information call 512-305-3233

P.O. Box 170279, Austin, TX 78717

elizabeth_joyce.16@aol.com

Nationally known Clairvoyant, Elizabeth Joyce - named one of the *World's Greatest Psychics* (Citadel Press Nov. 2004) - will teach a group of workshops to begin on **Thursday evening - January 23, 2020** at 7:30-9 pm for a period of ten (10) weeks. The classes will show you how to develop and use your **Intuitive Insight - Psychic Sensitivity, Soul Development and Ascension Healing** with the NEW Spiritual Chakras and takes you into deeper levels of Spiritual Awareness, which can be useful when applied to your everyday life during this time of change and preparing for 2020. The cost is \$35/week or \$350 when paid in full. Location will be announced when you sign up for class and is in the North Austin area. A book list will be provided. It is recommended that before the course, you read *The New Spiritual Chakras* and *Ascension-Accessing the Fifth Dimension* by Elizabeth Joyce, & *The Immortal* by JJ Dewey.

You cannot take individual sessions - the classes are a process.

Checks payable to *Visions of Reality* - Visa-Master Card accepted.

Classes held in the North Austin area.

JANUARY 23

Session 1: Review of White Light and Chakras How to prepare yourself for the days to come, using visualization techniques and meditation.

JANUARY 30

Session 2: Meeting Your Future: Welcoming highly evolved invisible assistants to help you with accessing the entrances to creating & manifesting your future life. The Angels that assist your personal Ascension.

FEBRUARY 6

Session 3: Ascension & the Next Step: Finding your Universal Body & working with the 5th Dimension Body - your new AURA.

FEBRUARY 13

Session 4: Ascension & the Next Step: Meeting your Universal Body & working with the 5th Dimension energies. The new Amber Aura

FEBRUARY 20

Session 5: Expanding Your Awareness: Guided imagery to the Spiritual Chakras & other dimensions. Using your DNA to access Light.

FEBRUARY 27

Session 6: The Spiritual Chakras - Opening the 9th Chakra. The Circle of Light

MARCH 5

Session 7: Miracles & Spiritual Healing: Healing life experiences which transcend the natural course of events. Transforming irritations into joy. Distant healing & healing others.

MARCH 13

Session 8: Walking With A Love Focus: The Fifth Dimension - walking in your Universal Body to do the service of the Divine. Raising your vibration levels.

MARCH 20

Session 9: Past Life Regression Workshop: Tap into your Atlantis past lives. Bring a pillow and a blanket.

MARCH 27

Session 10: Seance - bring a fresh rose flower.

Divine Sitzings are held every second & fourth Monday

www.new-visions.com

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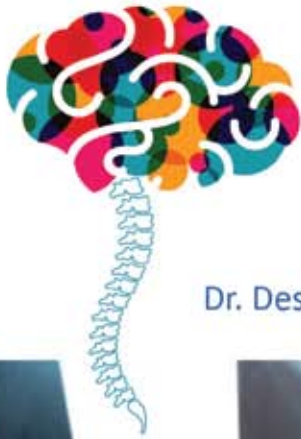
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