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Author & Mystic



Ulet Ifansasti/Getty Images News/Getty Images

Vol. 1, Issue 2 PURIFICATION

Purification is the antidote to corruption. What an appropriate theme, as we face increasing evidence of rampant corruption in the highest offices of the US government. I'd love to see a huge broom sweep all the rascals out of politics. Instead we must depend upon the creaking rule of law, which is only as good as attorney generals, prosecutors and defense attorneys make it in places like Washington, D.C.

The Wisdom Wheel

I talked about the Laws of the Wheel on television this week. See it below. A shout out to Harriet Grayson who graciously invited me onto her show. We are celebrating our twentieth anniversary of Wisdom Wheel study groups this year. To learn more visit our [website](#).

If any of you are looking for something different to jazz up an event or need a speaker, let me know. I am always glad to travel for good causes and an honorarium.

The Wisdom Wheel calendar reminds us this is the best time of year for Purification work. Like the icy winter wind swirling around my house tonight, Purification is sharp and cutting. It kills off the weak and the parasitic, like ticks. Use it decisively to clear the decks of your life. Get rid of people who cannot be trusted, clothing you no longer wear, and books you are done with. While you're at it, delete the spam and cookies in your email browser and wish all your Aquarian friends happy birthday.



Community Culture Showcase: The Wisdom Wheel

Ceremonies

Sweat lodges are Purification ceremonies. They assist in physical as well as spiritual and emotional detoxification. Our next one is on **Saturday morning, February 16**. Our annual Bear Fast is also coming up, starting on the night of March 20 and ending with our Spring Equinox Lodge, Sunday morning March 24. We've been offering those for eighteen years now and have many repeat fasters attend to unplug from the modern world and reconnect to nature. **Contact me for more information.**

The Memoir and Other Writing

For those of you who don't know, my upcoming memoir *The Importance of Paris* not only chronicles my time spent in the City of Lights in the early 1980s, but also my expatriate childhood in the Middle East. Please enjoy a short excerpt and photo below, and stay tuned for the book's release this year.

Until next time,
Cynthia F. Davidson

The sensations of our 1962 arrival in Jeddah remained stored inside my skin. A wall of heat and humidity hit us the moment the aircraft door opened. While waiting for the steps to be rolled up to the plane, we breathed in the distinctive scent of the night wind that comes across the desert. As-salamu alaykum. The Arabic greeting, Peace Be Upon You. Inside the rudimentary concrete block terminal of the old downtown airport, we retrieved our suitcases and opened them for inspection, on the long counters. Custom agents riffled through our belongings, searching for contraband: girlie magazines, Bibles, booze or pork products. When finished, the officials marked each bag with their sticks of powdery chalk, as white as their long sleeved, floor-length cotton robes. Perfect clothing for their climate, the Saudis had never been forced to adopt an overseers dress code. Never colonized by the West, they wore whatever they wanted while the expats sweated mercilessly, dressed inappropriately in pants, knotted ties, buttoned shirts, socks and closed toed shoes.

Dad was at the airport to welcome us. Beyond a few R & R visits with mom, he had been on his own for nearly a year. Sporting a mustache and a BMW motorcycle, Mom made him get rid of both, in short order. Waking to the sight of camels, sheep

and goats roaming the alleys of our new town on my first morning, I saw hungry animals chewing the paper labels off the tin cans in the garbage piles. I cast our family in the role of modern day pioneers. Instead of covered wagons, we had come by jet, yet it felt like an equally great adventure into unknown territories. Thrilled by the boundless open horizon, I was pleased to discover for myself that the so-called Red Sea lapping the shore of our new hometown was actually a cerulean blue.



My first Halloween in Arabia, 1962.

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