

The Little Angel



One winter eve an angel flew slowly down to earth. This heavenly creature was full of curiosity. The angel flew around an area in Canada, because it was attracted to the constant prayers of a woman who cried out to heaven for help for others. The little angel flew into the woman's home to get a closer look at her. The angel was able to hide in the shadow created by the woman's dog, who was constantly around her. This dog was a rescue animal who became the woman's best friend as she told her all her secrets. The angel watched and listened. The woman had many problems in her life yet her prayers were not for herself. Daily the woman prayed to find ways to get financial help for the children living many miles away in a small African village. The woman even put herself in debt, sending funds to get food, so the children in the village could have a Christmas meal. She reached out to friends for help but just a handful responded to her plea. As the days went by the woman's heart became full of sadness and her prayers more sorrowful as she had no more money to send. She so desperately wanted the children of this small village to have a Christmas celebration that would let them know they are loved. Seeing how the woman's constant campaign for help for the village was beginning to wear the woman down physically, the little angel wondered why the woman wasn't praying for herself like other humans. The angel watched as the woman prayed for a Christmas miracle to fill people's hearts full of Christmas compassion. Listening to the woman's precious prayers filled the angel's eyes with tears. As she added her heartfelt prayers to that of the woman, the angel's tears unexpectedly turned to beautiful snowflakes. The tiny flakes flew in the air as they became the first snowflakes of winter. It is said that the first snow of the season is powerful. With every tear from the little angel's eye the snow blew away in the wind to every place on earth. In some places it turned into drops of rain and in others it became the morning dew, while it remained a snowflake in the cold winter areas. As you walk outside your home allow that tiny drop of moisture blowing in your area, no matter what its form, let it touch your heart with its power. Help the little angel bring a Christmas miracle to the children of Repo Village, Malawi and joy to the heart of the woman, whose prayers can be answered by your help. Let this Christmas be one you will always remember by donating a dollar and adding your name to the biggest Christmas Card. One dollar will not break your budget but it will go a long way in helping put a Christmas smile on a child's face.

You can be an earth angel who helps make this miracle happen. Donate a dollar today at:
<http://sowingtheseedsoflove.weebly.com/donations.html>

Have a wonderful Christmas Season!
Crooked Arrow Jackson



The Village

CROOKED ARROW JACKSON-WEDNESDAY, FACEBOOK NOTES MARCH 30, 2016

I am writing this with the desire and hope to see all of the generations that follow me and my sisters come together to build new villages. I am not talking about building structures of materials. Instead I'm talking about the rebuilding of the villages of the 40's and 50's that helped shape so many of us elders into the elders we are today.

I have not been back home to Philly since 1990 and even then it saddened me to see how torn apart the harmony that once was the foundation of our neighborhood had disappeared. As I say this, many of the elders reading understand what that harmony felt like when they were kids. It wasn't full of fear instead it was unconditional love that made it strong.

Neighborhoods were there was no color or religious differences to push people apart. Me and my siblings all grew up in a melting pot of culture, calling every elder either aunt or uncle. It didn't matter what color, nationality, or religion they were, they became family.

Our neighborhood family even grew as we grew, because we would make friends outside of our area as we invited the kids from other areas to our home and we visited theirs. Because of this our neighborhood was truly a large village, were we respected each other and lend a helping hand where ever and when ever needed.

I remember when my older brother, Butch, and one of his friends fell into Cobb's Creek with their bikes, when the ice broke. I ran and got a neighbor to help the boys out of the creek. Man, did they get it after that! My neighbor punished them and then my father punished them. You learned quick as a kid not to do something wrong where the elders would find out because you would always get double punishment. On Upland Street there was always a block party during the summer months. Even though we moved off the block and around the corner we were still part of the family of neighbors that held the block parties. It was the elders way of giving the kids a great playtime out of the traffic while the adults came together to play cards and just talk. It is time for the younger generation to have pride in where they come from and it is up to all in each area to once again become part of a harmonious village. A village that cares about how their neighborhood looks and the people who share it with them.

I can remember a time in my aunt's area of West Philly where the women would early in the morning wash their steps as the stone would shine in the sun light. Then they would sweep the area in front of their homes into trash piles in the street to be collected by the city. The neighborhoods were always kept clean and the people smiled and were very friendly. I even remember helping the elders in our area pull weeds in their yard and our neighbor's son, helping mow even though he suffered with really bad allergies. He's eyes would be red and watering but he kept on helping out. It was a real treat for me to help do these chores because the elders coming from all different backgrounds told wonderful stories of their childhood. One neighbor Mrs. Hall, told me stories about the area because her family at one time owned most of the land in the area for miles. Her husband even fought in the civil war and she showed me his uniform and gun. I know many reading will remember Mrs. Simmons. She was the old lady who always wore a black dress and feed all the cats in the area. She was the oldest lady in the area and she even was an ex slave. Her stories made history come alive for me in ways that school books could not. The children today need the stories of the past in order for them to understand where they come from. So many areas are fallen to ruin and the past history is gone with it.

Today my family and friends from our old village live all over the country but that does not mean we no longer are part of the village. It just means that we have taken the village beyond city boundaries because the village is a part of us that will always keep us connected as a

neighborhood family. It is that part that the next generation and those that follow need to understand and begin to feel in order to bring back harmony and peace to our land creating new villages for their children to learn about. My hope today is that more people look to the past to help build brighter futures for the generations to come.

Now that spring is here it's time for new growth in so many ways, but it can start with victory gardens in abandon lots for the neighborhood to share. People coming together to help an elder who is unable to take care of the weeds in their yards. Or helping paint and fix up old homes just to keep the neighborhood looking alive and clean. A village grows out of the actions of it's people and it starts with one person's reaching a helping hand out to another. Change for the better begins with unconditional love and that love can begin with you. Let's see if we can get this energy going viral this year to help rebuild villages of harmony all around the world in every neighborhood to help destroy the hatred that is trying to destroy human kindness. live, light, love, Crooked Arrow

Each American Counts!

CROOKED ARROW JACKSON·MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 2016



I'd like to take a minute of your time to ask one question and as an American with blood ties to this land, I hope others will be thinking about asking the same question. I watched the Presidential debate and heard words and I mean lots of words pertaining to and even directed towards the people of our great nation. As I listened I heard Mr. Trump mention several times the Caucasians, African Americans and Latinos/Spanish Americans. The Preamble statement of our Constitution starts with the words "**We the people**". My burning question to everyone reading this and who watched the debate is "What happened to we the people of America in this debate?" The people of this great nation means all people not just Caucasians, African Americans and Latinos/Spanish Americans. I am the result of a multiracial union with the blood line of 4 races and part of an ever growing union of many different nationalities. All my many different relatives are just a tiny part of this very colorful United States of people. We are what it means to be "We the people", for it means people of all colors, nationalities and religions. I also heard during the debate Mrs. Clinton mention that some children of America might be

watching as part of a homework assignment. I wonder if Mr. Trump or Mrs. Clinton even thought about how some children might feel when their color or nationality was not included with the others mentioned as part of the people of America. I would like to hear what others have to say about this, for we are a rainbow nation that is of many colors, nationalities and religions and should be all mentioned or they should just do like the founding fathers and just say "**We the people**". Please add your comment to this and share with everyone cause we might just share our comments enough to get a response out of Mrs. Clinton and Mr. Trump during the next debate. Wa do (thank you) for your time.



My Christmas Gift to You

CROOKED ARROW JACKSON·MONDAY, DECEMBER 12, 2016

This Christmas holiday season I would like to start it off by giving to all my family and friends on facebook a special gift. On my web site <http://crookedarrowjackson.weebly.com/> please get the pdf book for free of "The First Medicine Wheel" Coloring book. It is a book I wrote back in the 90's for children but have found that adults really get something from it also. So enjoy and share with family and friends and have a wonderful and bless season.



A Valentines Day Gift to you

CROOKED ARROW JACKSON·TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 2017

To all my family and friends,

This Valentines Day my gift to you is a free download of a copy of the very first book I wrote, which was originally published back in 1987 by Carlton Press of New York. This download is the revised version, with a new cover and the first e-printing of the book. Be sure to also download and enjoy my other books on my site. <http://crookedarrowjackson.weebly.com/>
Have a Happy Valentines Day.

First Review when printed in 1987 by Carlton Press on inside jacket cover of ***A Tree for Health By Doctor Crooked Arrow Ph.D. M.H. L.M.T.***

"Just like the human race", says Crooked Arrow , "the tree is a wonderful specimen of architectural beauty created by God. " This spirit suffuses the book she has written, giving it an appeal to a wide spectrum of readers: generalist and specialist, environmentalist and old-fashioned lover of trees, people who live in the great outdoors and traffic-grid-locked city dwellers.

Even described in the soberest terms, *A Tree For Health* makes fascinating reading. This book of herbal medicine contains a wealth of information about the curative factors of various parts of trees. The format is easy to follow and consistently organized for ready reference. It contains such often interesting facts as the various names by which each tree has been called in various countries and at various times in history, the places where it is mentioned in the Bible, a concise, elegant physical description, and multitude of often surprising uses of the various parts of different trees. This is, indeed, a useful and highly readable compendium.

But it is much, much more than that. Here is a book to be treasured by all who --- feeling caught in a never -ending cycle of overproduction, overconsumption, prodigal waste, waste-disposal problems and pollution --- wish to live in harmony with nature. The author's writing is simple and graceful, and the spirit of her book is finely attuned to the miracle of life on our planet. For all who have ever felt the malaise of a consumer society, reading *A Tree For Health* is "good for what ails you."