In from the Rain:

A New Start for a Real Fighter



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Table of Contents

Introduction	3
My Name is Andy Stewart	5
Emergency in the Vancouver Area: Shelter for Andy	9
Choosing Our Attitude	15
Andy is In Out of the Rain	20
Helping Andy Move Today	22
What the Heck Am I Writing About?	24
Up and Off the Street … and Very Thankful	31
Keep a Watch on This One	34

Do consider helping Andy re-establish herself after fleeing exploitative and violent foster parents. Your donation is allowing her to break free and start a new life.

https://tinyurl.com/2ntsapnt

Introduction



The other day, I think it was November 6, which seems like a year ago now, I looked out my window, overlooking a park and, beyond that, English Bay in Vancouver, BC, and saw what looked like an old woman, pulling on a dog, hobbling as she carried box after box from the top of the hill to the bottom.

Good Gawd. And I got on my shoes and went to help. It turned out not to be an old woman, but a young one and, yes, she was pulling on a pitbull and struggling with al the rest. So I suggested she go to the bottom of the park to safeguard her possessions and I'd carry the boxes down.

Some time later, after I'd gone back to my apartment, I looked out again and now a tent city had appeared. I walked down to talk to the new inhabitant and met a cheerful, self-possessed woman of 29 years, I discovered and we had a good discussion.

I gave her some money on a return visit and met her indigenous support team. In the end they could do nothing for her. We went to visit pet-friendly local hotels, but everyone balked at the sight of a pitbull.

We were fast running out of options and then news of an impending torrential downpour settled the question. We needed to get Andy indoors and fast. Her tent was not at all waterproof.

Her sisters took the bull by the horns and rented her a BnB, which was exceedingly kind of them. It's very nice actually. If it weren't so darned expensive, it might have been an option for a more permanent arrangement.

But she is safe and sound for now, thanks to the remarkable generosity of her sisters and you all, readers of the Golden Age of Gaia, and Go-Fund-Me patrons.

Andy says this has been a life-changing experience for her. It's been a life-changing experience for me. Completely changed a few directions I was going in in my life. And opened up a few interesting possibilities for Andy certainly but also for me - after the Reval.

So thank you to all who participated in this very human project. We saved one soul from freezing in the dark alone. Now the job is to get her on her feet and in a secure and well-paying occupation.

Thank you especially to Suzanne Maresca, who coordinated events at the Hope Chest and Golden Age of Gaia and Len Satov, who helped with the finances and drove us when we needed it. Thanks to Sunny Clark for her support, D.O. for her research, and Judy Bates and Kita Szpak for their leads.

My Name is Andy Stewart

November 9, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/09/my-name-is-andy-stewart/



Hi. My name is “Andy Stewart."

I’m a 29-year-old indigenous woman, fleeing abuse from my parents. Especially my alcoholic controlling father.

Being the youngest of four sisters, I stayed longer for my mother.

I tried to get her away from the abuse and neglect. But, unfortunately my mom didn’t leave with me.

I left in the middle of the night with two bags, my dog [Jupiter - another pseudonym] and walking on a flared knee, due to my rheumatoid arthritis I was diagnosed with at 12-years-old.

I floated around Edmonton, Alberta for weeks. Planning and asking for help, in fear my parents would find me and drag me back.

I was lucky to have friends give me funds, and find a person to drive me and my dog from Edmonton to Vancouver. I used all those funds to get us here [Steve: To the park, right outside my window. Gotcha, Michael.]

My first few days, in Vancouver. Me and Jupiter, camped out with nothing but a few sweaters and limited clothes to keep warm at the park near English Bay.

Over the next few days I connected with the Aboriginal Friendship Centre and their outreach workers. They provided me with a tent and blankets as the shelters they tried connecting me with were not pet friendly.

A few days later, they were able to provide me with a pet friendly motel room for a week and a half. Then funding fell through and I had to leave and go back to living in a tent.

And on a cold November morning, I had so much stuff as the outreach workers gave me more clothes and blankets.' It was overwhelming to carry it and Jupiter back to the park where my journey in Vancouver started.

Then I met Steve that morning. He gave me $25 and helped me carry all my bags, blankets and foods. And he came back a few hours later and gave me $225.

Steve has been by my side, helping in every way he can. And has been kind and gentle. He loves my dog Jupiter and is becoming family to me during this journey.

With Steve's help, knowledge, networking, and blog resources, people have donated funds, for me to gain a fresh start and stability here in Vancouver.

With the funds building, I'm getting closer and closer to having enough for a damage deposit, rent and pet deposit if needed.

He also created a Go-Fund-Me, and that has also been building. We're hoping to gain access to the funds soon enough so I can be able to prove to a future landlord I have everything needed financially.

Being the youngest sister, my two sisters got in contact with me for my birthday and secured an air bnb that was pet friendly so I can bring Jupiter.

So, the evening of November 6th. My birthday. I packed up two damped bags from my tent, and Jupiter and got us an uber to the air bnb I'm currently at.

Jupiter and myself are comfortable, warm and safe. Away from the cold and wetness. I have this air bnb until November 16th. If needed, I can extend the stay for a few days as the hosts here are amazing.

And Jupiter, my dog, is my rock, and I'm his. I've told people and folks that if Jupiter isn't welcomed in a shelter or place, neither am I.

Yes, Jupiter is a pitbull, a little bit reactive, not properly trained to be around other dogs. Very hesitant and scared of men. Because Jupiter was my dad's dog. And my dad was becoming neglectful and training Jupiter to be aggressive and not socialized, locked up inside.

Yelled at and peeing inside. I did my best to take care of Jupiter and do everything in my power and ability to protect him from the hands of my dad.

We left in the middle of the night with two bags because my dad was in a blacked-out state . He had threatened to kill Jupiter in front of me, and make me watch

And getting here, getting closer to stability and housing security is all because of you. Helping and donating and reading my story. I cannot thank each of you enough. It's absolutely amazing and beautiful that people are showing up and sending love, support and donations towards me gaining my independence, stability and safety back.

Not only mine but my dog's, Jupiter . I'm grateful, and I pray to the creator every day for guidance and strength on this journey.

I've told Steve, that one day. I'm going to give back what I've been given and so much more to someone in need in the future. That's a promise I'm going to hold and keep.

Thank you for reading a bit of my story, supporting me and Jupiter on this journey and new chapter. I won't disappoint you all. Your belief in me and my journey is everything I need to succeed and grow.

I have a bright future ahead here in Vancouver [Steve: I agree]. And it's all thanks to each of your prayers, support, love, and donations. Big and small. Each cent has been counted and is going forward to my success, growth and raising Jupiter. I thank the Creator every day for the support that comes my way.

I promise, I'm going to be successful and strong. I won't disappoint any of you. I promise to make each of you proud.

I love you all,



"Andy Stewart"

[We're already proud, Andy.]

---> Do consider helping Andy back on her feet: https://tinyurl.com/jdfhhrvt <---

Emergency in the Vancouver Area: Shelter for Andy

Nov. 7, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/07/emergency-in-the-vancouver-area-shelter-for-andy/



Andy, Jupiter, and their rather chilly home

Nov. 6, 1:00 PM

The Aboriginal society has not been able to find shelter for Andy, mostly because their places are not pet friendly.

The expected rainstorm has started and now we're focused on just getting her out of the rain. The only ones we can think of to turn to are Air Bnb's. So here I go booking one.

Nov. 6, 10:30 am.

Thanks to Lavonne, Marjorie, Thomas, Jennifer, Audrey, and Stephen for also participating in Andy's rescue. Our totals are $700 from outside Go-Fund-Me (GFM) and $800 from GFM itself, climbing steadily.

I wanted to show the neighbors that Andy was being taken care of and to show that to Andy as well, so I resolved to make her breakfast and take it down to her. But before I could do that, her Aboriginal society team showed up and whisked her and Jupiter off to their office.

As I munch on her intended breakfast, I hope to hear from her this afternoon that she has been found at least temporary shelter. From there we can plan the next move.

Nov. 6, 7 am.

Rainy, cold night and all I can think of is Andy out there, exposed to it. Given the life of abuse she's related to me, I don't even know why she hangs on. I'd ask Michael to take me home.

This will be for her, I'm certain, a life-changing experience from which she will emerge, I predict, an advocate for emergency housing and services. Especially for Indigenous folks and people with pets (who are often not taken in).

A short time before the Reval and the beginning of a humanitarian-philanthropic shift in career, I can't think of a better crash course for me in what people, and Indigenous people especially, go through just to live, just to get by. I won't forget what I've learned.

Coordinating most things is difficult. She has an out-of-province phone provider so it'd be long-distance for her to even make calls on her phone. Which means I lend her mine and then I'm out of phone contact for portions of the day. Yikes!

Moreover, someone has to be in attendance at her tent at all times so that no one steals her possessions - if they can get past her guard dog! The dog, I think, is not there to repel an invader as much as to protect her against her abusive father should he ever find her. (He lives 700 miles away from here. And he has threatened to kill her dog.)

I am doing her Safeway, drugstore, and pet store shopping and fetching her meals, which she insists on paying for from your gifted funds. (I enjoy slipping hers back in the bag or the sushi box.) She really is slow moving with her arthritis. For her to go fetch is both a lengthy process and awkward.

With all that, she's eternally pleasant.

I saw my first patch of discrimination yesterday. When I was walking away from her tent, two elderly ladies stopped me and asked me if I knew "the man" in the tent.

And I said, "Andy? Yes, she's a 29-year-old woman who is fleeing domestic abuse and some of us in the neighborhood are helping her find accommodations." They looked shocked and said they had reported "him" to the police and the police are sending a social worker.

I said we're also working through an aboriginal society to meet her needs. "Oh, is she an Indian?" Yes, she is. She replied with some variation on harumph and they both left.

Wow. Sad, sad.

We raised $700 outside of Go-Fund-Me and $340 from Go-Fund-Me itself, thanks to Diane, Anjali, and Karen. Thanks to my West End neighbors who have also responded with contributions and research! Why is it always women who donate to a cause like this? Where are the men? Keep up our side, guys!

We were unable to find shelter today but have prospects lined up for tomorrow. A severe rainstorm is approaching. We need Andy indoors before its arrival.

I have opened a Go-Fund-Me for Andy: https://gofund.me/cf815fb42 . I have some precious metals that I plan to cash in today and donate to her (Done). I don't see many homeless people down by English Bay. The world has just come to my doorstep.

If that URL does not get you to the right page, here's a shortcut to the Donations Page: https://tinyurl.com/2vy8s8m3

Please let me know if you have any difficulty.

People are responding - with suggestions, making informational calls to local shelters for me, and sending donations. We are ... OK, OK ... I am going to nail this one. I have a list of places to call and will be doing so tomorrow. (Make that asap. I have so many other things to do now.)

I have an emergency in the Vancouver area.

Andy Stewart (not her real name), a native woman from Alberta, has fled a situation of domestic violence and come to Vancouver for shelter. She has parked herself in the park in front of me, in a tent.

She's 28, very pleasant, has arthritis, and walks (ably) with a cane (I had arthritis). She has a pitbull for a pet, who is very friendly unless you get violent with her (I assume). I became his friend the first day I met him. Treats help.

She has a tent and a sleeping bag, a chair and other items that we in the neighborhood or her rescue team have donated to her. It isn't that someone in a place to help her may not show up eventually. It's that it's so cold, a heavy rainstorm is predicted for the weekend, and organizations can move so slowly. She could die out there in the cold some time before organizational help arrived.

We have leads. The police said they'd send a social worker.

And going to the press right now might antagonize her only organizational friends.

I asked the building owner about taking Andy in, but he will not allow her dog in the building. (If she gets much colder, I'm going to sleep out there with her dog so she can sleep in here.)

I'm furnishing her with whatever I have, including money. To be without money in this situation must multiply its effect beyond belief. Homelessness is bad enough but not having money to boot must be next to a life not worth living. You're just waiting to kick it.

If there is anyone in the Vancouver area who can take a person in her situation in, I'd be eternally grateful. I know they will be rewarded as I have been when I sheltered someone in her situation. We became lifelong friends.

The situation would be ideal for an older person who wants companionship or who needs assistance or supervision.

I'd have to ask Andy, but she might accept shelter on Vancouver Island (say, on a farm) or outlying Greater Vancouver areas.

Being abandoned in the cold overnight must be the ultimate sobering experience. Facing that as a future is too much to ask of anybody.

I can't sleep with this situation happening on my doorstep and having nothing I can do about it. And not knowing who to turn to who will act immediately.

If I'm not writing copiously at this moment, it's because I'm sitting outside a tent across the street for an hour, without Internet service, while Andy shops, washes, etc.

Or weeping in my apartment, remembering how me, Paul, and my Mother were in exactly Andy's situation when Mom fled Dad's violence in 1963.

And a kind soul took us in.

It's this memory that is energizing me now.

If you can help, please email me at the blog: Gaoginfo@gmail.com. Any help is greatly appreciated. I know. We've already appealed. But this is an emergency and they don't care about time.

—> Do consider helping Andy back on her feet: https://tinyurl.com/jdfhhrvt <—-

Choosing Our Attitude

November 6, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/06/choosing-our-attitude/



Andy and Jupiter

> Archangel Michael: When your heart is clear, not simply your mind, but your heart and your fields - because if your heart is clear, your fields become clear - then you are in direct alignment and service to the Mother and there can be no mis-step. (1)

The number of people on a bus who are looking at their cellphone the whole time amazes me. I imagine in my mind asking one of them a question and showing up for them like a commercial, with them waiting for the "Skip" button to skip me.

We are losing connectedness. We are unbonding. I get to see it from another angle hanging out with Andy. ... I must suggest to her that she change her first name for protection. To Juno. Then we'd have Jupiter and Juno, king and queen of the gods.

It's her foster parents who are abusing her. I don't think they're clever enough to travel and come after her even if they could locate her. Apparently she is the last of her four sisters to leave. The parents were using their social assistance to fund their own addictive lifestyle and abusing them if they protested.

It's like all the world's misery showed up on my doorstep - not actually, but internally - and I'm asking myself: What will I do? If I don't help, who's to say anybody will? How can I face you if I walked past this one without responding? In what way am I pathfinding?

My landlord won't let me take her in because of her dog. Shall I drop everything and find her permanent, pet-friendly shelter? Yes, but with the proviso that if there is any deviousness in what results to call me.

I never wanted to be a father, because the only role model I had was a violent son-of-a-bitch and I didn't want that lineage to continue. But I now see that the next place for me to go is to assume a fathering perspective, to take responsibility for my world from that position. I've gotten through my father hatred and now latent protectiveness and a willingness to act is emerging.

I became a rescuer and a defender, creating a defensive couple front with my mother. And the rescuer is now assuming a fatherly posture. I can feel the push in me. Not in form yet, but in spirit. After the Reval, it will be in form as well.

I'm now seeing what Werner Erhard was meaning when he described what responsibility really is.

Werner Erhard, *Graduate Review*, February 1980; from https://wernererhardquotes.wordpress.com/2016/06/28/if-not-you-who-if-not-now-when

Responsibility begins with the willingness to take the stand that one is cause in the matter of one's life. It is a declaration not an assertion; that is, it is a context from which one chooses to live. Responsibility is not burden, fault, praise, blame, credit, shame or guilt. In responsibility, there is no evaluation of good or bad, right or wrong. There is simply what's so, and the stand you choose to take on what's so.

Responsibility begins with the willingness to acknowledge that my self is the source of my experience of my circumstances. And yet, on occasion, some people think that I think accidents do not happen – or would not happen, if I were 'really' responsible.

I am sure you will understand my occasional dismay when I am asked questions of this sort. On reflection, I usually recall that such questions derive from a well-intentioned (though perhaps limited) view of human dignity, an intention with which I can align myself, since my own intention is precisely to show that the experience of responsibility is enabling, not disabling.

I have no interest in the justification of circumstances or producing guilt in others by assigning obligation. I am interested in providing an opportunity for people to experience mastery in the matter of their own lives and the experience of satisfaction, fulfillment, and aliveness. These are a function of the self as context rather than thing, the self as space rather than location or position, the self as cause rather than self at effect.

I am not saying that you or anyone else is responsible. True responsibility cannot be assigned from outside the self by someone else or as a conclusion or belief derived from a system of concepts.

I do not say that you or anyone is responsible. I do say – with me, you have the space to experience yourself as responsible – as cause in the matter of your own life. I will interact with you from my experience that you are responsible – that you are cause in your own life and you can count on me for respect and support as I am clear that I am fully responsible for my experience of you; that is to say, from my experience of the way you are.

Ultimately, one experiences oneself as the space in which one is and others are. I call this the transformation of experience. At the level of source – or context – or abstraction – I am you. That is beyond responsibility."

Werner Erhard is, in my experience, one of the greatest teachers - especially of entrainment (using mass media and mass workshops to reach students) - that America has ever produced. The compliant mass media crucified him. Some day he'll be recognized for what he contributed to those who had ears to hear.

I needed to escape the leftover trauma of life in a violent family before I was ready to be anyone's family. And now, after seventy odd years of struggle, I have escaped it. But I won't transition into a "territorial" family. That box is too small for me any longer.

People will assume the manner in which they want to serve as lightworkers, the role they want to play, the attitude they wish to adopt. After the Reval, and before, the role I wish to assume is one that takes responsibility for his world and does what he can, even if sometimes it's only to listen.

This is my world and I can't live with myself any more unless I become universal in my outlook. And take decisive action.

This is my response to the chaos that has erupted, by the design of the dark figures in our society. I feel a fatherly attitude emerging. Remember that the only movies I had in my head were of a violent father. That turned me off fathering. But I am beginning to feel the urge. It's a big statement and I can see the memes coming.

Not to become a target for scams. Not their father confessor for a dissolute life. Not anything deviant or corrupt. (Don't bother me with honeypots. Michael won't let you near me.) (2)

I wouldn't call this my role as much as my leaning, orientation, or attitude. It's how I prefer to enter into events already underway and act from that role or perspective.

What might your (conscious or unconscious) attitude or leaning be?

Footnotes

(1) Archangel Michael in a personal reading with Steve Beckow through Linda Dillon, Dec. 11, 2013. (Hereafter AAM.)

(2) Steve: Can we also arrange a signal that will tell me that a woman coming to me is coming to me because I have a lot of money and she has malintention, so to speak.

Archangel Michael: We will not allow that.

S: Oh, very good. If I'm relieved of that worry, that would be very nice.

AAM: Yes, we will make the signals very clear. And you will feel a severe sense of discomfort with that person should that person even approach you. (AAM, Oct. 11, 2013.)

Andy is In Out of the Rain

November 7, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/07/392328/



Meet Andy and Jupiter (not his real name)

There's nothing else I have to write about except getting Andy in out of the rain.

Andy and I looked at Air BnB ads for a few hours this morning; then went to look at three pet-friendly hotels in the area.

At one of them, a little upscale, when they heard Jupiter bark outside (he was tied to a pole), they immediately denied us service.

A pitbull is definitely a problem for hotels.

Andy decided that she was going to spend one more night in the cold but her sisters back in Ontario took matters into their own hands and reserved an Air BnB for her from that distance.

This was Andy's 29th birthday gift.

When she told me it was her birthday, at Delaney's, having a hot chocolate and breakfast sandwich, she burst into tears. But by the end of the night, when news of your support and her sisters', reached her, she said it was the best birthday she'd ever had.

I nearly brought her "breakfast in bed," this morning and I would have done it to show Andy that she matters and show the neighborhood that she was being seen to.

But she was already conferring with her support team. In the end, they told her there was nothing they could do for her, which hit us like a ton of bricks. Happy birthday, Andy!

She wanted to be in the West End, but the Air BnB that was rented for her is on the other side of town. She'll get back here, I have no doubt. That's exactly what I did years ago.

So I'm salvaging what she wants to keep from her tent city, doing laundries, shopping, on and on. And I'm too exhausted at the moment to do an update.

I'm going to sleep as late as I can tomorrow and then meet up with Andy and begin planning where to go next.

---> Do consider helping Andy back on her feet: https://tinyurl.com/jdfhhrvt <---

Helping Andy Move Today

November 7, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/07/helping-andy-move-today/



Goodbye, tent city!

I am so tired by today's exertions I haven't had a moment to post an Update for today.

I'll also be helping Andy break down her tent Saturday and move into her new Air BnB. After that we're planning out what to do next to get her closer to a permanent solution.

I'm also catching up on sleep.

Thanks for your understanding and support.

Do consider helping Andy re-establish herself after fleeing exploitative and violent natural and foster parents. Your donation is allowing her to break free and start a new life.

https://tinyurl.com/2ntsapnt

What the Heck Am I Writing About?

November 8, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/08/what-the-hll-am-i-writing-about/



Giving this person a chance at a new life is what I'm writing about

Sunday, Nov. 8, 12:03 AM

I have so much on my hands that I may have to just give a report here for now.

Go-Fund-Me has put us on pause because, they said, neither of us is an American citizen. Nowhere in the signing-up procedure did it say we had to be an American citizen. Then there was a suggestion that we are in the wrong Go-Fund-Me (GFM) area. Perhaps there's one that's just for Canadians.

So we are sorting things out. I'm hoping for cooperation from GFM. This is bringing us perilously close to running out of funds and facing what I don't want to have to face.

I don't know what to say about donations. You can continue to donate and hope the fundraiser will be released. You can donate via the Hope Chest and it will be forwarded to me and from me to Andy. You can wait until the pause has been taken off the fundraiser.

I am so sorry that this has happened and have asked GFM to clear the matter up as soon as possible.

Breaking News! Would you believe that a neighbor of mine has seen this fundraiser and knows Andy's situation. How coincidental is that? Thank you, Michael!

Susan Clark

I met this young lady in October, as she set up a tent in a nearby park, after escaping a rough domestic scene. I can attest to Andy's consistently great attitude and sunny demeanor, despite her difficult challenges. She's smart, and very good with people. Andy's dog is quiet and loving. She needs a home and a job, and she truly deserves both. Organizer Steve is also a neighbour who's been looking out for her, too. I 'm happy to donate to help Andy get back on her feet.

We are at ~~$1800~~ ~~$2205~~ $2212 on Go-Fund-Me. None of it has filtered down yet, awaiting "verification."

Andy is in an Air BnB, which is not a long term solution (too expensive). Your contribution to rebuilding her life is welcomed: https://tinyurl.com/2ntsapnt

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I am being blown away by what is happening here.

A young woman flees parental exploitation (the scam where "foster parents" take the child's welfare payments) plus violence and lands here in Vancouver without a penny in her pocket. She gets help from a local society to the extent that they donate a tent and sleeping bag, pillow, etc., to her. That's it. Off you go *and good luck!*

She's turned loose in a neighborhood that has never seen practically anyone camp in this particular park. (A few drunks may sleep it off on a bench.) Vancouver is quiet. There are no outbreaks of violence, except for the triads and gangs shooting each other up in the faraway suburbs.

But it's still definitely not a neighborhood in which a young, 29-year-old girl should be camping out at night, etc.

I saw her from my window packing an infinite number of bags around and thought she was an old woman doing an impossible task. So I went down and discovered that she was a young woman, with arthritis, which made her look old, carrying an impossible number of bags to the lower end of the park.

So I suggested that she go to her new location and protect her possessions and I would carry these bags down. And after that she sat on a chair I fetched and told me just the barest outline of her story.

But let me not ramble on. I can do that on another occasion. The amount of work I face in my own apartment is daunting, washing her blankets, washing everything that has been in the open (for bugs), organizing the remnants of her "old life," removing the tent ... before she calls and we get together! I have to remove myself from normal writing and, if and when I do write, switch to awareness mode.

It couldn't come at a worse time with discussions of election fraud and all.

Perhaps think of me as reporting from the front lines for a day or two.

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The thoughts are streaming through me. You and I are participating in the reconstruction of a life. This is no different than treating the displaced from conflicts in Russia/Ukraine, Gaza/Israel, etc. A casualty of life has landed on our doorstep, not the next state or province, not the next continent, our doorstep.

And what are we going to do? Everyone around me is saying, "Oh, she can...." Fill in the blanks. Get help from United Way, the various aboriginal societies, on and on.

And ***what am I going to do?***

Bloody.... Anything I can. I can't stand to see this. A homeless person on my very doorstep and I'm not doing anything? Inconceivable! ***What the heck am I writing about????***

I've been homeless, twice. It's a depressing condition. Sleeping in your car, if you have a car. Washing in a coffee shop. Eating ... whatever. Having no friends.

On the contrary here. We (you and I) are participating in the non-medical, non-psychological, nitty-gritty reconstruction of a life. "Andy" talks to me exactly as my circle of friends do. Magically in emergencies, the usual gulfs disappear. It becomes like "Don't lecture me, bud. Just throw me a life ring. "

The minute you hear she's a native girl, the likes and dislikes start magically appearing. I feel no difference from her. AND she is going to starve in the freezing cold out there, no matter who she is. Who the hell cares if she's a blue Pleiadian? *What are you going to do?* (2)

She is now out of the cold, temporarily. I'll be visiting her new digs later Sunday, with her laundry! I'm crossing my fingers that it's an acceptable place.

I didn't ask for this. The Divine Mother brought Andy across my path. And it isn't a time for excuses.

***

I'm in awareness mode now.

Awareness mode? I'm an awareness writer whose assignment it is to go up along with everyone else and write about it. For those who don't know me, I serve the Divine Mother, Archangel Michael, and the Lord Arcturus. In between incarnations, I choose to hang out on Arcturus.

Andy said to me, in text, that it was no accident that we met. I don't for a minute believe it was either. I immediately thought of how suitable she would be as an adviser on making the world work for the Canadian native population once the Michaelangelo Fund opens up.

Michael once said to me, do you not think we are capable of bringing the right people to you? (1)

Yes, he is. But I have to recognize them when they appear. And some decisions are so hard that I deliberately make the wrong choice. And live a lifetime to regret it.

So, yes, in my view, we are watching and participating in the reconstruction of a life, from nothing back to normal again. And sustainable.

And then comes NESARA and med beds and replicators and she will never have to worry again.

Until then, I feel towards her like an elder brother. Not wealthy but definitely there for her and appreciative of the obstacles she has to wrestle with, no matter what - painful arthritis (which med beds will cure), a Pit Bull for a pet (whose aggressivenes pet beds will cure), people she's fleeing from, and a gut-wrenching poverty.

You and I are seeing to the last condition. A quickly-approaching social safety net (med beds, UBI, no taxes, etc.) will take care of much of the rest. And a new lifestyle (replicators, free energy, anti-grav technology, QFS, QVS, etc.) will take care of all else. Of restoring her to the normal lifestyle we all live, in the security of our homes, with much fewer concerns about the future.

Must go. Have my laundry to attend to. Then organizing the chaos in my apartment, and marvelling that life could change so much for me in just a few minutes.



If you wish to be part of the reconstruction of Andy's life, I've discovered Go-Fund-Me. Hop on over and make your statement ... I mean, make a donation at https://tinyurl.com/2ntsapnt with my gratitude.

Footnotes

(1) Archangel Michael: Do not think that you do not have and that we do not have the power to bring you the right people. Or that you do not have, in your own divine authority, the ability to call forth, to create and bring to you those people who are a perfect fit.

So that there isn't an adjustment period, a honeymoon period, a cleaning house period, because that is not... [desirable?]. Yes, there are going to be adjustments. A team can be your inner circle of six or seven and it can also be an outer circle of thousands – it is still a team.

From the person who wants to sweep the floor at night to the CEO, you are a team. And, each team [member] has equal value. But it is appropriate that the CEO does not tell the maintenance how to sweep. And the person who is sweeping does not tell the CEO how to implement the vision. It is all simple. Everybody has a place and every place is critical. ("Transcript ~ Archangel Michael on the Source of Power and Authority, *An Hour with an Angel*, March 9, 2017," at http://goldenageofgaia.com/2017/03/18/transcript-archangel-michael-on-the-source-of-power-and-authority-ahwaa-march-9-2017/)

(2) Two memories are driving me. The loss of my mother to a housefire because, I told myself, I *** ***didn't do enough*** *** to get her off barbituates. And, two, the two times in my life when I've been homeless. I keep bursting out in tears thinking of ***how lonely it must be*** for Andy. *** ***What I thought she needed most of all was a friend.*** ***[My emphasis.]***

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Up and Off the Street … and Very Thankful

November 9, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/09/up-and-off-the-street-and-very-thankful/



Andy is up off the street, in a very nice Air BnB, across town. It's 2:57 am, and we're still talking back and forth. I said we need to get you to a welfare office so we can get you an ongoing, stable income. And she replied, "Don't you worry, Steve. I'm going to be working on securing an income. I'm very independent." (smile)

And she is.

Do you know she has a B.Sc.? From the University of Toronto, which I went to as well, Canada's premier university. (1)

Her father and mother were victims of the residential schools disaster in Canada. Sad, sad story that ripples down through generations, as you can see.

Who has the time, motivation, or vision to grow up with alcoholic parents from the residential-schools experience, get shifted off to foster parents who bleed off and drink your income, and in between it all earn a B.Sc.? Not me, friend.

Except Andy, like me, took it upon herself to break free from the chaos and catastrophe that she found herself in, complete the self-devastation, and DO something with her life. I can't wait to see what she'll do with this fresh start.

A fresh start on her 29th birthday, which was two days ago.

For sure, I'll want her to be part of the Michaelangelo Fund. Yes, Michael, I get that you have the ability to bring me the people I need. (2)

Andy is the perfect person to help me build a world that works for British Columbia's aboriginal ... excuse me, indigenous population. ... this future employee arrived on my doorstep, like the stork brought her.

This is really healing for me. Twice I've been homeless. Once when Mom left Dad. The experience of living in a dreary house for a year or two was depressing. Gradually, gradually we worked our way back. Meanwhile Dad lived in a luxury setting in the best part of town.

Then again, when Dad was 91 and I was looking after him, we had a spat when he spent $50 on soup. I couldn't keep up with such a level of expenditure.

And I found myself out on the street again.

But never did I have to sleep in a wet tent, with no prospects, and only one other person (Sunny Clark) (3) bringing me coffee. And I hope I never do.

Andy is also up at this hour and is busy texting me. I asked her if she'd like to send a thank-you note to the readers. I think she sent me an email.... Yes, indeed, she did. I will step aside....

Thanks to Len Satov who drove me across town with all Andy's possessions and has helped out in so many other ways.

---> Do consider helping Andy back on her feet: https://tinyurl.com/jdfhhrvt <----

Footnotes

(1) My Ph.d thesis in cultural history was refused as "not being historical." I thought it was groundbreaking! I still do, fifty years later!

I extracted patterns of social behavior from the English-Canadian novels of the late Victorian period. Creative repression (growing by denying oneself) is an example of a behavior pattern. I was writing in an era of creative ***ex***pression (for instance, the free-love movement of the Sixties and Seventies). What's not historical about that?

(2) Archangel Michael: Do not think that you do not have and that we do not have the power to bring you the right people. Or that you do not have, in your own divine authority, the ability to call forth, to create and bring to you those people who are a perfect fit? ("Transcript ~ Archangel Michael on the Source of Power and Authority, *An Hour with an Angel*, March 9, 2017," at http://goldenageofgaia.com/2017/03/18/transcript-archangel-michael-on-the-source-of-power-and-authority-ahwaa-march-9-2017/)

(3) Remember Susan (Sonny) Clark?

Susan Clark at https://www.gofundme.com/u/3188917f-1454-4c95-84ed-3599183308a8

"I met this young lady in October, as she set up a tent in a nearby park, after escaping a rough domestic scene. I can attest to Andy's consistently great attitude and sunny demeanor, despite her difficult challenges. She's smart, and very good with people. Andy's dog is quiet and loving. She needs a home and a job, and she truly deserves both. Organizer Steve is also a neighbor who's been looking out for her, too. I 'm happy to donate to help Andy get back on her feet."

Keep a Watch on This One

November 9, 2026

https://goldenageofgaia.com/2026/11/09/keep-a-watch-on-this-one/



My update today is going to be late this morning, at this rate! I've been up since 2:57 talking with Andy who was also up, writing an update on her, thanking 17 new donors on Go-Fund-Me, writing a complaint to Go-Fund-Me to free her funds, and a to-do list of things I need to get done as soon as I finish my daily FDL Update.

But the ideas are streaming through me and I have to choose between regular duties or we interrupt this broadcast.

I choose interrupting this broadcast.

Do you remember how we rescued that couple in 2012 after their house burned down? The readership (you), through the Hope Chest when it was functioning, raised a sum I can't remember how much that allowed them to relocate and survive until emergency payments kicked in.

Or Wes Annac, televised in for the 2012 Scenario (predecesspr tothe Golden Age of Gaia) conference, said he could not keep up with his mortgage payments and the conference raised $16,000 for him?

Or Stephen and Anthony in Australia, whose home was destroyed by a cyclone and they had to relocate and begin to build a new home?

Or the woman in New Orleans who was living out of her car? [She died recently. She was Judy Byington's assistant.] Or the woman who needed hyperbaric treatment? Gawd, I can't remember how many times you've saved someone in distress. And these remain some of the best and most inspiring moments of my life.

What better, more satisfying way to spend money?

I'm not ending things with Andy as soon as she has permanent digs. Not till she has a viable source of income.

I say that after Andy has told me that she is independent and resourceful and after hearing about her history of self-reliance from before arriving in the park. She already has "a worker" (who's on vacation), is looking through rentals, and participating in getting Go-Fund-Me to release her funds, etc. She is definitely a go-getter.

Which is inspiring the life out of me.

I might ask you to observe something. Andy lives (not lives by) the divine qualities: Uncomplaining, self-reliant, self-starting, free of resentments, positive, etc. They are natural with her. Look at her face.

This is how the divine qualities behave in a life-changing situation.

Just keep a watch on this one. She's a live wire. She is "demonstrating."

What am I doing, asking you to read so much? I will stop now. (It's hard.)

---> Do consider helping Andy get back on her feet: https://tinyurl.com/jdfhhrvt <---