

An insightful recounting of a lifetime spent seeking higher truths that knocks yours spiritual socks off. This book brings extraterrestrials, animal totems, astrology and all manners of self-knowing into sometimes shocking focus. A primer with the power to heal.

Earth Is Not My Home

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Earth Is Not My Home

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Chapter 1

There had to be a time in my life when it all started, this insatiable spiritual curiosity of mine. Even back then, I was dealing with a spiritual journey that will probably never end until the day I die, and even then, I know it will go on into my next state of mind or next incarnation. Yet, if I were to pick a time when my search for deep truths or, at the very least -- truths that would only be my own truths -- began, it would have been when I was only five years old.

I was too young back then to consider myself different from other children, but looking back now I know I was. I lived on a 14-acre ranch, in El Cajun, California, that had a corn field on it with enormous stalks of corn that towered over me when I ran through them. My daddy built a fish pond under a gigantic oak tree in front of our house, so I could feed the gold fish that swam back and forth with puckered lips begging for more food.

The old oak tree had a tree house in it my daddy also built for me that was filled with a table and chairs he made, so my dolls and I could have tea parties when I wanted to hide out from everyone. I could see my fish when I stuck my head out the small window, but I had to be very brave when I looked down at them. My tree house was my first task master. I was afraid of heights, but daddy would say, "You can do it, Princess. Climb the ladder one step at a time."

In addition to the gold fish pond, tree house, and corn fields, there was a steep dirt trail behind the house that led to a stream which ran through our property. Sometimes, I would

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walk down to the stream with my younger brother, Dennis, and I would let him help me put stones into the stream to dam it up. My dad always warned us that we had to be careful not to dam it up too well because the water had to flow down to other people's land, so that they could use the water, too. Actually, our property had a big dam of its own behind the fruit orchard. That's where I went to watch the ducks and throw stones across the water. Sometimes I could find their eggs close by. We also had pigs, cows, chickens, and a goat on our little farm.

Most of the time, however, I would play hide and seek all by myself in the corn fields. I would hide between the tall stalks and dare imaginary people to come and find me. I just knew that there were other people who lived in the field because I could find hidden treasures they had left behind that betrayed their presence. The things that I would often find would include things like an arrowhead, little pieces of wooden toys, and bits of pottery hidden beneath the corn stalks that gently waved in the wind.

"Now where did this come from?" I would wonder as I would stare at my latest find. "I know you belong to someone." Then I would run through the corn field and try to find the people who hid there. "Where are you, the person who owns this arrowhead? Come on out now. I know you are in here!" I would shout and then listen as hard as I could.

No one ever answered me, of course, but sometimes if I listened just right I thought I heard other people whispering amongst themselves and hiding tantalizingly just far enough out of my hearing to make sure I couldn't understand what they were saying. Sometimes, when the light was just right, I could convince myself that the shadows I saw just up ahead that darted and dashed amongst the corn stalks were their shadows. I would dash forward trying to catch up to them, but they always remained hidden from me. Reflecting back on it now, I realize

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that all I really heard was the wind rustling through the corn field, and all I really saw were shadows of the corn stalks themselves as they danced with every gentle passing breeze, but back then I was certain I was not alone. In my child's innocent heart, I trusted that if I looked hard enough or did all the right things, I would someday find those other people that hid so well in that corn field.

When I tired of searching for the shadow people, I would sometimes sit down in the middle of a carefully ploughed row and watch the corn stalks wave in the wind as if they, too, were alive and inviting me to come dance with them. Feeling the wind kiss my face, I would close my eyes and listen to the music only the corn and I could hear. Swish and hush. Rustle, swish, hush. Swish and hush. Rustle, swish, hush.

Despite the fact that it would tower far over my head, sometimes I couldn't help but to throw my arms around a corn stalk and pretend it was my dance partner or one of the people I couldn't see but just knew were hidden there in that field. The corn stalk and I would keep time to the music, weaving and dipping, swaying and bending, surrounded by hundreds of other dancing corn stalks that joined me in my private ballroom.

Other times, I would run to my tree house and look out at the fields and imagine I saw patterns in the way the corn grew. Instead of seeing neatly arranged rows, as I looked out over the field, I could see that in certain places, the rows stopped being straight. I would see patterns in the way the corn would grow -- spirals and half circles, mazes and labyrinths. I didn't know about alien crop circles back then, and I am sure that we didn't have any of them burned into our corn, but even at that early age, I was seeing patterns and feeling things other people just ignored.

In fact, from the moment I set foot into the corn fields, I would feel a certain connection to the land and was drawn to

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play there as if the place were one gigantic magnet. While other children slept in warm beds under their parents' roofs, I was outside in a teepee my father showed me how to build out of bamboo stalks. He took a cord and tied the stalks together about six inches from the top, and then he fanned the thin poles out at the bottom which formed the frame for my teepee. A blanket was wrapped around the stalks giving my dwelling its finishing touches.

It always took a lot of begging on my part to get my mommy and daddy to let me sleep outside all night in my teepee, but my dad liked my tom boy spirit, so he would be the spokesman on my behalf to my mom. "Aw, let the girl be. What harm can it do to let her go play outside?" he would say to my mother.

Dad must have been pretty convincing with my mom because I spent many nights camping outside in my own private teepee and living in a child's paradise. Once I opened the flap that covered the doorway to the teepee and crawled inside, I was in heaven. Often, in the middle of the night, I found myself sitting in the doorway of the teepee, looking up and studying the sky into the wee hours of the morning. I would watch the blinking colored lights of an airplane as it slowly moved across the jet black heavens sprinkled with billions of sparkling stars. Sometimes, if I were lucky, I could see a shooting star streaking its way across the night sky.

Daddy always said that if I made a wish on a shooting star it would come true. I made plenty of wishes as I sat alone in my own private world, but I never felt like I was really alone. Sometimes, it was as if I could feel the very heartbeat of Mother Earth keeping time with the blinking stars. On those nights, the earth and sky were one, and I felt completely connected to both. Other times, I would look up at the sky and feel as if someone

were watching me from up there. Maybe there really was a man in the moon.

Reflecting back on it now, I wonder if my family home sat on ley lines, which are grids of energies that exist in various places on the Earth, because even as a child I could feel a power rise up from that land that just doesn't exist everywhere.

Today, I am amazed that my parents gave me such freedom to wander on the ranch unescorted. As a little girl, I was the princess of my wonderland, and everyone in my world loved me. My parents probably let me stay outside all night in my teepee at such a young age because I was their princess and because they thought it was safe to do so. Children were not kidnapped by strangers in those days for monetary purposes or used for a person's deviant sexual acts. Parents didn't worry about our neighbors smoking pot or being terrorists, so strangers coming onto the property were not a threat.

Strangers driving by were not my threat. My threat became the King and Queen of my happy little kingdom. It happened one day when my daddy slammed the front door behind him as he got into his red pick-up truck, gunned the engine, and raced down the dirt road. The tires spun so fast that they created a dust cloud that followed the truck. My dad might not have left so quickly if he could have seen my tears in his rear view mirror as I ran behind him. If the engine wasn't so loud he could have heard me cry out, "Daddy. Come back. Please wait."

There I stood, for the first time in my life, helpless and hopeless. I touched my face to find muddy tears that I couldn't wipe clean. As my hand tried to wipe the tears away, I saw mud on my small fingers. I slowly walked over to my fish pond, knelt down, and reached for some water to clean my face. As I looked into the water and saw my reflection, I didn't see the princess I thought I was. Now I saw a young warrior with a

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painted face that would have to be brave in the days and years ahead for this thread in my tapestry would appear throughout my life as a black one.

A gold fish swam by and touched my hand as I brought the fresh water to my face; then it hid under a water lily. Gone was the man who always proved to me that I was safe as I watched him show me that the Boogie Man wasn't in my closet and no monsters were under my bed. Gone was the man who knew I was afraid of the dark, so he would put me on his shoulders at night time, take me outside beneath the stars, and show me nothing was lurking outside my bedroom window.

As I watched the fish appear and then disappear to the bottom of the pond, I thought about all the things my daddy had done for me. Even though he built me the pond, the tree house, and my own furniture with his bare hands, my favorite thing was when he taught me how to build my very own teepee. Then a tear fell into the water. It was only a few short months ago that daddy taught me to build that teepee. If I had known my parents were going to get in a fight that would cause my mother to file for a divorce, I wouldn't have wasted my wishes on shooting stars with silly things like wanting a new baby doll. But when you are five-years old and live in the wonderful world I did, things happen that you can't even begin to understand, nor would you have anticipated that they could happen.

What I know now is that my innocence was gone from that moment on. I also know now that my dad was a tool in my mother's life -- a tool that helped her to escape her life on the farm at the time of the Great Depression, and somehow I got caught in it, a fact which wouldn't spell itself out until years later. My mother's marriage to my dad was motivated by too many things that didn't add up to the word *love*.

My mother's family was so poor that my mother had to wear her brother's shoes when she graduated from high school.

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My mother vowed to leave her poverty behind her, and the only way she could do that was to marry my dad, who had joined the Navy, and move away from it all. Instead of owning one pair of shoes, my mother wanted a closet full of shoes. I was always dressed like a little doll with clothes she made for me. To prove to herself that she wasn't poor anymore, my mom belonged to many social clubs that my dad didn't like. Their match was that of country farmer and city socialite, so eventually my dad got tired of my mother's constant attempts to change him and ran off to live with my grandpa in National City, which was about thirty minutes away.

My grandpa had a big belly and always gave me bear hugs when we used to visit him. There was always one kind of rabbit stew or another cooking on his stove. Grandpa's stews always featured fresh rabbits that came from a pen full of rabbits in his back yard by his vegetable garden. My grandpa had a big sty on his eye, a huge porous nose, and an Irish smile that revealed a couple of missing teeth when he flashed it at me. I didn't notice his missing teeth as much as I did the twinkle in his eyes that made me feel special. When I entered his kitchen, I would often see him playing cards with people seated around his wooden table. He would take a swig from a bottle of whiskey in front of him and pass it around to his poker buddies who were also his boarders. When my father ran off to live with my grandfather, my daddy was sick with pneumonia; it was my grandpa -- not my mother -- who nursed him back to health. It was then that my daddy met Margie, one of my grandpa's boarders.

Margie was a petite lady with jet-black hair who spoke with a Southern accent. She must have been a breath of fresh air for my father because Margie was so different than my mother. Rather than try to be the city socialite, Margie captured my father's heart because, coming from the backwoods of Tennessee, she saw my dad as a hero who saved her from

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impoverishment -- even if he wasn't rich by anyone's standards. I never noticed all the negatives about Margie that my mother noticed and was quick to point out. I never thought that Margie was "a drunken floozy who chain smoked cigarettes and who didn't think anything about running around with a married man."

My mother swore that Margie reeled my father in with her Southern drawl just so she would have someone to take care of her. Mom never saw Margie's childlike innocence and the way my father needed to be adored for being exactly who and what he was -- something my mother could never quite manage to do. If the truth be told, mom was wrong about Margie. Margie wasn't after my father like some cavalier hussy. My father and Margie would later marry and remain married to each other for more than fifty years until Margie died. At the time, however, my mother saw Margie as nothing but an interloper.

All I knew at the time was that our family farm was sold, and my younger brother, Dennis, and I were carted off to Texas by our mother. My world was turned upside down. I used to be loved; now I felt like I wasn't anymore. I would ask the teacher a question in class and end up sitting in the principal's office. In California, when I was in first grade, the schools provided everything I needed. This wasn't the case in Texas. I had to supply my own paper and pencils, and no matter how hard I tried, I was not as smart as the other kids because the schools in Texas were more advanced.

My mother did the best she could for my brother and me, but I resented losing my dad and was afraid when she would leave us behind when she went out dancing or to dinner on a date. I remember staying awake a lot at night, waiting for my mother to come home and listening to Mother Nature's anger as thunder roared like it was beating on a tribal drum; then I would hear a loud crackling sound, which was followed by a flash of

light that lit the whole ground up. I was frightened by my threatened existence, but I had no place to run. I had to play out my destiny, but it would take a lifetime for me to understand that every event I experienced was part of my karma that followed me from a previous lifetime, and every event was important to weaving out the tapestry of my life.

What I later learned was that there are no chance meetings or events in our lives. Everything happens for a reason -- even the painful events because we come to this planet to learn. Every incident that happened in my lifetime happened to help make me into whom I would later become. Every person in my life was there to help me to evolve.

Thus, my destiny in this lifetime was rooted in the many lives I had already lived, and the players in this lifetime were people I had known in my past lives. The dance we were doing in this lifetime had been choreographed long before this incarnation. We had roles to play, the other people in my life and me, and we had no choice but to play out those roles if we were to learn our karmic lessons. However, the part that was deceptive was feeling the thread in my hands. It made me think I was in control of my destiny, but in truth what I was to weave had already been decided before I was born.

As a child, however, I didn't understand about karma or destiny. All I knew was that my daddy was gone. Naturally, when only a year later, my father unexpectedly showed up again at the front door, I was ecstatic to see him. Suddenly, it seemed like my world was lit up by its own shooting star. My mother acted like she was glad to see him, too. The next thing I knew my mom and dad were in the car with Dennis and me in the back seat, and we were headed back to California. In my child's heart, I assumed that my perfect world would somehow be magically restored and that everything would be back to

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normal. Little did I know what would really transpire would require me to learn more major karmic lessons.

Oblivious to the truth of the situation, I eagerly sat next to Dennis for our long cross-country drive. It was different traveling cross country back in those days. We traveled on Route 66. There were stands on the side of the road where Native Americans sold jewelry, blankets, and pottery to tourists. I got to see real teepees, buffalo skulls, and dream catchers. When we were thirsty, my dad would stop at a stand on the side of the road that was built in the shape of a big orange and buy us all juice. If we wanted something to eat, we would stop at a drive-in restaurant. My dad would roll down his window and a car hop (waitress) would come out and take his order. Then the car hop brought the food to our car on a big tray that she attached to the bottom of the open window, and my dad would pass out our food, which usually consisted of hamburgers and fries.

It was probably the best trip in my entire life because I could have my family all together and enjoy food, lots of good food, while singing country songs like, *On Top of Old Smokey*, while we traveled down the road.

The highlight of that cross country trip with my family came unexpectedly and would affect me for years to come. I wasn't sure where my dad was going when he exited the freeway, but I knew we were in Arizona because I overheard my parents say we were.

"Janice, I want you to see where a huge meteor fell from space and crashed into the Earth," my dad said.

"It fell from the sky?" I asked.

"Yes, it did," he answered.

Already, space fascinated me, but the thought that something could fall down and hit me over the head worried me. Despite my childish fears, I eagerly got out of the car and

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joined my parents as they stood at the edge of the crater. More than 4,000 feet across and 550 feet deep, the gaping hole in the ground amazed me. As I stood there looking down, I felt myself drawn to the place as if I were magnetized. It was the same feeling I had when I used to play in the corn field.

“This is a special place,” I whispered to myself. A strange feeling came over me the longer I stood there. It was as if the ground itself were pulsing in time to the heartbeat of the Earth. Energy washed over me in one spiraling eddy after another. I stood breathlessly waiting for each pulsating surge of energy. Reluctantly, I agreed to join my parents when they decided that we children should sit through the movie that was shown in the visitor center. Feeling the same spiraling energy, I sat on the edge of my seat and watched the show. For the first time, I discovered that the things I had seen up in the sky could somehow fall and become part of my planet.

“Did I come from up there, too?” I wondered as I watched the simulation of the meteor crash into the Earth. For a moment I closed my eyes and felt as if a portal to another dimension had opened. Space and I were one. I didn't know it then, but a new portal had indeed opened for me when I saw Meteor Crater, for I had discovered that there are certain places on Earth that do have special energies.

Ultimately, traveling to the Meteor Crater and seeing such a big hole in the ground impacted me and was one of the experiences that would weave themselves into my tapestry, the one that would some day reveal who I was and from where I came, for I would later learn that Meteor Crater was known as an energy vortex and indeed sits on one of the Earth's ley lines. Ley lines, I later discovered, are hypothetical alignments of different geographical places on the Earth. Ancient monuments and megaliths tend to be located in places that have ley lines, and places with ley lines tend to draw people to those locations.

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One such famous place located on ley lines is Stonehenge in England, which was built around 3,100 BC, and has attracted thousands of people who have come to visit it from all over the world.

The little girl in me didn't understand ley lines, but I did know that when the movie was over and my parents said we had to get back on the road, I didn't want to leave the crater. I had no choice, however, but to get back into the car to continue the long cross-country drive.

As I got back into the car, I studied my mother's face as she lovingly gazed at my father. I was convinced that their reunion meant that my fairy tale world really had been restored. It was true that my mom agreed to come back to California with us kids because my dad led her to believe that he wanted to get back together with her, but the ultimate truth is that he wouldn't end up staying with her. Little did either of us know that our time together as one big happy family would be so very short-lived.

When we finished our cross-country driving adventure, something unexpected happened. My dad moved us into a home he bought with the money he received from the sale of the ranch, but he didn't move in with us. Instead, he went back to his father's home where he had been living. I never understood why he didn't move in with us from the beginning, but I am sure my mother knew why. All I knew is that my parents were sort of reunited and that was enough for me . . . at first.

The family reunion we enjoyed was destroyed one day not long after we moved back to California when my dad came to pick my brother and me up for a visit. When my mother opened the front door to greet him, my mother saw Margie sitting in the car. Suddenly, Mother became outraged and slammed the door in my father's face. I ran to window and saw Margie, that pretty

Southern belle, looking back at me as my dad sped off down the road.

My mother was so furious with my dad that she decided to one-up him. Rather than remain married to my father, she decided to reel in a new man, but the only man good enough had to be one who was wealthy enough to also wash the stain of poverty from her hands that the Great Depression had caused. All I knew was that the dad I loved was gone once again, and I didn't feel close to my mom, who had become a calculating gold digger. Ultimately, my mom did indeed reel in a man from the sea, one who had many women chasing after him besides my mother. When he proposed, she accepted his offer, happy to be the woman he had chosen out of all of the other female fish in the sea.

Women in those days were brought up believing a woman's worth was measured by the wealth of the man you caught. My mother's bait was her ability to play music (violin), along with her big bust, small waistline, and gorgeous long legs. My mother worked hard to make her body nearly flawless by her constant dieting, and her bait always worked.

If the truth be told, no man had a chance when my mother went fishing for one. She hung a picture of Christ in our home, wore a cross, and knew how to hold out sexually until she got what she wanted, which was a wedding vow in this case. What's more, if a man wanted to take her out to dinner and buy her a hamburger, she would naively say, "Hamburger, why I have never had a hamburger before! You would do that for me?" and then she would bat her blue eyes like he was her Prince Charming. I can't help but laugh when I remember how such obviously ridiculous tactics actually worked and helped her to win three husbands before she finally died.

A new karmic dance that affected all of us began when she landed her fish and married my stepfather, who was named

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Ed. My brother and I were brought to our new home, which sprawled across a double lot and was only one block from the ocean. Ed had two children, a boy and a girl. Eddie was named after his father and was a couple of years old than I, while Elizabeth was only three months younger than I. She had long blonde hair like I did, and I called her Betsy.

I hated my stepfather. He wasn't at all like my real father. He was cold, strict and backhanded me across the face the very first day I arrived at my new home. I remember being excited and trying to pronounce his last name, which was so foreign to me. I innocently said Popobitch instead of Popovich, which made him furious. My dad never hit me, nor did my mom. My stepfather's slap stung me right in the middle of my heart, and tears came to my eyes, but I bit my lip and decided right then and there that we were going to be mortal enemies.

However, I wasn't the only one who got hurt by this marriage. The first thing Ed did that revealed his devilish horns was to insist that my mother get an attorney and file a claim against my father for back child support. The sad thing was that my father always paid my mother the twelve dollars he owed her for each of us kids, but he didn't keep the receipts and so therefore couldn't prove he had made the payments. His home was the one thing he worked so hard to fix up and own, but in the end the judge awarded the home to my mother in exchange for back child support, and she in turn signed the title over to Ed, who made a rental out of it. So, now my stepfather had money coming in every month from the rental and from my dad when he made child support payments.

Although I shouldn't have known about the financial matters between my parents and Ed, I did, and I hated him for what he was doing to my father. What made everything worse was Ed's personality. Ed had a military way of barking orders when he demanded that we children do our chores. If we kids

didn't like something that was put on the table for us to eat, Ed would become enraged and start swearing like the sailor he once was.

"Damn it, you will eat what is on your plate and every bit of it right now," he would shout, while adding another helping to the plate.

Poor Betsy hated cottage cheese and wasn't going to eat it. He not only made his own daughter eat it, but he would go to the store and buy more cottage cheese and force her to eat that, too, until she puked it all up on the kitchen floor. Mother didn't seem to mind how harsh Ed was with us. Instead, she defended him and seemed more concerned about how we would look to strangers. Image. It was all about our image.

Image was so important to my mother that she insisted that we all made a good appearance when we were out in public, which included when we played our accordions as entertainment before the members of the various prestigious social clubs to which she belonged. To make sure that everyone knew how important our family name was becoming, she would frequently call the editor of the local newspaper, so that stories would be published about someone visiting our family from out of town or some other tidbit she thought was newsworthy for the social column.

I guess my role in my mother's script was to look a certain way. I had beautiful long blonde hair and blue eyes. To people outside my home, it appeared as though I was happy most of the time because I was always wearing a smile. What people didn't see was the truth. That truth was that we all lived in a hellish nightmare of sorts. For example, my stepfather turned off the water heater every night after we took our evening baths. Our bath time was different from other children's bath times. The tub could only have 12 inches of water in it, and he ordered us not to be in the bathtub longer than five minutes. Then when we

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each tucked ourselves into bed, we kids had to say evening prayers, while my stepfather listened in to be sure we said them correctly, which always made me feel like I was praying to God before the Devil himself. I hated that more than anything.

My mother may have turned her back on how we kids were treated, but Ed's horns affected her life as well. Ed marked the tires on her car with chalk every day to make sure she never escaped the driveway. He even marked her tube of toothpaste to make sure she wasn't using too much. And when out of town company came to visit, which would later be mentioned in the local society column, my mother had to buy the food with the money she made ironing clothes for other people because Ed wasn't about to share his food with company. Oddly enough, that little ironing job -- and the money she stole from Ed's wallet when he wasn't looking -- is what kept clothes on our backs.

To complicate my life even further, something happened one day when my stepfather took our family to the navy base where military families could see a movie for 15 cents and buy popcorn for a nickel. Little did I know as I sat munching on popcorn that the movie we were about to see would transform my life forever and become another key piece to the tapestry my life experiences were weaving. Who would think a mere movie could have such a lifelong impact on someone only 14 years old? The film was called, *Exodus*. The movie was about some Jews who, after enduring torture committed against them by Germans, decided to sail to Palestine to escape their tormentors. Prior to seeing the film, I knew very little about hardship, war, and torture by man against man.

After seeing that movie, I really wanted an audience with God. I wanted to sit down with Him and make Him explain some things to me. I wasn't sure who God was in relation to my life other than that He was some sort of a divine force that was

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starting to cause me a lot of conflict. I had heard ministers preach about him in the Protestant church we attended on the base every Sunday, but the power He had over us made me very nervous.

An insightful recounting of a lifetime spent seeking higher truths that knocks yours spiritual socks off. This book brings extraterrestrials, animal totems, astrology and all manners of self-knowing into sometimes shocking focus. A primer with the power to heal.

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