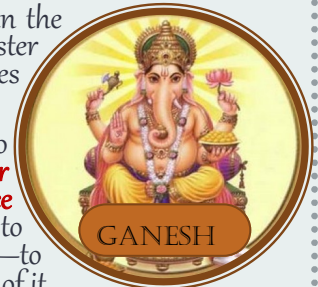


THE SECRET SISTERHOOD OF HEALING

When someone we care about is sick, the Secret Sisterhood of Healing conducts a **Healing Ritual**.

1. We sit **solemnly** in a circle with candles in the center. We solemnly light the candles. Sister Everlaine gets the giggles. Solemnity goes out the window.
2. We join hands and pray—to **Ganesh**, to Mother **Mary**, to **St. Blaise the Hieromartyr** (he is normally in charge of **Deliverance from Cattle Plague** but we like his name), to **Bastet** the Cat Goddess, to the **Angels**—to **Whoever Is On Duty**, is the long and short of it.
3. We **beg**, we **bargain**, we **cajole**, we **threaten**. Then we be quiet and **listen**. **Whoever Is On Duty** makes **Small Wounds** in our **Hearts** so that **Love** can seep in. Then we pray some more, with greater **Power** and not so much Whining.
4. Next comes the **Ritual Casserole-Baking**, involving expensive organic ingredients like **wild barley** from the mountainsides of Tibet, etc., plus **exotic** and **hideous mushrooms** from Madame Sasha's Exotic and Hideous Mushroom Emporium, **kosher lentils**, special healing **garlic**, plus 2 shots (each) (with a water droplet) of **Glenlivet** 18-year-old single-malt Scotch whiskey, which goes into the Sisters (NOT the casserole), to enhance our culinary artistry. After we bake the casserole in a 520-degree oven for 47.5 hectares, as prescribed in the ancient Ritual Casserole Cookbook, the bottom 1/2 inch looks like **volcanic rock**.
5. So we have the **ritual Throwing of the Casserole into the Dumpster**. No one ever receives one of our casseroles. They are for **ritual scorching** and **discarding** only, as a kind of **purgings of our spirits**, to make our prayers more **pure** and **loving**. It didn't start out that way, but it's how we justify the expense....



The Candle Ceremony is a **weak link in our Healing Ritual** because Sister Faye in Charge of Candles moved to King-o'-Klubs Kampground in Show Low, Arizona. There is no bylaw to **replace** the person in Charge of Candles so for your Ceremony we stuck **77 birthday candles** into Jell-O and Sister Cher had to get (a) her **Weimarauner** treated for tongue burns, and (b) new carpeting.



6. Then comes the **Ritual Sacrifice of the Sacramental Wine**. The more Beloved the Dear One for whom we are holding the Ritual, the greater the Sacrifice. For example, in your case, all the Sisters fell asleep on the floor, waking now and again to pray quite **fervently**, speaking in **tongues** and moaning [in prayerful ecstasy] and such, occasionally slipping into another Sister's shoes and drifting off into the night toward mystical destinations such as the **Astral Plane**, although Sister Marsupial was discovered snoring precisely 2 inches from a **lawn sprinkler** in full irrigation "ON" mode.
7. Our dear friend the Rev. Bruce Hurley once explained to us how **God Sorts Out Our Prayers**. We are absolutely counting on this.
8. Long after we have claimed our proper shoes and regained our vision, we continue to **hold you in our hearts** and pray continually that you will be blessed with **joy, peace, and robust good health**. (Toward this end, we recommend that, if invited, you NOT join the Secret Sisterhood of Healing for the time being.)

With much love, on behalf of the Sisterhood...