



Central Valley Cannabis Operations

My Name is Sister Kate. I am an accidental nun, and that story will be told in time. I have been directed by my own higher powers to begin writing, regularly, about the adventure I am on. I have been told to reveal the story as it unfolds, because, it is in the better good of the people to know what's happening, as it happens . . . and because, it is for the better good of the Sisters of the Valley to take people along with us on the ride. *"Your readers will help and inspire you."* (Desiree, my earth angel)

After harvesting a bountiful cannabis crop last fall, we were in the position to launch our line. For the first six months of this year, we played. We made teas and tinctures and

medicines and sold them locally, and gave away a lot of product for people to try. In our play, we figured out what seriously worked for folks and suddenly, we had people requesting our [cannabis medicines](#) from far corners of the world. People were offering amazing testimonials on the healing powers of our products.

We make our medicines by moon cycles and, as best we can figure, in accordance with ancient First Nation rituals. We sew prayer and healing into each jar and each bottle. We put the batches up under a new moon and bottle under a full moon. Women only make the medicines. It is a solemn ritual. As [new age nuns](#), these are our periods of celibacy – the medicine-making moon cycles.

We have all our products certified organic and labeled with potency information from SC Labs in Santa Cruz. Sometimes our product potency does not match up with the testimonials we are getting. The miracle cure stories, the re-orders, the buzz, is more than what the potency label shows.

“My potency for CBD looks weak compared to others,” (I complained to the lab technician), “And yet, I am hearing it cures, or contributes greatly to the cure of a great many things.”

“It could be working so well because of your combination of CBD, CBN and THC.” Offers the lab technician.

“But your labels! People are going to think we have weak medicine!” I object. “Shouldn’t we retest that batch?”

“It is what it is, Sister.” Says the lab tech patiently.

“Perhaps it is because we do it in a spiritual environment, calling on the lunar energies, Mother Earth, preparing them with focus on healing intent? Perhaps it is because we tell the patients to apply with healing intent, and they do? Perhaps it is because we have pulled in energies that you aren’t testing. When are you going to test for the energies of the environment the medicine was made in? That would be something!”

“Do you have anything else, Sister?” the lab boy says patiently.

Meanwhile, we sold out of [CBD oil](#) within two weeks of opening the ETSY store. This is a grand experiment, after all, and the public is embracing the medicine.

In April and May, I began contacting dispensaries and 420 delivery services, by going to weedmaps, beginning in our home town, and working my way outward fifty miles in all directions, I contacted cannabis suppliers. They were very slow to respond, but by July 1st, around the same time I opened the ETSY store, I had three of them regularly buying products from us. Just two days ago, I did the numbers for July and between the on-line store and the local cannabis suppliers, we are doing over a hundred a day in sales (humble, but auspicious beginnings).

When it comes to the many facets of this business diamond, it seems my dual Gemini nature reflects in all. Marketing has two

prongs: dispensaries and direct sales via the internet. Marketing has more prongs within those prongs (somewhere), which are wholesale and retail, agent force and direct marketing. Our product line has two prongs: Regulated and de-regulated (must be sold through dispensaries or can be sold to public).

The big challenge right now is in securing a CBD crop. We have two mini-farms going with all CBD crop but that won't be ready until November. On Wednesday night, under the new moon, under what we, the Sisters, call the mid-Summer moon, we put up our last batch of [CBD oil](#) (see photos) until harvest – unless we can shake some high CBD leaf loose from the universe. Just yesterday, I put out the distress call to the Native's. They might be able to help. But that's the joy of being in a newly deregulating business. You never really know from whence the great challenges come. Here in the central valley, it is hard to convince growers to grow the high CBD, low THC strains. None of them believe there is a market.

I am not allowed to write about growing; I have been forbidden to write on [grow operations](#), which makes me crazy, because that is wild, wild, west shit and catnip for my cat-soul. Maybe I'll write about it, just a little. Stay with me . . .



