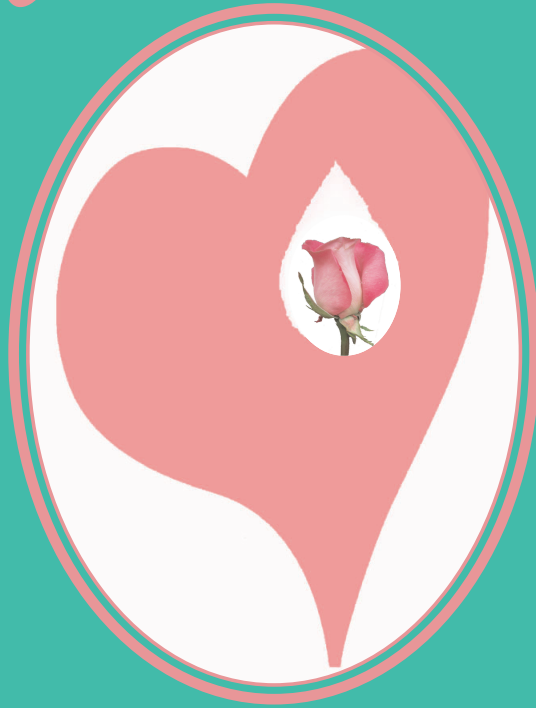


Free

The Heart Bud



*A Unique Publication
That's Bound to Touch Hearts*

~ Printing #2 ~

~ June 7, 2011 ~

As we face economical difficulties and intensifying natural disasters, most of us are learning how to live with less: some are cutting back on spending, some are completely losing businesses, jobs and homes, many are struggling between these two extremes, and we are ALL being called to open our hearts to deeper levels than ever before. . .

www.TheHeartBud.com

Warning: This publication contains unedited writing. For best results read with your Heart.

~ Introduction ~

"The Heart Bud" is written by "Wisdom" – by the wisdom of direct experience. It is rising, like a resurrecting phoenix, through the personal core of global issues, into the heart of humanity. . .

If you read with your Heart you'll See

The Heart Bud is a product of Poetic Publications and is being produced by Sharon R. Poet - a woman who is a hard worker and had accomplished the "all American dream," with full ownership of a large country home...etc., before an unusual chain of losses, disasters and difficulties left her completely homeless.

She first started this mission in the fall of 2004 with a publication called, "The Personal Journal." In May of 2007 she attempted resurrecting this bankrupt publication in a less expensive format entitled, "Sharon's Bud". She is now building the wisdom of her mistakes and experiences into "The Heart Bud."

Sharon continues, against unbelievable odds, to lift her pen, for all of humanity, as she carves a healing path through the devastation around the loss of her Loudon, NH home, a fire in her Potter Place, NH home, multiple deaths of loved ones, her experiences around a flash flood, which wiped out her Alstead, NH neighborhood and the terror of being stalked, threatened, harassed and slandered by people who've fought against her writings.

Sharon is producing this publication from the vehicle she now lives in, but she says, "This isn't about me. I am merely one tiny sample that I use as an example. I simply write what I experience and see with hope for all of humanity. . . myself included."

Sharon grew up on a farm in NH and has naturally expressed her feelings through writing lyrics and poetry since early childhood. She's written several books, over seventy songs and longs to complete a series of children's books, four CDs of her songs...etc.

Sharon plans to use income from her writings, in order to climb back onto her own feet and acquire at least one home that she can open up to people who are in need of a safe, supportive place to live while healing from sudden devastating losses or painful experiences.

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Poetic Publications
PO Box 383, Mont Vernon, NH 03057

Current contact information can be found on
www.theheartbud.com or
www.poeticpublications.com



~ Notes ~

Most of the entries in this printing have been altered since the previous one, because "The Heart Bud" is in the process of growing into all that it's meant to be. It hopes to soon attain enough sponsorship to continue improving and soaring into communities throughout the world. If there is anything you can do to help this process it will be deeply appreciated.

Until "The Heart Bud" attains enough sponsorship to cover all its own costs and reach its initial goals, it will most likely not be able to print anymore free ads or submissions of other people's writings, but it hopes to follow through on offering these benefits soon.

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~ Gratitude ~

A huge THANK YOU to the enclosed advertisers who contributed to this second printing of The Heart Bud.

I feel deeply grateful to the Highest Power for helping me find the courage and strength to produce this second issue of "The Heart Bud".



www.theheartbud.com



~ In Support of Small Businesses ~³



Forces that control our economy are shoving the middle class into poverty and small businesses are being hit hard!

Not only are most of us spending less money, we are also buying cheaper things at large department stores. Sometimes we literally can't afford to shop anywhere but these places that are less expensive. But when it's not going to create too much hardship, it would be helpful if we let consideration spend more money in small local businesses, because these are the ones who need our support. Helping them to remain in business is the neighborly thing to do, ESPECIALLY when income from their business is what keeps a roof over their heads.

Lets do the best we can to do more of our shopping at the places that need our support. This may cost a bit more money, but it will leave us with the satisfaction of knowing that we are doing what we can to help our neighbors. No price can be put on this healthy exercising of our Hearts.

Lets be a beacon that shines into someone's pay. . .

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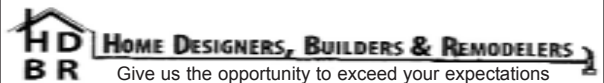
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Economical Herbing

by Wisdom

In the mid 1980's I began exploring and successfully using herbs instead of pharmaceuticals for minor illnesses like colds, flu, infections...etc., and was amazed by the results. The healing powers of Herbs seem to extend far beyond man made medicines and have none of the harmful side effects, when used properly.

In the mid 1980s, my oldest daughter suffered from recurring ear infections and had undergone several rounds of antibiotics prior to a doctor suggesting surgically putting tubes in her ears. Instead of allowing the surgery I cracked open my herb books and ended up successfully using homemade garlic drops to cure her ear infections. The garlic didn't do much for the way she smelt ;-) but it prevented the dreaded tubes from having to be used, cost a lot less and was better for her on every level.

Another example is when a friend's child came down with a severe case of impetigo and I gave her Calendula, which ended up curing the infection, although her doctor had stated that, "only one particular antibiotic can cure impetigo."

When my immune system was seriously compromised by a life threatening case of lupus, I treated my physical symptoms with a measured combination of four herbs, which are a proven cure for cancer and originally came from a Native American Medicine person. Variations of this formula are being sold in health food stores under the name of, "Essiac". But it is said that the original recipe, made up fresh, is the most, if not the only, effective way of using this formula. **(The original herbal recipe and more information on Essiac can be found on, www.HealthFreedom.info)**

I've used homemade herbal teas and concoctions for more things than I can count or list. My daughters could tell you a few horror stories about what some of them smelt and tasted like. ;-) But they worked, were more healthy for them and saved us a lot of money.

You can do it too. You can pick up a good book on healing with herbs and find out that many of the herbal medicines we need are right in our own back yards and cost nothing. Others can be easily found at herb stores.

There will be a lot less illness in our world when we, more fully, return to the Earth's natural resources for preventatives and cures.

Lets do it!

"The Heart Bud" Needs Your Help

You can help it sore across the USA and beyond by advertising your business or by offering monetary gifts to help it grow.

Poetic Publications, PO Box 383, Mont Vernon, NH 03057

TheHeartBud@gmail.com



~ Reclaiming the Bud of a Dream ~

by Wisdom

If you've lost your business, job, partner or home and are wondering what to do next, perhaps it's time to dig into your own Heart - into the closets where forgotten dreams reside.

I'm over 50 years old and didn't start completely following my heart into my soul's dream until I was in my forties. Although I'd been aware of my life's purpose when I was a young child, I'd let myself be torn from it and chose professions that looked like they'd deliver more money. I'd worked hard and had accomplished the 'all American dream' and was even mortgage free by the age of forty. But it all felt empty and meaningless. I wasn't happy with my jobs and I felt like a failure in my personal life.

When all that I'd built suddenly began to crumble in a chain of disasters I felt devastated. It hurt to lose what I'd worked so hard to achieve. It hurt like hell! But I strived to pick up my self esteem and began, more fully following my heart into the depths of my life's purpose - into sharing my poems and songs with the rest of humanity.

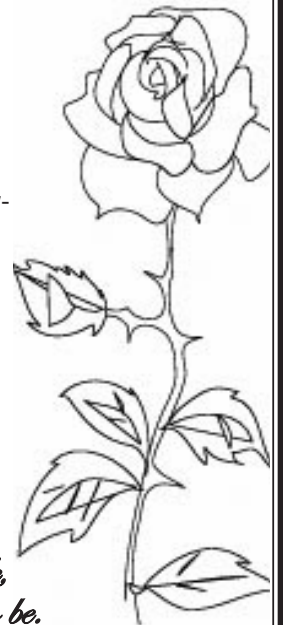
***My initial losses lead me into the depths of my own heart -
Into what I should have been doing with my life from the start.***

It hasn't been easy. In fact, it's been the most difficult road I've traveled. I've crashed more times than not, and have been faced with one obstacle after another and haven't even begun to make enough money to cover the costs of my work. But, I'm doing the parts that I can and...overall, I feel more content than ever before. Re-claiming this part of my neglected dream is the most rewarding thing I've ever done. I find deep satisfaction in knowing that I'm finally following my heart into what I was born to be doing with my life. Everything else feels like a waste of time and energy, if it's not helping me to produce and share my writings.

Though there have been times when I've fallen back into letting other people's advice, or letting my own fear, drag me off my path, I keep returning to it, because this is what I was born to do.

If you are reading this in a booklet, I accomplished another little part of my dream and I hope you do it too - **I hope you follow your Heart into making your dreams come true no matter how much money it does or doesn't make for you. Just do what you can.**

***If you find yourself feeling lost or wondering what to do next with your life,
Dive - dive into a neglected dream and pry it into the blossom it was born to be.***



The deepest inspirations come when we know our life's work is not yet done.

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~ The Reforming ~

by Wisdom

Many of us wonder why natural disasters are suddenly happening more frequently. There are theories about "normal earth changes" and "global warming" and "the Earth tilting on its axis" and even "the world coming to an end."

I feel that there is SOME Truth in most theories - that there are multiple levels of reasons for these sudden shifts in our climate. But no matter how it's perceived or what it's called, it's obvious that these disasters are reforming our ways of living, thinking and feeling.

When I step back and look at the bigger picture - at the destructive levels of greed, selfishness and hate that are growing in humanity, it seems like our world needs to be shaken, in order to wake us up and re-set our priorities.

I have a strong feeling that New England has not yet experienced the worst of the natural disasters, which will hit in my lifetime, that this is not the only place left to be hit harder than the norm. . . and that we need to start being here for each other on deeper levels than ever before.

Perhaps its time for us to more FULLY learn more about what really matters most in life. Perhaps its time for us to stop the economical shift that's crushing the middle class, destroying the poor and feeding only the rich. **Perhaps its time for us to begin realizing that the highest measure of a being calculates how much genuine Heart we have and does not even consider how much money and property we acquire.**



*No matter how difficult life is today - no matter how much is torn away,
the Sun will rise on all of humanity as we embrace our Hearts and set Love free.*

*Help a stranger
Who is in need -
Let Love plant
A healing seed.*

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Peace of Simplicity

by Wisdom

As more and more of us are hit with financial losses, I find myself hoping that we can find peace in letting go of unneeded THINGS and learn to enjoy a way of life, which proves that *"more is less & less is more,"* because it really is, as long as our basic needs for shelter, health and safety are met.

In the late 1980s I began simplify my life by getting rid of unneeded items. Through this process I often had to sit myself down and ask, "Do I NEED this or do I just WANT it?" If "want" was the answer I either gave it away or sold it.

Within a few years I was almost down to bare necessities. I can't tell you how freeing and empowering this was!

I later took this to the next level and lived off the grid in a small hunter's cabin (my "Adirondack Shack") where I had no electricity, no septic, no well, no appliance noise, much less worry and a lot more peace.

During my year and a half in this cabin I realized how little I needed, in order to stay warm, healthy and happy. Selling it was one of my biggest mistakes, because I've not been able to replace it.

But anyway, the moral to my story is that we don't really need most of the THINGS we have. . .and when we stop wanting so much of what we don't need, we'll be much better off financially, emotionally, physically and mentally, because wanting more leaves us forever unsatisfied and wanting/having less relieves stress, lessens financial burdens and promotes peace.

Most of us want less stress, more financial security, more peace and an easier lifestyle, but are we willing to let go of the extra THINGS, which often keep us from them?

Sadly, some of us are being forced to and just need to realize that it doesn't have to be a bad thing. Learning to live with less can increase our quality of life and give us more time to do things that matter most.

Life gives us enough to stress over, without having to worry about the extra THINGS we either don't have or struggle to pay for. Having more than what we need feeds stress, greed and the delusion of more being better.

All any of us really NEED is a safe comfortable place to live, the means to keep ourselves safe and healthy, and the ability to do our life's work.

When the most greedy parts of our world realize this, we will ALL be far better off, because this will lesson the ridiculously high prices of things, which the rest of us struggle to pay for.

"More is Less"

It really is. . .more fuels greed and deprives those who are in need

(Fuel and medical prices are good examples of this)

Value of Trust

by Wisdom

7

I didn't realize, until recent years, how important Trust is. I understand that "trust is earned...etc." We can't automatically Trust EVERYONE! But its not healthy to automatically distrust everyone either. We need a healthy balance between these two extremes - a balance that humanity seems to be losing.

More times than not we tend to DIS-trust pronounce people guilty until innocence is proven, instead of listening to our instincts and Hearts and letting it be the other way around.

Though I've recently lost a lot of my own Trust in humanity, due to being targeted by ill intended people, it wasn't long ago when someone told me that I was, *"too naive and Trusting."* *"You think EVERYONE is honest like you..."* this person angrily scolded, after I'd been deeply hurt by people who pretended to be more trustworthy than they were.

I understood where she was coming from. But I don't think I was ever "TOO trusting". I don't feel that Trust was my issue. I just needed to work harder at trusting my intuition and listening to my deeper instincts so that I could more easily sense those who did not deserve my Trust. And I needed to face the fact that "evil" really does exist in humanity. A tough lesson to learn.

But anyway. . .I hope Trust regains its valuable place in our world, because too much distrust can prevent us from giving honest people the chance they need and leads to losses on both sides.

My most recent experiences with trust vs. distrust was in the process of collecting ads for the first issue of "The Heart Bud". As I approached hundreds of people, I ran into many who assumed that I'd just gather up their money and run off instead of really producing "The Heart Bud." Although I understood their skepticism of something new and unique, from someone they do not know, I also felt a bit hurt each time it happened, because I deserved more trust than I was getting.

So I'm working on regaining more Trust through wrapping it in heavy doses of intuition, because ***I get hurt when I trust UN-trustworthy people and I hurt others when I don't give them the Trust/chance they deserve.***

It's better to have trusted and gotten hurt than to have not trusted at all.

(What is true for Love is also true for Trust)



P.S. I wish I knew who first came up with the phrase, "more is less" so I could give credit where credit is due. It surely came from a wise soul who dared to look into our hearts and know.

~ Personalized Disaster Relief ~

by Wisdom

Since the volunteer work I did with Katrina and Rita victims, as well as my own personal experiences with disasters, I have felt saddened by the lack of uncomplicated help there is in their aftermath, especially for those who were already struggling. . .and have come to the following conclusion: When we have the Heart to help, and money to donate, we can help more people with a lot less money when we give directly to individuals and families who are in need. Through giving DIRECTLY to disaster victims we can FULLY help dozens of people with the same amount of money that would barely trickle down to temporarily help just one person. . .through most other avenues.

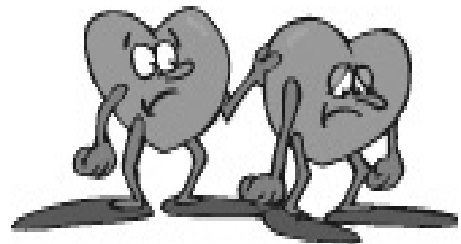
Far more disaster victims will be helped when we let our Hearts guide us into the kind of compassion that cares to prevent further distress by COMPLETELY lifting people back onto their feet, monetarily, emotionally and mentally. . .instead of offering only enough food or water to sustain their plight. It can cost a lot less to fully help people than it does to keep them down and keep feed them for long periods of time. . .and its far more humane. Lets let our Hearts do the deed of REALLY helping those in need.

After disaster strikes, most victims need these three things, in order to fully recover.

1. A SAFE, kind, genuinely welcoming place to live.

2. Time for grieving in an understanding and compassionate home - enough peaceful time to heal, without being pressured to hurry up and "get over it...etc."

3. A chance to start over - uncomplicated financial assistance, to lift them back onto their own feet.



Please remember that reluctant help does not feel very helpful, because most disaster victims already feel humiliated and guilty for having to depend on other people. We should not help just because we think we should or just to make ourselves look good, because victims can only feel comforted by the type of help that comes from **genuine** care.

Also please remember that interrogating victims, and making them prove their losses, as most agencies do, merely adds to their distress at a time when they are often already so overwhelmed that they have a hard time remembering details, anyway. Its better to just focus on listening to our own intuition - our own "gut feelings" - our own Hearts. It is best to just offer a compassionate ear and/or a shoulder to cry on, instead of suspicious questioning, because they all DO deserve the help they need and should not have to be dealt the added distress of having to prove themselves or defend themselves against suspicions, which are usually born from a greedy, selfish search for a reason to not have to help.

**NO MATTER WHAT THE SITUATION IS,
Those who continue to suffer just haven't gotten the help they need.**

P.S. In an old Native American tradition, it's required that we never let anyone know what we've done to help another person. This is to keep our egos out of it and pull our Hearts into it. Perhaps we can learn something from this wise tradition.

"What can I do for you in your time of need?"

(These are the words that plant a healing seed.)

TRUE help is delivered through the kind of care that prevents further distress and GLADLY lifts people back onto their feet.

We can help each other through tough times by forming support groups.
Here are a few guidelines if you'd like to start one.

~ Support Group Guidelines ~



- 1. Each member must join with deep levels of integrity**
(The group must have a safe, respectful feeling in order for it to be healing)
- 2. Make a firm commitment to stick with it for at least a few months**
(This will allow time for trust to build between members)
- 3. Remain consistent with times and dates**
(This creates a feeling of stability and security.)
- 4. Pass leadership around, so that no one has complete control of the group**
(This helps prevent it from creeping into dysfunctional ruts.)
- 5. Take turns sharing - with only one person talking at a time**
(Perhaps use a "Talking Stick" and refrain from advising unless it's asked for)
- 6. Focus on empathizing with each individual who shares**
(So that everyone feels heard and cared for)
- 7. Practice strict levels of confidentiality**
(Never repeat what other members share unless they give permission.)

Start each meeting with a short meditation for relaxation and end it with a group hug. Add any other guidelines or exercises that your group agrees upon. Keep in mind that sudden losses can trigger feelings which have been long suppressed, so it's natural to be facing childhood trauma or other past losses along with the present situation. Embrace it ALL so that healing can take place.

End each meeting with a group hug.



Positively Negative*

by Wisdom

**Wisdom reaches into
The depths of my aching Soul
To find the seed of something
We all could stand to know:
~ There's no such thing as "negative" ~
~ When we grow to accept ~
~ All that simply IS ~**

*"Positively Negative" was written on the subject of embracing feelings

~ Helpless ~

by Wisdom

Please take a moment to think about how you'd feel if you suddenly lost your job, home, even a few loved ones and had no family or friends left, whom you could turn to for help. Scary to even think about, isn't it? But please care to feel this. . .

You worked hard all your life and had reached a point where you owned your own business and a nice country home, but it's all suddenly gone, through no fault of your own. You have also just lost a few loved ones and you have no family left, whom you can turn to for help.

Fear grips you as you realize that you suddenly have no income and nothing but your car to sleep in. Your homeless situation, on top of all your personal losses, is almost too overwhelming to bear. You feel numbed by shock.

A few weeks go by and you've just used your last dollars purchasing yet another loaf of bread and jar of peanut butter. You finally do what you've been dreading - you call welfare, but are told that "there is no help for you because you have no physical address, are not elderly or physically or mentally disabled and don't have young children." In their effort to help as few people as possible, they carelessly cast you aside.

You don't qualify for unemployment because you had been self employed. You call 211 and they give you the number to a hotline where you are told that a homeless shelter is your only option, IF they have room for you, but there is no room. You go to another one, a few days later, and don't feel safe due to the obvious mental/emotional difficulties most of the other inhabitants have. Actually, you feel terrified of being harmed by one of them. You know that you can't handle anymore pain than what you already carry, so you leave and resign to living in your car.

You call the Salvation Army, Corpus Christi, a Paster Care Center...etc. but the only one who returns your calls and doesn't refer you to some other place that ends up being a dead end, says that there is nothing they can do for you "because you are already homeless."

Your distress is being compounded by being intensely interrogated, humiliated and disbelieved by the agencies you turn to for help.

You periodically pick up cans of food at food pantries, which rarely have healthy food and are in short supply because of all the people who take food from them, in order to SAVE their own money instead of leaving it for those who have none.

The food pantries refuse to pay your cell phone bill or storage payment, which would prevent you from losing the rest of your belongings, because these levels of help "are not on the list of things they do" for people. They don't give you money because they assume you might be a thief, drug addict or some sort of criminal.

You have been trying to get more work, but now that you are in such a state of need, people either hire someone else or offer a small fraction of what you used to get paid. You feel how heartless and cruel this is, but they excuse it by saying, "That's just business!"

You desperately grab for any job you can get, but the economy is bad. Jobs are hard to find. And most of the jobs you get deliver unhealthy levels of sexual harassment and other types of abuse. What's left of your pride rises to fight against it and either gets fired or quits.

You feel more desperate, overwhelmed and scared than you ever thought a human being could feel. Your situation is starting to feel hopeless.

You have no money to wash the sets of clothes you now wear for three or four days in a row. The rushed sink-baths you take in garage station rest rooms are not enough to eliminate your BO, but a few months have now gone by and you have stopped even noticing.

When you're not under the security cameras in Wal-Mart parking lots you have to keep moving or driving around because when you linger in one place for too long you are sometimes approached by ill intending people who want to take advantage of the vulnerable situation you're obviously in. Sometimes you run out of the gas you need, in order to keep on the move, because you only get \$25 worth of gas from the food pantry that you are only allowed to visit once a month. You sneak to other pantries and churches, in order to get more of what you need, and feel guilty about it.

You're not getting the exercise you need and your car is becoming a stinky mess, but you have become too overwhelmed and tired to do anything about it. Surviving each day takes all the energy you have.

You often cry yourself to sleep praying for help. But each day rolls

into a few more weeks, and STILL, no real help is there for you. Your faith begins to stagger. You are feeling too uncared for by your fellow human beings and this hurts so unbearably that its breaking what's left of your aching heart.

You hit a point where you resign to checking out a homeless shelter again and your worst fears begin racing into reality. So, you bolt and become more content with just living in your car although the night temperatures are now dipping into the single digits.

You ask for help over and over again, but most people don't trust you, just because you're living in your car, and the rest of them look down on you and try to find reasons to not have to be the ones to have to help. Nobody seems to care. The only offers you get for places to live are in situations that add to your discomfort and you quickly leave.

The little bits of help you get are barely enough to survive on and never enough to help you climb back onto your feet.

A few years go by and you wonder how you've survived this long and if you will ever be able to recover from what homelessness has done to you on top of the devastation that put you there.

**Sometimes you feel numb. Sometimes you feel sad.
Sometimes you give up, because you're so tired and mad.**

**You often feel scared and don't know what to do -
Overwhelmed by the pain of all you're going through.**

Just when you think things can't get any worse the transmission on your car begins to fail. Fear grips you harder than it ever has. What will happen to you when you have no car for shelter and safety? You can't bear to even think about it. You are sinking into the trenches of hopeless despair and there seems no way out!

At the time of your initial losses, you had needed a kind, SAFE place to live, time to grieve and time to pull your life together - you had needed the type of help/place that does not exist for people who have no money and no family to turn to.

*I am "nothing but a worthless waif"
Who dares to pause in judgment's way
But Angels from beyond the sky
Reach down to hold me while I cry.
THEY know.*

This is a difficult reality to look at, isn't it? It's hard to read let alone imagine being this person. It doesn't seem like this can happen in the USA. But this article is based on a true story. Unfortunately, it REALLY does happen and will continue happening to more and more innocent people, as our economy struggles and natural disasters intensify. . .until more is done to help prevent it.

Perhaps our government needs to think about providing different shelters for different types of people: one for those who need a safe, peaceful place, and time to grieve, so they can recover from sudden tragic losses; one for those who struggle with drug and alcohol addictions; one for those who struggle with severe levels of mental illness; and one for X convicts...etc. This way, shelters could feel more like places to go for help instead of feeling like another traumatic experience at a time when there is already too much distress to begin with.

A far more possible solution is for the rest of us to fill the hopeless gaps and help each other more than we now do. Will you think about what you can do to help prevent people from experiencing this sort of helplessness?

Please?



~ Higher Purpose ~

by Wisdom

Some of us look down upon and judge those who become poor or homeless. . . foolishly thinking that those who have more money are more important. Some of us think that we "choose our own reality" or go through tough times because we want to or because we deserve it - some of us judge, assume and blame instead of helping.

***Are we letting judgment build arrogance and greed
Into excuses to not help those in need?***

It appears so. I feel ashamed to admit that I had moments of believing these sorts of justifications, before I learned that there is a higher purpose to each level of suffering - one that we often can not fully know or understand.

Sometimes we suffer, in order to experience what we had judged. Sometimes we suffer in order to gain a deeper appreciation for things we had previously taken for granted. Sometimes we suffer in order to offer opportunities for the opening of the Hearts in people around us. Sometimes we are cast into struggles, in order to gain the experience we need, in order to help prevent others from suffering. Sometimes...etc.

This list could go on almost endlessly. The reasons for hardship are as vast as the multitudes of complexities in life itself.

*But one thing, I'm sure, remains the same:
We are not here for judgmental games.
To grow into Love, is why we came,
And to help find greed's lost shame.*

Reality

*I used to think that we,
"Create our own reality"
Until Light shone into
All I did not see.
There is a grander plan,
Beyond the sphere of mind,
That sets Wisdom into
The toughest hills we climb.*

*The deepest, wisest souls are often the ones
who face the most challenging experiences.*

~ Religion ~ 11

by Wisdom

Religion is a word that can make many of us cringe. Why? Because following a religion sometimes means shoving ourselves into the debilitating box of another human being's perceptions of what the Highest Power expects of us.

Some of us need to strictly follow a particular religion, in order to fulfill a life purpose or prevent us from drifting onto a destructive path. Some of us don't believe in a Higher Power, because we've not seen or experienced it. Some of us embrace all religions. And the list goes on.

I, for one, have explored many different spiritual views, because of the spiritual experiences I've had, and I've come to the conclusion that no one religion is completely right, that none are completely wrong, and that we all have a right to follow our hearts into whatever direction we were born to take, irregardless of what religion, if any at all, we choose. . . without being looked down upon or judged by our fellow human beings.

*"What matters most is how we live our lives
- how we treat our fellow human beings -
how much Heart we have to share."*

This is the repedative message, which rises from the core of most religions.

I feel, in my heart, that when religions stop judging each other and arrogantly placing themselves above or separate from "others" we will all be a lot better off, because each religion seems to hold a valuable peace of a giant puzzle, which, when linked together, can bring us more of the peace and Love we all need.

Road to Love

*It matters not
Which road
We choose,
In order to
Reach Love.
May we unite,
Not only in
Our destination,
But also in our
Acceptance of
The unique paths
Some of us must take,
In order to get there.*

The Silent Epidemic

by Wisdom

Though most of us have heard that "it's OK to cry," we don't seem to fully realize how incredibly important it is to allow a healthy grieving process after painful situations. We usually close our Hearts, in order to avoid feeling emotional pain. Yet, this closing of our Hearts, no matter how much or how little, is causing even more pain, because crying is what washes away the pain and allows us to feel deeper levels of love and compassion for ourselves and others.

What I call, the "Silent Epidemic", grows and spreads each time we suppress our sadness. The Silent Epidemic is an emotional illness. I know this may sound a bit strange to some of you. But if you read the rest of this, and listen to the Wisdom in your own Heart, I'm sure you'll feel some of the Truth in what I'm saying.

Some say that sadness is "negative" or "depressing". Some go so far as to say that it's "un-spiritual" or "dark" to feel, release or express sadness! Some even think that "all we need to do is use our minds to choose joy instead," no matter how we are REALLY feeling! But my experiences show me that this avoidance of our Hearts - this suppression of our sadness, is THE very thing that actually CREATES the "negative" stuff in our world.

I feel certain that humanity's health and well-being depends on each of us allowing the natural cleansing process of healthy grieving, because **releasing our emotional pain is what opens our Hearts to deeper levels of Love, Joy and Peace.**

We habitually suppress our sadness, because feeling it can be uncomfortable and sometimes overwhelming, especially when it's not supported by the people around us. Even in the most supportive environments, it's difficult to completely embrace grief. Suppression is the easiest route to take, but certainly NOT the healthy one.

Most of us were taught, from the day we were born, to stuff down our feelings of sadness; to "get over it", to pretend it's not there, and "put it behind us" as quickly as possible. Consequently, most of us are better at suppressing than we are at releasing our pain. We tend to even feel ashamed to go out in public after we've let ourselves deeply cry, because we don't want people to know we've been crying.

We act as if crying is doing something wrong or shameful! We waste a lot of energy trying to avoid feeling anything but shallow imitations of joy. We stuff down our sadness with overdoses of caffeine, nicotine, alcohol, food, drugs, TV, sleeping, thinking, working...etc. We tend to keep ourselves so busy and so distracted that there's no time to feel anything! And we often try to stop others from feeling their feelings, because their sadness triggers ours. And on and on and on the unhealthy cycle goes. I feel 100% certain that deeper levels of grieving/crying is an absolute necessity for the health of our Hearts, our families, our communities, our countries...our world.

The "Silent Epidemic", is the widest spread, most dangerous epidemic in humanity. No joke! You may think I'm catastrophizing here. But I feel certain that I'm not. I feel that humanity is at a serious crisis point with this issue. PLEASE think about this. . .

Suppressing sadness - the closing of our Hearts, is the root cause of ALL the problems we face, on both personal and global levels. When we've suppressed extremely large doses, it depresses us, makes us ill or becomes anger that yearns to strike out.

On the larger scales. . . Severe suppression of sadness, causes Hearts to become so blocked that they begin filling up with deep levels of greed, warped senses of spirituality, uncontrolled anger, and a thirst for power over others, all of which are THE root cause of the destructive wars we experience between family members, religions, cultures, and countries.



On the smaller scales. . . suppressing our feelings of sadness causes our Hearts to start blocking to the point where we also start losing our ability to feel deeper levels of compassion, peace, Love and joy. Greed begins attempting to fill the voids with money and possessions. Our connection to the deeper, wiser parts of ourselves and to the Highest Power, becomes more and more blocked. Is any of this sounding familiar?

*Sadness is not depressing!
It's the suppression of it that depresses us.*

Now, I'm not suggesting that we walk around trying to cry all the time. But I AM saying that we should work at allowing the depths of our Heart's natural cleansing process - that we should allow and support a healthy grieving process far more than we now do. And I'm praying for us to take a deeper look at the damaging effects of the "NO crying/grieving allowed" messages, we deliver to our loved ones. I cringe every time I hear the popular Christmas song, "You better be good. You better not cry. I'm telling you why. . . Santa Clause is coming to town..."! I'm sure we would not even think of writing and playing songs like this for our children, if we knew how damaging it is. Sometimes, when I hear this song, I sing along and loudly change the words to, "You'd better cry...", because **our Heart's need to utilize their natural cleansing process.**

The "Silent Epidemic" needs to be cured, in order for us to start healing our world, ESPECIALLY through the tough times we now face. It's OK to cry. It is! It really is.

*Crying is like giving the Heart a shower
To wash away accumulated dirt.*

Lonely Place

by Wisdom

Deep inside most Hearts exists a lonely place,
Where sadness hides and silent yearnings
For Love long to be embraced.
This is the place we need to reach -
The depths, where Hearts have much to teach.
But, do we dare reach inside
For sadness that's learned to hide?
Do we dare fully embrace
The tears that long to wash our face?
Do we dare let go of pain
So Love can find its place again?
Perhaps we must.



We'll all be happier when it's OK to cry

Angelic Experience

by Wisdom

During a time when I was struggling through several devastating losses, I entered into the most painful emotional release I've ever experienced. . .and one of the most comforting spiritual experiences I've ever had.

As my body curled up on the floor during my third full day of almost constant crying, my stomach convulsed and my voice hoarsely moaned in pain. I tried to stop the aching flow of tears! But I couldn't, no matter how hard I tried! I'd gone beyond the point of return. My eyes were almost too swollen to see out of. My chest and stomach ached. And I'd not been able to eat for days. This scared me! I understood the healing powers of letting myself deeply grieve, in order to release my pain. I'd done this before. But this time, it went so far beyond my comfort zones that it overwhelmed me.

I prayed for help. I begged The Higher Powers to help me pull myself out of it. I felt as if I'd fallen over the edge of a cliff into an endless abyss and I feared that I was never going to make it back out.

But, right at the point, when I knew that I absolutely could not handle anymore, I felt a presence embrace me.

Its impossible to fully describe this. It seemed like my Guardian Angel was wrapping me in Her arms - like I was being cradled in the arms of Love itself.

This feeling was so powerful and so comforting that my tears of sadness became tears of gratitude - gratitude that I was not as alone as I'd felt - that there was someone here for me. I'd needed this. I'd needed this more than these words can imagine.

With Love surrounding me, I was able to release even more of my pain. I continued to cry until my body lay sleeping in the arms of this 'Angel'.

When I woke, I wrote the following song about the messages I'd received from the Love that embraced me.



Message From An Angel

*I am the sadness seizing your Heart
That will, in time, with healing, depart.
I am the tear caressing your cheek.
I am your strength. I am not weak.
I am the pressure in your chest -
Learning to fly. . .Leaving the nest.
I am the memory of years gone by.
I am the breath that leaves with a sigh.
I am the child within your being.
I am all knowing and all seeing.
I am the voice echoing in your head.
You have not lost me. I am not dead.
I am the Joy. You must believe!
I am the Love you need receive.
I will not leave you. . .will not say bye.
I've come to hold you while you cry.*

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~ Gifted ~

I feel that every single one of us is gifted in a unique way. . . some of us are gifted in earthly ways, some are gifted in intellectual ways, some are gifted in creative ways, some are gifted in spiritual ways...etc. But many of us don't listen to our callings, because its hard to strike out on "the road less traveled," especially when it doesn't look like it will bring the money we perceive as a symbol of success.

We often fail to realize how important it is to honor our own individual Gifts. Consequently, there is very little support for such uniqueness in our copy-cat world. Yet, when we cast aside our own natural Gifts, in order to do what will bring more money or recognition, we also cast aside our own personal power. We become like herds of sheep running off a cliff, after losing ourselves in greed's engulfing mist.

Have you ever noticed that the one thing, which most historically famous people have in common, is that they passionately put their Hearts and Souls into their work, WITHOUT following or copying any other human being? History's best writers, scientists, inventors, spiritual leaders, philosophers...etc., reached into the depths of their own Hearts and Souls and used the Gifts they were born with, instead of copying other people's. This is the lesson they left for us to learn.

*We are all wonderful. We are all Gifted.
And we must reach into our own Souls,
In order to find the Gift that naturally knows.*

Those of us who are gifted on spiritual levels can have more difficulty with the process of openly honoring our Gifts because, throughout history, those who are born with deep levels of insightfulness, intuitiveness, healing abilities, prophetic abilities...etc., have been too grossly misunderstood, wrongly labeled and harshly judged. This is sad, because its still happening and hurting innocent people.

At this point in time, there also exists the flip side of this. Since its starting to become "cool" to be a healer or psychic...etc., there are so many wanna-bes jumping into the "spiritually gifted" rolls, that its damaging the credibility of genuine ones, which is destructive for all of us.

The very best we can possibly do with our lives is embrace the Gift we were born with - embrace what came natural to us, when we were children, and use it in our life's work. . . as well as accepting the Gifts in others, even when we don't understand them.

It does not matter if we were born to be a mechanic, a writer, a waitress, a doctor, a politician, a hairdresser, a poet, a farmer, a parent, a psychic, a secretary, a carpenter, a billionaire, an actor, a minister, a prophet...etc. No purpose is higher than or lower than any other - we all have equal importance. And we are all here to help each other.

When we put our Hearts into our own Gifts, we put more Love into people's cars, people's food, people's books, people's education, people's music, people's lives...etc.

My Gift

*My gift is You. My gift is Me.
It is illuminated in the stars
And travels in my eyes.
My gift lays deep. . .
Beneath the largest,
Lonely stone.
It's wings dance
In rays of Light.
My gift shines through
The deepest, darkest night.
It has its own voice.
It's a sad, lonely song -
The one we all know.
My gift is beyond the earthly,
Far beyond the mundane.
It's wild, free and
Completely untamed.
Like the sun and moon.
It's universal,
Yet plays its own tune.
My gift is all there is,
All that can be,
That resides in the depths
Of the Heart in me.*

*When we use our own Gifts and accept the
Gifts in others, we all become more whole
And the world becomes more balanced*

What is YOUR natural Gift?

Find it. Embrace it. Use it. Don't lose it.



**Those Who Follow Others Sacrifice Themselves
In Shadows That Don't Belong To Them**

~ In Light of Healing ~

by Wisdom

In 1986, a neurologist performed a second surgery on my spine and then told me that I'd remain 25% permanently disabled in my legs. As his reality gripped my fear I sought alternatives to a third surgery, which would fuse at least three vertebrae and add to my limited mobility.

As I leapt into the use of herbs, Reiki, yoga and prayer I was surrounded by skeptics in my family and neighborhood. Natural healing methods, especially spiritual ones, were not very common in the 1980s. Some people even foolishly thought I was becoming some sort of "witch..." But I followed my heart and stuck with it, because I knew that the paths I explored were good and healing.

After about two years of doing energy work and yoga, I had regained 100% of the feeling and strength back into my legs. My determination to heal and the yoga stretches played important roles in my healing process, because I rode them into deep levels of release. But the channeling of pure white Light into my body seemed to help more than anything else.

During this time I also successfully used energy work on other people, like my father in law, who had been diagnosed with terminal stages of cancer. When I worked on him he often mentioned a noticeable decrease in his physical pain and I sometimes felt his Heart opening. Sometimes it felt like God was sending His/Her Love, through me, to help him.

Reiki also seemed to help him make a smooth transition into the next life.

Since then, I drifted away from practicing Reiki and have even forgot it's specific techniques. But I clearly remember the beam of pure white Light, because I had known it long before I learned Reiki. And I continue to pray that Light into my own heart, body, mind and spirit every time I think of it.

It's helping me wash away my fears of what might happen next in my life and our troubled world. It's helping me feel less alone when my fellow human beings are too busy, too caught up in their own lives, or too careless to let their Hearts be here for me when I need them to be. It's touching my heart in ways that nothing else can. This Light has even been chasing away a severe case of Lupus, which I feel is caused by intrusive spiritual practices, which drain life force energy from targeted individuals. But that's another story.

I feel that Light/Love from the highest power is the most healing thing that exists and we can benefit from it on EVERY possible level.

So, if you are feeling in need of healing or stress relief and don't have the money to learn something like Reiki, try this on a regular basis:

Relax your body in a peaceful place. Take slow deep breaths. Close your eyes and visualize/imagine a large beam of pure white Light pouring down from the heavens and into your body - filling your whole body until all the muck is washed away and you are also surrounded by a wall of protective white Light. (Don't forget to keep up the deep breathing) Adding a prayer for help from the Highest Power can enhance this tremendously.

If you can't visualize pure white Light, keep trying and know that it WILL eventually come. The more you practice this the more you'll feel its effects. If nothing else, this is sure to help you relax and relieve stress, which is the first step to healing most things.

Just because you don't see it doesn't mean it's not there!

by Wisdom

Through my efforts to try to understand why some of my own family members treated me as badly as they did, I grew to realize that, within each of their Hearts was a wounded child who needed an outlet for the pain

Our children Truly are “humanity’s future.” How can they heal our future until we are healthy enough to keep them whole?



I wrote the following poems as I embraced my "inner child" in 1989

Child I Used To Be

On a lonely summer day I sat at the forest's edge
 Feeling the impact of life's hard lessons,
 When she came to me, a mere child of three,
 In soiled, worn-out clothes and hair of honey gold.
 I stared at her in wonder - taking in all I could see,
 Realizing that she was the child I used to be.
 I thought my eyes deceived until she began to speak -
 Glaring at me with big brown eyes, as tears covered her cheeks,
 "You spend your life searching but don't remember and see,
 That I have been here waiting for you to return to me.
 You ran away and forgot the great plans we had for you -
 The joyful games we'd play and magical things we'd do."
 She sat on the ground rubbing her cold, bare feet
 Crying, "You didn't take me with you
 To the people we were to meet!
 You forgot the castles we were to build in the sand,
 And not once did you even TRY to hold my little hand!"
 She bowed her head, declaring with a sigh,
 "And worst of all, you forgot how to laugh and cry!"
 My heart filled with sadness. I knew she was right.
 I'd left her to grope alone on a cold and dreary night.
 In over twenty years did not return or ever even try
 To find the child I cast away. . . for the pain I hid inside.
 I reached for her shaking hand and asked if she'd forgive,
 While making a sincere promise that, together, we would live.
 She climbed into my lap, where we held each other and cried,
 Until joy was what was left of the pain we felt inside.

Lonely Nights

Through my childhood
 I'd often lay awake at night
 Listening to the silence creep in.
 When only crickets could be heard
 And every light had dimmed,
 I'd feel her quiet sobs.
 Each time, like the first,
 My heart would loudly throb
 As tears flooded my eyes.
 I wonder if she felt as sad
 Or as alone as I.
 On those nights
 When sadness engulfed
 Our troubled home,
 I wonder if Mother knew
 That she never cried alone.

Mommy & Daddy

Mommy, Why so angry?
 Mommy, why so sad?
 Is it because I am
 A child who is bad?
 Mommy, please don't hit me!
 Mommy, please don't cry.
 I'll be here to love you.
 My love will never die.
 Daddy I'm not stupid!
 I'm just a little kid
 Who needs you to love me
 And wishes that you did.
 Daddy, I'm not "mental."
 I cry because of pain.
 I'm not "over emotional."
 I'm grieving YOUR. . . shame.
 Daddy, I don't imagine
 Everything I feel.
 This pain inside of me
 Is devastatingly real.
 Daddy, why abandon me
 Whenever I'm in need?
 Daddy, why do you leave me
 Sitting here to bleed?



Lets clean it up.

Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents.

Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents. Lighting the closets heals their contents.

Just because we don't feel it doesn't mean its not there !

~ Mother's Love ~

by Wisdom

Around the time of my mother's "death", my 18 years with her felt a bit too hurtful and unloving. I felt that there were important things we were supposed to do together - things that she'd given up on or forgotten. I felt abandoned by her.

My mother was my only family member who supported and understood my depths - my drive to write and sing what was in my heart and share it with humanity. I think we could have done a lot to help each other if she'd not given up on her own life and died of leukemia.

Through many years it had bothered me that we never said, "I love you" to each other - that we never fully expressed or showed the love we felt for each other. This left me with an aching emptiness inside my Heart. But I later learned that the death of a human body is not the end of a person's life and certainly not the end of a Soul's ability to heal into deeper levels of Love.

When I was in my late twenties, I started meditating and learning how to vision quest, Native American style. Visioning felt natural to me and my visions brought me to higher levels of awareness, to a world that exists beyond our physical world. In this other world, I frequented a place where Angels were sending beams of healing white Light down to the Earth, in an effort to heal the world. (These Angels looked like glowing figures of pure white Light.)

During one of my journeys, as I stood watching, one of them came to stand directly in front of me, handed me a large glowing gem and asked me to place it into my Heart. As I did, a wonderfully warm feeling slowly spread through my whole body. When I looked up to thank her/him, I was shocked to see my mother standing there!!!

Tears quickly welled up and streamed down my cheeks as my legs went weak. "I LOVE you," she whispered, as she pulled me into her arms and held me tight. Between my sobs I said, "I love you too" and then cried like a baby. . .cuddling into her love, until I woke from the vision.

I opened my eyes to tears that still heavily flowed. This experience was so incredibly real. Deep in my Heart I KNOW and FEEL that I Truly met my mother's Spirit there, that she really came to say, "I LOVE YOU" and that I felt her Love to the core of my Heart and Soul, with every fiber of my being. There is nothing anyone can possibly say to convince me otherwise. This WAS real. It was as real as these letters on this page.

Through this experience, I felt like I'd resolved most of the issues I'd had with my mother. Its felt as if, in those minutes of opening my Heart to the depths of her Love and deeply crying out my sadness, I received what had been lacking throughout all my 18 years in this life with her.

I no longer yearn for her to be here for me, in the same ways I used to, because her Love remains with me. I still feel it in my heart. And I find deep levels of comfort in realizing that,

*It's NEVER too late to say,
"I Love you..."*

Mother's Love

*They say
She has
Gone away-
Her time met
It's final day.
But I see her
In this rose,
And in the
Sunset's glow.
I still feel
Her near,
As she whispers
In my ear.
We can't be
Torn apart.
She lives on
Inside my Heart.
She'll never leave.
No, never.
My mother's Love
Will bloom
Forever.*

*Yes - its "through adversity
that we gain strength"
But its through Love
that we heal.*



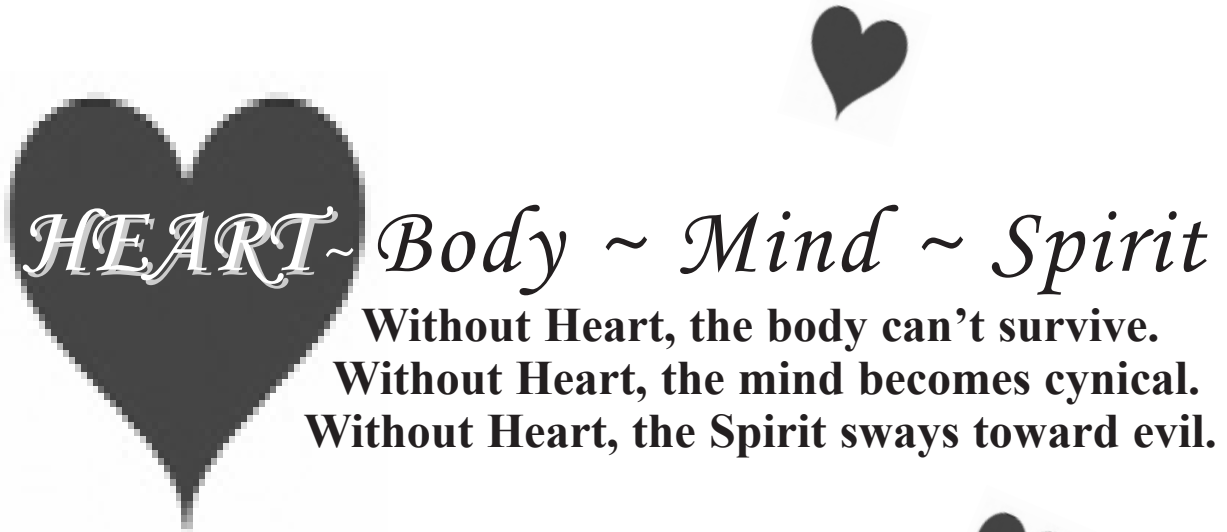
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? *"Body ~ Mind ~ Spirit" ?*

I deeply believe in the holistic approach to healing. Taking care of ourselves on the physical, mental and spiritual levels is important. But there is something missing in this popular phrase. . .something BIG! The most vital component, which brings it all together in a healthy way, is most often not included. Lets change it to, "HEART- Body-Mind-Spirit" because, without Heart the body can't survive, without Heart the mind becomes too cynical and without Heart the Spirit sways toward evil.



*Let 's make Heart the priority
So our bodies, minds and spirits
Can grow into all they can be.*



~ Poetry ~

by Wisdom



Aging Contentment

I stood in the lines where everybody goes
To fix the aging form of skin, hair or nose.
Strong as stone I stood as I studied my reflection
And found these words in my body's deep rejection:

*"Each crevice built for tears - these wrinkles on my face,
Are proof of precious years that NOTHING can erase.*

*In the grey of my fine hair, I sometimes see a glow.
Please handle it with care and let this magic show.*

*The sparkle in my eyes grows brighter every day.
Please don't cover it up. Don't take THAT all away!
Every blemish, bump or sag, in the eyes of the weak,
May make me a hag. But HEAR these words I speak,
I want to remain human. . . the Truest kind of all.*

*Don't stretch, tweak or fix me. I don't want to be a doll.
I may not fit in, because of how I feel.
But I don't want to change. So, let me just be REAL."*

(Can you imagine the extra joy, peace and contentment that will settle into our Hearts, when we let go of our foolish concerns about aging and the expensive things we do to hide it?)

Lady by the Sea

*I wonder if I'll grow to be
A wise old lady, walking with the Sea -
Letting courage dip more than just a toe,
Finding the depths as soothing as they are cold,
And every wave as young as it is old.
Noticing my footprints in their long crooked row.
Seeing each stumble as Wisdom's chance to grow
And every single step. . . the right way to go.*

Sea Peepers

*Here we park
All lined up in a row
Gazing through the fence
Come sun, rain or snow
A gathering of peace seekers
Mesmerized by each wave -
Silent little sea peepers
In this time we save.*

My Prayer

*God, if I have to stay here, if I have to cry,
Send a little Angel down from the sky,
To give a little comfort. I can't do this alone.
I need Your Love with me, until I return Home.
If I must experience darkness of Earth plain,
Cast your Light upon me, so I can find You again.
If You can pardon - if You can forgive,
What I have become here - how I've learned to live.
Let your Light shine on me. I sit here in the dark,
I can't see Your Light here. Not even just a spark,
I know I have to open to the depths of what I feel,
But only Love from Home can truly help me heal.
Those who try to help me, though they try to care,
These people just don't see, all that's hidden here.
Where my Soul comes from, where my Spirit's been,
Can't be understood here. So, I cry. . . once again.
If I must experience darkness of Earth plain,
Cast your Light upon me so I can feel You again.
If I must experience my Heart ripped to shreds,
Hold me while I feel this. This pain is what I dread.
If I must pay for memories that I lost
Hold me as I grieve and dearly pay the cost..
If I must experience darkness of Earth plain,
Please cast Your Light upon me,
So I can be. . . You again.*



*May the Light
Guide us
Through rough
And stormy sea
Until we find
Our way
Into eternity*

Rhododendron Grow

I planted them there,
 Beneath my broken chair,
 In the late days of fall,
 As the hawk made his call.
 Their home has been changed -
 The earth rearranged.
 They need time to heal -
 Another year to feel,
 For the roots to find their way
 Into a safe place to stay,
 Beneath the rain and sun.
 Then it will be done.
 In the warm days of spring,
 I'll check them once again.
 If I melt away the snow
 And let the blossoms grow,
 Next year There will be more -
 A pathway to my door.
 But now they just need time
 For limbs to grow and climb.
 Rhododendron grow
 Underneath the snow.
 Nobody knows.
 It scantily shows.

Ladybug

I sit at the edge of my bed
 Trying to talk to you
 While you coldly ignore me.
 My lonely eyes watch you
 Roam around the room
 Rescuing little ladybugs.
 So carefully, you pick them up,
 With love and consideration,
 Cradling them gently
 In the palm of your hands,
 Delivering them to a place
 Where they will be safe.
 On the outside,
 I am stuck in my anger
 And my need to be heard.
 But deep down inside of me,
 There's a sad little voice
 That is silently crying,
 "I wish I were a ladybug!"

Finding my Friend

A long time ago I lost a dear friend
 But I promised myself I'd find her again.
 For, nothing on earth could ever replace
 The Love I remember on my friends face.
 In the East I climbed to the tallest peak
 Over every mountain I did seek,
 In the South I waded through jungles of green
 Got lost in the thicket, forever, it seemed.
 In the West I rode facing much pain
 Groping to find my dear friend again.
 In the North I laid over frozen streams
 Waiting for an answer to come in my dreams.
 On the Earth I sat in the warm sunshine
 Praying for a vision of this friend of mine.
 To the Skies I gazed with eyes open wide
 Looking for the place where she might hide.
 Then, one day, I stepped up the smallest hill
 Where, inside my doorstep, I sat very still.
 I opened my heart and began to see
 The Love I had searched for, inside of me.



I long to spread my wings
 Out into open space,
 And drop forbidden tears
 For lost hearts to trace.

Sewing

I work until I'm through,
 Needle weaving thread -
 Mending the broken life
 My deepest wounds bled;
 Dropping silent tears
 Into crooked seams
 Until the path is clear
 And the pain is cleaned.
 In the end I'll place
 A pocket here and there
 Where I can safely carry
 A Heart that cries to care.

The Race

When clouds roll in,
 Darkening the Light of day,
 We sometimes wonder why
 Life deals us such dismay.
 If it reaches a point
 Where the best we can do
 Is hold the broken pieces
 And strive to make it through,
 Lets let each bump in our path
 Become a higher step to take
 And every joy in the future -
 What today's tears can make.
 All the years ahead
 Can shine through the past
 When we crawl the race
 Where the strongest finish last.

Light a Candle

Light a candle for my brother
 Who "died" one summer day.
 Light a candle for my mother
 Who guides and Lights his way.
 Light a candle for my sisters,
 Brothers and my dad.
 Light a candle for the memories
 That make us all so sad.
 Let's let it out. Let's shed a tear.
 Let's bring Love into Christmas
 This year.



These Books are Bound to Touch Hearts *And make meaningful gifts for loved ones*



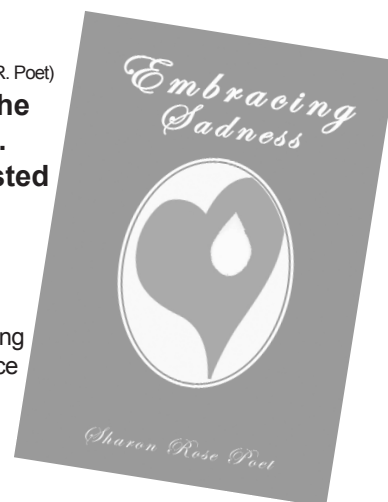
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89 Oldsmobile

*Sometimes I pretend I'm just fine.
But the world is breaking this heart of mine.
I'm sleeping in the back seat of an 89 oldsmobile
Wishing for a home - something warm and real.
Lord, can you hear me? Can you see my tears?
Lord, can you care that I've been here for years?
Living in the back seat of an 89 oldsmobile
Feeling the pain my heart cries to heal.
Seeing floods, earthquakes, wars and all.
Hurting for those who are causing the fall.
Praying for a future of Love and Peace,
For all the world, and yes. . . for me.*

Can We?

*When Hearts fail to be reached
By powerfully written seeds,
And we can't soothe the wound
In every Soul that bleeds,*

Can we live?

*When our haunted world
Seems too shallow to reach
And all the leery students
Seem too far gone to teach,*

Can we Give?

*When the sun refuses to shine
Outside the pages in a book
And darkness doesn't allow them
To open the cover and look,*

Can we Feel?

*When rain falls too hard,
Mountains rise too high,
And even the lowest tide
Knows, too well, our sigh,*

Can we Heal?

*Sometimes, I wonder too.
But we MUST believe it so.
Even through the darkest night
Where Love can't care to show,*

We Can!



Humanity's Need

23

*Rain is poring down.
Floods wipe out our towns.
Storms keep circling 'round
People fall to the ground.
In the silence of this despair
We need Hearts to care.
Hearts are blocked with pain
And jealousy rises to blame
The innocent who can feel -
Who dare to cry and heal.
It's all so inside out
It makes me want to shout!
Rich look down on the poor
Instead of opening a door.
The government has control
Over things we don't know,
And occults secretly rise
Into darkening skys.
God, shine Your Light
Into this darkest night.
No one should have to bleed
True Love is what we need.*

'Til Spring

*This mist on the glass of a freezing lake
Tries to help me forget humanity's mistake.
The birches struggle to reach the sky,
Almost as tired and sad as I,
And leaves drop one by one
Until the letting go is done.
My tear-struck eyes anxiously stare
And dread this season of tree limbs bare.
But Spring will rise to shine again,
Even though I don't know when.
So I'll hold out a shaky hand,
And pray for all to understand
That these depths of pain
Produce tears that sting,
And it's wise to let them fall
'Til Spring.*

The Loon

*As winter teases this cottage on shore,
It's surface challenges the warmth in my core.
But I can still hear it, through frosty mist,
Calling for me to release my pain.
So subtle, so soft, yet clear. . .
The loon crying in the rain.*



*The bud of a dream shines into the break of day
To chase out the dark and Light a healing way*

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And can be nice meaningful gifts for loved ones*



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